



Ulrich Middeldorf

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN



ANGELICA KAUFFMANN,

In the dress of her own Canton. Painted by herself.

Frontispiece.

[Vide page 150.]

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

FRANCES A. GERARD

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

I TAKE this opportunity to thank all those who responded to the request made by me in the *Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries*, for further information about Angelica Kauffmann's pictures and house decorations. The result has been so much fresh matter as to necessitate a Supplementary Catalogue.

The new edition has had the great advantage of being revised by an experienced friend, to whom I am deeply indebted, as I am also to Mr. William Rossetti, who, with great kindness, has given me some valuable advice about the chapter of Critical Notices.

Much interest attaches to the quotations from the MS. Memoir lent by Mr. Hendriks,

in the handwriting of Zucchi, Angelica's husband.¹ There is every reason to suppose it is the one alluded to in Goethe's letter to Angelica, which will be found on page 304.

I received considerable help from Mr. William Bowles, Mr. Charles Goldie, the Honourable Gerald Ponsonby, and Miss Wright, to whom I offer my best thanks.

I cannot conclude without assuring those friendly readers of my book, who wrote to me encouraging letters, and sent me useful hints and remarks, that I appreciate most fully their kindness.

FRANCES GERARD.

February, 1893.

¹ A cardinal's seal being attached to the manuscript was a puzzle to Mr. Hendriks; but Cardinal Quirini being a relative of Zucchi, may account for its appearance, as it may have been in the Cardinal's possession at some period. The "Memoir" came to England in 1858, and was sold with the other papers belonging to Angelica.

PREFACE.

ANY one who can look back some twenty years will remember how much interest was excited by the appearance of a story in *Cornhill Magazine*, called "Miss Angel," which, written as it was by a young authoress, taught the English public something of the successes and the misfortunes of a pretty German artist, to whom our great Sir Joshua Reynolds went on his knees at Ranelagh—and whose name was Angelica Kauffmann.

Charming as it is, however, Miss Thackeray's story was a novel. It began, as all novels should, with the heroine at the age of eighteen, and ended in the legitimate manner with the heroine's marriage. A biography goes somewhat deeper; it is, or

ought to be, the true record of a life, and it has to take up the two ends of the long thread — the beginning, when “all the world is young, the trees are green, and the birds sing for ever;” and the reverse side, when the world grows very, very old, the trees very brown—and the birds sing no more for *us*. It comes to this with all lives, only there is a difference. Some have a flood of sunshine, others a dull monotony more terrible and harder to bear than even worse misfortunes.

Angelica had plenty of sunshine. She said in her old age she had one consolation: she *had* lived in the past! “A tinted life,” some one called hers, so varied by joy and sorrow, success and failure, a life full of interest. She comes before us through a mist of tender memories. A sweet artistic woman, made doubly interesting by her sad story of betrayal, by her beauty and her grace, and by a sympathetic attraction which won all hearts in her lifetime, and which sheds a certain tenderness over her when dead—and yet with all her charm; her undoubted gifts, Angelica

has not quite kept her place as an artist. It may be that she was too much extolled by a former generation, and by the present is unfairly judged, in fact almost forgotten. In England especially, where she spent the flower of her youth, and where she was the pet of the aristocracy, and the fashion of the hour, we look in vain for traces of her life : those who may wish to know more concerning her than what is contained in Miss Thackeray's story, must seek for it from foreign sources ; the English notices would not fill a small magazine article. Half a page in Sir Joshua Reynolds's life by Leslie, three or four allusions in Smith's "Life of Nollekens," a stray mention here and there, is all we can glean concerning a woman who was at one time in the first rank of artists. Even Horace Walpole, who expends all the encomiums of the English language in praise of Lady Diana Beauclerk's Gypsies and Mrs. Damer's busts, has hardly one word to say of Angelica, although she was an R.A. and he was an art critic. But if there is a paucity of information concerning the artist

on this side of the channel, the libraries abroad teem with notices, memoirs and ana. The Germans have written copiously on their gifted countrywoman, not altogether in her praise. Sternberg, whose pen is always dipped in the bitterest ink of criticism, has little to say for her, her principal ground of offence, in his eyes, being her adoption of England, which country he holds in contempt. Oppermann, Weissely, Wurzbach, Gering, Nagler, Bernsdorff, Sturz, Guhl, have exhaustive notices and memories of the artist. The French, too, are not behindhand either in fiction or biography. Leon de Wailly's novel is well known abroad. The *Biographie Nouvelle*, *Biographie des Contemporains*, *Biographie Universelle*, the *Manuel des Curieux et des Beaux Arts*, Leblanc, Béraldi, etc., have extensive notices. In Italian there is Rossi's life, which has been translated into German by Alois Weinhart, who in his preface says, "he can vouch for the truth of all contained in this volume, as he was not only a near relative, being the artist's first cousin by marriage and brother-in-law to Johann

Kauffmann, who resided in her house and managed her affairs for twenty-two years, but also because all her papers and those of her father, Joseph Kauffmann, came into his hands.

It is from these different sources that the present biography has been compiled, and it is hoped that the fact of its being the *first life* of the artist written in English (together with the great interest of the subject) may incline the reader to overlook the shortcomings which must manifestly find place in a work of this kind undertaken by an inexperienced writer.

There is a want in both Rossi's biography and Weinhart's translation, which, to a certain extent, has been supplied in this.¹ They are both destitute of correspondence. Without letters the story of a life cannot be told satisfactorily: they make, in fact, the backbone of biography. As Angelica corresponded with some of the most interesting persons of

¹ It is interesting to know that the late Prince Consort had some letters and MSS. concerning Angelica. These were given to Miss Thackeray (now Mrs. Richmond Ritchie), who kindly lent them to the writer.

her time, her letters would be of great value. Unfortunately before her death she burned a great portion of them.

For assistance in procuring letters and information most grateful thanks are offered, especially to Professor Gebhardt, Director of the King's Library, Berlin; Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie; Mr. W. M. Rossetti; Mr. C. S. Hopwood, Foreign Office; Messrs. Sotheby and Co.; Messrs. Duprez and Gutekunst; Mr. Alfred Morrison; Mr. Bernton Benjamin; Mr. Algernon Graves; Mr. Harvey; Mr. R. F. Sketchley; Mr. Thomas Armstrong; and Mr. Sidney Colvin.

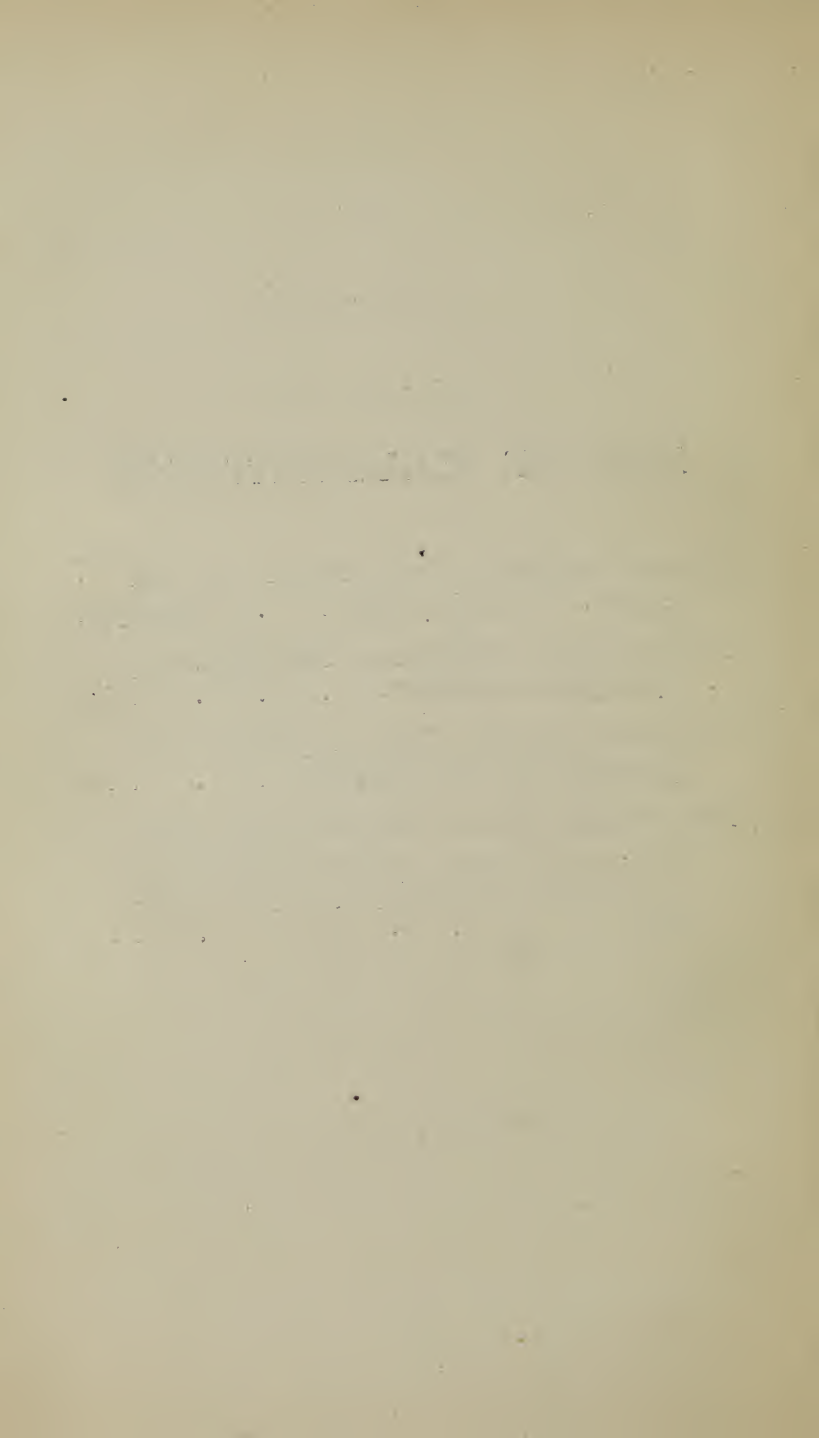
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INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE entering on the biography, it may be useful to take a glance at the condition in which art found itself in the first portion of the eighteenth century. It has a very distinct bearing upon the life itself, and although to many it will be an oft-told tale, to others, not so well instructed in the history of the past century, it may come in the light of a new and interesting revelation.

Oppermann, who has written a volume upon the decay of art, says that in Germany, Italy, the Netherlands and France, although there was a multitude of schools, a plethora of artists, there was no master. "There was no inspiration to be found in Nature or in Love—there was no strength with which to represent a delicious world of imagination, passion, or heroism—in one word, genius, without which the hand of the painter is

paralyzed—genius, the wonderful creative gift—was *dead*.”

Meanwhile, students of all kinds filled the schools, and pictures without end flooded the market, but with very few exceptions the names of the artists have fallen into a well-deserved oblivion. They were, for the greater part, copyists of the most servile description, but for this pernicious and fatal habit—fatal alike in literature as in art—they were not altogether to blame. It was not, indeed, so much the fault of either the school or the student that copying became such an integral portion of art in the last century; it was attributable in a great measure to the taste which had grown up for overlaying a picture with details conceived in the highest style of finish.

The Netherlands was the head centre of this species of “genre” painting in which genius was replaced by a perfection of execution not to be surpassed. One must study the works produced in this period to be able to judge of the low condition and poverty of invention into which art had sunk.

In the schools each student followed the style of such and such a master : they copied the colouring, the arrangement of light and shade ; their ambition went no further than to produce a faithful copy, and so far they succeeded perfectly.

Raphaels, Correggios, Rembrandts, said to be originals, filled the shops, and the work was so excellent, the imitation so perfect, as often to mislead the best critics, and it is in this way, Oppermann says, that the number of replicas of the same picture can be explained, each of which is supposed to be by an " Old Master," but not one of which was ever touched by his brush.

It is easy to understand how such a process of imitation, however faithfully executed, extinguished every germ, if such existed, of natural genius, and so cramped and fettered the imagination of the student, that he soon became a characterless, insipid copyist, who had no right to the name of artist, and, in fact, approached the level of a clever photographer of our own day.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lecture to the

students, condemns most emphatically this pernicious habit. "I consider," he says, "copying a delusive kind of industry, the student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something, he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and labouring without a determinate object. He sleeps over his work, those powers of invention and disposition, which ought particularly to be called out and put into action, lie torpid and lose their energy for want of exercise. The man of true genius, instead of spending hours, as many artists do while they are in Rome, in measuring statues and copying pictures, soon begins to *think* for himself and endeavours to do *something like* what he sees."

It cannot be denied, however, that the luxurious and effeminate tastes of the eighteenth century had its share in this lowering of the true standard of art: a love had grown up for decoration, conceived, it must be owned, in an artistic spirit, but still not belonging to the region of art. One could hardly imagine a Titian or Paul Veronese expending his genius on adorning a king's palace with painted

ceilings and elegant panellings. Still this new method of "*prostituting a divine mistress*" soon grew in favour.

Lebrun and his pupil Laguerre led the way; and later, Watteau and Boucher followed in their footsteps: their work is still to be seen at Versailles and Fontainebleau. Such groups of charming nymphs and fairy shepherdesses—such Colins and Colinettes—they are delicious to look at. Even the Spinets and Sedan chairs were made vehicles for highly decorated designs. Some of these can be seen at the Kensington Museum. So too with the bureaux with their delightful little medallions painted sometimes on enamel, and the Watteau fans which are rare and exquisite.

The fashion spread quickly, demand invariably creating supply, and soon all over Europe and in every capital there were swarms of Italian, Dutch, and French artists eager to get taken on for this sort of work. Princes, dukes, noblemen and rich men of all classes, considered it necessary to decorate their palaces and country seats, and every man of rank and influence was a patron

of some needy artist, who formed part of the household and ranked with the poor cousin and the chaplain. This would be naturally deteriorating to the noble art, and the result soon began to show itself in the decay, of which Oppermann, Sternberg, and all who have written on or studied the subject speak.

Oppermann tells us that perhaps the country which suffered least was France. He says: "In Germany the perseverance of the Teuton race made their schools famous for the perfection to which they brought the technique of their handiwork; the German artist was a pedant, and precisely because he knew actually nothing of the eternal laws of art, he was perpetually talking of rules and taste." But he goes on: "With the French it was somewhat different; the French literature, the French mind, which in the eighteenth century governed educated Europe, was not by any means conducive to art; the enlightenment of the encyclopædists, with Voltaire to help them, possessed too much negativism and too little positivism to

exercise upon the arts any useful influence ; in fact, to understand this, one has only to cast an eye over the romances and the poetry of the day, for the most part written by the Galants Abbès."

For all this he goes on to say : " If the encyclopædists had no good influence over the schools of painting, they brought, nevertheless, a certain influence to bear in the direction and formation of taste in the higher classes.

" In spite of their effeminacy and love of pleasure the French aristocracy possessed a truer sense of art, more elegance of taste, and more freedom of thought than prevailed elsewhere, and this freedom showed itself in every walk."

The landscape-gardener used his own discretion in varying the stiff style of planting which had been introduced from Holland, and which had grown into fashion in France as elsewhere ; but although at Versailles and St. Cloud the straight walks and yew trees of Hampton Court are to be seen, the artistic vistas cut through the shrubberies, the grottoes and shady laurel walks " for

whispering lovers made," all bear testimony to a more refined taste, and a certain emancipation from slavish imitation in our French neighbours. So too with their schools for painting. It is agreed by all writers on the subject that at this period they showed some faint traces of inspiration, and were less trammelled than were the others by the curse of imitation; they offered, too, some evidences of feeling in their compositions, and for that reason the French school stands out, as it were, in this dark and melancholy period, which may be with justice called the decadence of art. It was at this epoch (and Oppermann especially mentions the fact) that the pernicious influence exercised by the *amateur* or *dilettante*, who for the first time came prominently to the front, began to make itself felt, and led to the worst results.

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century some symptoms began to arise which gave better hopes for the future, without in any way reviving the old and ancient glories of art. These symptoms were identical with the appearance of a new art history. This

book, the work of an unknown German student, Winckelmann, appeared in 1755. It was called the "Imitation of the Antique," and was principally directed against the pernicious taste of the day, and in particular against the prevailing worship of Bernini, whose outrages against nature and the universal laws of beauty were shown up pitilessly.

Winckelmann's inspiration, his knowledge of Greek antiquity, his artistic feeling, breathed through the book. He wrote in words of fire, and his words did not fall upon barren soil. He rose up like a prophet of old, and denounced the vile system of copying; he annihilated the trivial, pedantic mannerism which prevailed, and created an entirely new school, which, if not free from faults and grave imperfections, nevertheless contained the seeds of all that is noble, fresh, and inspired, having, like all true inspiration, its root in the sincerity of the man who caused this sudden reaction.

For all this, and without in any way detracting from the debt of gratitude art owes

to its benefactor, Winckelmann, it would be idle to maintain that the artists contemporary with Winckelmann ever attained the standard of true art. The efforts, however, made by some amongst them were in the highest degree commendable, and go far to prove that every return to the laws of nature or to the true models of antiquity must have excellent effects, even if art itself is not at its highest point of development.

From the desolation and general decay which prevailed in the early part of the eighteenth century, it is not easy to give any but meagre details. Oppermann, however, says, and he is supported by Sternberg and Goethe, "that the French (so-called) *galanterie* painters, Boucher, Watteau, Greuze, form a group, to which imitators of less merit belong."¹ Amongst the German school he sets apart another group—Christian Dietrich, Raphael Mengs and Angelica Kauffmann—and of her he says: "There have been few artists who remained as she did so persistently true to

¹ Oppermann would have been more correct in making the group Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher.

her own nature. She was always tender, womanly, sympathetic, and, although occasionally she erred on the side of exaggerated sentiment, she never offended against good taste. She leaves us a pleasant recollection of a sweet woman, who has in a certain degree influenced the development of art. Her memory will be always cherished, not only in her own country, but wherever art is revered."

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

CHAPTER I.

1741—1765.

CHILDHOOD AND GIRLHOOD.

KAUFFMANN¹ is by no means an uncommon name, in fact, in that respect it resembles in Germany our Smith, Jones, or Robinson. The all-sanctifying “Von” has never preceded the name in the family tree.

John Joseph, the father of Angelica, was a native of Schwartzenberg, in the Bregenz, where the family had dwelt for years. They were simple, kindly folk, and not a little proud when John Joseph declared he would be a painter. A painter he was, accordingly, but in no wise an artist; his talent

¹ The name is written either *Kauffmann* or *Kauffman*, Angelica used both ways, but in later years adopted only one *n*.

never rising beyond church decoration and a little portrait painting. The church work took the lead, especially as, being a devout Catholic, he found patrons amongst the bishops and heads of monasteries, and so made a comfortable living.

He was engaged in such work when we first hear of him, at Chur or Coire—capital of the Grisons—whither he had come from his native mountains in the Bregenz; here also, he married one Cléofa Lucci or Lucin, still more commending himself to his patrons by bringing his heretic wife into the fold of Catholicity.¹

The first and only fruit of this marriage was Marie Anne Angelica Catherine, who was born at Battazatta² on the 30th of October, 1741. Gering says, “An angel gave Angelica her name, and under a strange sky she received the soul of her native country.” Al-

¹ The “Dictionary of National Biography” states that Joseph had been previously married to Maria Sibilla Lohrin, by whom he had a son, who died 1740, but Rossi makes no mention of this marriage, neither does Zucchi.

² *Zucchi MS.*

though we must consider this a poetic flight, still it was evident that the child had peculiar graces and attractions, which were visible to others besides her adoring parents. She was a mere baby when, the work at Coire being finished, John Joseph moved his family to Monbegno, in the Valtellina, where he had fresh engagements, and here the education of the future artist began so far as teaching her the rudiments.

It is evident that from the very beginning the father had resolved that his little daughter should be a prodigy. It was fortunate that he did not (as so many parents have done) altogether spoil the rich harvest lying ahead by an injudicious system of forcing. That he did, however, injure the early seed committed to his care is certain.

Rossi tells us, that when the painter began to teach the child how to write, he remarked that when he gave her her first copy-book, in place of copying the text she imitated the ornamentations and hieroglyphics, and that her drawing was in infinitely better taste than the original. Also that her

greatest delight was to be allowed to remain in her father's workroom where the plaster casts attracted her. As she grew older she spent her play-time in copying little heads and figures, either with a pen or pencil,¹ and always with astonishing precision and neatness.

Kauffmann gladly encouraged the child's fancy, and watched with intense anxiety for the moment when she would be old enough to begin to learn in real earnest. By way of losing no time, she was shown every day some rare prints,² of which John Joseph had a large collection, and these he explained to her with much care. He was convinced that this method of teaching, although slightly over her head, would by degrees form her taste and educate her eye.

Under such training the child became wonderfully precocious. At the age when most girls play with their dolls, she had begun a course of study, her father being a very strict master.

¹ When she was a baby her plaything was a chalk pencil.—*Zucchi MS.*

² They were lent to him by friends.—*MS.*

She might have had worse, for setting aside his eagerness in pushing on his pupil, he was conscientious enough in the principles he laid down. It happened in this case, as it has happened before, that an indifferent artist has produced a pupil of astonishing merit.

She had to study from plaster models. She had to copy heads without end, her father not being content that she should only sketch them, but forcing her to re-copy them in oil, so as to learn the proper treatment of light and shade; and it was to her early practice in this manner that she owed that lightness of touch and great power of relief, in which she afterwards excelled.

At this time the child artist was barely nine years of age,¹ and already her talent was beginning to be noticed. Friends and acquaintances blamed both father and mother for working a child of such tender years so hard. They accused them of undue severity, but this is an unfair accusation. The little girl was the idol of both parents, and to John

¹ In Meyer's "Conversations Lexicon," it is stated that at this age she drew designs representing "*The Seasons*" on the walls of the house.

Joseph especially she was the very apple of his eye. In her were centred all his hopes and ambitions. The high place on the ladder of fame to which he had never dared to raise his humble eyes, was, he imagined, reserved for his fair-haired daughter.

Anyone who had seen her in her father's studio, would have been convinced that no undue pressure was put upon her infant strength; she herself ran eagerly to the corner where her palette and brushes were kept, and established herself at her work with the most infinite content; the praise which she received was the sweetest reward that could be given to her.

Nevertheless, with all due reverence to the authority from which I quote, it must be confessed, that when a couple of years later we read of Angelica, aged eleven years, practising *as a portrait-painter*, to whom no less a personage than the dignified Bishop of Como, Nevroni Cappucino,¹ sat, we are in-

¹ Nevroni Cappucino was not her first sitter. At eight years old she had taken likenesses of several beautiful ladies and pretty children.—*Zucchi MS.*

clined to think that John Joseph's critics were in the right ; it was at all events to be deplored that the little girl was pushed forward as an infant prodigy.

The portrait-painting began at Como, whither the Kauffmanns had removed in 1752, and the Bishop, we are told, was a most dignified prelate, stately in figure, with fine eyes, long grey beard, and brilliant colouring. It must have gone hard with the little maiden of eleven to transfer all this to her canvas. We are assured, however, that she was not in the least affrighted, but set to work with a will. When one comes to think of it, it must have been a pretty sight, and one which would make a pleasing subject for a picture—the child painter sitting opposite her venerable model. The portrait, which was in pastel, gave universal satisfaction, and the Bishop expressed himself much pleased with the likeness.

The Kauffmanns remained two years in Como. Rossi says that the soft southern breezes of the lake, the richness of the gardens and villas on its shores, the romantic

charm of its laurel hedges, in which marble statues spoke silently of past ages—all this had a distinct influence on the impressionable mind of a precocious and highly-sensitive child, such as Angelica was, and laid the groundwork of what afterwards developed into a tendency somewhat unhealthy and morbid.

In Como, too, the young artist was an object of great interest, her youth and beauty, together with her wonderful proficiency, exciting much sympathy. In later years she always recurred to this period as the happiest of her life. The time had now come, however, when it would be necessary for her to enter upon a wider field of instruction than it would be possible for her father, unassisted, to supply. The works of the great masters were as yet only known to her by hearsay, or through the medium, in some instances, of copies or engravings. Kauffmann (who, it must be owned, lost no opportunity of cultivating to the utmost his child's gift) resolved, therefore, to move onwards, and the family left Como for Milan, where the opportunities

for instruction would be greater. It was like the opening of a new world to the girl when she saw this beautiful city, about the most beautiful in Europe, with its fine churches, fairy-like palaces, and magnificent theatres.

Here, too, Leonardo da Vinci had once held a school of art, and the sight of the splendid works of this great master was not without its influence upon the young artist's future career. She studied the softness of expression and the stately repose of feature, which are the leading characteristics of the great Lombardian painter, and traces of which are very evident in all her subsequent work.

Her residence in Milan had, however, other and more direct influence upon her life. In those days female students were rare. The life of an artist was not one to be chosen willingly by women, as the drudgery was considered unfit for their strength, and the Life schools equally unfit for their sex. When, therefore, the Governor of Milan, Rinaldo d'Este, Duke of Modena, heard that a young girl was copying in his gallery,

he wished to see her, and both he and his duchess were at once impressed by her talent, and charmed by her beauty and simplicity. All through her life Angelica seems to have possessed this strange power of attraction, which in her case was almost irresistible, and yet, perhaps it proved more a dangerous gift than one that secured her any tangible or lasting advantage.

The Duchess of Modena took a fancy to the young German, and, to the delight of John Joseph, honoured her by sitting to her for her portrait, and her example was immediately followed by the obsequious courtiers. On all sides orders came in and favours were showered on the Duchess's favourite; Cardinal Pozzobonelli, the Bishop of Milan, and Count Firman¹ took especial interest in her career, and through their means she had access to some of the best private collections in Milan.

The two years which the Kauffmann family spent in Milan were of the greatest

¹ Plenipotentiary. A distinguished amateur.

use in developing the young artist, and it was no doubt due to her constant intercourse with the nobility of the Milanese Court, that she acquired that ease of manner and great confidence for which she was, later on, remarkable, and which never deserted her, even in presence of the most exalted personages. Her pleasant life in Milan, amidst her courtly friends, was, however, to come to an end.

Her mother, Cléofa Lucci, died in March, 1757, just as her young daughter had reached her sixteenth year, a dangerous age for a girl of her temperament to be left to the sole charge of a rather silly father, whose judgment, to the great detriment of the future artist, was blinded by his affection and paternal pride.

Both father and daughter were overcome with grief for the loss of poor Cléofa, and Milan with its associations becoming insupportable to them, John Joseph determined to visit his old home in the Bregenz, where he had not been since the Bishop, his first patron, had called him thence to Chur.

He had hosts of relations there, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, to whom he wished to present his golden-haired Angelica. And besides, he had the offer of a commission to decorate the parish church of Schwartzenberg—his native village. The journey was therefore determined on, to the great joy of Angelica, to whom her once-loved Milan had become a desert; she also, with the versatility of youth, looked forward with rapture to seeing a new country—her father's birth-place.

To give my readers, who may not have visited this delightful spot, an idea of its beauty, I cannot do better than quote from Oppermann's "Walk through the Bregenzer Wald (or Valley of the Bregenzer Ach)," a charming little book to read in the original. "I made a very early start," he says; "five o'clock saw me on my way. In the parish church of Alberschwende the bells were ringing for morning service, and pious women were hurrying to begin the day by prayer. I ascended the 'Lorena,' which is a mountain-comb, from which the road winds into the valley below. The fresh dew of

the early morning lay on the hill-side and the vale beyond, hiding the landscape. Suddenly the mist lifted, and before me I saw the hill and dale clothed in all the glory of the morning sun. It was a sight to remember; the eye did not know where to turn to take in all the beauty of the scene. To the east, the little village I had left behind me—Alberschwende—with its scattered farm-houses, the towers and turrets of the convent of Bildstein, and farther on the Suabian country, encompassed by undulating hills, which seem to reach almost to the horizon, and mix themselves with the blue of heaven itself.

“A new and altogether strange world opened before me as I turned to the other side. Rich with meadow-land, and a luxuriant growth of shrub and tree, is the slope of the mountain which sinks gradually as it descends into the lovely valley. The Ach, which has been winding circuitously in and out of the hill-side with all the coquetry of a mountain stream, now bursts into momentary importance as it reaches the valley, and

covered bridges span its increased width at Schwartzenberg and Egg.

“Just at the foot of the mountain, and in the centre of the greenest meadow-land, surrounded by rich fruit gardens, embosomed in woods and hills, lies the picturesque village of Schwartzenberg; almost joining it are Egg and Andelbach, with their cosy farm-houses nestling in the trees; and farther on, built up the hill-side in terrace fashion, Hüttesau.”

The German writer goes on to describe the village of Schwartzenberg as he saw it. “The inhabitants were all busy with their harvesting, and all was quiet in the hamlet. The doors stood open, and one could see the sunny grass-plots behind the houses. Under the apple-trees laden with fruit sat some children playing with flower-chains. A dog lay yawning in the heat upon the doorstep. The pigeons cooed on the roofs, and in the distance the murmuring of the Ach made a musical sound. It was a true summer’s day; and, to pass an idle hour before dinner, I walked across the grass-grown village square, in the centre of

which stood an old well full of fresh water, and made my way to the churchyard, in the middle of which stands the church—an enchanting spot. The door stood invitingly open, a delicious coolness breathed upon me as I went in. The altars were richly dressed, the standards were fixed in each circle of seats, the frescoes on the walls are the work of Angelica Kauffmann—gigantic Apostles copied from Piazzetta's engravings."

This charming description of village and church brings us, so to speak, in touch with Angelica. More than a hundred years have gone by since the girl artist worked in the parish church. Her memory still lives in the little hamlet; they talk of her and what she did and said, as if the hundred years were only a few weeks. Any visitor coming to Schwartzenberg cannot be an hour in the village without hearing these traditions, and being shown the marble bust, placed in the church to her honour, together with her early attempts at drawing, which are in possession of one fortunate individual.¹ This

¹ Herr Walch, schoolmaster of Schwartzenberg.

fidelity of the simple villagers is the more touching as constancy towards departed genius is somewhat rare.

In after years, Angelica would often recur to this time spent in her father's native village, and would tell the circle of friends who congregated round her anecdotes of the simplicity of her life—how she had to rise at break of day and go through deep snow to the parish church to hear mass; also, how on one occasion, when staying with her uncle, Michael, a goatherd in his service, coming to bid her welcome, sat down at the same table with her, a proceeding which she was wont to contrast with her present position.

“Who would imagine,” she used to say, “that I, who have been in company with some of the most exalted personages, once dined with a goatherd?” This remark would seem to us to savour of pride, although all her German biographers tell it as if it were a proof of her humility. They contrast her simplicity with the pride of others, who, “like the haughty beetle in the fable ignore their old companion, the worm.” Angelica, however, would hardly have

relished this somewhat doubtful compliment.

After a time both father and daughter began to weary of the solitude of Schwartzenberg, and to pine, especially Angelica, for the society and the pleasures which she had enjoyed in Milan. This feeling, most natural to one of her age, and so well fitted to shine in even the most refined circles, induced her father, who was proud of his darling and eager to gratify her wishes, to accept the invitation of Cardinal Roth—to whom their friend, Cardinal Pozzobonelli, had given them an introduction and special recommendations.

The visit was most satisfactory, the Cardinal treating them with the greatest distinction.¹ The young artist received a commission to paint his Eminence's portrait, an undertaking in which she succeeded so well that some persons in the town of Morsburg, where the Cardinal's palace was situated, also sat to her.²

¹ "*Con decoro*," Zucchi says.

² The Cardinal was Bishop of Constance. He lived with all the splendour of a Sovereign Prince.

From Morsburg father and daughter made their way back to Constance, and thence into Northern Italy, stopping to pay a visit to Count Montfort, with whom they remained some time, Angelica painting the portraits of that noble family.

All the biographers of our artist agree that at this period her personal attractions were great. She was in the first blush of youth, and although she was not of a commanding or striking order of beauty, she possessed—what was perhaps even better—a wonderful power of winning hearts.

Her portraits all tell the same story. A face of extraordinary sweetness and sensibility, an enchanting smile, and long seductive eyes. She was tall and graceful, quick of intelligence, and to these charms was added a fascination of manner and a ready sympathy which all through her life secured for her hosts of friends. As is often the case, she possessed almost as much talent for music as for painting. She played both the clavichord and the zither with exquisite taste, and her voice was wonderfully sweet, and of extra-

ordinary flexibility—so much so, that many of her intimate friends advised her to abandon painting and make music her profession. Foremost amongst these advisers was a young man then staying at Montfort Castle—a musician of much promise. That the affair should not be wanting in the element of romance he was deeply attached to her. In the debate that followed, Angelica was torn one way and then another. She naturally inclined to the brilliancy of an operatic career. She believed the promises of success that were assured to her, and there is little doubt that with her grace and talent she would have succeeded. Her father, who was easily led and greedy for money, was persuaded to take the side of those who advised the new venture, and who assured him that she would make a rapid fortune. Kauffmann was poor, and his failing health incapacitated him from work. For Angelica, therefore, despite her talent for painting, there was a long and weary round to travel before she could hope to obtain the fame which would lead to fortune. It was a heavy task for so delicate and refined a creature,

to plod through all the difficulties which lay before her.

All these reasons combined induced John Joseph to throw in his vote for the stage. At this juncture—a critical one for our young artist—an old priest appeared on the scene. He had known Angelica from her childhood,¹ and some say she confided to him the doubts and scruples which were agitating her mind, and asked him to interfere. Any way he did so, representing to the father the temptations which were likely to beset the path of so young and beautiful a girl, and the danger to which he, her guardian, was exposing her. The stage at that time was in a debased condition. Players and singers alike were ranked as an inferior class, and for one of her religion especially, there were pains and penalties attached to those who belonged to the profession, which made it in their case a virtual surrender of every principle of their faith.

Kauffmann and his daughter were devout Catholics. It was enough to hint at these

¹ He was the chaplain of Count Firman,

penalties, to produce a change in the ideas of the father, the project of the operatic stage as a profession was abandoned and never renewed. Angelica, however, lost her lover the musician, who never renewed his suit. Zucchi, who told the story to Rossi, added that in her picture of Orpheus leading Eurydice out of Hades, which she painted at Montfort Castle, Orpheus is the portrait of the musician who endeavoured to entice her from her beloved art.

Many years later she showed that the recollection of this time of struggle still dwelt in her memory. She painted herself as standing between the rival arts of music and painting in a painful state of indecision; this picture she presented to her friend Bernini.¹

During her stay at Count Montfort's Angelica had for the first time recognized the power of her own attractions; she was surrounded with admirers and flatterers. Her biographer, Sternberg, blames her severely for listening to their beguiling words; he forgets that to her good

¹ See Appendix.

sense was due the departure of the Kauffmanns from this enchanted castle. She was the one to persuade her weak-minded father to leave these pleasant surroundings, and to take her where she could pursue a course of study which was most necessary for perfecting her in the art she had adopted. It was difficult at first to make John Joseph see the matter in its true light. He was growing old, and was glad to remain where he was in comfort. Angelica, however, had begun to take the lead in the little household, where now the added spur of poverty was keenly felt. If money were to be gained, it must be by the brush of the younger artist. From all points of view, therefore, it was important she should go where the best opportunity for study could be afforded. With this view father and daughter set out on their pilgrimage, visiting Monbegno, where Joseph Kauffmann's sister was married to Florini, an Italian; thence father and daughter proceeded by way of Bologna and Parma, arriving in Florence, June, 1762.

They were provided with excellent intro-

ductions, and as usual the beauty and charm of the girl-artist produced its effect. She received much gratifying attention, and a room in the Duke's Gallery was specially set apart for her, where she could copy whatever picture she was engaged upon, without being disturbed by the prying eyes, or annoyed by the unpleasant remarks of other students. She applied herself to her work with extraordinary diligence, sometimes working from sunrise to sundown ; and when she returned home in the evening exhausted with the day's incessant toil, she only waited for the necessary time to get some refreshment to again commence work.

She was at this period of her life entirely possessed by that enthusiasm which at times seizes upon the artistic mind. She lived only for study and for her art ; looking at the work of the dead giants who had gone before her, ambition grew up in her soul to be like them—to fill posterity with wonder and admiration. That this wish remained to a certain extent unfulfilled was in a great measure owing to the circumstances which befell her in after life,

and also to the hindrances which then—far more than in the present time—stood in the way of women who sought to make their mark, and thus rendered their best efforts naturally incomplete.

In spite of her heavier work, Angelica found time to execute several historical pictures, together with portraits of distinguished persons, during her stay in Florence. These last were the necessary pot-boilers which kept the wolf from the door, and they are proofs of the industry and goodness of the young girl who had all the burden of supplying the daily wants of herself and her father.

After a year's residence, Angelica with her father proceeded on her journey to Rome, there to continue the course of study so well begun in Florence.

No time could have been better chosen for her visit. Rome was brilliant—scintillating at all points with genius—crowded with princes, statesmen, artists, it offered a fascinating spectacle rich with everything that could appeal to a mind like Angelica's. To Rome she vowed an eternal fidelity, a

vow she most faithfully kept. Later on, when there was a question of an advantageous marriage, she wrote to her father, "Not so early will I bind myself. Rome is ever in my thoughts." And so it was until the day she passed from under the shelter of its walls.

Our heroine's usual facility for making friends came well to the front during her stay in Rome. She made lasting friendships, which were of much use to her in her future career. Notably with English visitors, as Lord and Lady Spencer, Lady Wentworth, some members of the ducal family of Devonshire, and many others.

By the artists she was most favourably received, and admitted into the inner circle, which was presided over by the great art critic, Winckelmann, who at this time had supreme influence in the Art World.

All German writers from Goethe downwards are apt to gush somewhat as to the giant intellect of the art restorer or apostle (for so he may be justly called) of the

eighteenth century. His onslaught on the false teachings that prevailed was courageous and deserving of all the gratitude and encomiums bestowed upon him by his own countrymen, in the very longest and biggest words in their formidable vocabulary—formidable merely so far as the mileage of the words is in question.

Anyone who has ever read Goethe's travels in Italy will remember his outburst, "To-day Winckelmann's letters fell into my hands. With what emotion have I read them! Thirty years ago, at this time of year, he came here a yet poorer fellow than I am. He too was full of an earnest wish to fathom the depths of ancient Art. How bravely he worked, and what remains to me but the memory of this man who lived where I live now!" Again, "Winckelmann's letters are not a representation of life, they are life itself—they induce hope, desire, misgiving." Goethe devotes pages to his hero; "There are peculiar minds," he says, "who find in themselves a necessity to seek in the exterior world a counterpart of what nature

has implanted in themselves, and through this the soul becomes elevated and purified, and we can have full assurance that such an one will have created for himself the most perfect existence here and hereafter. So it was with Winckelmann; in him nature had found what makes and adorns man. A miserable childhood, insufficient instruction in his boyhood, and the iron pressure of poverty had chained the young student to the schoolmaster's desk in an obscure village. He was fully thirty years of age before a ray of sunshine crossed his path."

Goethe goes on to tell us (investing his subject with all the charm this great master of word-painting possessed) how the poor schoolmaster educated himself. The blind rector, whose reader he became, returned this service by giving the lad the run, so to speak, of his small but well-chosen library, and here Winckelmann, following his bent for ancient lore, read mostly the dead languages in which he was almost his own teacher.

A short time after this, and before the

academical year commenced, he went to one of the Berlin colleges, and there continued his studies; but whether he found a teacher who could instruct him in the old literature he affected, does not appear, and seems unlikely. It must have been a singular and fragmentary course of study to adopt; only one scholar had preceded him on this path, and to him Winckelmann now made his way.

This was Gottfried Sellius, the Professor of Jurisprudence and Philosophy in Halle. He received Winckelmann cordially and soon discerned his merit.

He gave him the delightful task of putting in order the Ludovizshe library, which—as is sometimes the case with a body of learned men—had got into the direst confusion, and for his services he received the thanks of the Stadtdirektor. From Halle, Winckelmann went to Dresden, and became librarian to the Northentz Library belonging to Count Büнау. The years which he spent here were years of profound study which bore its fruit later. He

studied the commentaries and exercises, and laid the foundation for his wide-stretching knowledge of all literature which made him the wonder of those who knew him in later years.

What, however, distinguished him from other Librarians was the quiet firmness or obstinacy with which he resisted the temptation into which most official librarians fall—of being nothing more or less than a walking, breathing catalogue.

In Dresden his first literary efforts appeared, and the result of his well-directed reading was made evident in the manner of his composition. His maxim never to use two words when one would do, was here manifested clearly, and it gave to his style a perfect rhythm and a dignity mixed with simplicity which few, if any, works of the present time possess.

In the Autumn of 1755 he came to Rome. He came poor and sickly, he had only a pension of two hundred thalers, but he brought with him a "soul of fire," a soul which "thirsted for the really beautiful in

Nature and in Art, as a wanderer in the desert longs for a drink of pure spring water."

At the moment at which this wonderful man entered Rome, Art was nigh to extinction. We have seen in what a hopeless condition it had sunk, and how the work of each artist, sculptor, or painter went further and further from the divine original. Winckelmann brought new fuel into the decaying fire of genius. He came fresh from nights and days of ceaseless study, he awoke men from their trance of indifference, and once more the standard of true art was raised. His first work, the famous "History of Art," attracted the attention of Cardinal Albani, who at once appointed him the custodian of the art collection his enormous fortune had allowed him to amass. It was the moment when Pompeii and Herculaneum were vomiting forth Caryatides, Vases, Statues, Bas-reliefs, Antiques of all kinds, and to contain these the Cardinal added hall to hall, building to building, gallery to gallery, and still the collection grew. It was one of the

most wonderful museums in the world at the time of the Cardinal's death, and by its means attention was drawn to Winckelmann, who was soon acknowledged to be *the most* learned teacher of a pure ideal in art, which is to be sought only in the Greek School as it was developed in the true artistic period called the Periclean.

This subject is too deep to find a place here. Moreover it has been handled by able hands, and is only introduced now for the reason that Angelica's future was much influenced by the teaching of Winckelmann, which, together with the instruction of Rafael Mengs,¹ who was her master, left distinct traces upon her work.

It was through the friendly offices of Rafael Mengs that the Kauffmanns were received into the inner circle which congregated round the great apostle. He had just published his "Anmerkungen über die Baukunst der Alten," and it was this work

¹ Anton Rafael Mengs. His name is spelt by different writers as Raphael, Rafaell, and Rafael. I have adopted the method used in Bryan's Dictionary, last edition.

which riveted Angelica's attention, and made her anxious to know the writer and to profit by his instruction.

Winckelmann, who was then forty-nine, was much taken with the grace and talent of the young artist, who sat in girlish fashion at his feet, and listened with her large serious eyes to the words of wisdom which fell from his lips. The philosopher was after all but a man, and there can be little doubt that he fell paternally or platonically in love with his fair pupil.

“It is pleasant,” says a German writer, “to form to oneself a picture of these two students, each animated with the same interest, the same longings, each enjoying the intimate communion they held with one another—two students separated by almost half a century of years, the maiden of eighteen summers, and the greybeard more than double her age.” A portrait which the gifted young artist painted of her beloved master shows how well she had studied his features and caught his expression. Winckelmann, in a letter to a friend, mentions

with evident pride that his likeness has been painted and engraved by a very pretty young lady."

This was when writing to his friend Franck. He says, "I have just been painted by a stranger, a young person of extraordinary merit. She excels in oils. Mine is a half-figure seated, and she has herself engraved it (*à l'eau forte*), as a present for me. This young girl is a Swiss; her father, who is likewise an artist, brought her to Italy when she was only a child, so that she speaks Italian as well as she does German—as for German, she speaks it as if she were born in Saxony. She expresses herself equally well in French and in English, and in consequence of the latter, she paints the portraits of all the English in Rome. She sings so well that she stands comparison with our best virtuosi. Her name is Angelica Kauffmann."

That her constant intercourse with the first Greek scholar of his time left indelible traces upon Angelica is evident in all her future works. Her romantic nature naturally inclined to the study of classical mythology,

or, as Oppermann calls it, "the sentiment of past ages." Her sensitive mind readily embraced all the beauty of the ideal world; she listened to Winckelmann's preaching upon Greek art and the glories of the Periclean era, until she became saturated with the fables of mythology and set up the forms of gods and goddesses as the standard of all merit. From that time she could draw no face without giving to it a Greek profile, and this without regard to the circumstances in which she placed her subject.

One of her critics says, "Angelica painted Greek men and women without having the faintest idea of the world wherein they lived, just as she drew knights of the Middle Ages, with as little knowledge of the century which produced Götze von Berlichingen."

The truth was, in her early youth she was somewhat superficial; her imagination, as is the case with many artists, being more lively than her reading was deep, and she did not remain long enough under the care of men,

such as Winckelmann and Mengs, who were no flatterers, and would have in time corrected the faults which even her greatest admirers have to acknowledge spoil the beauty of her pictures.

Sternberg is of opinion that had she possessed resolution to continue the life of study and hard work she had begun, she might have become, not a great or creative genius, for such power did not lie in her scope, but a "very respectable artist," capable of transmitting to posterity the new art religion; but unfortunately circumstances were against her. Her father, without intending to injure, spoiled her by compliance with all her girlish whims, and there was, besides, the ever-grinding need of money; so now, when an offer came for her to go to Naples and make some copies in the Capodimonte gallery, she dared not refuse. Naples was crowded with English, who all sat to her for their portraits, so that the trip was very profitable. In the October of this same year she went to Venice, and there made the acquaintance of Lady Wentworth,

wife of the English Resident at Venice, Mr. John Murray.¹

In the eighteenth century, the two favourite amusements amongst the English aristocracy were "The Grand Tour" and "Patronage." No lord or gentleman's education was considered complete until he had passed the Alps, studied every continental vice, bought a certain number of pictures, and patronized a certain number of artists.

Lady Wentworth loved patronizing; she posed as being devoted to art. She was fascinated with Angelica, and insisted on carrying her off to London, assuring her charming young friend that she would speedily make a fortune. Angelica and her father listened and believed, with the result that their plans were changed. John Joseph returned to Monbegno to remain with his sister while Angelica accompanied her patroness to England. Angelica's German

¹ This lady was Bridget, daughter to Sir Ralph Milbanke: she married, first, Sir Butler Cavendish Wentworth of Howsham, Yorkshire; this gentleman dying in 1741, she married, secondly, Mr. John Murray (not Morris as stated in the dictionary of national biography), his Majesty's Resident at Venice from 1754 to 1765, when he was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople.

biographers blame her for undertaking this journey. Sternberg talks of her frivolity in abandoning substance for mere shadow, sacrificing her art for the love of pleasure, the greed of money. Oppermann accuses her of forsaking a lover who would have made her far happier than any of the titled or rich husbands to which she aspired.

There does not seem any foundation for Oppermann's insinuation that she preferred ambition to happiness. Rossi, who is a most faithful biographer, makes no mention of this unknown lover, who in all probability had no existence.¹ Rossi tells the story of her leaving Rome in the following words :—

“Although Angelica was much considered in Italy, and her name was beginning to be well known, still the Italians gave her but trifling orders, and paid her insufficiently, while strangers, on the contrary, and the English in particular, showed an immense predilection for her paintings.”

¹ Nathaniel Dance, the artist, was her lover during her stay in Rome, but although she encouraged his attentions, she ultimately refused him.

In the last century England was the Eldorado of artists, much as America is in the present day. It was there they received substantial reward for their efforts; nevertheless, the German writers speak most contemptuously of the artistic condition of the nation.

“It is well known,” says Sternberg, “that in matters of art the Little Island is of no account; there are *nations* whose voice makes or mars the reputation of painter or sculptor, but England, in the matter of pictures or statues, is a modern Pompeii. Whatever treasures she may possess she covers them with the ashes of a cold egotism. They are for her—not for the world. She has no generous desire to elevate or to kindle a wish for emulation. She collects only to possess.” He goes on: “The Frenchman, when he buys a picture, makes a great fuss; he lets the whole of civilized Europe know what he has and where it is to be seen. The German ornaments his own sitting-room with the work of art, he shows it to his friends, he enjoys it himself, his eyes turn constantly to

his treasure, as do the eyes of the lover towards his beloved. The Italian, the true disciple of art, places the newly-acquired masterpiece in a public gallery where everyone may see it. To him its beauty is a subject of devotion, and this devotion to be complete must be shared by the rest of his countrymen. Now mark the conduct of the Englishman! He locks up his picture in his own gallery under the care of a surly guardian. He never sees it himself, he is content to have been the purchaser, the one who has money enough to outbid others, and who has bought *a very dear picture*. With this, all is said and done!"

CHAPTER II.

1766.

GIRLHOOD.

THE season was at its height when, on June 15th, 1766, Angelica arrived in London. An exceptionally brilliant season this, for only a few weeks since the royal Princess, the king's youngest sister, Caroline Matilda, of most unhappy memory, had been wedded to her cousin the King of Denmark. The town, therefore, was seething with the effervescence of the late festival. The rank and fashion of England had crowded into the capital, and there was a going and coming, and a deal of noise and chatter, and a general air of pleasure and dissipation abroad. Moreover, the young king had not long been on the throne, and his queen, good, homely Charlotte, was almost a girl, albeit already busy with the royal nursery.

Lady Wentworth had a house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and here Angelica was in the way of seeing the best society, her patroness, Lady Wentworth, being a woman of fashion, besides a pretender to the authority of a connoisseur.

In the latter part of the last century there was growing up an emulation amongst ladies of quality, to be more than "the toast" at men's dinners—the Bluestocking Club, later on, was the outcome of this laudable desire. Lady Wentworth was, however, not to be classed with Mrs. Montagu, or even Mrs. Vesey—she was what Carlyle would call a windbag. She knew little of art, but *talked* a great deal. She loved patronizing a rising artist; bringing one forward, much to his or her injury, as her injudicious praises and constant flattery were sure to have mischievous results.

So it was with Angelica, who was now presented to the world of London, heralded by the busy tongue of Lady Wentworth, the lady running from house to house singing the praises of her new *protégée*.

Angelica did not know this proclivity of her ladyship, so she fell into the net, and was carried about as my lady's new favourite. A hundred years ago people of fashion did not know what domestic life by the chimney-corner meant. They were, in a sense, far more dissipated than the butterflies of our own time; they lived for ever in society. There were no big crushes or cultivation of city millionaires or American silver kings, but a constant give and take of invitations between the same people in the same set.

It took Angelica a long time to understand the ins and the outs of this curious world into which she found herself so suddenly transported; it was so unlike the world in which she had hitherto lived, totally different, even from the court life at Milan, which was more polished, but had not half the formality, the bowing, and the complimenting which prevailed in England. Angelica was, however, well pleased with the attentions she received.

Shortly after her arrival in London, she wrote to her father; her letter is dated the

11th July, 1766: "I have been told many a time that the English, when you meet them in their own country, are apt to forget all the promises of friendship which they made when abroad, but I find this to be quite untrue, and my experience is altogether opposed to this false statement. *The gentlemen* particularly are most kind (*molte gentile*), and their kindness is quite *sincere*, and, generally speaking, their words are full of good sense."

One cannot forbear a smile at this very naïve confession that her merits were more recognized by the sterner sex than by her own—but this was only natural, as Rossi tells us that Angelica was now in the full perfection of her charms. She was not a perfect beauty, but possessed the most wonderful attractions. "There was a witchery in her sweet blue eyes, and in the pupil so much expression that one could almost guess her thought before she spoke."

Everyone must remember how charmingly she is described in the opening chapter of "Miss Angel":—

“Yesterday, at Mr. Colnaghi’s, I saw a print lying upon the table, the engraving [by Bartolozzi]¹ of Sir Joshua’s picture. It was the portrait of a lady, some five or six-and-twenty years of age. The face is peculiar, sprightly, tender, a little obstinate, the eyes are charming and intelligent, the features broadly marked—there is something at once homely and dignified in their expression—the little head is charmingly set upon its frame, a few pearls are mixed with the heavy loops of hair, two great curls fall upon the sloping shoulders, the slim figure is draped in light folds fastened by jewelled bands, such as people then wore. A loose scarf is tied round the waist. . . .”

It was no wonder that this dainty figure caused a sensation, especially as “her wit was sprightly,” and her musical accomplishments of the highest order. People found that the combination of beauty and talent, simplicity and fascination, which distinguished this German girl,² was something quite rare. Soon

¹ See Appendix.

² Angelica’s nationality is sometimes disputed; the



PORTRAIT OF ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

(After the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

To face page 44.



she was the leading toast, and Fashion, that capricious dame who often refuses to acknowledge Nature's best handiwork, pronounced for Angelica, and set her seal, which is as a trade-mark for beauty, upon the young artist.

"She shared," says a contemporary writer, "with hoops of extra magnitude, toupees of superabundant floweriness, shoe-heels of vividest scarlet, and china monsters of superlative ugliness, the privilege of being the rage."

Angelica's letters to her father are full of the kindness she received ; how she is invited to Lord Spencer's, and introduced by Lord Exeter to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In July she writes again :—

"I have been to visit several of the studios here, but there is none to compare with that of Mr. Reynolds. He is decidedly the first English painter. He has a peculiar method, and his pictures are mostly historical. He has a *light pencil* or touch which produces a wonderful effect in light and shade."

Germans and Swiss both claim her. She was, however, only Swiss by being born in the Grisons.

This expression *penello volante* is particularly appropriate, and shows the happy turn of expression possessed by Angelica, both in speaking and writing.

In another letter, dated October 10th, in the following year, she mentions Reynolds' kindness to her :—

“He is one of my kindest friends, and is never done praising me to everyone. As a proof of his admiration for me, he has asked me to sit for my picture to him, and in return I am to paint his.”¹

Rossi says, “Reynolds was indeed full of admiration for Angelica's talent, and for herself he had a far tenderer feeling than admiration. She, however, only thought of her beloved art, and her heart was closed to all other passions.’

As with Rossi, so it was with all other foreign writers who have occupied themselves with Angelica's career, as biographers

¹ This compact was duly carried out. A picture of Angelica appeared in the Artists' Exhibition of 1769; hers of the painter was done for his friend Mr. Parker of Saltram, in Devonshire. Mr. Parker was raised to the peerage in 1784 as Lord Boringdon, and in 1815 his son was created Earl of Morley.

or novelists. They cling to the idea of Reynolds' love for their charming country-woman, and her rejection of his suit. Miss Thackeray also cultivates this notion, but, as a matter of fact, there seem to be no grounds for believing that Reynolds ever made her a definite offer. His biographers—Malone, Farington, and Leslie—make no mention of his attachment—fortunate or unfortunate—to any woman.¹ The fact that she and Reynolds painted each other's portraits was sufficient for the gossips of the day to couple their names together, and out of this slender thread the romantic story has been woven together, with the episode of the great English painter going on his knees to a girl young enough to be his daughter: not that his so doing would be injurious to his memory; one would be inclined to like him better in this character of an earnest lover, than as he was—the most kind-hearted of men, the best

¹ Pasquin says, "Whether, as she alleged, *Miss Western* had anything to do with the steeling of the heart of Reynolds against elegant Angelica cannot be decided."

of friends, but a decided flirt,¹ a regular old hand, not likely to be caught by even Angelica's simplicity and fascination.

Sir Joshua himself said his heart had grown callous from too much contact with beauty: all the most beautiful women in London had passed under his pencil. He had painted Kitty Fisher,² Nelly O'Brien,³ and Miss Parsons,⁴ the volatile Bellamy, the lovely Miss Morris,⁵ and the greatest beauty of her own or any day, Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire.

For all these ladies the painter had the same half paternal, half lover-like manner, which may have deceived Angelica. He certainly had great kindness towards her, and some little tenderness, which is made evident by the mention of her in his note-book, as "*Miss*

¹ His friends were well aware of Sir Joshua's foible in this direction. "'Tis Reynolds's way," says Goldsmith, in his genial verses on Dr. Baker's dinner.

² One of the most famous Phrynes of the day. Sir Joshua painted five celebrated portraits of her.

³ This lady was in the same category.

⁴ The Duke of Grafton was divorced by his Duchess for his devotion to Nancy Parsons.

⁵ Miss Morris sat for Hope nursing Love, one of the most beautiful of Sir Joshua's portraits.

Angel.” One time he adds, “*Fiori*,” as if to remind himself to send her a posy ; but this would not be a convincing proof that he ever meant to make her his wife. There is no reason to imagine he ever went beyond these safe attentions, neither would it be likely that Angelica would have concealed this proposal from her father had it been made, and Joseph, who was proud of his daughter, would have told his friends ; and so the matter would have been made public, which it certainly was not, for Rossi does not state it as a fact. Sternberg accuses Reynolds of the meanness of being jealous of the girl artist. “ Previous to her arrival he had been,” says this bitter writer, “ the oracle in matters of art, and finding himself now placed in a secondary position, he revenged himself by pouring words of false praise into her ear, which the simple girl, who did not know the world, and who *adored* praise, swallowed as gospel truth. For the first time in her life she ignored the advice of her more prudent father. The old fox, Joseph Kauffmann, knew well what underlay

the praise and the admiration of a rival. He warned Angelica against Reynolds."

As a refutation of this calumny, there is the testimony of a well-known writer:—

"The most celebrated of the women painters," says Mr. John Forster, "had found no jealousy in the leading artist of England. His was the first portrait that made Angelica Kauffmann famous here; to him she owed her introduction to the Conways and Stanhopes."

There is a mistake here. Angelica's first success was "Arcadia"; Reynolds' portrait of her was exhibited at the Incorporated Society of Artists in May, 1769, when her position as an artist had been assured. Secondly, this portrait in spite of its merit was not the best done of her by Sir Joshua.¹

The first time that she came before the English public, in a professional capacity, was in 1765, the year before her arrival in London, when mention is made of her in the exhibition of the Society of Arts in Maiden Lane, at Mr. Marengo's rooms.

¹ She sat to Reynolds three times, 1766, 1769, 1777.

She is set down in the catalogue thus :—

A portrait of Garrick,¹ by Miss Kaffmann,² at Rome.

It was not a wise selection, although her six years of travel and study had done much to improve the young artist, and to ripen the talent she undoubtedly possessed. It was a mistake for one so inexperienced to undertake a subject which had baffled more mature artists. Bernstorff says, “that even Hogarth failed in depicting Garrick as Richard III., and that the same could be said of Zoffany’s Hamlet.” It was only Reynolds who made a masterpiece of his portrait of the actor, standing between tragedy and comedy.

Angelica was more successful the next year,³ when she chose for her subject one more suited to her peculiar style. A shepherd and shepherdess of Arcadia, moralizing at the side of a sepulchre, while others are

¹ This must have been a copy, as at this time she had not seen the actor. It was a commission from the Marquis of Exeter, and is in the collection at Burghley. See Appendix.

² The spelling is that of the catalogue of 1765.

³ 1766, the year of her arrival in London.

dancing in the distance. This had been, originally, used by Guercino, and was a favourite of Angelica's.¹ She repeated it several times, and always treated it with that grace and feeling which she showed in such compositions.²

A drawing of "Arcadia" is in the possession of Charles Goldie, Esq. See Appendix Supplement.

² Sir Joshua used the same subject for his pictures of Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe.

CHAPTER III.

1766, 1767.

GIRLHOOD.

LADY WENTWORTH falling into bad health, Angelica moved from her house, and established herself in apartments with a friend of her patroness in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross. It was in every way better for her, and work soon began to flow in. The friendship or admiration of Reynolds was invaluable to her. He sent her many sitters, and her patrons were amongst the highest in London. A letter to her father, which she wrote at this time, gives an interesting account of her life, and the struggle she had to keep a proper appearance before the grand world who had so suddenly taken her to its arms. The good

¹ She died in 1774.

sense and business capacity which was remarkable all through her life, is very prominent in this letter, especially when we take the years of the writer into account. Some people might say there was a certain hardness in her evident wish to keep her father from joining her; but it must be remembered at what an early age the burden of the family support had fallen upon her shoulders, and how anxious she was to procure a certain income. For this she worked when others amused themselves, and it would have been suicidal to her plans if she had been saddled at the outset with an expensive household. That there was no want of affection for her father was proved by her subsequent conduct. There never was a better daughter.

“ A Monsieur Kauffmann, Peintre, chez
Monsieur Gaupp, L'Apoticaire à Lindau.

“ London, Jeu. 10th, September, 1766.

¹ “ MY DEAREST FATHER,—I received your letters of the 20th August, as also of 3rd instant all right. I rejoice from my heart

¹ This letter was procured for the compiler by Professor Gebhardt, King's Library, Berlin.

at the news that your health continues satisfactory; thank God! I am also in excellent health. From your last I see that you and dear Rosa¹ intended to leave Monbegno the day after it was written. The thought, and the hope of seeing you rejoices me, and I wish it heartily. I see also, that without *waiting* for my answer, you are resolved upon setting out on your journey, and therefore, that it is very uncertain whether this letter will reach you. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from giving you every information about this country, so that you can judge what the best course is, whether to continue your journey, or put it off until next spring. Be assured I am as anxious to see you, as you are to see me—but do not take it ill if I tell you that some good, sensible friends think it ill-advised of you, to come this winter to London, and if you will weigh well all the circumstances, you will find it is not for our advantage, as the expense of everything here is enormous.

“I am in a private house with excellent people, old acquaintances of my lady, who

¹ The daughter of his sister who afterwards accompanied him to England.

has had the goodness to recommend me to them, as if I were her own daughter. I have been a month here. The people of the house do everything for me. The handy-woman is a mother to me, and the two daughters love me as a sister.

“ The opportunity was so good, and everything suited me so well, that I did not hesitate to secure them, and have taken the apartments for the whole winter. I have four rooms ; one where I paint, the other to show my portraits, which are finished (it is the custom here for people to come and see work without disturbing the artist). The other two rooms are very small, in the one that is my bedroom there is scarcely room for the bedstead to stand, the other serves to keep my clothes and trunks. For the rooms I pay two guineas a week, one guinea for the keep of the man-servant, whom I have also to clothe ; this is without washing and other small expenses ; but I could not dispense with the servant.

“ These are my outgoings, which will appear to you very large, but it could not be less. Should you determine on coming this

winter, we must take a house, which is very hard to find, and nothing could be had under a hundred guineas a year, unfurnished, and to furnish it would cost four hundred guineas. Consider how expensive all this will be; especially in the winter-time, when everything is double in price, the days twice as short, so that little work can be done. You know very well that we must have a man and a maid. *Decorum requires this*, for I am known by everyone here, and I have to maintain a character for respectability for the sake of my standing in the profession, so that everything must be arranged on a proper footing from day to day, which is most necessary if one wants to be distinguished from the common herd. Ladies of quality come to the house to visit me, or to see my work. I dare not receive people of their rank in a mean place. My present apartment is very proper for the purpose, at the same time as moderate as can be had here. I would not do better by changing. So long as I am alone, I hope (in spite of the expense I am at) to save a good deal this winter,

and when the summer comes to make a change.

“Houses will be easier to get, and they will be cheaper. There is another point which gives me uneasiness. The climate is bad, and you are not accustomed to the air here. It is already late in the year, and we have dark, foggy days, also the smoke from the coal fires is most unpleasant. I am concerned for your health. If you were to get ill what a terrible cross it would be. I shall say no more. I fear you might think I had some other reason, for wishing you not to come, but no—certainly not. My only object being to avoid under our present circumstances all unnecessary expenses. Please God, with time, everything will come right, and be settled to our wishes. I beg you will consider all this carefully, and do not act hurriedly. May God preserve you in good health.

“I remain until death your obedient daughter,

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

“Address to Miss Angelica Kauffmann at Mr. Hurnes, Surgeon in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, London.”

This sensible remonstrance had the desired effect, and Joseph Kauffmann put off his journey for this winter. In the spring of the year, however, we find that Angelica, who had worked hard all through the winter, did fulfil her promise, and in 1767 a house was taken in Golden Square, Soho. It can be gathered from this step with one so prudent that things were going well with the young artist, and that money was coming in. Whatever we may think of Golden Square as we hurry through the now deserted thoroughfare, people of quality lived there a century ago, and also in the mean little streets adjoining it. Mrs. Delany, during her first marriage to the rich Mr. Pendarves had a house in Hog's Lane, Soho; her friends, Lady Falmouth and Mrs. Vernon, lived in Catherine Wheel Lane and Dean Street. So it is probable that Angelica paid at least a hundred a year for her house—which is said to be one of the large ones with tall windows at the corner of Soho Street; it is a lodging house now. Except for the silence which has fallen upon it, Golden Square is but little changed since Angelica lived there.

It has a broken-down air of gentility as of having seen better days. It is decidedly dull, and the clerks who write in the dingy parlours of the business houses have a desolate outlook on the quiet little square, with the forlorn dusty trees. Not even nursemaids come here now. But in Angelica's time it was otherwise.

Society a hundred and fifty years ago was made of precisely the same stuff as our own world of to-day, and the magic touch of royal patronage worked wonders then as now. When it was known that the king's sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, had sat to Angelica for her portrait,¹ there was a rush to her studio. Golden Square was blocked with carriages. She was doubly, trebly fashionable. It was said that a young nobleman got melancholy mad because she refused to paint his picture, and officers in the Guards fought for a bit of ribbon or a flower she had worn. One day a royal carriage drove up to the tall house, and the king's mother, the Princess of Wales, alighted. She had come to see her Grace of Brunswick's picture.

¹ This portrait is in Hampton Court Palace. It is a full length.

This visit raised the young artist to the seventh heaven of delight. She writes to her father in a strain of exultation :—

“ Never, oh never, has any painter received such a distinguished visitor.”

Every letter, indeed, which she sends to the far-away village of Schwartzenberg is conceived in the same key.

“ There is nothing but applause of my work ; even the papers are full of verses written in different languages, all in praise of me, and my pictures.”

In another letter she says,—

“ I have finished some portraits which meet great approval. Mr. Reynolds is more pleased than anyone. I have painted his portrait, which has succeeded wonderfully, and will do me credit ; it will be engraved immediately. Lady Spenser¹ has paid one hundred ducats for her picture. Lord Exeter is still in the country. This morning I had a visit from Mrs. Garrick. My Lady Spenser was with me two days ago. My Lord Baltimore visits me sometimes. The queen has only returned two days. As soon

¹ The spelling of the letter has not been altered.

as she is better I am to be presented to her. Two days ago the Duchess of Ancaster came to see me. She is the first lady at Court."

This sounds like blowing her own trumpet, but it must be remembered she was writing to her best friend, the one who would reflect her triumphs, and consider them as his very own; this would make a difference from ordinary self-glorification. There is also something very pretty in her loving anxiety to convince her father that she is getting rich. It is so transparent that her pleasure in this arises from no mercenary feeling, but from the joyful anticipation that the time is at hand when she can provide him with every comfort for his old age. Every line of her charming letters has the ring of true feeling and a longing to have her home ready for him.

John Joseph rejoiced exceedingly over his child's success. He carried her letters about with him, and read them to everyone, until every man, woman and child knew of the Princess Dowager's visit and Angelica's triumphs, which, however, are viewed in a different light by her biographers. One of

these writes: "In England she once more was the centre of a frivolous circle, by whom she was again, as in Milan and Florence, led away, only with this difference. The rich aristocratic English were in a position to offer far greater temptations (especially to a luxurious temperament, such as Angelica's) than the, comparatively speaking, needy nobility and princes of Upper Italy and the Swiss Cantons. The court, the nobility, the rich lords of the Parliament House, the owners of collections, and the leaders of fashion and talent poured their money into her hands. She herself was amazed at their lavish generosity, but she didn't reckon that her art was getting its death-blow. England was the platform upon which she could exhibit her sentimental gods and goddesses. This prudish nation—a whited sepulchre, so to speak, of immodesty—applauded to the echo the delicacy which could handle doubtful subjects,¹ and yet know how to present them so as not to

¹ This is an allusion to her picture of Venus attired by the Graces.

affront Society's feelings, hurt the prejudices of the 'British matron,' or make the young English miss blush. Art, in fact, was to be clothed in a sort of toilette luxury to please the taste of this eccentric nation, which found in Angelica an artist ready to gratify its ridiculous prejudices at the expense of the true principles and ideal of art itself."

This criticism of Sternberg is severe, but there is truth in it. Angelica, surrounded by admirers and flatterers, was led away by her success, both social and professional, and there is no defending her from another charge brought against her, that of being a flirt. An arrant flirt, Mr. Smith, who does not mince his words, calls her, in his "Life of Nollekens." Another writer says: "She was one time sighing for Mr. Dance, another time declaring herself heart-broken for Sir Joshua. She was never happy unless she had several strings to her bow."

So far as Nathaniel Dance was in question she had no need to sigh for him; he was desperately in love with her, and had been so far back as her first year in Rome,

when there was some talk of an engagement, but it came to nothing, much to Dance's disappointment. He was an Irishman, an artist of considerable merit, and was now making his way in London.¹ He renewed his suit, but Angelica, being influenced by Lady Wentworth, who turned Dance into ridicule, would not listen to him. The artist took her rejection and the manner of it very much to heart, and it was under the smart of his mortification that he painted his fine picture of Timon of Athens.

Fuseli was another lover of Angelica's. This was a conquest she might have been proud of. The young Swiss artist was already making a name for himself, and this year his portrait of Garrick as Macbeth, and Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth, had attracted much attention. Angelica gave him encouragement. J. T. Smith tells of seeing her one night at Drury Lane in a private box with both Dance and Fuseli. She was playing them both off. Standing between the two

¹ He was created a baronet in 1797.

beaux, she found an arm of each embracing her waist; she contrived, while her arms were folded before her on the front of the box over which she was leaning, to squeeze the hand of both, so that each lover considered himself the man of her choice. Smith adds, "She should have remembered Mrs. Peachum's remonstrance, 'Oh, Polly, you might have toyed and known by keeping men off you keep them on.'"

In the end, however, Angelica refused Fuseli, also on the plea that she never meant to marry. In her letter to her father, acquainting him with this proposal, she says; "Not so easily will I bind myself. Rome is ever in my thoughts. May the Spirit of God guide me." The words may have reference to the lover in Rome, whom Oppermann accuses her of abandoning, but Rossi considers they signified that her heart was closed against every passion save that of her art. Her indifference in regard to Fuseli is strange. He was singularly handsome, and his wonderful genius would naturally attract a girl of Angelica's romantic temperament.

The explanation lay in the fact that she was ambitious, and that Fuseli's¹ position not being assured, and his poverty great, he had no means of gratifying her wishes. At this time he was only waiting for his friends to secure him 50*l.* a year to go to Italy, which he did shortly after Angelica's rejection; her treatment of him made a coolness between her and her friend Mary Moser.

The Mosers had been amongst the first to make her welcome, George Moser having known John Joseph in their early days, when both were struggling artists. Moser, however, had come when young to England as a chaser in gold and painter on enamel, and was

¹ Fuseli did not at any time hold Angelica's professional talents in high esteem; his criticism, however, has a touch of bitterness, which smacks of the despised lover. "I have no wish," he says, "to contradict those who make success the standard of genius—and, as their heroine equals the greatest names in the past, suppose her on a level with them in power. She pleased, and desired to please, the age in which she lived, and the race for which she wrought. The Germans, with as much patriotism at least as judgment, have styled her the 'Paintress of the Soul' (Seelen Mahlerin), nor can this be wondered at for a nation who, in a Raphael Mengs, flatter themselves that they possess an artist equal to Raphael the divine."

well considered, being on friendly terms with all the leading artists and directors of the drawing school in Maiden Lane. He received the child of his old friend warmly, and Angelica was quite at home in St. Martin's Lane, where the Mosers lived. Here she met Fuseli, for whom the daughter of the house, Mary, had a warm attachment, unfortunately not reciprocated, Mary being a plain little person, but a kind, sensible girl. A skilful artist too—her flower groups were exquisite in finish and most elegant in arrangement. Her work was in great demand, Queen Charlotte patronizing her largely, and for her she painted a room at Frogmore, which was called the Flower-room.

Angelica and Mary Moser were close friends until this affair of Fuseli. They met often at the house of Nollekens, the eccentric kindly sculptor. He was very partial to both the girls, especially Mary, who confided to him her love for Fuseli. Angelica painted Mrs. Nollekens as "Innocence, with Doves," for which she received fifteen guineas.

Other friends of hers were the Garricks (who

often welcomed her to their pretty villa on the Thames), Doctor Fordyce, D.D., and his brother James, and a host of others too numerous to name.

Amongst the lovers report gave her, was a younger son of the ducal house of Devonshire, but although he may probably have admired her, there was nothing definite in his admiration, else Rossi would have surely made mention of the circumstance. It is, however, woven into a German novel,¹ which also represents a Lady Sarah Cavendish as being in love with the artist, Antonio Zucchi, her death being caused by the struggle between her love and her pride. This improbable story would seem to have no foundation. The two brothers, Antonio and Joseph Zucchi, were struggling artists: Antonio, a correct, but rather uninteresting, painter of large architectural designs; Joseph, an engraver of much excellence. The story that Antonio was at this period a lover of Angelica's seems likewise to have no foundation.

¹ Historical novel by Amalie Schoppe. The whole story as regards the Cavendish family is pure fiction.

In the early part of 1767 Angelica had the happiness of welcoming her father, who, henceforth, remained with her until his death, many years later. John Joseph brought with him Rosa Florini, his sister's daughter, to be a help and companion to Angelica. He did little to assist the establishment. Any artistic talent he may have had, had long since departed, although he still continued to paint, and his pictures were exhibited.¹ He was rather a pompous old man, much inflated by his daughter's success. He spent most of his time arranging the house and studio for the reception of the distinguished sitters and patrons, who, as was the fashion in those days, had free *entrée*, and lounged away whole mornings in an artist's studio.

This year Angelica's popularity seemed on the increase. She was presented at Court, and Royal commissions were showered on her.

¹ His paintings are mostly Scriptural in subject. His "Joseph sold to the Ishmaelites," and "Joseph telling his Dream," were engraved by Godby. They will be found, together with some sickly abominations called "The Affectionate Sister," and the "Afflicted Mother," in the fine collections of the engravings from Angelica's pictures in the British Museum.

Queen Charlotte sat to her with a baby prince on her knee. King Christian III., of Denmark, who was this year in London, also sat to her. Walpole said that he was as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in a fairy tale.

Rossi holds forth at great length upon Angelica's method in portrait painting; how she sought, not only to make a reproduction of the features, but also to convey to her canvas a general idea of the character, as she conceived it, of her sitter, and for this purpose gave much time and consideration to each person who came to her. There is no doubt, as an eminent authority tells us, that the effect of a fine portrait emanates more from the painter than from the sitter. This gift of imparting, if we may so call it, comes to its best where there is a subtle harmony between the painter and model. Reynolds possessed a faculty of establishing such a harmony to a wonderful extent. "All the people he paints," says Leslie, "seem irradiated by something of the amiability, breeding, and sense of the artist.

So too with Angelica. "She gives," says

a contemporary, "to her portraits much of her own grace and dignity." The *Biographie Universelle* remarks "upon the elegance of her draperies, which are never confused, and the attitude which is always well chosen, although her figures are often wanting in strength of colour and vigour of touch."

The *Allgemeine Biographie* says, "She excelled in portraits."

Another German art critic remarks: "In her portraits she shows undoubted talent; they are full of merit. She not only produces a faithful likeness, but gives mind and vitality to the picture, as for example in her portrait of Winckelmann."

Oppermann, in his "Bregenzer Wald," devotes many pages to criticism of Angelica's style. He says: "The principal characteristics of her work are facility, clearness, and great ability in the treatment of the subject, and no artist of her time was possessed of as much taste and feeling, which, when it was not betrayed into an exaggeration of sentiment, was tender and noble."

Angelica's strange predilection for classical and mythological subjects, and the treatment

of sitters in allegorical forms, has often been commented on. In regard to the first it was no doubt the outcome of Winckelmann's teaching, and the next was not always a matter of personal choice. In the latter portion of the eighteenth century there was a craze for mythology; the knowledge of "the gods of the heathen" possessed by women of that day would astonish many an art student of our time. Their letters and diaries are full of classical allusions and quotations from Virgil, and nothing pleased them so well as to be handed down to posterity as Vestals, Sibyls, in fact, in any shape but their own. Angelica perhaps lent herself to this fashion more than any other artist, for the reason that it was her taste. It was a false taste, however; portraiture was not to be dignified by transforming ladies of the eighteenth century into heathen goddesses, and investing them with the attributes of the Pantheon. Angelica, however, was by no means the only artist who pandered, so to speak, to the fancy of her sitters, very few having the courage to resist this classical mania.

We find Reynolds one of the chief offenders. He has handed down "Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces," the Duchess of Manchester as "Diana," Mrs. Blake as "Venus," Mrs. Hall as "Euphrosyne," and other ladies of fashion, masquerading as goddesses. Neither was he successful in his mythological portraits, and not even his grace of design and beauty of colouring could conceal the affectation of the whole idea.

Where Angelica, however, failed most was in the large canvases, upon which she exhausted her invention, reproducing the eternal histories of heathen mythology. Eneas, Ulysses, Hector, Menelaus, Telemachus, repeat themselves with, it must be owned, wearisome fidelity. Some of these are dreadful; "wishy-washy canvases," Leslie calls them—her heroes look like girls dressed up as men. Her figures are full of indecision, and their feet never seem to take a firm grasp of the ground.

This indecision is especially remarkable in scenes of passion, which for the rest she, as a rule, avoided. Förster, the German critic, says, "Her composition of a large

picture is weak. Her imagination not having sufficient strength, and its predominate feature being softness, her tenderness often degenerates into sentimental sweetness." He, however, forgets that sentiment was the feature of the century in which she lived, when every one "went about with cambric handkerchiefs weeping over dead asses." There was, however, no affectation in Angelica's sweetness, it bore the stamp of sincerity.

To the rigid prudery of the time in which she lived, was due the want of knowledge of the anatomy of the human form, which is so often brought against her. No woman student was then allowed access to the Life Schools. "I have never seen," says Pasquin, "the works of any female who could draw the human form correctly, their situation preventing them from studying nudities." He adds, in direct contradiction to the *Biographie Universelle*, that her draperies were erroneous, and were copied from the old expedient of the French School, of clothing the lay figure with damp brown paper.

It is not the place here to say how far art

should dominate decorum. Whether the withdrawal of all the barriers, which, in Angelica's time, hedged in a woman student and prevented her from occupying the same position as a man (since her ignorance was always sure to cause some crying fault in the anatomy of the human body), although a gain to art, is compensated by the loss of the modesty which is a woman's charm, is a question for individual opinion. We have seen many changes as to women's rights within the last fifty years, surely none greater than the latitude allowed to them in such matters.

The *Biographie Universelle* says "That Angelica's pencil was always faithful to the highest aim of real art, and to the character of her sex; she never painted but the most chaste imaginations." On the other hand, her propriety sometimes verged on prudery; as when in the moral emblem of "Mercy and Truth"¹ she *clothes Truth*, whose very attribute is *its nakedness*. She explains this proceeding in a fly-leaf:

"To avoid the *unnecessary* indelicacy of

¹ Moral Emblems, a series published by George Taylor.

representing Truth *naked*, I have clothed her in white, as significant of Purity."

On another occasion, being commissioned by a lady to paint a naked figure, she refused on the score of indelicacy, but executed a most charming picture of a nymph surprised when about to bathe, the figure being enveloped in a gauze veil.

Angelica's enemies set about malicious stories as to her "affected propriety," asserting that while protesting so much she attended the Life Schools dressed as a boy, and that in private she drew from a naked male model.

Mr. J. T. Smith was at the trouble to go into this latter invention, and in his "Life of Nollekens" says that he found the man, Charles Cramer, then 82 years of age, who told him he had often sat to Mrs. Kauffmann, but that she had only drawn from his arms and shoulders.

CHAPTER IV.

1767.

MARRIAGE.

THERE was in London at this time (1767), a man of handsome exterior, of brilliant accomplishments, of sufficient education, and of most agreeable manners, who, under the name of Count Frederick de Horn, represented himself as being the head of a distinguished Swedish family. He was, in fact, the valet of the gentleman whose part he undertook to play, and his knowledge of the family circumstances which he had thus gained, and of which he knew how to take advantage, enabled him to carry out the deception so perfectly, that no one who met him for a moment suspected the deceit, and

he passed in the very best society. He had every appearance of wealth and rank, drove a splendid equipage, wore fine jewels, and scattered money about with all the air of a nobleman, so that he gained an easy credit everywhere.

The count lodged at Claridge's. He had two footmen behind his coach dressed magnificently in green, but he was never known to invite any friend to his table.

It was at Dr. Burney's, in St. Martin's Lane, that Angelica first met this adventurer, who at once singled her out as an object of admiration.

His handsome face and fine figure, his charming manners, together with his profession of the Catholic faith, inclined Angelica to receive his attentions with great favour. He came very often to Golden Square, and he conducted his wooing with such reserve and apparent devotion as to win his way to her heart, for she was strangely hard to woo. He was quick enough to perceive the advantage he had gained, and, seizing a favourable moment, he declared his love, asked her to

be his wife, and promised to divide all his large fortune between her and her father, to whom he would be the tenderest, the most obedient of sons—he, who, by his own account, was possessed of distinguished birth, great military honours, immense riches, castles, picture galleries, and magnificent jewels.

Deceived by the general belief in him, Angelica never for a moment doubted his words, and, when he added that in a few days he would seek her father and formally demand her hand in marriage, Angelica was fully convinced, and agreed to his condition that until these days had elapsed, she would keep their engagement secret. The reason he gave was plausible—he was expecting papers which he wished to lay before John Joseph.

The villain left her satisfied, but Angelica was only so for a short time. The idea of concealing so important a matter from her father, tormented her tender heart and alarmed her delicate conscience. She managed, however, to silence this monitor by

assuring herself that her father, when he knew the extraordinary good luck which had come to her, would pardon her the momentary want of confidence ; and the more she saw of her lover, the more she was fully convinced of the nobility and generosity of his mind, the more she trusted, esteemed, and even loved him.

One day the scene changed.

Pale, agitated, full of grief, he comes to Angelica, who, on her side, alarmed and trembling at what is going to happen, asks him what is the matter.

Alas ! it is a political affair. His absence from his estates in Sweden and from the royal court has given offence. His enemies have been busy, they have prejudiced his friend the king against him ; they have calumniated him and persuaded his Majesty that he is engaged in a conspiracy against the royal life, and orders have come to the Swedish ambassador at the British Court to arrest him. Therefore, they must separate, and more—he is to be loaded with chains, branded with dishonour, and sent back to his

native land to perish there an innocent victim sacrificed to the tongue of the detractor.

Angelica, shuddering at this terrible picture, implores her noble-minded hero to fly at once, but he refuses.

Then, after a minute's pause, he goes on pleading as for his very life,—

“ Only one hope is there of saving me—only one refuge is for me—in thy arms, my angel—reach me thy hand as my wife. Once a holy bond unites me to thee, I am certain the royal family who love you and esteem you will not give up your husband, or allow him to be carried away to prison and certain death. If I escape now, all will go well. I am innocent, and once I am free and in another country, I will defend myself, I will bring my accusers to shame, and triumph over them, and it will be to you that I shall owe my happiness—my life—but there is not a moment to lose, either you make me your husband at once or I am a lost man.”

This is Rossi's account of an interview at which the words quoted may, or may not, have actually been spoke nbut there is

every evidence to show that great pressure was brought to bear on the unfortunate girl to induce her to consent to a secret marriage.

It was unlike her to do so; the uprightness of her character, her love for her father, her respect for herself, were all against her doing anything clandestine; on the other hand, she was romantic and—a curious anomaly—decidedly ambitious.¹ Both these tendencies pulling at her heart-strings, inclined her to yield to her lover's wish, and, by so doing, secure to herself the rank and wealth she desired. These motives swayed her; that there was much love is to be doubted, although the romance of the situation may have somewhat touched her heart.

By the 22nd of November Horn had made everything ready, and in the morning Angelica met him at St. James's Church in Piccadilly, and was there married to him safe and sure by the curate, Mr. Baddeley.² How the supposed count got

¹ Zucchi writes of her—"Ambition is her fault."

² The certificate is to be seen in the vestry book at St. James's Church.

over all the difficulty of being a foreigner, how he evaded producing baptismal certificates, etc., is, like everything else in this hideous marriage, shrouded in mystery. He had two witnesses, Annie Horne and Richard Horne. Who were they?

It must have been a melancholy ceremony. How Horn must have started at every sound in the empty church! How he must have dreaded that out of some corner an accusing voice would be heard denouncing his dastardly fraud upon the innocent girl beside him.

Rossi does not seem to have known of the marriage at St. James's. He makes mention only of their going secretly to a Catholic Church¹ not far from Golden Square, where an imprudent priest blessed a union which was no union, without witnesses or proper formalities. In stating this, Rossi evidently was not aware that in England, in 1767, the penal laws against Roman Catholics were in full force, and that it was strictly illegal for any priest to marry two people of his own

¹ Probably that of Spanish Place, as stated by Miss Thackeray.

faith ; such an act was punishable with death in his case, and imprisonment in theirs.

It would be a question whether, as the supposed De Horn and Angelica were both foreigners, this law could have applied to them, but it is evident she was determined to be on the safe side. The visit afterwards to the Catholic Church (if it did take place) was a salve to her conscience, which was delicate in matters of her faith.

The deed being done, Angelica returned to Golden Square, as she fondly imagined, the Countess Frederick de Horn, and after this Rossi says the supposed count seemed to recover his serenity. The pressing danger vanished, he talked no more of the conspiracy against him, but he confided to his newly-made wife that neither the papers he expected nor the money, which was a large sum, had come to hand, and that in consequence he was much pressed by impudent creditors. What should a loving wife do but help her husband, and this Angelica did gladly, without even a doubt that all he said was true. So three weeks glided by, no

one suspecting that they were man and wife.

At last, either at the bidding of others or because he deemed it was now time to play his last card, Horn thought the moment had come to disclose to the miserable father of the girl he had deceived the true state of affairs. He did not, however, care to make the announcement himself; he sent an old priest to break the news, which, when he heard, so overwhelmed and crushed John Joseph that he lost the power of speech, and for some minutes could not articulate. He was a man who, good and honourable himself, could not easily believe others to be knaves, and the deception practised upon him hurt him sorely; moreover, he had some doubts that this great count was not all he appeared to be, and he feared for the happiness of his beloved child, without exactly apprehending the abyss into which she had fallen through her own fault. He was filled with the deepest anxiety, and could not be pacified by all the good priest said until he saw his daughter. Angelica came trembling, and threw herself at her father's feet;

he reproached her bitterly for her conduct, and pointed out to her the danger she had run by trusting herself to a man of whom neither he nor she knew anything definite. Angelica acknowledged her fault, but would hear nothing against her husband. She had grown fond of him in these weeks. Nevertheless, her words, as quoted by her biographer, have not the true ring of affection in them, but have rather a worldly matter-of-fact flavour.

“You doubt, my good father, as to whether my husband is the nobleman he represents himself to be,” she said; “in such a case our marriage would be null and void, for it is only under these conditions that I have united myself to him.”

At these words the priest and the father looked at one another, pitying Angelica's simplicity. She, however, never ceased consoling and persuading John Joseph, until he at last brightened up and consented to receive the count. Angelica was now happy, she led her husband proudly to her father, and looked at these two both so dear to her with eyes swimming in joyful tears. Horn stayed

with them, and when, later on, his father-in-law began to make inquiries as to what proof he could give as to the reality of his position and fortune, he turned off the conversation, saying that the joys of the honeymoon should not be disturbed by any such worldly conversation.

In the meantime, the fact that Angelica was married began to ooze out amongst her own circle. There was, curiously enough, at this moment a run of singular marriages,¹ so that hers did not excite any particular attention, but her friends took the alarm and were filled with apprehension as to the true position of the man she had married.

During the days that followed the narrowest investigations were made about him, and the opinion grew that he was an adventurer, if not worse. The inquisition to which his past life was subjected did not remain long concealed from the Count, and, as he dreaded the inquiry, he thought fit to put on a mask of virtuous indignation. His anger was prin-

¹ That of Lady Susan Strangways to O'Brien the actor, and another lady of quality to her footman.

cipally directed against his wife's father. He forbade Angelica to hold any communication with him. He drove away all her friends, and finally ordered her to pack up her things and prepare to leave London with him immediately ; the town no longer suited him as a residence, and it was part of her wifely duty to obey him and ask no questions.

Angelica was aghast. Was this furious, ill-mannered man the soft-spoken lover of a few weeks ago ? His brutality frightened her. His dislike to her unoffending father raised a storm in even her tranquil breast ; his conduct to her best friends made her indignant.

She refused to go with him and quit the home and the certain income she had made for an uncertainty, for it did not seem to her he had any visible means of supporting her. This contumacy on the part of the usually gentle Angelica excited the rage of Horn still more ; he threw off his mask and showed the wretched girl his true ruffianly nature. In her alarm and misery she seized the first opportunity to tell her father, and

implored him to help her. Poor John Joseph appealed to his friends. One of these, who had been himself taken in by the Count, whose warm friend he had been, took upon him to demand an explanation. He wrote to Horn, telling him the injurious suspicions that were gaining ground against him, and demanded from him as a man of honour a written contradiction of them. The letter was couched in rather a threatening tone.

Deceit and cowardice are closely allied. The Count answered in fear and trembling, but his shifting, double-dealing reply confirmed rather than allayed the suspicions against him. The letter was shown to Angelica by her father, and plunged her into still deeper grief, and when Horn, growing more and more tyrannical, insisted upon his rights as a husband, she summoned all her courage, and refused to leave her father. She showed him the letter in which he defended himself from the accusations made against him, adding, that until he cleared himself from all suspicion of being an impostor she would live apart from him.

“You wish for a separation,” he cried in a fury; “then you shall have it.”

Then he burst out in threats, shrieks, violence of all kinds, which soon brought old Kauffmann to the assistance of his child, when the ruffian, seizing a purse full of gold, took his hat and flung out of the house, crying out,—

“You will soon know who *I am*, and you will both repent the rough treatment you have given me.”

The two poor creatures remained all that day trembling from the effect of that terrible scene. They were in hopeless despair, not knowing what he would next do. Their despair increased when the night passed without his return, and again the following day. It was not his absence that caused them unhappiness, it was the dread of what so wicked a man might be hatching against them.

After three days spent in anxious uncertainty, on the fourth came a lawyer's clerk in the name of Count Horn, to demand from Angelica instant submission to his wishes, since he, as her husband, had a

legal right over her and all she possessed, otherwise he would press for a deed of separation and demand compensation to the amount of 500*l.*

Angelica was quite cured of even the lukewarm liking she had for him, she saw that it would be impossible for her to live with such a villain. She grasped at the idea of a separation, but neither she nor her father were inclined to reward the other's successful villainy with so much of her hardly-earned money. She was advised to have recourse to the law. The cause, however, took the usual tedious course. Proofs had to be collected, searches to be made into the career and episodes of the false count, and, as much of his life had been spent abroad, messengers had to be despatched to almost every court in Europe.

Pending the outcome of these inquiries, the villain set the seal to all his former turpitude by an attempt to carry off Angelica by violence. He got together some cut-throats, had carriage and horses in readiness, hired a vessel, and except by a dispensation of Provi-

dence, through which his designs were disclosed, Angelica would undoubtedly have fallen into his hands.

From this time (although Horn was bound over under strong penalties to respect his wife's person and liberty) Angelica lived in constant fear of him. She dreaded what might befall her if once in his power; she knew that he wore on his finger a ring which contained poison, and she did not think he would scruple to use it.

Meantime, from divers sources, information from abroad and depositions were coming in, all containing evidence of a rascally history.

One set proved the different names which he had taken in different places; another the titles and dignities he had given himself; this one related how he had extorted money on false pretences; another how he had contracted debts to keep up a splendid appearance. All went to prove an unbroken course of swindling. There came news, too, of his having married another woman, who was with him in the year 1765, when he resided at

Hildesheim, and gave himself out as a colonel and lieutenant of Frederick the Great.

In Hamburg, at the Hague, in Breslau and other towns, he was well known, and always as an adventurer with the worst reputation. At Amsterdam he had gone by the name of Studerat, in other places he called himself Rosenkranz. Brandt was the only name to which he had any right.¹

This consensus of accusation and the accumulation of evidence that came pouring in from every side made the Count tremble. He began to think it were best to abate his demands and get clear off with what money he could extract from his victim. He therefore again approached Angelica with an offer of a compromise. To this her friends, and especially the magistrate before whom the process would come, objected very strongly, advising her to make no terms with such a villain, but to have him properly punished for his shameful conduct in her regard.

Angelica, undecided, now listened to the

¹ When he was Count Horn's footman he went by the name of Buckle.

firm counsels of the magistrate, and again, when the process seemed to stretch away in the distance, was inclined to put an end to this torturing delay and agree to Horn's proposal. He was now limiting his demand to 300*l.*, and agreeing to sign a legally drawn-up document, wherein he bound himself to abandon all his rights as a husband and to leave Angelica absolutely free, never seeking to renew any intercourse or hold any communication with her.

Angelica at last consented to sacrifice the money for the sake of peace. She naturally preferred—as any sensitive woman would do—this method, to exposing to the world all the miserable details of her unfortunate connection with this man.

On the 10th of February, 1768,¹ this docu-

¹ The deed of separation is signed with Horn's real name, Brandt, which was the one he had a right to call himself; his mother, Christina Brandt, had been seduced by Count De Horn, while she was serving as a maid in an inn. The count may have taken the boy and brought him up in his own household, which was very often done with natural children, and this would account for his gentlemanlike manners and his likeness to the Horn family. It is also probable that it was thus he got hold of the coveted articles and the jewels which cast such a

ment, which was to give her her freedom from the persecution of a villain, was signed, and so ended this miserable business, four months after the marriage, three of which Horn had spent out of the house, which he had quitted on the day of the quarrel.

Rossi goes on to tell of an extraordinary incident which took place on the same day upon which Angelica's release was signed, and which, he says, would have appeared too improbable for any stage piece.

“A respectable person came to Angelica and disclosed to her the fact that the Count was already married to a girl in Germany, and had deserted her, leaving her in the utmost poverty; and that this girl was intending to come to London if only she had the means to pay for the voyage. This discovery, if true, invalidated the second marriage, and several persons tried to persuade Angelica to bring the real wife to London. Others advised her by no means to give herself the expenses and glamour over poor Angelica. It is more than likely that he stole them.

anxiety of a trial, and these wiser counsels prevailed. Angelica from the first was adverse to any publicity which could be avoided, and it did not take her long to decide upon leaving the matter as it was ; ‘ for,’ said she, ‘ if the count has been guilty of this offence, and if his guilt is proved, he will be sentenced to death, and if I should be the cause of this, I should never know a moment’s happiness. No, the spirit of revenge and anger dwells no longer in my breast, and although he has injured me, and it may be has betrayed me, I leave his punishment in God’s hands. Never speak his name to me again.’ A wise resolution,” says her biographer, “ wise, pious and good, which did her understanding as much credit as her heart, for there is no doubt, in the end, the dragging of Horn into the mire of contumely would have thrown a certain stain upon the woman who had shared his name for some months.

Meantime the *soi-disant* count had made good his escape, and never more was heard of until news came many years after of his

death. Who or what he was must always remain a mystery. Rossi adds, "I have lingered long over this sad story, but I think it only just to Angelica to contradict the many 'fables' spread abroad. What I have now related has been told to me by the father of Angelica, who suffered keenly from the disgrace which had fallen undeservedly on his loved child, and who wrote down accurately the true history."

John Thomas Smith, in his "Memoirs," tells the story of Horn's detection in a different manner.

"After the marriage," he says, "Angelica was sent for to Buckingham House to paint Queen Charlotte. She communicated her marriage to her Majesty, upon which she was invited to Court and her husband also. He, however, kept out of the way, saying his luggage had not arrived. At last the real Count Horn arrived in London, and at the levée was much surprised at being congratulated by the queen upon his marriage, when it all came out."

In "Miss Angel" this incident is made

use of in a very pretty scene between the queen and the artist. However well suited for the purposes of a novel, there is no truth in the story, neither does it appear that a *real* Count Horn did make his appearance on the scene. The whole business is involved in a strange mystery, out of which it is difficult to grasp any tangible facts beyond that of the false marriage.

Putting aside his share in Angelica's story, Horn's career was one of the most singular instances of audacious swindling. It was the age for adventurers. Every court in Europe swarmed with them; every minister used them as instruments, and supplied them with money and credentials. Handsome, agreeable men, with good manners, were in request, as they were certain to have *bonnes fortunes*, and much could be expected from the favour of a great lady. Horn, or Brandt, rather answers to this description, and the splash he made, the fine horses and footmen, the best hotel, and the splendour of his own appearance, would lead one to think he had some other means besides the jewels he was

supposed to have stolen. But why did he not seek the favour of some great lady? He moved in the best society, and must have known many women better suited to his purpose than Angelica. The Kauffmann household was not appointed in a style to deceive a man of Brandt's experience; he must have guessed that all he could possibly expect was a share of the girl artist's earnings.

What, then, was his motive? Love, perhaps (who can say?), and that, knowing the dignity and purity of Angelica's nature, he saw no way of making her his but by going through an apparently legal marriage ceremony.

But there is another view of the subject, which one finds set forth by several German and French writers.

Wurzbach says; "The suspicion of having a hand in this unpleasant affair fell upon Reynolds. It is true that later on he made a lame attempt at clearing himself, and gave an explanation to Angelica. All the same just

as it remains a riddle how much Reynolds had to do with this melancholy history, so he also remains under a certain imputation of having a share in the matter."

Sternberg is even more plain spoken. He says: "'Le Manuel des Curieux et des Amateurs des Beaux Arts' speaks of a conspiracy, which was set on foot in London, against the artist. The writer does not mention names, for the reason that the source is nasty. Angelica herself, *in the public papers*, addressed a letter to the editor of the "Beaux Arts," denying there was any truth in these assertions. From *other sources of information, however*, there is not the smallest doubt that this contemptible mystification was planned for the humiliation of the artist, and that Reynolds had a hand in the game. Whether it was he, or a friend of *his*, an *artist*, who had proposed for Angelica and been refused, it is enough, that out of revenge, these two concocted the plot to disgrace her. There then appeared this man, who called himself

Count Horn, and who gave himself out for a distinguished Swede. He pretended to be an art patron, and spent considerable sums in buying pictures. A handsome man, a rich man, a count, Angelica could not resist. The poor woman suffered cruelly; the spring of her life was dried up; she loved and had been betrayed."

Nagler, in his "Notice" of the artist in vol. ii.,¹ mentions this story in the "Manuel des Curieux," also Angelica's letter. The "Biographie Universelle" says:—"Des Biographies ont accusé Reynolds d'avoir préparé ce complot et initié ce malheureux à son rôle pour se venger des dédains d'Angèlique, mais ce ne fut pas certain." The same charge of a "complot" is made either distinctly or hinted at in every biographical notice; in Dohme's "Künst ü. Künstler,"² in "Hoefffer's Nouvelle Biographie," and the "Biographie Contemporaine," in Wurzbach's Lexicon, also in Leon de Wailly's³ historical novel.

¹ Künstler Lexicon.

² Article on Angelica, by J. Weissley.

³ Schöppe also and Desalles-Regis wrote novels on this subject. The latest addition to fiction is Mr. Du-

But if this story were true, how does it happen that Reynolds' biographers (friendly or unfriendly) are silent as to such grave charges, of which they must have been aware, had this letter from Angelica in the "Beaux Arts" ever appeared? And again, how is it that the gossips of the day, the news writer, Horace Walpole, and the garrulous Boswell, make no allusion to a bit of scandal too delightful to be omitted? It would seem that when the original accusation was made in the "Manuel des Curieux et des Beaux Arts," edited by Hüber and Rast, a French edition was published contemporaneously with the German one. For the purpose of this biography, *both editions* have been closely searched for either accusation or letter, but without success. It may be that they appeared in a first edition and have been suppressed.

Putting aside the well-known character of our great painter, which would make such an accusation incredible, it is not possible to

bourg's play "Angelica," which is soon to be given at one of the leading theatres.

suppose that after treachery of this kind he would have remained a fast friend of Angelica's to the end of his life, heaping favours upon her and her family. If conspiracy there were, and many circumstances would lead one to this hypothesis, it would lie more probably at the door of Nathaniel Dance, and his friend Nathaniel Hone.¹ Dance, as we know, had loved and been rejected by Angelica, and had taken the manner of her rejection much to heart, and his Celtic blood would lead him to revenge himself upon the woman who had not only refused but ridiculed him.

His friend and fellow-countryman, Hone, was a despicable character, envious of other

¹ Hone and Dance were both Irishmen; Dance was the most successful artist. He recovered from his disappointment, married the widow of a Hampshire gentleman with a good fortune, was a member of parliament, and was created a baronet. He was a vain man, and gave out that Angelica refused Sir Joshua because she was attached to himself. In the "Records of my Life," by John Taylor, the author talks of "Mrs. Kauffmann's correspondence with Dance, which was thought so interesting, that his Majesty George III. asked to see it." Taylor, however, is not reliable authority, and there is no reliance to be placed upon this story.

artists, cordially disliked by them. Smith says he was jealous of Reynolds, and lost no opportunity to defame him; the dislike between them began in their school days, and culminated in the ugly transaction of "The Conjuror" later on. There would be every probability that such a nature as Hone's might have planned the outrage on Angelica, for the purpose of throwing dirt, if he could, upon Sir Joshua. In addition to which, Hone had a personal dislike to Angelica, based upon her greater success as an artist.

Rossi, from whom the account given here of Angelica's betrayal is principally collected, speaks of the reports *and fables* in circulation at the time, which Angelica had not the courage to contradict; and for this reason, he adds, he has thought it right to communicate to the public the facts which were left to him in writing by the good father of Angelica, who had suffered infinitely from his daughter's misfortune.

This would seem very conclusive that John Joseph had never heard of the Reynolds conspiracy, or, if he had, counted

it amongst the fables. It has, however, been thought better to mention in this biography the accusations so freely made abroad, which, up to the present time, have gone without contradiction, thus leaving a slur upon the memory of a great artist and an honourable gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

1768-1771.

WOMANHOOD.

AFTER Horn's final withdrawal a hopeless calm settled down upon Angelica's life. There was nothing more to fear, but to a sensitive nature like hers the bare idea that everyone was in possession of what had happened must have been mental torture. She bore her trial bravely, and by degrees her work, and the sympathy of her friends, who were never weary of showing her kindness, mitigated her pain, although the wound never healed.

Rossi says that the strangeness of her unmerited misfortune, together with the esteem in which she was held, caused her to receive

numerous offers of marriage from men in the highest positions. Angelica, however, shuddered at the name of a second engagement, and before she could have accepted any proposal of marriage, she must have gone through a painful trial to prove that, for various reasons, her first union was invalid, and from this publicity she shrank.

Angelica now threw herself into work with almost feverish energy. Her brush was always in her hand. Money was much needed in Golden Square. Horn's demands had swept away all her savings, and there were the heavy expenses of the legal proceedings to be met. Angelica's friends behaved generously. Orders came flowing in. Her good patron, Lord Exeter, ordered pictures by the yard. Lord Spencer, too, gave her commissions, and the good-natured king¹ sat for his portrait, although this was

¹ It will be remembered by readers of "Miss Angel" that Angelica (after the discovery of Horn's conduct) goes to Windsor to paint the portrait of the king. Miss Thackeray popped her heroine into the house of Dr. Starr, a Master at Eton. Curiously enough, this proved to be the very house where had lived her father's great

an honour he had not yet paid to Reynolds. With all this amount of work in hand, she cultivated assiduously her literary and musical talents, both of which were of a high order. In music she excelled, her voice being of a delicious quality.¹ Her mind was highly cultivated, and all through her life she enjoyed the friendship of those who were distinguished in the artistic or literary world.²

Count Bernsdorff,³ the Danish Prime Minister, who was this year visiting London,

grandfather, Rev. Dr. Thackeray, who was assistant master of Eton in 1746, and later became Archdeacon of Surrey. There is in the family a tradition that one of his daughters was attached to Antonio Zucchi.

¹ She would run to the harpsichord and sing all manner of national airs.

² Rossi says her love for men of letters did not spring in any way from vanity or a wish to be considered a *bas bleu*, but from a true appreciation of the beautiful; so much so, that when she read an elevated passage or heard some eloquent discourse, her eyes would light up and her whole countenance show how moved she was.

³ Count Bernsdorff, the friend and companion of Frederick Prince of Wales, returned to Copenhagen after the death of the Prince and became Minister. He was a clever statesman and accomplished man. He did as much for Denmark as Bismarck did for Germany. A handsome obelisk just outside Copenhagen is erected to his memory.—*Sturz's Biographie.*

gives in one of his delightful letters a description of a visit he paid her; it is full of interest, and is dated September 15th, 1768, just six months after Horn's betrayal:—

“ I found our gifted countrywoman yesterday with Klopstock's ‘ Messiah ’ in her hand. Pope's ‘ Homer ’ lay upon the table near her. She reads both with perfect ease, but naturally the German poet is nearest her heart. She was born, if I remember right, in Bregenz, and went to Italy when quite young, associating there and ever since with the very best people, artistic and social. This always makes a distinct impression, in early youth especially, and she is now both in her art and herself, in her manners and mind, quite on an exceptional platform. She has a peculiar and most womanly dignity which inspires the utmost respect. She is about twenty-seven, by no means a beauty, nevertheless extremely attractive. The character of her face belongs to the type Domenichino loved to paint, the features are noble, the expression sweet. It would be impossible to pass such a face without looking at it, and once you have looked

you must admire, and there are moments when she is absolutely beautiful: thus when she is seated at her harmonica singing Pergolesi's 'Stabat Mater,' her large expressive eyes, 'pietosi a riguardar a mover parchi,' are piously raised to Heaven, and her inspired look helps the expression of the divine words. At this moment she is a living St. Cecilia. Alas! that so much beauty and such talent should have failed to secure for this gifted woman any measure of happiness. The sadness of her whole air betrays an inward discontent which is the consequence of her unfortunate marriage which has ended in a separation. The whole story is pitiful, and this misfortune has spoiled her life. She is a great favourite here, and has a reputation as an eminent artist. This truly British word at once guarantees a fortune; Angelica, however, is too modest—she does not sufficiently assert herself, for an *eminent* artist can, in this rich capital, use her admirers much as a selfish, money-seeking coquette does her lovers, plunder and ill-treat them, without fear of a rupture; the passion of the nation being

to fill the pockets of their favourite, no matter whether he be an artist, or a hair-dresser, Farinelli, or a conjurer."

Angelica, not having left any note-books as Reynolds did, it is impossible to know the scale of her prices. Fifteen guineas is mentioned by J. T. Smith as the price paid for a portrait of Mrs. Nollekens.¹ A hundred years ago all artistic and literary work was indifferently paid. Goldsmith received sixty pounds for the "Vicar of Wakefield;" Hogarth one hundred for the "Lady's last stake;" Zoffany two hundred for "Abel Drugger"; and it was only when his name was at its highest that Reynolds was paid 150 guineas for a full-length portrait.

Angelica's rapid method of painting enabled her to execute more work than most artists. She drew hurriedly, putting in the costumes and figures with her pencil before she took the palette in her hand, trusting very much to the delicate combination of colour, for which she was famous, to conceal the false outlines into which there is no denying

¹ As "Innocence, with Doves."

she was often betrayed. Her colouring has been the subject of very diverse opinions. Bernsdorff says she played strange tricks with her carnation, and that her shadows are overdone. Rossi maintains she was equal in colouring to the old masters. Oppermann thinks her draperies are too highly tinted,¹ her background too monotonous. At the time it was thought she used a secret preparation, which gave her tints this extraordinary brilliance, but in her later pictures she subdued her colouring to a great degree.

George Keate, her friend and admirer, wrote an absurd pamphlet addressed to the lovely, the adorable, the beloved Angelica, in which he ascribes her miraculous colouring "to a magician who has given her a powder from Egypt's distant shore. He believes Cheops and Rhodope are proud to minister to her glory. Nitocris will shine again in her delineation of a virtuous monarch, and Cephene's will blacken with his dark pigment some villain's face which her chaste pencil

¹ A writer in the *Art Journal* of 1890 criticises what he calls this vinous tone, which is decidedly unpleasant.

abhors to paint." He covers pages with this nonsense.

Notwithstanding her secret, Angelica's colours have not been lasting. In some instances they have faded more than others, but this is also noticeable in Sir Joshua's, and can be accounted for by the different varnishes and mediums used, some of these being deleterious to the preservation of the work.

The year 1768 was a memorable one in the history of Art in England. It was then that the scheme of founding a Royal Academy, which had long been in agitation, took actual shape, and the institution which is now such a yearly point of interest to both public and artists had its birth.

Its process of incubation had been a trying one. So far back as 1711, Sir Godfrey Kneller, then at the head of the profession of arts, made the attempt, and failed; Thornhill later established a makeshift academy or school of art at his own house. This lame effort was followed by the Life School under George Moser, and when this was joined by such men as Hogarth, Cotes, and

other artists of standing, it migrated first to St. Martin's Lane, and in 1759 opened rooms in Pall Mall.

Still all felt even this improved position did not answer the purposes of a National Academy. Efforts were strenuously made to induce the royal sanction to be given, together with a proper grant. The proclivities of the House of Hanover, however, had never been artistic. George I. was too fond of his mistresses, and George II. had his hands full of his quarrels with his son and his ministers.

The struggle still went on; the Society, with gallant spirit, exhibiting annually a number of pictures which were excellent in work and drew large crowds of visitors. At last, in 1765, the Society wrung from the Government a charter of incorporation, and the right to call itself "The Society of Incorporated Artists." Having attained this measure of success, the spirit which had been so admirable died out.

Constant disputes arose amongst the members; jealousies, private warring, until

the cohesion of the Society became impossible. A split followed—Chambers, Moser, West, Cotes, being included amongst the malcontents. The result was the starting of a new art society upon totally different lines, the professed object being to found an academy of design for the instruction of students with an annual exhibition which should contain the work of the academicians. Pressure was brought to bear on George III., who had at first received the scheme coldly, but later offered to supply from his private purse any money deficiency and to give the academy a royal sanction.¹ This enabled the members to offer prizes to the students and to bestow annuities on such as were promising.

With these advantages the new constitution was easily formed under the title of

¹ The generosity of the king was much commended by the journals of the day. The *Advertiser* bursts into enthusiastic praises in verse:—

“Long had Britannia sighed for such a king,
When George arose and bade her Muses sing;
Called Genius forth from Contemplation’s cell,
And drew up Wisdom from her sacred well.”

“The Royal Academy.” Reynolds at first held aloof, not, as unfriendly writers allege, from a doubt that the countenance of the court would be wanting, but from fear that the mistakes of “The Incorporated Society of Artists” might again be committed. It was after West had taken to him a proposed list of thirty members, and explained to him enough to show that the new society started on a basis of their own which might fairly be made to include all the higher objects of such an institution, that Reynolds consented to join; and all his brother artists, rising to a man, saluted him as president of the new-born institution.

The list of original members includes the names of Chambers,¹ Moser, Hayman, Newton, Penny, Sandby, West, Reynolds, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Cosway, Wilson, Zoffany, Nollekens, Dance, Hone, and Wilton; together with two women artists, Angelica

¹ Sir W. Chambers was the prime mover, and is thus alluded to:—

“By all thy odes the world shall know
That Chambers planned it.”

Academy Lyrics, Peter Pindar.

Kauffmann and her friend Mary Moser. Such an honour as this has never since that day been paid to any female artist, and although it was no doubt due to the influence of Sir Joshua, still he would not have ventured to confer the dignity of R.A. upon Angelica unless her position in a great degree justified his action. His fellow-academics, however, did not approve of the introduction of the female element, and, as a hint that their sex rendered them unfit for the necessary course, both ladies are purposely omitted from Zoffany's picture of the "Academics gathered about the Model." In this fine work (as Leslie¹ says), "each face is an admirable likeness, and the peculiarity of every artist is caught and transferred to the canvas so as to strike every beholder. There is Moser setting the figure, and Zuccarelli and Yeo studying the pose. Dr. W. Hunter scans the action of the muscles. Nathaniel Hone, with an attitude of swaggering importance, leans on the screen at the back of the model. Cosway,

¹ Leslie's life of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

the Maccaroni miniaturist, displays his clouded cane and gold lace at full length in the left-hand corner. He is the only one present, except Sir Joshua, who wears a sword. Zoffany himself, palette on thumb, is a pendant to Cosway. Behind him West leans on the rail, in conversation with Cipriani and Gwynne. On his left, seated on a drawing-box, is the burly figure of Frank Hayman. Just behind him is Sir Joshua, the centre figure of the composition."

On the wall hang the *portraits* only, in oval frames, of the two lady academicians, Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann.¹ They were thus admitted into the picture, as it were, on sufferance, *not* as making part of the assembly. Zoffany, too, has done very little justice to them—at least to Angelica, whom he deprives of all her beauty, and represents as a prim, hard-featured woman.

The first exhibition of the Royal Academy pictures was held in the spring of 1769, at Messrs. Christie's auction rooms, in Pall Mall.

¹ The diploma given by the Royal Academy is preserved by the descendants of Johann Kauffmann.

“ Tradition,” says Mr. Redford, in his “ Art Sales,” “ fixes the spot where the Senior United Service Club now stands, opposite to Market Lane, Haymarket.” On the 26th April, 1769, the social and artistic world of London were hurrying thither. The *Advertiser* of April 27th announces : “ On Monday the Princess-Dowager of Wales, and yesterday his Majesty, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester and the two princes of Mecklenburg Strelitz, visited the exhibition of the Royal Academy in Pall Mall, with which they expressed themselves highly satisfied.”

One hundred and thirty-six pictures had been sent in, a small number according to our ideas. Angelica sent four, which are thus set down in the catalogue : ¹

¹ The introduction to the catalogue has the following :—

“ As the present exhibition is a part of the institution of an academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The academy, therefore, think it necessary to declare that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled

- 61. Interview of Hector and Andromache. -
- 62. Achilles discovered by Ulysses amongst the attendants of Deidamia.¹
- 63. Venus showing Eneas and Achates the way to Carthage.
- 64. Penelope taking down the bow of Ulysses for the trial of her wooers.

The *Advertiser* says that the pictures which chiefly attracted the attention of the connoisseurs were three by *Sir J. Reynolds*, the "Regulus" of West and his "Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis," and "Hector and Andromache," by *Mrs. Angelica, an Italian young lady* of uncommon genius and merit.

In the *European Magazine* there is likewise a short notice :

Departure of Regulus from Rome...	West.
The King and Queen	... Nathaniel Dance.
Lady Molyneux	... Mr. Gainsborough.
A piping boy	... Mr. Hone.
A boy playing cricket	... Cotes.
An altar-piece	... Cipriani.
Duchess of Manchester	... Mr. Reynolds.
Hector and Andromache and Venus directing Eneas and Achates...	Mrs. Kauffmann, a lady but lately arrived in Lon- don.

by improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended."

¹ Deidamia, daughter to King Lycomedes, at whose Court Achilles was concealed dressed as a woman.

From Angelica's choice of subject it was evident the gods and goddesses of Olympus ruled her fancy. Other artists, West and Reynolds, likewise exhibited classical and allegorical subjects.¹

The president sent no less than three allegorical portraits :

1. The Duchess of Manchester, as Diana nursing Cupid.
2. Lady Blake, as Juno receiving the Cestus of Venus.
3. Miss Morris nursing Hope.

Allan Cunningham says, in his caustic way, " Poor Miss Morris was no dandler of babes, but a delicate over-sensitive spinster, unfit for the gross wear of the stage. Of Lady Blake's title to Juno, I have nothing to say, and what claim a Duchess of Manchester, with her last babe on her knee, could have to the distinction of Diana, it is difficult to guess."

The critics were hard upon the pictures.

¹ Mr. Taylor, in his *Life of Sir Joshua*, speaks slightly of his forced and far-fetched personifications of Juno, Hebe and Diana. He considers them indescribably inferior in charm to those which Reynolds has painted of the women of his own time.

Horace Walpole marks "Bad, very bad,"¹ constantly in his catalogue. He makes no mention of Angelica's "Hector and Andromache;" which was a commission from Mr. Parker of Saltram (afterwards Lord Boringdon), and was engraved by Watson.

Bernsdorff saw the picture in the artist's studio before it went to the Academy, and after criticising Angelica's faults severely, he says, "The defects in her method (grave ones, I own) are in my opinion counterbalanced by the many beauties of thought and feeling with which her work is permeated. *Sensu tincta sunt*. She shows great wisdom in her choice of a subject—the moment of separation when the interest is heightened by the foreboding of never again meeting, and the imagination can fill up the details. Her composition is full of grace, and the figures have the quiet dignity of the Greek models. Her women are most womanly, modest and loving, and she conveys with much art the proper relation between the

¹ From the Strawberry Hill Catalogue.

sexes, the dependence of the weaker on the stronger, which appeals *very much to her masculine critics*. It must be owned, however, that a little of this feebleness characterizes her male personages. They are shy creatures; some of them look like girls in men's clothes, and it would be impossible for her to portray a villain. However," he adds, "the colouring is very faulty, the background is monotonous, and a violet haze floats over the picture, which is very detrimental to its beauty."

The moment chosen by Angelica is where Hector meets his spouse at the gates of Troy. His steps are already turned towards the camp. It seems that one more and he will be outside the city, but he has wavered at the voice of Andromache; he has turned towards her, the left foot is loosely drawn back behind the right, and the lance which he holds is planted in the ground. He is consoling the half-fainting woman, who rests upon his shoulder. Her right arm is thrown round his neck, the other hangs down, and her hand seeks that of her

husband, who takes it in his clasp. She has just spoken :

“ Too daring Prince : Oh, whither dost thou run ?
 Ah ! too forgetful of thy wife and son !
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I—a helpless orphan he !
 Thy wife, thy infant in thy danger share.
 Oh, prove a husband and a father's care ! ”
 POPE'S “ Iliad.”

But now she is silent, nestling close to her beloved, searching his face, anxious to read if she may dare to hope. Hector is speaking those noble words :

“ Andromache, my soul's far better part,
 Why *with untimely sorrow* heaves thy heart ?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom
 Till Fate consigns me to the silent tomb.”

The spectator can see that the hero has not made up his mind. Will he remain ? or will he tear himself away, from her loving embrace ? The uncertainty of this situation, when realistic in intensity, appeals very much to the heart, and is a great factor in art. Lessing availed himself of it with great success in his book dealing with the antique statue of the Laocoon.

Angelica also exhibited this year a portrait

of the president, done to order for his friend Mr. Parker of Saltram.

Mr. Taylor says it is (judged by the present standard) a weak and characterless piece of work, but it found great commendation in its day. This portrait must have been exhibited at the Society of Incorporated Artists, who had their show of pictures on May 10th this year.¹

The *Advertiser* wrote of it in these terms :—

“ While fair Angelica, with matchless grace,
 Paints Conway’s lovely form and Stanhope’s face,
 Our hearts to beauty willing homage pay,
 We praise, admire, and gaze our souls away.
 But when the likeness she has done for thee,
 O Reynolds, with *astonishment* we see,
 Forced to submit with all our pride, we own
 Such strength, such harmony excelled by none ;
 And thou unrivalled by thyself alone.”

This painting of one another’s portraits,

¹ The Earl of Morley kindly allowed a photograph to be taken of this portrait, and, in opposition to Mr. Taylor’s criticism, we venture to quote the judgment of other art critics who, when the portrait was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition, pronounced the treatment to be unconventional and the colouring good.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

(From a portrait in the possession of the Earl of Morley.)

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together with placing Angelica's name on the roll of Academicians, very naturally revived the old report, and set the gossips' tongues wagging, although now there could be no talk of a marriage.¹ Mr. Forster in his "Life of Goldsmith," speaks of "Reynolds and his Angelica," and gives us the story of Dr. Baker's dinner in a rhyming letter from Goldsmith to his dear Horneck, in which he makes mention of Angelica's portrait of the president :—

"So tell Horneck and Nesbitt
And Baker and his bit
And Kauffman beside
And the Jessamy Bride.

*"But 'tis Reynolds's way
From Wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolick like him.*

*But, alas, your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoil'd in to-day's 'Advertiser' ?"*

The years '70 and '71 were full of work. To the exhibition of 1770 she sent four large pictures :

¹ Angelica not being able to get a divorce from Brandt, without going through the publicity of a trial.

116. Vortigern enamoured with Rowena.¹
 117. Hector upbraiding Paris.²
 118. Cleopatra adorning the tomb of Mark Antony.³
 119. Samma, the Demoniac, weeping over the ashes
 of his son.

The subject of this last was taken from Klopstock's "Messiah," which the author had sent to her, and of which she writes to Sturz:—

" May, 1769.

" I have much to thank you for, in the great honour our famous countryman has paid me in sending me his works. I had thought it would be too bold of me to offer my warm thanks, but now I have resolved to follow your advice and to write to him. I am going to venture further (still in accordance with your good counsels) and having chosen a subject from the

¹ In the British Museum there is a proof engraving from the original which is in the possession of the Earl of Morley. It is counted one of her best as regards correct outlines.

² Engraved by Thomas Burke.

³ Engraved by Thomas Burke from the original, which was bought by George Bowles. This is well known to all print collectors.

‘Messiah,’ I mean to paint it for the great composer. Oh, that I were able to express by my brush something of the majesty, the divine beauty of this glorious, this sacred theme! I shall, however, attempt it, and should I succeed, I shall send my unworthy effort to my kind friend, Herr Klopstock.”

Sternberg damns this with the words “full of false sentiment,” but Horace Walpole, in his Strawberry Hill catalogue, remarks: *Not ill*; which, considering his notes are all in a depreciatory key, amounts to almost praise.

This year, too, the portrait of General Stanwick’s daughter, who was lost on her passage from Ireland, had an immense success. It is full of tenderness and sensibility, and even Sternberg has to acknowledge its merits: at the same time he takes care to add to his few words of praise his usual amount of unworthy criticism against the English people.

“This picture,” he says, “was the fore-

runner of an infinite number of pale, sentimental heroines and equally colourless heroes, meeting under a romantic moonlight in an English park. One can imagine nothing more cold and prudish than these compositions: nevertheless, they charmed all England for the reason that the English nation, which is outwardly *prudish*, but at heart *immoral*, adores a conventional handling of dangerous subjects. They like to have paintings hung *in their drawing-rooms* which will not cause a pulse to beat, and at which their *young misses* can gaze without blushing; in fact, they clothe art, and, to satisfy their absurd prudery, stifle genius."

Without wishing to enter upon the incapacity of the English nation to decide upon matters of art in the last century, one may venture to say in Angelica's defence, that the reproduction of her pictures by the best engravers of *all countries* must be an evidence that her work was possessed of merit, an evidence of greater value than would be the sale of her pictures.

The engraver does for the painter what

the translator does for the author or poet, and it is not probable that a bad or indifferent writer would find translators from every nation competing for his book!

The list of the engravers who secured the copyright of her designs is a long one:—Bartolozzi,¹ Facius, Ryland, Burke, Green, Watson, Scorodomoff, Dickinson, Laurie, Houston, Dauke, Berger, Smith, Porporati, Kruger, Durmer, Schiavonetti, Knight, Carattoni, Spilsbury, Taylor, Bryer, Cataneo, Morghen, Marcuard, Wrenk, Tomkins, Folo, Zucchi; also the girl, Rose Lenoir, who engraved "Venus in her Chariot" at the age of fourteen. It is almost impossible to make a correct list of the proofs taken from her pictures and designs. Rossi makes it six hundred, without counting the English engravers.

The subject of her designs she generally took from history, ancient or modern. While in England she read constantly the

¹ For a list of those engraved by Bartolozzi, see Appendix.

English poets ; mythology and classical history were, however, nearer to her heart, and in dealing with Cupids, nymphs, Bacchantes, no one, except perhaps Albano, has ever surpassed her for delicacy and grace of design. Goethe talks of them as the children of an airy, loving imagination. "Executed by the pencil of fascination," says Pasquin, "and the colouring is in the chastest Italian school." I would draw attention especially to a vignette, "Die Gekränkte Liebe"—sometimes called "Agläia¹ bound by Cupid"—also "L'Amour dort," "Garde à vous," "Cupid Asleep," and "Cupid disarmed by Euphrosyne." "Cupid drying Psyche's tears" extorts the warmest praise from Sternberg, who acknowledges that "design" was the artist's real merit. "Her talent," he says, "lay in elegance and delicacy."

There are two Cupid² pictures in the Kensington Museum. The anatomy of both is as usual faulty, the arm of the woman being singularly out of drawing. The colouring,

¹ Aglāia the bright one. One of the nymphs or charities.

² Cupid's Pastime should be the name of the pictures.

however, is charming, the soft yellows delicious, and the malicious expression on the Cupid's face most humorous.

Mary Moser wrote a pleasant, chatty letter to Fuseli, still in Rome, telling him all the news of the Exhibition of 1770, in which she says, "Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen. Gainsborough beyond himself in a 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' in a Vandyke habit; Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of 'Garrick, as Abel Drugger,' with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Angelica made a very great addition to the show, and Mr. Hamilton's¹ 'Briseis Parting from Achilles' was much admired."

1771. At the third exhibition of the Academy, Leslie says Angelica's pictures were amongst the best. Again she had four large canvases :

113. The Interview of King Edgar with Elfrida after her marriage with Athelwold.
114. Acontio and Adippe.
115. Return of Telemachus (Odyssey).
116. Erminia finds Tancred wounded.
Also a Portrait of a Lady.

¹ Hamilton was a pupil of Antonio Zucchi.

¹ " 'The Interview between Edgar and Elfrida,' " says Sternberg, " raised Angelica's reputation in England to the highest point. Ryland engraved it in the so-called Schwarz Kunst (Mezzotinto), and no collection of engravings is without it." He adds, in a grudging manner, that the drawing of the figures is correct, and the grouping original and effective, but that there is a certain coldness, and the forms, although beautiful, are wanting in life. Horace Walpole finds very little expression in it.

At this exhibition appeared West's great picture, "The Death of Wolfe," the first high art picture that represented a contemporary event. It caused a reaction against the classical and allegorical style, which, Leslie says, "never took any real hold of the English mind, but that in spite of the cold reception given to Grecian gods and goddesses, Angelica Kauffmann and Barry persisted in sending in, year after year, mythological pictures."

He might have added Reynolds, and West

¹ In the possession of the Earl of Morley at Saltram.

himself, who, the very next year, relapsed into the classical.

In Peter Pindar's bitter "Odes to the Academicians," in which he satirizes all the leading artists, he gives a touch to Angelica's Grecian foible:—

"Angelica my plaudit gains,
Her wit so sweetly canvas stains,
Her dames so Grecian give me such delight;
But were she married to such males
As figure in her painted tales," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

1771—1776.

WOMANHOOD.

IN the autumn of 1771 Angelica visited Ireland. She had several commissions from noble patrons, amongst the number that of the Viceroy, whose portrait she was commissioned to paint.

Getting to Dublin a hundred and twenty years ago was not such an easy matter as it is now-a-days; it took four days to reach there, even if you secured a passage from Parkgate in the Lord-Lieutenant's yacht, a matter of favour, although it cost five guineas.

It was thirty years before the Union, when Angelica paid this visit to the Irish capital, which was then the pleasantest in the three kingdoms, the mimic court being

infinitely gayer than the more decorous one at St. James's.¹ The nobility had fine houses, elegantly decorated; ² they spent their money in a princely fashion, gave orders without stint, and what they could not pay for they charged upon the family estates.

In Lord Charlemont's letters, lately published by Mr. Gilbert, one sees what a magnificent nobleman he was: the freightage of his books, his statues, his pictures, his marbles, cost a small fortune, and his example was

¹ The vice-Kings were oftentimes jovial, and permitted somewhat of a saturnalia to prevail—as when the game of Cutchacutchoo was introduced and was in high favour at the Castle. “Two recesses were fitted up at the end of the grand saloons, and here behind a curtain the ladies prepared their toilet for the sport. In a moment the floor was crowded with ‘belles,’ ‘dowagers,’ and ‘beaux,’ hopping about in the sitting attitude required by the game. Great was the laughter when a gentle dame of high degree was capsized by the heavier assault of a stouter rival. Presently, as the fun waxed more furious, dresses were torn, hair disordered, paint on the fair faces began to rub off, and the whole became a romp.”

² Most of these houses were designed in Castle's* massive style, the interiors being decorated by foreign artists, and the ceilings, friezes, and chimney-pieces the work of Italian stuccoists who had been imported into Dublin.

* An architect of great merit.

emulated by Lord Powerscourt, the Duke of Leinster,¹ Mr. La Touche, Lord Meath, and many others. Most of these houses are now Government offices, and are gutted (either by sale or removal) of their works of art, but the friezes, ceilings, staircases, still remain, and are most elegant in design, being chiefly the work of either Marinari or Verpyle. The chimney-pieces are, many of them, Wedgwood's. In Lord Ely's house, in Ely Place, they are of such value that the late marquis, although he had long since parted with the lease, preserved his right in them, and would periodically send skilled artists to see they were not tampered with.²

¹ At the time when Leinster House was built, there were neither squares nor many houses on the south side of the city. From the windows of the Earl of Kildare's mansion, in Merrion Square, you could see on a fine day the ships in Dunleary Harbour—six miles distant. But soon magnificent mansions rose as by a magician's wand. Lord Meath came from High Street to Stephen's Green, Lord Powerscourt to William Street, Lord Antrim and others to Merrion Square, Lord Mornington to Merrion Street, Lord Clonmel to Harcourt Street, the Marquis of Ely to Ely Place, etc.

² Here, too, the wrought-iron staircase is rare, so, too, are the panelled walls with family pictures let in. For beauty, however, Lord Ely's House does not equal Powerscourt House, where the friezes, ceilings, and staircase are most elegant; there is also a Venetian

It was at one of these fine houses that Angelica stayed on arriving in Dublin; she was the guest of Mrs. Clayton, the wife of the Bishop of Clogher, the friend of Swift and Dr. Delany. The Bishop's house was in Stephen's Green, on the south side, with a very handsome frontage, something like Devonshire House; the apartments were well furnished with gold-coloured damask, with busts and portraits brought by the Bishop from Italy. Mrs. Delany says, "the Claytons saw the best of company, and kept a handsome table: six dishes of meat at dinner, and six at supper!"

From the Claytons the artist went as a guest to the Attorney-General, Tisdall, who lived in Molesworth Street, a man of extravagant habits. She likewise visited Lord

window of very beautiful design. In Mr. Latouche's house,* in Merrion Square, the chimney-pieces let in with Wedgwood's elegant designs, are delightful; and all through the old houses in Dublin there were formerly chimney-pieces enriched by this famous artist. They have, however, gradually disappeared, having been, in most cases, sold to English brokers; so, too, with the carvings, and, in many cases, with the pictures and frescoes.

* Now the residence of Sir John Banks, K.C.B.

and Lady Ely, at Rathfarnham Castle, Lady Caroline Damer, an old acquaintance, at Emo, in the Queen's County, besides many others. Everywhere she was received with the greatest distinction—more as a friend than an artist; her portrait of Lord Townshend making her the fashion.

The Irish Viceroy was a gallant soldier, frank, convivial, abounding in humour of a somewhat coarse kind, and not always in keeping with the dignity of the position he held. His capricious, uncertain temper offended the higher order. Horace Walpole gives him the worst of characters; according to him "he was proud, insolent, sarcastic, ill-tempered, and ill-natured, stooping to the lowest buffoonery, and debasing the Government he represented, while he drove the Opposition to resistance by his absurd and profligate conduct."¹

¹ The Townshends were made of very uncertain, unreliable stuff. Charles, the brother of the Viceroy, the wit and statesman of the family, being one of those political meteors, whose brilliancy is outweighed by a total want of ballast, which renders them too erratic to be dependable. The mother, Audrey, or, as she chose to call herself, Etheldreda, had an astonishing wit, but little prudence.

He had been a widower for two years, but was not inconsolable. In his picture he appears surrounded by his numerous family. Angelica had the singular idea of placing him with his youngest child in his arms before a large looking-glass, in which he is showing the infant its own image; the double effect is cleverly conveyed. Another portrait of greater interest, which Angelica painted, was that of the beautiful Dolly Monroe, niece to Lady Ely,¹ whom Lord Townshend was supposed to admire. Besides this portrait, which will be found facing page 142,² Angelica

¹ "I remember, in my juvenile days," writes Mr. Caleb Powell, "to have seen a full-length portrait, at Rathfarnham Castle, of the beautiful Dolly Monroe, and a relative of hers told me that Lord Townshend pretended to her aunt, Lady Ely, that his object was to captivate Miss Monroe, and prevail upon her to become Lady Townshend, a delusion he kept up until Lady Ely had induced her lord to give his parliamentary support (about the strongest in the House of Commons) to Lord Townshend's administration; but, to Lady Ely's great mortification, the Viceroy married Miss Montgomery, whose portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was certainly not as handsome as that of Miss Monroe."—*J. C. Fitzpatrick's Portfolio*.

² The beauty of Dolly Monroe was well nigh as celebrated in her day as that of the famous Miss Gunnings. Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Goldsmith," says the poet

also painted a large canvas, with four figures — the Earl with his Countess, Miss Monroe in the foreground of the picture leaning over the clavichord, and Angelica at the instrument. The picture is too much crowded, but it is interesting from its vicissitudes.

During the troubled times which befell Ireland in 1798, Rathfarnham Castle was tenanted by a dairyman, who made the banqueting hall into a stable for his cattle. Later it passed into the possession of Chief Justice Blackburne, whose son is the present owner. When improvements were being made some years ago, the oak panellings were temporarily removed, and the family portraits were found concealed. The late marquis presented the Ely group to the National Gallery of Dublin, where it is now ;

devoted his verse to her charms. He introduces her name in the "Haunch of Venison" :—

"Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose,
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival M-r-e's."

The sketch of her presented here was contributed by the late Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., Director of the National Gallery, Dublin, from the original portrait by Angelica. It was bought for the gallery two years ago, when the Marquis of Ely's sale took place at Messrs. Christie's.



DOLLY MONROE.

(From a sketch by the late Henry Doyle, C.B., Director of the National Gallery, Dublin, from the painting by Angelica Kauffmann.)

To face page 142.

it was considered to be by Reynolds, until Mr. Henry Doyle, the then Director of the Gallery, discovered the signature, A. Kauffmann.

At Emo there are several portraits by her, all in good preservation. Besides "Lady Caroline Damer, and her husband, Lord Milton," she painted several replicas of the Duke and Duchess of Dorset, and presented Lady Caroline with a portrait of herself.¹ Rossi says, she received such a multitude of orders for historical pictures and portraits while in Ireland, that she found the only way was to sketch in the heads, by this means satisfying her patrons, and reserving the completion of the work until she had leisure to do it justice.

"The Death of Sylvia's Stag," painted for Justice Downes of the Queen's Bench; two beautiful portraits of Lord Ferrard and his son, which are at Antrim Castle; "Mrs. Bousfield," in the possession of Mr. Bagwell, of Marlfield, County Tipperary; "Mrs. Clements," with a naked infant on her knee, in the possession of Colonel Clements, are about the

¹ There is also at Emo a table of her work.

best known of her portraits. The amount of decorative work done by Angelica, during her stay in Dublin, in the way of ceilings, door-panels, tables, etc., seems almost incredible. Unfortunately, the delicacy of her method, and the fading of the colours she used, together with the neglect which shortly after befell all of beauty and art in the ill-fated country, have caused much of her work to be irrecoverably lost. There still remains, however, a good deal of her beautiful decoration: notably, in Lord Meath's house, in Stephen's Green (now the property of the Church Temporalities), where the ceilings are elaborately painted by her, with emblematic figures in the four corners of the centre. The doors, too, are prettily decorated, the work being as fresh as if done yesterday. In an outer room there are frescoes, of which both the subject and the author are said to be unknown; but anyone conversant with Angelica's style would have little hesitation in attributing them to her. They are weakly drawn, and carelessly handled, but the very faults show them to be hers; and the subject of

one, at all events, was a favourite theme with her.¹ At 18, Rutland Square, formerly Lord Farnham's, and now the residence of Lord James Butler, the ceilings are painted by her, also at Lord Longford's, in the same square. The best of her work is to be found at Dr. Mahaffy's, in North Great George's Street, where the medallions are painted on canvas, and laid into niches made for them in the "Aveco"; here the subjects are her favourite Greeks. It is pleasant to think that, in this instance, her work is in the hands of one of the best Greek scholars of our day, Dr. Mahaffy, of Trinity College.

Angelica's stay in Ireland lasted over six months. She returned to London in time to exhibit, at the May Exhibition of 1772, "Andromache and Hecuba weeping over Hector's ashes," a gloomy, uninteresting subject; "Rinaldo and Armida," "La Penserosa," a whole length of a lady in Italian dress, and a Bishop!² They made very little mark; the

¹ A shepherd moralizing while peasants dance in the distance.

² Doctor. Robinson, Primate of Ireland, afterwards created Baron Rokeby.

president had six of his best pictures, and Zoffany's "Academics," which was this year in the Academy, deservedly absorbed all attention.

To her other occupations she now added those of etching and engraving. The former she had practised in her girlhood. There are about thirty-five plates of hers extant,¹ which are proofs that in this line she would have distinguished herself. The outlines are well defined, and the shadows brought out with a firm touch; the aquafortis used with intelligence. With this method she had produced a good picture of Winckelmann, which was this year engraved by Ryland. Bernsdorff, writing to Denmark, says, "Angelica has given me a charming present of some etchings of her own doing, which are not to be had in any print shop. Amongst these, I am particularly pleased with a likeness of *our Winckelmann*. He sits at his desk, his pen in his hand, searching with his eagle eye to

¹ For a list of these thirty-five plates, see Appendix. They are very valuable, as after she left England Angelica gave up etching.

discover in Apollo's nose, or the Torso of Hercules, where lay their contempt for the gods." ¹

Another etching of equal merit was one of "Raphael," and a half length of "Hope," which she gave to the Academy of St. Luke, in 1765; "A Madonna and Child," in 1773, and in 1776, two fine etched copper-plates, also a picture of "St. Peter" after Guido, the original of which is in the Monastery of Sampièrè, at Bologna: this she perfected with the assistance of Joseph (or Giuseppe) Zucchi the engraver, and it was published in London in 1776, the plate bearing the name of both artists. A good many of the thirty-five plates have—"eadem et Joseph Zucchi;" these last are finished with a graving tool. Some of them are very fine—"Calypso and Ulysses," "Urania," "Sappho conversing with Homer," from a picture by Antonio Zucchi, which is a masterpiece of free treatment. Also the "Haarflechterinn," or Hairplaiter, which is well known to all collectors. This is also etched in Scheidewasser, or aquafortis, and has the date 1765.

¹ From Sturz's Biography.

After she came to England she gave up aquafortis, and adopted the English method of aquatint, in which she was not so successful. Biral di says that the great English engravers, Boydell Brothers, of Cheapside, bought the coppers upon which her first impressions were printed; she retouched these for them, and in 1780, after putting them through the aquatint¹ process, they were reproduced. This process is sometimes called *à la manière de lavis*.

In 1773 we find her varying her usual contribution of immortals, by sending to the May Exhibition² only two mythological pictures, the others being portraits and a Holy Family. Considering Angelica's well-known piety, it was strange how seldom her brush was devoted to heavenly subjects. An altar-piece for the Parish Church at Schwartzenberg; the frescoes of the Twelve Apostles, and one or two Holy Families, are all she

¹ This process consisted in pouring over the copper a preparation which bit, so to speak, into the work. For this purpose the engravers used salt sand mixed with gum, etc. It was only used in England.

² See Appendix for complete list of exhibits.

has left in this direction. Nevertheless, she would have seemed eminently fitted by the spiritual tone of her mind to portray Celestial Love, and the Beatitude of the Saints. A French writer says, "Her heads have much of the divine, majestic beauty of Guido, and had she preferred Heaven to Olympus, she would have attained a far higher degree of perfection."

The explanation lies in her reverence for sacred subjects, to which she considered herself unworthy to give expression. In one of her note-books she wrote: "One day, when I found it impossible to convey to my canvas any idea of the majesty of Almighty God, I threw down my brush, saying, Never again shall I attempt to interpret the Divine, which is impossible to human inspiration. I shall reserve the attempt for the time when I shall enjoy Heaven, supposing always that there should be such an art as painting there."

If Reynolds's noble idea of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral with scriptural subjects had come into effect, Angelica's powers in this line would have been tested. It was in this

year that this project was ventilated, and received the hearty approval of both the king and Archbishop of Canterbury. The artists were chosen. Reynolds was to paint "The Nativity," and Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffmann, were each to take a subject. Unfortunately, the narrow-minded bigotry of Terrick, Bishop of London, defeated this noble conception. Everyone knows his answer: "I would rather close the doors of the Cathedral for ever, than open them to admit Popery." "Accordingly," as Thackeray says, "the most clumsy heathen sculptures decorate the edifice."

During 1773, and the years that followed, Angelica's work as a portrait-painter increased. Her studio was crowded with fashionable sitters; portraits painted during that time by her were "The Duke and Duchess of Richmond," "Jane Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon)," "Earl and Countess of Derby," "Countess of Albemarle," "Marchioness of Lothian,"¹ "Honourable Charlotte Clive,"²

¹ Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1888, Marquis of Lothian.

² Exhibited at the N.P.E., 1867, Earl of Powis.

“the Duke of Gordon,”¹ “Alleyne FitzHerbert,”² the lovely “Lady Georgiana” and “Lady Henrietta,” with Viscount Althorp, only son, and daughters of John, 1st Earl Spencer.³ (There is another portrait of the “Duchess of Devonshire,” in a white dress and large white hat, which belonged to Lord Howard de Walden, and was sold in 1869, for 162*l.*)

Mrs. Hartley’s lovely face and lithe, tall, delicious figure, had won her in a short time the leading place at Covent Garden Theatre, and her picture by Angelica, which is now in the Garrick Club, is wonderfully graceful, and little inferior to that done by Sir Joshua of the same lady. Another sitter, Mrs. Damer, was equally well known in the fashionable world. She was the “Infanta” of the letters of H. Walpole, whose friendship for her father, Field-Marshal Conway, is a refreshing trait in his cynical worldliness. Mrs. Damer was everything by turns, a dilettante artist of ex-

¹ Exhibited at the Art Treasures, 1857, Duke of Richmond.

² Exhibited at the N.P.E., 1867, Sir W. Fitzherbert.

³ For particulars of exhibitions, see Appendix.

ceptional talent, and one of a group of " Pretty Fellows," with the Duchess of Ancaster, Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie, at the Pantheon. Angelica's portrait of Mrs. Damer is in the possession of Captain Frederick Erskine Johnston, and is a far more graceful, pleasing likeness than the prim picture painted by Sir Joshua of the same lady.

The portraits the artist executed of herself are numerous.¹ Some were orders, others gifts to friends, as in the case of Klopstock and Bernini. There is one of her at Althorp, another at Emo—both presented to her good patrons, Lord Spencer and Lady Caroline Damer. She gave one to Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, one to the Academy of St. Luke, another to the Uffizii Gallery at Florence. Lord Rosebery has one at Mentmore. The Earl of Home exhibited a portrait of her at the N.P.E. of 1867. So did the Rev. J. E. Waldy. Mr. J. Stokes has one. Mr. Cheesman exhibited one at the Suffolk Street Exhibition of 1833.

Many of these self portraits have found their

¹ See supplement to Appendix.

way to the sale room. In 1879 a beautiful portrait of her with Clio was bought at the Bowles-Rushout¹ sale by Lord Leven and Melville for 160*l.*, and in 1876 Mr. Henry Graves, the well-known picture dealer of Pall Mall, bought an oval portrait for 100 guineas.²

She gave a large full-length portrait of herself to the Dresden Gallery, as a Vestal; to Berlin also she presented one, in which she is dressed in an ideal costume, half Muse, half Bacchante. Her head is crowned with laurels, the dress covered with flowers, with a gold girdle and bracelets, and an expression of archness, although somewhat affected, suits the beautiful face; the colouring, which is reddish-brown, recalls that of Mengs, her early master. "From this picture," says Sternberg, "one would hardly say that she had been a beauty; her charm lay in her youth, her freshness, and expression."

To her father's native village of Schwarzenberg she presented a portrait of herself

¹ For particulars of Bowles-Rushout sale, see catalogue.

² Mr. Graves sold this portrait to the National Portrait Gallery, where it now is.

in the dress of her own canton, a copy of which will be found on the first page. In this, as in all her portraits, the extraordinary length of her mouth is remarkable.

In addition to her portraits, Angelica for years never missed exhibiting at the Academy her classical or historical pictures.

In 1774 Leslie ill-naturedly says "Angelica Kauffmann as usual in a great expanse of washy canvases, six classicals and a portrait."¹ In 1775 she sent six classicals and five portraits; of the former were—

Sappho.

The Despair of Achilles.

Rinaldo and Armida (Tasso).

Andromache fainting at the sight of Eneas (Virgil).

The Return of Telemachus (Odyssey xvii.).

Horace Walpole says of the "Despair of Achilles"² that it was "Very good," but

¹ The catalogues of the Academy from 1769, which are in the British Museum, were a bequest from Mr. Anderdon, who enriched the collection with all manner of details and portraits (Grangerizing, as it is now called). His remarks are caustic and amusing; he is always giving hits at Angelica, who, he says, had long and beautiful fingers. Of this year's exhibition he says, seven of the Lady Angelica's work, including Sappho.

² From the Strawberry Hill Catalogue.

against the "Return of Telemachus" is written "Very ill." It was indeed impossible all could be good, for in addition to these she contributed other pictures and portraits—eleven in all.

In consequence, perhaps, of this large supply, there was some fuss as to the hanging. Her father, who was growing old and fidgety, harassed her with suspicions as to unfairness, and Angelica carried her complaints to Sir Joshua, who took her to see that justice had been done. He also replaced the four which had been omitted, and which are to be found in the appendix to the Academy Catalogue for 1775.

This year was marked by one of those undeserved insults which low natures have it in their power to inflict upon those who suffer most keenly from being dragged before the public. To Angelica, especially, who had endured so much already, and whose peculiar position made her shrink from notoriety, it was doubly painful to be included in Hone's malevolent attack upon the President of the Academy. This artist, whose small mind was

full of envy for those who succeeded better than himself, regarded Reynolds with jealous eyes. He considered that he stole all his ideas from the old Masters, and resolved that the world in general should be acquainted with the theft.¹ He sent to the exhibition of 1775 a picture called "The Pictorial Conjuror displaying the whole art of Optical Deception." This picture has been variously described as an old man with a wand in his hand, commanding the engravings, which Reynolds used, to rise out of the flames; or as an old man with a wand in his hand and a child leaning on his knee, performing incantations by means of which a number of sketches, from which Reynolds had taken hints, were made to float on the air round the wizard.

When the picture was sent in, the Council of the Academy decided to reject it, not so much for the sneer at the President, but

¹ There was some truth in the allegation. It is now well known that Sir Joshua borrowed very freely from the old Italian school. An instance in point is "Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia," in which the idea is a distinct plagiarism.

because of an alleged likeness in one of the floating sketches to Angelica, who was represented as a nude figure. There was general disgust at such a wanton attack. Angelica had plenty of friends to take up her defence, and to protest against this insult to a woman who was worthy of all respect.¹

Hone being thus put in the wrong, wrote to Angelica :—

“MADAM,—The evening before last I was not a little surprised at a deputation from the Council of the Academy, acquainting me that you were most prodigiously displeased at my making a naked academy figure in my picture of ‘The Conjuror,’ now at the Royal Academy, representing your person. I immediately perceived some busy medler,² to say no worse, had imposed this extravagant lie, of whose making God knows, upon your understanding. To convince you, Madam, that your figure in that composition was the

¹ This striking at Reynolds through Angelica would seem to lend a colour to the suspicion that Hone had been engaged in the “complot” or conspiracy to which the foreign writers allude. See page 102.

² Hone’s spelling.

farthest from my thoughts, I now declare I never at any time saw your works but with the greatest pleasure and that respect due to a lady whom I esteem as the first of her sex in painting, and the loveliest of women in person. Envy and detraction must have worked strangely, for yesterday morning some more gentlemen from the Academy assured me that your uneasiness was very great. I assured them I could so far alter the figure that it would be impossible to suppose it a woman, though they cleared me of such a supposition themselves, as they understood it to be a male figure, and that I could put a beard to it or even dress it to satisfy you and them. I did myself the honour of calling twice, when I had the misfortune not to meet you yesterday at your house, purposely to convince you how much you have been mistaken, as you will perceive when you see the picture itself, and likewise to convince you with how much respect,

“ I am, Madam,

“ Your most obedient, humble servant,

“ N. HONE.”

To this Angelica replied in the following dignified manner :—

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

Hone, however, thought otherwise ; he persisted in his determination to appeal against the sentence of rejection, and when he was outvoted, he took a room at 70, St. Martin's Lane, and there exhibited “The Conjuror.” The matter did not drop here. Hone, who was resolved to give as much publicity as he could to the affair, appeared before Mr. Addington, the Middlesex magis-

trate, and made an affidavit, to which he attached the accompanying—

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

Notwithstanding these disclaimers, the sense of the respectable portion of the artist world was against Hone and his picture. He was looked upon coldly afterwards. Nollekens some years later expressed the general opinion: “You are always running a rig against Sir Joshua,” he says, “and you may say what you please, but I have never had any opinion of you since you painted that picture of ‘The Conjuror,’ as you called it; and pray what business had you to bring

Angelica into it ?” for the rest it was soon forgotten. It was originally bought by a French nobleman, who resold it in 1790 to Knight, under the title of “A Conjuror, a well-known Satirical Subject,” for 15*l.* 15*s.*, since which time it has been consigned to well-deserved oblivion.

CHAPTER VII.

1776-1781.

WOMANHOOD.

FOR the Academy of 1776 Angelica varied her usual programme by sending only one classical subject, and two taken from English history: No. 155, "Eleanor sucking the Poison from the wound of Edward I.;" No. 156, "Elizabeth Grey imploring of Edward IV. the Restitution of her Husband's Lands."

In 1777 Leslie says Angelica was liberal of her sentimentalities, the reason for this stricture being that she exhibited one of "Sterne's Maria," and also "Sylvia lamenting over the favourite Stag." Both were very popular.

In the following year she struck new ground with "Leonardo da Vinci expiring in the arms of Francis the First," and in 1779

exhibited a large canvas, the "Death of Procris," together with some insignificant pictures, one being "Conjugal Peace," exemplified by two ducks in a basket.

In 1780 she produced, in addition to four classicals, a large allegorical picture of "Religion." The catalogue sets forth that the subject was taken from the "Temple of Virtue," written by her friend, J. Fordyce.¹

The *Earwig*, an amusing satirical paper of the day, criticizing Angelica's work, remarks that her allegories have too much the air of basso-relievo, in which work her designs have often been employed with better success than any of the Moderns. Later Canova made use of her design, "Cupid drying Psyche's tears with her own hair," when the full beauty of the grouping was brought into view.

Mention has been made of Angelica's illustrations and decorations. Both were becoming a great feature of art in England.

¹ James Fordyce, Minister of Alloa, D.D., a well-known divine. The "Temple of Virtue" was an allegorical poem.

The vignettes of the books of the day were designed by the best artists, and men like George Taylor, Carington Bowles, and the Boydells spared no expense in bringing out the finest illustrations, in all of which Angelica took a prominent part. In her series of "Moral Emblems," published by Taylor she produced some beautiful designs, notably, "Life," "Omnia Vanitas," and "Hope,"¹ which last was engraved by Ryland. These moral emblems were always accompanied by a few words from the artist, which shows how well she could express herself even in a language not her own.

"The most forcible idea of Hope is to imagine a period when that virtue only is, or can be, in action. I have therefore represented Hope as a woman, supporting the head of a dying pilgrim, and cheering him with the expectation of a future felicity and glory, towards which she points. I have introduced an anchor as an emblem of Hope

¹ The original of "Hope" is in St. Luke's Academy, at Rome; it was painted in 1764.

(although it is seldom a graceful object in a picture), as well because it is an emblem generally received, as because St. Paul, speaking of Hope, terms it an anchor of the soul, nor is the improbability of its introduction so glaring in this scene, which represents the ocean side."

The vignettes and frontispieces of Bell's "Poets of Great Britain," and "Collins's Eclogues," together with vignettes and frontispieces of novels, and a series of engravings called "Practical Exercises and Morning Amusements," came into her work during these years. Hamilton published a volume entitled "Angelica's Ladies' Library," a collection of excellent tales illustrated by the artist and H. Bunbury, the amateur caricaturist. This book had a great success; the little oval woodcuts are charming.

Angelica likewise designed fans such as ladies then carried, and concert and masquerade tickets, some of which were engraved by Bartolozzi.

Her most important undertaking, however, some years later was the illustrations

for Boydell's¹ "Shakespeare Gallery," to which all the first artists of the day contributed—West, Copley, Romney, Reynolds and "Fuseli." Angelica's share was limited to two scenes, one from the "Two Gentlemen of Verona;" the other from "Troilus and Cressida."

In 1780, the same year as the Gordon Riots, the Academy, to whose first exhibition in Pall Mall she had contributed her picture "Hector and Andromache," moved its abode to Somerset House, the front wing facing the Strand, where now the prosaic Government offices are installed. The entrance was from the vestibule. The exhibition room for Sculpture was on the ground floor, and was not ornamented. The ceiling of the library was enriched with a painting by the President, a figure of Theory holding a scroll, with the words, "Theory is the knowledge of what is truly Nature."² There were four figures by Cipriani

¹ See Supplement to Appendix for original letter to Alderman Boydell.

² When the Royal Academy was removed from Trafalgar Square to its present habitation the paintings

in the coves. In the lecture room, where the ceiling was by West, the Graces were in the centre, the Elements round them. At each end of the ceiling four figures, of Genius, Design, Composition, and Painting, were by Angelica, who ¹ “ exerted her very strongest powers in these pieces, which possess an infinite deal of character and sweetness. Genius is finely represented leaning upon the celestial globe, and expressing rapture of invention. We view the very character which Shakespeare has described :

“ ‘The Poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to
Heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.’ ”

Leslie also says ² “ that these pieces were painted in a more masterly style than any

by West, Reynolds, and Angelica were also carried thither. “ Design ” can be seen in the Diploma Gallery, set in an oval frame ; it is the figure of a young girl drawing from a torso. The three other designs are in the cellars !

¹ From the *Earwig*.

² Leslie’s “ Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.”

of Angelica's former productions ;" perhaps, he adds, " they are more beautiful because less finished."

This was about the last work of importance undertaken by Angelica in England, and it is a proof of the high consideration she was held in by those who were capable of judging. Envious and neglected artists would allege that it was the powerful influence of fashionable patrons which procured her this association with men like Reynolds and West ; the answer to this is in the work itself, which is still to be seen.

1780 was to be the beginning of a great change in Angelica's life. The miserable man who had crossed her path fourteen years before, and blighted her happiness, died in poverty abroad. His death came at an opportune moment, when Angelica had given an unwilling assent to her father's wish for a dissolution of her unfortunate marriage. For many years she had ascertained that her union, from a theological point of view, had not been a valid one. The bishops of her own Church were of one

mind as to this. It was only her dislike to re-opening the wretched story, which was almost forgotten, that stood in the way of her freedom. But this year she had allowed some steps to be taken towards obtaining the Pope's consent to hearing the matter "in camera."

It is hard to say why, after so many years of refusal, she did agree to this. It might have been the perpetual harping of old Joseph on the point, or perhaps she still had a hope that Sir Joshua's kindness might take a warmer phase, were she known to be free. But in the year that followed Brandt's death, she had time to learn that her wishes had cheated her into believing what did not exist.

This may have had something to do with her listening to the proposals of another suitor, Antonio Zucchi, who, report said, had long been in love with her.

The Zucchis, Antonio and Joseph, were old friends of the Kauffmanns. They came of an ancient Venetian family, which had, however, fallen upon evil times.¹ Both

¹ There is in the British Museum an old Italian memoir of the head of the house.

brothers had come to London to seek their fortune, and had secured a fair amount of consideration. Antonio,¹ the elder, was not in the first rank of artists, but he was a meritorious painter of architectural subjects,² and had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1770.

He was a proud, reserved man, remarkable for his uprightness. Rossi distinctly says, "He never aspired to Angelica, but was very much in her society, as she often worked in the same studio with him and his brother Joseph, the engraver. Old Kauffmann, casting about for a husband for his child, thought well of Antonio, knowing his character."

Fourteen summers had come and gone

¹ Zucchi had formed one of the party who accompanied Adam, the architect, to Dalmatia, to study the architectural remains of that beautiful city. In his younger days he must have had some charm, for he had, it was said, several advantageous offers of marriage, and ladies of position fell in love with him.

² In the Knowsley collection there are two large pictures by Antonio Zucchi, painted for the 12th Earl of Derby, in commemoration of the marriage of Lord Stanley with Lady Betty Hamilton. They are in Piranesi's style.

since the June day in 1766 when Angelica had first seen London. Much had happened, many changes in friends and lovers; changes most of all in herself. The brilliant girl, with life before her, and "a wallet full of hopes and anticipations," was now a sad-eyed, careworn woman, who had suffered much, and learned the bitterness of disappointment. Still she was content; she had lived on in Golden Square, looking at the dingy houses, the dusty trees, her days full of work, her brush ever in her hand. Now and again there would come a longing to her for the Italian sky which she loved so well, but the idea of a journey to Italy, with her father in his feeble state, deterred her from putting her desire into execution.¹ Joseph Kauffmann was getting very old. The climate of England did not agree with him; moreover, he had suffered a good deal from the annoyance of the

¹ Other motives weighed with Angelica in her wish to leave England. The favour of the public is ever fickle, and there was no doubt her popularity was on the wane; new stars had risen. Mrs. Cosway was now the favourite of the hour.

Hone business. He felt anxious as to his daughter's future, for if he died she would have no protector.

Common friends conveyed to Zucchi that were he to seek Angelica for a wife, he would have her father's consent to the marriage, which, for the rest, was suitable and advantageous to him. He therefore made his proposals, which Angelica, out of obedience to her father, accepted.

In September Zucchi wrote to Sir Rowland Winn, one of his patrons, to announce his approaching marriage¹ :—

“The report you heard of the intention I have to enter on the conjugal state is not without foundation, and I hope it will contribute much to my felicity, as the person who is to be my companion is in every respect agreeable to my wishes, and her merit as an artist is sufficiently known to the world by the number of prints published after her works. I shall take the liberty to send a

¹ The letter given here is one of great interest. It was found amongst the correspondence of Sir Rowland Winn by the present owner of Nostell Priory, Lord St. Oswald: it is a proof that Zucchi's feelings were not much engaged, but that he considered his marriage a good speculation.

specimen of them to your house in St. James' Square, and shall likewise add a print of her own portrait painted by Sir J. Reynolds, and engraved by Bartolozzi.

“ANTHONY ZUCCHI.

“London, September 6th, 1780.”

The marriage and the journey to Italy were, however, alike postponed by the serious illness of Joseph Kauffmann. In a letter Angelica wrote at this time to her friend, Mrs. Fordyce, she makes no mention of Zucchi, but we must suppose the disappointment refers to him. The letter is in every way charming, for, amongst her other gifts, Angelica included that of a refined letter-writer, expressing herself in English clearly and even elegantly.¹

“To Mrs. Henrietta Fordyce, Putney Heath.²

“DEAREST AND MOST BELOVED FRIEND,—

³ After all the hurry and preparation for my

¹ From the collection of Alfred Morrison, Esq.

² Henrietta, wife of James Fordyce, D.D., author of the “Temple of Virtue.”

³ This letter was sold in 1858 at Waller's, for 15s. On the superscription she has written “From Angelica Kauffmann, with seal. A charming specimen.” From *Anderdon's Academy Notes*.

journey, here I am still—the cause of the disappointment is for me, melancholy—yet after all I have the comfort to be amongst my friends. My *best friend*, *Dr. William*, with his kind attention to my father, is to me the greatest consolation, and your last dear letter, my charming friend, revives my spirits though ever so much oppressed. I want words to express what I feel. All I can say is, that I shall ever esteem the continuation of the friendship of Henrietta, James and William Fordyce, the greatest honour that can be conferred upon me, and to merit your kind affection shall be my greatest care. Ah! let me remain for ever,

“Yours, ANGELICA.

“Golden Square,

“October 30th, 1780.”

“The *fatal moment* of *parting* is not so near as I thought it would have been. So that *before years* or months do pass, I may have the happiness of seeing you.”

That the fatal moment of parting did not

take place for ten months after this letter was written, is evidence that Antonio was not a very ardent lover. Angelica spent the winter, as usual, full of work. For her elegant designs in house decoration she had long held a very high reputation, and some of her work is still to be seen fresh as on the day it was done.

This is eminently the case in Sir John Leslie's fine house in Stratford Place, built by the brothers Adam for Lord Aldborough, for whom it was decorated by Angelica. Here are three ceilings in excellent preservation. That in the drawing-room represents the History of Cupid, done with exquisite delicacy. The dining-room has only one medallion, in which appears Aglāia bound to a tree by Cupid, very charmingly executed. An additional interest is attached to this medallion, for looking at it induced one of our most charming novelists to write an idyllic novel. "Dining one day with us," writes Lady Constance Leslie to a friend, "Miss Thackeray's attention was attracted to the ceiling. When she was told by Sir John the story of Angelica

Kauffmann, it interested her so much that she was drawn to write 'Miss Angel.'"

Other houses decorated by Angelica were those of Cosway, the Miniature painter, and Garrick in the Adelphi; and this year, 1781, she finished the adornment of Mrs. Montagu's new house in Portman Square, which is now the residence of Lord Portman.¹

To the exhibition of 1781 she sent "Venus attended by the Graces;" "The Judgment of Paris;" and the portrait of a Lady as a Muse. Of these pictures, the *Earwig* said:—

"This lady seems in all her works to have copied pictures, prints and plasters—perhaps she has been deterred by the delicacy of her sex from studying living models."

As a proof of the correct judgment evinced in this criticism the two pictures named, both of which were commissions for her kind friend, Mr. Bowles of Wanstead, fetched

¹ For a list of houses decorated by Angelica, see Appendix.

large prices at the Rushout-Bowles sale in 1879.

It will be remembered that when John Joseph joined Angelica in 1769, he brought with him a young girl, Rosa Florini, the daughter of his only sister, to whom he was sincerely attached. We would like to know more of Rosa: she was pretty,¹ gentle, and Angelica loved her as a sister, but she married in 1775, Joseph Bonomi, an able draughtsman and architect, and we hear little more of her.

In the marriage column of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1781 appears—"September 8, Signor Zucchi to Senora Angelica Kauffmann, the celebrated historical *paintress*."²

I have now lying before me an old yellow parchment, which sets forth to be Indenture Tripartite (or Marriage Settlement) between

¹ She sat for Angelica's picture of "Faith," engraved by Ryland. Charles Goldie, Esq., has a pencil drawing of her by Angelica, a sweet face something resembling Angelica. For Bonomi, see pages 404—407.

² They were probably married in the city, there being no record of this marriage at St. James's, Piccadilly, nor would it be likely Angelica would have gone there.

Antonio Zucchi, of St. Ann's parish, Soho, painter, and Angelica Kauffmann, of Golden Square, Bloomsbury, painter, on the other hand, together with the signatures of her trustees:—

“Deed of Trust and Marriage Settlement, executed on July 10th, 1781, 21st year of George IIIrd, between Antonio Zucchi, parish of St. Ann, Soho, painter, 1st part; Angelica Kauffmann, of Golden Square, painter, Bloomsbury, spinster, 2nd part; and George Keate, Esq., H. Peter Kuliff, merchant; and Daniel Braithwaite, of the General Post-Office, 3rd part—

“To put in their hands as trustees the sum of 3350*l.* three per cent. consolidated annuities, and 1650*l.* three per cent. consolidated reduced bank annuities—

“For the use and benefit of said Angelica Kauffmann, whether sole or covert. And to enable her to enjoy the dividends thereof, exclusive of the said Antonio Zucchi, her intended husband, ‘who is not to intermeddle therewith,’ nor is any part thereof to be subject to his debts; and is also to give her

power to leave the said sums by will as she shall appoint. And is signed and sealed by

“ANTONIO ZUCCHI.

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

“GEORGE KEATE.

“HENRY PETER KULIFF.

“D. BRAITHWAITE.”¹

Angelica therefore did not come empty-handed to her husband; her savings accumulated by her industrious life amounted to 5000*l.* three per cents., bringing in one hundred and fifty a year.

The restrictions in the marriage settlement, and especially the clause as to intermeddling, could hardly be pleasant to Zucchi: he submitted to them at the time, but that he nourished a grievance against his wife was made evident later on. On his side he was not without means. He had a house in John Street, Adelphi, which he let at 90*l.* a year; he had 150*l.* a year in short annuities,

¹ Mr. Braithwaite held a position in the Foreign Department of the Post-office. Angelica made him an executor of her will, and left him one hundred pounds. See Appendix.

and he had divers sums at interest and one or two bad debts.

Angelica and her husband left pictures with their man of business for sale, and every direction was given in a clear, business-like manner, every possible contingency being provided for.

All this being done, the party sailed from England on July 19th, it being nearly to the month sixteen years since Angelica had arrived there with Lady Wentworth. It had been a shifting scene, brilliant, triumphant; but the triumph was saddened by disappointment, blighted by the cruel fate which had shadowed the best years of her life, a fate, moreover, which falls to the lot of few women: She had borne it bravely, and now there remained nothing of the sunshine and the sorrow of the last fifteen years but the memory. So it is with most lives.

Disraeli, the successful author, the great statesman, in his old age used to murmur, as he sat thinking of the past, "Dreams—all dreams."

CHAPTER VIII.

1781—1785.

MIDDLE AGE.

THE travellers went in the first instance by Ostend and Brussels to Schwartzenberg; John Joseph had a restless anxiety to find himself once more in the Vorarlberg amongst his native mountains. He had all his relations there, and at first the joy of seeing them and of being out of cold, damp England revived the old man. Soon, however, he began again to droop. The air of the Tyrol was too keen for his weakened condition, and he had to try a warmer climate. They brought him therefore to Venice, where they arrived early in October. Here Zucchi's family lived, all people of birth and cultiva-

tion. Here, too, Angelica's pictures were well known, many of them having been engraved by Joseph Zucchi.

At this time the grand Duke and Duchess Paul of Russia (afterwards Emperor and Empress) were staying in Venice under the name of Count and Countess du Nord. As soon as they heard of Angelica's arrival they expressed a wish to visit her studio, and at once conceived, especially the duchess, a friendship for her. Angelica had two pictures half finished, orders for an English nobleman; one was from the old Saxon history, the other a replica of "Leonardo da Vinci dying in the arms of Francis Ist."¹ The royal visitors admired both so much that nothing would satisfy them until Angelica let them have them. The grand duchess overpowered her with thanks, embraced her, and assured her these pictures should be the greatest ornament of her apartment, as well for their merit as because they would re-

¹ The original of this picture she had exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1778.

It was during her stay in Venice that she painted her own portrait as Design, listening to the suggestions of the Muse Clio, for G. Bowles, of Wanstead.

mind her of her charming friend, "Madame Zucchi."¹

When these honours were known, all Venice flocked to Angelica's studio.² She had more orders than she could take, for she had brought with her many commissions from England. Nevertheless she painted several of the grand Venetian ladies, also the youthful Almero Barbaro.

This pleasant sunshine was, however, soon to be darkened. In Venice Angelica experienced the great sorrow of losing her father. The simple, kindly old man died January, 1782, feeling happy in leaving his daughter with so good a husband. Angelica felt his loss bitterly, and for a time nothing would rouse her from her grief, which was increased by the death in the following month of her aunt, Rosa Bonomi's mother, who had come to Venice to nurse her brother John Joseph in his last illness. Zucchi, seeing his wife overwhelmed by these two misfortunes, wisely considered that the best remedy for

¹ This is an odd phrase, but is in Rossi.

² "There was a regatta in honour of the Duke and Duchess; every one saw the royalties coming out of the studio. The next day all Venice came."—*Zucchi's MS.*

sickness of either mind or body lies in change of scene; he therefore resolved to take Angelica away from a place which was now so full of sorrow for her.¹

Their original plan, discussed before leaving London, had been to settle ultimately in Naples. They had arrived at this conclusion from different reasons, one being that for a permanent home. Rome, although it was "ever in Angelica's thoughts," was not the climate best suited for one of her delicate constitution.

Already their heavy baggage had gone by sea to Naples, and thither, in the month of April, they proceeded, stopping for a short time at Rome.

At Naples the old story was renewed. The queen,² who was herself an artist and whose apartments contained many engravings of Angelica's pictures, overwhelmed the Zucchis with attentions. She wished to

¹ John Joseph left some money amounting to 3500*l.*, which was inherited by his only child and heiress, Angelica Kauffmann Zucchi, together with all his pictures and personalities. He made no will. See Appendix.

² Caroline, daughter to Maria Theresa, married to Ferdinand II., King of Naples

keep Angelica always with her, and offered her a post at court. This, however, Angelica, whose mind was full of her recent loss, and who at all times was adverse to a life of courtly etiquette, refused.

She could not, however, get out of undertaking a large picture of the royal family. Angelica accepted the commission, but was wholly unequal to the task of completing it. Moreover, with the restlessness of grief, she had taken a longing to return to Rome, and there fix herself for life. It was the lodestar which had attracted her back to Italy, and there she felt she must live and die. The desire was shared by Zucchi; they therefore left Naples, Angelica having, as was her manner, made studies only of the heads for the royal picture which was to be finished in Rome.

At this time Rome (then in the very height of its grandeur) was full of celebrities from all countries. The English flocked there with pockets full of money, as eager to patronize artists and buy their pictures as the Americans are now. Most of these rich patrons found their way to Angelica's studio.

Many of them she had known during her residence in England, others brought introductions.

Her picture of the royal family of Naples attracted numerous visitors, amongst them the Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., who was highly pleased with the portraits of his family. He desired the artist to be presented to him, and when he heard she was German, or rather Austrian, by birth, expressed great satisfaction that she was amongst his subjects.¹ His Majesty gave a royal commission for two large paintings for the gallery at Vienna, with the express desire that they might be finished as soon as possible; the choice of subject, size of figures, etc., being left to the artist. Angelica frankly confessed that she had to finish a large picture for the Empress Catherine of Russia,² which she

¹ Rossi says, "The success made by Angelica caused a commotion amongst the artists in Rome, whose jealousy was excited by seeing a woman carry all before her."

² The subject was "Servius Tullius as a child," a miraculous flame playing round his head. The picture was of gigantic size, the figures life-size.

had promised should be put aside for no one. The emperor had therefore to wait for nearly two years.

Karl Theodor, Archduke of Bavaria, and the Austrian Archduchess Amalia of Parma, also honoured her with commissions. Such an amount of work would have overpowered anyone not endowed with the supply of energy possessed by Angelica, who was never so happy as when her whole time was spent in her loved art. A letter she wrote this year to her friend Doctor William Fordyce is written with evident enjoyment of her busy life, and has all that tenderness which makes the charm of her correspondence :—

“ To Dr. Wm. Fordyce,

“ Warwick Street,

“ Golden Square,

“ Ingilterra.

“ London.

“ Rome, December 28th, 1782.

¹ “ It is impossible to describe how very desirous I was to receive a line from the

¹ The orthography of this and all other letters remains unaltered.

friend I so much value and respect, and whose kind attention to me and to those who were dear to me, I shall never forget. You cannot imagine, best of friends, with how much pleasure I perused your letter. I was surprized first of all to see from whence it was dated. I rejoiced to find you was at this side of the Chanel—I was in hopes you had resolved to cross the mountains—but ah! all my hopes were over when I came to the part of the letter where you say that you were just returning to London. However, I hope it is written in the Book of Destiny that somewhere or other we shall meet once more upon this globe, the which I believe I could quit contented if once more I could pass a few happy hours with the all-harmonious Triad.

“I am sorry to hear that your worthy brother James enjoys but indifferent health, pray remember me to him and to his most amiable consort, my charming friend. Mr. Zucchi and I never think of the happy moments we enjoyed with ye, without regretting the time we lost in being so late acquainted with the most worthy, the most

amiable of human kind, where good hearts and good heads are united together with which one so seldom meets. For the love of friendship do not forget us—believe me, tho we are so distant, our hearts and souls are frequently in society with yours.

“ I am more then I can say obliged to you for the kind notice you take of my couzins, the Bonomis. Mr. Bonomi tells me in every letter he writes, how much you are his friend, and that often he has the honour to be invited to your table; that you assist them with your kind advize in their indispositions. The goodness of your heart has no limits. Mr. Zucchi and I have spent the whole somer at Naples, where I had the honour to paint all the royal family—the greatest attention were shown to me, the queen in particular in ocasiones express'd herself much in my favour. The portraits of the royal family are all to be in a large picture which consists of the king, the queen, three princes and four princesses. Having finished all the liknesses at Naples, I shall finishe the rest at *Rome, the residence of the arts*. However, I have

promised to return to Naples as soon as I have finished that great work, to present it myself to the sovereigns according to the desire they expressed. In regard to health, thank God, I am well, but Mr. Zucchi has been troubled with feavers last summer, and the air at Naples deed not so well agree with him. He is much better since we returned to Rome, where we are just fixing ourselves in winter quarter in one of the finest situations, *Sopra la Trinitá del Monte*, which I dare say you remember. Accept my sincerist wishes for the begining of a happy new year. May health, and every other happynes and contentment never leave you. Render my sincerist wishes acceptable to my friend, your brother, and his beloved companion, the charming *Henrietta*, the friend of my heart. Oh that I could begin the year with ye, that would be enough to end it happy—for a good begining brings a good end.

“ Now remember it is in your power to give me real satisfaction with a few lines by which I hope you will always have it in your power

to tell me that you enjoy the most perfect health.

“Mr. Zucchi desires me to present his sincerist thanks to you for your kind remembrance of him, and begs you will render his compliments, indeed he says *his most affectionate* compliments acceptable to the two friends above-named. Remember us both to your friend Mr. Brithingam. Excuse a long tedious letter, but I found time always too short conversing with you: which pleasure I wish to live to enjoy again. Adieu, best of brothers and friend, let me hear from you as often as you can, and believe that I shall never cease to be

“Your most affectionate friend, sister, and truly obliged

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN-Z.

“P.S.—A letter recomended to the care of *Monsieur Barazzi, Banchiere a Roma*, wil be safe delivered to me.”

In the spring of 1783, Angelica fulfilled her promise of returning to Naples. Jour-

neying thither with her husband, they brought with them the picture which she had painted of the royal family, which was duly admired by the court.

The queen was overjoyed to have her dear "Madame Zucchi" back again, and made much of her, lending her for her use the Francavilla Palace, which was eminently suited for the abode of an artist. On one side there was a lovely garden, on the other the most splendid view over the far-famed Bay of Naples. Every day the most tempting offers were made to induce Angelica to remain permanently, which she refused; at last Her Majesty made a request that it was impossible to decline, that during her stay the artist would give some lessons in drawing to the young princesses. The queen was always present at the lessons, and was more and more charmed with the sweetness of Angelica. When the royal party removed to Caserta, she again tried to induce the Zucchis to follow her there; Angelica, however, returned to Rome laden with presents of costly jewellery, and orders for another

picture,¹ intended as a present for the queen's sister, the Archduchess Christina, and an historical portrait of the Duchess Corigliano. She likewise sent to England three pictures, which are set down in the catalogue of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and exhibited in their rooms in Suffolk Street under the following heading:—

From Madame Kauffmann, Naples.

A Lady and Child as Venus and Cupid.²

A Cupid and a Hebe.

She returned once more to Naples in the summer of 1784, and resumed her course of instruction to the princesses. This was, however, her last visit; the task of teaching, always irksome, became doubly so in her case, as after the hours spent at her easel she needed rest of mind and body. The worry of imparting to beginners the rudiments of

¹ She was given the title of Court painter to her Majesty of the two Sicilies. There was no fixed emolument by Angelica's own wish, who left it to the Queen's generosity. She had a court carriage for her own use.—*Zucchi's Memoirs*.

² The portrait of Lady Northwick and child—a commission from George Bowles, of Wanstead. See Appendix.

an art she loved so well, fretted her beyond endurance, it having the additional burden of being hedged in by all the trammels of court etiquette. The strain became unbearable, and, Angelica's patience growing exhausted, she laid the matter before the queen and besought her to release her from her engagement, assuring her that with a more patient and less preoccupied teacher the princesses would make greater progress. The queen acceded to her request with regret, and her young scholars parted with her in tears. Nevertheless she never returned to Naples, which is rather a significant fact, and would look as if her royal patroness had been somewhat offended. Gering, however, relates that she always spoke of the queen and her sister-in-law, the Empress of Austria, with the utmost affection and gratitude, and that her apartment in Rome, which was a museum of curiosities, was full of mementoes and gifts from the royal family of Naples.¹ From the time of her return from Naples, Rome was now her

¹ The Queen gave her a beautiful ornament with the name of her Majesty in brilliants,—*Zucchi's Memoirs*,

abiding-place, and except for short absences she never left it, dying, as she had wished, within its walls. It was a strange love she ever had for this ancient city, which was, as she often said, mistress of her heart, and satisfied all the artistic desires of her nature. Here everything noble and good in her seemed to blossom into greater perfection; she was like a plant or flower which has been transplanted from ungenial soil to air and sunshine, and both her art and her inner life flourished. As a wife she appears to have been in the first years of her married life tolerably happy. Zucchi, although morbidly sad and visionary, was a kind husband and a model of conjugal virtue. As is often the case with marriages contracted, as theirs was, from no warmth of love, but with a groundwork of mutual liking, both being of good disposition, their esteem for one another increased; Angelica recognized his worth, while he surrounded her with much thoughtful care. Rossi says that Antonio revered his wife's talent, and knowing that time was infinitely precious to her, he took upon

himself the care of all household matters, so that her mind should be free from anxiety, and that he was always at hand to give help and advice in her work. He had excellent judgment, and was possessed of great knowledge in the rules of art. Angelica consulted him as to the beginning, arrangement, and completion of her pictures.

Every artist who possesses modesty enough will acknowledge how useful it is to have beside one an intelligent critic, who can decide whether an idea should be acted upon or abandoned, or suggest some improvement which will perfect the whole. Angelica, being rapid in grasping a situation, was much helped by the more solid judgment of her husband, and the improvement which is visible in her work in later years dates from the time of her residence abroad. There is more strength in the composition, the lines are firmer, the colouring not so brilliant.

The amount of work which Angelica got through must always suggest a certain hurry

which is inimical to perfection of finish, but it must be remembered she had been accustomed to work from her childhood. Rossi says she commenced with almost (in summer) the dawn of day, and, with the exception of a light meal, continued until the light failed. She gave a certain portion of her time to religious exercises, being of a most devout turn of mind, and she would occasionally visit the antiquities of the city, or go for a few hours into the country. The evenings were always given to society, of which she had the choice of the very best in Rome. Her house in the Arco di Regina "was a museum,"¹ being filled with paintings and objects of art, many of them the gifts of

¹ Goethe in his "Italienische Reise" says: "Angelica has given herself the gratification of buying two pictures, one by Tizian the other by *Paris Bourdon*, both at high prices. Since she is rich enough not to diminish her income, which every year increases, it is right she should have every pleasure." This is a mistake for *Paris Bordone*, and in the last edition of the "Italienische Reise" the error is corrected by the editor. The painting represented a young woman standing between two old men who present her with a looking-glass. Angelica mentions it in her will, wherein she directed several paintings and objets d'art to be sold *for the poor*.

her royal patrons. Here came all the savants, artists and noblesse of Rome: the habitués were such men as Backert, the celebrated landscape painter, Volpato, the famous engraver, with his beautiful daughter, Raphael Morghen, the celebrated engraver, Cardinal Spina, Goethe, Gering, the Grand Duchess Amalie von Weimar, Rath Rieffenstein, M. Séroux d'Agincourt, writer of "L'Art par les Monumens," and many others. The circle was ever increasing through the fresh arrivals of distinguished strangers, who found their way at once to Madame Angelica. She herself had all the gifts which make a hostess successful; she spoke four languages well, her imagination was lively, her wit keen. Yet her sweetness of manner was never betrayed into offensive severity, nor did she ever speak in decisive tones upon matters of art, but seemed always ready to listen to what others said and to learn from them, example worthy of imitation by some of the loud-voiced *maîtresse femmes* of our own time. Gering, in his "Book of Italian Travels," talks of Angelica's

amiability of manner and of her tranquil mind, which showed itself in her charming countenance, where every thought of her tender soul could be read. "She preserves," he goes on, "her true German nature whilst living under a foreign sky, and her memory tenderly cherishes her own country."

Rossi, who was a constant visitor at the Zucchis, describes the society gathered at her receptions as comprising all that could make a *salon* successful for in addition her love for music drew round her the most distinguished musicians.

"I remember," he says, "to have heard there the greatest artists of the day competing with one another in the desire to give Madame Angelica pleasure. The two celebrated Italian Improvisatrices, Fortunato Fantastico and Therèse Bandettini, gave some of their most exquisite performances, encouraged by the appreciation of the artistic circle in which they found themselves."

Goethe, however, who was *l'ami intime* in the Zucchi household, gives a less pleasant account. "Angelica," he says, "is not

as happy as she deserves to be, or as her great talent merits, and with the fortune which she daily earns *she is herself weary* of painting for *sale*, but her old husband finds it profitable that she should do so. She would prefer to have more leisure to prepare her work with more care and study, and she ought to have it. They have no children and have no necessity to save, and she should have only a certain quantity of work to do every day. This, however, is not the case, and never will be. She speaks very openly to me, and I have given her my opinion and my advice, and I try to cheer her up when I am with her. Those who fear want and misfortune when they have sufficient do not know how to enjoy good fortune."—*Goethe's "Italienische Reise,"* vol. ii.

CHAPTER IX.

1785—1789.

MIDDLE AGE.

THE year 1785 brought a fresh influx of work. The Emperor Joseph's order had been completed. The subjects of the two pictures being left to the artist's choice, were of course drawn from a classical source: 'The Return of Arminius, welcomed by Thusnelda after his victory over Varus,' and "The Lament of the youthful Pallas."¹ The figures were two-thirds natural size, and the emperor, being much pleased, paid for them with royal munificence.²

¹ Both pictures are in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.

² He sent Angelica a beautiful diamond ornament with his cypher in diamonds; also a gold snuff-box highly ornamented.

From Moscow she received a fresh commission. Catherine II. was a magnificent patron of art; she wished for a companion picture to "Servius Tullus," which had arrived in Russia, and met much commendation, and for her Angelica painted "Achilles discovered by Ulysses in the disguise of a Woman," a picture which has been engraved, and is to be met with often. Prince Poniatowski, a well-known virtuoso, sat for his portrait in an allegorical character, which so pleased his uncle, the King of Poland, that he ordered a large picture. Angelica chose for him as subject, "Virgil Reading the *Æneid* before Augustus and his sister Octavia."

Up to this, by some strange omission, Angelica had received very little patronage amongst the Italians; a circumstance which was noted by her fellow-artists, and which caused no little mortification to herself. The portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Ceci, that of Volpato, the eminent engraver, and his daughter-in-law, "Nathan and David" for Cardinal Zelado, and two or three portraits was all of her work to be found in

the Roman States. In this year, however, Cardinal Ignatius Boncompagni was appointed Secretary of State to Pope Pius VI. The cardinal was a man of great talent and artistic tastes, and as his post gave him all powers, he wished to beautify the holy house of Loretto, and for this purpose employed the best artists in Rome to contribute pictures of their own design. Amongst them he included Angelica, who received the commission joyfully, although the price given was small in comparison to what she was in the habit of receiving. It was, she thought, a gratifying proof of the esteem in which she was held, to be selected amongst the native artists, and, in addition, the place in which her work was to be placed was so celebrated as to ensure its immortality. The painting was to represent Saint Joachim and Saint Anna, with Mary as a child ; the figures were to be life-size. Angelica has given a Grecian character to the picture. She represents the Holy Child as watering a bunch of lilies, her eyes raised to Heaven, while a halo plays upon her head.

Joachim, struck with astonishment, points out the miraculous appearance to Anna, who, full of pious rapture, praises the Almighty.

The work was well received by the public, and the Pope expressed himself gratified. He wished to visit Angelica in her studio, but Rossi says he was deterred by the jealousy of the inferior artists, who envied the popularity of one who belonged to another nation.

Four years had now passed since she had left England. During this time, with the exception of a small picture, "Modesty," exhibited in 1782, Angelica's name had not appeared in the catalogue of the Royal Academy. In the May of 1786 we find the following:—

- 86. Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi, pointing to her children as her treasures.
- 196. Virgil Writing his own Epitaph.
- 214. Pliny the Younger at Misaenum.¹

¹ These three pictures were commissions for George Bowles of Wanstead. (See catalogue.) A replica of the "Mother of the Gracchi" was painted for Prince Poniatowski, as a companion to "Brutus passing Sentence on his own Son."

“Cornelia” had a great success; it was warmly praised by the critics. Goethe, who saw it in the artist’s studio, calls it a most natural composition—a happy inspiration. Sternberg, on the other hand, falls upon it with more than his usual acrimony.

“In this way,” he goes on, “did she paint her famous (famous only in England) ‘Mother of the Gracchi,’ which raised her fame to the highest point, and which is, in fact, nothing more or less than a cold unfaithful representation of a fine subject, dressed up with modern sentiment, and presenting, as the Roman Matron, a modern drawing-room lady. The ‘Mother of the Gracchi’ has the most striking likeness to Lady Wentworth, the friend and patroness of our artist; the children are the sons of the Duke of York, only without powder and breeches, nevertheless their hair dressed and their limbs most respectably draped. The lady with the jewels, who leans negligently against an *Ionian pillar*, is undoubtedly the Queen’s Mistress of the Robes; the scene is a park in Regent Street.”

Some justification of Sternberg's hard criticism will be found in the prices realized by these pictures. At the sale of the Bowles-Rushout collection in 1879, the "Mother of the Gracchi" was sold for 47*l.*, "Virgil Writing his own Epitaph," for 99*l.*, and "Pliny" for 59*l.*

That the mere monetary value is not a legitimate standard for art is no doubt true. Many a good work has been before now knocked down for half its value by the auctioneer's hammer, but this would be where there would be an ignorant crowd, not in the case of a choice collection, such as was the Rushout. At this same sale Lady Northwick's portrait, also by Angelica, fetched the large price of 850*l.* It would therefore seem to be clear that the judges of to-day supported Sternberg's opinion as to the "Mother of the Gracchi."

In 1788 and 1789 she was full of work as ever: an altar piece for the town of Bergamo, the family of the Duke of Holstein Beck, from which Morghen made a splendid engraving, and the Princess of Anhalt Dessau were

amongst the subjects undertaken. She sent to the Royal Academy, 1788, "Bacchus teaching the Nymphs to make verses." Zucchi, who was getting anxious for the health of this zealous bread-winner, now took for her, as a surprise, a villa at Castel Gandolfo, a most charming summer residence,¹ in the hope that she would withdraw occasionally from her work, and enjoy perfect rest. Angelica liked the idea in theory, but found it impossible to put it into practice; she made little or no use of her husband's present, and finally it was resold.

1788 was marked by the beginning of a friendship with Goethe, which soon developed into a warm attachment. The young German, then in the zenith of his creative power, had come to Rome suffering from one of his unfortunate attachments. He lived a hermit's life, calling himself by another name. Like

¹ Goethe, in his "Italienische Reise," gives a pleasant account of this watering place, "where one leads the life usually led at such places; there are lively girls and agreeable women. In the evening we go to the play *tout comme chez vous*, only under a delicious sky."

all poets, he wanted sympathy. This Angelica readily gave him. "It was natural," says a charming German writer, "that *he*, the favourite of the Graces, should be, so soon as he came within her spell, attracted by this sweet impersonation of womanly grace."

There is no doubt that Goethe was attracted in a great degree. He "schwärmt," to use a German expression, in all his letters home, over this "charming creation," whom he calls Angelica, or Fra Angelica.¹ "She is so dear, so good to me," he writes. "I go often to her, especially when I am in a thoughtful mood, and have no one to whom I can open my mind. It is now settled that I go there every Sunday; after dinner we visit the galleries. You cannot conceive what real enjoyment there is in seeing pictures with her. Her eye is so educated, and her knowledge of the mechanism of art so great, her feeling of the beautiful so profound, and she is so inconceivably modest."

Again he says, "She has something of

¹ It is written thus in Goethe's letters.

the nature of Fra Angelico, whose mind was so full of heavenly images, which he depicted with such fidelity, that it was impossible for him to give any idea of a demon. So it is with Angelica, a villain she could not, for the life of her, convey to her canvas. Her works are the outcome of a lovely imagination, a pure soul—for the rest, she is mistress of her pencil, excels in colouring, which is much appreciated here.”

In another of his letters home he gives an account of a party he gave in her honour. “Angelica,” he says, “never goes to the theatre, for what reason I do not inquire, but as we talked much to her of the music of Cimarosa, and she desired ardently to hear it, we resolved, Bury¹ and I, to procure her as much satisfaction as could be got from a musical representation. Bury, who knew many artists, and Kapell-meister Kranz, from Weimar, a violinist of much merit, studying now in Rome, arranged the representation.

¹ A young German artist who lived in the same apartment with Goethe. He became later a distinguished portrait painter.

I had in the upholsterers and confectioners, and we had a charming concert on the loveliest summer's night. Madame Angelica, her husband, Hofrath Rieffenstein,¹ Volpato,² Jenkins,³ and all who have been civil to us, were invited; under the windows a crowd collected and applauded the different morceaux as if at the opera."⁴

Poets, of all men, need sympathy, and Goethe, whose nature was more highly strung than was even Byron's, found in the company of his gifted countrywoman the rest and the help he required. The sentimental tendency of her mind, which has been so found fault with, was to him an additional charm, and the pleasure he experienced in her society was all the greater; he made her the confidante of his poetical dreams, and the judge of his works. In his correspondence

¹ Johann Friedrich Rieffenstein, the guide and counsellor of all strangers visiting Rome, his knowledge of art and antiquities qualifying him for the office. He stood equally well with the German and Russian courts.

² An eminent Italian engraver.

³ An English commission agent and art dealer.

⁴ From Goethe's correspondence.

there is constant mention of his reading his pieces to her; he read to her his "Iphigenia," which had been talked of amongst his friends, "and this coming to the ears of Angelica and Herr Rieffenstein, nothing would content them but I should give *them* a reading. I had to read the whole piece, which pleased my audience far better than I had hoped; even Herr Zucchi, from whom I had expected little or no sympathy; gave most cordial approval. This shows me plainly that the piece is constructed in the manner which has been long acceptable to the Greeks, Italians, and French, and which suits these nations best. The English alone have not accustomed themselves to these innovations."

On another occasion he writes to her one of his charming little notes:—

"Pour Madame Angelica.

"It seems that in the studio of the Tedeschi we go from one extreme to the other. Last week we drew men as God created them, this week they are to be

clothed in iron and steel; with this preface, I introduce, dearest friend, a request. Do you possess a copper-plate which represents a hero in complete armour, that is, armed from head to foot? If so, I beg you will lend it to me for a few days.

“ I am working at a tale of enchantment, which I hope to read to you on Sunday, if I am fortunate enough to find you at home. I do not ask you to forgive me, for I know I have a general pardon.

“ Farewell, my best friend,

“ GOETHE.”

The tale of enchantment referred to is “Egmont.” He describes reading it to her and Rath Rieffenstein. “Herr Zucchi was pressed to stay, and did so, because his wife wished it. Angelica’s impressionable soul was *deeply touched*—she has such wonderful perception and delicacy of mind.” He paid her the high compliment of consulting her as to the vision seen by Egmont in his dream.¹

¹ Egmont, who headed the revolt of the Netherlands against the Spaniards, is condemned to death by the

“On Sunday,” he says in his “Italienische Reise,” “I went to Angelica and laid before her my doubts as to the vision. She has the piece, and has been studying it, and, oh, how I wish you could have seen how tenderly, and with what womanly tact she went into the whole subject. She says she is convinced that it *is* right that Clärchen should *express* what is taking place in the hero’s mind, and that no words could give greater force or testify more clearly how much he loved and cherished her, than did this dream in which the beloved one appeared to him. Yes! it must have gladdened his heart, that she, whose whole life had been a waking dream of love, should now keep watch over him in this, his last sleep.”

“There is no denying,” says Sternberg, “that it was a great honour for the artist, that Goethe should have taken her judgment

Duke of Alba, the Spanish Governor. The night before his execution he sees in a dream Clärchen (who has killed herself not to survive him), who places a crown of laurel leaves on his head and gives him to understand that his death is not in vain, for that his country will recover its freedom.

upon so critical a point. Nevertheless, what can we think of her comprehension of the matter, when we have before us the incomprehensible frontispiece,¹ which she produced for this same 'Egmont,' of which she spoke with so 'much tenderness and womanly tact' ? Her mind," he goes on, "was not capable of retaining a deep impression, or of producing it upon others. She was emotional, if you will, but too feeble to be capable of conveying that emotion to her canvas."

Before he left Rome, Goethe sat to the artist for his portrait, which was not successful. "It is a very pretty fellow, but it has no trace of me," wrote Goethe to his friends, "and Angelica is much vexed at the failure."

Wesseley remarks "that the high estimation in which she held the divine gift of the poet, very likely interfered with her reproduction of his genius on her canvas."

When the time for saying farewell to Italy came, Goethe seems to have had the

¹ Goethe dedicated the first copies of "Egmont" to Angelica, and she designed the frontispiece. See page 220.

tenderest feelings towards the artist, who preserved all her charm, although she was in her forty-eighth year.

“Now that I am leaving Rome,” he writes, “I feel that I could wish to bind myself by closer ties to this fascinating woman.”¹

This is rather a strange expression, considering that Angelica was already bound in matrimonial ties, but license must always be given to a poet's language.

Oppermann, in his “Bregenzer Wald,” says, “that it was well known that Goethe's admiration for Angelica was such, that, had she been free, he would have made her his wife, and that a marriage with her would have given that repose to his life which was wanting in his union with the Vulpina, but that such was not possible, as the artist was, at the time of Goethe's visit to Rome, the wife of Zucchi.”

¹ In the “Italienische Reise” he says:

“2 March, 1788.

“My departure grieves three persons. I quit them, too, with sorrow. In Rome I have, for the first time, found my real *self*. I have been happy, and these three have worked in their different ways to this effect.”

Stolberg, in his characteristics of Angelica, says, "that the relations between Madame Angelica and Goethe, during his visit to Italy, require to be more clearly defined. There is no doubt," he goes on, "that in a love episode, in which the poet played the principal part, Angelica filled the *rôle* of go-between; and in consequence of this affair, before her death, she burnt any correspondence which would throw light on that or any other delicate subject." ¹

It would seem, therefore, that although Stolberg was right, in so far as the love episode was in question, Oppermann goes nearest the

¹ This is an allusion to a certain love episode of Goethe's with a pretty Milanese during his stay at Castel Gandolfo. The girl was *engaged*, but the poet took to teaching her English, and evidently won *her* affections. In his journal he tells the story in his usual frank fashion of dealing with his love affairs, adding, "Angelica is good and obliging as she always is." Later on, in Rome, he meets the Milanese in company with Angelica, who was a friend of hers. He says he was amused at Madame Angelica's efforts to show off the girl to advantage; but already the fickle poet's fancy had passed. It revived again, however, when he paid the Milanese a farewell visit. Although it shows the nature of the man, there was in all this nothing serious or that would necessitate burning letters.

truth as to Angelica. Some letters, which have been lately published by the Goethe Society, and which include fifteen from Angelica to Goethe, prove only too clearly how deep was the attachment on her side. Though it was half due to admiration for his genius, and wholly platonic, it nevertheless seems to have coloured every thought of her mind for years. The more extraordinary perhaps, is it, that she, in the maturity of her charms, should have attracted a man seven years younger than she was ; such things, however, are not unknown, and do not bear argument. The poet's fancy was not lasting, he was by nature inconstant, and Angelica's efforts to keep her memory green in his heart are painful reading. For the rest, these letters are most interesting : they give us an insight into the inner life of this gifted and unhappy woman.¹ That her marriage had been one of convenience and mutual arrangement, explains much. Zucchi, although admirable as a major-domo, was not a husband to suit a

¹ Unhappy in the sense of not being suited to Zucchi.

woman of Angelica's sensitive nature ; she wanted sympathy—he had none to give ; he was gloomy, silent, prematurely old. Rossi, who stands up for his countryman, says he adored *Angelicé*, not as a wife, but as an artist, therefore he surrounded her with every care and comfort ; he nursed her in fact as he would a *commercial speculation*. She was the bread-winner, and should be kept in good health ; he even allowed her now and then to make purchases, but it was all a matter of business. It cannot be wondered at that Angelica felt she had made a mistake, and that after she came to know Goethe, who was then in possession of all his wonderful gifts, her life seemed to grow, as she says, insupportable.

The letters, which are all interesting, would nevertheless be too long to find place in this volume ; a selection has therefore been made, the first being written immediately on Goethe leaving Rome :—

“ Den 10th May, '88.

“ DEAREST FRIEND,—Parting from you

has penetrated my heart and soul with grief; the day of your departure was one of the most sorrowful of my life, only for the dear lines you wrote to me before you started, and for which I have already thanked you.

“Now again I thank you from my heart for your letter from Florence, which I looked for with longing. A few nights ago I dreamt that I had received letters from you, and that I felt consoled and said, ‘It is well that he has written, else I would soon have died of grief.’

“I am content to know you are well; may heaven continue to keep you thus. I live such *a sad life*, and because I cannot see what I most desire, all and everyone is indifferent to me, except perhaps our good friend, Rieffenstein, with whom I can speak of you.

“The Sundays, which once were days of joy, have become the saddest days—they seem to say we return no more, but I will not believe this; the words ‘return no more,’ sound too hard. Now I will say not another sorrowful

word. Do you know I have something of yours upon which you bestowed great care ; I have to thank the good Schütz ¹ for this treasure. Your little pine tree stands now in my garden, and is my dearest plant. One thing more I have, which I destined for you before it was mine—the figure of which I have spoken to you—the Muse.² I am only waiting for a good opportunity to send it to you. You will help me in this, for it would be a thousand pities if it should meet any injury.

“ I have made some alteration in the design for the title page,³ also I have made it somewhat larger. I recollected that I had said to you that I could myself engrave it on the copper ; it is, however, a long time since I have done etching, and I know not how it might succeed, and the proofs would take a long time before I could be sure of success, consequently I should be glad to know if the design, which will be finished to-day, should

¹ Johann Georg Schütz, landscape painter.

² See pages 226, 233.

³ Of “Egmont,” engraved by Lips.

be given to Herr Lips,¹ or sent to you. I shall wait your directions.

“ In Florence you have seen many beautiful things which you will one day tell me of. Zucchi thanks you heartily for your kind remembrance of him, and desires to continue in your regard ; we speak every day of you.”

She then goes on to mention some commissions Goethe had entrusted her with, and winds up with these curious words :—

“ Give me the only satisfaction I can now enjoy, that of hearing from you often. When I know that you are well and content, I will try and reconcile myself *to my fate*. Farewell, my dear friend, keep me in your thoughts.

“ ANGELICA.”

Here is a second letter, conceived in even more passionate language, and written on the 17th of May :—

“ I thank you a thousand times, my dear friend, for the joy your letter from Florence

¹ Painter and engraver. Studied under Lavater. Professor in the Academy of Weimar.

has given me. Your commissions I have handed over to our good Rath Rieffenstein, and I have made your excuses to him and Abbate Spina; both love you dearly, *but who can help* doing that? I am not at all pleased with Herr Kayser;¹ he has left you very much alone, and evidently prefers the library to your society. Ah! if I were in his place! and how I envy him! It is true that in spirit I am often as near you as your own shadow, but let the power of imagination be ever so strong, it yet remains only *an imagination*. If I had known your address I would have written to Florence. You will find my answer to your first letter at Milan, but I cannot leave your last without an answer. I forget, however, what has happened since you left. When I think of you I grow confused. I sit with the pen in my hand, have much to say, would wish to say much to you—every pulse of my heart suffers and complains. But of what use is all this? nothing I can say will

¹ Christoph Kayser, a German composer of merit, came to Rome to write the music for the opera of "Egmont."

bring you back to me! It were better that I remained silent; your feeling heart can imagine the rest.

“ Since the 23rd—that last and fatal day—I have been in a dream, out of which I cannot rouse myself—the lovely sky, the most lovely scenery, alas! even the divine in art, excites nothing in me—I am indifferent to all. I really believe I am on the outer edge of that folly, of which we often talked. In the other world I hope it will be arranged that all dear friends meet never more to part, and so I look for a happier life above.

“ I hope to hear that you are comfortably lodged in Milan; everything about you interests me. Your health and well-being is as near to my heart as my own. . . .

“ This evening, the 28th, when I came home, I found your dear letter upon the table. How my heart beat as I opened it, and how much I thank you for the contents and for your friendship, of which you gave me a proof, by sending me those dear lines which will help to make my weary days less hard

to bear. May Heaven, my dear friend, reward you for this, and keep you from everything that may annoy you.

“The ‘Motet of Cristofero Morales,’¹ which you picked up in Bologna, and also the book of ‘Gvidetti,’ I have stretched upon what little gum-paper I have. I have many times reminded Signor Carlo Albacini, and begged of him to do what is possible; he puts me off with fair promises. One cannot be content with these, so I shall try in another direction.

“Your ‘Tasso’ will be received by me with love and joy, ‘yet it is joining new links to the chain;’ nevertheless, every word you have written is precious to me, because *it is yours*.

“Some days ago I went with Zucchi to visit your apartment (what I saw there I will tell you after I have seen it again under better circumstances). We went up into your cabinet. I felt as if I were in a sanctuary or shrine where one dwelt whom all honoured.

¹ Cristofero Morales, a Spanish composer of the sixteenth century.

I could hardly tear myself away—I remembered what lovely music the excellent Kayser played once here for you and me. Ah! those dear happy days. I must stop and beg your pardon for allowing my pen to run on so wildly. Zucchi desires his most friendly remembrance, also our good Herr Rath and the Abbate Spina. Whenever we meet we speak of you. I am looking forward to the letter from Milan, which you have promised me.”

There is a postscript to this letter dated a fortnight later, June 7th:—

“Pray forgive the length of this letter and the disorder with which it is written; my mind was half distracted when I wrote.

“Not a line from you from Milan! Have you forgotten your kind promise? It fills me with anxiety; it may be that Herr Rath¹ had letters from you by yesterday’s post, but he is in Frascati with his housekeeper, who has been ill, but now gives every hope of

¹ It would seem from this that the correspondence between them was carried on *through* good Rath Rieffenstein.

perfect recovery. I shall not see him until next Monday; I shall, therefore, wait no longer; as you gave me permission to address you at Weimar, I shall do so. I trust you have already happily arrived there, and that you have met all your friends. *Happy Weimar*, and thrice happy those who are blessed with your presence there! The only consolation left to me is the hope that you keep me in your remembrance. That you may be always well and happy is the sincerest wish of your devoted

“ A.

“Please remember me and Zucchi and other friends to Herr Kayser. I told you in my last that I had the ‘*Muse*’ in my own hands, and that I was only waiting an opportunity to send it to you with the help of Herr Rath, also the finished design for the title page, about which I expect an answer from you. Dearest friend, pardon this long letter, which for the rest is the answer to two of yours with which I was made happy.

“To-morrow will be Sunday—once such a longed-for day. Farewell, your commission as to the *Intaglio* shall be looked after.”

On the 5th August she writes to tell him of Herder's arrival; the letter is interesting from many points of view.

“ Rome, 5th August, '88.

“ Dreaming again, you'll say.

“ But I know you forgive me.

“ I dreamt last night you had come back. I saw you a long way off, and hastened to the entrance door, seized both your hands, which I pressed so closely to my heart that with the pain I awoke. I was angry with myself that my joy in my dream should have been so great, and that in consequence my happiness had been shortened. Still, to-day I am content, for I have your dear letter written July 19th. That in spite of your many distractions and occupations, with friends and acquaintances around you, you are in spirit often in Rome—this does not surprise me; but that you think of me is a proof of your goodness for which I am infinitely grateful. I rejoice that you are well, and wish you an unbroken course of happiness and content. For me, *I live only in the hope of a better life.* And now a word of art

and especially of 'Daniele da Volterra.' The portrait is now *mine*.¹ How it came to be mine, how it got into the house, what a piece of work there was to persuade Tischbein to sell the picture and to share the profits—all this you already know. I could not bear the thought of letting such a treasure leave me. I talked the matter over with Zucchi, and decided to write to Tischbein and have the whole thing out. I made him an offer²—and now the portrait,³ which is a veritable masterpiece, is *ours*, wholly and entirely, and so long as I live I shall look at it. It shall be given all honour and placed with 'all dignity' in the big 'Saal'; the 'Mercury' must give way, and come in the middle of the hall; 'Venus and Adonis' on the same

¹ It is curious that in her will she makes no mention of the Volterra, so it is probable that either Tischbein claimed the picture or that Angelica sold it.

² She gave six hundred pounds for it.

³ "This fine picture of the 'Burial of our Lord,' by Daniele da Volterra, was discovered by Tischbein in the convent of the Porta del Popolo. The monks were willing to sell it for one thousand scudi, which Tischbein, being only a struggling artist, could not muster. He therefore made a proposal to Madame Angelica, to which she consented. She advanced the sum and the picture remained with her; later, Tischbein, by an agreement, could repurchase it."—*Goethe's I. Reise.*

side where 'Ganymede and Apollo' are. The picture remains in its case, and only those shall *see it* who are *capable of seeing it*. I give you all these details, because I know that they will give you, dear friend, pleasure. *When shall we see it together?* I live continuously between fear and hope — alas, more fear than hope—but I must be silent; of what use are my complaints?

“You want to know what I am working at. I have the following pieces finished, I think:—The portrait of 'Lady Hervey,' the picture of 'Cardinal Rezzonico before the Senate.' To-day I am finishing 'Virgil,' the subject you will remember. I am very well pleased with the effect of the 'Chiaroscuro'—this picture has a great deal of strength and the colours have become very brilliant. I have also commenced the two for the Shakespeare Gallery,¹ and a picture for the Duke of Courland.² Soon I must consider the subject of my large picture for Catherine of Russia.³ I

¹ The Boydell Shakespeare. For Angelica's letter to Boydell see Supplement to Appendix.

² Peter, Duke of Courland.

³ Catherine II., who gave Angelica several orders. This one was "Achilles"; it is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.

have as yet done nothing, and I want to make it as good as possible. To do this, I must imagine it is Sunday, and that you are coming to my studio. Ah! the dear past. It does not do to think of that.

“ My portrait, or it would be better to call it the painting, which I presented to the gallery in Florence, has been accepted. I received the letters a few days ago, and that they have placed me in a good light and beside a very famous man—no less than Michel Angelo Buonarroti.¹ I wish I could stand near him, not in effigy alone, but in his works; but this is too ambitious. The Grand Duke, as a proof of his kind acceptance of the portrait, has honoured me with the gift of a large gold medal. Now it is time for me to stop speaking of myself; I have already said too much. If you had not sent me the promised sketches of the neighbourhood, I should have most certainly reminded you. Now that I have them, I find my thoughts often, often, very often there. Dear friend,

¹ This portrait of Angelica has been removed from its juxtaposition to the great painter; it now hangs in the Artists' Room.

Rome is beautiful, but no more so for me. Let me be still, let me once more be the master of my pen.

“ The letter from your young friend has given me much pleasure ; also I am glad to know Herr Kayser is coming back, and that Herr Herder is coming, *but you are not coming* ; that is my everlasting sorrow, and my lamentation.

“ Farewell, be happy and do not forget me. I honour and esteem you with all my heart.

“ ANGELICA.”

One of the results of Goethe's visits to Rome had been to excite the imagination of the intellectual circle in Weimar, which had a reputation for art and learning. It included such men as Wieland, Herder, Bode, Hackert, Emondel, Knebel, likewise Frau von Seckendorff, Amalie Trieshoff, and others. The little duchy went by the name of the modern Athens ; after Goethe's return a regular pilgrimage set out for Rome. First came Herder, accompanied by Domherr von Dalberg and Frau von Seckendorff. Great efforts had been made to induce Goethe to join this party, but the poet, although in full measure

artistic, was German first of all. He wanted to improve his own country, and to raise it from an artistic point, and to do this it was necessary in the first place to make a bridge between the north and the south. From Weimar he directed all the movements of the art pilgrims, bringing them in contact and friendship with his Roman friends, so that they might see all to the best advantage. From Constanz he writes to Herder the fullest directions, and again on his arrival, he says,—

“I am rejoiced that you and Angelica have so many pleasant hours together, that you like Bury. Be very nice to Herr Rieffenstein; commend me to him and tell him how much I value his friendship.”

Herder did not care much for the society of Goethe's antiquarian friends, but he was charmed with Angelica. He cannot praise enough her grace, her elegance and her kindness of heart. “She is true heavenly music,” he says in letter 25 of the series. Angelica gives her opinion of the philosopher to Goethe in the following letter:—

“ 21st September.

“ How joyful I am on the days that your letters come, and that I hear of your well-being. I thank you for your letter of 4th August and 1st September, and from the last I know that the ‘Muse’¹ has at last reached you. I am very pleased that my little remembrance has given you pleasure, and that you consider it *as a small proof of my true and unutterable esteem for you.* Before this reaches your honoured hand you will have received the title page, together with the Vignette; the shortness of the time and the confined space did not allow of adding anything. Fall in love, do, with the figure Simplon, and grant me the honour to make up for other deficiencies on another occasion. The drawing I would have willingly sent, only it was too large. Herr Rath will send it by another opportunity.

¹ Shortly before he left Rome a dealer offered Goethe a statue taken from the court of the palace Carafa Colombano in Naples. He was all anxiety to buy it, but the money was not forthcoming. Tischbein proposed an arrangement like the “Volterra,” but Angelica was afraid of her husband and refused. The statue is now in the Museum pro Clementina. It was a copy she sent Goethe.

“On the 19th this month, when I came home at my usual hour, I found Bury in the drawing-room with Herr Herder. It gave me joy to see this excellent man, your friend. I gave him your letter, the questions about which you are anxious he could scarcely answer, as he had only just arrived. The visit was short, but he has given me the hope that he will come often. The Duchess-Mother will arrive at the end of the month.¹ You know already, my dear friend, how much I wish to do honour to those whom you like, and to be of use to them if I can ; it rejoices me that your friends have come at the best time to enjoy the neighbourhood. It will soon be the season when we were together at Castel Gandolfo—every place where you sketched will be dear to me, all will remind me of what is past, and with such a memory can I hope for enjoyment in the present? In my imagination I will see you everywhere. We shall only spend a few days there this year, as we intend to make a short tour in

¹ The Duchess-Dowager of Weimar, who was preparing to make an art pilgrimage to Rome.

October. You console me with the hope of a future. I will try and hope the best, it may make the present less unbearable. That my little offering, which you so kindly have accepted, should have arrived *at a time and on* a day which shall be ever sacred to me ! this coincidence makes me happy. May I live to keep that day with you again. 'Tis Sunday, and instead of going to fetch you, I am writing to you these few lines with the little pen which I stole from you. Here comes good Herr Rath,¹ with whom I can talk of you, and wish that our wishes might for once be fulfilled.

“ I have seen Herr Herder again ; what a worthy man he is, and speaks as he writes. We showed him your bust, which pleases your friend much. I am content with the likeness. When I wanted to pay Herr Trippel² my debt, he said you had paid him, consequently I have to thank you infinitely for such a dear and precious present. I spend many moments

¹ Rieffenstein.

² Trippel, the sculptor, executed a marble bust of the poet for the Prince of Waldeck.

in the day looking at it. I am at present occupied with 'Troilus and Cressida' from Shakespeare. It is somewhat heavy, the subject in itself calls out very little imagination; nevertheless, I will do all that is possible to overcome the difficulties.¹ The drawing-room is now arranged: 'Daniele da Volterra' in his case is placed where the great architectural picture of Zucchi's used to hang. This same picture-frame, instead of the doors of the case, preserves and encloses the treasure, and serves as before to the decoration of the *salon*—in the middle of which 'Mercury' is well placed for light. The large table has been made smaller, so as to give more space, and the 'Daniele da Volterra' can be better seen in the distance. Herr Herder has not seen the picture nor our little collection, for he came in the evening, accompanied by Herr Dalberg. The garden has produced nothing wonderful this year, not a single monstrum. The dear pine grows,

¹ Troilus was much the best; Ulysses and Thersites have the usual Greek profiles; Cressida is firmly drawn and fills the picture well.

I have not transplanted it. You would laugh over my anxiety when the sky is darkened with clouds and there are signs of a storm. I run into the garden and place the young plant under cover for fear it may be injured; all the rest I leave to their fate.¹

“ Pardon, dear friend, the length of this letter, and the disorder with which it is written. You know it is well meant. Farewell, my dear friend, forget me not. To know you live content is my dearest wish.

“ A. K. Z.

“ I hear ‘ Tasso ’ has advanced very far towards completion, as also another work of which you have said nothing to me. I

¹ Goethe says, “ I planted the pine cutting from the Botanical Gardens; it had begun to grow, and was a miniature of a future tree. It grew and flourished for many years in Angelica’s garden. It reached a respectable height, as I heard with much content from many friends who visited the garden, of which I retained so perfect a recollection as to be able to represent to myself the little tree; but, alas! after the death of my much-valued friend, new people entered into possession, who considered the pine detrimental to their flower-beds, and the latest visitors to Rome have brought me news that no trace of its existence remains.”

remember the happy time when you read to us your manuscript; those days will never, I fear, come again; the very thought fills me with sadness."

In these words there is a slight touch of reproach, or as if a foreboding had come to Angelica that a change had come over the ever-changing spirit of the poet; his whole thoughts, indeed, were now concentrated on the journey of the duchess-dowager to Rome.

Anna Amalie, a princess of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel, and the widow of Duke Ernest II. of Weimar, was a woman of extraordinary gifts, great cleverness, and brilliant qualities. She patronized art generously, was the friend of Wieland, Goethe, Herder, and from her visit to Rome great things for Weimar were expected; the expectations were fulfilled. She came accompanied by a large suite, and during her two years' residence in Italy gathered round her all who were remarkable for gifts of science and wit. Her circle included the Pope, cardinals, and bishops, foreign ambassadors, Italian nobles, savants, artists

and musicians ; and there was a refreshing air of freedom and absence of court etiquette which completed the charm of this pleasant society. During her stay in Rome, Angelica seems to have gradually recovered her serenity. Drawn together by their common admiration for Goethe and their love of art, the two women became dear friends. In one of his first letters to the duchess, Goethe strikes the key-note of this friendship : " You have seen Mad. Angelica by this time, and this excellent woman must from many different points be interesting to you ;" and the duchess immediately responds : " I go to Angelica as often as I can, and she comes to me ; she is in every way *eine herzliche frau*.¹ Next Friday I am to sit to her for my portrait, certainly not as a model, but I like to have something of hers. *Old Zucchi* has given me some of his drawings."

The first letter Angelica writes after the duchess's arrival is in a joyous tone.

¹ A lovable woman.

It begins : “ Do you know, my dear friend, that I am coming to Weimar ; have you ever dreamt of such a thing ? Her excellency the duchess has invited, in the most cordial manner, good Rath Rieffenstein, Zucchi and me to either accompany her back or to follow her. Fräulein von Göchhausen¹ and Herder were present and added their entreaties. Was it possible to refuse such a gracious proposal ? The promise has been given *if circumstances permit*. Blessed Weimar, which since it has given me the joy of knowing you, I have so often envied, where my thoughts fly so constantly, shall I really see it and see *you there* ? Oh, most beautiful dream, and still I hope that even before this journey comes off we may see you in Rome. That the duchess has shown herself so gracious to me, I have to thank you, my best and dear friend.

“ This gracious princess honours me with a visit constantly, and she allows me to go to her. We often speak of you, and then what joy fills my soul. A few evenings ago

¹ The lady-in-waiting to the Duchess.

her Excellency visited the museum, attended by her whole suite, that is, Herr baron von Dalberg, Frau von Seckendorff, Herr Herder, etc. Zucchi and I had the honour of accompanying them. It was quite a festival for me. Nevertheless there was something wanting to make me perfectly content. Your name was repeated in the hall of the Muses, but I looked about me and only saw you in spirit. When we all stood before the Apollo, some one proposed that we should offer a prayer to the god. Herr Herder said we should each ask for something. My prayer to Apollo was that he would inspire you to come to Rome. Oh that my wish may be granted; but it must be *before I go to Weimar.*

“The duchess’s circle is exceedingly pleasant, and what a kindly dear creature is Fräulein von Göchhausen. So intelligent and so lively, and she does everything so well. The princess seems quite satisfied. The weather is beautiful; everything looks to the best advantage. Madame von Seckendorff desires to be remembered to

you. I am glad that you like the title page. Herr Rath is sending the design, perhaps to-morrow, with other things to you. I hear much in praise of your 'Tasso.' I am rejoicing over the hope you have given me, that you may still read it to me. It is a consolation for much. May Apollo strengthen you in this good purpose. I thank you meanwhile for having thought of me.

“Zucchi and I often talk of you, but alas! that is not the same as being with you. Ah, the happy time; the dear Sundays which I will think of so long as I live. Her Excellency the duchess seems to wish that I should paint her portrait. Next week I shall have the honour to commence it. I hope my work will please. I have just finished the two Shakesperian pictures.¹ A mass of things are waiting for me to begin. One after the other they will gradually get finished. It is all well so long as health lasts; but on that score I cannot complain

¹ For Boydell's Shakespeare.

at present. I am anxious about you, and trust you take care of yourself.

“The other day I chanced on a good specimen of an Intaglio. It is surely a Tolomeo cut in *Hintzint*, which I rather fancy. I send you an impression, which I hope may reach safely. The stone is very fine, and cut in a masterly manner in my judgment, only I have a doubt on account of the subject, because under the four antiques there seems to be the head of a philosopher. A word from you will settle this matter and be a guide for me in the future.

“I am glad that you like your present situation, and that you have time to prosecute your work. May you live always happy and content, and if you have an idle moment think of me. Farewell, best of friends.

“A. K.”

In several of the duchess's letters to Goethe there is most kind mention of Angelica. “I have sat twice,” she says, “to Angelica, and the picture promises to be a splendid success. The last time I sat

Herder read for us your poems. The good Angelica was so inspired, that the portrait seemed to grow under her fingers." And again Herder writes: "Angelica is a lovely Madonna; only she lives in herself and feeds upon her own branches." Fräulein von Göchhausen also gives her meed of praise: "Angelica has such a beautiful soul, there are few like her, and out of love for her one grows better when near her. She loves the duchess, and yesterday she wept tears of sorrow at the thought that our quiet evenings were over. We cheer her up with talking of her visit to Weimar, and so scatter the ghost of melancholy which hangs about a farewell."

The pleasant party had now left Rome for Naples, and Angelica writes sadly to Goethe:—

"Rome, 24th January, 1789.

"Her Excellency is very well satisfied with Naples. I had letters yesterday from our good friend, Rieffenstein, who has taken for the duchess the villa which was next

our little garden; you remember it? Who would have thought that we should have visited that lovely spot together? Herr Herder is also to live there. And *why not you?* *Why* do you keep away from Rome?

“Her Excellency is so well, I trust we may soon have her back. In the meantime we are making our preparations for the journey to Weimar. *You* think it is only a joke, this visit; but it is so much in my thoughts that I am constantly dreaming of it.

“You must have nearly finished your ‘Tasso’ by this time. I am longing for and rejoicing over the appearance of this work. I have finished my two¹ Shakespeare pictures and several other bagatelles. The ‘Achilles’ comes next, a fearful undertaking. I have made a small sketch of the design,² and with thought, time, and trouble I do not despair of the result.

¹ Horace Walpole did not consider any painter equal to the work. “His commentators have not been more inadequate,” he said; adding “Lord help Alderman Boydell and the R.A.!”

² For the Empress Catherine of Russia.

“The portrait of her Excellency is already far advanced, it will be nearly ready by the time she returns from Naples. She is expected in the middle of the next month.”

The duchess did return to Rome, and there were more sittings for the portrait. Amalie wrote privately to Goethe that “Angelica was a noble, charming woman, but not an artist, . . . and more parties to Frascati, Albano, and to old curiosity shops, looking for fossils and stones, until,” writes the sprightly Fräulein Göchhausen, “I feel like a fool, but Angelica’s greater intellect takes pleasure in all that concerns art, and she elevates our minds and makes us enjoy, so far as we are capable of doing, the antique.”

But this, too, came to an end.

On the 23rd May, 1789, Angelica writes to Goethe that his friends have left Rome again.

“I must acknowledge,” she writes, “that I was happy when I had so many of your friends near me. We spoke so constantly

of you, and her Highness showed herself always so extremely gracious towards me; also her suite were full of kindness.

“On the 19th her Excellency left for Naples to spend the summer. It seems to me now that I have been in a dream of pleasant companionship, and have just awoke to resume my solitary life again. Also the good, excellent Herder is gone. This day fortnight I spent with the *Respectable Society* at Tivoli at the Villa d’Este; under the great cypress trees Herder read to us the portion of ‘Tasso’ which you have sent. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I listened. I think of all your beautiful works it is the most beautiful. Who can read such a masterpiece and not long to hear the rest? Herr Herder gave me the manuscript, for which I thank you warmly.

“For a long time I have been intending to write and thank you for the eight volumes¹ of your works which you sent me. I delayed

¹ Goethe presented her with a splendidly bound edition of all his works, “that she might renew her acquaintance with her native language.” That she had forgotten how to spell in German is evident in her letters to him.

because I feared you would say I wrote too often. Silence, too, is not forgetfulness. How could *I* forget a friend whom I honour so much as I do you, and shall ever continue to honour so long as I live? My industry is much as usual; but who is so industrious as you are? the research, and the writing itself is far more useful than mere handiwork. It is good to cultivate *all* knowledge, and who does that—does well. Continue to enjoy yourself in every way that can make you happy. I wish I could write to you of art or of artists or of any other agreeable subject. It had been my intention to make amends for my silence by a long letter, but the absence of my good friends makes me feel so sad, that I can only say that I live and hope to live in *your* memory as you do in mine, where your remembrance will always and for ever be dear.

“A. K. Z.”

The Duchess Amalie seems to have conceived quite as tender a friendship for Angelica as the impressionable artist had

for her Durchlaucht. In September we find her writing the following little note:—

“ An Madame Angelica.

“ Napel, den 7th September, 1789.

“ The love and friendship which I feel for you, dear Angelica, makes me confident that you will forgive my disturbing your occupations with this letter, but it is *intolerable* to be so long without hearing from you. How is your health, my dear little woman? and are you always busy—always at your easel? Ah, come to Naples—come to us. Tell dear old Zucchi to bring you; and put before him, in your own sweet way, what splendid designs and beautiful new ideas he will find here. Goethe is going to send you his ‘Tasso.’ Perhaps you have it already. When you read it think of the little room in the Villa d’Este—there one could enjoy *it* thoroughly.

“ I will no longer take up your time, which is so much better employed at your delightful art; so farewell, dearest, best of little women; think of me often as I do of you.

“ Your AMALIE.

“Give my remembrances to Herr Zucchi and Herr Rieffenstein.”

The moment of the final parting was close at hand, Herder had already returned to Weimar. Angelica, writing to Goethe on 1st August, says:—

“You have your worthy, excellent Herr Herder with you again. Greet him warmly from me. Oh, that for once I could see you all together, and spend the evening with you. Rome, now that I am losing all my friends, is fast becoming a desert. Paintings and statues are beautiful to look at, but to live surrounded by true friends is better: these are thoughts I must not dwell on—they disturb my rest, and sadden my heart. I try to occupy myself as much as possible, so that the hours may slip away unnoticed until a better time comes.

“The duchess is remaining so long in Naples, that she will have only a short time here. The happy hours I have spent in her company belong to those memories which can never be forgotten by me. I am longing for

the arrival of your 'Tasso,' and rejoice in anticipation over such a splendid work.

“ May you be always well and happy, and grant me sometimes the happiness of a few lines. The pine is in full growth, so also the other plants which you brought out of the Botanical Garden. Once more I recommend myself to you, my honoured friend, and remain, as always, with great esteem,

“ A ———”

There is a ring in these words of parting. The old time has passed away, and a new and a colder season has set in. The key to this is to be found in the fact that Goethe was now preparing to come to Italy. Under the orders of his patron, the Duke of Weimar, he was to have the honour of conducting the Duchess Amalie on her return journey. What more natural than that he should grasp such an opportunity to revisit Rome and his dear friends there? Strangely enough the capricious poet made it a condition of undertaking the journey, that he should not be asked to proceed further than Venice, where he

awaited the princess. His letters to Herder show how much against the grain the whole journey was—he was longing to be back in Weimar, to his newly-made home there. The entreaties of his friends in Rome not to remain at such a tantalizing distance he totally disregarded—he, who only a year before, at Easter-time, could hardly restrain his longing to be in the holy city. In Venice he led a solitary, almost hermit-like, life, the only person in whose society he took any pleasure being Angelica's brother-in-law, Joseph Zucchi. The duchess joined him in Venice, May, 1790, and on June 25th she writes to Angelica of her safe arrival at Weimar.

“ From the Duchess Amalie von Weimar.

“ I have been intending and wishing, for a long time, dear Angelica, to give you news of myself, but my journey, and my unsettled life, up to the present, prevented my doing so. Now that I am again quiet, my first thought is to tell you, best of women, of my safe arrival in my own home. I am once

more amongst my own good people, whom I love, and who love me; still, Italy, enchanting Italy, holds me so firmly that as yet I cannot feel happy or content. Your portrait, dear Angelica, which I found here is an epoch for Weimar. I am afraid of offending your modesty, else I would tell you of the praises it receives, and how everyone marvels at your astonishing skill. Nothing more perfect has ever been seen here.¹ Goethe will write to you of it himself. To me it is a real blessing as a loving remembrance of you, the best and most delightful souvenir of those happy days which I spent with you in beautiful Rome. Think of me sometimes as amongst those who love you.

“Your sincere friend,

“AMALIE.”

“P.S.—*Mille salute to Signor Zucchi and the Abbate Spina.*”

In connection with this portrait, and as a proof of the fugitive nature of the brilliant colours Angelica used, which in many

¹ She wrote to Goethe that Angelica was a noble woman, but not *an artist*. See page 246.

instances faded so rapidly, an extract from one of Goethe's letters is given here. The whole letter, in proper chronological order, finds a place later on :—

“ Weimar, 1797.

“ The excellent likeness which you painted of our duchess, which I believe is to be placed in a new summer palace just built by the duke, has somewhat changed its appearance, the cause, I imagine, being that the varnish has either flown or sunk into the picture, so that the brightness of the colouring and the harmony of the whole is manifestly injured. It will be easy, by means of re-varnishing, to restore the portrait to its original freshness, but I am afraid lest a wrong varnish ignorantly applied might do more harm than good, and irretrievably ruin the work. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to tell me what varnish I should use, and what medium I should employ to secure it ? ”

Another letter from Wieland, one of Germany's most celebrated poets, may also

find place here, although it bears date some four years later; it is written in the very highest strain of compliment:—

“A very welcome visit which my gracious duchess received from our agreeable countryman, Herr Consul Haigelin, from Naples, has procured me the long-wished-for opportunity of assuring the artist of all *the graces* of my entire devotion to her, a devotion which I may say is ever on the increase, and which I find it almost impossible to express, every glance I give to her immortal works renewing my admiration.”¹

This is very well for a beginning, but soon Wieland is divided between his want of capacity to express his feelings and a fear that, in so doing, he might be supposed to consider his voice of any importance to one at whose feet has been laid the applause of Europe; “And, Angelica,” he goes on, “it is this fear which has kept me so long silent, and has stayed the most ardent wish of my heart. Ah! when our beloved duchess returned

¹ This letter was sent to me by Professor von Gebhardt, King's Library, Berlin.

from Italy and told me that I was not so unknown as I had imagined, and that you would receive a letter from me (nay, even grant a request, the purport of which was known to her Grace), why was it then, by what accident did it happen, that I, at that very moment did not write to you? when, too, I had just seen your incomparable likeness of our duchess, which has been painted by the hand of Apelles, which has conveyed to the canvas the soul which animates that lovely form? This splendid apotheosis of one so good and so artistic as our duchess, is likewise a standing memorial of the *cultivated taste* of her whose work it is. This portrait has, for the last two years, afforded me the highest enjoyment the human mind is capable of, the enjoyment of perfection; and no man of feeling can consider it without being penetrated with reverence for *Amalie* and love for *Angelica*—and nevertheless I have been for two years *dumb*, why? It is a peculiar feeling, and difficult to express the process that has gone on in my mind. It was no caprice that kept me silent, but a deep-rooted

conviction that I could only express to Angelica the feelings that filled my heart and mind, in the same language in which she spoke to me, *through her works*. She spoke to my *mind and heart*. *I should paint*, and paint like Angelica, to convey to her what my feelings in her regard are, and how I beg of the invisible powers that they may grant her every blessing and happiness.

“With such thoughts and feelings, nothing could be more natural than the wish to have some share in the friendship of an artist, who, through the properties of her mind and heart, and if possible, even more through her extraordinary talents, is considered one of the greatest ornaments of her sex and of the century in which she lives.

“But am I not a little indiscreet, dear Angelica, and having gone so far may I go further, and, concluding you have granted the first of my wishes, may I now venture on one still bolder, which, I may add, in my own eyes seems pardonable enough? for why should not a man, who for forty years has

aimed at living in future ages through his work, why should such a one not desire ardently to be associated with Angelica Kauffmann; she who, not alone by her own contemporaries, is honoured, but shall be revered by posterity? And now for my request. Göschen, of Leipzig, is bringing out a new edition of my works. Of these 'Oberon,' in the judgment of the public, in which my own coincides, is the one least unworthy of immortality. It surely must attain this high place if Angelica deigns, with her divine pencil, to illustrate one or two of the most striking scenes. To me this would be the most perfect, the truest reward.

"We flatter ourselves with the hope of that which we desire most ardently. I therefore make bold to present to you, by Herr Haigelin, a copy of my 'Oberon.' In the before-mentioned collection of my works this will appear in November, 1793. Herr Lips, whom you have known in Rome, charges himself with the task of producing the illustrations.

"This page is full and your patience is

exhausted. I therefore conclude with the assurance that the sentiments of reverence I entertain for you will cease only with my life, and when that shall cease will follow me in a better world.

“C. M. WIELAND.’

CHAPTER X.

MIDDLE AGE.

IN a pleasant paper upon biography, lately written, the question is asked, "How far is a biographer justified in exhibiting the frailties and defects of the subject of the memoir?" The answer is, "The whole man or woman, or none at all." And this even at the risk of dethroning a popular hero such as was Carlyle. If this principle is allowed (and we must acknowledge it to be a right one), it is perfectly justifiable to lay bare to the reader the smaller imperfections, which can hardly be called frailties, which made part of the really excellent character of Angelica; one of these being her exceeding vanity which inclined her to accept homage wherever and however it was offered, together with the

feminine weakness of being all things to all men. Hence we find from Herder's letters to his wife¹ that after Goethe's departure from Rome, a friendship, on precisely the same half-sentimental, half-platonic lines, grew up between himself and Angelica; and of this friendship no word is spoken by her in her letters to Goethe, laid before the reader in the last chapter. This reticence on her part will easily be understood by her own sex, but it nevertheless implies a want of sincerity. Herder, on the other hand, is wonderfully frank in the confession of his feelings in regard to her, especially when we take into consideration the fact that his confidante was his wife, who could hardly have relished his devotion to another than herself. For the rest the letters are interesting, as showing the singular influence Angelica exerted over men's minds, even at an age when such influence is supposed to cease; and likewise as giving an insight into

¹ Caroline Flachsland. Her correspondence with Herder before her marriage is a most charming contribution to literature.

her life, adding a testimony to that of Goethe that she was overtasked to provide money for the household. Zucchi was undoubtedly avaricious, as the future disclosed. He was saving his own money and spending hers, hardly earned as it was. "Der alte Zucchi ist geizig,"¹ writes the Duchess Amalie in one of her letters, and Herder alludes several times to her being a victim sacrificed in every way to the greed of her father and husband.

It will be remembered that the German philosopher arrived in Rome after Goethe had left it. He came in the company of Baron von Dalberg and Frau von Seckendorff. He travelled at the charges of the baron, and the story of his many discomforts and his final rupture with his friend is pleasant to read. One of his first visits was paid to Angelica, and he gives his impressions of her in a letter to his wife :—

"September 21st.

"Rome.

"I have just been to Angelica; she is a

¹ "Old Zucchi is stingy."

delicate, tender soul, artistic to her finger tips, extraordinarily simple, *without any bodily charm*, but extremely interesting. Her principal attraction is her simplicity and extreme purity; she reminds me of a Madonna, or a little dove. Alas! for the sake of art and the world generally, she is growing old. She lives retired in an ideal world in which the little birds and the flowers dwell. Poor old Zucchi is a good sort of man in his own way; he resembles a Venetian nobleman in a comedy."

By-and-by he grows more eloquent:—

"These last few weeks have been purified and brightened by my friendship with Angelica. Oh! what torments might I have spared myself had I only known earlier this noble creature, who lives shy and retired as a heavenly being. Since my return from Naples, I have drawn nearer to her, and *she is dearer to me* than all in Rome. I am so happy with her; she on her side regards me with the deepest reverence, while of thee she speaks tenderly and with a certain timidity. She looks upon thee as one of the *happiest of*

women. The impression this gifted creature has made upon my mind is indelible ; it will last my whole life, for she is utterly devoid of envy, free from vanity, and incapable of insincerity. She knows not what meanness is, and, although she is perhaps the most cultivated woman in Europe, is full of the sweetest humility and the most angelic innocence. I tell thee all this, my own, because I know that from thee I need hide nothing, and because thou wilt rejoice with me that after my bitter months of solitude, I have found this pearl, or rather lily, which heaven has vouchsafed to me as a blessing and reward. It is in this light that I regard her."

Madame Herder was no doubt an amiable woman and an excellent wife ; her letters prove this ; but it must be acknowledged she was sorely tried as post after post brought her rhapsodies of this sort over the perfection of another woman. Here is another following close on the last :—

“ Rome, — 14th.

“ Angelica sends thee a tender souvenir—it

came on Easter Day ; a little ring, which I am to put on thy finger, and with it I now seal this letter. On this side of the Alps I may look on it as mine own, and on my return give it to thee from thy sister. No one knows of this little present except the good Rieffenstein, who ordered it for her.¹ It is, indeed, a faithful symbol of her pure tender soul, for truly Friendship and Love are one. So she represents her little soul (*seelchen*) as a tiny sparrow resting upon a branch of myrtle, a type that our union shall exist absent or present. *Do not say anything of this to anyone*, but take the remembrance as it is meant, in good part. A purer, more exquisite creature does not exist on earth. Like to a pious victim, she has all her life been sacrificed to her art, for it she has lived and still lives ; now she is nearly fifty years old, and it is still the same. She loves me with a warm affection, and I love and honour her as a saint. Do not, however, believe, my dearest wife, that my affection for her would keep me one day longer in Rome than

¹ Rieffenstein is again enacting the part of Mercury !

it is right for me to remain. Angelica would be the first to advise me to go, if she saw me inclined to stay, for, with all her tenderness, she has a strong and almost masculine mind. Therefore, it is that I reckon so strongly upon her sympathy, and see such a wonderful dispensation in this friendship. I regard it as the germ of far more in the future, and neither time nor absence shall interrupt it. It is, I think, a reward for my undertaking this journey, a panacea for all I have undergone, and thou also, my dearest, must look upon it from this point of view. The birth of this friendship has awakened in me a tardy prudence and a resolution to live henceforth for thee and my dear ones, for now I feel more strengthened in good than I have ever been."

In a letter dated the 20th April, he makes allusions to her lonely life unblessed by children, and adds : " But she is, indeed, an angel of a woman, and her goodness sets the balance right between me and others of her sex, who have done me bad turns. She has the activity of a man, and has done more than fifty men would have done in the time.

In goodness of heart she is a celestial being. I gave her thy kiss as it stood in thy letter, *without transferring it to her lips*. Once I did kiss her on the forehead, and once she unexpectedly seized my hand and would press it to her lips. *There*, that is all between us! I thank my God that He made me to know this pure soul, and that through her I carry away one pleasant memory from Rome. She is with us constantly, sometimes with the duchess, who loves her on account of her great modesty. I am with her every moment I can spare. She came unexpectedly to Frascati, and I do not know if she will also come to Tivoli.

“Thou must love Angelica for my sake, for she deserves it, the strangely tender, loving soul; she knows thee, and we speak of thee often, and then she says softly she esteems thee to be very happy. The story which you heard from Frau von Stein¹ is false, although I myself do not know the

¹ Frau von Stein had told Madame Herder that in her youth Angelica had married a villain who thought she was rich, and had run away with her money and jewels.

exact circumstances of the true story. Once she began to tell it to me, but her grief at the recollection would not let her finish. Take the letter she sends thee kindly ; she is not strong in words, but in deeds a most honest soul. English and Italian she speaks and writes beautifully, German is to her almost a strange language.¹ Her best wishes accompany me when I go, and her friendship *for us both* will last as long as we live. This is the confession of my heart's feelings while in Rome, written only for thee, for I must and always shall write to thee what fills my heart."

This ingenuous confession of his heart's feeling, together with the kissing passages, did not quite please Madame Herder. She writes to her husband that she feels like Ariadne deserted by Theseus, and urges his return to his home and family. Herder's answer is an amusing effort to calm any little jealousy that may have arisen in his wife's mind, and impress upon her Angelica's friendship for *her*.

¹ Her letters to Goethe are full of mistakes in spelling.

“ I count Angelica amongst my true friends. She in years is much older than I am, and she is more a spiritual than a corporeal being. She is, however, such a true heart, so few like her, and through hearing constantly of thee from me, she loves thee also. So in every way she is worthy of being joined to us by a close bond of friendship. She often says to me that the whole happiness of her life depends upon the continuance of this bond ; that she would wish to die now, since she has (and truly only for such a short time) seen and known me ; it is to her as a dream. I write to thee, my dearest, everything, because it is my habit so to do. Thou knowest that these words of hers do not make me vain, but rather humble. I look upon the friendship of this dear and noble woman as a gift that Heaven has sent me, which has turned me from all else, and in a theoretic manner has elevated my thoughts and improved my whole being, for she charms the mind, purifies and softens it, and is a good tender creature. Do love her for my sake, dearest ; she is so good, and her

life is not happy. For the remainder of our poor lives we shall do all things to please this willing victim to art. She sends you a thousand greetings. I told her yesterday when I saw her for a few moments, that this day would be the anniversary of our wedding-day, and so, if it be possible, I am to go to her this evening, and we will bear you and the children in remembrance."

In the postscript to this same letter, he adds the following :—

"When I went this evening to Angelica, she with infinite grace slipped upon my finger a little gold chain as a remembrance of to-day; she said it was for us both. She is in every way a sweet, angelic and pure woman. Thou must promise an eternal friendship to her, and with me render thanks to Heaven who has given her to me to know and to love."

On the 9th May, Herder writes to his Caroline an account of an expedition to Tivoli, to which Madame Angelica came unexpectedly.¹

¹ This was the party to Tivoli already mentioned in Angelica's letter to Goethe.

“Her silent, modest grace,” he says, “gives the tone to the company she is amongst ; like to a chord of music she is in harmony with all. Oh, what an exquisite nature is hers—a nature like to thine own, my dear one ; like thee, she makes no claim upon our admiration, but is full of sympathy and tender feeling for others. I leave Rome content, now that I have been to Tivoli.”

Then he goes on about Caroline’s journey to Carlsbad, and concludes with :—

“My best and dearest, do not constrain thyself, if thou would prefer to remain at home. Thou hast received by this time my letter, and wilt know how best to decide. It was thy remark as to being ‘Ariadne’ which gave rise to the idea in my mind. But fear not. Where could I go but to thee ? Everything draws me to thee, and thou wilt no longer find me rough and fierce, but gentle, tender, forbearing. Oh, I have learned, if I never knew it before, what I have in thee. Also fear nothing from the Angelica friendship. She is the best woman in the world ; the most thoroughly honest ; besides, her mind and mine are turned to

other things. As I have many times repeated, she is truly modest; she honours thee as a sort of divinity, and loves me in a spiritual manner. She greets thee affectionately, and you can receive this greeting from *my hand*. She is in truth an angel. At Tivoli her silhouette was taken, which I shall send you in my next."

His next is the last of this remarkable series of letters :—

" 13th May, 1789.

"Well then, in God's name, my trunk is packed. All is ready; to-morrow I leave Rome for Pisa. I am well, and, all things considered, have had a time in Rome of which few strangers can boast.

* * * * *

"Angelica, who is dear and good beyond all expression, greets thee cordially, and sends thee her silhouette. Take it with feelings of love and kindness. The angel has made me during these last weeks inexpressibly happy. I would I had known her earlier; the good, excellent, tender, beautiful soul. She likes me as much as I do her; our friendship will

grow stronger year by year, for it is founded upon the purest esteem and love. So too, must thou, if thou wilt please me, take her heartily to thy heart. Thou wilt do so when thou knowest her better, the tender, loving creature. The duchess esteems her highly; so do all who come in contact with her, for she lives and acts as a beneficent being. To-day I dine with her, and to-morrow we take our last drive together. May Heaven bless and preserve this sweet woman. Farewell, my good soul, no longer to be a desolate Ariadne. Farewell! think joyfully of my return. I am far happier than I deserve to be."

Herder's hopes as to the continuance of this friendship do not seem to have been realized. Whether Madame Herder, as a wife sometimes does, put her foot down upon the intimacy founded upon the "purest lines of love and esteem," or whether Herder himself, with the erratic nature of a genius, grew tired of his worship of this beneficent being, does not appear. The letters which he may have written shared the same fate as those

of Goethe. The one quoted in the next chapter is written in a cold strain, very unlike his former rapturous expressions. In his case it is evident that, contrary to the poet's idea, absence did not make his heart grow fonder. All through this curious correspondence of Herder's, allowance, however, must be made for the nature of the poet-philosopher, which was highly strung, sensitive and altogether Teutonic. His *seelen sentimentalität* meant very little, certainly nothing dangerous ; neither can it be gainsaid that the friendship and admiration of such men as Herder and Goethe is a rare testimony to the worth and attractions of Angelica.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST YEARS.

THE parting with her German friends had saddened Angelica, whose spirits were already depressed by the state of the political horizon. Already the first grumblings of the storm could be heard, which in a few years burst with such tremendous violence over the whole continent of Europe, uprooting in its course all old institutions, and wrecking social order.

No thinking mind could contemplate, without grave fears for the future, the power of the revolutionary party, which was increasing every day in violence, and would end in general chaos. Angelica was especially concerned for her beloved art. She feared the time was at hand when all that was refined would be dragged down and

degraded. As the years went on this fear strengthened, as the dangers which had only existed in the imagination of the more thoughtful became sickening realities. It was fortunate for Angelica that her work, which was ever on the increase, gave her so much occupation, that her mind could not dwell on the horrors every day occurring, which filled her tender heart with pain.

So far, Angelica had suffered from no diminution of income. In the earlier portion of the social revolution, the area was confined to France, the way to Italy remaining open. Travellers, especially the English, continued to flood Rome, and to give large orders to the artists. In 1790 the Miss Berrys and their father travelled all through Italy, and in 1791 there came to Rome the lovely Lady Hamilton, Emma Lyon, whose story is stranger than that of any fiction, not the least strange portion being the infatuation of her doting husband, who believed in her to the end. Madame le Brun, in her amusing reminiscences, tells a characteristic trait of this "*refined*" gentleman, representative

of his gracious Majesty of England. Nearly all the portraits of his beautiful Emma were not so much proofs of his affection and admiration as commercial speculations, as he sold them to her different admirers at a far higher price than he gave for them; and when Madame le Brun made him a present of a beautiful "Bacchante," for which Lady Hamilton had sat as model, he sold *this* likewise to the Duc de Bracas.

Angelica painted the lovely Emma, in a half-length, as the "Comic Muse";¹ not a happy selection, considering it would have to run the gauntlet of comparison with Romney's exquisite production of the same subject. The picture was not successful, and was the cause of a quarrel between her and the celebrated Italian engraver, Wilhelm Morghen—who, in his reproduction, changed some portion of the original, which annoyed Angelica so much that she would not allow her name to be put to it as the artist. She was seldom known to show so much irrita-

¹ She painted Lady Hamilton twice as a Bacchante.

tion as at this liberty being taken with her work, one which had never been attempted by such engravers as Bartolozzi, Schiavonetti, or others. On another occasion, Raphael Morghen, brother to Wilhelm, took a greater liberty. In engraving the portrait of a gentleman after one of her pictures, he altered, or, according to his idea, improved upon it, by adding to the figure in length. Angelica, indignant at such audacity, made an addition not much *to his* satisfaction. She wrote at the foot of the portrait :—

“ *Non è di ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.* ”

There was no doubt the artist had justification for her anger. The painter looks upon the engraver as the author does upon the translator of his book, who should make a faithful version, and take no liberties with the text. Two large pictures for the Duchess of Courland formed part of the work of these years :—“ Telemachus and Mentor on the Island of Calypso,” a very pleasing picture (this subject had already been painted for an English lady); the

other was "Adonis going to the Boar Hunt." Horace's words, ¹ "Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus Vidi docentem," gave her a subject for another picture.² For the Princess of Anhalt-Dessau (besides her portrait full size) she painted "Psyche swooning when the vessels were opened, in which were contained the ointment for beautifying Proserpina," also "Cupid drying the tears of Psyche with her own hair." Sternberg calls this a beautiful creation, but adds that the artist herself thought very little of it, believing herself called to the grand historical style, for which no painter of her time was less fitted.

Sternberg as usual has truth in this criticism. He forgets, however, that the large canvases in which Angelica indulged were in a measure forced upon her, being mostly commissions, the purchaser wishing, it would seem, to take the worth of his money in quantity more than quality. That the classics

¹ From Horace's Ode to Bacchus, ii. 19.

² She also painted this year the infant children of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

should have been ransacked for subjects appears to us, in this day, a strange fancy, when the tales of classical history have become almost obsolete.

Our ancestors and their wives, and daughters too, were much better read in these matters than we are, learned as we think ourselves. (One notable lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, translated "Epictetus"; Miss Berry wrote papers on "Xenophon"; Mrs. Thrale composed odes in the style of Horace.) Most of them could have passed an examination in classical history, whereas it would puzzle some of us to tell who was Germanicus, whose ashes were held in a golden vessel, and what was the nature of Papirius Prætextatus's little joke with his mother.¹

¹ Prætextatus, being entreated by his mother to disclose the secret of the Senate, told her, to escape importunity, that it had been debated whether it would be more useful to the republic for the husband to have two wives, or the wife two husbands. The following day the Roman ladies went to the Senate to request that wives might have two husbands. The amazement of the Senate was great, when Prætextatus, being present, confessed his joke, and was much applauded for his ingenuity.—*Roman History.*

There is a very charming engraving (very rare) of

Angelica's classicalities must therefore have been acceptable to her public, which accounts for her persistent choice of such subjects. Thus we have again:—"Agrippina holding the golden vessel which *contained* the *ashes* of Germanicus"; "Pyrrhus," a very fine picture bought by *Count Brown*; "Praxiteles presenting the little Statue of Cupid to Phryne"; "Phryne seducing the Philosopher Xenocrates"; and the "Nymph Egeria showing Numa Pompilius the splendours of the Celestial Shield": the last three were in her best manner. "The Redeemer at the well, conversing with the Woman of Samaria," and "The Prophet Nathan reproaching David," were half-lengths of indifferent merit.

In 1791 she sent to the Royal Academy, "The Death of Alcestis," who purchases her husband's life with the sacrifice of her own, subject taken from the tragedy of Euripides; also "Virgil reading the *Æneid* to Augustus the nine muses of Great Britain. It is an oval, with Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Macaulay, Mrs. More, Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Griffith.

and Octavia," for Prince Josepoff. She worked up the "Story of Venus advising the wife of Menelaus to love Paris," and the melancholy history of "Ovid's Banishment from Sulmo." From the Prince of Waldeck she received a commission to paint the first meeting of Hero with Leander; amongst the Vestals who accompany Hero, she represented the affianced bride of the Prince. The Duke of Sussex, who was then in Rome, making love to the luckless Lady Augusta Murray, had his portrait painted in a Highland uniform with a large mastiff; and for Lord Berwick, who also sat for his portrait, she painted two large pictures, "Euphrosyne wounded by Cupid," and "Ariadne mourning over the desertion of Theseus." "Euphrosyne" was exhibited in 1796 at the Royal Academy, and excited considerable admiration. "Euphrosyne and Cupid," says an art critic of the day, Pasquin, "are designed by the pencil of fascination; the Goddess of Love (Venus) is not so happily represented either in attitude or featural expression; the extravagance of the Grecian model

is happily avoided throughout this picture, and the colouring is in the chastest Italian school."

So far back as 1790 a new inmate had formed part of the Zucchi household. Antonio had up to this period taken upon himself all business arrangements, as well as the management of the establishment, Angelica's constant occupation affording her no time, as we have seen, for being what is called mistress of the house. So far this joint arrangement had worked excellently ; but now Antonio's health began to give way. For a long time one of his hands had been troubled by a paralytic affection, so that he found it difficult to paint, although he tried to do so on a peculiarly constructed table. The state of the Continent, too, affected his spirits, which were at all times of a gloomy type. The horrors passing in France would soon shake all Europe, and threaten all commercial interests ; and in the bad days coming, he felt it would be well for Angelica to have a male protector of her own kith and kin. He therefore wrote

to a young cousin of hers in Schwartzenberg, Anton Joseph Kauffmann, to come and undertake the work to which he no longer felt himself equal, and in which he instructed him. In every way Anton Kauffmann proved himself worthy of the choice, and Angelica, later on, had good reason to thank her husband for his provident care.

Through the surrounding gloom occasional glimpses of the life she loved best would come to Angelica, as when her friend Herder wrote to her, heralding the arrival of a sister artist :—

“ To Madame

“ Angelica Kauffmann-Zucchi, Rom.

“ Weimar, den 10th Sept., 1795.

“ Madame Le Brun, from Copenhagen, a lady of singular talent, both in art and poetry, and possessed of many accomplishments and agreeable qualities, is desirous on her approaching visit to Italy to make the acquaintance of the charming Angelica, and who is there, who visits Rome, be he virtuoso or artist, who does not desire *her* friendship ?

“*Madame Lebrun* is sister to Doctor Münter, who was in Italy some years ago. Her father,¹ a very worthy man, died lately. Her knowledge of Italy surprises me, and, if the climate suits her, it is her intention to establish herself in that interesting country for a residence of some years.

“Will you permit, my honoured friend, that this note should act as a Mercury to your antechamber, and introduce to you Meyer,² who leaves this in a few weeks for Rome, and will present himself charged with a long letter from me?

“Farewell, gentle mistress of the new art and of modest beauty.

“My wife desires her devoted remembrance. It is so long since you have written that you must have forgotten us, but we have not forgotten you.

“Once more farewell. My kind regards to Herr Zucchi.

“HERDER.

¹ Dr. Münter, collector of coins. The lady in question was the celebrated artist, Madame Vigée Le Brun.

² Heinrich Meyer, a Swiss artist.

“I do not know if Herr Lebrun accompanies his wife. He is a very worthy man, of considerable property and great speculations with half Europe. Farewell.”

Meanwhile, the outlook was growing more and more gloomy, there was no security for either life or property, and those who had not suffered themselves, were trembling for what was to come.

Angelica felt for her friends' misfortunes acutely, and was harassed with doubts and apprehensions as to her own future.

Already the number of visitors to Rome was diminishing. Soon they would altogether cease, and with them the orders for which they paid so handsomely. There was another source of anxiety, in the transport of her finished orders to their different destinations, which involved immense risk. Stolberg,¹ writing to her about this time, speaks of this

¹ Count Leopold Stolberg, a dilettante of the first class—poet and artist. He wrote an ode to Angelica, beginning—

“Immortality embraced thee,
Wisdom was thy teacher,
Aurora baptized thee.”

danger, which he says will last until the French, those enemies of God and man, are properly humbled, or some means are found to protect the sea from their robberies. There was another danger ; that the interest of money invested in English or other funds would not be regularly paid, or, if it were, might not come safe to hand.¹ In October, 1795, we find Angelica writing in great anxiety to her trustee and solicitor, Mr. Kuliff, in London, as to goods despatched nearly a year previously :—

“ Rome, October, 1795.

“ DEAR SIR,—I hope my letter, *dated November 18th*, has reached your hand before now. I acknowledged in the same the receipt of my dividend, paid to me by your orders by our friend Mr. Cavaggi.

“ I had also the pleasure to learn the other day from Mr. Jenkins, that the ships upon which my pictures were loaded escaped being taken by the French. I hope to have

¹ See Supplement, for an account by Zucchi of Angelica's income.—*From Zucchi's Notebook.*

this news soon confirmed. With this opportunity I thank you kindly for your attention and goodness towards me.

“With my most affectionate compliments to Mrs. Kuliff, I remain, with the sincerest esteem,

“Sir,

“Your most obliged humble servant,

“ANGELICA K.-Z.

“P.S.—It is a very long time, I have not heard from my worthy friend Mr. Braithwaite. I hope he is well. Should you happen to see him, pray give him my kindest compliments.”

This letter was accompanied by one from Zucchi, written in a querulous, anxious tone, as to the sale of his house in John Street, Adelphi, and also as to different loans he had made, one of 600*l.*, a bad debt, another of 80*l.* or 100*l.* to an Italian artist, Locatelli, a sculptor of very indifferent reputation. Antonio's health had been giving way for some time, and his naturally gloomy temperament was even more impressed by the miserable prospects around him, than Angelica's more sensitive

disposition. His illness naturally intensified what was worst in the situation, and his constant anxiety hastened his end, inducing a severe attack of jaundice, from which he died, after a short illness, in December, 1795. A marriage on the lines of this rather ill-assorted union could not have been supposed to have been one where the survivor would feel the loss very keenly. Zucchi made so little mark in Angelica's life, that her biographers make little mention of his death, beyond the mere fact. It therefore rather surprises one to find that she was overwhelmed with affliction at the blow, and was inconsolable for "der alte Zucchi;" neither did his will, which is a standing record of his want of regard for her, in any way alter her sentiments, or abate her grief. It is singular and unaccountable that Zucchi should have behaved in such a manner to a woman who had been the bread-winner for so many years, unless it were that his gloomy, jealous, Venetian temperament had nursed all through their years of married life, as a grievance in his mind, the stringent terms in which Joseph Kauffmann had

secured to Angelica the use of her own fortune, without "intermeddling" on the part of her husband. He, in his turn, now left her nothing but a miserable pittance of fifteen pounds a year short annuities; all the rest of his property, amounting to more than four thousand pounds in the funds, and the house in John Street, Adelphi, he devised to his brother and nephews.

In apprising the English solicitors of her husband's death, Angelica gave a short synopsis of this will, and in the affidavit, of the 26th December, 1795, declares that "Ant. Zucchi, on the 24th March, '95, had deposited his will and that A. Z. at nine o'clock¹ *last night* had departed this life."

² In another affidavit made later she states that he bequeathed 68*l.*, Locatelli's debt, to his nephew Frs., son of Pietro Zucchi. The 30*l.* short annuities, one-half to Ang. Kauffmann, one-half to his brothers Joseph

¹ This seems somewhat extraordinary, but perhaps she had to make the affidavit the day after Zucchi's decease.

² The papers connected with Zucchi's will were sent to me by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie.

and Pietro and his nephew Frs. to be enjoyed equally; 4800*l.* in money also to them subject to survivorship, with liberty to invest it mutually into any other stock. The value of the house to be invested in the bank of Venice.

In the following February Angelica wrote the following letter to Messrs. Kuliff and Greller, which is undoubted evidence of the sweetness and generosity of her disposition:—

“ Rome, Feb. 17th, 1796.

“ GENTLEMEN,—I received your kind favr. dated the 15th of January, the 10th of this month, when at the same time Mr. Cavaggi¹ paid me by your orders 50*l.* 5*s.* for the deed ye paid of 3350*l.* I kindly thank ye for your punctuality and attention and beg the continuance of your kindness.

“ I daresay ye have before now read my last, written in January, I forget the date, by which letter I announced to you my misfortune, the irreparable loss I sustained by the death of my worthy husband, friend,

¹ The banker and man of business of the Zucchis.

and best companion, but such was the will of God, to which we must submit. I find in your last favour that the affair about disposing of the house is still in agitation. What is done in that is now the business of Mr. Zucchi's heirs in Venice; perhaps it will be necessary to inform them what steps are necessary they should take to come into possession of what was left to them by my deceased husband. *To me he has left only the half interest of his short annuity*, the other half goes to his nephew. What I must do to come to the possession of my little share ye will be so good as to tell me, as I am totally ignorant about these matters and melancholy affairs.

“I am glad to hear from you that all the pictures arrived safe to their destiny. I hope my two friends, Mr. Keate and Mr. Braithwaite, are both well; when ye see them remember me to them, I am sure they take part of my misfortune, but chiefly my good friend, Mr. Kuliff, to whom I beg to present my best and most affectionate compliments.

“ I repeat my thanks for all your kindness,
and remain, gentlemen,

“ Your most obliged servant,

“ ANGELICA KAUFFMANN-Z.”

To this letter she adds the following some days later :—

“ Tuesday, February 20th.

“ This was to have been sent by last Wednesday's post, but as I expected letters from Venice the day following, I thought to defer presenting this to this day, in case I should have anything particular to mention about the affairs now pendant with Mr. Zucchi's relations. I find that Mr. Joseph Zucchi, eldest brother to my deceased husband, has written to ye, but at the same time he begs me to recommend him to your kindness, which I do with the sincerest heart.

“ The best I think will be to transact business issues immediately with him, it will save time and a little trouble to me ; however, in whatever my assistance is necessary, I shall be very ready to give it.

“ I have a high regard for the family of my deceased husband, and *approve* what he has done in favour of them.

“ Pardon me, my worthy friends, for giving you so much trouble.”

This letter, in which there is not a word of reproach or a touch of bitterness, exemplifies the extraordinary generosity of Angelica's disposition, which would not see a fault in the conduct of one she esteemed as she did Zucchi.

On his tomb in the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte she had inscribed this touching inscription :—

“ To my sweetest, kindest husband,
Not as I had prayed.”

There was no insincerity in these words. To one of Angelica's tender loving nature the outlook of a lonely life, widowed and childless, was so terrible that death would have been infinitely preferable. Writing to a friend shortly after Zucchi's death she says : “ It is not poverty I fear, but this dreadful solitude.” Her health and spirits alike suffered, a hopeless depression seemed to

settle upon her once bright nature. Her friends, alarmed at the continuance of her melancholy, made every effort to rouse her, and to induce her to return to her work. There were imperative reasons why she should do so, for not only was her income considerably reduced by the death of Antonio, but her money in the English funds was threatened by the war which was general all over Europe. Necessity, therefore, was added to the entreaties of her friends, and, to their gratification, she resumed her usual occupations. In after years she would rejoice that she had been so necessitated, saying that she had two consolations—one that her hands were left to her, the second that she had lived in the past.

Once she had taken up work she remained constant to it, never laying down the brush so long as health was left to her, and in those last years some of her best work was done. The *Revue Contemporaine* says her faults of composition disappeared, her colouring was more subdued. In 1797 she exhibited (for the last time) at the Royal Academy "The

Portrait of a Lady of Quality." This was probably Lady Harcourt, a very fine portrait.

Orders, however, came in very slowly. Rome was deserted by visitors, and money was scarce. The Bishop of Münster gave her a commission for two large altar-pieces; one of the "Annunciation," the other "The Saviour Calling the little Children to come to Him."

Rossi says she executed both with the utmost delicacy and devotion, and to the extreme satisfaction of the Bishop. We may, however, be allowed to doubt this. From some cause, Angelica found it impossible to portray religious subjects. She was, however, of a most pious mind. "In her moments of solitude," says Rossi, "this excellent lady was in the habit of occupying herself with holy thoughts, which, according to her custom, she wrote down on little pieces of paper, which she preserved in her pocket-book." Some of this *trouvaille* the good Rossi collected, by which it will be seen how constantly she turned to

God as the only source of comfort and consolation.

“ Oh ye, who fear the Lord,
Believe in Him, hope in Him and love Him ;
His divine mercy will descend and console ye.

“ Expect in patience that thou dost expect from God.
Remain united to God in order that thy life may be more
perfect.
Confide in God, and He will lead thee into the port of
Salvation.

“ Oh, holy Religion !
Guide of poor mortals into peace everlasting,
Ah ! kindle in my heart fervent love for thee,
And be my comfort and my stay in the bitter pains I
now endure.”

This year she undertook a large picture of Religion, with all her lovely train. Rossi said she did this as a sort of protest against the infidelity which was now growing rampant, and from the pious hope that the representation of the divine emblems, Faith, Hope, and Charity, might rekindle the faith amongst the believers, “ for,” he adds, “ Angelica was in all manner of her life a perfect Christian, and the attacks made upon religion and the desecration of all holy objects was one of her bitterest trials.”

That Rossi is wrong in ascribing these

high-souled motives to Angelica, is made evident from the following account given by Mr. Forbes, an English gentleman, then visiting Rome, for whom the picture was painted.

He says: "During my stay in Rome in the year 1796, I enjoyed the greatest pleasure in cultivating the friendship of Angelica Kauffmann; I had at all times free access to her studio, where I passed many delightful hours.

"I was with her when she put the finishing touches to her picture 'Suffer little Children to come to Me.' I gladly embraced this opportunity of introducing the sublime description of 'Religion' and her lovely train, which I had copied from a sermon by Doctor Horne, of Norwich, before I left England, in the hope that I should engage Angelica to paint me a picture upon that exalted theme. She entered deeply into the spirit, and said she had every hope of giving me satisfaction.

"On my leaving Rome in 1797, she had only made the first sketch of her picture; she favoured me with a small copy to let me

see what I might expect, but in a few weeks after, the French entered Rome, the Arts and Sciences dropped, and she was involved in the general distress."

In Rome itself a Republican government had been established, and everything was in utter confusion. For Angelica it was a terrible moment; all the money she had in the local banks lay there useless. An annuity, which she against her will had bought, shared the same fate;¹ a money changer took advantage of her inexperience and gave her, instead of an order on the London bank, paper money, which was for some time of no value. A letter she wrote at this time to the firm of Kuliff shows how harassed she was at the situation in which she found herself.²

"Messrs. Kuliff, Greller and Company,
" London.

" Rome, July 23, 1798.

" GENTLEMEN,—I have yesterday, the 22

¹ See Supplement.

² This letter was kindly procured for me by Messrs. Sotheby & Co.

of this, receivd your very obliging favour, dated May the 18, by which I understand that you have receivd my dividend on the 5000*l.*, and given orders to Messrs. Donald, Ord and Son at Florence to hold that sum at my disposition there. Friends have very punctually informed me of the order they had, forwarding me your kind letter. With this day's post I write to the sadye¹ friends returning them the quittances signed for the 76*l.* 15*s.*, enclosing to them at the same time this in answer to yours, being at this present moment the securer channel.

“ It is fair that ye reimburse yourself for all expenses ye may have on my account. I am glad that the trust deed is settled, and that my little affaires are in the hands of friends who take my interest and my advantage so much to heart. I have no words sufficient to express ye the sentiments of my gratitude ; it is indeed a great happiness to have such friends in these very critical circumstances. I have thus far been unmolested till now, but I sustained, for one in my situation, very considerable losses in paper money, in which

¹ The original spelling is preserved.

I had considerable sums now reduced to next to nothing. This is the fate of most of the inhabitants of this place, so that I leave ye to consider the consequences and misery of the greatest number, some few except who had the managt of affairs. . . . May God Almighty save Engd from such distress.

“ Amongst the many unavoidable vexations and troubles, thank God, my health continues well till now. A cousin-german, who has now been with me this 6 years past, a very honest man, takes care of my affaires, of which I have but little notion, being used to other occupations. Times, at present, tho, are everywhere unfavourable to the fine arts, yet I endeavour to occupie myself as much as I can to deviate melancholy ideas—all friends I had in this place are dispersed, and all is changed.

“ It makes me happy to know that my worthy friend, Mrs. Kuliff, and Mrs. Henry are both well. I beg ye will present my kindest compts to them both.

“ Nothing else remains to mention at present, except to ask your pardon for giving

ye so much trouble. My obligations to ye are infinite, and all deeply impressed on my heart. I beg the continuance of your friendly attention, to which I shall endeavour to prove my gratitude as far as it lays in my power. Assuring ye that I am, and ever shall be, with the greatest esteem, gentlemen,

“Your most obliged humble servant,

“A. K.

“P.S.—I thank ye kindly for the letter ye was so kind as to forward to my friend at Brussels, it is sufficient to me to know that it reached your hands.”

CHAPTER XII.

LAST YEARS.

THE beginning of the year 1797 was heralded by a disappointment. Goethe, who had held out hopes of visiting Rome once more, now definitely gave up the idea, the state of the Continent being such that it was impossible for him to cross the Alps. Perhaps it was as well. A friendship like theirs, once it is dead, cannot be rekindled.

“ Weimar, 25 June, 1797.

“ The hope I had entertained, *most honoured friend*, of seeing you in the coming year, is through this most miserable war at an end, as the way to Rome is completely barred, at least for the present. Professor Meyer,¹ whose continued residence in Rome is the

¹ Heinrich Meyer, an artist following the footsteps of Winckelmann and Rafael Mengs.

groundwork for me still to cherish the hope of revisiting that delightful city, tells me that he has had the honour of waiting upon you—he has gone for the moment to Florence, but returns to Rome shortly.

“Will you pardon me a question? A friend of mine, a most respectable tradesman¹ in Leipzig, has prepared a catalogue with infinite care of the engravings which have been taken from your paintings. This work has occupied him many years, and he is now bringing it out. He desires nothing more ardently than to have a short account prefixed of the life of the artist (whom he esteems so highly and about whose works he has been so long occupied). When he told me this very natural desire, I remembered that Herr Zucchi, when he was collecting information about his own family, had also made a notice of the life of his distinguished wife. If you will allow me to have this to communicate to my friend, you will confer on me a new proof of your friend-

Probably Andresen u. T. O. Weigel, of Leipzig.

ship, and you will likewise rejoice the hearts of your many adorers.

“Not many days ago your excellent picture of “Cupid and Psyche,”¹ which I saw in Dessau, gave me the most exquisite pleasure. You cannot conceive the impression these heavenly creatures make, when seen amidst the snowflakes of the icy north, which are only suited to a wild beast or a dull huntsman.²

“Farewell, and kindly answer either yourself or through others.

“GOETHE.”³

1798 and 1799 were naturally not very fruitful in work, the times being too dis-

¹ This is the “Cupid Drying Psyche’s Tears,” to which Sternberg gives such praise.

² “It is not necessary to remind you that these words do not apply to the Dessau country. The Luiseum in which the painting is kept is for the rest in a garden. Such a background cannot impair its beauty.”—*Extract from Professor von Gebhardt’s letter to the compiler.*

³ So far as is known this is the last of the Goethe correspondence. Two significant circumstances are worth noticing in this matter: one that Rossi makes *no mention* of the Goethe friendship; the other, that in her will Angelica is equally reticent, leaving no token to her once dear friend.

turbed for any settled employment. Already foreign troops were filling the city, and rough soldiers were billeted in every household. The idea of such guests being introduced into her quiet home was in itself a torture to a mind like Angelica's. She had, however, friends in high quarters ready to interest themselves for her, and the leader of the French army, General Espinasse, showed himself in every way desirous of paying honour to so distinguished a woman. He gave a written order, by which she was exempt from all such visitors or imposts. In return for this act of courtesy, Angelica presented the General with his portrait. She also painted another distinguished officer of the French army, taking care to place him standing amidst some old ruins, as a reminder of the antiquity of Rome.

Being left undisturbed in her studio, Angelica occupied herself unceasingly; not that large orders came to her. Still she had a multiplicity of smaller commissions. Amongst these was "Ariadne holding the Thread of the Labyrinth to Theseus;" a

subject she treated very gracefully. For the Countess of Solms she painted a charming subject taken from "Ossian."

In consequence of her necessities¹ she was obliged (and to a spirit like hers this must have been her hardest trial) to have recourse to her friends for pecuniary assistance. From a letter written at this period to her kind patron, Mr. Forbes, we find her asking for advances on the unfinished picture of "Religion."

"October, 1799.

"All these circumstances, my much-honoured and respected friend, to which a total suspension in the art I profess, must be added, induce me to a boldness unusual to me.

"When you honoured me with your commands respecting the picture of 'Religion,' you generously offered me half

¹ Writing to a friend, she says:—"I have suffered nothing in my person, but there was no want of distresses of all kinds and the prospect is gloomy beyond expression: the losses I have sustained are considerable and at a time of life when I hoped to enjoy comfort and ease."

its amount, which I then declined, and told you how much I wished my situation was such that it might only be given and received as a pledge of my esteem and friendship, and that no money might be mentioned; nor do I forget your kind reply; but I could not bring myself to accept it, having at that time several commissions for pictures from Germany, but the unfortunate war in which that country has also been overwhelmed, has occasioned a suspension of these orders, and I have therefore given all my time and attention to your picture, and I flatter myself, have, by frequent renewed touches, brought it to a greater perfection than I once thought of: indeed, I have the satisfaction to hear it approved by all who see it, and that even the French generals have bowed before 'Religion.' Oh! how I do long for peace, that I may send¹ you your

¹ "Religion," with five others, reached Mr. Forbes in 1802. See catalogue.

From the engraving by Burke one can see how crowded the canvas is with figures. "Religion," a hard-featured woman, seated on a throne, is surrounded by her attendant maidens, Faith, Hope, and Charity. They have all *Greek* profiles. Hope has her anchor, Faith has her arms crossed on her breast, while Charity

picture, and when you see it, I flatter myself it will give you satisfaction. I was delighted with the subject, and most sincerely respect the friend who honoured me with the commission.

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.”

At one moment a gleam of hope promising peace came to the harassed minds of those living in the shadow of those troublous days.

During this pause a few strangers came once more to Rome; bold travellers, who ventured to cross the Alps for a sight of the great city beyond.

Amongst these was Lord Montgomery and his friend Colonel Macdonald. Both of these were painted by Angelica in their national costume.

For some time Angelica had been revolv-
sprawls on the ground, embracing a small family of naked children.

“The inspiration,” says Miss Thackeray, in “Miss Angel,” “is something like the apotheosis of Madame Tussaud, and yet a certain harmony redeems it.”

Waagen says it displays warm colouring and careful execution.

After Mr. Forbes's death the picture was presented by his widow to the National Gallery. Up to 1870 it hung on the walls of that institution, but it is now in the cellars!

ing in her mind the idea of presenting her native canton with a picture by her own hand. In 1800 she fulfilled this cherished scheme, and executed for the parish church of Schwartzenberg¹ a large canvas of the "Blessed Virgin crowned by the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity." She was so much impressed by the magnitude of the conception, and the difficulty, above all, of portraying the Almighty, that she often wished she could throw a veil over the head and so conceal the features.

This year, too, she painted that very charming picture, "Omnia Vanitas": a young girl, tired with gathering flowers, sits down to rest upon a newly-made monument, upon which is this inscription:—

"All is vanity."

The maiden drops her flowers, which lie scattered around. Also "Coriolanus in the midst of his Family" was begun this year.

It was during the completion of this work that she was attacked by a severe illness. It

¹ Schwartzenberg was her father's native canton; it must be supposed she considered it the home of her kinsfolk.

was of a pulmonary nature, and although she recovered from it, her lungs and breathing were seriously affected. Work for a time was forbidden by her doctors, who strongly recommended a complete change of air and manner of life. Although it was a hard struggle, Angelica followed this advice, and tore herself away from her beloved easel and a circle of devoted friends. Accompanied by Johann Kauffmann, her cousin, she left Rome in July, 1800, and went to Florence, from whence she undertook a still longer journey to Bologna and Milan.

It was now nearly twenty years since she had left Rome for more than a few weeks. The change was most beneficial to her, renewing her youth and strengthening her body. Everywhere she was treated with the greatest distinction, the highest personages vying with one another in doing her honour. From Milan she went to Como. Here Johann Kauffmann left her, going to pay a short visit to his relations in the Bregenz. Angelica had not been in Como since her childhood, when she had painted the Cardinal Bishop Nevroni.

Writing now in the sere and yellow leaf of her old age, she says :—

“ You ask me why I care for Como. It was here that in my childish days I experienced the first joys of life ; there I saw for the first time magnificent palaces, villas, and a splendid theatre. It was like paradise to me. There, too, I saw Love pointing his arrows at me, but in my innocence and unconsciousness I turned aside and evaded the dart.”

This passage would appear to hint at some youthful attachment. Oppermann, however, says this is an error, and it would seem manifestly one, as the young heroine was barely fourteen. Nevertheless, in the same letter from which I have just quoted, she goes on : “ Many years after, I was led by Fate back to this charming spot. I enjoyed to the fullest the pleasures of my ripened years. I enjoyed the society of friends ; I breathed again the breezes of the immortal lake.

“ One day, wandering with some chosen companions through the delightful woods belonging to a friend’s villa, in a shady spot I came once more upon Love. He was

asleep ; I drew near to him ; he awoke and smiled in a friendly manner at me. He recognized me—albeit time had silvered my golden hair.

“ Suddenly he rose, mischievously determined to revenge the slight he had received from me in my early years. He pursued me, and, taking deliberate aim, threw his arrow at me ; I had all the trouble in the world to escape the dart.”

It is not quite easy to understand this allusion, and Rossi makes no effort at explaining it. Ill-natured people did talk of an attachment between her and her cousin Johann ; but he was at Bregenz during her stay at Como.

From Como Angelica made her way to Venice, where she wished once more to see her husband's relations, whose kindness to her at the time of her father's death she had never forgotten. She had in particular a great esteem for her brother-in-law Joseph, who had collected art mementoes of her life. After twelve days' stay in Venice, she returned to Florence by Padua and Bologna, thence to Perugia, where she was the honoured guest of Cardinal Cesari, and on

the 30th of October was once more in Rome.

Her friends made a festival of her arrival, giving parties in her honour ; and the pleasure of being so welcome was very dear to Angelica's heart. At this moment of her life she seems to have been really happy. From Schwartzenberg, where her coronation picture had arrived, she received an account of the reception given to her present. Such crowds had come from all parts to see it, that the pastor had erected a temple for it outside the church, where the multitude could behold it.

Here is a letter which is full of that kindness of heart which was one of Angelica's distinguishing characteristics. It is written to her cousin Casimir's son, to whom she left her sketches and drawings later, together with some of her letters.¹

“Rome, 29, 1801.

“MUCH BELOVED COUSIN,—I thank you from my heart for your letter, which I received with pleasure ; your good conduct

¹ These were nearly all sold in London.

and diligence in your trade has at all times given me joy. I hope that you will always continue striving to turn to account the years of your youth, applying yourself perseveringly to all matters connected with your business, and that you will specially seek to fulfil, to the best of your power, your duty towards God, from whom we derive our being and from whom we receive everything; as also your duty towards your parents. He who turns to good account the years of his youth, will, in his old age, enjoy its fruits. The present times are unhappily very dangerous for those who have little experience; one must commend oneself to God and seek association with good and pious men, and avoid idleness as much as possible by the reading of good books, such as serve to educate the heart and intellect, and teach scientifically; and in this matter the advice of a righteous man is very necessary, for how many have been deluded by the writings of the philosophers of our day. I do not doubt that you will strive to attain perfection in your trade as much as possible.

“Cousin Johann will add some lines. Herewith I conclude with the assurance that I shall at all times take the greatest interest in your welfare. God give you his blessing.

“I remain, your devoted cousin,

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

“P.S.—From a letter of your good father, Cousin Casimir, which I have recently received, I learn that he is convalescent, at which I heartily rejoice.”

Immediately on her return, Angelica had resumed her beloved art, and with intense joy found that the cunning of her hand had not deserted her. She finished “*Coriolanus*,” which had been interrupted by her illness, and soon sitters began to crowd into her studio as of old. At this moment the devout King of Sardinia, Charles Emmanuel, and his excellent consort happened to be in Rome. The queen, hearing of Angelica’s talent and devotion, asked to be allowed to visit her studio, an honour which much gratified the artist. In this year, too, she made the acquaintance of Canova, who executed from her designs some exquisite “*Cupids*” in bas relief.

These peaceful days were, however, to be again interrupted. The eighteenth century had run its course, and the nineteenth was ushered in with a fresh outburst of war. A new conqueror had arisen. Already the cannon of Toulon had filled the astonished world with Napoleon's name. Victory followed victory. Trumpets blew, drums beat, standards waved over battle-fields. Armies of soldiers filled the streets and market-places of every town on the Continent of Europe. The Alps were echoing with the cry of battle; a thousand voices took up the cry along the Italian frontier. In Rome, all was in confusion; Canova fled, taking with him the three "Naked Sisters," the little frozen "Cupids," and his poor wounded "Psyche," all his dear children, his entire marble family. Statues were wandering in every direction, paintings and frescoes changing places. The "Venus de Medici" travelled to Paris, and greeted, with a curve of her lovely Grecian mouth, the Alexander of the nineteenth century.

Poor Angelica! this new outbreak shattered her already weakened nerves. Again was her income diminished, her credit in

England interrupted. It was a cruel blow in her feeble condition and advancing years. Still she struggled bravely on. Despite harassing care and ill-health she worked through 1803, 1804, and even 1805, when her health mended and she was back at her easel. Her spirits revived, her strength returned, as is shown in the following letter :—

“Albano, 20th Sept., 1806.¹

“MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,—Before this reaches you Mr. Bonomi, to whom I wrote this month, I hope, according to my request, has informed you that I have in due time received your obliging favour.

“I find myself in this delightful place since August 20th last. This change of air was necessary for the better restoration of my health, which has suffered so much by the long, lasting rheumatic pains suffered in my breast, but now, thank God, the air has been so beneficial to me that all my complaints are vanished and my spirits recovered.

¹ This may have been addressed to Mr. Bowles of Wanstead.

“I hope this will find you and all those dear to you in good health. Remember me to them most affectionately. All hopes of peace are, I fear, vanished. I am sorry for it, for many reasons. The picture was and is ready for exportation. I shall remain in this place all this month, if the weather continues good, and perhaps part of the next. The situation is beautiful, but we are now and then visited with some shocks of an earthquake, which have done considerable damage in most of the neighbouring places. Here they were not very sensible, thank God! I should have been much alarmed.

“Pardon me for being thus tedious to you before I conclude, repeating my sincerest, kindest, warmest thanks to you for all your kindness, for all the attention you have for me, which I do not know how to deserve, nor have I words to express the sincere attachment with which I am, and shall be as long as I exist,

“Yours truly obliged humble servant
and affectionate friend,

“ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.”

But soon again she was beaten down by fresh attacks.

Sternberg, with his usual ill-nature, declares that she was surrounded by interested friends, dependents and flatterers, and that these carefully kept from her that her artistic power was gone.

“Old age,” he continues, “requires to be caressed, especially aged painters and poets ; therefore, in consideration of Angelica’s condition, these friends thought it only kind to deceive the failing artist with imaginary orders. Some of them were supposed to come from France and England. This pious fraud was most successful. Angelica, lying on her sick bed, would seize her brush, and, with a joyous smile upon her pale lips, complain of this rush of commissions.”

“Is there no other painter ?” she would ask ; and the chorus of friends would answer, “No, there is none to equal you. If you die, art is indeed an orphan.”

This is amusingly told, but on turning to Rossi we find, like many smart things, it has no grain of truth. He distinctly says, “From

the year 1803 Angelica neither received nor would undertake any large order, but she finished some portraits, and even commenced some fresh ones, all of strangers then in Rome; as, for instance, that of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, also that of Count Pappasava."

She was so charmed with the beauty of the little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Miranda, that she painted the child for the parents who were friends of hers. It is a lovely picture, something in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The last work undertaken by her was a charming "Magdalene" for Count Pezzoli of Bergamo, which was engraved on copper by Folo. Considering the extreme weakness of her health and her reduced condition, this is a wonderful piece of work, the same lightness of touch and brilliancy of colouring which was her attraction in her youthful days.

An excursion made into the country about this time seems to have benefited her. She writes in her old charming style to a friend in England, probably Mr. Forbes:—

“My kindest and warmest thanks have this time been longer delayed on account of a little excursion made into the country. I passed near three weeks at Tivoli, about twenty miles from Rome, a charming place, so much sung and praised by Horace, where he had his villa, of which, however, little or nothing remains. More is yet to be seen of the villa of Mæcenas and the villa Adriana and some others, but destructive Time has reduced all to the pleasure of imagination—perhaps a melancholy pleasure, to see only poor remains of the greatest magnificence. Oh! that you, my friend, could see this place, or that I could once more have the happiness to see you in dear England, to which my heart is so much attached, and where I should once more see you, my worthy friend, with the greatest joy. Too happy should I think myself to be the bearer of the picture I had the pleasure of executing for you. In peaceable times it would not, perhaps, have been amongst the impossible things; could I, however, find in the meantime a safe opportunity of getting it conveyed to you, I

shall certainly not lose it, as I long you should have at least this token of my gratitude for the many and numberless obligations for all the favours you continue to bestow on me. It makes me very happy that you and all your family are well. Be so kind as to remember me to them in the most respectful manner.

“ I beg for the continuance of your friendship, and have the honour to be with the greatest esteem and gratitude,

“ Your most obliged humble servant
and friend,

“ ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.”

The year 1807 showed a great diminution of strength. The author of “ A Dead Man’s Diary,” who was in Rome that year, mentions seeing her drive along the Corso, and being introduced to her. Although aged and ill, she was full of charm. She was called, he says, “ The Mother of the Arts.” Soon, however, the malady gaining on her, she was unable to leave her bed. The deepest melancholy took possession of her, in spite of her efforts to

appear cheerful, by which amongst her friends she succeeded in gaining some appearance of gaiety. She would make them play games,¹ and evinced the greatest interest in all their pursuits. Still it was evident how much this struggle cost her. In these last days she occupied herself in going through her papers, and burning those she did not wish should fall into strange hands. When this was done, she arranged all her affairs, and made presents to many of those who visited her, and were kind to her.

By the end of the summer her weakness had increased so much, that she could not leave her bed. Her face was like that of a corpse; her eyes alone retained something of their former brightness. Her friends were devoted to her, and to humour her fancy not to be left alone, her visitors would come for the day, and carry on their occupations in an adjoining room. One at a time would sit with her, and she had always something kind to say, an expression of gratitude or

¹ M. Sérour d'Agincourt lived near to her, and visited her constantly in her last illness.

affection on her lips. In October, her illness taking a most serious turn, there was no longer a shade of hope. She received the last Sacraments, and from that time took farewell of the world, her only consolation being the visits of her spiritual adviser. Some of her friends, fearing that the ministrations of this priest, who was rather of the rough-and-ready order, were not suited to a person in her weak condition, tried to induce her to have one of the monks whose especial office it was to attend the dying. "No," said the sick woman, "my good pastor would be hurt if I sent for another, and it would be a bad return for his goodness to me."

On the 5th November, her cousin Johann¹ was sitting by her bedside. She asked him to read her one of Gellert's "Hymns for the Sick." By some mistake he began one of the hymns for the dying, but this choice did not please her; either she preferred the other, which breathed a more Christian spirit, or a spark of hope still lingered in

¹ Anton Johann Kauffmann.

her breast. She interrupted him quickly : " No, Johann," she said, " I will not hear that. Read me the ' Hymn for the Sick,' on page 128." Her cousin sought the place, found the desired hymn, and began to read. But after a few moments he found that Angelica had passed peacefully away, without a sigh or pain. She was sixty-six years of age.

There was general mourning in Rome when the news was known, and the desire to do honour to the artist who had passed from amongst them was universally felt by all. A funeral service was organized, conducted in the manner by which in the golden days Rome delighted to glorify art. The architect, Uggieri ; the sculptor, Albaggini, and her cousin Johann undertook the arrangements, which were of a most splendid character. It took place on November 7th, in the Church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte. Canova received the invited guests, who were of the highest rank. The Brothers of St. Luke, and the virtuosi of the Academies of Science and Art, walked in the procession,

which was swelled by every one of rank and distinction then in Rome. Canova and Pazetti (directors of the French and Portuguese Academies), Le Thiere and Le Rossi carried the coffin.

In the church the scene was most imposing. Two of her pictures, religious in subject, were placed on each side of the altar, and, in the centre, her bust in Carrara marble, the work of Canova, only finished a month before her death. Her body, by her own especial desire, was laid next to that of her husband in the smaller chapel. Over the grave, Johann Kauffmann and her heirs erected a handsome monument with the following inscriptions:—

Antonius. Petrus. Franc. f. Zucchius.
 Venetus. in. Deum. Amore. in. Pauperes.
 Picturae. Laude. concelebratus.
 H. S. E.
 Vix. A. 69. M. 7. D. 26. ob. VII. Kal. Jan.
 ab. orbe. servato. 1795.
 Angelica. Kauffmann.
 Lachrymis. et. tristitiae. damnata. Marito.
 dulcissimo. et. benignissimo.
 contra. votum. posuit.

H. S. E.

Angelica. Joannis. Josephi. f. Kauffmann.
 Domo. Schwarzenbergio.
 Cui. summa. Picturae. Laus.
 Cenotaphium. in. Aede. Panthei. pro-
 meruit. sed. ipsa. se. in. hoc. Monumen-
 to. quod. Antonio. Zucchio. posuerat.
 inferri. jussit.
 ut. cum. Viro. concordissimo.
 post. funus. etiam. habitaret.
 Annos. nata. 66. dies. 6.
 obiit. Romae. Non. Nov. 1807.
 Ave. Mulier. optima. et. vale. in. pace.

A year later, her bust, executed by Peter Kauffmann, was placed with all ceremonial and honour in the Pantheon.

Nothing could prove more distinctly the sweetness of her disposition, and the generosity of her mind, than the provisions of her will, which were of the most just character. No one was forgotten; her servants were well remembered;¹ so were the poor.

To her cousin, Rosa Bonomi, wife to the

¹ To her maid, Maria Pericoli, who had served her thirteen years, she left one thousand silver thalers, the bedstead she used, and all belonging to it, as also her entire wardrobe.

architect, then living in London, and with whom she had kept up constant relations, she bequeathed all her money standing in the English funds, amounting to five thousand pounds, besides the best of her jewels and plate.¹ Her remaining capital of three thousand pounds she devised to her cousins Johann and Casimir Kauffmann, who were with her at the time of her death, together with her pictures, furniture, etc. To her relations in Schwartzenberg she left seven hundred pounds. To her husband's family she bequeathed, with many kind words, several remembrances, together with all Antonio's plate, pictures, and everything which had come to her through him. All that was left in her studio of unfinished pictures, etc., she desired might be sold,

¹ The jewels consisted of some fine pearls, seven rows for bracelets, the clasps being miniatures set in brilliants of her father and husband; a diamond ornament for the head; and earrings of fine brilliants, clasps of diamonds; a necklet of fine brilliants; two emerald and diamond rings. Also a tea service of silver and silver tea-chest with a Chinese man on the lid."—*From the Will.*

and the proceeds distributed amongst the poor.

As she lived, so she died; even her enemy Sternberg calls her "a sweet creature—her very faults were lovable—and she, was above all, most womanly."

Letter from Signor Joseph Bonomi,¹ to George Bowles, Esq., of Wanstead Manor.

"DEAR SIR,—This morning I received a letter from my correspondent in Rome, Dr. M. A. Borsi, concerning the death of Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann, which I shall transcribe word for word.

"DEAR SIR,—What I foresaw for some time, after twenty days' confinement to bed, with the greatest tranquillity of spirit, always present to herself, having twice received the blessed Sacrament, and two days before Extreme Unction, perfectly resigned, courageously met the death of the just Thursday last, 5th instant, at half-past two, the great woman, the always illustrious, holy, and most pious Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann.

¹ The original spelling and construction are preserved.

“ I shudder in acquainting you with such unfortunate news, knowing the grief it will cause to you and Mrs. Bonomi. I shall now relate the particulars of her illness and funeral. During her severe illness, her numerous friends did what they could to restore her, and everyone was grieved in apprehension of losing her. You may easily believe, more than I can express, how much their grief increased at her death. I only, therefore, shall mention that they vied with each other in endeavouring to perform the last duties in the most decorous obsequies celebrated this morning in the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte, conducted by Canova and other virtuosi friends. The church was decorated as is customary for nobles. At ten o'clock in the morning the corpse was accompanied to the church by two very numerous brotherhoods, fifty capuchins and fifty priests. The bier was carried by some of the brotherhood, but the four corners of the pall by four young ladies properly dressed for the occasion. The four tassels were held by four first Gentlemen of the Academy; these were followed by the rest

of the academicians, and virtuosi, who carried in triumph two of her pictures, and everyone had wax tapers lighted.'

"This is the melancholy account I thought it my duty to transmit to you as one of her most intimate friends. I shall take the first opportunity of communicating to you any further intelligence I may receive on the subject.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"JOSEPH BONOMI."

1808.

"At the general assembly of Academicians, the President announced the demise of a celebrated member of the body, Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann. Her name was then taken off the roll of the Academy."

Extract of a letter from Johann Kauffmann, dated Rome, November 13th, 1808, to Madame Bonomi.

"In these days is celebrated in the church of the Rotunda (Pantheon) the anniversary

of our Cousin Angelica, and her bust will be placed as suggested by your late husband. A memorial marble will also be erected in St. Andrea delle Fratte with an inscription. A similar one, but of greater expense, is actually executing in her own country, with every function suitable to the occasion. Here, likewise, a magnificent requiem has been made with about two hundred Holy Masses in suffrage of her soul, besides many other things performed in her honour, so that since the death of Raphael Urbino till now a similar funeral has not been made at Rome.

“On Thursday, 29th November, 1808, the marble bust¹ in the Pantheon was uncovered.

¹ A writer in the *Athenæum*, 13th March, 1880, who had visited Schwartzberg, speaks of the bust set up to her honour in the church:—

“It is a medallion bust of Italian workmanship in marble. Below is an inscription of which I send you a copy.

“The words of the inscription are most curiously run together, but, I believe, are correctly copied:—

“Deredlenam V. Nov. MDCCCVII. Im LXVI jahre ihres alters in Rom Gestorben Frau Angelica Kauffmann Der Ersteninder Mahlerkunst der Grossen Wohlthaeterinder Armen Und Kirche zu Schwartzberg, der Zierde ihres Vaterland des Zum steten Andenken Von ihren Freunden under Bendank vollstgewidmet, den XII. Jun’,

On this occasion a solemn funeral service was celebrated, at which the academicians of St. Luke assisted.

“Sie war als Mensch als Christ
 Als Künstler gross ane Erden
 Willst du Hie, und dort, dirund
 Andern nutzlich Werden?
 Wie sie Ehre Ruhm Reichthum
 Ruh Vergnügen haben?
 Schaetze Tugend, Benütz Talent
 Des Schöpfers gaben.”

Translation.

To Angelica Kauffmann, who departed this life in Rome in the year 1807, and in the sixty-sixth year of her age.

She was an ornament to her Fatherland; the first of artists, a benefactress to the poor and to the church at Schwartzenberg. This monument has been raised to her memory by her friends on June XII., MDCCCIX.

She was great as a woman, a Christian, an artist.

Would'st thou thyself and others serve,
 Would'st thou Honour, Fame, and Peace deserve,
 Then must thou Virtue prize,
 And use the talents God provides.

CRITICISMS BY HER CONTEMPORARIES AND WRITERS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

GERING says :—

“ Her discretion, which is the parent of all merit, was extraordinary, and this, together with the peculiar blending of her colours, raised this artist to a high place. In all her pictures there is made evident the workings of a tender soul.”

Nagler says :—

“ The tenderness and amiability of Angelica, which tinged her work with a certain softness and tenderness which was most pleasing, together with the facility and certainty of her method of painting, caused her historical pictures to be most popular, especially amongst the English. In portraits she attained a well-deserved reputation, as she not alone made an excellent likeness, but also gave the mind and character of the sitter.

Her portrait of Winckelmann is a proof of this. Her subjects are always well-chosen, and her figures marked by dignity and grace ; this last applies especially to her women. Her men are timid-looking fellows.

“Heroes and dramatic situations being alike foreign to her gentle nature, she was unable to depict them. Nevertheless, Angelica, together with Mengs and Füger, must not be judged by the present day standard. She appeared at a moment when all was dark in the horizon of art, as a messenger of better times that were at hand, and if she herself failed in accomplishing all she might have done, so did the two before-named artists. She is blamed for a certain incorrectness in the outlines, monotony in her backgrounds, and for the use of too brilliant colours.”—*Nagler's Künstler-Lexicon.*

Sternberg, her hardest critic, acknowledges “that she had a sweet nature but a feeble talent. Her reputation never could have risen to the level of a national artist, it was confined to drawing-room coteries ; and such fame as she attained was due to the vanity

of the amateurs amongst whom she lived, far more than to any artistic merit she possessed. From England her trumpet was blown most loudly, and there her patrons filled their houses with her pictures. Everyone knows, however, that in matters of art *this little Island has no claim to be listened to.*"

Goethe pronounces decidedly in her favour. "Her paintings are full of thought, beautiful in form, composition and colour, and their treatment is excellent. These are the principal characteristics of this artist, whom no living painter can approach in taste and lightness of touch." He adds: "For a woman she has a really wonderful talent, and one must judge her by her success, not by her failures, for how few artists would stand the test, if one takes into account their failures or shortcomings?"

Herder, in his *Kunst Literatur*, speaks highly of Angelica's talent. The article should be read for its clear definition of the Grecian forms of art. "How can we sufficiently admire," he says, "the beauty of their figures—how body and soul seem to unite in

perfect harmony without one discordant note ; and where there is more than one figure, how perfect is the attitude of both ; how they look at one another ; how they listen to one another ; persuasion dwells upon their lips, although no word issues from their mouths. When their hands touch their soft arms intertwine and their eyes meet : what sweet harmony directs every motion. I have never seen a group, such as 'Orestes and Pylades,' or 'Orestes and Electra,' without observing this tender union which exists between each figure. So it is with the few paintings left of their work, and also in the numerous *basso relievos* which adorned every Greek dwelling-house. There we find that repose which is so wanting in the tumultuous compositions of our days. Raphael imbibed much of this spirit, and Mengs shows somewhat of it in his picture of 'Jupiter and Ganymede.' In Angelica's compositions, too, there is an effort to attain this harmony. Her men and women have this innate moral grace ; her young men are more like Genii walking this earth ; a savage even becomes gentle in her hands.

So far as a pure and innocent mind may, she has gone to the depths of humanity, and her fine intelligence has so arranged the whole as to develop each portion like a growing flower."—*Kunst Literatur*, vol. vii.

Waagen in his "Treasures of Art," while giving a side thrust at her sentimentalities, speaks of the warmth of her colouring and careful execution.

A French critic says: "Her heads have much of the majesty and divinity of Guido, with a mixture of the light school of Albano and Correggio. She was capable of expressing all the elevated and tender passions.

"An examination of her style, however, obliges us to acknowledge that there is a lack of energy underlying her elegance and nobility of thought, and therefore it is that she always avoided any strong or terrible situations, in depicting which she would have utterly failed. In subjects of domestic interest, calm and not heroic, she is at her best; that is to say, full of tenderness and inexpressible grace. Her exaggeration in colouring was greatly modified during her

residence abroad ; and, in her later pictures, her style is broader, less brilliant and more vigorous. Her touch was large, her knowledge great, and she possessed in a high degree a feeling of the picturesque as also of the art of grouping, having acquired a habit of seizing the best attitudes in which to place her models. She arranged her draperies with such consummate art that, as one of her admirers remarked, 'Your figures could walk without disarranging their garments.'"—*Biographie Nouvelle.*

A writer in the *Art Journal* says:—

"She was a woman, and therefore an optimist ; she believed in the possibility of regenerating art, and, womanlike, she would be satisfied with nothing but the highest motives, and loftiest aims. There was to be no truckling to expediency, no half-hearted compromises with indifference and a public taste, which has gone to the bad. High art, art of the highest, was her model." He, however, adds some strong words of criticism, principally directed against her colouring, which has "a tendency to vinous tones, which is often unpleasant."

Anthony Pasquin says : " That connecting her beauty with her knowledge, and her sweet disposition with both, she was, perhaps, the most fascinating woman in Europe."

Seguier gives a lengthened notice, the gist of which is that Angelica Kauffmann loved to make a composition of her portraits, and this she did remarkably well. The figures are generally about three feet high, and when the subject is an interior the children are generally represented naked or as cupids. One great point of beauty is the grace of the attitudes and the care she bestowed upon the hands. He adds, " In her faces she has the mannerism of bringing the nose and chin too near together."

Miss Charlotte Knight, the authoress of " Dinarbas," and whose memoirs are such pleasant reading, gives a charming picture of the artist, whom she classes amongst those who have ennobled the profession, and whose works are intended not merely to please the eye, but to elevate the mind. " She was great as an artist, engaging and amiable as a woman. In her house, her garden, her domestic establishment, all was most proper and unostenta-

tious. Her choice of books was excellent, and with her all was harmony and grace."

A writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* suggests that her personal attractions partly account for the exaggerated praise showered on her art by her contemporaries.

This view, although it is somewhat unsympathetic, seems to have been in a measure the true one, with this difference, it was not Angelica's charms, for she was not beautiful, but it was her *personality* that had to do largely with her success. It was that strange complex nature of hers, a mixture of simplicity, goodness, shrewdness, deep thought, infinite tenderness, and childlike gaiety; artistic aims, and homely affections: all these combined to make up an amount of fascination which worked as a spell upon all who came under its influence, and blinded the clearer judgment of those who should have corrected, by judicious criticism, the glaring faults which disfigure her artistic productions. We can in no other way account for the infatuation (for we can call it by no other word) which induced Mr. George Bowles, of Wanstead, Lord Exeter, Mr. Parker, of Saltram, Mr.

Forbes, and others, to fill their houses with her enormous canvases. It seems as if they could not have enough of them. This, too, at a moment when the matchless works of such artists as Gainsborough, Romney, Reynolds, were to be had for almost the same, perhaps less money. It must be owned that the descendants of Angelica's admirers have some cause to grumble.

That the present century should have reversed the judgment of the last is only natural, for to us her pictures are somewhat uninteresting, reproducing, as most of them do, the fables of ancient mythology, the taste for which had died out even in her day. The result of Count Calonne's sale of Angelica's pictures in 1825 marked the decadence, and the Bowles-Rushout sale in 1879 was conclusive as to the estimation set upon her best work. Angelica has been dethroned from her position as popular idol, perhaps with a precipitancy that will ultimately produce a reaction, of which indeed signs are not wanting. At every sale there is fierce competition for Bartolozzi's mezzotints, and who can tell when an equally strong desire may grow up

for the original pictures by Angelica. Her earlier works have a freshness quite delightful ; the composition, too, is graceful ; but the colour, that dull red, is decidedly crude and disagreeable.

For the moment, however, any effort at just criticism of her paintings would be more than useless. The *fin de siècle* is realistic, not to say matter of fact : criticism is, as it should be, hard, and to the point, and little or no allowance is made for sentiment ; whereas, in Angelica's time, it was all sentiment ; there was a cloud of romance floating in the air, men fought for a lady's flower or ribbon, if she dropped it ; cupids were the fashion, so, too, was the gift of tears. Women wept prettily (an art now forgotten) over every trifle, from the sorrows of Clarissa Harlowe, to a dead bullfinch ; the magazines of the day were filled with maudlin verses sickening to read. If we reflect, it is easy to understand how this strained sentiment came about.

Making due allowance for the exceptional and pre-eminent powers of Hogarth, English art had been, for more than a century,

singularly barren of anything approaching to what might be termed artistic feeling. "It was," says a well-known writer, "nakedly and narrowly Protestant; it hadn't even the relaxation of a good historical painter, who may, if he be a man of thought and purpose, infuse a spirit almost religious into his work." From the time of Charles II. there had been cold realism, and now, under the Georges, romance was fashionable. Angelica was, therefore, in keeping with the generation in which she lived. She was not a whit too sentimental for the sentimentalists, and we must, or we ought, to take this into account, when judging her work. Likewise, it may be, that we of this century are going a little too far in the opposite direction. Is it not the case that we are losing touch of those delicate perceptions which should underlie all art criticism? Technical skill, form, colour are excellent qualities in a picture, but should there not be feeling as well—feeling that should stop short of sentimentalism; but *sentiment*, a certain phase of fervid balmy delicacy of emotion, *this* is a natural development,

and should accompany every true artistic effort, and when present should merit approbation, albeit it be accompanied by faults which mar the general effect.

Those who appreciate this sweetest quality can find much to admire in Angelica's work, in the colour, in the grouping, and in that indescribable charm which she herself possessed, and which she infused into most of her pictures. Over such judges as these last she still holds her sway. To them the feeling which underlies the ill-drawn shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcadia compensates, in a measure, for the lapses in technical skill: they see the soul of the woman shining through the picture; they mark the elevated tone, and they honour her effort, although they cannot but blame its execution.

These men are, however, idealogists; in the strong army of critics we meet but few of them. It must be owned they would be unsafe guides to our young artists, to whom nothing could be more fatal than the development of a sentimental school. Still, it should never be forgotten that the proper aim of all

art is to elevate the mind. That Angelica's aim was a high one, that she failed in giving it always effect, was due to a multiplicity of causes, some of them beyond her control. That she was aware of her shortcomings is certain, and that she strove to cover her deficiencies by overcrowding her canvas, and so heaping fault upon fault, was an error in judgment much to be deplored ; that she likewise was injudicious in selecting historical subjects is evident : she possessed neither the technical knowledge necessary for grouping a crowd of figures, nor the grasp of mind for seizing the most dramatic point in the situation ; hence her inability to impress the spectator, who sees a confused mass of arms and legs, to say nothing of the difficulty of discriminating the sexes by the test of facial contour and energy :

Some of her smaller classical pieces are better drawn, and the difference between men and women more clearly defined. Thus, Telemachus at the Court of Menelaus is a most pleasing picture ; the attitude of the son, who hears for the first time of his father's

supposed death, is full of pathos. There is much dignity in the figure of Menelaus, while Helen, who advances to console the sorrowing youth is perfectly charming; it will be noticed that the burden here falls upon the three principal figures. The same judgment must be passed by even an adverse critic on "La bergère des Alpes," one of Angelica's best pictures; here there are only two figures. Exception may be taken to the somewhat womanly air of Fonrose, but one loses sight of this in looking at the delightful shepherdess, who approaches with her flock of sheep unseen by the disguised Marquis. Such a dainty figure, exquisitely graceful; there can be no cavilling over this picture, it is admirable in every detail. On the other hand, we may take her large canvas of Religion as a specimen of her at her worst. With its sprawling figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, it purports a representation of what is meant to elevate the mind, but which is, in fact, more likely to produce a feeble nightmare than to raise the thoughts of the beholder heavenwards.

These examples go to prove that Angelica mistook her vocation when she consecrated her brush to the delineation of classical or religious subjects. Nature had intended her for portraiture, there lay her true talent. If she had been wise enough to cultivate this branch of art more closely, and had not looked upon it merely as a means of subsistence, to be accomplished hurriedly, and consequently carelessly, she might have achieved a lasting success, and have left a reputation akin (with a difference) to that of Reynolds.¹ She had many qualifications for the task; imagination, sympathy, and that quick, searching insight into the character of the sitter which goes to make a good artist. This was the secret of the extraordinary success achieved by Reynolds, and, to a certain extent, Angelica might have followed in his footsteps. What was said of him could be applied to her; that her portraits of women

¹ Seguier says: "There is such a Sir Joshua, Reynolds-like feeling about her groups as to lead us to think that she must have studied his works very carefully, but the reader must not suppose she imitated him more than did Cosway."

are sometimes so charming that we, for a moment, lose the familiar idea of the person in their elevation to a muse or a goddess; however this applies to her mythological disguises, which, to our ideas, are tiresome masquerades, too often repeated. But there are many portraits of hers which are graceful, carefully executed compositions. Amongst these may be named Mrs. Bates,¹ a really fine picture, formerly in the Burghley Collection. Lady Eardley,² as a portrait of an elderly lady, is excellent, and there are some of her groups of children charming in finish and delicacy. A portrait of herself, now at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, should be seen. It is an admirable specimen, the face well finished, while the soft colour of the blue strap across her shoulder contrasts well with the brown dress. Another portrait of herself,³ as an Italian lady, is very rich in colour, the detail of the dress is good, but the background too monotonous.

¹ Now in possession of Mr. Messell.

² Belonging to Sir Thomas Blomefield.

³ Belonging to Mr. Bowring.

In her own day Angelica's portraits were highly considered, it was the fashion to be painted by her. The highest ladies in the land, and the most beautiful, sat to her for their portraits—Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Northwick, and Lady Hamilton. How is it that we never see them?

Year after year the company of the silent dead fill the halls of the Royal Academy. They come from all parts, these high-born lords and ladies of the past. The lovely, the good, the wicked, and the frail, look down from their gilded frames upon the world of to-day. Old friends in plenty form part of these gatherings. Titian's grand Venetians, Holbein's burly kings and courtiers, Lely's wanton beauties, Hogarth's rakes and harlots, Reynolds's ever delightful men and women are all gathered to the show, while the female Academician is conspicuous by her absence. Why is this? It seems unjust to exclude her from an exhibition of old Masters, who were her contemporaries and *confrères*. The present generation know very little of her works. They should see

some of her best, and be allowed to judge for themselves.

In considering the works of the artists of the last century, nothing excites more surprise and admiration than the extraordinary power of production they possessed; it was boundless. Pictures came from their hands as if by machinery. A great deal was method; and, moreover, most of them had a school of students who could be trusted to paint the draperies and accessories, and forward the middle stages of the work. In this manner Northcote assisted Sir Joshua; Lancret worked for Watteau; and Angelica, no doubt, was helped by *both* the Zucchis, Hamilton their pupil, her father, and some others. Zucchi, describing her method of painting, represents it as a sort of manufactory.¹ "Angelica," he says, "took sketches of the heads, and placed them afterwards in any position she chose to select; the draperies, etc., were often painted by others." John Joseph confessed to Mary Moser that he had

¹ She was handsomely paid for her portraits, and was able to maintain herself *con decoro*.—*Zucchi's MS.*

many times copied his daughter's pictures; and passed them off upon purchasers in the same way. Much of the house decorations ascribed to her was the work of Antonio Zucchi; and in her later years she was assisted by her cousins, two of whom, Caroline and Peter Kauffmann, were studying as artists in Rome.

If deliberate deceptions were practised with her knowledge, it does not speak well for her sense of what was due either to herself or to her clients. A certain amount of help is permissible, and it has happened that artists of great reputation have been often themselves defrauded. Half the pictures of the old masters credited as originals are only indifferent copies. If all the so-called Raphaels were genuine, the painter must have had three or four pairs of hands. Waagen says that at the sale of the Marquis of Exeter's collection, some years ago, scarcely one could be allowed to take rank amongst the works of the great masters whose names they bore in the catalogue, and the same story repeats itself in almost every collection that comes

to the hammer. It is well known that comparatively few of George Morland's works were by his own hand, as replicas, Mr. Redgrave tells us, were made on the spot by artists in the pay of his employer, who set them to work so soon as the artist left the house. So too with Bartolozzi's engravings, many of which are the production of his pupils.

Nathaniel Dance produced pictures so like in style and colouring to Sir Joshua's that even the best judges are deceived; in the matter of art mendacity is an old story.

A word must be said as to the portraits of Angelica, painted by herself.

The extraordinary number of these must always excite surprise : it was a strange fancy of hers to present her own features under every possible form, as a Sibyl, a Muse, a Vestal; as Urania, Clio, Sappho, Una; as Fortitude, Hope, Charity, Innocence, etc. Besides these masquerades (if we may so call them) there were numerous portraits of her in her own character. These she gave to friends. Usually every patron received one.

It is not astonishing that this constant self-production was set down as an over-estimation of her own charms; people smiled at her evident good opinion of herself. Such glaring undisguised vanity was, however, not in keeping with a character like hers, in which simplicity was allied with good sense, for to exhibit self-love so openly would be a proof of folly. One explanation of her apparent self-glorification lies in the well-known fact that in the last century it was almost impossible to get a female model to sit; it was not at that time considered a respectable or even decent calling, and women with very little claim to either of these appellations shrank from it. On the other hand, such characters as Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien were inadmissible to Angelica's studio. She was therefore, in a measure, driven to copy from her own circle of friends¹—most frequently from herself.

Considering the great difficulty of self-

¹ For "Hector and Andromache, nurse and child," the models were a young married couple, friends of hers, with their newly-born baby. Rosa Florini also sat for different pictures, including Faith.

portraiture, it must be owned she succeeded admirably, although it may be that "her version of herself," as Mr. Anderdon calls it, is more beautiful than the original. It must be remembered, however, that all painters are permitted to idealize the model. That she did not always do so is clear from the portrait of herself that she gave to her father's canton, which has a ludicrous resemblance to one of the heads found in a mummy case.¹

Angelica's portrait has been given to us by other hands than her own. The first we have of her is as a child, and it must be owned an ugly child, with too big a head; then we have a miniature by John Smart, date 1764, the year she went to Rome, and sat at the feet of the apostle of art, Winckelmann. She was then twenty-three, but Smart represents her as seventeen. It is quite a girlish face, and gives the idea of a

¹ The coloured copy of this picture in Rossi's *edition de luxe* is a very pleasing resemblance: the hair of a peculiar golden brown, matches the colour of the almond-shaped eyes, the mouth is not so long; there is an air of courtly simplicity, the dress is charming—a sort of coat trimmed with fur and laced with scarlet ribands.

sprightly young person with a good opinion of herself—"perky" is the word that applies to the expression—the hair is red, and the face fat. Dance during his love fit painted Angelica's portrait several times: one of his is in the Burghley collection; and Zucchi painted her once as Sappho conversing with Homer. A young painter named Banks¹ painted a portrait of her, and in 1776 her father exhibited a picture of her at the Royal Academy—"A Charity." To judge by the miniature copy she made of it, and which has been lately shown in the collection of historical miniatures, John Joseph's portrait was a poor affair, very much of the waxen image about it. The expression of the face, as she regards the two children who are the recipients of her maternal charity, is absolutely nauseous.²

And now we come to Sir Joshua's beautiful portrait of her. I say portrait, although as a matter of fact he painted her three times.

¹ Not Thomas Banks, R.A.

² Mr. Tuer, in his "Bartolozzi and His Works," mentions having in his possession a portrait of Angelica by *Bartolozzi*.

The first picture was taken in 1766,¹ the year of her arrival in England ; the second, shortly after Horn's desertion ;² the third and last in 1777. This is the one engraved by Bartolozzi, and is well known to all collectors, a beautiful picture, yet what a contrast it presents to the bright-eyed, self-satisfied girl of Smart's portraiture. This is what life had brought to Angelica, and yet one would not wish it otherwise. It is, indeed, the face of a woman who has known what it is to suffer, but has risen above suffering and has attained peace. Looking at it, one gets some idea of where lay that strange power of attraction which fascinated those of Angelica's own generation. What gentle dignity, how sweet is the evident desire to please, while the wistful sadness in the lamp-like eyes draws us irresistibly to her. The whole air of the picture breathes refinement. A "rondo" some one calls it not inappropriately.³

¹ Sold at Messrs. Christie's in 1832 to Mr. Hind for 3*l.* 5*s.*

² Sold in 1850 at Messrs. Christie's for 3*l.* 3*s.*

³ In Mr. Anderdon's catalogues we find the following, which brings us curiously in touch with the picture:

Sir Joshua gave the picture to Angelica. It may be that she would have preferred his keeping it, in memory of her. The old romance, however, if it ever existed, was dead by this time; there was not even a withered leaf of the "fiori" left, so Angelica packed up her picture (or probably Zucchi did so), and they took it with them to Italy. It was hung in a prominent position in their house in the Arco di Regina, for both Goethe and Rossi saw it there. Angelica always kept it: it reminded her of the palmy days of her youth, and very probably she got to believe that Reynolds had really loved her, and told this story to her friends.¹

When she died, she left the picture to her cousin, Johann Kauffmann, who had lived in the house, saying in her will that it was the portrait painted of her by the celebrated

it is the original receipt:—"Received November 1st, 1780, the sum of ninety guineas, in full, for a plate of Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, after Sir Js. Reynolds. Francesco Bartolozzi."

¹ She made copies in miniature form of the picture, and gave them to her friends. One of these was in the exhibition of Historical Miniatures. It is a fair copy. It is signed A. Kauffmann, and was given to Adelina Rosalba in 1783.

English painter, Ritter (knight) Reynolds. There is something touching in this, poor soul! She clung to her early triumphs even when writing her last wishes: not that this availed much, for Johann dying, in his turn left it to his nephew, another John Kauffmann, who forthwith carted it off, and all he could find of saleable matter with it, to England, where the best price was likely to be got.

Sir Joshua's picture was sold in 1860, at Messrs. Christie's rooms, to Mr. Fairholme of Leamington.¹

The auction room is the ultimate end of most collections; they seem to gravitate thither almost with certainty. Angelica's pictures have, however, changed hands very constantly. Those who understand the vicissitudes of picture sales say that the demand for her work is steadily increasing. This will be good news for those who possess more than they need, or would be glad from

¹ Mr. Fairholme, some few years ago, sent the picture to be re-sold at Messrs. Christie's. Only 78*l.* was offered, so it returned to Leamington,

prudential motives to dispose of what they have. A great number of her pictures have already gone to America, and more are likely to follow. The constant sales, and the difficulty of tracing the purchasers, make a *complete* catalogue of her pictures difficult to obtain.

I have to thank warmly those who have given valuable assistance by sending lists of their pictures. Mr. William Bowles has been indefatigable in his search into the Bowles family records. I wish I had space enough to give all the interesting details of the Wanstead collection, which contained the largest proportion of Angelica's works. Most of these pictures have been traced, but some were sold at the Rushout sale in 1879, to Aldis, a picture dealer, who got into difficulties, and at a compulsory sale of his house in Norfolk Street, the Angelicas were sacrificed for almost nothing, and went no one knows where. One of them was found lately in the cottage of a working man in Devonshire.

I have also to thank Mr. Graves, of Pall

Mall, Messrs. Dowdeswell, of New Bond Street, Mr. Harvey, Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, Messrs. Phillips and Neale, for their kindness in giving me every help in their power. Mr. Algernon Graves's admirably arranged catalogues of the Royal Academy, etc., have been of the greatest assistance.

APPENDIX.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Her Majesty the Queen.	George III., Portrait of. Charlotte, his Consort, Portrait of.	1767. 1766.
Albemarle, Earl of	Portrait of Anne, wife to the 2nd Earl. 29 × 24.	
Adams, Esq., of New York.	Portrait of a lady and child. ¹	
Aders, C.	Portrait of an English lady of quality.	
Anhalt-Dessau, Prince of.	1. Allegorical Picture of Psyche fainting when the vessels were opened which contained a beautifying lotion for Proserpina. 2. Portrait, Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, full length.	
Anhalt-Dessau, Liseum Museum.	3. Cupid drying Psyche's tears with her hair.	
Anhalt-Dessau, Princess of.	4. Agrippina clasping to her heart the golden vessels containing the ashes of Germanicus.	
Aschaffenburg Gallery.	Princess of Courland as a Vestal. A Madonna.	
Bagwell, Richard, Esq., Marfield, Tipperary.	Portraits of Mrs. Bousfield and a lady (name unknown).	1771.
Barbaro, Almero, Venice.	Portrait of himself.	1781.

¹ Bought from Mr. Dowdeswell, New Bond Street, April, 1892.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Baring, Sir Thomas. Baronneau, Francis, Esq.	View in Rome. Telemachus redux a Penelope excipitur.— <i>Odyssey</i> .	1789. Ryland.
Bell, Publisher of "Bell's Poets."	Louisa Hammond writing to her brother.	Bartolozzi.
Berlin Museum of Arts.	Angelica Kauffmann, Portrait of, in the character of half Muse half Bacchante; her head is crowned with a laurel wreath, and she wears a robe and girdle of gold colour.	
Bernini.	Angelica Kauffmann between the rival arts of Music and Painting. A present from the artist to the sculptor.	
Berwick, Lord.	1. Euphrosyne wounded by Cupid and complaining to Venus. 2. Cupid leading Bacchus to Ariadne to console her for the desertion of Theseus.	1796.
Bergamo, Town of Birchall.	Holy Family, an altar piece. 1. Una and the Lion. ¹ 2. Abra "amidst the maids of Zagan's peaceful groves." From Collins's "Eclogues." 3. Painting, a portrait of herself.	1795. Burke.
Blomefield, Sir Tho- mas, The Grange, Wimbledon.	Portrait of Lady Eardley, wife to Lord Eardley, of Belve- dere.	1781
Boddam, C., Esq.	Leda and the Swan.	Burke, 1787. Very pretty.
Bowles, George, Esq., The Grove, Wan- stead. ²	1. Angelica Kauffmann, Portrait of, in the character of Design listening to Poetry as the Nymph Clio.	1783. A gift to Mr. Bowles.

¹ Una is a portrait of herself. She repeated this subject often.

² George Bowles, of Wanstead Grove and Burford, Salop, was well known as a patron of art and collector of enamels and curios. On his death, in 1817, he bequeathed Wanstead and its collections to his niece, the Hon. Anne Rushout, daughter to the first Lady Northwick, his sister, who had predeceased him. On Miss Rushout's death Wanstead passed to Humphrey Bowles, of East Sheen, and his son, the Rev. Charles Bradshaw Bowles, sold the bulk of the pictures, etc., in 1849. On this occasion the whole of Angelica Kauffmann's works were, by a family arrangement, disposed of to

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Bowles, George, Esq., The Grove, Wanstead. (<i>Continued.</i>)	2. Abijah and Jeroboam. ¹ 3. Alexander resigning his mistress Campaspe to Apelles. ² 4. Angelica and Sacripant, from Ariosto. 5. Aspasia and Palus. 6. Achilles discovered by Ulysses. 44 × 32. 7. Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi. 8. Christ and the two Mariés. 9. Cleopatra and Augustus. 10. Cupid binding Aglaia to a laurel tree (Metastasio). ³ 11. Venus and Ascanius. 12. Venus chiding Ganymede. ⁴ 13 & 14. Cupid's pastime (a pair). 15. Bacchus and Ariadne. 16 & 17. Wisdom and Mortality (a pair, on copper). 18. Cupid disarmed by Euphrosyne. ⁵ 19. Flora finishing a flower for Verelst. 20. Gualtherius and Griselda.	Bartolozzi. Burke. Facius. Bartolozzi. Bartolozzi. Burke. Boydell. 1781. Boydell and Facius.

Lady Cockerell, daughter to the first Lady Northwick and sister to the Hon. Anne Rushout. The pictures eventually came to this lady's grandson, Sir Charles Fitzgerald Rushout, of Sezincot, on whose death they were sold at Phillips and Neale's, New Bond Street, 1879. Through their kindness the tracing of the pictures to the hands into which they have fallen has been partially successful. Many of them were purchased by a commission agent, Smith, for the American market; but the best have remained in England, and will be found under the alphabetical headings. The sale of the pictures realized £6800.*

¹ See Supplement under P.

² See Supplement under B.

³ See Supplement under S.

⁴ See Supplement under P.

⁵ See Supplement under S.

* The original catalogue, in the handwriting of Mr. George Bowles, is most quaint and interesting. He gives the position of the pictures—"Lady Northwick by ye window: Oval over the Harpsichord." In addition to the forty-seven pictures sold in 1879, there were "Dionysius Evander and Euphrosia," the portrait of the second Lord Northwick, painted by Angelica, in Rome, 1794, now at Burford, and "Horace and Calliope," from Anacreon, Ode lxi.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Bowles, George, Esq., The Grove, Wanstead. (<i>Continued.</i>)	21. Hector reproaching Paris. 44 × 32. Homer, 6th book.	Boydell.
	22. Henry and Emma from Prior 23 & 24. Horace and Virgil. A pair—small ovals. ¹	Burke. 1792.
	25. Holy Family.	
	26. Lady Jane Grey giving her Table book to the Constable of the Tower.	Bartolozzi.
	27. Queen Margaret of Anjou and the robber.	Bartolozzi.
	28. La Bergère des Alpes. ² (Oval.)	Dickinson.
	29. Damon and Musidora. (Ovals—pair.)	Dickinson.
	30. Lavinia and Palemon.	Taylor.
	31. Nathan reproaching David.	
	32 & 33. Numa Pompilius with Egeria, and Roman Charity (A pair.)	
	34. Lady Northwick, Portrait of, with child holding a gar- land of flowers. (Large oval, 50 × 42.) ³ and ⁴ .	Bartolozzi.
	35. Pliny the younger at Mis- enum during the Eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79.	Burke. Macklin Gallery.
	36. Rinaldo arresting the arm of Armida, to prevent her pur- pose of suicide. (From Tasso.) 50 × 42.	Green.
	37. Praxiteles, the sculptor, giv- ing the little statue of Cupid to Phryne.	

¹ See under W.² For present possessor see under letter R.³ This is one of Angelica's best portraits; it is finely coloured and graceful.
For present owner see "R."⁴ Rebecca, Lady Northwick, sister to George Bowles, of Burford and Wanstead Grove. Her husband, Sir John Rushout, was raised to the peerage as Baron Northwick in 1797. Her three daughters, Miss Anne Rushout, Lady Cockerell, and the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Bowles, are well known by Plimer's miniature portrait of them as the Three Graces. A fine copy of this picture was made by Bone, and is now in the possession of the present representative of the family, Mr. Charles Bowles.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Boydell, John and Josiah, Cheapside. (<i>Continued.</i>)	Honour and rewarded with Plenty. ¹ Sappho, inspired by Love, composing an ode to Venus. The Flower Girl, after Sir J. Reynolds. Holy Family.	Faciuss. Spiolsbury.
Bridgewater, Duke of. Briscoe, Esq., Kensington.	Euphrosyne disarming Cupid. Painted on copper. Small oval.	
Brown (said to be Count Brown). Bryer, Ann. Bryer.	Pyrrhus carried in the arms of his nurse to King Claudius. Dido invoking the Gods. Agläia bound to a laurel tree by Cupid. Dedicated to the Hon. John Dawson.	
Brunswick, Duchess of.	Portrait of the Duchess. One of her best portraits. It is now at Hampton Court Palace.	1767.
Calonne, Colbert, French Ambassador. Collector of pictures and curios. His collection was sold in 1825.	Jupiter and Calista. Orpheus and Eurydice. ² Two large ovals. Zadig. ³	
Capucino, Monsignor Nevroni, Bishop of Como.	Portrait of himself ⁴	
Ceci, Duke of. Cheeseman, Esq.	Portraits of Duke and Duchess. Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann.	1782.
Charlemont, Earl of. Clements, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Henry, M.P.	History and Music. ⁵ A pair. Mrs. Clements and infant, Portrait of.	McArdell, Dublin, 1771.

¹ In this enormous picture she was helped by Zucchi.

² Sold in 1825 at Messrs. Christie's for £70. The picture of Orpheus was the likeness of the musician who was in love with her at Montfort Castle. See page 20.

³ Zadig sold in 1825 for £43, to Count St. Brude.

⁴ There is another portrait of the bishop in red and black, signed Marianna Caterina Angelica Kauffmann, aged xiii.

⁵ Sold at the Roxborough sale, May, 1892, for £63.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Courland, Duke of.	1. Telemachus and Mentor in the Island of Calypso. ¹ 2. Adonis equipped for the Hunt. Venus and dogs. 3. Bacchus teaching the nymphs to make verses. Horace, Odes ii. 19.	
Corbett, J. Esq., 20, Hertford Street, W.	Zeuxis painting the picture of Juno. ²	
Delafosse, F., Esq. Derby, Earl of. ³	La Penserosa. 1. Family Group of Edward, 12th Earl, with Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, his first wife, and their infant son, afterwards 13th Earl. 4 feet × 3 feet. (The figures appear small and separate; and the divided action of the child who is between them, destroys all simplicity and unity.) 2. The Return of Telemachus. ⁴ 2 feet 2 inches × 5 feet. (A long picture, originally designed for a "Sopra Porta." The composition comprises seven figures. The tints are broken and the shadows strong and heavy.) 3. The parting of Ulysses and Penelope, a companion picture to Telemachus. (The composition is far superior to and much more effectively coloured than Telemachus.)	
Digby, G. D.W., Esq.	Portrait of Countess Digby.	

¹ The Duke of Courland saw the original picture, a commission from Mr. Bowles, of Wanstead, and ordered two replicas. *Zucchi MS.*

² This fine picture was bought at the Rushout sale for £136.

³ The collection of paintings at Knowsley is one of the finest in England, comprising works of the best masters. The catalogue is a most interesting volume, from which above was taken.

⁴ "As pretty a painted tale as that dainty artist could produce, and the companion picture a sweet thing in oils.—*Athenæum*, 1880.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Donaldson Gallery, New Bond Street.	Two ovals of Cupid disarmed by Euphrosyne, and Cupid, Venus, and Euphrosyne.	
Downes, Chief Justice, Ireland. Dresden Gallery.	The death of Sylvia's favourite stag. 1. Portrait of herself as a Sibyl, 3 feet 6 inches in height, 2 feet 10 inches in width. Very fine. 2. Portrait of Princess Mary of Courland as a Vestal. 3. Ariadne deserted by Theseus. Study of a head. A sketch.	Bartolozzi (very popular). Schultze.
Dugnami, Cardinal. Dublin National Gallery.	1. Family group of Lord and Lady Ely, their niece, Dorothy Monroe, and Angelica at the clavichord. 2. Portrait of Dorothy Monroe. ¹	Krüger. 1771.
Duff, Mr.	Portrait of himself.	1771. 1797.
Edinburgh Gallery. Exeter, Marquis of. ²	Novosiels Ki, the architect, portrait of. 1. Æthra and Theseus. 2. Abelard presenting Hymen to Eloisa. 3. Abelard and Eloisa. 4. Death of Eloisa. 5. Marriage of St. Catherine. 6. Fame decorating the Tomb of Shakespeare. 7. Maria from <i>Sterne</i> . 8. Penelope lamenting over the body of Ulysses. 9. Love conquering Prudence. 10. Prudence resisting Love.	Ogborne. Burke.

¹ A celebrated beauty. See pages 141, 142. The portrait was bought at Lord Ely's sale at Messrs. Christie's, 1889.

² Lord Exeter was a friend and admirer of Angelica; he ordered pictures from her by the yard. Waagen in his "Treasures of Art" says that he had seen no seat which afforded so completely a view of the taste in art, which prevailed in England in the 17th and 18th century, as that of Lord Exeter.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Exeter, Marquis of. (Continued)	11. Cleopatra decorating Mark Antony's tomb. 12. David Garrick. 13. Lady Townshend and her infant son. 14. Mrs. Bates. ¹	
Esterhazy, Prince Nicolas.	1. Death of Alcestis. 2. Pyrrhus presenting his foster-brother to King Glaucus. 3 feet high 2½ wide.	J. C. Leclerc. Vienna.
Fitzherbert, Sir William.	Alleyne Fitzherbert, Portrait of.	
Florence, the Uffizi Gallery.	Her own portrait.	
Frankfort Gallery.	Winckelmann, Portrait of.	
Forbes, Esq.	1. Religion with all her lovely train. 2. The departure of Hagar and Ishmael from the tents of Abraham. 3. Cephalus and Procris. 4. The Blessed Mary watering a lily. 5. The Discovery of Achilles by Ulysses in the Court of King Lycomedes, disguised as a Virgin. 6. Angelica between the Rival Arts of Music and Painting. 44 × 32. ² A present from the artist.	Bartolozzi. Scorodomoff.
Firrao, Cardinal.	Portrait of. An allegorical picture.	1799.
Garrick Club.	Mrs. Hartley, portrait of.	

¹ Miss Harrod, afterwards Mrs. Bates, a celebrated singer, seated in a landscape, holding a lyre and roll of music. Sold in the sale of the Marquis of Exeter's pictures at Messrs. Christie's, June 9th, 1888. See Supplement under M.

² Barry, R.A., passed the highest encomiums upon all these pictures, especially the last, which is a reminiscence of the struggle she had once gone through. See p. 21. He declared that he envied Music the squeeze she received, "for," said he, "the impression is actually imprinted on her hand."

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Grimani, Marchese, a beautiful Venetian lady, of the family of Conaro.	Portrait of.	1781.
Gartaut, Monseigneur.	Portrait of himself.	
Hamilton, Sir William.	Emma, Lady Hamilton, portrait of, as the Comic Muse. Emma, Lady Hamilton, as a Bacchante ¹ (only the head).	R. Morghen, 1797. Fine print of this in British Museum.
Hampe, John Henry, M.D.	Portrait of himself.	Burke. A noble head.
Hampton Court Palace. Hervey, Lord. ²	Duchess of Brunswick, portrait of, full length. Lady Hervey, portrait of. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, portrait of, in a white hat. ³	1767.
Herzen, Cardinal. Hoare, Sir Francis, of Stourhead.	St Joseph of Cupertino. Francis Hoare, portrait of, full length.	
	Portrait of a lady in a Greek dress. ⁴	
Hoare, of Wavendon Manor.	Allegorical picture of Penelope sacrificing to Minerva to obtain the safe return of Telemachus. ⁵	
Holstein-Beck.	Large family group.	Raphael Morghen. Print in British Museum.
Home, Earl of.	Angelica Kauffmann, R.A., portrait of. Two classical pictures.	
Houldsworth, Col.	Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann. ⁶	

¹ Sold at Sir William Hamilton's sale, 1801, for £32 10s.

² Lord Hervey was the eldest son of the famous Bishop of Derry, Marquis of Bristol.

³ This portrait came into the possession of Lord Howard de Walden from the Herveys; it was sold by the late lord in 1869, at Messrs. Phillips's, for £162. For purchaser see "S."

⁴ This picture has been sold.

⁵ Penelope is the portrait of the second wife of Sir Richard Hoare, *née* Acland, a lady of remarkable beauty, between whom and Angelica a great intimacy existed.

⁶ Sold at Messrs. Christie's, 1888, for £115, see Bowring.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Husupoff, Prince.	Venus, on a couch, counselling Helen to fly with Paris, whom Cupid leads by the hand into the room.	
Hayne, C. Seale, Esq., M.P., Belgrave Street, S.W.	Ovid in his old age writing verses, while Cupid, behind him, draws his bow. Telemachus at the court of Sparta. One of her best pictures.	
Illustrations for books:— I. Bell's "Poet's."	1. Vignette Frontispiece. 2. Churchill's Poems. 3. Collins's Eclogues. 4. 1st volume, page 54, Savage. 5. Hammond's Love Elegies. 6. Love Elegies. 7. Mallet, Canto I., verse 268, 8. Chaucer, vol. iv.	Bartolozzi, &c.
II. Taylor's "Moral Emblems."	1. Fortitude. 2. Hope. 3. Justice. 4. Mercy and Truth. 5. Patience. 6. Perseverance. 7. Prudence. 8. Omnia Vanitas. 9. Temperance. 10. Wisdom. 11. There's a slip 'twixt me and Death. 12. Instruction. 13. Simplicity.	Ryland, &c.
III. In "Angelica's Library." ¹	Flora— <i>Frontispiece</i> . La Bergère des Alpes. Gualtherius and Griselda (from Marmontel).	Bartolozzi, 1778.
IV. Various publications.	A shipwreck. A frontispiece for Thomson's Seasons. Silence and the Shepherd's moral. Vignette, a Muse, for a volume of poems.	

¹ "Angelica's Library, or a Present from Parents and Guardians," price one guinea, published by Hamilton, charmingly illustrated by Angelica Kauffmann and H. W. Bunbury. The book still commands a good price at book sales."

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Johnston, Captain Frederick Erskine, Gloucester Place.	1. Hon. Mrs. Damer, portrait of. Graceful and charming. 2. Earl and Countess of Derby, portraits of.	
Josepoff, Prince.	Augustus and Cleopatra. Virgil reading the Eneid to Augustus and Octavia.	
Klopstock.	Samma at Benoni's Grave. (Presented by the artist to the author of the <i>Messiah</i> .)	1769.
Knight, John.	Penelope. Venus and Cupid.	Harding.
Kimber, Arthur, Esq.	Venus attired by the Graces. ¹	
Leven and Melville, Earl of.	Clio and Angelica. ² Holy Family. ³	
Lyte, H., Esq.	Venus with the corpse of Adonis on her knee. ⁴	
Loretto, Holy House.	Mosaic of the Blessed Child watering the lily.	
Lothian, Marquis of.	Portrait of Elizabeth, Marchioness of Lothian. ⁵	
London :— Royal Academy, Diploma Gallery.	Design, large oval; one of the four removed from Somerset House.	
National Portrait Gallery.	Portrait of herself, oval, half length, in a white dress with yellow scarf. She rests her right hand, holding a portecrayon, on a portfolio, the other, <i>without a ring</i> , is raised to her breast. ⁶	
National Gallery.	Religion, bequeathed by Mr. Forbes. ⁷	Bartolozzi.

¹ This large oval was bought at the Rushout sale for £535.

² This large oval was bought at the Rushout sale, in 1878, for £110.

³ Bought at Rushout sale, 1878, £56.

⁴ Bought at Messrs. Christie's, 1792, by M. White, for £74.

⁵ Exhibited at R. A. Exhibition of 1887.

⁶ See Forbes.

⁷ Bought from Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall, for £120.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
London (<i>Continued.</i>) South Kensington Museum.	1. Emma, Lady Hamilton. ¹ 2. Cupid's pastime. Small oval, on copper. 3. Ditto. Small oval on copper.	1792.
MacDonald, Colonel.	Portrait of, in national cos- tume.	1800.
Martinenghi, Count of Brescia.	Altar piece—John the Bapti-t.	
Massereene, Viscount, Antrim Castle.	Lord Ferrard and his son, portraits of.	
Mendip, Lady.	Magdalen. ²	
Medley, Esq.	Politicians quarrelling over their cards. ³	
Milan (Casa Tivai- luzio.)	1. Duchess of Massa-Carrara, portrait of. 2. Portrait of Ferdinand, King of Naples.	1754.
Miranda, Duke of.	1. Portrait of his youngest daughter in a peasant's dress. 2. Historical picture (subject unknown).	
Montfort Castle.	Portraits of Count and Countess of Montfort and the different members of the family.	1757.
Morley, Earl of.	1. Portrait of Sir Joshua Rey- nolds. 2. Ulysses discovering Achilles in the disguise of a Virgin. 3. Penelope hanging up the bow of Ulysses.	Bond. Ryland.

¹ Angelica painted Lady Hamilton *twice*, once as a Bacchante, a failure, and once as the Comic Muse, holding a mask in her hand. This last was engraved by *Morghen*, and is in the collection of the B. M. *Morghen* made some alteration in the picture, at which Angelica was so much displeased that she would not allow her own or Lady Hamilton's name to be placed underneath. It is, however, far superior to the Bacchante, a drawing of which is in the British Museum.

² Now in possession of Lindo Mayers, Saville Row.

³ This picture was sold at Messrs. Christie's in 1888, for £84, to Mr. Frick-
enham.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Morley, Earl of. (Continued.)	4. Venus meeting Eneas at Carthage. ¹ 5. Hector taking leave of Andromache. 6. Elfrida's interview with King Edgar after her marriage with Athelwold. 7. Rowena presenting a cup to Vortigern. 8. A woman in Neapolitan costume. ² 9. Portrait of herself playing the guitar. 10. Edmund Bastard, Esq., portrait of. 11. Hebe, on copper. A small copy of a large picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Miss Meyer, daughter to J. Meyer.	Watson. Ryland. After his death it was finished by Sharp for the widow.
Montgomery, Lord. Münster, Bishop of.	12. Crayon copy of the Magdalen, of Correggio. Portrait of himself.	1800.
Munich Neue Pinakothek.	1. The Annunciation. 2. Christ calling the little children to Him.	1790.
Schleissheim Gallery.	1. Angelica Kauffmann, portrait of.	
Maughan, Rev. G., East Kirkby Vicarage, Spilsby.	2. Christ and the woman of Samaria at the well. 46 × 55 inches. 3. Portrait of the Palatinate Prince of Bavaria in the costume of a Knight of St. Hubert. 4. Portrait of Prince Nicolas Esterhazy. 3 feet high. 1. Portrait of Louis I. of Bavaria. Meeting of Edward IV. with Lady Elizabeth Grey, when she implores him to restore	

¹ A replica of this painted for Colonel Vereker. See V.

² 2 to 8 were painted expressly for Saltram, Lord Morley's seat, in Devonshire.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Naples, Capo di Monte Gallery.	her husband's lands to her son. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ feet.	1783.
Nollekens, J., R.A.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Large family group of the Royal family. 2. Portrait of Ferdinand, King of Naples. 3. Duchess of Corigliano and child. 4. Portrait of Princess Maria Teresa. 5. Portrait of Monsignore Gactano. 6. Portrait of Dr. Cirillo ¹ Mrs. Nollekens, portrait of, as Innocence with Doves.	
Paris, the Louvre.	Portrait of the Baroness von Kruder and child.	
Parma, Archduchess of.	Portrait of the Archduchess.	
Panin, His Excellency Comte de.	Achilles discovered by Ulysses in the disguise of a Virgin.	Boydell, 1782, after Scorodomoff.
Pappasava, Count.	Portrait of himself and brother.	
Pepper, W., Esq., presumably of Ballygarth, Ireland.	Portrait of himself and brother.	
Pezzoli, Count.	A Magdalen, on copper.	
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Gallery.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Virtue directed by Prudence to withstand the solicitations of Folly. 2. Portrait of herself. 	
Pius VI., Pope.	Joachim and St. Anne with the Blessed Child Mary watering a lily for the Holy House of Loretto.	
Poland, Stanislaus, King of.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Virgil reading the Eneid to Octavia, and companion picture of 2. Augustus reading the verses upon the death of Marcellus. 	1789.

¹ A celebrated Neapolitan physician. She also painted the death of Cleopatra for the Marchese della Gambuca.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Poniatowski, Count.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi, showing her children. 2. Brutus condemning his Son to death. 3. Portrait of the Count in an allegorical picture. 4. Portrait of herself.¹ 	
Portarlington, Earl of.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Portrait of Lady Caroline Damer. 45 × 47. 2. Portrait of Lord Milton. 3. Portraits of Duke and Duchess of Dorset. 4. Portrait of Angelica. 	
Portman, Viscount.	<p>Two "Sopra Portas" of</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Scenes from "King Lear," including a fine picture of Cordelia's death. 2. The death of Clorinda. 	
Powis, Earl of.	Portrait of the Hon. Charlotte Clive.	
Redshaw, J. Rezzonico, Cardinal.	<p>Death of Procris.</p> <p>Historical portrait of himself, as appearing before the Senate.</p>	Fielding, 1767.
Richmond and Gordon, Duke of. At Goodwood.	Mary, wife of 3rd Duke of Richmond. Small full length.	Ryland.
Historical:— At Gordon Castle.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon, half length. 2. Jean Maxwell, wife of 4th Duke of Gordon, half length. 3. Venus and Adonis. Copy from Titian. 4. Danae. Copy from Titian. 5. La Madonna della Seggiola. Copy from Raphael. 6. St. Cecilia (the Cumean Sibyl). Copy from Domenichino. 7. Sibylla Persica. Copy from Guercino. 8. Abraham and Hagar. Copy from Guercino. 9. Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Copy from Guercino. 	<p>1772.</p> <p>1772.</p>

¹ See Northwick—Supplement to Catalogue.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Richmond, and Gordon, Duke of. (Continued.)	10. St. Paul rebuking Peter. Copy from Guido. 11. Salome. Copy from Guido. 12. Dido. Copy from Guido. 13. Ulysses and Calypso. Portrait of himself.	
Robinson, Richard, Archbishop of Armagh.	Portrait of himself.	
Roth, Cardinal, Prince Bishop of Constanz.	Portrait of himself.	
Rosebery, Earl of. ¹	1. Portrait of Lady Northwick ² and child. Large oval, 50 × 42. 2. La Bergère des Alpes. ³ 3. Gualtherius and Griselda. (Oval.) 4. Cupids at play. (Small ovals, pair.) 5. Horace and Virgil. (Small ovals, pair.) 6. Lavinia and Palemon. 7. Damon and Musidora. Hope, a portrait of herself.	Bartolozzi. Dickinson, 1787.
Rome, Academy of St. Luke.	Hope, a portrait of herself.	Ryland.
Rutland, Duke of, Belvoir Castle. ⁴	The death of the stag. 26 × 36. This picture hangs in the Queen's sitting-room.	
Russia, Count du Nord, afterwards Emperor Paul I.	1. Leonardo da Vinci expiring in the arms of Francis I. 2. Portrait of the Countess du Nord, afterwards Empress of Russia.	
Russia, Catherine II., Empress.	1. The birth of Servius Tul- lius. 2. Achilles discovered by Ulysses in the disguise of a Virgin at	{ Scorodomoff. { Ryland.

¹ Lord Rosebery bought these pictures at the Bowles-Rushout sale in 1879.

² Rebecca, Lady Northwick, was sister to Mr. George Bowles. Her husband, Sir John Rushout, was raised to the peerage as Baron Northwick in 1797. Her daughters, the Hon. Anne, and Harriet, Lady Cockerell, were Mr. Bowles' nieces.

³ Subject taken from Marmontel's story.

⁴ For additional pictures at Belvoir Castle, see Supplement to Catalogue.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Russia, Catherine II., Empress. (<i>Continued.</i>) Ryland, W.	the court of King Lycomedes. ¹ Cymon and Iphigenia.	W. W. Ryland, 1782.
Sayer, R., Esq. Schwarzenberg, Church of.	Mirror of Venus. 1. Fresco of the Twelve Apostles, after Piazzetta. 2. Altar piece, the coronation of the Blessed Virgin. 3. Her own portrait in the national dress, bequeathed.	Trotter, 1757. 1799.
Emilia Seckingen, Hochwohlgeborne, Kammer Fraulein, or lady-in-waiting to her Highness, the wife of the Churfurst of Bavaria. She wears the orders of St. Elizabeth.	Portrait of herself. 3 feet in height, 2½ in width.	Sintzenich.
Scantlebury, Esq.	1. Duchess of Devonshire in a white hat. ² 2. Cupids at play.	
Scott, Sir B.	1. Euphrosyne disarming Cupid. ³ 2. Cupid and Aglaia. ⁴	
St. Petersburg Academy.	Thetis bathing Achilles in the Styx.	
St. Petersburg, the Hermitage.	1. The Monk of Calais and Juliette. (From Sterne's "Sentimental Journey.") 2. The adieux of Abelard and Eloisa.	
Sussex, Duke of.	Portrait of himself, with his dog.	1797.
Spencer, Earl.	1. Family group, including portraits of Viscount Althorp, with his sisters, Georgiana,	1771.

¹ Angelica used this subject several times, treating it differently. The story is always that of Achilles disguised as a girl, and discovered by Ulysses.

² Bought in 1869 from Lord Howard de Walden, for £162.

³ and ⁴ Bought at the Rushout sale.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Spencer, Earl. (Continued.)	<p>afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, and Henrietta, afterwards Countess of Bessborough.¹</p> <p>2. Margaret, Countess of Lucan.</p> <p>3. Portrait of Angelica, a present.</p> <p>4. Portrait of Lord and Lady Spencer.</p>	1767.
Sommariva, Herr (of Milan).	Cleopatra and Augustus.	
Solms, Countess of.	The Power of Love, a scene from Ossian's poems.	Ogborne, 1799.
Stokes, T., Esq. Shepherd, Esq.	Angelica Kauffmann, portrait of Coriolanus going into exile.	Bartolozzi, 1802.
Strickland, Mrs., ² Cokethorpe House. Schöpfer.	Rival arts, Painting and Music. Ditto, a present from Angelica. ³	
Tacconi, Marquis.	Mary, Mother of God, with the child and two angels.	
Taylor, G. W., M.P.	1. Ariadne and Penelope. 2. Palemon and Lavinia. 3. A small head of Laura. 4. Eurydice. } ⁴ 5. Cordelia. } 6. Celadon and Amelia struck by lightning.	Bartolozzi.
	<p>“From his void embrace, Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground, A blackened corpse, was struck the beauteous maid.”—<i>Seasons</i>.</p>	Bartolozzi. Bartolozzi.
Thornton, Godfrey, Esq.	Theseus finding his father's sword and sandals.	Tomkins.

¹ This portrait is at Althorp, Lord Spencer's seat. It is let into a panel over the chimney-piece. The grouping is excellent. The two ladies are seated in a garden; their brother is standing before them. It is most natural.

² Cokethorpe House now belongs to Mr. Clement Cottrell Dormer. The picture is very beautiful. Music is seated.

³ This was a picture of herself between Music and Painting. Schöpfer drew the design with chalk upon stone and sent it to Rome, and in this way Senefelder's discovery was made known in Italy.

⁴ Sold at Messrs. Christie's, 1832.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Townshend, Marquis.	Large family group of eight children, the Marquis holding the youngest in his arms.	Macklin's Gallery.
Vereker, Colonel, the Hon. C. S. ¹	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Armida putting on her armour. (Tasso.) 2. Venus showing Carthage to Eneas and Achates. 	
Vernon, Sir Edward.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Electra and Chrysothemus, from Sophocles. 2. Peleus and Thetis. 	
Vienna, Belvedere Gallery.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Thusnelda receiving Arminius after the battle with Varus. 2. The companion picture of Æneas paying funeral honours to the corpse of Pallas.² 	
Volpato, Giovanni.	<p>Portrait of himself.</p> <p>Portrait of his daughter and daughter-in-law.</p>	
Walch, Herr, Dornbirn, Bregenz.	<p>Portrait of Angelica.³</p> <p>Portrait of John Joseph Kauffmann.</p>	

¹ For present owner, *see* Sandeman, in Supplement Catalogue.

² These enormous pictures were a commission from the Emperor Joseph II., and on receiving them he wrote to Cardinal Herzen,* his plenipotentiary at Rome: "As a token of my gratitude I join to this letter a snuff-box and ornament with a cypher, which Your Eminence will have the goodness to present to Angelica. I desire you to inform her that the two works are placed in the Imperial collection, for I wish that, as well as myself, all my subjects may admire her talents."

³ A writer in the German *Kunstbild* (a magazine on the lines of the *Art Journal*) states, that in making a tour through the Bregenz, he chanced at Dornbirn to meet a certain Herr Walch, the drawing-master of the Realschule in the village.

"I was," says the writer, "not a little surprised to find that my acquaintance turns out to be a descendant of Angelica Kauffmann's family, and the heir to her belongings, which, after her death, in 1807, had been brought to Schwartzenberg. Herr Walch has many interesting relics, notably a charming portrait of the artist, also the portrait of her father, together with different works of art and curiosities which she collected in England and elsewhere,

* Cardinal Herzen gave Angelica a commission for a picture of St. Joseph, of Cupertino. She presented it to him as a present; upon which his Eminence sent her a splendid silver basin and some excellent coffee from the Levant.—*Zucchi MS.* (See p. 372.)

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Waldeck, Prince of.	Allegorical painting of the first meeting of Leander with Hero : the priestess of Venus, surrounded by her vestal virgins, is offering sacrifice to Adonis. Hero is the portrait of Prince Waldeck's affianced bride, who was then in Rome.	
Waldegrave, Earl.	1. Prince Frederick of Gloucester, an infant. 2. Princess Sophia of Gloucester, an infant.	
Walker, —.	1. Virgil asleep. ¹ 2. Horace dreams.	Bartolozzi.
Wells, Esq.	Griselda. ²	Bartolozzi.
West, Mrs.	Eurydice and Ariadne ³ deploring the flight of Theseus.	
Woodhouse, Esq.	1. Rural sports. 2. Griselda.	Bartolozzi.
Zamoyski.	Large family group. ⁴	

and divers presents made to her by friends and admirers." For the purpose of this biography, Joseph Baer, the excellent bookseller at Frankfort, communicated with Herr Walch, but received no reply.

¹ Bought at Messrs. Christie's in 1833 for £173.

² Sold in 1888 by Messrs. Christie's to Messrs. Agnew, of Bond Street, for £220 10s.

³ Sold 1832.

⁴ Count Andrè Zamoyski, of Poland, husband of Countess Constance Zamoyski. Alexandre Zamoyski, eldest son. Mademoiselle Anetta Zamoyski. Stanislaus Zamoyski, youngest son. L'Abbé Stanislaus, the Preceptor. "A large family group, in which will be represented Count 'Andrè de Zamoyski, seated, showing his two sons and his daughter the marble bust of his grandfather, who was so celebrated in Poland—that his children may emulate the example of this hero. The figures are to be full length, and to be attired in the costume of the ancient Romans. The bust of the hero is to be on a pedestal, and a country landscape in the background.

"The picture to be painted for 600 (zecchini) Roman, as agreed on.

"The heads of the four sitters are already painted on small canvas. They are to be copied and painted into the large picture, which is to be finished May 12, 1791.

"Countess Constance Zamoyski has paid in advance 300 zecchini, being half of the agreement for said picture, which is to be painted by Angelica Kauffmann exactly in the manner she has already painted the heads."—*Extract from Private Memoirs by Antonio Zucchi, lent by Fred. Hendriks, Esq.*

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Zamoyski. <i>(Continued.)</i> Zelada, Cardinal. Zucchi, Family of, Venice. Zurich.	A handsome child painted as the God of Love. Nathan reproaching David. A Madonna touching a sleeping child and laying a wreath of flowers upon his head. Portraits of Antonio, Giuseppe, and Francesco Zucchi. Portrait of Winckelmann.	Porporati.

SUBJECTS OF PICTURES WHOSE OWNERS ARE UNKNOWN TO COMPILER.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
1. Arcadia. ¹	
2. Penelope weeping over the bow of Ulysses.	Delatre.
3. Penelope taking down the bow of Ulysses.	Ryder.
4. Messalina sacrificing to Venus and Cupid before she obtained liberty for the Roman ladies to have several husbands.	Burke.
5. Andromache weeping over the ashes of Hector.	Burke, Ryland.
6. A son newly married introducing his bride to his widowed mother.	Morghen. (Very fine engraving, British Museum.)
7. Alcestis sacrificing her life to save that of her husband.	Kininger.
8. A lady contemplating her own picture.	
9. A group of royal children.	Marcuard.
10. An English lady and child.	1779.
11. An English lady as Psyche.	
12. Portrait of a lady playing the harp.	1778.
13. Portrait of a gentleman.	1779.
14. Portrait of a group of children as Autumn.	1788.
15. Portrait of a gentleman.	1765.
16. Portrait of a lady.	
17. A nobleman's children.	1799.
18. A gentleman (full length).	1777.
19. Portrait of a lady in Eastern dress.	1775.
20. Portrait of lady (full length).	1772.
21. Erminia finding Tancred asleep.	Delatre.

¹ This was the first picture exhibited by Angelica after she came to London, 1766. Mr. Goldie has the original sketch. See page 396.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
22. Eleanor sucking the poison from the wound of Edward I. From Rapin's history.	Pariset and Mlle. Bareuille, Paris, reproduced by W. Ryland.
23. Achilles lamenting the death of Patroclus.	Ryland.
24. Venus in her chariot. Designed for a ceiling ; and repeated several times.	Rose Lenoir, aged 14, daughter to the printseller.
25. The flight of Paris and Helen.	Ryland.
26. A sacrifice to Pan.	Ryland.
27. Aristides requested to sign the ostracism for his own banishment by an illiterate citizen.	W. Dickinson. (A very fine engraving, B. M.)
28. Penelope awakened by Euryclea, with the news of the return of Ulysses.	Burke. Ryland.
29. Winter.	
30. Cupid reposing.	
31. Modesty embracing virtuous love.	1780.
32. Madonna and Child.	
33. Andromache fainting at the sight of Æneas.	
34. Paris and Helen directing Cupid to inflame their hearts.	
35. Calypso calling Heaven to witness her affection for Ulysses.	
36. Venus presenting Helen to Paris.	Ryland.
37. Juno borrowing the Cestus of Venus.	Ryland.
38. Sylvia overcome by Daphne.	Tomkins.
39. Werter and Charlotte.	
40. Werter.	
41. The power of music.	Hogg.
42. Lady contemplating her lover's picture.	Scorodomorf.
43. Picturesque amusements.	Bettolini.
44. Tancred and Clorinda.	
45. Oval from Anacreon.	
46. "L'Amour dort."	Tomkins.
47. Venus crowned by Cupid.	Marcuard.
48. Temperance.	
49. History.	
50. Poetry.	Bartolozzi.
51. Ulysses conducted by Calypso to the forest where he can cut the trees to build his raft.	A. K. and Joseph Zucchi.
52. Postumio, Consul of Rome, examining the Courtesan Ispalia in the presence of his mother, as to the Feasts of Bacchus.	Delatre.
53. Erminia.	Delatre.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
54. Conjugal peace. (Two ducks in a basket.)	
55. Paris and CEnone carving their names on a tree.	Bartolozzi.
56. Diana and her nymphs.	Marcuard.
57. Papirius Praetextatus revealing to his mother the supposed secret of the Senate. ¹	Burke.
58. Practical exercises.	
59. Morning amusements.	Bartolozzi.
60. Charlotte.	
61. Virtue.	
62. The flight of Paris and Helen from the court of Menelaus.	
63. Pomona.	
64. Cupid and Psyche.	
65. The beautiful Rhodope in love with Æsop.	
66. Laura.	Bettolini.
67. Nymphs awakening Cupid. With a quotation from Horace's "Odes":—"Dormio innocuus."	Stipple engraving by Rose Lenoir.
68. General Stanwick's daughter. A memorial picture, very popular in its day, being largely engraved. ² There were six lines of poetry at the foot of the engraving. The German biographers of Angelica allude constantly to <i>this picture</i> as one of her best paintings. So far no trace seems to exist of such a painting.	W. W. Ryland.
69. Faith. ³	Ryland.
70. Thérèse Bandattini and Fortunato Fantastici. Portraits of.	
71. The Muses crowning Pope.	Ryder.
72. Perseverance. ⁴	Scorodomorf.
73. Fortitude with Lion. Her own portrait.	
74. Signor Abbate de Bourbon of France. Portrait, 1782.	
75. General Espinasse.	

¹ In the classical dictionary Praetextatus Vettius and Praetextatus Sulpicus are given, but not Papirius.

² A print engraved by Ryland, and corresponding in every particular to above description, is in the portfolio of Angelicas, B. Museum. . . . It has no title nor history.

³ Portrait of Rosa Bonomi.

⁴ Perseverance is sometimes called Penelope with her dog.—(See Bowring.)

ETCHINGS BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

ETCHING is, as everyone knows, a process in which the design is freely drawn on copper with a metal point, and afterwards bitten in by a strong acid. This art was much practised by artists in the last century, particularly abroad, where the *peintre graveur* flourished; in the seventeenth and eighteenth century line engraving was the principal method used, but some of the best engravers combined both methods with excellent effect.

Mr. Tuer, in his "Bartolozzi and his Works," tells the reader in a pleasant manner all about the beautiful art of engraving, with its many variations, and he draws attention to the good work of Mr. Seymour-Haden and Prof. Herkomer.

The thirty-five etchings by Angelica are of great value, first, because she excelled in this branch; secondly, because she never practised it after she left England.

Her earlier productions are very fine. There are several specimens in the collection of engravings after her pictures, in the print room of the British Museum. Many of these were purchased by the Boydells Brothers, and reproduced in aquatint; or lavis, to suit the taste of the day. Some of her later etchings were reproduced in mezzotint, or, as the French call it, *à la manière noire*. In all the dictionaries¹ of the *peintre-graveur* of the last century, these thirty-five plates of Angelica's are mentioned with much commendation, and the reproduction by Boydell (where it took place) is set down in the following

¹ Beraldi, Le Blanc, and Hüber are amongst the best. Andresen gives a catalogue of her etchings; so does Bryan, but both are imperfect.

manner :—*2nd Ed. à la manière de lavis*, or “lavis” simply with the date of the reproduction. In the catalogue here given this example is followed.

In some of her plates Angelica was assisted by Joseph Zucchi, the engraver (brother to Antonio), and in such cases at the footnote of the engraving or etching appears the words *Eadem* (the same meaning herself) and *Joseph Zucchi*.

These explanations are given for the advantage of those who, perhaps, have not studied these details.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
1. Susanna surprised by the Elders.	
2. Holy Family, an angel offering flowers to the child Jesus.	
3. Repose in Egypt. (Angel with a dish.)	
4. Marriage of St. Catherine of Sienna, after Correggio.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1781.
5. Venus with the corpse of Adonis on her knees.	1771. 2nd lavis, 1781.
6. Juno with the peacock, right hand resting on the altar.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1781.
7. Hebe, holding a shell in her right hand, a vase in her left, into which she pours nectar for Jupiter, who is in the disguise of an eagle.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1781.
8. Urania ² measuring the celestial globe.	A. K. and Joseph Zucchi.
9. Simplicity with Doves, after her portrait of Mrs. Nollekens.	
10. Hope. (Large oval.) Figure of a woman with a turban on her head, her arms resting on an anchor.	
11. Rinaldo crowned with flowers by Armida, two knights in the distance.	Reproduced lavis with bistre.
12. Calypso and Ulysses swearing eternal fidelity.	A. K. and Joseph Zucchi.
13. Sanzio.	
14. Winckelmann seated at his desk preparing to write.	1764. Proof before letters.

Mezzotint, or *à la manière noire*.

In this process the artist worked upon a grained board, called the cradle. Upon this board the drawing was fixed, and the lights were brought out by means of a sharp instrument called *le grattoir*.

Lavis and aqua-tint are identical. The copper, upon which the design is drawn, is plunged in a bath of water, into which either salt mastic or sand has been mixed. The effect produced resembles Indian ink or bistre.

² Urania and Hope. Portraits of herself.

SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
15. Young man leaning on his left hand. The portrait of a painter.	
16. Bust of a man (three-quarters) holding a stick.	1762. 2nd aquafortis finished 1781 in mezzotint.
17. Bust of a man (in profile). In the left-hand corner the letters A. K.	
18. Man with turban, leaning on books, a pencil in his hand.	
19. Woman, with her arms and feet naked, sitting with her back to spectators on some stones.	1770. 2nd lavis, 1780.
20. Die Haarflechterinn (Hair-plaiter).	1765. 2nd lavis, 1780.
21. Woman meditating.	2nd 1781. Lavis and bistre.
22. Woman reading.	
23. Woman with a veil, one end knotted in her hair, the other falling on her shoulder. Both hands support a book, over which her head is bent.	1771. 2nd lavis, 1781.
24. A female figure weeping over a monumental urn. (In memory of General Stanwick's daughter, lost in her passage from Ireland.) Very rare.	1772.
25. A woman reading from a large book.	
26. A woman (half-length) leaning on her elbow, holding a ribbon.	
27. Bust of a woman, her profile to the right.	
28. Head, in profile, of a young woman.	
29. L'Allegro. (Oval.)	1779. } These are two
30. Il Penseroso. (Oval.)	1779. } of her best.
31. Two philosophers:	1765.
32. Bust of an old man.	
33. Study of the head of an old man.	1762.
34. St. Peter rebuking his brother apostle, St. Paul. After Guido's celebrated picture in the Casa Sempiere in Bologna. Angelica did this subject three times, in 1772, 1773, and 1776. Joseph Zucchi helped her with the last, and his name is found with hers on the leaf. The one executed in 1772 is the best.	
35. Sappho conversing with Homer. From the original by Antonio Zucchi. ¹	1781. A. K. and Joseph Zucchi.

¹ This was the last etching executed by Angelica in England. Homer is lying under a tree. This is said to be Antonio Zucchi's portrait, while Angelica sat for Sappho. Le Blanc remarks that "Sappho married Homer."

A portfolio of etchings in aquatinta by Angelica, and fancy subjects after her designs by Delatre, Tomkines, and Pastorini, were sold in Sir Mark Sykes's sale, 1825.

PICTURES AND DESIGNS ENGRAVED BY BARTOLOZZI.

BARTOLOZZI'S engravings hold such a high place in public estimation, that it would seem desirable to append a list of those which he produced from Angelica's works, as an assistance to collectors. The proofs, especially those in colours, are the most difficult to obtain, and are very beautiful.

There have been several collections made of the Bartolozzi-Angelicas. At the Bowles-Rushout sale a portfolio containing 250 Bartolozzis, many of them proofs before letters, were sold to Smith, the commission agent for the American market.

An album put together some years since by Mr. Harvey, St. James' Street, of Bartolozzi's engravings, contained a number of beautiful prints after Angelica. It was sold at Mr. Sotheran's, in the Strand, for £400, to an American.

Mr. La Touche of Belview, in Wicklow, has a room full of Bartolozzis, amongst them many after Angelica.²

Mr. A. W. Tuer has a large collection of prints, and sold some of his Bartolozzi-Angelicas not long ago. The British Museum has a portfolio containing 250 engravings after Angelica (including many Bartolozzis), and three or four valuable proofs before letters. Anyone wishing to know more of this interesting subject should consult Mr. Tuer's "Bartolozzi and his Works."³

¹ After Bartolozzi's death his prints went for a time out of fashion. They could be got for the small sum of sevenpence and a shilling. The Americans raised the price by offering large sums for the collections.

² It is not generally known that Bartolozzi lived for a couple of years in Dublin, and it was owing to the influence of Mr. La Touche and Lord Charlemont that he secured the patronage of the fashionable world of London.

³ Miss Hoare, of Charles Street, had a collection of Angelica-Bartolozzis which have been sold. She has still three or four. Mr. William Bowles has a collection of proof engravings, many of them Bartolozzis. Mrs. Nevile has a coloured print by Bartolozzi, from Macklin's gallery, of the death of Sylvia's stag—date 1796. The Hon. Gerald Ponsonby is the owner of a collection of very fine engravings (several proofs). They were bought at the Rushout sale, and are now very valuable.

The list here given has been compiled in part from Mr. Tuer's exhaustive catalogues.

1. Penelope hanging up the bow of Ulysses. From the original in the possession of the Earl of Morley.
2. The Death of Sylvia's Stag. From the original in the possession of Lord Justice Downes.
3. Gualtherius and Griselda, printed in red chalk.¹ From the picture painted for George Bowles, Esq.
4. Cleone, printed in brown.
5. Cordelia, in red chalk.
6. Dancing and Bacchanalian nymphs.
7. Penelope weeping over the bow of Ulysses. Oval.
8. Calais—the snuff-box. From "Sentimental Journey." In red chalk.
9. Companion ditto. Maria and the handkerchief.
10. Simplicity. From the portrait of Mrs. Nollekens.
11. Ahijah foretelling the death of the son of Jeroboam. From the original painted for G. Bowles, Esq.
12. Christ appearing to the Maries. From the original painted for George Bowles, Esq.
13. Dido invoking the Gods. Red chalk. Very fine.
14. The birth of Shakespeare. (Very fine.) From the original painted for Lady Rushout, afterwards Lady Northwick.
15. Companion oval. The tomb of Shakespeare.²
16. Telemachus and Mentor in the Island of Calypso.³ From the original painted for George Bowles, Esq.
17. Winter.⁴
18. Sincerity.⁵
19. Rinaldo and Armida.⁶ From the original painted for George Bowles, Esq.
20. Pomona.
21. The Death of Clorinda and her companion. Proofs in black and brown before letters. Very fine.⁷
22. Louisa Hammond ; or, the miseries of war.⁸
23. L'Allegro.⁹

¹ The red chalk method was successfully practised in Paris by Demarteau, who imitated by this process the chalk studies of Boucher. Demarteau taught the method to Ryland, who introduced it into England about the time Bartolozzi arrived, when it became very popular. Everyone raved about these charming red prints. Angelica Kauffmann, then in the zenith of her fame, warmly encouraged this new taste amongst her fashionable patrons ; hence the great number of red chalk engravings after her prettily-conceived designs. "Bartolozzi," by A. W. Tuer.

² Mr. William Bowles has two engravings of the birth of Shakespeare and companion oval. They are in red, and are first impressions, having formed part of the Wanstead collection.

³ This was sold at Mr. Tuer's sale for £1 14 0
⁴ and ⁵ were " " " " 1 1 0
⁶ and ⁷ " " " " 5 10 0
⁸ was " " " " 3 5 0
⁹ " " " " 2 2 0

See Tuer's "Bartolozzi."

24. The beautiful Rhodope in love with Æsop. Proofs in brown, very fine.
Ditto in red before letters.¹
25. Coriolanus.²
26. Venus attired by the Graces.³ From the original painted for George Bowles.
27. A vestal.
28. King Psammetichus and the fair Rhodope.
29. History.
30. Paulus Emilius educating his children. Proofs very rare.
31. Diana preparing for the hunt. Oval. Red chalk. Proofs in red and black, very rare.
32. Paris and CEnone engraving their names on the bark of a tree.
33. Zeuxis composing his picture of Juno. Proof most rare and beautiful.
From the original painted for George Bowles.
34. The four parts of painting. Invention, Composition, Design, Colouring.
(Ovals.)
35. The fine arts; or, les beaux arts. Architecture, Sculpture, Painting.
From a drawing in possession of M. le Baron d'Offenbach.
36. The rainbow in four parts. In dark brown chalk.
37. Socrates in his prison composing a hymn to Apollo. Oval.
38. Lady Jane Grey giving her table book to the constable of the tower.
Bowles' collection.
39. Queen Margaret of Anjou and the robber.⁴
40. Lady Elizabeth Grey imploring Edward IV. to restore his lands to her son.⁴
41. Elfrida meeting King Edgar after her marriage with Athelwold. From
the original in possession of Lord Morley.⁵
42. Bergère des Alpes. Proof before letters, rare and beautiful.
43. Religion.
44. Horace⁶ dreams.
45. Sallacia girl with box.
46. Veillez amants si l'amour dort.
47. Turkish lady at her devotions.
48. Cleopatra persuading Meleagar to defend his country.
49. Cossuccia.
- 49a. Coelia.
50. Fatima and Zoraide.
51. Liberal fair.
52. Rosalinda.
53. The fair Alsatian.
54. Rural sports. From the original picture in the possession of Mr. Wood-
house.

¹ This was sold at Mr. Tuer's sale for £2 2 0

² " " " " 2 4 0

³ " " " " 6 6 0

See Tuer's "Bartolozzi."

⁴ The price now asked for an engraving of either of these pictures is from £5 to £10.

⁵ This had been commenced by the unfortunate W. W. Ryland, and after his death it was completed by Bartolozzi for the benefit of his widow.

⁶ "Horace" is called in Mr. Bowles' catalogue "*Venus and Ascanius*." In the Bartolozzi prints there are two lines of poetry at the foot of engraving.

55. Zobeide, the beautiful Moor.
56. Young girl with bird-cage.
57. Antiope.
58. Diana.
59. Eurydice.
60. Female, walking in a wood, comes upon Love playing the harp.
61. Hermione.
62. Nymphs after bathing.
63. Penelope.
64. Venus showing Æneas the way to Carthage. From the picture now in possession of Albert Sandeman, Esq.
65. Women, one with lyre.
66. Miranda and Ferdinand.
67. Girl with garlands. Probably from the Belvoir picture.
68. Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi. Proof beautiful. From the original painted for George Bowles.
69. Venus and Cupid.
70. Cupid and Aglæia.
71. Cupid sleeping on the lap of a woman, another Cupid standing by.
72. Tancred and Erminia.
73. Virgil.
74. Virgil reading the Æneid.
75. Adoration.
76. Humility. Proof before letters.
77. Sacrifice to Ceres. 1782.
78. Nymph and Cupid.
79. The Passions.
80. The Seasons. A series of four.
81. Tragedy and Comedy.
82. Vanity and Modesty.
83. Damon and Delia.
84. Death of Alcestis.
85. Griselda.
86. Henry and Emma. From the Bowles' collection.
87. Apollo and his companion.
88. Emma Corbett.
89. A warrior seated in a wood holding up his hand to a maiden.
90. A woman (in profile).
91. Celia and Rosalind.
92. Celadon and Amelia.
93. Fatima.
94. The Judgment of Paris. From the Bowles' collection.
95. Tancred and Clorinda (from Tasso).
96. Bacchus teaching the Nymphs to make verses.
97. Child with kitten.
98. A girl at her toilette.
99. Tambourine and castanet.
100. Woman with lyre, or Angelica as Poetry.
101. Lady Northwick and child. Sometimes called Veaus and Cupid.
102. Countess of Harcourt. Portrait.
103. Virgil asleep. Companion picture to "Horace dreams." From the Bowles' collection.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND FRONTISPIECES
BY BARTOLOZZI FROM ANGELICA'S
DESIGN.

1. A Muse for Scott's Poems.
2. Flora for Thomson's Seasons. Bell's edition.
3. Frontispiece for Churchill's Poems.
4. Felicity, from Collins's Eclogues.
5. Bell's Poets—Savage, vol. lxx.
"Where kind content, from noise and Court retires,
And smiling sits, while Muses tune their lyres."
6. Hammond's Love Elegies, vol. i., p. 88.
"And Love himself could flatter me no more."
7. Mallet's, vol. xi.
"And close within his grasp was clenched a broken oar."

"Angelica preferred Burke as an engraver of her work to Bartolozzi, and always stipulated he should copy her pictures; he had a soft and beautiful tone in his prints, and the day is not far distant when they will command very high prices."—*Tuer's "Bartolozzi."*

Fan Mounts.

1. Hope nursing Love.
2. The fine arts.
3. L'amour dort.

Also

Some concert and masquerade tickets (very rare).

DRAWINGS IN PENCIL, CHALK, AND
INDIAN INK, BY ANGELICA
KAUFFMANN.

IN THE POSSESSION OF CHARLES GOLDIE, ESQ.,¹

20, GORDON PLACE, KENSINGTON.

1. Portrait of Rosa Bonomi, *née* Florini. (In pencil.)
 2. Arcadia. The original sketch of "Arcadia," exhibited by Angelica the year of her arrival in England, 1766. The sketch is small, and done with great delicacy in Indian ink on grey paper, touched with Chinese white.
 3. Calypso mourning the departure of Ulysses. Original sketch, identical in treatment with Ariadne lamenting Theseus. It is also in Indian ink, same as No. 2.
 4. Slight sketch of a woman consoling a weeping child. In chalk.
-

¹ The family of Goldie are the *immediate* descendants of the eminent architect, Joseph Bonomi, who married, in 1775, Rosa Florini, Angelica's cousin. Of this marriage there were ten children, six sons and four daughters. The sons were distinguished either in the army or in science. Joseph was well known as an eminent Egyptologist, and later became curator of the Soane Museum. Of the daughters, Mary Anne, the second, married George Goldie, M.D., father of Mr. Charles Goldie, so that he comes in touch through his grandmother with Angelica, and has an affectionate regard for his gifted cousin. All mementoes have been carefully preserved. The gold snuff-box given by the Emperor Joseph, the miniature of Zucchi set as a bracelet, and the diamond earrings mentioned in her will are in Mr. Charles Goldie's possession.

DRAWINGS FORMERLY IN THE BURNEY COLLECTION, AND
ENTERED IN MR. B. QUARITCH'S CATALOGUE OF 1892.

Summer and Autumn, a pair of pictures in water-colours, with classical figures and appropriate scenery, the three Graces being prominent in the foreground of "Summer." About 1780.

L'Amour Vengé, Cupid flying from a company of Satyrs, the figures coloured. A mother and three children clinging to her, richly but darkly painted in oil. A mother and three naked boys seated on clouds; a coloured cartoon, but not finished as a painting.

Three designs apparently for a book on "The Arts," one a frontispiece, the other two symbolizing Music and Painting. About 1786-90.

Two tinted pen-and-ink drawings to illustrate Telemachus. About 1790.¹

F. WADMORE, ESQ., CLEONE.

Original Sketch.

¹ A set of engravings (4) have been recently added to the portfolio of Angelicas in the Print-room, British Museum; they are engraved by Gabrielli, and are said to be after her designs of the four seasons. They are very indifferent.

DRAWINGS TO BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION GALLERY, BRITISH MUSEUM.

1. Death of Clorinda.
2. Una and the lion. Una, a portrait of herself.
3. A girl reading.
4. Portrait of herself.
5. Sketch of a beggar holding out his hand. From the collection of Mr. Payne Knight.
6. Classical design for decoration.
7. Sacrifice to Ceres. Design for a sopra porta.
8. A Bacchante.
9. Paris and Helen with Cupid inflaming their hearts. Original sketch.

IN THE FINE ARTS GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET.

Calypso mourning the departure of Ulysses. The same subject as the one in possession of Mr. Charles Goldie.

A portfolio of drawings in possession of Mr. Edward Goldie. Also a portfolio of drawings, and other mementoes belonging to Angelica, in the possession of Mrs. George Goldie (*Venabrio*), living in Brittany.

GUIDE TO THE HOUSES DECORATED
BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

[1771—1781.]

To present anything approaching to a complete list of the ceilings, friezes, etc., painted by Angelica during the ten years she undertook this work, would be impossible. In the constant changes which occur in a large city, many of the houses have disappeared, others have fallen into decay, while some, during the benighted period which set in about 1830, and which may be termed the Dark Ages, were deliberately spoiled, by their owners, who were genuine iconoclasts so far as art was in question. The fact that Angelica painted these ceilings, not on wood, but on canvas or foolscap which was afterwards put up, made the work easy to remove, and also more liable to the influence of damp or neglect, and in this manner much of her décoration has been lost.

To find out the names of the original owners of the houses she decorated has been a task of some difficulty. Great help has been given by those who possess such houses, either by right of succession or by purchase, and the result has been fairly successful.

I have to thank, in a special manner, for their kind help, Viscount Portman, Dowager Lady Watkin Williams-Wynn, the Lady Constance Leslie, Mr. R. F. Sketchley, of the South Kensington Museum, Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., Mr. Wright of the Adelphi, and Mr. Müntzer of Dover Street.

I.

THE ADELPHI.

This interesting and now beautiful part of the Strand takes its name from four brothers, Robert, John, James and William Adam, who, in 1765, obtained the lease of the land from Sir Thomas Maupasson for ninety-nine years, and called it the Adelphi, Greek for brothers. Robert and James were architects of repute and men of genius. William, in company with Clérisseau, the French artist, and Antonio Zucchi, then a young draughtsman, undertook a journey to Dalmatia, in order that he might perfect himself in the best types of Ancient Art. The result can be seen in the magnificent designs of the houses he built and the exquisite finish of his curves, friezes, panels, etc.

Being natives of Scotland, the brothers Adam were patronized largely by Lord Bute. For this statesman they built Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, Luton House, Bedfordshire, and Caen House, Hampstead. Their nationality, together with their enjoyment of the favour of the unpopular minister, made them disliked, and when in 1771, in building the Adelphi, they encroached

too far on the rights of the citizens, the inhabitants applied to Parliament for protection, but did not get it. This increased their annoyance. Squibs were freely circulated at the expense of the brothers :—

“ ‘ Four Scotchmen, by the name of Adams,
Who keep their coaches and their madams,
Quoth John in sulky mood to Thomas,
‘ Have stole the very river from us ! ’ ”

The Adelphi is a standing memorial of the master hand that designed and built it. Walking through Adam Street and the adjacent streets, anyone with an eye for architectural beauty must be struck with the exquisite symmetry of the designs—notably in Mr. Attenborough’s offices—the architraves of the doors of the houses in John Street, and the elegance of the terrace itself, upon which immense care had been bestowed. Most of the ceilings in the principal rooms were decorated by Zucchi,¹ and more than one was the work of Angelica. The chimney-pieces were handsomely carved, and the shutters, doors and skirtings had all carved mouldings of very elegant design. Much of this still remains, although the houses suffered considerably through the vicissitudes through which they passed. The speculation of the brothers turned out a failure, the expense of the building and of the arches that were necessary for the foundation

¹ Zucchi was an old friend of the Adam Brothers, and had come to London on their invitation. It was he who probably introduced Angelica to the decorative business. Zucchi decorated Caen Wood, Osterley Park, Luton House, Buckingham House, Sion House, and others. In the architectural works of the Brothers Adam no mention is made of any other decorator *but Zucchi*. There is, however, no doubt that he was assisted by Angelica, her father, Cipriani, and others.

was not recouped, owing to the difficulty of finding tenants rich enough to pay sufficiently high rents. The houses remained unlet, and gradually fell out of repair. The property was heavily mortgaged, and, as time went on, came into the hands of the principal mortgagee, Mr. Drummond, to whom it now belongs. In 1872 the houses subsided, and the attention of the authorities being called to their dangerous state, an order was made to compel immediate repair. They are now in excellent order and all occupied, but in many of them the decorations had to be removed, as the damp and rain coming through the roofs had completely obliterated them.¹ This happened to the ceiling in No. 6, now occupied by the Savage Club. There are decorations to be seen at :—

No. 1*a*, formerly the residence of the Bishop of Durham, afterwards the home of the Junior Garrick Club, and now belonging to the Christian Police Association. Here the ceiling is good, but the paintings, half-moons in shape, nine in number, representing flying Cupids and Nymphs, are very poor. They are said to be by Angelica, but have great traces of John Joseph.

No. 5, which bears the well-known medallion, to "David Garrick," now belongs to the Institution of Naval Architects, and has a very good ceiling with a medallion in the centre and several small ovals. These are said to be the work of Angelica,² and probably some of them are, as she had such a close friendship with Garrick and

¹ Much information about the terrace was kindly given by Mr. Wright, agent to the estate.

² In "Old and New London" it is distinctly stated that Garrick's house was decorated by Antonio Zucchi.

his wife. The subject of the centre medallion is "Venus attired by the Graces." It is very highly coloured.¹

At No. 6, now the home of the Savage Club,² underneath the whitewash there was discovered a painted ceiling, said to be by Angelica. It fell to pieces in removing.

At No. 4, now the residence of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, there is a perfect gem of a ceiling, and the work is distinctly Angelica's. It is soft and lovely, and, if restored, has been most judiciously done. The subject is one often repeated by her—"Agläia, one of the Graces, bound to a tree by Cupid." There are fifteen small ovals. Mr. Carte may consider himself very fortunate in possessing such a piece of work.³

On the other side of the Police Association, in the Adelphi Hotel, there is a ceiling with three plaques; the paintings require cleaning to enable one to discern the subjects. The ceiling has been divided. It is probable that in its first condition this house, and the one formerly occupied by the Junior Garrick, were one, and may have been the residence of the brothers, which is the tradition. On the other hand, it would seem unlikely that those artistic minds would have such inferior work.

No. 9, John Street, Adelphi.⁴ Antonio Zucchi's

¹ In all decorative work which has been restored, it is hard to distinguish the original colouring, and this applies especially to Angelica's work, which was too delicate to bear the presence of certain mediums and varnishes.

² No. 7 also belongs to the club.

³ Henderson, the husband of George Keate's daughter, had a house in Adelphi Terrace; Mrs. Henderson was a friend of Angelica's.

⁴ Now occupied by different professional gentlemen. The ceiling is in the possession of Messrs. Perry & Reid. Zucchi got 90*l.* a year for this house.

house, which he bequeathed to his nephews. A good house with a good deal of Adam's work on the staircase and doors; one of the rooms has a nice ceiling let in with faint blue here and there, and a medallion with three figures in the centre. The figures are of Grecian pattern in stucco, and are probably the work of Bonomi. They are well designed. There is a tradition that Angelica painted some decorations for Zucchi's house. If this ceiling represents her labour of love, it did not cost her much trouble.

Just opposite Zucchi's house in John Street is the home of the Society of Arts, who removed from the Strand to the Adelphi in 1774.

After the failure of the proposal to decorate St. Paul's, it was suggested that the principal artists of the Royal Academy should be invited to contribute each a painting to decorate the Great Room of meeting, or Council Chamber of the Society. Reynolds, Cipriani, West, Dance, Barry, and Angelica Kauffmann were named. The idea, however, fell to the ground; but three years later (in 1777) Barry offered to decorate single-handed the Great Room. He had sixteen shillings in his pocket when he made the offer. He accomplished his work, and anyone visiting the Society's rooms can see his six enormous canvases.

II.

22, PORTMAN SQUARE, THE RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

This noble mansion, designed by James Stuart and Bonomi, built by the brothers Adam, and decorated by

Angelica, Zucchi, and Cipriani, in which Mrs. Montagu, *née* Robinson, lived, was the wonder of the day. Miss Burney, in her pleasant Diary, tells us how that lady, of whom the clever little authoress stood considerably in awe, invited the Streatham party to come and see her new house, where Angelica was at work.

Horace Walpole, who disliked the Montagu and her blue-stocking friends, writing to Sir Horace Mann, says, "On Monday with the Harcourts at Mrs. Montagu's new palace, and was much surprised. Instead of vagaries, it is a noble, simple edifice. It is grand, not tawdry, nor larded and embroidered and pomponned with shreds and remnants, and *clinquant* like all the harlequinades of Adam, which never let the eye repose a moment."¹

That there is wonderful harmony and a dignified repose in Montagu House is certain; but a lack of gilding¹ is not its predominant feature: on the contrary, its gilded walls and ceilings have always been famous. We must therefore conclude the critic of Strawberry Hill visited it before it had received all its trappings; neither does he make any mention of the Feather Room, to which Mrs. Montagu's friends in all countries contributed. Cowper alludes to this eccentric chamber in the well-known lines:—

"The birds put off their every hue
To dress a room for Montague."

After a time the congregation of moths became so numerous, that the gay plumage had to be stripped from the walls.

¹ He also says, "Dined at Mrs. Montagu's. When I came home I recollected that though I had thought it so magnificent a house, there was not a morsel of gilding." This was in 1782.

Lord Portman, upon whose property the house was built, has lately made Montagu House his residence, and the improvements introduced by him are most judicious, including the portico, which looks as if it had formed part and parcel of the original house.

Inside it is purely Georgian, the medallions and entablatures being thoroughly Adamesque, if we may so call them. The ball-room, a superb room, has a highly decorated ceiling with three large oval paintings representing Olympus. The subject of the centre is Venus borrowing the Cestus of Juno. The friezes round the room, which are in stucco, reproduce Venus in her chariot drawn by Cupids. Lord Portman does not count the ceiling as the work of Angelica. "The paintings in the reception-room," he says, writing to the compiler, "are by Angelica Kauffmann. Most of the decorations in the ball-room on the ceiling are by Bonomi,¹ date 1791." If we accept the date as correct, there can be no doubt that they could not be Angelica's work, as she was then no longer living in England; in addition to which there is a certain Italian touch and brightness of the colouring unlike her. At the same time, we have Miss Burney's testimony that Angelica was decorating the house in 1781,

¹ Joseph Bonomi, A.R.A., while studying architecture at Rome, where he was born, was induced by the brothers Adam to leave Rome and come to London, which he did in 1767, when he was about twenty-eight years of age. He remained for a considerable time in the employment of the Adams. He married Rosa Florini, a cousin of Angelica Kauffmann, and had a family of ten children. The Spanish Chapel and Montagu House in London are from his designs; also Eastwell House, in Kent, once the residence of the Duke of Edinburgh; Roseneath, on the Clyde, a mansion belonging to the Duke of Argyll, and other well-known country seats. He died in his house in Great Titchfield Street on the 9th March, 1808. His wife lived till June, 1812.

and, moreover, it is certain that Bonomi was no colourist, but an architect and able draughtsman. It is probable, taking into account Walpole's remarks, that the gilding was an addition, and that at the same time some portions of the ceiling may have been painted by Cipriani,¹ which would account for the Italian colouring, which is very unlike Angelica's. There is a fine marble chimney-piece in this room, and the skirtings are all of the purest Italian marble.²

In the reception-room there are six "sopra-portas" by Angelica on each side of the wall, matching exactly in shape a large one in the middle and a smaller on each side. The subjects are taken from Shakespeare's plays, especially "King Lear." One is Cordelia's corpse carried on a bier—a good picture. The others are somewhat poor, and it is a pity they should be framed, as it spoils the effect; particularly on the side of the room where the door is they would look better let into the wall as panels.

III.

II, STRATFORD PLACE, SIR JOHN LESLIE'S HOUSE.

Few persons hurrying along the busy thoroughfare of Oxford Street have leisure to give more than a passing glance at this old-fashioned place, standing back, as

¹ Cipriani, the intimate friend of Bartolozzi, whose fellow-countryman he was. They were like twin brothers. Cipriani was remarkable for the elegance of his groups and the grace of his contours.

² Since writing the above I have been informed by Mr. Goldie that the Baron de Cosson, connected with his family by marriage, has in his possession Angelica's *original drawings* for Montagu House.—*F.G.*

it were, with the quiet dignity of age, from the bustle and tumult of the new world which now surrounds it, and which is out of tune with its past.

Stratford Place was built in 1771 by the Brothers Adam, and Stratford House, with its noble frontage, was the residence of an Irish peer, O'Neale Stratford, Earl of Aldborough.¹ The viscount was a *dilettante* nobleman of the Charlemont and Powerscourt type, the viscountess being quite as eccentric as her contemporary, Lady Burlington, with the result that the extravagances of both husband and wife left a legacy of debt to the heirs, which necessitated parting with Stratford House, while the old family residence near Dublin was first converted into barracks, and has now sunk into a lodging house of the most ruinous description.²

Sir John Leslie, of Glasslough, is the present owner of Stratford House, and in his hands the beauties contained in it are well cared for. There is a fine staircase with the Adam cornices and ornamentations. The ceilings are in Angelica's best manner. In the Cupid drawing-room, "the Paphian Boy" is to be seen in every mood and shape, truly painted by the "pencil of fascination." In the dining-room we find another ceiling with the subject so well known, and which Angelica so much liked, that of Aglæia bound by Cupid and the Nymphs to a laurel tree.

There are other houses of interest in Stratford Place. Cosway, the miniature painter, removed in 1792 from Pall

¹ Hence the name Stratford Place.

² It is a most weird-looking old house, degradation written upon its neglected walls. But up to a recent date it contained some fine chimney-pieces by Wedgwood, and carvings, which have since been sold to English dealers.

Mall to the corner house, No. 1. It may be known by the lion on the top. Hardly was he established, when a pasquinade, attributed to the malicious Peter Pindar, was affixed outside :—

“ When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
 ’Tis usual a monkey the signpost to tie on;
 But here the old custom reversèd is seen,
 For the lion’s without and the monkey’s within.”¹

Cosway, who was as sensitive as he was vain, was so annoyed at this sorry jest, that he moved to the opposite side (No. 20), and there he lived until his death. It has been always said that in his house there was a beautiful ceiling by Angelica Kauffmann; but this seems improbable, as in 1792 she had been living many years in Rome. She may have painted one for him either in his house in Pall Mall or Berkeley Street.

IV.

SOHO SQUARE, LORD FAUCONBERG’S HOUSE.

(*Now a portion of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell’s Warehouse.*)

One of the charms of London is the quaint little squares set apart in the midst of the busy capital, and reminding one in their quietude and almost desolation of some grey, joyless lives, which have no share in what is going on around them. Silent as it now is, Soho Square was in Angelica’s day a centre of gaiety and dissipation,

¹ Since this was written No. 1 has been pulled down to make way for the new buildings of a bank.

for here lived Mrs. Cornelys, called in her time "the Heidegger of the age." To her and her notorious rooms was attributable the ruin of many a promising youth and maiden.

Another celebrated place of fashionable dissipation was the "White House," situated on the opposite side of the Square to Mrs. Cornelys, where Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's premises now stand. The White House was frequented by such well-known personages as the Marquis of Queensberry, familiarly called "Old Q," the Marquis of Hertford, and the Prince of Wales. The different apartments were known as the silver, the bronze, and the gold rooms, the painted chamber and the grotto.

Next door to this White House was the residence of Lord Fauconberg. It is now incorporated with Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's buildings, and in it the sale of their productions is carried on. In one of the upper rooms a painted ceiling was found in a dilapidated and neglected condition. It fortunately fell into the hands of the head of the firm, who, finding it was painted on canvas, had it carefully removed, restored, and conveyed to his own residence, The Cedars, near Pinner. The four ovals of the ceiling have been framed, and hang in the hall as pictures. There is a slight coarseness about them, for as a natural consequence, work intended to be seen from a distance is never so highly finished. There is Cupid and the nymph Euphrosyne, Angelica and Urania with the Celestial Globe, and a large oval of nymphs with garlands, which is far the best both in design and colour. The grouping is both graceful and effective.

V.

12, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LORD WYNFORD'S HOUSE.

This house has changed hands several times. It belonged to Miss Charlotte Grenville, daughter to George Grenville, the Minister, and wife to Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, who was the friend of Garrick, and of Sir Joshua, by whom the lady was twice painted. Her son gave her 12, Grosvenor Square as her dower house, as she did not like St. James's Square.¹ Lord Lytton lived here for some years before his death. The author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" seems to have shared the opinion of Horace Walpole as to the "Adam harlequinades," for he had the elegant mouldings, friezes, and cornices all disguised in dull Pompeian colours, one room being called the Pompeian room. After Lord Lytton's death, about twenty years ago, the present owner bought it, and with commendable good taste abolished the relics of Herculaneum and restored the Georgian character of the house. There is, however, a superabundance of gilding. Fortunately each reformer spared Angelica's ceilings, which are exquisite in the softness of their colour and delicacy of treatment. The large ovals represent in the front drawing-room, Venus attired by the Graces, in the back room, Apollo playing the lyre to his companions; while the smaller ovals, charming little gems, display the most enchanting Cupids and graceful Nymphs.

In an inner room on the same floor there are two "sopra-

¹ See page 416.

portas," also by our artist, as fresh as if done yesterday, in which the favourite Chariot of Venus reappears, drawn by the most enticing Cupids.

There is also an allegorical picture by Angelica of herself as Sappho.

VI.

39, BERKELEY SQUARE.

This house, which has recently been sold by Lord Downe to Mrs. Hartmann, is a thoroughly sound specimen of the Georgian era. It was built by Adam, and some of his best work is here. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the ornamentation on the friezes, enriched with motley masks and strange devices of all kinds, and the well-known Adams' "Fillings," as they are called. So too with the ceilings, two of which are octagon in shape and wonderful in elegance of design and ornament. Doors, mouldings, cornices likewise, are in excellent taste and are made for use as well as for ornament.

Like most houses of the last century, 39 has had its vicissitudes. In the "dark ages" the hand of the spoiler was busy destroying all of beauty, and replacing it by the tasteless improvements then in fashion. In this way the elegant mouldings were disfigured by coat upon coat of paint, until the original design became utterly lost,¹

¹ This painting over of ornamentations was very common from 1830, at which period the "dark ages" began. In this instance the

while other malpractices were used in regard to friezes and ceilings. No. 39 has now, however, come into good hands, and the work of restoration will be complete. It is somewhat to be regretted that in the beautifully panelled library, or reception-room, the old style is to be replaced by a Louis XVI. decoration. The white octagon morning-room and the octagon drawing-room are specially noticeable; the first has a pure Adam ceiling, beautiful in its design; the second is a splendid piece of work, the panels (ovals) being painted by Angelica most exquisitely. They are soft in colour, graceful and harmonious in grouping, and excellently restored. The centre oval (through which some Goth had run a gas-pipe !) represents the nymph Euphrosyne disarming Cupid; the smaller ovals, which are interspersed between the ornamentation of the ceiling, display a series of Nymphs and Cupids: the whole thing is a feast to the eye as a work of art.

The chimney-pieces cannot be passed over without a word of admiration. They are the work of Wedgwood with all his elegance of shape and design, and with the coloured flutings which are his characteristic.

This house when finished will be a rare treat to those who understand and reverence such relics of the days when art was present in every curve, cornice and mould-

wood has had to be scraped and pickled down to get at the original design, which was concealed by layers of paint. It is a fact that in many houses of the Georgian era the beautiful Adam doors have been taken off and thrown into a stable, and the Wedgwood chimney-pieces replaced by marble or velvet-covered mantel-boards. So, too, with old panellings and surbases; and in many instances ceilings have been painted over or gilt, and gas-pipes run through the centre plaques.

ing, and when the *true* principle was observed of making everything for use as well as for ornament. That principle is now utterly neglected. Hence the reproductions of the Adam or Inigo Jones ornamentations are failures.

VII.

THE ARTS CLUB, HANOVER SQUARE.

Hanover Square and its neighbourhood forms an interesting region peopled by many recollections, as of the old Hanover Square rooms, once the great musical centre, where Bach led the orchestra and George III. loved to come and listen. Fashionable concerts were given even so lately as ten or fifteen years ago, although the rooms were then getting into the sear and yellow condition, and marked down for sale.¹ Opposite to the Hanover Square rooms is the Arts Club, established in 1873. The house is an old one; there is a good deal of panelling, and a general air of having a history, but so far what its story is has not been ascertained. The Square is out of fashion, and its fine houses are mostly clubs, or inhabited by professional men; but in Angelica's day, several of the nobility lived there. At 23 her first royal patroness, the Duchess of Brunswick, lived for many years, and died there. In the Arts Club we find two ceilings, one painted by Angelica is an oval representing "Aurora"

¹ The old house has been converted into a club. No 15, George Street, Hanover Square (now occupied by the eminent physician Dr. Kidd), a house of the Georgian era, has a panel let in over the mantel-piece, which has very much the mark of Zucchi's painting. There is, however, no definite information concerning it.

after Guido.¹ It is well painted, the colouring good. In the other room, which is a very delightful library, or reading-room, the ceiling is an olla podrida of styles and hands, in which anyone conversant with John Joseph can recognize his touch. Zucchi is also present, and if Angelica did have a share, and doubtless she had, it must be said she is not much better than the others. Still, the effect is good: the varnish is high, and the whole performance forcibly recalls an old art, once much practised, of transferring prints to tables, etc., which is now utterly forgotten, but which can be still seen in some old houses of the last century.

VIII.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, 23, ARLINGTON STREET.

When this fine old house was taken down some few years ago, it was stated that the drawing-room ceiling had been whitened over *to conceal* a painting by Angelica, and that the owner, Lord Walsingham, finding it was on canvas, had it carefully removed.²

IX.

DOWAGER LADY FREAKE, 30, CRANLEY GARDENS.

Lady Freake is well known as a collector of pictures and rare engravings. Her four Angelicas are exception-

¹ This subject was evidently the inspiration of Angelica's picture of Venus drawn in her Chariot by Cupids, which had a great success, and was engraved both by Marcuard and Rose Lenoir.

² Lord Walsingham, writing to Miss E. Vernon Harcourt, states that he never heard of the ceiling, but that a very coarse and badly painted frieze was taken down.

ally good. They formed part of the decorations of the Earl of Derby's house¹ in Grosvenor Square. Two were certainly "sopra portas" from their shape. These are "Cupid and Aglæia," and "Cupid's Pastime." The others are nymphs carrying garlands; and Venus on a couch counselling Helen, to fly with Paris, whom Cupid leads by the hand into the room.

X.

NO. 20, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, THE DOWAGER LADY WILLIAMS-WYNN'S HOUSE.

There are many reminiscences called up when we enter the precincts of this stately square, with its grand ducal mansions representing the houses of Norfolk, Marlborough, Cleveland. Here, round and round through the long hours (fortunately) of a summer's night, walked Johnson and Savage, both homeless and hungry, but by no means depressed. In connection with the Square, Johnson was fond of repeating the following lines:—

“When the Duke of Leeds shall married be
To a fine young lady of high quality,
How happy will that gentlewoman be
In his Grace of Leeds' good company!
She shall have all that's fine and fair,
And the best of silk and satin shall wear,
And ride in a coach to take the air,
And have a house in St. James's Square.”

¹ Lord Derby's house was one of the most beautifully decorated houses in London; the ornaments of the pedestals, circles, and panels of doors were all of the highest class of decoration. It is minutely described in the architectural works of Adam, to the furniture in Lady Derby's dressing-room.

Here, too, on another June night, when a ball was going on at Mrs. Boehm's, came rushing up at tearing speed Major Percy, with the news of the battle of Waterloo. What a scene was there ! how the ball was interrupted—how Major Percy told his tale—what grief and distraction it brought to many who had been laughing only a moment before. It was a dearly-bought victory to these. Mrs. Boehm's house was on the south side, so was Lord Radnor's, elegantly decorated by the French artist, Laguerre.

The Dowager Lady Williams-Wynn's house is one of the finest specimens of Adam's work in London. Every cornice and curve has its use, each medallion is elegant in design, all the ornamentations and mouldings are graceful and to the purpose. The house was built in 1771. The same year Sir Watkin W. Wynn married Miss Charlotte Grenville. He spared no expense in making No. 20 beautiful. The ceiling of the dining-room,¹ which is altogether Adam in design,² is enlivened by ovals painted on *foolscap paper* by Angelica,³ and allegorical in subjects. The centre one represents the story of Alexander resigning his mistress Campaspe to Apelles. It is very beautiful, being soft in colour and the design good. The smaller ovals represent some of the fine arts. There are about fifteen. The sopra-porta represents a sacrifice to the God Pan.

¹ The dining-room was originally the music-room, and here the splendid organ used to stand ; this has been removed to the family seat in the country.

² The height of the Adam ceilings was, as a rule, very favourable to Angelica's work, as the distance at which the spectator is conceals any deficiency in the outlines. Sir Watkin was a strong admirer of the Adam brothers. He went so far as to melt down some Queen Anne plate and have it re-made after their designs.

³ This was discovered when the ceiling had to be repaired.

In a smaller room on the same floor there is a delicious ceiling painted in monochrome attributed to Cipriani. This room is full of objects of art, old miniatures, china, etc., and in the adjoining room, used as Lady Wynn's bedroom, there is a dressing-table service of old plate of the quaintest pattern.¹

We now go up the fine staircase, and passing through the spacious vestibule (Adam never stinted space on landings), we enter the large drawing-room, or ball-room, where the splendour of the carved ceiling and the character of the decoration takes one's breath away. Every portion of its spacious arches is covered with ornamentation in different styles, but all blending harmoniously. To do it justice by description is impossible, and even a photograph would give little idea of its beauty. There are six panels, allegorical subjects, long, not oval in shape; the remaining spaces being filled in with Egyptian scrolls and quaint devices.

Mr. Müntzer, of Dover Street, has recently restored the ceiling and re-papered this room in excellent taste. He was able to make a close inspection of the work, and says that it is evidently by different hands, the panels being far superior to the scrolls, figures and ornamentations. Most probably Zucchi and John Joseph assisted Angelica. The panels present many of her favourite subjects, The Chariot of

¹ In the library there is a large portrait by Dance of Garrick as Richard III. When the painter became Sir Nathaniel Dance-Holland he offered one thousand pounds to have it back! The ornamentation of this room is in the shape of fans at each corner of the ceiling: the centre medallion represents Sappho discoursing with Homer; the other medallions, four in number, represent Angelica listening to the Muse, Composition, Design, and Invention.

Venus, Diana and nymphs preparing to hunt. There are two which it does not appear she ever treated before, one is of Aphrodite rising from the sea; and from this circumstance and the peculiar colour of the blue backgrounds, might be formed the conclusion that Cipriani, who often worked for Adam, had some hand in the ceiling.¹

In this room the panels of the doors (which are of singular beauty) are also painted. This work, which unfortunately is so close to the eye, is most unworthy of its surroundings. It is certainly not by Angelica, Cipriani,² or even Zucchi; or if it were originally done by either of these artists, it had got blurred, and in the effort to restore it has been altogether defaced, especially the nymphs, who hang their limbs in a purposeless sort of manner. The chimney-piece of white marble is splendid, the centre being from a design of Angelica's.

It is pleasant to think this fine old house is so valued by its owner, and kept in excellent preservation.

XI.

CAMBRIDGE HOUSE, REGENT'S PARK. MR. WALTER
GILBEY'S HOUSE.

Here there are two beautiful chimney-pieces, the frontispieces painted by Angelica. The one in the second

¹ The smaller ovals round the room are distinctly Cipriani's, and there is little doubt he likewise painted the three panels on the ceiling.

² On a second visit to No. 20 I find the doors much improved; they have been carefully touched. The defacement of the original work was due to some country artist who was employed in the restoration many years ago. He also meddled with the backgrounds of the panels on the ceiling, introducing colours which have turned almost black. The design of this ceiling resembles Adam's design for Carlton House.—*See Adams' "Works in Architecture."*

drawing-room is the best ; it represents Fortitude and the lion. Fortitude is a portrait of the artist. Mr. Gilbey has also a most interesting relic, a clavichord, the plaques of which are admirably painted by Angelica.

Some of the pieces of furniture supposed to be painted by either Angelica, Cipriani, or Cosway, are simply modern work, as is often the case with the so-called Sheraton and Chippendale furniture, of which there is said to be a large manufacture in this country.¹ Some people, however, are fortunate enough in possessing the real thing, and Mr. Gilbey's clavichord is a genuine antique.

Lord Portarlington possesses at Emo Park a table painted by Angelica for his ancestor, Lord Milton. Lord Spencer has a cabinet. For the Empress Catherine of Russia she painted a harpsichord.

XII.

OSTERLEY PARK, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF JERSEY, NEAR BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Decorated principally by Zucchi in 1781, assisted by Angelica, and probably by her father.

Waagen says one apartment was entirely embellished by him, and in another room the frieze was the work of Angelica.

Taylor² says, "The chamber decorations at Osterley

¹ Mr. Phillips, of Bond Street, says that hardly a week passes without pieces of furniture being brought to him for sale, supposed to be painted by some of the well-known artists of the last century ; Angelica being the favourite, probably because she was the more easily imitated.

² "Records of a Life."

are very inferior art. A series of views in Tempera. Another apartment of this great house was decorated in body colour by Angelica Kauffmann.”

XIII.

LUTON HOUSE, OR LUTON HOO.¹

Rebuilt by the brothers Adam for Lord Bute, and partially burned down in 1843. It was decorated by Zucchi and Angelica. There still remains a chimney-piece of her design from the *Tempest*—Ferdinand and Miranda.

XIV.

BELVEDERE, KENT, FORMERLY THE SEAT OF SIR
CULLING EARDLEY, BART.

Waagen says the dining-room at Belvedere is decorated with thirteen pictures by Angelica Kauffmann, let into the walls, which, by their pleasing composition and cheerful colouring, have an agreeable effect. They were painted for Lord Eardley; and also the portrait of Lady Eardley, now in possession of Sir T. Blomefield,² one of her most charming and dignified portraits.

XV.

At a house in Liverpool a ceiling painted by Angelica, subject, Selim addressing the Persian nymphs, was disposed of quite recently by private sale.

¹ Luton Hoo now belongs to Monsieur and Mdme. de Falb .

² See Catalogue, under B.

IRELAND.

Rathfarnham Castle, near Dublin, formerly Lord Ely's, now in the possession of Mr. Blackburne ; Lord Meath's house, now the Church Temporalities, Dublin ; Dr. Mahaffy's house, North Great George's Street, Dublin, have all ceilings and panels painted by Angelica during her visit to Ireland. For description of these, see Chapter VI.

This is all of her work that can be traced in Ireland, but doubtless there was much more which through neglect got injured or was painted over.

A word must be said of Lord James Butler's house, 18, Rutland Square, Dublin, which was built by Lord Farnham in 1774. This date being three years later than Angelica's visit to Dublin, would seem to make the decorations of the ceilings attributed to her impossible ; still it may be that (as she painted her decorations always on either canvas or foolscap) she executed the commission in London and sent it over to Dublin. The centre panel of the ceiling is allegorical, the four side panels are round, and represent the Seasons.

Lord James, who is a virtuoso, has likewise some beautiful cabinets, the *undoubted* work of Angelica. They were originally intended for the panels of sedan chairs, and are highly decorated ; one cabinet has yellow panels with artistic arabesques, the other cupids, most gracefully and prettily drawn.

NOSTELL PRIORY, THE SEAT OF LORD ST. OSWALD.

Nostell Priory, the residence of Lord St. Oswald, is situated between Wakefield and Normanton. An

admirable series of article in the *Athenæum* of 1880 deals exhaustively with the delightful old place and its wealth of pictures, including the Sir Thomas More, by Holbein, over which so much discussion took place. There is an unusually large proportion of good pictures at the Priory. Poussin, Claude, Paul Veronese, Titian, are all represented. Likewise Angelica comes in for a full share—not that the writer of the articles in question has much to say in *her* favour. He speaks somewhat contemptuously of her “gentle art,” at the same time acknowledging her uniform gracefulness and elegance.

There is a vast amount of decoration at the Priory. Three rooms with about thirty paintings, panels, ceilings, etc. Most of these are attributed to Angelica, but this is not, I fancy, the fact. The greater portion was the work of Zucchi, who was sent down to the Priory by the brothers Adam, who were largely patronized by Sir Rowland Winn, who was then the owner of Nostell. He was engaged on different works of decoration from 1767, and was paid in sums varying from 100*l.* to over 600*l.*¹ He executed four large pictures of ruins about six feet high, in which, it is said, he was helped by Angelica. This may be the case. Zucchi’s letter,² however, to Sir Rowland Winn, which will be found on page 172, proves that up to 1780 she was unacquainted with Sir Rowland. No doubt after this and previous to her marriage she *did* go to Nostell, for we are told that she was a great favourite with the baronet and his family, and constantly stayed at the Priory. Some of her work is there, and

¹ Lord St. Oswald has the receipts signed by Zucchi. The last in 1780.

² Sent to the writer by the late Lord St. Oswald.

as fresh as the day it was done. There are six small pictures by her, the subjects would seem to be her favourite shepherds and shepherdesses dancing. There is the usual background of trees ; also the round or oval panels in the ceilings are repeated with her usual variety of cupids, all in excellent condition.

DEVONSHIRE PLACE HOUSE, MARYLEBONE ROAD,
THE RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH PYKE, ESQ.

In the days when Angelica lived in Golden Square, there lay a dreary waste between where Cavendish Square now stands and the village of Marylebone, sometimes called Harley Fields. In 1772 the now populous thoroughfare of Duke Street was not built, and Marylebone itself was considered the country. Mr. Smith, in his "Rainy Day," tells his readers that it was inhabited by families of distinction, who kept their coaches. The old Manor House, built it is said, by Inigo Jones, which was well known as Mr. Fountaine's Academy, stood on the same side of the road as the house which we are about to visit, facing the Marylebone Church, in High Street, where Byron and many notables were christened, amongst them Nelson's daughter Horatia. Devonshire Place House is a good specimen of the Adam brothers ; it is substantial and yet elegant. It stands in a sort of courtyard, with a fine garden at the back. Inside there is a quaint circular hall with a mosaic pavement and a narrow corridor leading to the reception rooms, all on the ground floor. Here we have the fine old mahogany doors of the last century, enriched with rare entablatures of ornamental brass, curious of device.

The rooms are not large, and somewhat low, but there are many of them, and they open one into another. The ceilings, which were in a bad state when Mr. Pyke took the house, have been restored. There is no definite idea as to who painted them, but they have a decided similitude to Angelica's style, especially the one in the drawing-room, which presents the well-known Chariot of Venus. The old house, which, it is said, belonged to the Devonshire family, has fallen into good hands. Mr. Pyke is a virtuoso, and his collection of paintings, china, and curios is delightful to those who enjoy such things. Amongst other relics of bygone times, he possesses a quaint Chippendale stand containing the *necessaire de toilette* of a lady of fashion; small jug and basin in delicate china, and a drawer where the cosmetics were kept handy for use. In the matter of paintings, we have a small gallery to look at: amongst them four of Smirke's Shakespearian pieces. All indeed are excellent. There are five of Angelica's, for whose pictures Mr. Pyke had, when a boy, conceived an almost romantic affection, from looking at prints from her works in his father's house. His present collection came from the Rushout sale. Nathan and David, Jeroboam's wife listening to the Prophet Ahijah, as also the Temple of Guidus, hang in the dining-room. In the drawing-room we find over the doors two more Angelicas, beautiful specimens, painted during her stay in Rome, for her good patron, Mr. Bowles. The colouring is soft, and the pictures most Kauffmannesque. One is "The Nymph Egeria advising Numa Pompilius;" the other "Venus chiding Ganymede." In both the female figure is perhaps somewhat too tall for the picture, but this defect is lost

sight of in the general effect. They are quite in keeping with the interesting old house and its artistic contents, amongst which we must not omit to mention Thorwaldsen's "Calypso." This lovely statue Mr. Pyke has placed in a home of its own, carefully curtained from the eyes of the profane. It was specially built for the purpose, and here on special occasions, with light artistically let in from the top, Thorwaldsen's masterpiece smiles softly upon her admirers.

Also decorations for the houses of the Dowager Countess Home, and the Earl of Bathurst.

Some house in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, is said to be decorated by Angelica Kauffmann, but no accurate information has been received by compiler.

20, PORTMAN SQUARE, 'THE RESIDENCE OF THE
MISSES GOLDSMID.

Here is a splendid mansion in the very best style of the brothers Adam, with their train of skilled statuaries, decorators, and workmen. It was built for the Duke of Newcastle, who, with the reckless magnificence of the noblemen of his time, spared no expense in the fitting up of this fine house. When we come to reflect upon these men, who played such a part in the history of the four Georges, we can find much to admire. These fine gentlemen of loose morals and extravagant habits had some grand qualities; they were brave men, splendid statesmen, generous patrons of art; and if they squandered their fortunes, they at least left to us of this generation memorials of good taste and artistic instincts.

No. 20 stands upon the same side of the square as Lord Portman's fine house ; its portico and pillars distinguish it from its neighbours, which are not so pretentious, and it has a grave and dignified air, as befitting the residence of so exalted a personage as Henry Duke of Newcastle.¹ The Duke had come recently to his strawberry leaves when he built this mansion. He had inherited it and a large fortune, and was a man distinguished for his fine taste, and for other matters not quite so creditable to his memory. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was said to have been much attached to him, but her heart went out to a great many people. Perhaps the finest staircase ever built by the Adams is here ; it is truly magnificent, elegant in its proportions, and Grecian in design. The broad stairs in front, the double flight on each side, the circular light from the top, give it an imposing character, which is added to by the niches in the wall holding large statues, life-size. These niches are surmounted by oval panels of Wedgwood's elegant designs, on a pale blue background, the effect being most harmonious. As one looks at this grand staircase the imagination peoples it with the forms of those who in their day often trod these steps. In the morning the hangers-on of my lord Duke, intent on getting places or money from him, the poor men of

¹ Henry, Earl of Lincoln, married Catharine Pelham, daughter and heiress to Pelham, the minister. The Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyme was her uncle ; the dukedom descended to the Earls of Lincoln. The previous dukes had lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, corner of Queen Street. Portman Square was in the last century a very aristocratic residence. The Duke of Hamilton lived at No. 12, and nearly every house was occupied by a noble family. It still keeps up its prestige, the size of the houses making it obligatory that they should be rented by persons of wealth and position.

letters, the needy artists, and so forth. Later on would come her Grace's visitors, descending from their coaches and sedan chairs. We see them ascending and descending in their hoods, the sweet saucy beauties of that day, all patches and powder, hoops and brocades; Horace Walpole paying his court as he conducts the Countess of Upper Ossory; and the Duke himself, leading sprightly, witty Lady Mary Wortley, who is retailing a somewhat risky story. Ah! they are gone, and the staircase is empty. Let us look at the reception rooms.

On the first floor there are three fine spacious apartments: the morning-room, dining-room, and library, which is connected with the latter by a closet, possibly the "powder" closet. The doors are all of mahogany,¹ with the old-fashioned inlaid brass plates. There is a great amount of ornamentation of the best adamesque design, light and beautiful. There is a wealth of decoration all through the house, the drawing-room being likewise highly decorated with the addition of much gilding.

That in this work different hands were employed by the Adams is more distinctly evident here than in the other houses we have been visiting. One room, the dining-room, is attributed to Angelica, and in this only the centre panel of the ceiling; the morning-room is said to be done by Zucchi. The oval over the chimney-piece, however, is by no means in his flat sign-board style: it has traces of Angelica's more harmonious treatment;² so, too, with the

¹ The hall door (or *portes-battant* rather) is likewise of mahogany.

² It is either the original or a copy of her picture "Erminia," engraved by Bartolozzi.

centre panel of this ceiling, which represents her oft-repeated subject "Venus counselling Helen." There are several panels by Cipriani, his lighter backgrounds and soft pleasing touch being easily distinguished. The "Four Seasons" are his work; the chimney-pieces are in keeping with the elegance of the house. They are of beautiful design and execution. One, in particular, in the library calls for special mention: the panel or painting over this is somewhat in Barry's style; but there is no definite certainty as to any of the work beyond the fact that it was done by the usual artists employed by the Adams, Zucchi, Cipriani, and Angelica, with their assistants, whoever they may have been. We may believe with tolerable certainty that Hamilton had a hand in most of the house decorations, and that John Joseph occasionally was employed; but one would like to know more details of the work, which, however, do not appear to exist. Perhaps they may turn up some day, and will be most interesting.¹

Had Robert and James Adam completed the record they commenced of the houses built by them, we should have had a splendid contribution to the history of the last century. The three large volumes they left contain only a part of the work they did; these cause a real regret that they did not finish what they began so well. Strangely enough, the only artist they mention is Antonio Zucchi,²

¹ Two very interesting notices of Somerset House have lately been contributed to the "Journal of British Architects" by Mr. Wyatt Papworth, curator of the Soane Museum, from which I have quoted on page 44.

² Zucchi had been engaged in decorating houses for the Adams from 1767. Angelica did not work for the brothers Adam until after her return from Ireland in 1771, when she, too, entered upon this branch of the profession.

for whose abilities they appear to have much respect, based no doubt on their early friendship, when as young men they travelled together in Italy. Zucchi was no doubt a respectable draughtsman, and probably more submissive as a copyist of the brothers' designs than artists of more imagination. He painted all manner of ornaments, pilasters, circles, panels of doors, etc., for Sion House, and the furniture of Lady Derby's dressing-room.

The Adam style was a profuse use of ornament, perhaps too much so, which may have caused the reaction to the bald, cheerless apartments which distinguished the earlier portion of this century. The introduction of gas had much to do with the painted ceiling going out of fashion; but with the advent of the electric light we may hope for a return of this charming decoration.

An approach has been made in the papered ceilings which are now in use; but they are unsatisfactory, and given to splitting into very unsightly cracks. The Tyncastle designs are mere imitations, but both these are an improvement upon the white-washed ceilings with stucco patterns. The cold unfinished look of the plaster ceiling disfigures every room, however it may otherwise be in good taste, for the reason that to please the eye there must always be harmony in detail: hence the crudeness of the white ceiling offends us, although we may not know that its want of colour is totally out of keeping with the hangings, the pictures, and the decorations on the walls.

MR. EVANS'S CHIMNEY-PIECE, STAMFORD.

It is pleasant to find that at Stamford Angelica has many admirers. Possibly the proximity of Burghley, where so much of her work is to be seen, has to do with this, for it is clearly impossible to admire without having some acquaintance with the object we admire.

In Stamford itself there is also a fine piece of her work, a chimney-piece, which was ordered by a Mr. Robinson over a hundred years ago, and is now the property of Mr. Evans, who, with commendable good taste, has built a room to suit this work of art. The chimney-piece is very high, carved oak, painted white (which would seem a pity). Its front is ornamented with three medallions, that in the middle being large, those at the sides ovals. The medallions by Angelica are painted on copper. The centre represents Una and the Lion, Una being a portrait of Angelica. On each side of this centre there are narrower plaques with a pretty ornamentation of convolvulus. In the right-hand corner the oval shows a girl holding a lamb on her lap; in the left a girl making a garland. The sides of the chimney-piece have trails of the same flower as the panels.

I am indebted to Miss Evans for a charming sketch of the old chimney-piece, which I wish it were in my power to reproduce here.

¹ Erminia again.

SUPPLEMENT TO APPENDIX.

CATALOGUE OF ADDITIONAL PICTURES, PAINTED BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, R.A.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Mr. Barford, Wokingham.	¹ Alexander presenting his mistress Campaspe to Apelles. Circular.	
Mr. Burkitt, 2, York Terrace, Regent's Park.	² Portrait of Angelica as Simplicity with Doves; a charming picture, well-coloured and graceful.	
Mrs. Daniell, 20, Cathcart Road, Kensington.	³ Portraits of Justice and Mrs. Helms. $\frac{3}{4}$ length. The background rather monotonous.	
Dowdeswell Gallery, 160, New Bond Street.	Portrait of herself. With a pencil in her hand; beautiful face, colouring good, altogether an admirable specimen. $\frac{3}{4}$ length.	
Lady Fitzgerald, Merrion Square, Dublin.	Portrait of Angelica. From the collection of Mr. Moloney.	

¹ This picture was sold at the Rushout sale to a commission agent, Engel, for £52. It was resold at Messrs. Christie's, a few years ago, to Mr. Barford.

² This picture belonged to Mr. Burkitt's brother-in-law, Mr. Coward, a well-known collector of pictures in Bath.

³ These portraits were sketched during Angelica's stay in Dublin, 1771.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Mr. Edward Goldie, ¹ 12, Argyll Road, Kensington.	Portrait of Luigi Bonomi, infant son of Joseph Bonomi, A.R.A., and Rosa Bonomi <i>née</i> Florini. A very natural, easy portrait, much in the manner of Sir Joshua.	Bartolozzi.
Harcourt Family. Mrs. Swinnerton- Hughes, 34, Ab- ingdon Villas, Ken- sington.	Sketch in oils of the well-known subject so often treated by Angelica, Achilles at the Court of King Lycomedes, disguised as a Virgin.	
Collection of Mr. Hopkinson, Eccles- ton Square. Sold by Messrs. Christie.	Sketch in oils of "The Academy Model," a drawing of which is in the Payne Knight collection, British Museum.	
	Sketch in oils of a large picture, subject unknown.	
	Countess of Harcourt. Sketch in oils of the large picture of Troilus and Cressida for the Shakespeare Gallery. The colouring is subdued in tone, and the grouping is good. Small cabinet size.	
	1. Nymphs with Cupids. A pair. ² 2. Nymphs with Cupids. Circular. 3. Juno introducing Venus to Mars.	

¹ Mr. Edward Goldie has two interesting water-colour drawings by his great grandfather, Joseph Bonomi, A.R.A. They are the designs for the Townley Gallery, and for the library at Lansdowne House, being the drawings produced on the occasion of the difference between Sir Joshua and some members of the Academy. Mr. Goldie also inherited some handsome diamond ornaments left by Angelica to Rosa Bonomi. These formed part of the present sent to her either by the Queen of Naples or the Emperor, Joseph II. They have been reset, and are very fine diamonds.

² 1. Bought by Jennings.
2. „ Grindley.
3. „ Wilson for £9 9s.
4. „ Dowdesdell for £12 12s.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Collection of Mr. Hopkinson, Eccleston Square. Sold by Messrs. Christie.	4. Mars and Venus. 5. Venus with the armour of Mars. 6. Cupids. Four ovals. 7. Cupids. A pair. Circular. 8. Six Cupids. Circular. 9. Nymphs and Cupid. A pair. 10. Oval panels, classical (in Grisaille). 11. Cupids with lions (in Grisaille).	
Count Koramosky, Austria.	Henry the Fourth, King of France, between Glory and Love. (Subject taken from the "Henriade.") This picture is specially mentioned in Zucchi's MS.	1788.
Rev. H. J. Marshall, Bedford, North Devon.	Portrait of a child with a kitten. ¹	Bartolozzi.
Mr. Alfred Martineau, Fairlight, Hastings. ²	The Angel appearing to Hagar and Ishmael in the desert. 39 × 29. Portrait of Mr. Daniel Braithwaite. Portrait of his daughter, Mrs. Batty. Portrait of Angelica. $\frac{1}{2}$ length. Her palette is in one hand.	Ridley "European Magazine" 1809.
Mrs. Maxwell.	Portrait of a lady and three children. Portrait of a gentleman and children.	
Mr. Messell, Nanym, Crawley, Sussex.	Portrait of Mrs. Bates (Miss Harrod). From the Burghley collection.	

Hopkinson Collection *continued*—

5. Bought by Wilson for £4 16s.
 6. " Grindley for £25 14s. 6d.
 7. " Richardson for £8 8s.

¹ Sold at Messrs. Christie's about 1882 for £60.

² Mr. Martineau is the great grandson of Mr. Daniel Braithwaite, Angelica's friend, and one of the trustees of her marriage settlements.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Mr. George Newnes, M.P., Wildcroft, Putney Heath. Lord Northwick (the 2nd), Thirlestane House, Cheltenham. ¹	Lady in a Turkish dress. Very well coloured, graceful attitude. Cupid drawn by the Graces. Cupid disarmed by the Graces. A pair. ² Cephalus and Procris, ³ with Cupid. Four pictures with mythological subjects. Graces decorating the tomb of Handel. The departure of Hagar. Portrait of herself. Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann. From Prince Poniatowski's collection. Eurydice. ⁴ Cordelia. ⁵ Allegorical subject. Female scattering Flowers over the Tomb of Shakespeare. ⁶ Nymph and Cupid. Allegorical subject. Dido. Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann. Artist unknown, perhaps by Dance. Portrait of Mrs. Pocklington, wife of Roger Pocklington,	Bartolozzi.
Lady Northwick, Northwick Park.		
Mr. Roger Pocklington - Coltman,		

¹ The Thirlestane House sale was an event in the art world ; it lasted eighteen days, and realized £94,000.

² The Cupid pair were bought for £30 17s. 6d. for the Duc d'Aumale, and are at Chantilly.

³ Cephalus and Procris was bought for £64 by Grindley, and the four mythological pictures brought £46. Graces decorating the tomb of Handel, £30 9s. The departure of Hagar, £19. Portrait of herself, £18. Some of these were bought by the late Lord Northwick, and are now at Northwick Park. The portrait by Angelica of the second Lord Northwick is at Burford, Worcestershire (see page 365).

⁴ and ⁵ Bought in 1824 at Messrs. Christie's, from Mr. G. W. Taylor, M.P.

⁶ This picture was painted for Lady Rushout, and the engraving is dedicated to Mrs. Montagu. The companion picture, the Birth of Shakespeare, was also painted for Lady Rushout, and was bequeathed lately to Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. Graves.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Hagnaby Priory, Spilsby, Lincolnshire.	Esq., of Winthorpe, Notts. The lady is painted in white drapery with a red sash round her waist and a yellow scarf on her shoulders. She is leaning against a pedestal surmounted by an urn. There is a background of trees.	
Mr. Joseph Pyke, Devonshire Place House, Marylebone Road.	Ahijah foretelling to Jeroboam's wife the death of her son. I Kings xiv. Nathan and David. Scene from Montesquieu's Temple de Gnidus. Circular.	
Mr. G. J. Rust, The Views, Huntingdon.	Portrait of Miss Margaret Brown ¹ (Mrs Rust). 36×28. Half length, nearly full face; abundant brown hair; left hand raised to head; blue dress; face beautifully finished; drapery rather hard.	
Duke of Rutland, Belvoir Castle.	Maria, from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." Small oval. Eloisa reading Abelard's letter. Small oval. 'Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose, That well-known name awakens all my woes.' The figure is draped in white. She has turned away from the letter and is gazing sadly at a ring upon her finger.	Bartolozzi.
	Girl with garlands. She is seated in a garden upon a red chair; behind her at the extreme left is a curious summer house with two long upright poles. Flowers lie scattered on the ground. The girl is supposed to be a likeness of Angelica.	Bartolozzi.

¹ Daughter of the celebrated landscape gardener, Lancelot Brown, known as "Capability" Brown.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
Mr. Albert G. Sandeman, 32, Grosvenor Street.	Venus showing Eneas and Achates the way to Carthage. 50 × 39.	Bartolozzi.
Mr. Albert G. Sandeman, 32, Grosvenor Street.	Armida putting on her armour. Tasso. 50 × 39.	
Mr. John Samson, West Lynne, Stoke Newington.	St. Cecilia playing the organ. Said to be a portrait of Mrs. Sheridan.	
Duke of Sutherland, Trentham, Staffordshire.	Lady Louisa Macdonald, daughter to the first Marquess of Stafford.	
	Caroline, Countess of Carlisle, wife to Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle.	
	The Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford and their daughters — Lady Louisa Macdonald, Countess of Carlisle, Lady Anne Vernon-Harcourt, Lady Georgiana Eliot, and the Duchess of Beaufort.	
Earl of Strafford, Wrotham Park.	Coriolanus.	
Mr. G. L. Watson, Rockingham Castle, Rutland.	Coriolanus taking leave of his family before going into exile. Grace, daughter of Rt. Hon. Henry Pelham, and wife of the 1st Baron Sondes. High powdered head, pensive, dignified attitude.	

LIST OF ADDITIONAL ENGRAVINGS,¹ ETC.

ORIGINAL OR (when known) PRESENT OWNER.	SUBJECT.	ENGRAVER.
<p>Royal Institute of British Architects, Conduit Street, Hanover Square.</p>	<p>²Lady Elizabeth Grey imploring Edward IV. to restore her husband's lands to her son. See page 441. Achilles at the Court of Lycomedes. Euryclea awakening Penelope with the news of the return of Ulysses. Queen Eleanora sucking the venom from the arm of Edward I. See page 441.</p>	<p>Ryland. Scorodomoff.</p>
<p>Hon. Gerald and Lady Maria Ponsonby,³ 57, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.</p>	<p>Fan painted by Angelica for Miss Ann Rushout, and bequeathed by her to her grand-niece, Lady Maria Ponsonby. It is one of those quaint little fans used by ladies in the last century, of most delicate tracery almost like lace. The painting is in the middle. Oval. The subject "Venus counselling Helen." It is very fine work and the colouring as fresh as if painted yesterday. A set of engravings after Angelica, by Bartolozzi. They were bought at the Bowles sale, and are many of them proofs. Some are in brown, such as "Lady Northwick and child," a beautiful specimen, "Shakespeare's Tomb," and "La bergère des Alpes."</p>	

¹ These prints are mostly in brown.

² There is also an oil painting said to be by Angelica; but although it has a plate with her name on the frame it is undoubtedly by Zucchi.

³ Mr. Ponsonby is a collector of all manner of art treasures, his house being full of them. The miniatures are (as in all collections) to most people the most interesting, and these especially, as each one has its own history and belongs to the family, which is quite another thing from buying them haphazard.

COMPLETE LIST OF PICTURES EXHIBITED
 BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, R.A., AT THE
 ROYAL ACADEMY, 1769—1797.

NO. IN ACADEMY CATALOGUE.	SUBJECT.
1769.	
61	Interview of Hector and Andromache. Painted for Mr. Parker, of Saltram.
62	Achilles discovered by Ulysses amongst the attendants of Deidamia. Painted for Mr. Bowles.
63	Venus showing Eneas and Achates the way to Carthage.
64	Penelope taking down the bow of Ulysses for the trial of her woovers. Painted for Mr. Parker, of Saltram.
1770.	
116	Vortigern enamoured with Rowena. Painted for Mr. Parker, of Saltram.
117	Hector upbraiding Paris. Painted for Mr. Bowles.
118	Cleopatra adorning the tomb of Mark Antony. Painted for the Earl of Exeter.
119	Samma the Demoniack weeping over the ashes of his son, Benoni, whom he had killed in his frenzy. (From Klopstock's <i>Messiah</i> .) Painted for Klopstock.
1771.	
113	Interview of King Edgar with Elfrida after her marriage with Athelwold. Painted for Mr. Parker, of Saltram.
114	Acontio and Adippe. <i>Ovid</i> , Epist. xix.
115	The return of Telemachus. <i>Odyssey</i> xvii.
116	Erminia finds Tancred wounded, and assists in his relief. <i>Tasso</i> .
117	Portrait of a lady and child.
118	Portrait of an artist.

NO. IN
ACADEMY
CATALOGUE.

SUBJECT.

1772.

- 127 Rinaldo and Armida. *Tasso*. Painted for Mr. Bowles.
 128 Andromache and Hecuba weeping over the ashes of Hector.
 129 Lady in Italian dress. Whole length. Painted in Ireland.
 Her own portrait.
 130 La Penserosa.
 131 Portrait of a Bishop (Dr. Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh,
 afterwards first Baron Rokeby). Painted in Ireland.

1773.

- 163 Telemachus at the Court of Sparta, discovered by his grief
 on the mention of his father's sufferings. *Odyssey*.
 164 Trenmor and Imbaca, the moment of her discovery to Tren-
 mor. *Ossian*.
 165 Portrait of a lady with her daughter.
 166 Grecian lady at work. Painted for Sir Richard Hoare of
 Stourhead.
 167 Holy Family. Painted for Mr. Bowles.

1774.

- 142 Calypso calling heaven and earth to witness her affection for
 Ulysses.
 143 Penelope invoking Minerva's aid for the safe return of Tele-
 machus. Painted for Sir Richard Hoare, of Stourhead.
 144 Cupid finding Aglaia asleep binds her to a laurel. *Metastasio*.
 Painted for Mr. Bowles.
 145 Ariadne abandoned by Theseus.
 146 Portrait of a lady.
 147 Paris and Helen directing Cupid to inflame each other's
 heart with love.¹
 148 Portrait of a lady.

1775.

- 168 Portrait of a gentleman.
 169 Sappho.
 170 The despair of Achilles on being informed of the death of
 Patroclus.
 171 Madonna and child.
 172 Rinaldo and Armida.
 173 Andromache fainting at the unexpected sight of Eneas.

¹ Original drawing in the Print room, British Museum.

NO. IN ACADEMY CATALOGUE.	SUBJECT.
174	Return of Telemachus. Painted for the Earl of Derby.
396	Small oval of a lady in a Turkish dress. Whole length.
397	Portrait of an artist, kitcat. [Her father.]
398	St. John.
399	A Cupid.
1776.	
155	Eleanora sucking the venom out of the wound which Edward I. received with a poisoned dagger. <i>Rapin.</i>
156	Lady Elizabeth Grey imploring of Edward IV. the restitution of her deceased husband's lands. <i>Rapin.</i>
157	Patience. "Her meek hands folded on her modest breast." <i>Mason.</i> —"Caractacus."
158	Armida in vain endeavours to prevent Rinaldo's departure. <i>Tasso.</i>
159	Portrait of a gentleman.
1777.	
192	Sylvia lamenting over the favourite stag wounded by Ascanius. <i>Aeneid</i> , vii. Painted for Chief Justice Downes.
193	Dido.
194	Maria near Moulines. <i>Sentimental Journey.</i> Painted for the Burghley collection.
195	Love punished.
196	Group of Children.
1778.	
174	Leonardo da Vinci expiring in the arms of Francis I.
175	A nymph presiding in the temple of Immortality, receives from the two swans to be placed in the temple, the few names they had saved of those whom an aged man (the emblem of Time) had thrown into the River Lethe. <i>Ariosto</i> , canto xxxiv.
176	Calypso mournful after the departure of Ulysses.
177	Flora.
178	Portrait of lady playing the harp.
1779.	
162	The death of Procris. <i>Ovid</i> , <i>Metam.</i>
163	A Magdalen.
164	Paris and CEnone. <i>Ovid</i> , <i>Epist.</i>
165	Diana with one of her Nymphs.
166	Conjugal peace. [Two ducks in a basket.]
167	A Nobleman's Children.
168	Group of children representing Autumn.

NO. IN ACADEMY CATALOGUE.	SUBJECT.
	1780.
22	Religion. See "Temple of Virtue," by Dr. Fordyce.
39	Modesty embracing virtuous Love.
196	Lady and her daughter.
300	A Sybil.
321	Design for a Fan.
367	A Vestal.
	1781.
169	Venus attended by the Graces. Painted for Mr. Bowles.
67	Portrait of a lady as a Muse.
153	Judgment of Paris. Painted for Mr. Bowles.
	1782.
102	Modesty.
	1786.
86	Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi, pointing to her children as her treasures.
196	Virgil writing his own Epitaph at Brundisium. These three painted for Mr. Bowles.
214	Pliny the younger with his mother at Misenum.
	1788.
217	Bacchus teaching the Nymphs to make verses. ¹ <i>Horace</i> .
	1791.
214	Death of Alcestis.
246	Virgil reading the sixth Æneid before Augustus and his sister Octavia.
	1796.
29	Euphrosyne, wounded by Cupid, complaining to Venus. Painted for Lord Berwick.
	1797.
53	Portrait of a lady of quality. [Lady Harcourt.]

¹ This was the only picture Angelica ever sent to the Royal Academy with the star affixed. All others were commissions, or purchased before they appeared. Very few artists can now say as much. This can be easily proved by looking over the file of the Academy Exhibition catalogues, from which this list is taken.

LIST OF PICTURES BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN IN EXHIBITIONS FROM 1824 TO 1882.

LEEDS, 1824.

	OWNERS.
View in Rome	Sir Thomas Baring.
Eurydice	Mr. G. W. Taylor.
Cordelia	Mr. G. W. Taylor.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann . . .	Mr. Cheeseman.
An English lady of quality . . .	Mr. C. Aders.
Cleone. A drawing	Mr. F. Wadmore.

LEEDS, 1853.

Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann . . .	Mr. T. Stokes.
La Penserosa	Mr. T. De la Fosse.

ART TREASURES, MANCHESTER, 1857.

Jane Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon . . .	Duke of Richmond and Gordon.
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INTERNATIONAL, 1862.

Margaret, Countess of Lucan	Earl Spencer.
---------------------------------------	---------------

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION, 1867, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Viscount Althorp and his sisters, Ladies Georgiana and Henrietta Spencer, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, and Countess of Bessborough	Earl Spencer.
---	---------------

	OWNERS.
Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann . . .	Earl of Home. ¹
Anne Montgomery, Marchioness Townshend, and her son . . .	Marquis Townshend.
Portrait of Angelica Kauffmann . . .	Rev. J. E. Waldy.
Mary Knowler, Countess Digby . . .	Mr. G. D. W. Digby.
Alleyne Fitzherbert, first Lord St. Helen's, as a boy . . .	Sir William Fitzherbert.
Honourable Charlotte Clive . . .	Earl of Powis.
Earl and Countess of Derby, with their infant son between them . . .	Earl of Derby.

LEEDS, 1868.

Venus showing Eneas and Achates the way to Carthage ² . . .	} Col. the Hon. C. S. Vereker.
Armida arming, Cupid attending her ³ . . .	

ROYAL ACADEMY (WINTER EXHIBITION), 1873.

Anne, Countess of Albemarle . . .	Earl of Albemarle.
-----------------------------------	--------------------

1876.

Sir Joshua Reynolds . . .	Earl of Morley.
---------------------------	-----------------

1878.

Lady Caroline Damer . . .	Earl of Portarlington.
---------------------------	------------------------

1883.

"Design" . . .	} The Royal Academy.
One of the four decorations of Somerset House, now in the Diploma Gallery ⁴ . . .	

1885.

Elizabeth, Marchioness of Lothian, and child . . .	Marquis of Lothian.
--	---------------------

1889.

Prince William Frederick and Princess Sophia Matilda, children of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester . . .	Earl Waldegrave.
---	------------------

¹ The Earl of Home has also two classical pictures by Angelica.

² & ³ Both pictures sold to Mr. Albert Sandeman, Grosvenor Street.

⁴ Angelica received for these four paintings £100; Sir Joshua, for "Theory," £32; Cipriani, £42.—*Journal of R. I. of British Architects*, 1892.

LETTER TO MR. BOYDELL, IN ANSWER TO
HIS GIVING HER A COMMISSION FOR
THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY AND SIX
HISTORICAL PICTURES.¹

Rome, February 4th, 1786.

SIR,—It is some time since I rec^d. the favour of your letter date November the 15th, it rader came late to hand, for which reason the answer was delayed.

I greatly admire the Idea you have to form so noble a gallery, and I shall certainly esteme it an honour to have my portrait placed amongst the respectable artists you name.

I likewise understand that you wish to have half a dozen Historical Pictures done by me, my engagements are very numerous—I am just now finishings two large Historical Pictures for his Majes^{ty}, the Emperour, and tho' I have a great number of other comyssions, I shall as soon as I can be mindful of yours, and chuse such subjects which may be pleasing and interesting. I generally prefer to paint what I have not seen done by others.

I well remember Mr. Ben. Evans. I am sorry he has not behaved to you as he ought, but it too often happens that benevolence is returned with ingratitude.

Mr. Zucchi, sensible of your kind remembrance of him, presents his comp^{ts}. to you, and we both present our best comp^s.

¹ Contributed by Miss Wright, Dover.

² The date is the same as her letter to Goethe telling him of the commission.

It is remarkable that in any autograph letter she never crosses a *t* or dots an *i*. The original spelling has been preserved.

to your Nice.¹ I am obliged to her for the partiality she is pleased to shew to my works ; but those who say that she is like me in person don't pay her a compliment. I hope some day or an other to have the satisfaction of being acquainted with her. I intend to visite England again, but how soon that will be I do not know, having many things to finishe. However, I hope to be able to effectuate my intention. Meanwhile, I have the honor to be with the greatest esteme,

Your most obliged humble Servant,
ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

¹ The Miss Boydell mentioned here was both a belle and a blue stocking ; she married Mr. Nicol, of Pall Mall, the King's bookseller. A very interesting account of her appeared in *Notes and Queries*, November 26th, 1892, contributed by Mr. Hendriks.

NOTES OF FUNDED PROPERTY, INVEST-
MENTS, AND OTHER EFFECTS OF AN-
GELICA KAUFFMANN ZUCCHI.

A sum of Five Thousand pounds in the Funds or Stocks in London, bearing interest at 3 per cent., making yearly	£5,000 0 0
£150	
Another sum of £1350 invested in the English Funds, bearing	
£110 interest yearly	£1,300 0 0
The two making £260 yearly.	

Lochi di Monte, Communita di Roma, No. 80, making yearly at 3 per cent. Scudi Romani	240
Further Lochi di Monte, bought in 1791. No. 100. ...	—

Monies invested at interest in Schwartzenberg... Florini	7,000
A sum invested in good pictures... .. Scudi	8,000

Also jewels, silver, books, prints, statues, and plaster busts, household furniture of every kind, carriages, horses, curiosities, clothing, and house linen. Also all necessaries for the study and use of the art of Painting —

Angelica Kauffmann has this day (26th May, 1798), sunk a sum of Ten thousand scudi Romani with the Royal Church of St. Ludovico del Negion for a Life Annuity, at 7 per cent.
N. B.—This makes the amount 700 scudi yearly.

Extracts from "Zucchi's Memoir of Angelica," lent by Mr. Hendriks, Vicarage Gate, Kensington.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES CONSULTED.

- Vita di Angelica Kauffman, Cav. Giovanni Gherardo Rossi.
Translation of ditto into German. By Alois Weinhart.
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Mr. Graves. Unpublished.
Articles written at different times in the *Athenæum*, *Art Journal*, *European
Magazine*, *Household Words*, and *Leisure Hour*.
The Saltram, Belvoir, Knowsley, and Thirlestane Catalogues, lent by the
owners; lists sent by owners; the Burghley Catalogues, kindly lent by Mr.
Jos. Phillips, of Stamford.

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