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George Morland

by

J. T. NETTLESHIP



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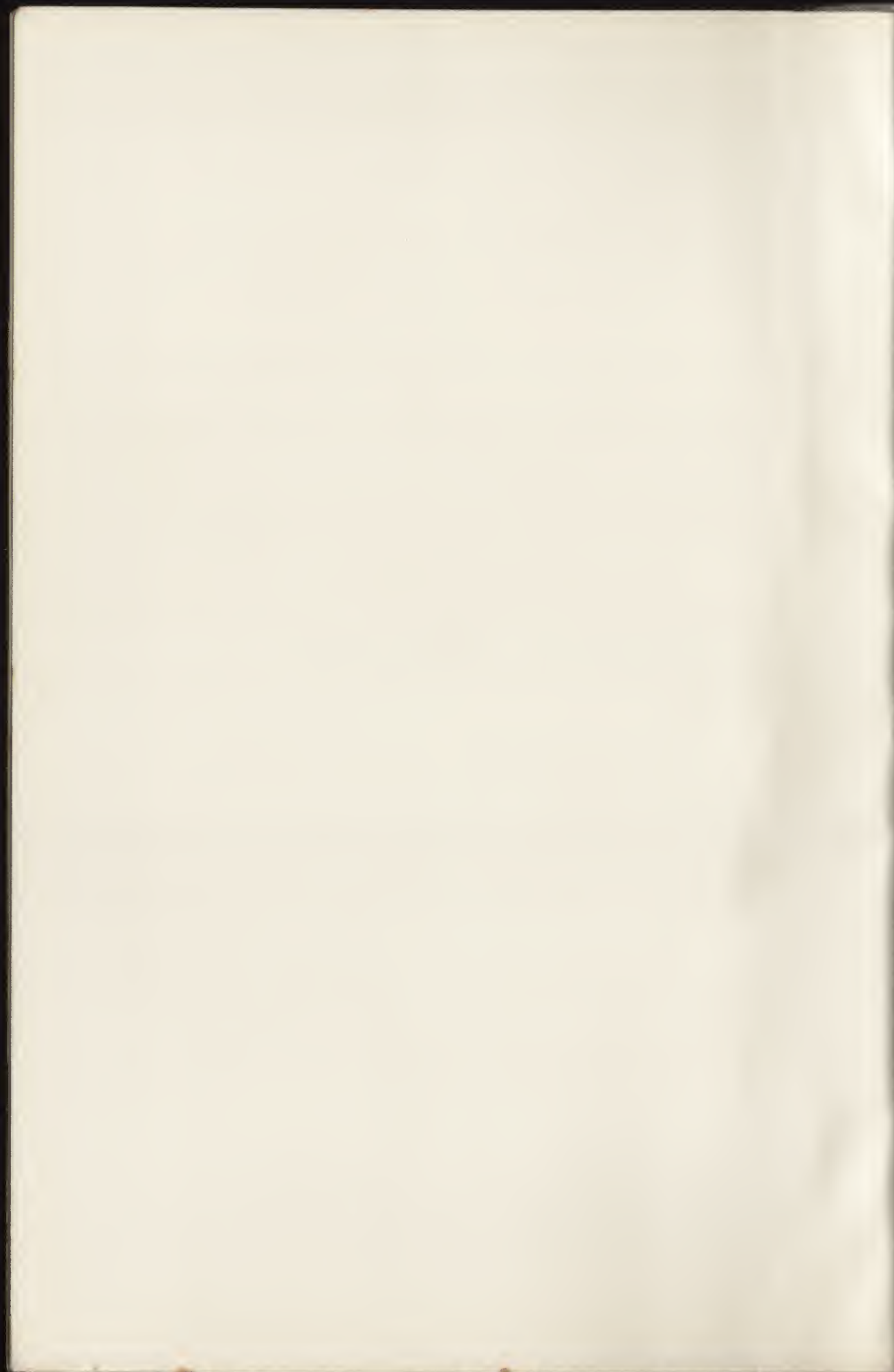
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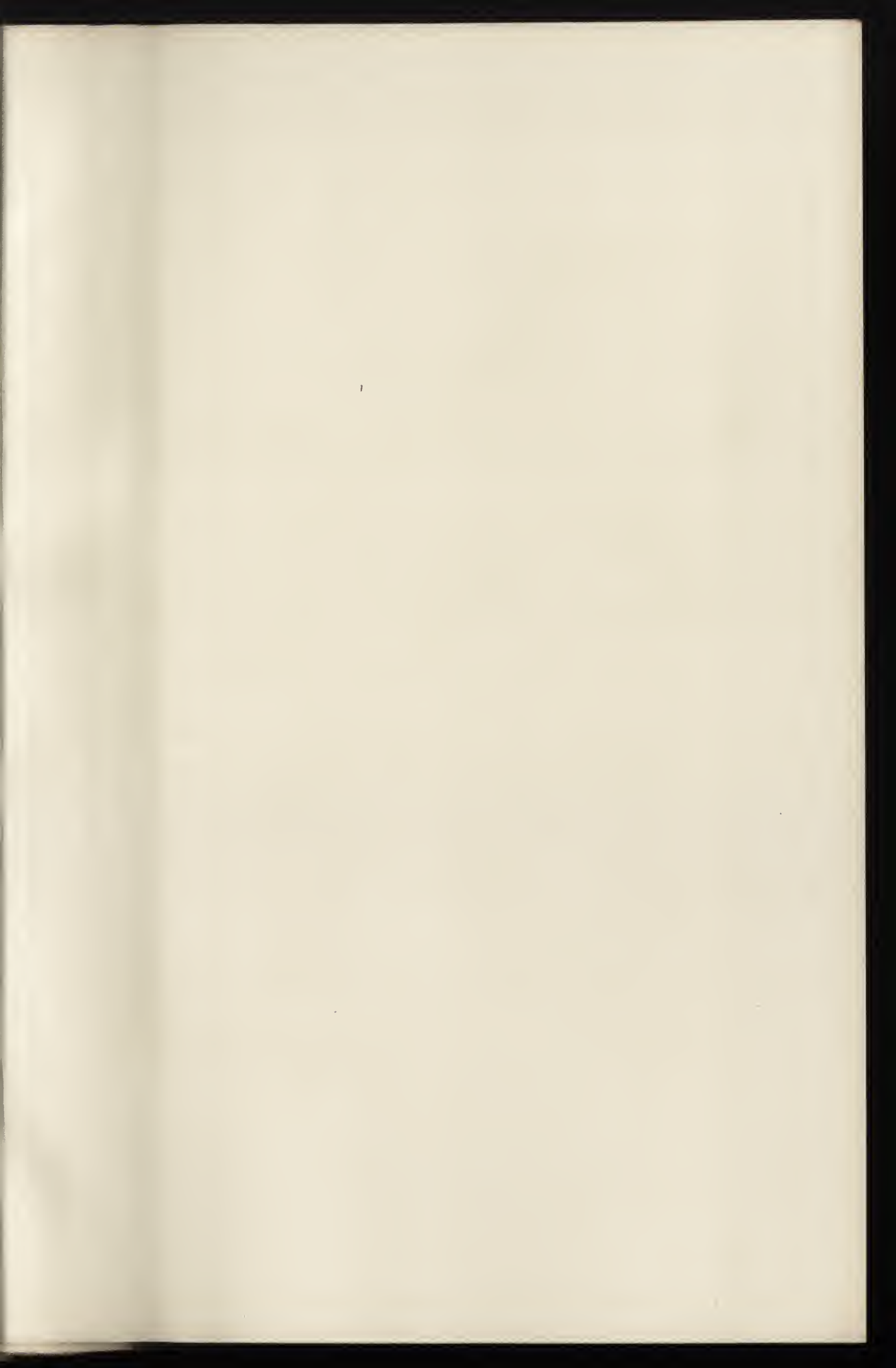
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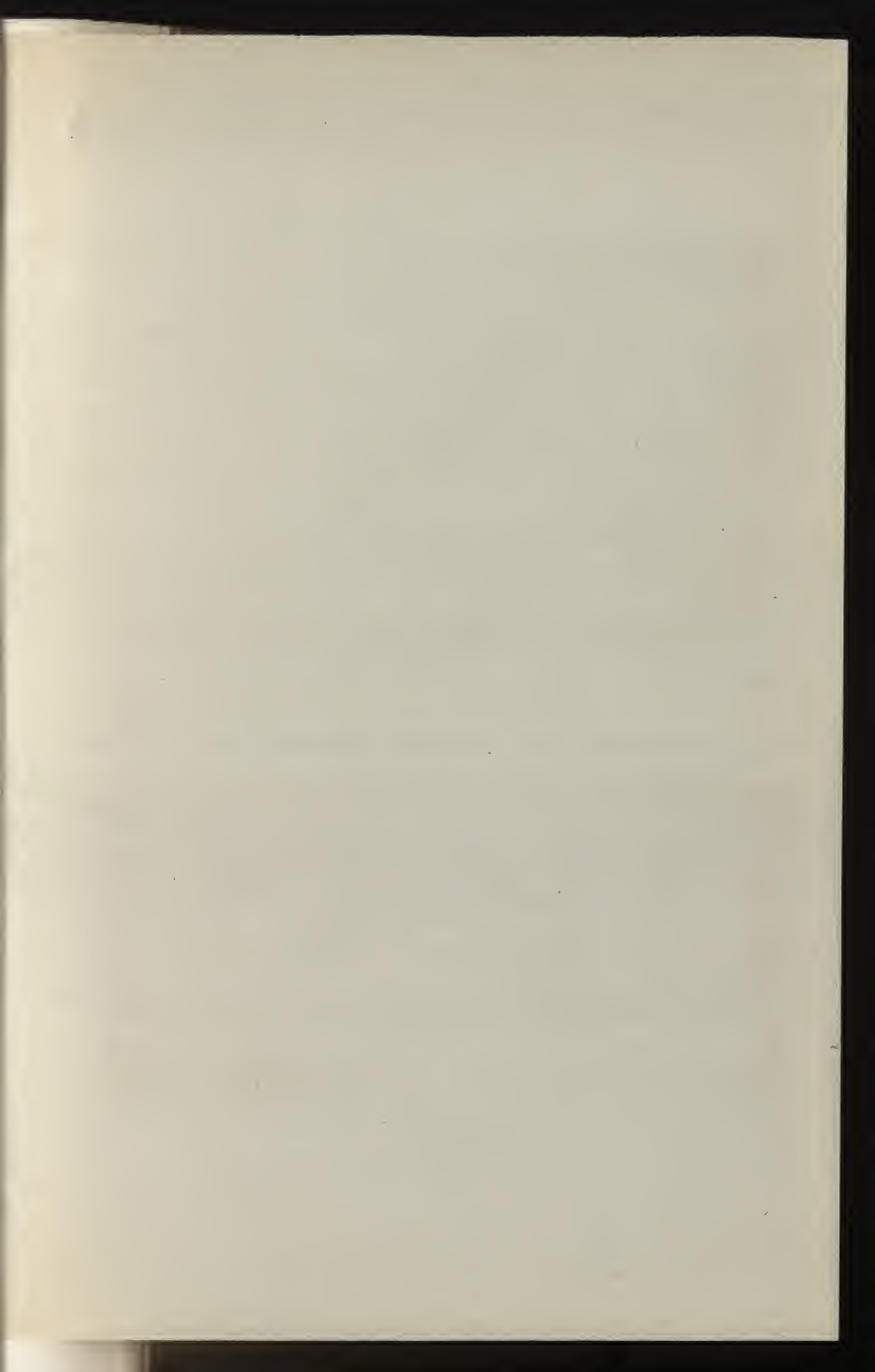


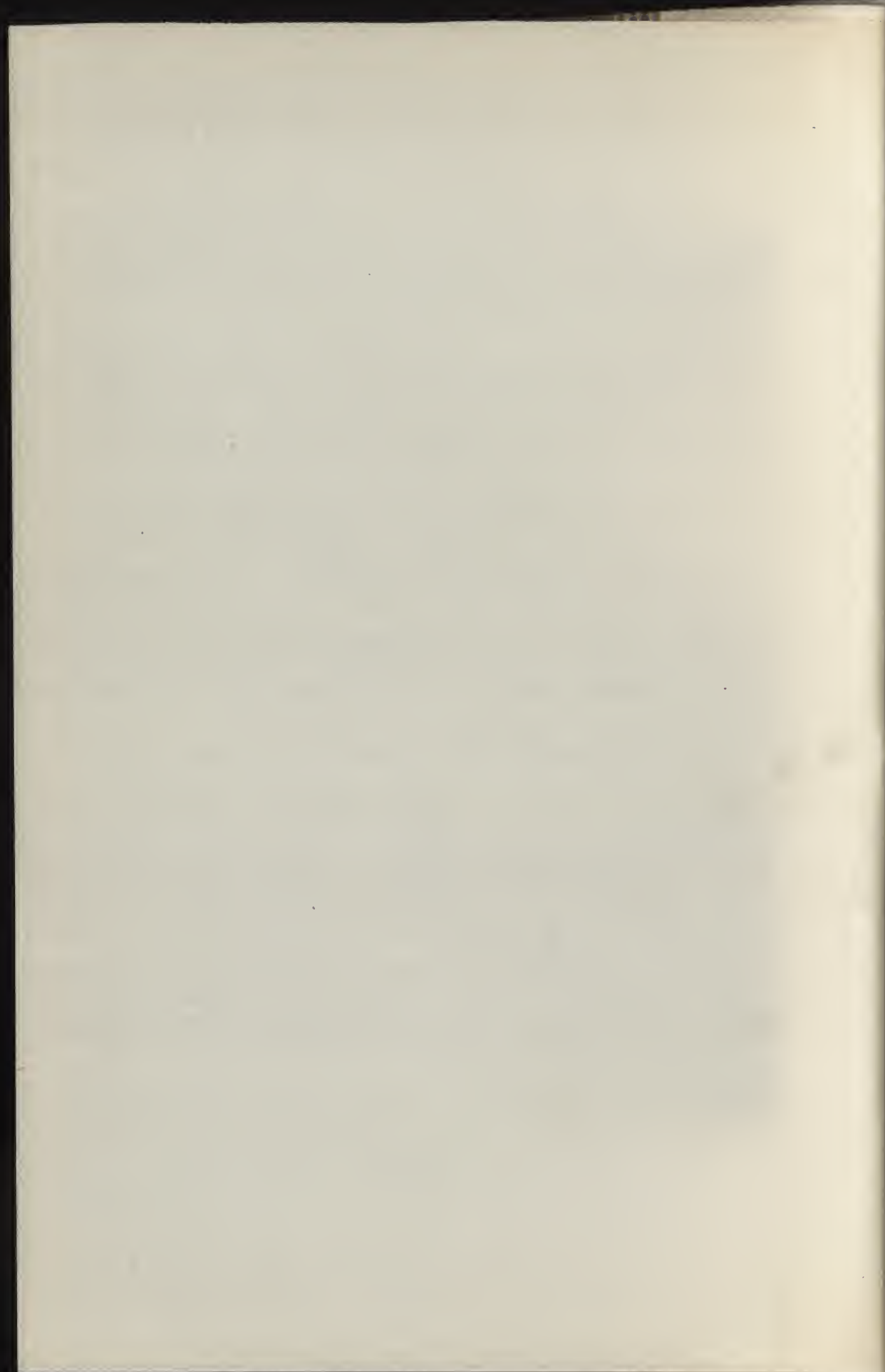


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# GEORGE MORLAND

*AND THE EVOLUTION FROM HIM  
OF SOME LATER PAINTERS*

BY

J. T. NETTLESHIP

*Author of "Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts"*

*WITH THIRTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONDON  
SEELEY AND CO. LIMITED  
38 GREAT RUSSELL STREET  
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# GEORGE MORLAND

## I

### SOME NOTES ON HIS LIFE

Tendencies of his time and bringing up—Æsthetic influences and heredity—Early taskwork  
—Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney—Morland's later life.

IN two or three respects George Morland is unique ; to mention the least important first, his life was written and published four times, within three years of his death, by four different persons, two of whom claim to have been personal friends. He is unique in combining great genius as a painter with complete absence of what is usually called morality in either its social or commercial sense, though he earned by painting enough money to have died a well-to-do man, and lived at a time when such a work-a-day morality was at least as essential as it is to-day in order to secure even a small measure of success in life. The most remarkable point, however, is that for all this lack of any sense either of citizenship or of the smallest ordinary social obligation,—notwithstanding the fact that after twenty years of a dim and industrious captivity at home, he rioted through his remaining twenty-one years like a monstrous grown-up school-boy, incessantly engaged in practical jokes of an elemental kind, herding with all manner of brute-humanity, riding, boxing, larking, fighting, consorting with gipsies, drinking incredibly and with gradually lessening intervals of sobriety,—he yet was in art almost if not quite unconsciously to himself a creator, a pioneer, the beginner of a style ; a hard worker at painting as well as at playing the goat. He was the first painter in England, the first in Europe after the great Dutchmen of the two centuries preceding his, to seize on the life at his door, in the fields and lanes, the farmyards and alehouses, on the sea-coasts and by the inland waters of his own country, as the subjects on which to exercise the

genius for painting which burned in him through the whole of his life, in whatever dens he chose to wallow.

But though Morland's physical life, almost from his twenty-first year to the end, was so ungoverned, so abnormal that its very monstrosity might seem to preclude any considerations of heredity, it is worth while to say something about the tendency of his time, the tendency of his bringing up, and what little can be known of hereditary bias at least. So in the attempt to realize a mental portrait of him, the first thing, I take it, is to get as accurate an idea as possible of the traditions which were at his back, both national and in his own particular line, the splendour or influence of those traditions, and whether they formed a solid *point d'appui* to start from, gave a convention to defy on the one hand, or a torch to be carried on, on the other. The next thing is, before touching on the personality of the man, to find all that can be known of his bringing up and surroundings, and the infinitely subtle influences daily at work to form or deform character. And thirdly we should glance, however briefly, at the *contemporary* as distinguished from *traditional* influences in his early life, in the particular line in which he achieved eminence, and note whether these influences were such as to help or hinder him, taking into account his temperament and character, as the former was born with him and the latter moulded by circumstances.

In the twenty years following 1763, the date of George Morland's birth, England was scarcely gaining prestige in her naval and military tradition, though martial spirit, according to Sir Walter Besant, ran high, and it was a great time for fighting in streets and roads. Every man who went out of doors knew "that he might have to fight, to defend himself against foot-pad or bully; most men carried a stout stick." The police or constables, when first appointed and for long after, were practically useless. "The drinking of the last century went far beyond anything recorded; all classes drank; they began to drink hard about 1730, and they kept it up for one hundred years with great spirit and admirable results, which we, their grandchildren, are now illustrating. In 1736 there were 7044 gin-shops in London—one house in six—and 3200 alehouses where gin was secretly sold. The people all went mad after gin. The clergy, merchants, lawyers, judges, the most responsible people, drank more than freely; the lowest classes spent all their money in drink, especially in gin, upon which they could get drunk for two-pence.



“There were plenty of sermons and ‘sound doctrine,’ but of duties and responsibilities of citizens never a word was said. The same men who would, with prayers, discuss the meaning of a text, would take a share in a slaver, watch a flogging at the cart-tail, or the hanging of a poor woman for stealing a loaf, would pay their servants a bare subsistence, making twenty-fold profit themselves, and think they did God service.”

It is easy to imagine that such being the state of things physically and morally in London, in the houses of quiet folk, such as Morland's parents, the idea of safe respectability rather than daring and uncertain enterprise would become dominant, and children would be reared in caution and timid seclusion, with industry for a motto and solvency for a guiding star. And in 1769, and onwards for a year or two, the state of political and social life might well alarm timid and ungifted men like George Morland's father still further in the direction of a cloistral bringing up for children. Such influences in the ordinary social way must have had their effect in the numbing and retardation, the dwindling by atrophy, of George Morland's moral and originating mental force. We may take it, therefore, that during his boyhood and youth national tradition, national life abroad or at home, did little to inspire him. What of artistic, æsthetic influences? What traditions in English art existed for him? Did these traditions give a convention to defy, which would be a good thing for an original mind to work against, or a torch to carry on which would be a good thing for enthusiasm? Vandyck could hardly be reckoned an English master, Hogarth died the year after Morland was born, and there is no sign in any of Morland's biographies that Hogarth's work was ever studied by him or made the smallest impression on him, though Dawe casually remarks that he admired it. Richard Wilson's work had hardly ripened to the state of tradition, for at Morland's birth that great landscape painter was not only living but had only just reached the highest point of such fame as this life was to give him, and he did not die till Morland's nineteenth year. Wright of Derby was living, and as famous as he too was destined to be during his life, in Morland's boyhood and early manhood. The elder Nasmyth was a contemporary. It is true that J. Hassell in his life of George Morland (published 1805) says that Morland at the time he first commenced landscape painting had no small “obstacles to encounter. Gainsborough was yet living.

Wilson's productions were sought after with avidity. Wright of Derby was upon the meridian of estimation." And certainly Mr. Hassell finds a convention to defy; for, says he, Morland "found the English School in the beaten track of plagiarism." We need not, however, attach too much importance to these dicta as to Gainsborough and Wilson. Of the influence on Morland of Gainsborough's early landscape and animal work, more will be said; with regard to Wilson, it must be remembered that Hassell wrote as a strong partisan shortly after Morland's death, was influenced by the fact that Wilson's work had come into its heritage only after that artist's death, and therefore might easily exaggerate Wilson's effect on Morland, although as a matter of fact during Wilson's lifetime that painter's work was not appreciated at its true worth. Dawe indeed tells us that Morland admired Wilson's work, as he did Hogarth's; but that was after his own style was formed, and when even his own work was beginning to decline. We may take it, in short, that for any influence, bad or good, which the work of any then deceased English masters had on Morland, tradition in English art scarcely existed as a factor.

So much for the second head of tradition, the æsthetic influence from dead predecessors.

As for the third head, the *contemporary* æsthetic influence, we may for the present summarize it very shortly by mentioning the names of Morland's contemporaries—Reynolds, Gainsborough (then in his later time), Romney, Hoppner. A strong array of helpers in an arduous climb towards the peaks of art. But how far personally and apart from their painted work they helped or hindered,—on this point, there will be a word or two to say later on. Let us now, bearing in mind the four heads under which George Morland's life, moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and physical, may have been influenced for good or ill, come to details. And first of his birth and bringing up.

His grandfather, George Henry Morland, and his father, Henry Robert Morland, were both painters. Two examples of the latter's work are in the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square; they are called each by the same title, *The Laundry Maid*, are highly-finished meritorious works of unredeemed mediocrity, though from them a sense of feminine grace and charm peeps out; they are, it is suggested, portraits, either of the Misses Gunning or of his own daughters. He painted George III.'s

portrait (engraved by Houston) and Garrick's (now in the Garrick Club). Mr. Hassell says one of Morland's sisters, "now married" [evidently Mrs. Wm. Ward] "may lay claim to genius . . . little inferior to her brother's; a painting of hers is still extant representing Mr. Garrick in the character of Richard III." Query: is this the portrait in the Garrick Club attributed to George Morland's father? His grandfather, George Henry Morland, seems to have been a painter of the same calibre—a hopeless mediocrity whose work also was engraved (by Watson and Philip Dawe). Both these progenitors of George appear to have lived blameless and obscure lives; respectability was their God, at least Henry Robert's, and yet the latter was a persistently unsuccessful man, not seldom in low water financially, trying various dodges such as picture dealing and restoring, selling art materials and so on, to gain a livelihood. His wife, an artist also, exhibited twice at the R.A. in 1785–86, one work each year. James Ward in his autobiography says she was a Frenchwoman by birth. He describes her husband and herself as follows. "George Morland's father was of a good family, and descended from a baronet of the same name, . . . and he always appeared to me as a broken-down gentleman. His wife was of an opposite character, and was to me (if I may use the comparison) like a little strutting bantam cock. She had a small independent property, and she crowed over her quiet husband most completely. She had three sons and two daughters; her partiality was to her son George and his youngest sister Sophia. . . . The elder sister was a most exemplary character" [afterwards James Ward's sister-in-law], "and the more praiseworthy as being brought up under the greatest temptations to the contrary. One son went to sea. He returned to England once, after which he went to sea again and was never afterwards heard of. The other brother Henry was a dealer in everything, a business for which his mind was exactly fitted, being an eccentric money-making character. Latterly he opened a coffee-house in Dean Street, Soho, and became the last and most constant dealer in his brother George's pictures, and I believe had a greater number of them copied and sold as originals than all the other dealers put together. The elder Morland lived a very retired life." James Ward says a little later, speaking of George Morland's wandering propensities—"This appeared to be a family failing, for his sister Maria, my brother's wife, showed the same disposition; but it was the only fault she had."

The foregoing quotations give a good glimpse of hereditary bias ; and now let us hear what Mr. Collins, Mr. Blagdon, Mr. Hassell, and Mr. Dawe have to say about George's boyhood and youth. Collins says—"At a very early period he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy, Somerset House. . . . On his way to and from the Academy" [as a mere boy] "he had frequently observed some of his brother students who were much older than himself, stop at a dram-shop near Exeter Change, most of whom were loud in their praises of gin. After several efforts to conquer a natural shyness . . . he entered the shop, and having drunk a small glass" [of gin] "liked it so very much that he never after could forget this premature and unfortunate attachment which accompanied him through life (p. 13). . . . After some years at the R. A. his father, who dealt in and cleaned pictures, procured him some of the finest productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools, as well as the best drawings of the celebrated masters of Italy. . . . He neglected the Roman School. . . . The colouring of Hobbema, the spirit and freedom of Ruysdael, and the neatness of pencil peculiar to Paul Potter, Cuyp, Carl du Jardin, and Adrian Van de Velde seem to have at times engrossed his attention, and they certainly were, as he always declared them to be, his chief favourites. . . . When his genius had been exercised for some years in copying from the best masters of Holland and Flanders, several specimens" [? copies] "his father disposed of to great advantage. . . . Several instances are known to the family of his father having sold copies by his son after Ruysdael, Hobbema and others, for originals."

Blagdon says—"He drew a spider with charcoal on the ceiling of the servant-girls' bedroom, and they took it for a real one. . . . He drew a beetle on the hearth which completely deceived his father, who tried to crush it with his foot. . . . When a boy he took infinite delight in dissecting dead mice."

Dawe says, in almost direct contradiction to Collins, that "from an anxious regard for his morals, he was not permitted to study at the Academy ; he nevertheless once, about his twentieth year, unknown to his father, showed some of his drawings to the keeper, and obtained permission to draw as a candidate for becoming a student ; yet . . . he drew there only three nights, though he occasionally attended the lectures. He paid some attention to the anatomy of the human figure, and executed many drawings both of the skeleton and muscles. . . . The

anatomy of the horse he studied from the work of Stubbs, whose prints he copied in Indian ink, and wrote the names of the bones and muscles on his drawings. He likewise made clay models from Gainsborough's horse and other casts of a similar kind. . . . He made many copies of Gainsborough's celebrated picture of pigs. . . . At the age of eighteen he formed the intention of adopting a new style of painting. . . . During his apprenticeship" [to his father] "he devoted much time to reading; the fine art treatises he especially studied were those of Du Fresnoy and Webb. . . . His general reading must have been various, and at this time he had the character of being polite and well informed. His chief source of information was a dictionary of arts and sciences. His inquisitive spirit enabled him in all societies to gain additional knowledge. His talent for seizing advantages appears always to have been one of his chief means of improvement, and while young he everywhere excited a prepossession in his favour."

"George," says Mr. Hassell, "was at a very early age instructed in his father's profession, and such were the promising productions of his infant days that great hopes were entertained that he might hereafter be the means of assisting his father. We need not be surprised at his rapid improvement when we consider his close confinement in an upper room in his father's house, where he was constantly employed copying drawings, pictures, or plaster casts, with scarce a respite for his meals. . . . He was almost entirely restricted from society, except what was acquired by stealth with a few boys in the neighbourhood; his principal amusement was a walk on Sunday with his father to view the new buildings in the vicinity of Tottenham Court. . . . When not more than fourteen his pecuniary supplies for the amusements in which he secretly participated were derived from copying and drawing more pictures within the limited time than his father had prescribed or indeed judged it possible for him to execute. These were conveyed to his youthful acquaintance to be disposed of on certain conditions; indeed, so dexterously was the plan contrived that George is reported to have fastened these spoils, the result of his ingenuity, to a string, and let them down from the window to his associates, who were ready to receive them; and the fruits of this traffic were of course appropriated to their common amusements."

So the implication from the foregoing quotations is pretty obvious: Morland under the guise of an apprentice was put hard at work—and

that was a very good thing—but was also made to supply his father's exchequer by the proceeds of such drawings and copies of old masters as he was set to make. That he managed to supply his own needs as well by extra work shows his extraordinary facility already, and it is a bright spot in a gloomy life to think that he, in after days so utterly regardless of commercial honour, chose an honourable rather than a more dubious way of filling his purse when a boy.

"We could not," says Ward, "but admire his genius, and I took great delight in seeing him paint" [he is speaking of Morland at the age of eighteen or twenty], "but, alas! his subjects were for the most part then wrong, and it was more wrong my being allowed to see such works at my age. But it was then the fashion, and was thought nothing of: it was before the French Revolution, and our country was impregnated with this dire evil." Ward, it appears, connects the story (as told by Hassell) of George Morland's being locked up to work in his father's house with the production of immodest pictures, which may or may not mean nude paintings. Ward does not believe George Morland's father knew at all of these works, and suggests that George, instead of being locked up by his father, locked himself in, to conceal the nature of his occupation. Probably both Ward and Hassell's accounts have each their own truth; it seems very likely that George Morland's work at pot boiling on his own account would be such subjects as above suggested, and that he would keep them secret from his Simon Pure of a parent. But on one point his biographers are unanimous; except in very early manhood, and then only (as presently specified) under strong compulsion—he never in his life painted a gross or lascivious picture; and it seems therefore only fair to assume that these early essays were merely done to get pocket money, and by no means from natural depravity.

Note, in connection with what has been said at the outset as to national tradition, Ward's quaint jeremiad over the then fashion—"this dire evil." Evidently Ward thought that the country, on looking back to the time of his own youth, was at that period going to the dogs—"for it was before the French Revolution." All that concerns us here, except in a very secondary degree, is that none of this early student work of Morland's is probably in existence, or at any rate available for criticism, to-day, and that it could not have been of great

excellence, judging from works of his sixteenth and seventeenth years which I have seen.

From the foregoing notes of Morland's boyhood two facts are apparent; the secluded drudgery of his youth would have crushed out the life of any but a genius in painting, and it was in a great measure the cause of his outbreak into absurd dissipation. His tragic end was brought on by his own monstrous waywardness, fostered by circumstances. Mr. Hassell draws the same conclusion as to the dissipation resulting from the previous mewing up; while he adds, rightly enough as will be seen presently, that from this seeming evil (of solitary confinement), "a considerable degree of real good was educed; for it was from these habits of industry, which had struck so deeply into his nature as never to be eradicated, that he acquired so familiar a knowledge of the materials of his art, and that prompt and skilful application of them."

Still, so far as we have come, we find George Morland heavily handicapped for his race of life. A waning national prestige, a dead level of mediocrity in achievement on the part of his immediate predecessors, mediocrity and stuffy respectability in all the social life he had access to as a lad, possibly even on the inner side of Sir Joshua's own front door a lofty propriety—were not these heavy weights to lay on this man of two nations, English and French, come apparently of gentle blood, put in harness too heavy for his high breed? And instead of saying what wonder, let us go a step further and try to find some reason for the mad outbreaks of his youth, and for what Mr. Hassell calls "his *mauvaise honte*, and disrelish for elegant society."

"Morland was ever," says Ward, "the object of strange and odd movements, but while with us he was ever at work. . . . I remember asking him if he could ever be happy without painting—he answered 'No, never!' . . . George Morland's father at one time was very intimate with Sir Joshua Reynolds, but he failed and became a bankrupt, and on his going as before to breakfast with his friend, Sir Joshua took no more notice of him than if there had been no one there, and gave as a reason that it was a disgrace to an artist to become a bankrupt. In his son George's early boyhood he introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was very hopeful as to the early display of genius, but I never heard of his making any effort to get him to draw

at the R. A. or at any other school." And Hassell says that Sir Joshua's gallery was ever after accessible to the young artist, and that he was allowed to borrow and make copies of the President's works; and at this time Morland made what proved a very successful copy of Sir Joshua's *Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy* then in possession of Mr. Angerstein at Blackheath. "Mr. Angerstein . . . wished to inspect the progress of the work, but Morland refused to begin the picture until it was solemnly promised that no person whatever should overlook him, and that while at work he should be allowed to act in the house as he might think proper. This agreement was literally adhered to. The picture was finished; and during the progress of the work, George associated with the domestics, eating and drinking in the servants' hall, but no persuasion or entreaties could ever allure him within reach of Mr. Angerstein, his family, or visitors." This associating with the servants is denied by Dawe, who also says the picture was copied not at Blackheath, but at Mr. Angerstein's house in the City.

Is it not reasonable to suggest that the President's treatment of the bankrupt father, according to Ward's story, may have helped to determine the tendency shown by the son in his youth to that wayward hatred of polite society which became a fixed aversion in his later years?

George Morland was introduced "in his early boyhood," we see, to Sir Joshua Reynolds; that is, at a time (say 1775 or 1776, or even earlier) when Sir Joshua, not much past fifty, was in the zenith of his power, a knight of six or seven years' standing, the first President of the then infant Royal Academy. George Morland would then be a boy of twelve or thirteen, very impressionable even on the painting side of him, still more so by the weight of prestige embodied in the great painter. Sir Joshua was the son of a clergyman and school-master, and so far as one knows of almost aggressively philistine, bourgeois, correct life—a state of things which makes his unmatched genius the more wonderful; and I cannot help fancying that the school-master heredity may have had a chilling and antagonistic effect on the young boy, while in spite of it he bowed down before the splendour of the work. It is easy to imagine that if Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Angerstein were, as they must have been by all accounts, the first specimens of refined social life George Morland had seen when he came to shake off his father's trammels, the wild blood in him revolted



at their prosaic unbending manner, and his spirit, always on the lookout for sympathy, failed to see the sterling qualities hidden beneath the buckram of convention.

Thus, I repeat, he started handicapped by his own mixed race, by the natural independence of good breeding and descent; and he set his face against the proprieties almost before he had a chance of learning what they were, and what might be got by in some degree propitiating Mrs. Grundy.

At any rate revolt he did, at the first moment he was free of his apprenticeship: enough has been said above to show how long the revolt had been preparing, how long even before he reached manhood he had lived in his father's house like a wild creature from another land, living his own dreams amid commonplace surroundings.

Reverting now to the third head, of the influence of great contemporaries, we have seen that according to his light, and within the limitations of his character, Sir Joshua really did his best to help Morland in his opening career, notwithstanding Ward's deprecatory remarks on that help as quoted above. Only one other great master of that time made any advances in the same direction towards Morland, but these advances were very genuine, and what one would expect from the genius of George Romney. He, it appears, offered, before the apprenticeship to Morland senior came to an end, to take George into his own house with a salary of £300 a year, on condition of his signing articles for three years. But George had had enough of restraint, and refused, declaring, says Mr. Richardson, "that one experience of articles had frightened him for the rest of his life. He had never known freedom before; he resolved to have it now." (Richardson, p. 20.)

Such, then, was the result on Morland of the state of the times, the lack of tradition, the recluse manner of his bringing up, and what little influence contemporary genius may have had upon him. Wild and ungovernable by nature, to be led probably but not driven, all his worst proclivities claimed their own as soon as his unfortunate body was free to walk whither it would. For a year or two he seems to have led a reckless and jovial but not besotted life, showing a good deal of courage, skill, and bodily strength in fighting, riding, and racing, but painting all the time, all the time making money—and, alas! all the time spending

it. For a period of from seven to ten years from his twenty-first birthday we may take it that George Morland, however wild his life, was a slave to none of his worst propensities; and we need go no farther to prove this than our own National Gallery, and a few private collections in London and the home counties, where are to be seen works such as no dipsomaniac or hopeless debauchee could have produced,—works which hold their ground side by side with the greatest achievements in paint of the greatest Dutch masters, and far surpass anything in the same line produced by contemporary or previous English painters.

All readers of this essay will have read or can procure Mr. Ralph Richardson's concise and masterly summary of Morland's life.<sup>1</sup> But before leaving this part of my subject it may be well to note a few statements gathered from the four biographies of Morland, published a few years after his death, so that a fairly complete portrait of the man as apart from the artist may be given, as far as is possible at this distance of time.

"After Morland became his own master," says Dawe, "he abandoned all serious reading . . . perhaps never possessed a book in his life." . . . "His parents had tried to frighten him in his youth by exaggerating the dangers of vice. Later, he would frequent haunts of vice at all hours of the night, without an associate,—he seemed to pride himself on doing everything his parents represented as pernicious, and the more he could throw off his juvenile fears, the more he thought himself a man. . . . Though totally unfit to mingle in frays, he delighted to be a spectator of them."

Very shortly after his emancipation from his father, he fell into stricter bonds, those of an Irish dealer, unnamed. "The pictures painted for this man" [I quote from Dawe] "were begun while Morland was in his father's house; they were of a description that did little credit either to the artist or his employer. . . . This person lived in Drury Lane. He attended Morland every morning for three or four hours to direct the manner of treating these pictures. . . . Morland's connection with him began by his employing a friend to dispose of many of his designs to him, without disclosing his name, and while this was the case he was tolerably paid,—but no sooner did the purchaser become

<sup>1</sup> "George Morland, Painter, London" (1895); {"George Morland's Pictures" (1897), by Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E., etc. London: Elliot Stock.

acquainted with the artist, than, discovering his ignorance of the world, he bargained for them at half the former price. Subsequently Morland had a lodging taken for him at Martlett's Court, Bow Street, and was kept there at work. . . . The magnitude of his labours did not equal their depravity; it is said that many of them were added to the private collection made by the late Lord Grosvenor."

About this time he frequented the Cheshire Cheese in Russell Court. "One night he left this place at ten, embarked on the Gravesend Hoy, and reached that place at two the following morning. Here he met a carpenter and sailor with whom he walked to Chatham, five miles distant. The sailor and he then adjourned to a public-house and drank purl" (a liquor composed of a pint of ale, a quarter of a pint of milk, a wineglass of gin, rum, or brandy, and some sugar) "till seven in the morning. After this they embarked in a small vessel and sailed to the North Foreland, where they were nearly wrecked. Morland got back safely to Chatham, and next day returned to Gravesend with eighteenpence in his pocket, a sum sufficient to enable him to return to London, and narrate his adventures to his comrades at the Cheshire Cheese." (Richardson, pp. 20, 21.)

Not long after this he escaped from the Irish dealer, "for whom he had painted enough pictures to fill a room; the dealer charged half-a-crown admission to this very early Morland Gallery." In connection with Lord Grosvenor, Mr. Hassell remarks on his selection of "subjects not particularly distinguished for their chastity," and tries to make out that Morland, in painting such subjects for his Lordship, lost "the last remaining vestige of prudence," and was allured, "from the sensual productions of his pencil, to pursue scenes of licentious pleasure." Any one who knows anything about the difficulties of technique which beset the painter, will see the folly of connecting that arduous work, in whatever line it may be pursued, with any form of continued debauchery.

Having shaken off the Irish dealer, or rather taken French leave of him, Morland appears next at Margate, nominally staying with a Mrs. Hill, a wealthy lady who introduced him to her friends, and through whom he obtained many commissions for portraits. His actual life at Margate was a strange one for an artist, consisting of riding ("I have swum my horse in the sea several times"), a certain amount of fashionable

life, not much to his taste apparently, horse-racing, which whether he won or lost seems (that being apparently the fashion at country meetings) to have let him in for some rough-and-tumble fighting in which he bore his part gallantly enough,—and portrait painting. But already (in his twenty-first year) the drink-demon was with him, for Richardson, quoting Dawe, tells us that while painting the portrait of Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, “gin and purl influenced the painter too much one day, and he ruined his lordship’s embroidered coat by allowing the melted tallow of a lighted candle to fall upon it.” However, he seems to have made a good deal of money by portrait painting while at Margate, and to have worked hard, besides charming everybody, aristocrats and commoners alike. For an instance, while at Margate “he took a lodging in a house, part of which was occupied by Mr. Sherborne, a brother of Lord Digby. Mr. Sherborne having heard Morland play the violin, an instrument on which he also performed, and liking his appearance, invited him to play violin duets with him. . . . Mr. Sherborne not merely accompanied him on the violin, but took drawing lessons from him, and ordered several pictures.” (Richardson, p. 25.) Mr. Sherborne, according to Dawe, seems at different times and at later dates to have made efforts to renew Morland’s acquaintance, but the painter made no response to his overtures.

The foregoing gives a not unpleasant picture of Morland’s life till his marriage with the sister of James Ward, the future R.A., and of William Ward the engraver, to whom are due so many of the best reproductions of Morland’s work. The marriage took place in 1786, Morland’s twenty-third year; and as an instance of his impishness, it is said he insisted on being married with a brace of pistols in his belt.

Here too ends his glimpse of fashionable society. He settled with his wife a few months after their marriage in Hampstead Road, Camden Town. Collins says that when Morland and his wife were living in Pleasant Place, Kentish Town, about a year after their marriage, Mrs. Morland had a child, still-born. Till that event Morland seems to have been a pattern husband; after child-birth Mrs. Morland had a tedious illness, and the doctor said she could never have another child. Morland began to go out of evenings to the Britannia, the Mother Redcap tea-gardens, and the Assembly rooms at Kentish Town—these places were

now more pleasant than his house. Music, of which he was passionately fond, was one of the attractions of these places.

"At this time," says Dawe, "one of Morland's favourite amusements was riding on the box of the Hampstead, Highgate, or Barnet stage-coaches. This was the beginning of his acquaintance with coachmen, post-boys, and similar characters." This also was the beginning of what was to be for the rest of his life his *rôle* as a painter—of the inevitable degradation too which accompanied his work; for he seems to have been inordinately vain, as well as free-handed and jovial, and became virtually a slave to instead of the master of the sort of life these companionships involved; the men drank with him and wheedled money from him, he drank and became gradually weaker, being quite unfitted for a life which may have been play to his boon-comrades, but was inevitably death to him.

"In 1788," says Blagdon, "he was elected a Fellow of the Incorporated Society of Artists: he never sent any picture himself to the Royal Academy for exhibition . . . such as were sent there were sent by proprietors, without Morland's knowledge or consent."

Dawe says, and Mr. Richardson confirms the anecdote, that Morland's first attempt at children was the picture of children playing Blindman's Buff. Mr. J. R. Smith was induced to buy it for twelve guineas, much more than Morland expected. He and his boon-companion Brooks the cobbler agreed, on receiving the cash, to drink each twelve glasses of gin, and did it the instant the money was received. This picture of *Blindman's Buff* is probably the one mentioned in Mr. Richardson's catalogue of pictures by Morland (published 1897) as being in the possession of Lieut.-Col. F. A. White, of Castor House, Northampton. It is stated in the catalogue to have been engraved by Wm. Ward in 1788.

Another typical instance is related by Dawe of Morland's hunger for money, and mad desire to throw it away. He had finished a picture one afternoon (particulars of this painting will be given hereafter), and the buyer, Colonel Stewart, gave him a cheque for forty guineas, twice as much as a dealer would have given. Morland managed to cash the cheque that same evening, and did not appear till late the next day, when all or most of the money was spent.

While living at Paddington about 1790, Dawe tells us, Morland kept "a menagerie of an old horse, an ass, foxes, goats, hogs, dogs of all kinds, monkeys, squirrels, guinea-pigs, dormice, etc. He kept two

grooms and a footman, and an open table. The wine remained in open hampers in the yard ; even his colours were used as much for pelting the coachmen and others who passed, as for painting." At this time also he took to owning horses, six or eight at a time. He bought them dear and sold them cheap. He also took to hiring horses, and making excursions, and once he was away for a week riding, and went to Whitby in Yorkshire.

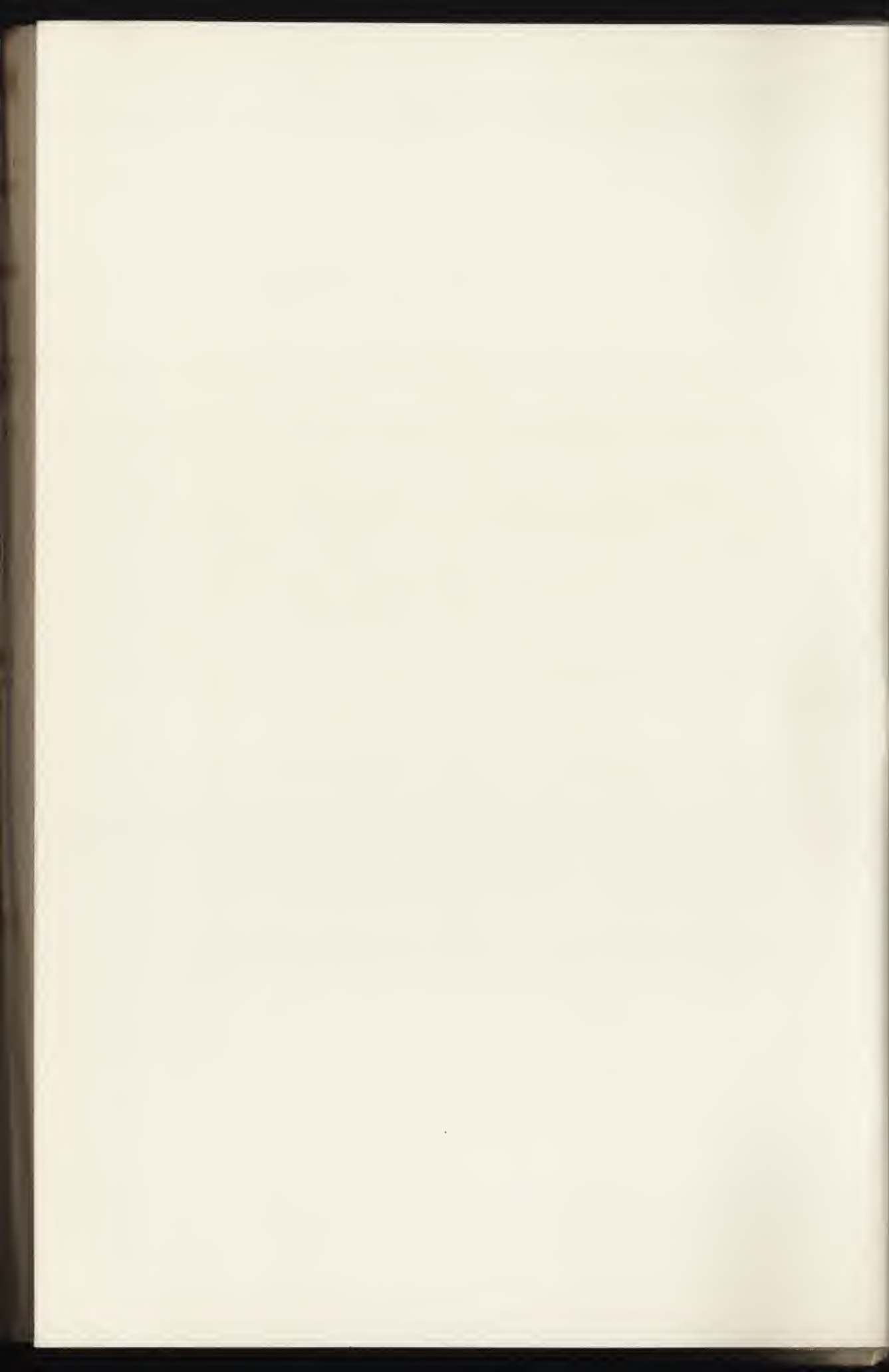
Once, while living in Camden Town, he took it into his head to serve as a constable, gratis, for a neighbour. He did it very badly, but managed in one case to turn it to professional advantage. Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the Deserter, "a sergeant, a drummer, and soldiers, on their way to Dover in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet. Morland accompanied them to the Britannia, and treated them, questioning them on modes of recruiting, trial and punishment of deserters. He took the soldiers to his house, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching and noting whatever appeared likely to serve his purpose ; and during the whole of the next day he detained them in his painting room, and availed himself of every advantage the occasion afforded." (Probably the picture mentioned later, called *The Deserter's Farewell*, now in Sir Walter Gilbey's possession, is due to this incident.)

Morland's "reluctance to mix with genteel society, on account of the restraints which it imposed on him, induced him to prefer working for those only who were his intimates, and with whom he could act as he pleased. By such conduct he became surrounded by a set of men who cut off all intercourse between him and his real admirers; the consequence was that the latter could procure none of his performances but through their medium, and at length ceased to apply to him." The reason he assigned for disliking to work for gentlemen was his not choosing to accommodate himself to the whims of his employers.

In 1791 an arrangement was made to pay off his debts (which amounted to £2000 according to Blagdon, nearly £4000 according to Dawe) ; rooms were taken for him, and the rent guaranteed by his two principal creditors, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. This arrangement was made with a view of inducing Morland to paint so many hours a day, and frequent the society of eminent artists ; his answer to these suggestions was, "I would rather go to Newgate, by God!" However,



GEORGE MORLAND. *From the Portrait painted and mezzotinted by J. Raphael Smith.*





he agreed to pay £120 a month, but appears to have adhered to this arrangement for a short time only, and to have been very casual about both his work and his payments; still, according to Richardson, he managed to clear off about ten shillings in the pound after some time.

Hassell tells us that "from too great an eagerness to touch the *ready rhino* Morland has been repeatedly over-reached; by the judicious display of a few guineas this artist has been induced to part with a picture to-day which to-morrow perhaps would have brought him double the sum. The proffer of money was, in fact, a temptation he could not resist, and his wily visitors, aware of this, were ever ready to hold out the seducing bait. It is, however, but just to observe that notwithstanding all their cunning, the biters themselves were sometimes bit, the artist having been known occasionally to employ art against art, and thus to outwit those cautious dealers in their own way. In the course of the years 1790, 1791, and 1792 (the last in particular), when his best pictures were produced, a host of admiring dealers were complaisant enough to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might deem it expedient to accept. Morland, who had a wonderful alacrity in borrowing, without scruple or hesitation, embraced the offer indiscriminately, for there was scarcely one of these liberal friends whose purse he did not make free with, and that too almost at the same time and upon the same occasion." Hassell indicates further on that Morland having made a purse for himself in this way, went to Leicestershire and stayed with Mr. Claude Lorraine (or Loraine) Smith, under whose auspices he painted many country subjects; that the dealers, who in advancing him money had hoped to make a good thing out of the pictures he could paint, found themselves outwitted, since his departure for Leicester was kept profoundly secret; and that Morland himself gained fresh experience and new material by this very dubious line of conduct on his part. At the end of his stay in Paddington, in 1791 probably, an incident happened which showed how utterly reckless he was in regard to other people's money, when he himself was hard up. A bun baker, says Mr. Richardson, "ambitious to place his son in Government service, sent the young man with a large sum to purchase an appointment, as the manner then was. The youth was unable to effect a purchase, and visited sundry alehouses on his way home. He likewise honoured Morland with a

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visit, and found him painting a fine landscape, which the budding Government functionary greatly admired. Morland, always hard up, appreciated the visit all the more that the youth showed him the large sum in his possession ; so he induced the latter, after more wine, to lend him this sum on his giving him a written promise of the picture when finished, as a cover for the accommodation. The young man gave Morland the money, and went home so intoxicated that it was only next morning that he could explain to his father what had become of the cash. The bun baker was furious, and the production of Morland's written promise by no means assuaged his wrath. He endeavoured to find the painter, but the latter had disappeared, and when he was found, all the money was spent." (Richardson, p. 58.)

Blagdon says that when in the King's Bench for debt the Marshal of the prison favoured Morland with *the rules*. Debtors who obtain this privilege are supposed to break the rules if they enter any public-house or licensed place. . . . "The Marshal employed Morland to paint some pictures. . . . One day he observed Morland in a public-house, on which . . . he threatened to re-commit him to prison. The same day Morland painted a view of the tap-room, with portraits of the persons who were in his company. Among the rest, the Marshal was seen leaning in at the window, in the act of taking a glass of gin from the artist.

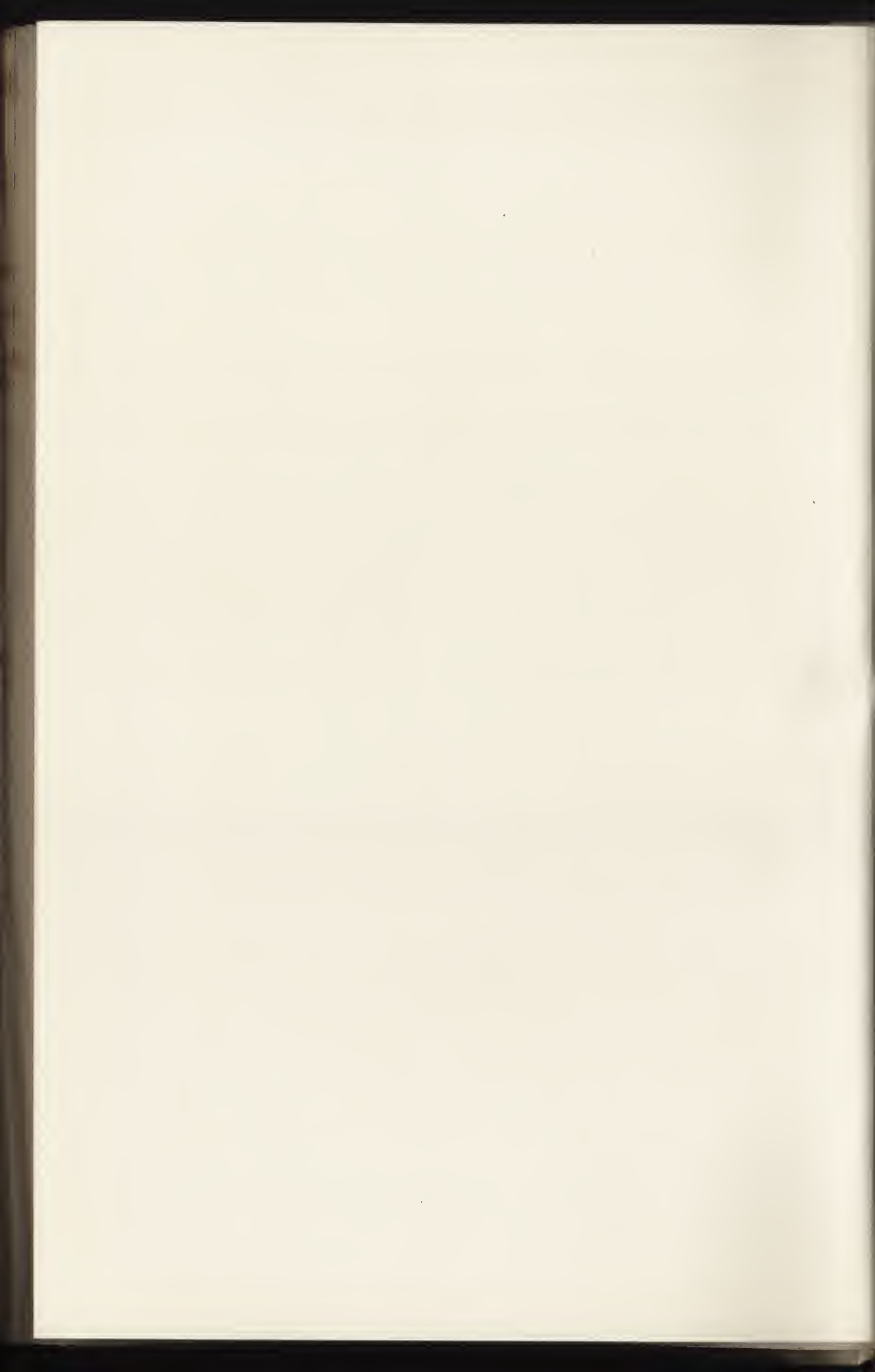
"Inebriety by no means diminished his talent, for when in the humour he could work as well drunk as sober. He has been known, after spending the evening in dissipation, to return home at 2 a.m., take a large canvas, and paint more than a mere sketch, *e.g.*, a farmyard littered with straw, a calf and a sow. . . . The sketch was sold next day . . . for ten guineas."

"He has been known to set off in the night and ride some miles to attend a feast of gipsies in a wood, in order to observe the effect of firelight and the characters of these people."

These extracts from the biographies by Blagdon, Collins, Dawe, and Hassell serve to show Morland as he personally seemed to his contemporaries and friends ; their judgment of him as an artist will be treated later : but a final point should be cleared up with regard to Morland himself and his married life. That he was in the last eight or ten years of his life a hopeless sot there is no denying. That he ever



GEORGE MORLAND. *From a sketch in water colours by T. Rowlandson, British Museum.*



behaved brutally to his wife there is no evidence whatever, any more than that he wilfully or cruelly neglected her. That he was no sloven in painting, whatever he may have been in his personal life, is sufficiently proved by the testimony of his four biographers and of James Ward, to say nothing of the silent witness of the numerous engravings after his pictures. Very few artists have worked harder than he; painting, as Ward implies, must have been the breath of life to him. As to brutal conduct towards, and neglect of, his wife, we cannot do better than take Ward's not too friendly estimate—Ward, his own wife's brother: "Let it be clearly understood," he says, "there never was a separation between Morland and his wife, beyond his own removals from her, and those longer or shorter according to his own irregular temper," separations explained further by the four biographers and by Ward himself as very frequently caused by the necessity of avoiding his creditors. And Ward adds, to show Mrs. Morland's love for her husband, that "she used to say, 'Ah! my friends think it would be a relief to me if George were to die; but they do not know what they say; for whenever that takes place I shall not live three days,' which turned out to be the fact."

George Morland died in a spunging-house in Eyre St. Hill, penniless, on October 29, 1804; his wife died four days after.

## II

### MORLAND THE PAINTER

From Morland to Millet and Bastien Lepage—Notes on Morland's methods of work, and his contemporaries' opinion—Evolution from him through Millet and Lepage to some later English painters.

MORLAND'S life then from his twenty-first birthday to his death, a period of twenty years, was a long record of feverish vitality—the *joie de vivre* spurred to racing pace—gradually ebbing to premature decay ; and through it all a great soul shining and energizing, a painter's soul, harried and devitalized from day to day by the monstrous demands upon it made by his physical unrest.

In his story *Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu* Balzac puts into the mouth of the Flemish painter Porbus (whose later years were spent at Paris) the following anecdote :—A certain artist (called in the story Frenhofer) had sacrificed a large part of his possessions to satisfy the passions of Mabuse : in exchange, Mabuse had given to this artist the secret of "relief," the power to give to his figures that extraordinary life, that flower of nature, which is an eternal despair, but the technique of which Mabuse was so well possessed of that one day having sold (and drunk the proceeds of) the flowered damask robe which he should have worn at the entry of Charles V., he accompanied his master (the bastard of Burgundy) in a paper robe which he had painted to resemble damask. The peculiar lustre of the stuff (the mock damask) worn by Mabuse attracted the notice of the Emperor, who, wishing to compliment the old drunkard's protector on his follower's brave appearance, discovered the trick. Is there not a strange parallel between this story and the life of Morland? Mabuse painted for the great ones of the earth, it is true, and for the Catholic Church, that first great picture dealer—Morland painted for a

few gentlemen of England, and for a great many picture dealers of quite other nature than the princes of the Church: Mabuse sold his rich mantle for drink, and by his skill produced a paper counterfeit; did not Morland pawn his soul, and prostitute his art, for no better a prize and with no worthier an aim?

In another story of Balzac's, *La Cousine Bette*, the Maréchal-Prince de Wissembourg says to Baron Hulot, after the latter's detection in embezzling from the State, "You should have quitted office from the moment that you had become no longer a man, but a temperament." The idea arising from these words confronts us as we go through the disastrous record of George Morland's personal life. His most coherent biographer, George Dawe, R.A., says, amidst a drone of commonplace, almost echoing Balzac, "It has been observed of Gray, the poet, that he never was a child; it may with equal truth be asserted of Morland that he never was a man."

This being so, if we look at the work of his maturity only, say from 1787 to 1797, a period which comprises the largest number of his really fine works, we of to-day have before us the question of how to place him as a painter—in what class of men who have been painters: whether as an English painter he shall stand side by side with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Romney, or whether, saying Art has no country, we are to put him in brotherhood with the two Teniers, the two Ostades, and Cuyp, or even, looking at his earlier work, assign him a temporary place in company with Watteau and later French painters, a connection on which I shall touch presently. The fact is that in a sense he is *déclassé*—a case of splendid isolation; no tradition backed him up, the helping hands of contemporaries he refused, either because of the inborn devil of waywardness, or because of the false position into which his good birth yoked to straitened circumstances forced him from the beginning. I say splendid isolation advisedly: for though in the life he chose in his best years pictorially to represent, that of open-air folk, men, women and children, homely forms of animal life, and hunting and shooting scenes, a score of masters past and present have achieved great things, not one of these like Morland has so absolutely and without any sort of compromise worked out such salvation as a whole life could give him, unaided by some sort of comradeship with either the work of the dead or the mind and hand of the living.

The Dutch painters, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Gerard Dow, Paul Potter, Cuyp, Berghem, the two Ostades, Ruysdael, de Hooch, Adrian van der Velde, Hobbema (many among whom Morland is said to have studied), each began where one or another of them was beginning to leave off: each indeed jostles another in the race; Franz Hals, the first great Dutchman, and Rembrandt his contemporary but twenty years, had the Flemish men, Rubens, Snyders and the two Teniers but little ahead of them, and even for a time abreast, in point of date; and these last had the tradition of Jan van Eyck, Memlinc, Matsys and Mabuse to enlighten them. The consequence was a vast and varied collection of works painted in love, conceived at least in spiritual comradeship: and the result has been that in the finest of the Dutchmen who painted outdoor life, tavern life, animal life, seafaring life, there is no impatience, no apparent necessity to fill so many canvases, as Morland in his latter years was forced to do, but work wrought to the uttermost without toil, with no sense of labour, a complete gift of mind and hand.

Of this array of heroes all might have been, and most it appears were, through their works, accessible to Morland; we have already seen mentioned as studied by him not only the brothers Ostade, but Ruysdael and Hobbema, from whose works he is said to have made copies under circumstances already specified. We have also seen how he studied and admired Gainsborough's work in animal painting and landscape.

Of Gainsborough's work of this kind I shall speak later, in connection with the subject of Morland's painting; but this seems a fitting place to describe two pictures, one by Adrian van Ostade, and one by the younger Teniers, because they are typical instances of many other works by Dutch and Flemish masters in which, as in themselves, a certain parentage to Morland's work is observable. It is impossible to look at Adrian van Ostade's picture at the National Gallery called *The Alchemist* without acknowledging the influence such work must have had on Morland, whether he saw original paintings by or engravings from that master and others of his school. The picture in question is a marvellous example of the *atmosphère de tableau*: a burly middle-aged man in an old felt wideawake hat, sleeves of a dusty red, black vest, dark blue-grey breeks and gaiters, and a black jean or leather apron, is blowing up his forge; there is a crucible in a red earthen pot, a big old book cast on the floor, one leaf lying loose, a stool with a clay pipe



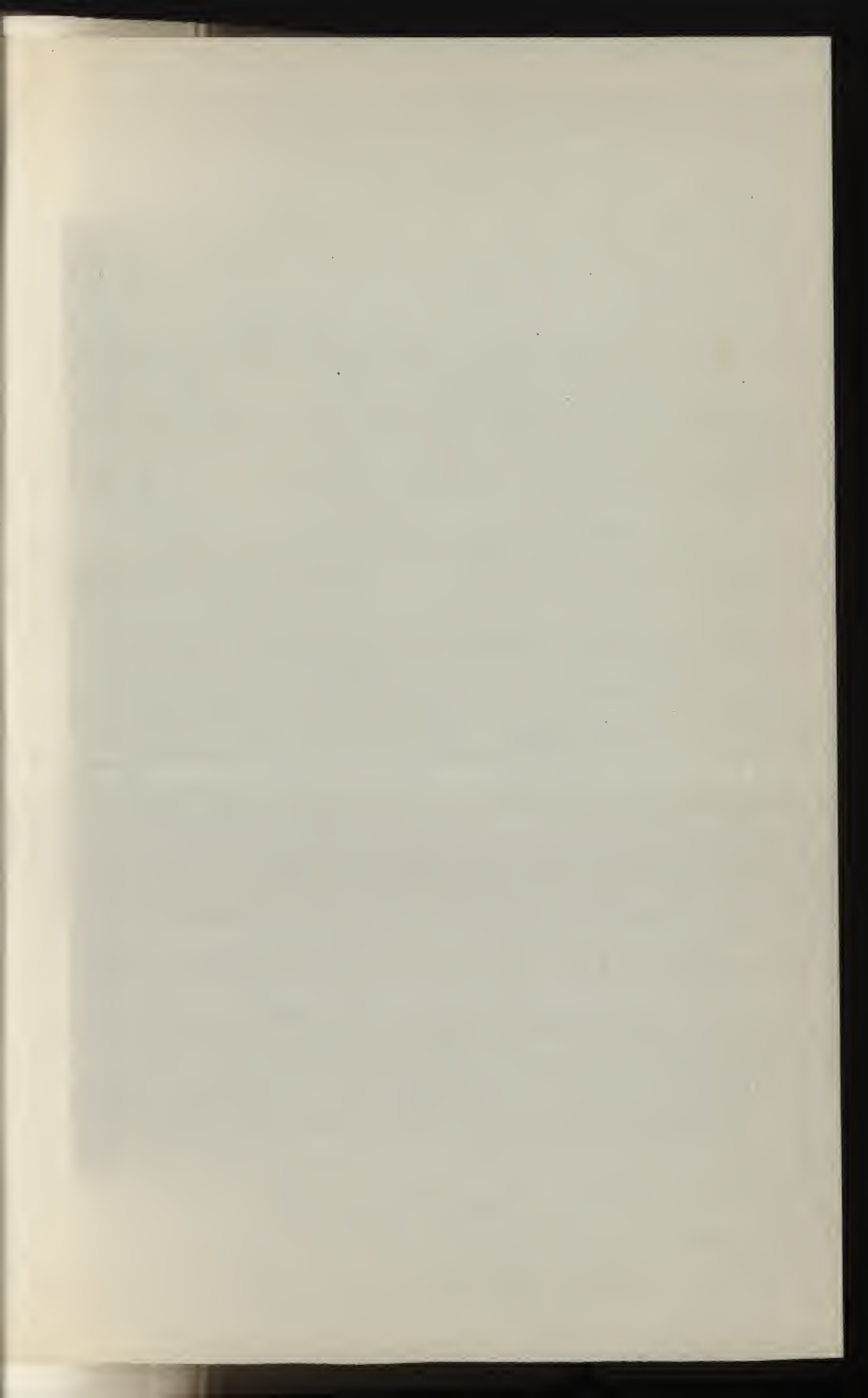
on it. Everything takes its place, but is also a wonder of finish. The whole picture gives you a large feeling of space and tone. And there is no bogeydom, no straining after weirdness; the whole is a common workshop, the scene of the man's daily life: he feeds well, one is sure—if he has dreams his face does not betray them, it is just the face of a born craftsman. In the distance lighted by a far window, sits an old woman, possibly cutting up a cabbage: bar her homeliness she might be Madame Claes, the keeper of the Alchemist's commercial conscience. Morland never achieved such delicacy united to breadth, such finish combined with harmony of effect, though before he took the wrong turn he came near achieving it.

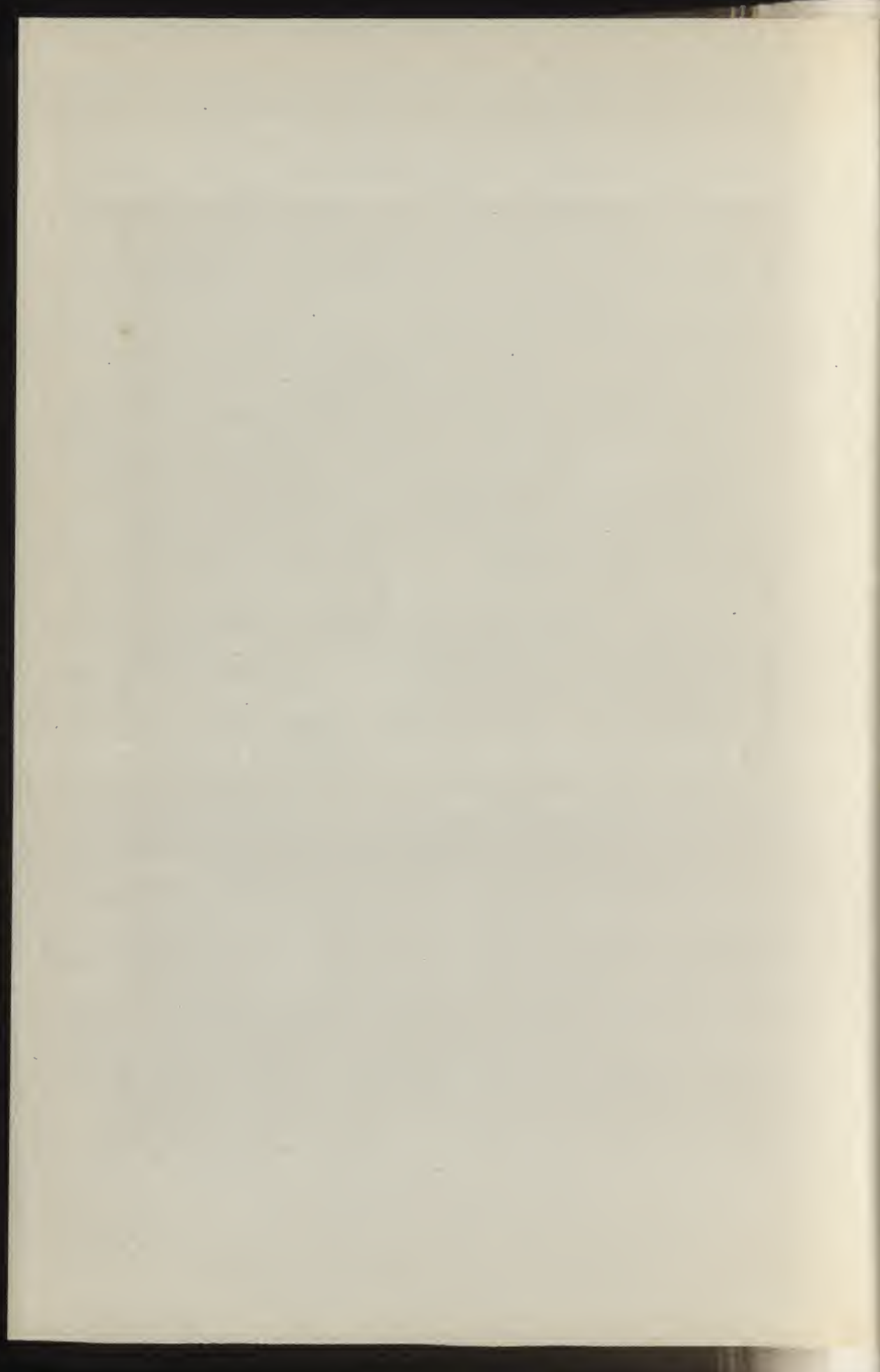
The younger Teniers in his picture called *Tric-trac* gives another example not only of the works that Morland loved, but of the life (alas!) he best loved too. In one respect it at once takes rank above the English painter, for every man must be a portrait; the two playing might indeed be English as well as Dutch, the man looking on is a degraded boor. In the chimney place (right of the picture) are several men further off, one with his back to you is seated on a bench with his head against the chimney jamb: a "poor drinker" he seems. The sturdier man, standing with his back to the fire, smoking a long clay, looks half-pitying, half-scornful at the feebler sinner. It is all very much of a piece with the life Morland lived, and rendered in masterly fashion by a man who very likely lived a similar life, but with a bigger brain and a stronger nerve-system; for Teniers the younger lived till eighty, and so had time to become respectable, and in his painting dull (a fate spared to Morland), witness the former's picture of the Chateau de Perck, himself and his family and their château, in the National Gallery.

In the earlier years of his manhood Morland is said (though I do not find it insisted on in any of his biographies) to have come under the influence of Watteau and other later French painters to a certain extent. His French descent on his mother's side may, as suggested presently, give colour to this idea; and undoubted evidence of it is to be found in two such pictures as *Industry* and *Idleness*, at Sir Charles Tennant's, in the picture *Louisa*, at Mr. Harland Peck's, in *The Disconsolate*, at Canon Phillips's (all of which pictures are described hereafter), in the *Latitia* series, and in four pictures belonging to Mr. Barratt, called *Belinda*, *The Pledge of Love*, *Caroline of Lichtfeld*, and *Constancy*, besides several

others of the same period. There can be no doubt about the charm of handling, the free and certain touch, in these pictures, as well as in the girl in the painting called *Valentine's Day*, also later described. But Morland does not in these works give us the intimate charm of Watteau; we do not find in them, as we do in Watteau's masterpieces, a world of their own, of brocades and high heels, silk breeches and buckled shoes—a world of folk living an artificial, impossible, but gracious life amid Corot-like landscapes, a life of the delicate high breeding of the *ancien régime* mingled with the freedom of the *coulisses*. These girls of Morland's, with all their grace, have little or no magic or illusion about them as Watteau's people have; they are simply dressed (and prettily) in muslin or cotton, the colour also is true and delicate, but not rich or superb, elaborate or varied; and although the pictures aim at some incident as shown by their titles, we look no further than the painting, we are not taken into any world of fancy or story. Besides, while Watteau treated the artificial in a masterly fashion *de parti pris*, Morland seemed to aim always at naturalness and simplicity in this as in his later manner, though without always arriving in this earlier work at mastery of expression. When all is said, though Morland's French blood sufficiently accounts for any sympathy he may have had in early manhood with the great French master's work, and for a certain gracious sense of line and beauty strongly allied to the best Art flourishing in France from the end of the seventeenth century to the eve of the Revolution, the true genius of Morland was yet to seek in these early paintings of his. He only became really himself, æsthetically, when he began to live among and paint the peasants and gipsies of the country of his birth. It is true that in a measure exception must be made to the foregoing observations when one thinks of the two remarkable works later described, called *Boys Robbing an Orchard*, and *Children playing at Soldiers*. But of paintings by Morland so fine as these two, in this *genre*, there are very few examples, if any; and it is doubtful if any at all of this kind were executed after his twenty-fifth year; so that we may fairly assume, after making every allowance for circumstances, that the work of his later years was the work of his heart.

Dawe says he made many copies of Gainsborough's celebrated picture of pigs, and a sketch from his fighting dogs from which he afterwards painted several pictures. And Sir Joshua's work must have had an







W. von L. Colophon. etc.

*Inside of a Stable.*

S. Morten, pinx.



unconscious if fleeting influence on him. But Gainsborough, it must be remembered, was, in the line which Morland made his own, rather a predecessor than a contemporary: for long before Morland began to paint, Gainsborough had ceased to paint anything but portraits. While allowing Morland full credit for his originality, and for that position as a pioneer which I began by claiming for him, the mere existence of Gainsborough's splendid landscape and animal work must be taken into account as an influence in the forming of Morland's maturer style; for it is impossible to doubt his having seen, as well as the others specified by his biographers, such works as some of those now in the National Gallery; while the pictures by Gainsborough at Sir Charles Tennant's and Mr. Harland Peck's (afterwards described) are masterpieces too great to be ignored in discussing Morland's best work, whether the latter ever saw them or not. Still, the incontrovertible fact remains that in the six years from 1784, the date of Morland's majority, till 1793, he worked to such purpose that in 1790 or 1791 he was able to produce that masterpiece *The Inside of a Stable* (National Gallery) from which, as from a centre sun, all his previous and subsequent work may be said to be only more or less a radiation.

There can be little doubt that the romance, and what I have called the monstrous degradation, of his years of manhood, combined with his almost preterhuman working and inventive powers, have caused an interest in his works which a vast majority of them could not possess, had they no historical ear-mark, no story or possible bit of biography attached to them. His output is figured at four thousand pictures, an average of two hundred a year for twenty years, or four a week. Given every abnormal stimulus of vanity, drink, necessity, or even the mania for painting, it is evident that this represents an impossible number in the time, if we are to count each work as a picture. When we add to these the number of forgeries and copies explicitly stated to exist, or to have existed in all writings concerning Morland, we get a mass of work which has caused a long-established consensus of talk and opinion tending to keep his name in the public mind, and emanating from two deeply interested classes, owners and picture dealers, such as few craftsmen, however prolific, can command. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Morland is one of the few painters in regard to whose works little or no fluctuation in opinion, certainly no decrease in commercial value, has

occurred. It would be rash to say that his fame and the price of his pictures have reached their zenith even yet; it is probable that perhaps a hundred of his best works will continue to hold their own even against the gradually swelling tide of talent which exists throughout Europe to-day in the works of men whose sympathies are enlisted for the subjects which Morland loved best to paint. For Morland, like a few living men who work on his lines, though not with his drawbacks, was a painter *de race*; the phrase is not mine, but a lately uttered speech by a poetical painter with a future still before him, a painter whose achievements will be made in a field as far apart from that of Morland as is Fontainebleau or Sherwood from a Dorsetshire midden. Morland, I repeat, is a painter *de race*, from the fact of birth, having a father and mother and grandfather painters also, as well as in the sense that we must also call Reynolds, Gainsborough and Hoppner equally painters *de race*, though none of them so far as I know had any painter's or artist's blood in their veins. In finding a niche for him however, in fixing his place in the scheme of evolution as applied to painting, it seems quite natural if not necessary to class him, in one respect at least, by the range of his subjects. This, no doubt, at the present time confronts us with a difficulty, seeing that it is a fashion cried upon the housetops to say, now-a-days, that what a man paints is no matter, and how he paints it is everything.

Be that as it may, seeing that in the matter of subjects treated I wish to touch on a certain connection between Morland and Jean François Millet and later in date with Bastien Lepage, let me here quote Mr. Walter Sickert's summary of Millet and his work,<sup>1</sup> and some remarks from Mr. Clausen's essay on Lepage,<sup>1</sup> with this introductory word; all or nearly all Morland's works are restful or lazy in subject; most of Millet's and Lepage's, if not all, are full of toil or the sense of toil past and inevitably to come. Mr. Sickert's words about Millet might be used *mutato nomine* about Morland; Mr. Clausen on Lepage suggests striking parallelisms between, and divergences from him and Morland.

"The important fact about Millet," says Mr. Sickert, "is not that he struggled with poverty, which we now know was not the dominant personal note in Millet's life, or that he expressed on canvas the dignity of labour, but that he was a great artist. As corollaries, he was a great draughtsman and a great colourist. He was gifted with the compre-

<sup>1</sup> "Jules Bastien Lepage and his Art." London: Fisher Unwin.



hension in its entirety of the import of any scene in nature which he wished to render. An unerring analysis enabled him to select what were the vital constituents of such a scene, and exquisite perceptions, trained by incessant labour, enabled him to render them in fitting terms in accordance with the traditions which govern the use of such materials.

“ Millet, ninety-nine times out of one hundred, had seen his picture happen somewhere in Nature. Its treatment generally involved complex difficulties of suggestion of movement, or at least of energy, to say nothing of those created by the variety of lighting and atmospheric effect; the management of sunlight, of twilight, of the lighting of interiors. All these elements he was enabled by means of a highly-trained artistic memory, to retain and render in the summary method which we call inspiration, and which has nothing in common with the piecemeal and futile copying of nature of a later school. Dealing with materials in their essential nature living and fleeting, his execution was in the main separated from his observation. His observation was thus uninterrupted by the exigencies of execution, and his execution untrammelled by the fortuitous inconveniences incident on the moment of observation, and undisturbed moreover by the kaleidoscopic shifting of the pictorial elements which bewilder or mislead the mere *plein-airiste*. He did not say to the woman at the wash-tub ‘ Do as if you were washing, and stay like that for me four or five hours a day, while I paint a picture from you,’ or to the reaper ‘ Stay like that with the scythe drawn back, pretending to reap.’ ‘ *La nature ne pose pas*’ to quote his own words. He knew that if figures in movement were to be painted so as to be convincing, it must be by a process of cumulative observation. . . . Millet observed and observed again, making little in the way of studies on the spot, a note sometimes of movement on a cigarette paper. And when he held his picture” [held it in his mind] “ he knew it, and the execution was the singing of a song learned by heart and not the painful performance in public of a meritorious feat of sight-reading. . . . Let it also be noted that the work of Millet was, with scarcely an exception, free from pre-occupation with the walls of an exhibition. The scale of his pictures and their key were dictated by the artistic requirements of the subject, and not by the necessities or allurements of . . . competitive painting.”

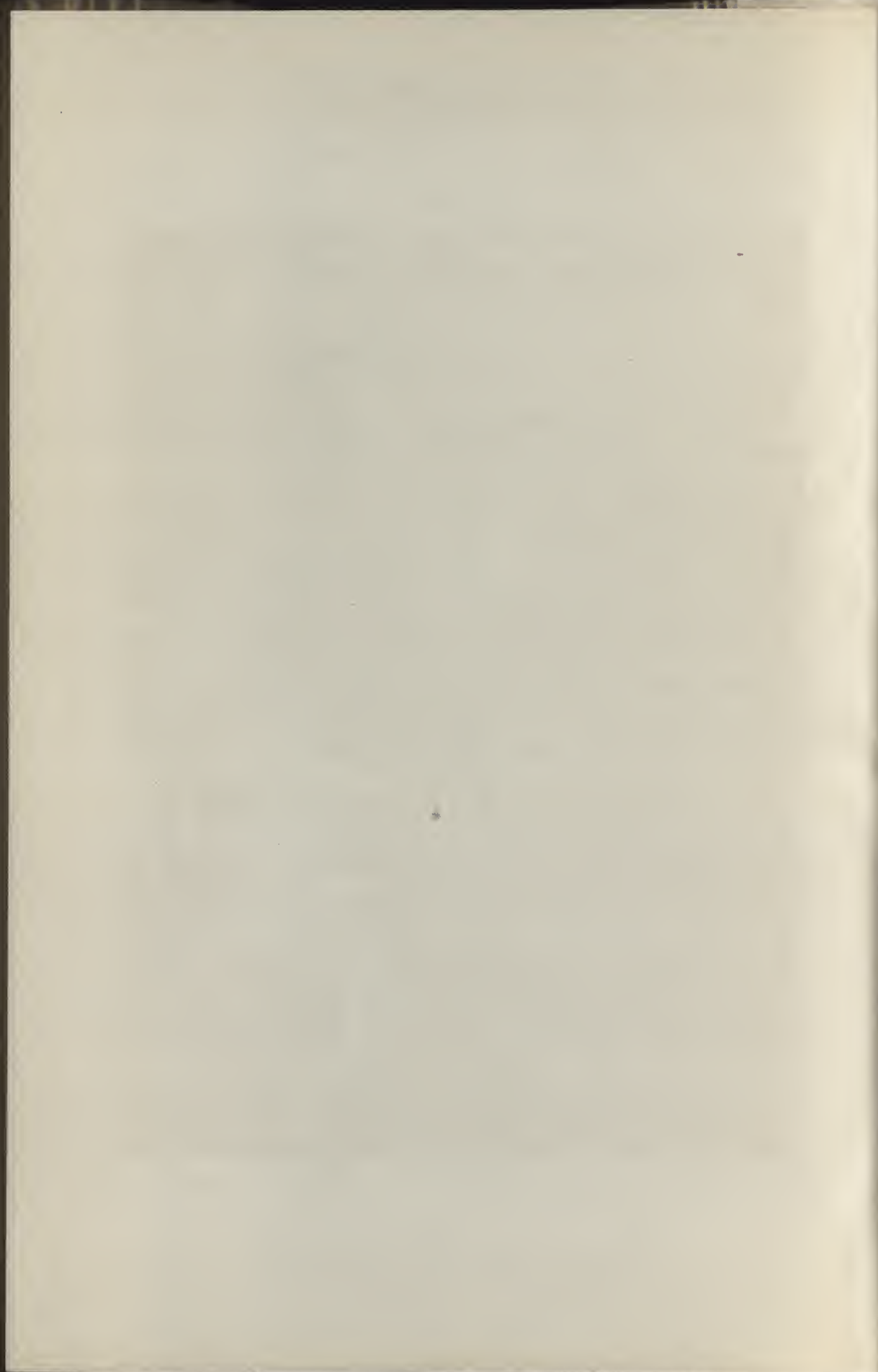
The whole of this last foregoing *résumé* of Millet’s qualities is worth quoting for itself. I annex it here because, as above said, it may with no forcing be applied to Morland, allowance always made for era, tempera-

ment and circumstances. Morland too made few studies, held his picture in his mind when he knew it, had when at his best a supreme power of observation, exquisite perception and an executive gift trained by years of hard study; and Morland too never painted "competitively" for exhibition.

Mr. Clausen says of Lepage certain things that differentiate him from, and one thing that allies him to, Morland. The latter is that "as far as is possible for an artist now-a-days he appears to have been uninfluenced by the old masters. The only lesson he seems to have learnt from them was that nature, which sufficed for them, should suffice for him also." What differentiates him from Morland is that "all that side of nature which depends on memory for its realization was left almost untouched by him . . . it may be said that he sought elaboration of detail perhaps at the expense of effect, approaching nature at times too much from the point of view of still life. . . . Lepage, it may be said, has carried literal representation to its extreme limit; so much so as to leave clearly discernible to us the question which was doubtless before him . . . whether it is possible to attain literal truth without leaving on one side much of that which is most beautiful in nature? And further, the question arises whether literal truth is the highest truth. For realism as an end in art leads nowhere: it is an impasse. Surely it is but the means to whatever the artist has it in him to express. I feel convinced that realism was not the end with Bastien Lepage."

In all the foregoing it is very clear that up to the point at which Lepage left off working his whole soul bent itself to a task which Morland had never attempted to tackle; that Lepage, who died at 36, ended with his life an apprenticeship only, as Morland ended his at 21: Lepage's apprenticeship would have left him ready for the wider field in which Millet worked, in which after his manner Morland had worked before—and in that field both painters might have stood shoulder to shoulder with Millet. But while Morland's apprenticeship was the task-work of a boy, Lepage's was the self-imposed work of a man, who indeed gave us a master's achievements in such subjects as *The Beggar*, *The Communicant*, *The Hayfield*, and *The Woodman*. Morland plunged straightway or nearly so into work which led him to achievements between the ages of 28 and 35 such as *The Inside of a Stable*, *Horses in a Stable*, *The Deserter's Farewell*, *Gipsies*, *The Dram*, *The Turnpike Gate*, and others







W. A. L. C. S. P. H. 30

S. Morland pinx.

*Horses in a Stall.*



mentioned later, works which may stand on the ground of technique and purely painting quality, apart from subject and feeling, with Millet's and Lepage's finest masterpieces and even those of Degas, who is in this respect like Morland, that he has never worked as did Lepage in an endeavour to realize the small and fine though superfluous details of nature, but has expressed, as did Millet, only the most essential truths.

The fact is that subject and method interlace, and that a picture may be "literary"—as telling a story—and yet be a masterpiece, while another may be an attempt to render tone, colour, light and shade and values, and yet be a daub: also, that given right conditions of the method, the picture with human or animate incident finely done is a bigger achievement than a picture without that interest, such as one of still life. Landscape, sky and sea are so indissolubly bound up with human interest and passion that they naturally fall under the category of pictures with animate incident. In such a conjuncture as this elemental battle between style and method on one side, and subject on the other, there will never be a lasting peace, hardly will there be a truce: for Mr. Sickert, when in the essay on Millet above quoted he falls to denigration of Lepage as a *Salonnier*, a falsely called realist who is no realist, but a man who insists on the needless to the detriment of the essential—and Mr. Clausen in his more balanced attitude towards Lepage as working his way through minute observation to larger truths—while they seem to represent or lead opposite forces of skirmishers, are really in all main essentials on the same side; they fight against the Philistine who encourages slight or sloven work—against mere respectability in achievement, against prettiness, against the "pleasing," in short against all that makes for the art of the villa, and stifles or atrophies invention and the search for fresh truths. The art of the villa, the taste of the suburban, always tends towards a story; it likes and produces pleasing incident: and as these things are more commonly met with in so-called painters, and are vastly more popular among the average middle-classes, than the qualities of handling, values, sense of colour, and fine drawing, they will always be largely supplied, and form a respectable mercenary host to array against the true fighters for freedom's sake and for the perfect truth's sake. Of this perfect truth in many inspired moments Morland had full cognizance; often when he painted she was there, though often she left too slight a mark of her presence. But in his most fugitive efforts he is a standing martyr to the fact that genius

fettered by vices comes nearer God than hide-bound and blameless industry with free hands and no dæmon to guide them but its own self-sufficiency.

And yet Morland's work, in its extraordinary popularity almost gives the lie to the ideas I have been dealing with. He, whom no self-respecting woman of to-day would be seen in the same room with, often found himself through his pictures in the most artless and conventional company, some of which would have bored him to extinction, some which would have flattered his vanity, some which he would have cut dead. It is unfortunate that we must at times mishandle Shakespeare, but here one must needs use the phrase "one touch of nature" out of its context. The touch of nature in Morland is what brings us all under his spell: in this case it is not "new-born gauds" that we praise, but the homeliness of the homeliest of nations as seen in peasants and sailors, gipsies, horses, asses and dogs, as seen in the grey of her skies, the friendly look of her lanes and cottages, the savage grandeur and pitilessness of her coasts.

As a pioneer or forerunner then, Morland should take hands with Millet rather than with Lepage, though it is conceivable, seeing his study of Ostade, that he would have appreciated to the full Lepage's work. But Morland was no *plein-airiste*, though it is said he recommended students to set up their easels in a field and paint a tree as they saw it. So far as we are told, his own practice was widely different, and resembled rather the manner of Millet as described by Mr. Sickert. Indeed I am convinced of this by having seen the sketches (described elsewhere in this essay), at the British Museum Print Room, and in Sir Charles Hamilton's possession, and also by the following facts taken from Mr. Richardson's Life, or rather through him from Mr. Dawe; they relate mainly to his painting between 1790 and 1793 both inclusive. He seems during these years to have made frequent excursions from Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, having during 1790 or 1791 spent a long time in Leicestershire. Throughout this country life, "his chief amusements were," says Mr. Dawe, "to mix with the peasants of the places where he made any stay, and to visit their cottages and play with their children, to whom he often gave money: thus he procured frequent opportunities for observing their manners, and occasionally assisted his memory by making slight sketches of their attitudes, dresses, furniture, and whatever seemed likely to be useful in his art." "He would," says



Mr. Richardson, "join parties of sportsmen, not merely for the sport, but to create those sporting pictures which were afterwards engraved for the English and French markets."

When he went to the sea-coast, fishermen, sailors and smugglers came under his ever watchful eye, just as the peasants had done before. Or he would join a gipsy encampment, and paint those inimitable gipsy pictures which are now so prized. Blagdon tells the following story of one of Morland's outings of this kind. A gipsy woman, whom an artist was once sketching in a country churchyard, asked him if he knew one George Morland. "Lord love him," she exclaimed, "I wish I could find him out. He lived with us three days last summer upon Harrow Hill and drew the picture of a child of mine that's since dead. And now the gentleman who begot the child would give twenty guineas for the picture!" "Whatever might be his situation," says Dawe, "whether he was riding on horseback or in a stage coach, or surrounded by vulgar companions, his mind was seldom wholly inattentive, though it displayed at the time nothing but an eagerness to partake of the amusement that was passing, in which he appeared to be as deeply engaged as any of the company; for he never mentioned to others the result of his serious and useful reflections. Possessed of much strength of observation, and active in the exercise of it, among every description of company he derived some advantage. In short, he seemed averse to seek knowledge in any other academy than that of nature." And in this connection we may quote Dawe again, this time on Morland's way of painting children. "When painting his juvenile subjects he would invite the children of the neighbourhood to play about in his room, and make sketches of them whenever any interesting situations occurred; justly observing that to take them thus, in their unconscious moments, is the best mode of studying their peculiar attitudes, and to catch a thousand various graces of which it is impossible to conceive a perfect idea in any other way. Grown persons may be placed in appropriate postures, but with children this is not practicable."

At a later date, it is true, but still bearing out the principle of work, we find Morland in 1799, with his wife, in the Isle of Wight. Dawe objects to his keeping "the apartment in which he painted filled from morning till night with sailors, fishermen and smugglers." But as Mr. Richardson pertinently observes, "he only followed the dictates of his own style of art in collecting these men." A little further on, an anecdote

is quoted by Mr. Richardson, from the early biographies which will serve for a type of Morland's method of work at all times of his career. "A friend once found Morland at Freshwater Gate, in a low public-house called The Cabin. Sailors, rustics, and fishermen were seated round him in a kind of ring, the roof tree rung with laughter and song, and Morland with manifest reluctance left their company for the conversation of his friend. 'George,' said his monitor, 'you must have reasons for keeping such company!' 'Reasons and good ones,' said the artist laughing: 'see, where could I find such a picture as that unless among the originals of The Cabin?' He held up his sketch-book and showed a correct delineation of the very scene in which he had so lately been the presiding spirit. One of his best pictures contains this facsimile of the tap room, with its guests and furniture."

All this shows that under whatever drawbacks caused by his natural freedom of comradeship and love of drink, Morland pursued the true course of getting by keen observation, retentive memory, skilled hand, and rapid drawings of movement, the essential truths of the life he desired to paint. The essential truths and no more. In this it is proved by the foregoing anecdotes that he was an unconscious forerunner in the roads afterwards beaten out by Millet and Degas.

Here follow some further notes on Morland's art and methods as observed by his contemporaries.

"When surrounded," says Dawe, "by companions that would have entirely impeded the progress of other men, he . . . would get one to sit for a hand, another for a head, an attitude, a figure . . . or to put on any dress he wanted to copy . . . his wife and sisters were almost his only female models. . . . He copied as much as possible immediately from nature. . . . If he wished to introduce a red cloak or any other garment of that sort, he would place a person at the window to watch till some one passed likely to suit his purpose, on which he sent for the passenger to come in, while he made a sketch and mixed his tints, and seldom failed to reward the person liberally. What he could not copy from nature was supplied by a retentive memory and acute observation."

Probably about 1788 "he put into practice the project of changing his style. When asked if he did not think the correct manner of his early studies extremely improving, he would laughingly ask, 'What, making leaves like silver pennies?' . . . The time at which he first came into

notice was particularly favourable ; the nation was at peace, a taste for the arts was becoming general . . . Morland had no competitor in his own line . . . his style was original.

“ The demand for his prints was so great in France that they were frequently re-engraved there, and he received from that country advantageous proposals either to go there to paint or to send over his pictures. To these he paid no attention, for his reputation was established and he had henceforward more employment in England than he was inclined to execute.” This would be during the years 1789-96 or 7.

“ One of his first productions in rural subjects was a large picture of gipsies kindling a fire, painted for Colonel Stewart for forty guineas, twice as much as the dealers gave. A circumstance concerning this picture will show with what rapidity he painted, and that he sometimes sacrificed his original conception to dispatch. Colonel Stewart called one morning to see how the picture was progressing, and asked when it would be finished. Morland said by four o'clock. Colonel Stewart expressed his doubts, declared to his companion his admiration of the work, adding that he did not conceive it possible to finish it in so short a time, said he would call at the appointed hour, and took his leave. . . . Morland obliterated several figures he had sketched, in their place introduced one in a carter's frock, and threw in masses of shade and foliage. By three o'clock the task was complete, and Morland passed an hour playing shuttlecock. Colonel Stewart arrived between four and five, and expressed his surprise at the speed with which Morland had finished the picture.

“ He was by no means addicted to self-commendation or to censuring the works of other artists. But sometimes, on hearing Louthembourg's pictures preferred to his, he would compare them to teaboard painting, assert that the characters were unlike nature, and challenge competition with him. This however was only a temporary effusion . . . for Morland could not be insensible to the knowledge of detail and vast power of execution of that painter. When on one occasion he visited the Poets' Gallery with William Ward, the pictures by Louthembourg were almost the only ones he attended to, but these he contemplated for a considerable time. He was also a great admirer of Wilson and Hogarth.

“ One of his favourite studies was drawing in a variety of views the heads of animals, which he preserved with the skin on for that purpose.

“ In 1791 he painted for Colonel Stewart the picture called *The*

*Benevolent Sportsman*, which had been ordered for three years, as a companion to *The Gipsies*. This he completed in a week and received seventy guineas for it.

"He never prosecuted any plan for future employment. When his drawing-books sold rapidly, and the publishers were making immense profits by them, he was urged to etch and publish them himself. This he several times resolved to do . . . copper plates were bought, but the only use he ever made of them was to alarm the publisher, and induce him to give a more liberal price."

In the period of his maturity, which Dawe fixes at six years (say 1787-93), "he described" [*i. e.* painted] "the habits and manners of the lower class of people in this country, in a style peculiarly his own. No painter so much as himself ever shared in the vulgarities of such society perhaps, Brouwer excepted, who in many points much resembled Morland. . . . Completely to observe any particular class we must indeed take them in their unguarded moments, and in some degree reduce ourselves to their level by participating in their manners, sports and employments. . . . Morland's pictures owe their peculiar excellence to . . . his long observation of common life.

"His originality was not the effect of an extreme acquaintance with the productions of art; but was rather owing to this neglect of them, which obliged him to depend only on himself and nature. . . . With other artists he never held any intercourse, nor had he prints of any kind in his possession. . . . He was induced to see Lord Bute's pictures, but having sauntered through one room, refused to see more, declaring he was averse to contemplate any man's works, fearing he might become an imitator. He forgot that he was indebted to his study of the Dutch and other masters when young.

"Never having extended his views beyond the subjects he painted he seldom made the most of his subjects. A cottager's red cloak or wagoner's frock will sometimes form folds as worthy of imitation as the drapery of any Greek statue; but not having sufficiently cultivated his taste, he was unable to avail himself of the higher beauties of his subjects.

"The pictures of Morland did indeed rise considerably" [in reputation and value] "after his death; but as the works of an artist will at length be justly appreciated by true connoisseurs, they cannot (excepting his choicest productions) be expected to continue increasing in value.

Hitherto most people have been willing to buy only such pictures as they could dispose of again to advantage, for there is not yet much real taste in the country ; and till an artist has acquired a name, few will purchase his works, still less will they pay liberally for them : high price is rather the consequence of high reputation than of real talent . . . thus it is quite sufficient that a picture is by Morland.

“ About 1790 he appears to have arrived at his meridian : he was then able to paint whatever he chose, and to bestow on his pictures as much time as he thought proper. He had acquired confidence in his powers, and a knowledge of nature, which he had not yet ceased to consult. His best productions were his interiors : indeed the more confined the subject the greater was his success.

“ His gipsies are admirable, he often associated with them, and has lived with them for several days together, adopting their mode of life and sleeping with them in barns at night.

“ It is the state which succeeds exertion in which Morland excels. In the delineation of humble life, faithfulness of representation is essential, but this does not preclude selection ; the former requisite chiefly was possessed by Morland, and it is for this we admire his works. He always paid great attention to the costume of figures in common life, and to all those minutiae which escape ordinary observation, but which when judiciously introduced by the painter stamp an identity on the subject.

“ Though Morland selected and combined but little, he had an extremely quick recollection of those situations and combinations in nature which were suited to his purpose. The *Farmer's Stable* (National Gallery) was composed in this way ; the stable being that belonging to the White Lion at Paddington, and the horses portraits which he painted in the casual position in which he saw them come in. Indeed he was so much attached to horses that he may be said for a great part of his life almost to have lived in stables.

“ The degree in which he succeeded ” [in the qualities of colour, contrast, light and shade] “ seems to have been the effect of feeling or of eye, *i. e.* of lessons acquired he knew not when or how. . . . He never made a complete sketch for the plan of his pictures. . . . He generally began upon the canvas with the chalk or brush at once, sometimes even without knowing what he was going to paint, inventing as he proceeded. . . . When he found his knowledge deficient he had recourse to nature, and never

gave himself any trouble that he could avoid. If perplexed about the legs of a horse, he would copy them from life, but would draw the legs only ; as he never copied more than was absolutely necessary he seldom drew enough, and his animals are often incorrect and ill put together. Hence arose that inequality observable in his pictures, in which we sometimes meet with parts that are transcripts from nature tacked to others that would disgrace a novice in the art, notwithstanding the skill he possessed in adapting those which he drew. He was dexterous in avoiding foreshortening and similar difficulties.

“The landscapes in his backgrounds he drew from nature ; the trees and ponds can still be pointed out in the fields about Camden Town, which he introduced in the pictures he executed while residing there. When he painted his picture of *Birds'-Nesting* he went to Caen Wood and made a drawing of the trees and the rest of the landscape.

“As to his execution. He made no outlines : his dead colour, though careless, generally comprehended the plan and effect of his picture, and much of it was suffered to stand in the finishing with the aid of a little glazing and scumbling. He early discarded the old practice of going over the picture with two or three coats of colour, until all clearness and transparency was destroyed. It has been suggested that Morland was unable to finish highly ; character of a broad and obvious kind was his sole aim and chief excellence. . . . He was so flattered by the reception of the *Farmer's Stable*” [*Inside of a Stable*, now in the National Gallery] “that he declared next year he would show what he could do. With this view he painted *The Strawyard*, and bestowed on it more than usual care and attention, because it was maintained by many that he could not finish. *The Strawyard*, however, was by no means equal to the former, and seemed only to confirm the criticism it was meant to dispute.”

Of Morland's method of work, and the subjects by which he displayed that method, enough has been said ; on the subject of his place in art, the connection with Millet and Lepage already touched on, and the evolution of living or lately deceased men from all three, several ideas are worth discussing. To begin with, let us note the gradual development of art in the line of Morland's subjects. The first idea that strikes one in this connection is at once the likeness and the divergence of country life one hundred years ago and now, if we are content to see it in the paintings of Morland and his successors. His hunting scenes are interesting in their

likeness to similar scenes at the present day ; bar some difference in costume, and the stamp of the horses, any one of these pictures might represent a hunting scene of last season. His shooting scenes are mainly interesting as showing divergence in custom ; for "driving" game, and what is called battue shooting, were unknown to him. He, who did not know what a railway, or a steam-engine or a steamboat was, found for his models ostlers, postboys, labourers, fishermen, sailors and smugglers. Some among them were the ancestors of the navy and the labourer of to-day, ancestors by no means equal in physique to their descendants probably, but of very much the same habits as to physical life. Few people paint the navy now-a-days : I can only recall five or six salient instances—one in Madox Brown's superb picture *Work*, where there is a young navy sifting gravel, if I remember right, and a magnificent specimen of the athlete he is. Fred Walker's young navy in *The Old Gate*, Heywood Hardy's picture of navvies making a railway, and two pictures by Briton Rivière, *Let Sleeping Dogs Lie*, afterwards alluded to, and *Giants at Play*, now at the Tate Gallery. Of peasants there are many examples to-day, and with the exception of slight changes in dress they might be the very folk we find in Morland's pictures. Of gipsies there are few worth mentioning ; the first one thinks of is Fred Walker's *Vagrants*, but these are somewhat idealized ; it is a beautiful realization of Walker's method, but not the real thing such as Morland could give us (see the description further on of Sir Charles Hamilton's picture by him, *Gipsies*). Robert Macbeth has given us rustics of all kinds, still a little idealized (for the spell of Walker was on him for a time), and some sporting pictures much later. Frank Bramley has given us the life of the farms in the south-west and north-west, Stanhope Forbes the sea-shore life of Cornwall ; Clausen and La Thangue and Smythe the life of the earth labourer everywhere almost in England, or in the north of France ; Napier Hemy, the titanic race of fisherfolk, notably in his pictures shown at the Royal Academy Exhibitions of 1897 and 1898 ; Blinks and Denholm Armour give hunting and shooting scenes. Cart-horses, dogs and sheep, ploughing, sowing, reaping, sporting, all these subjects of outdoor life are each year more passionately and lovingly seized upon and painted, not only by the men named but by many others coming fast upon their heels ; it seems, indeed, as if we hang on more desperately every month to subjects of pure open air and simplicity in life, primitive nature,

as civilization and increase in population daily crowd us further away from simplicity and fresh air. Going back a little, we have Wilkie's earlier subjects of peasant and homely life, dating from shortly after Morland's death till 1825; next comes the well-known picture combined of animals and their human satellites, Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair* at the National Gallery; that is dated in the fifties. Landseer never really painted a peasant in his life, though his dogs are unsurpassed or unequalled: so that really, from Morland's latest countable date, say 1797, we have, with the exception of these three last-named masters and the two Herrings, a blank of at least seventy years, say till 1867, without any serious example in England of peasant and animal life combined, or of sporting life. On this latter subject, however, we should here mention Stubbs, who was practically a contemporary of Morland, or perhaps rather his predecessor, being born thirty-nine years before Morland but dying two years later. According to Hassell, Morland studied and admired Stubbs' work, indeed Stubbs is called the god of his idolatry. After Stubbs came Alken and Herring, but Alken no more than Morland really broke loose from the convention of representing horses at a gallop, though he is the first, or one of the first, artists who gives us horses jumping fences. This, so far as I know, Morland very rarely attempted. The younger Herring, I think it was, who first painted fox-hunting seriously, with the desire to give the action of a horse in leaping, rising to his leap or refusing, and with an evident knowledge of construction and movement. There is a really fine series of paintings of a hunting run by Herring, junr., in one of which a black-brown horse rising at his jump and a chestnut (?) refusing, are more finely rendered than anything previous of the same kind, and nothing since has surpassed it. The sporting pictures of to-day are mostly poor things enough, so far as we can judge from examples in the London shops, and for real drawing of horses, sporting dogs and hounds in all kinds of movement we must look, for horses, at Degas in France; for horses, hounds, sporting dogs, and collies, at Blinks, or at Denholm Armour in *Punch* for all of them. These last, though done in very few lines, are far in advance of anything of the kind by any previous painter or draughtsman, being free from mannerism, and the result of that ruthless and accurate observation mentioned in respect of all good modern men. The same remark applies to his men, mounted or not.

In fact to-day, say one hundred years from the date of Morland's latest masterpiece, we have, perhaps, half-a-score artists of first-rate calibre



working on detailed lines in subjects connected with the earth, and its tillers, human and animal, here at home, and with hunting and sport; half-a-score against one such in the last century. Between these half-score painters who are now at work, and Morland, there is no link save the uncertain one of Stubbs, Wilkie, Alken, the Herrings, Rosa Bonheur, Landseer and Ansdell. Not a trace is there of such continued influence of tradition as governed the Dutch and Flemish painters from Van Eyck onwards, as already mentioned. Those men began at a point where the road had (figuratively) been made sound as a Roman road or a modern macadamized one, and proceeded to make as sound a one on and on, for successors to travel back over, and see what had been done by the dead builders in the way of monuments along it. Our present English school, beginning say with Walker and Mason, on arriving at their pioneering point found nothing but a disused road scarcely recognizable as a road at all on the surrounding waste, stretching back through years, in the same unused condition, to the place where Morland had dropped his tools and died all too early. Along that disused road there was little travelling back, and the influence that governed Walker and Mason came as much or more from the upheaval in thought and method arising from the pre-Raphaelite movement as from any more obvious looking backwards,—except in so far as, looking back, they learned what to avoid. Macbeth's manner was always his own, but in him we find traces of the recent tradition of Walker and Pinwell, Mason, and Houghton, and later of North in the line of landscape,—Houghton being in his life a unique specimen of nineteenth-century Morlandism; in the character of his genius quite widely separated, subtler and more varied, and altogether outside the scope of this monograph.

So that while there must be some occult reason, like what is known as atavism or throwing back in physiological traits, for the recrudescence of peasant, and outdoor and animal life as subjects treated by first-rate men, after so long a period of sterility, we cannot claim for Morland that he had any sort of direct influence on the history of his country's art, as regards either the subjects attacked, or the method of painting, further than the influence which universal admiration of really fine painting quality must always exercise. By way of parenthesis one may cite another example of splendid isolation in the case of Constable

in the domain of landscape; he had, it is true, Gainsborough, Wilson, Callcott and others behind him, but he started afresh, uninfluenced it would seem (unless antagonistically) by any one except perhaps Gainsborough. He died in 1837, and yet we find him also without followers until lately, when Thorne Waite, and Withers, and perhaps Alfred East sometimes, seem to have been fascinated by his way of building up the design of his pictures in such instances as *The Hay-wain* or *The Barge picture* or *The Cenotaph*.

While there exists then this unaccountable interval in the history of purely English art between Morland and his successors in England, two facts must be noted, each of interest in themselves, with regard to a possible chain of connection between Morland and his *confrères* of to-day, and a more direct connection between those *confrères* and other artists across the Channel. The first fact is twofold; that there is in the Louvre a single example of Morland called *La Halte*, and that in his early career he went over to Calais and St. Omer (in October 1785, his twenty-second year), and painted a good deal there, and though most of his patrons then were probably Scotch and English (he mentions refugees from "the 45"), it is very possible some of his works remained on French soil. The other fact is closely connected with the presence of a fairly important work of his in the Louvre. From 1790 onwards there appears to have been a pretty steady market for engravings or mezzotints after his pictures, in France. Sporting subjects such as *La Chasse à la Bécassine*, *La Chasse de la Bécasse*, *La Chasse du Canard*, *La Chasse du Lièvre*, were all engraved during this and the following year 1791 by A. Suntach. Indeed we learn from Mr. Richardson that during these years 1790—1797, he grew to be quite a fashionable painter, run after not merely "in England, but in France, and Germany as well;" and that Morland's "fame is largely due to the admirable style in which his pictures were engraved and published broadcast through Europe. They will now be found for sale in many parts of the Continent," and Mr. Richardson discovered "on pricing prints after Morland for sale at Dresden, that the prices there were if anything higher than those stated in London."

Now Millet was born in 1814, only ten years after Morland's death, and lived for sixty-one years (till 1875); that he could be directly influenced by one or even half-a-dozen pictures by Morland which

may have found their way across the Channel to France, or by others which were painted at St. Omer and remained in France—that he ever noticed much the engravings after Morland executed for the French market—is very improbable. But there is a pleasure in pointing out that first, speaking in general terms Morland's genius was known and acknowledged in France during his lifetime, and for years after his death, and second that the chain of connection between painters in this genre, which has been spoken of as being broken for seventy years in England, was not so much broken as diverted, taking a bend across to France with an inappreciable interval between the death of one master in England and the birth of another in France. That the methods of the two masters were widely different in some respects, and strongly similar in others, as already pointed out, has nothing to do with what we are now considering, which is the gradual evolution in painting, by masters of different countries, of subjects that lay close round them, subjects the most primitive and simple, but racy of the soil. And here again by way of parenthesis we may note that while Morland's name was thoroughly recognized in France, Constable's was not much if at all later to be so too: for all the world knows the influence wielded by Constable's works on the later and still triumphant French school of landscape painters, and on taste among French picture dealers and buyers.

The chain of connection, as I said, took a kink across the Channel: Millet became an established force, and by way of antagonism perhaps influenced Lepage to work in quite another direction, which, as before hinted, might probably have led him by a roundabout way, had he lived longer, to such a wide-reaching and profound grasp of truth in art as might have surpassed Millet himself. At any rate, the spirit of painting in the genre of homely life, of painting only the things seen by the painter in the life around him, whether he remained at home or, like Delacroix, travelled abroad for subjects, only fluttered for a while in the air between the death of Morland and the birth of Millet. During Millet's and Lepage's lives came Clausen and Smythe to France from over sea, and through some innate brotherhood took up the torch that was dying in the hands of the two French masters; took it with a strong hand, and carry it with a stronger hand to-day.

Now that we have come to some idea of continuity in this progress

of home-loving, home-seeing art, let us note a strong example of upward evolution not only in method and treatment, but in subject matter. No picture of Morland's worth noticing is without its unique charm of tone and atmosphere: his greatest achievements are masterpieces of drawing and modelling as well, of largeness of thought and grasp of conception. But of characterization, portraiture, whether individual or typical, there seems little or none, if we look only at his men and women, with here and there an exception, as in the case of that remarkable picture *The Hard Bargain*, a mezzotint from which is described further on. His men, so far as I have seen them, are (with that and other exceptions to be mentioned) apt to be overgrown boys, who seem to have no muscle, and are born idlers. His horses and pigs, on the contrary, are so presented that the queer fancy comes across one, was it the spirit of a horse or a pig that guided the pencil or brush? Elsewhere I have noted that his animals stamp their image vividly on the retina, while his men and women are shadowy at best; the implements of farm labour, the corn-bins, and buckets, and wheelbarrows, all the things most nearly touching the sense of a horse or pig, these too are vivid enough, as they would be to such animals' senses, while their masters, the men and women, would seem to them mere vague images who brought those implements into use for the convenience or punishment of the animal concerned.

In Millet's work, on the contrary, the central interest is always human, and shows humanity earth-born, earth-held, toilsome and to toil. The characterization, though always typical, and hardly at all individual, is always also energetic, convincing, and calls forth—however much or little it may have evoked in the painter—strong sympathy from the onlooker. From Millet to Lepage,—whether it be a backward step, according to Mr. Sickert, or, according to Mr. Clausen, a sideway advance destined to outstep Millet—the step is at any rate from the general to the particular, from the type to the portrait, and yet (with these two censors' leave) it too, whatever Lepage felt, evokes strong sympathy, and the essence of the work is of one blood with Millet's conceptions. Both Millet and Lepage, in short, do in a large and complete manner what Morland, trammelled by his temperament and his era, had achieved in a lower degree before them; they, each in his way, make the realism and the inner significance of peasant life into a great epic.

With no perceptible break, the tradition of which Morland was the pioneer, the passion for painting the life men saw around them in their own country, has been carried on with love and energy, through Millet and Lepage, by the men now living. But here the force of evolution shows itself: where Morland, with all his preterhuman energy and prolific gift, inevitably repeated himself by generalized or typical pictures of farmers, labourers, fishermen, innkeepers, sportsmen, smugglers, seafolk, ostlers and postboys, with the accompanying dogs, horses, pigs, sheep, and donkeys, often more real than their human owners, seventy years later we find a number of men not generalizing, but specializing in various branches of their subjects, bringing to bear on each branch a keen and trained observing power, and giving us every technical detail of the subject with anxious accuracy. Macbeth gives us sheep-shearing, "tatur-ing," a led stallion at a country inn door, apple harvests, stag-hunters seen through a mist on a Somersetshire hillside, and the unsurpassed hunting scene, shown at the Royal Academy in 1897, and called *The End of a Good Day*, which, notwithstanding some careless drawing, gives more of the "inwardness," the delight which follows the kingly sport of riding hard and well, more of the scent and crispness of evening air, steaming horses and tired hounds, than all Morland's hunting pictures put together. Clausen has given us *The Mowers*, *Bird-scaring*, *Boy Threshing*, and *The Hay-barn*. In the two first-named, the directness of method, both in rendering sunlit figures and strong action, are, like the work presently mentioned of Bramley and La Thangue, examples of indirect descent from Morland, but as types of ruthless and accurate observation, an immense advance on him. In the two latter pictures the management of interior lighting, and in the *Boy Threshing* one must add the exquisite drawing of the boy; his raised, bare arms, thin and brown, full of young vigour and nerve, are equally examples of the same ruthless observation, and of advance in evolution. Stanhope Forbes gives us a piece of high finish, local truth and exact portraiture in *The Health of the Bride*, *A Cornish Auction*, a splendid piece of interior lighting and blacksmith life in *Forging the Anchor*, with its weighty movement in the giant smith who wields the sledgehammer; and another detail of blacksmith and country life in his picture of a horse being shod, where the grey cart-horse is up to the highest mark in the way of drawing and modelling, to say nothing of the management of light and tone throughout the work.

Edward Simmons in *The Mother* gave us a piece of simple peasant life, finer in achievement than anything in its line before or since. La Thangue and Frank Bramley in this year of 1898 give us, the latter a sheep-shearing in Cumberland, the former *Harvesters at Supper*, in each of which technical detail is unobtrusively but faithfully rendered, and in the last-named picture the pathos and fine drawing of the tired young girl and the reticent treatment of the man seated next her and looking at her, are as far in advance of anything Morland ever did (in the way of human sympathy) as Morland was in advance of Wheatley. There was, too, in 1897 a picture by Frank Bramley at the Royal Academy called *While there is Life there is Hope*. An interior of a farmhouse, a newly-born lamb lying by dim embers, a man and girl standing by with a lantern, a rough sheepdog as intently loving as the girl's nascent motherhood could be, a grey cat sitting half-way up some stairs, in dignified indifference: all treated with masterly skill in the management of light and shade, in the simplicity and breadth of the brush work,—and as fine as *The Alchemist* by Ostade, mentioned elsewhere, in these respects.

We have already glanced at Morland's sporting pictures, as compared with those of Thomas Blinks, and pointed out under this head how far Morland falls short. Can it be said that Morland's shooting and hunting pictures, or prints from them, give you life *palpitant*, as a brace of setters or a leash of collies by Mr. Blinks do, in the modern method of reproduction? And in another line peculiarly Morland's, compare Briton Rivière's swine in *Circe* and *Great Expectations*, with the equally faultless swine of Morland in many examples of his work. Are not the former infinitely above the latter in minuteness of observation, in the rendering of the absolute sensuality and belly worship so mercilessly portrayed by the modern master's skill? One is apt to forget that Morland was literally the first painter to give us pigs just as they are in a farmyard or at a trough.

These are a few instances, which might be multiplied but for fear of boredom and too great length. They are enough to show that the workers of to-day, who derive from Morland in their subjects and their æsthetic sympathies, have, in a process of evolution from him, developed, to a vast extent, the variety of their observing power and the ever restless desire to portray something fresh in their own line, some new detail, some new occupation not hitherto handled by them or any one else.

Enough has been said to show what my feeling is, viz. first, that Morland was undoubtedly a pioneer for these men; that though they might claim Millet, Lepage, and the Barbizon school generally as influencing them, Morland was the first man to see the paintableness of the life of his time, in its outdoor and peasant or proletariat aspect. Second, that when at his highest point of achievement, he equalled even his masters—his indirect masters—the Dutch, and could give points in mere painting to them or to any of his English successors. Third, that, as has been said, his is a case of splendid isolation; that he is a landmark in art which painters to-day have to take into account, if on the ground of his painting and drawing faculty alone.

But he has another and more weighty claim for remembrance. For here we find ourselves carried back, as by the indraw of a sea-tide, to a point on which Morland's influence remains eternal; and it involves that old vexed question of subject, literary picture, the telling of a story. Here is a point where that matter can no longer be evaded, in determining, from an artist's and not a Philistine's, point of view, the lasting quality of Morland's finest pictures and of the school of painters who in date succeeded him.

In discussing such a matter it is impossible to get outside one's own personal prejudices or predilections, but certain principles stand fast, and one of them is that no painter has ever achieved great rank without possessing an innate love first of life and then of all that life means to him or her through the senses. Of this the great Spaniard, the great Italians, and the great French, Dutch and Flemish masters were brimful; each of them was possessed with this love of life and of all that life could bring or mean to their senses. Without this, Velasquez's brush would be, compared with what it is, as a cymbal clashed by a child compared with Joachim's violin—the genius of the Barbizon men, of Manet, Degas and Monet, would be, without this, no more than a clever puppet show by the side of a performance by Mrs. Siddons or Ellen Terry. The mere use of the brush to give a vague sensation, however splendid, of according tones without animate interest, without any appeal to the spirit that looks before and after, to the passionate *joie de vivre*, can never rise beyond the level of a *tour de force*, a piece of gymnastic. In short, at the end, at the last judgment, a picture shall live in proportion as it puts you, the spectator, in the place, under the circum-

stances, depicted. The place may be a misty moor, or a riverside with never a man or animal within earshot of it; the place may be even an empty waste of sky. But, in order that it may live, some jet of the artist's or painter's life, or of that desire, that passion for life which we call his soul, must have gone mystically from his innermost self and, as a very part of his essence, to the creation of his hand. Let that condition be found to exist in it, then, subject or none, story or none, if it be finely done (and here comes in an irony of fate), you shall not notice at first how it is done; whether the picture be a bit of field or sky, a lane, a wood, a moor, a group of figures or a single figure, it must at the first and in its own way, take you out of your own bodily surroundings and set you in its own dreamland; give you, for the moment, a new sight, a new life in its life, a dreamland as vivid as that of some detached hour which rises again from your past life, shining and scented with the spring. This life spirit cannot be killed or even lulled asleep by calling a picture a harmony, an arrangement or a symphony; it palpitates through the *Symphony in White*, the *Carlyle*, the *Rose Corder*, and many other works by that same master-hand; it will not dwell in any painting or sculpture begun as mere handicraft, or skill in juxtaposing colours or tones, or in mere modelling or drawing. It is impalpable, evasive and independent of the intellectual will of the artist who is working. Like "the Kingdom of God, it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning." A *chef-d'œuvre*, having this life spirit, like a fine soul, is never importunate, never obtrudes its skill of handling. Indeed, this life spirit in a work of art is really the essence of the highest technique, and whatever the subject or lack of it in the picture, determines its ultimate value. It is present (in an ironic sense it may be, but still there) in the Sargent portraits of the year 1898. The inspired phrase applied to him (as to his treatment of his sitters) that he "hates them with splendid accuracy," is only a piece of special pleading on my side of the question. Whistler has it, in spite of his *diablerie*. It is triumphant in all the modern men I have coupled with Morland. Morland himself was full of it, and could not have done a stroke without it. Given this element in a picture, and it—the picture—must have its lovers, and eventually its buyers and possessors. I like to think that this is why justice (all but unconscious perhaps) is being done to his daring and originality in thus striking out a line in art for himself, a line which his brother (contem-



porary) artists had quite failed to see, though it stared them in the face. And justice is being done not only to this daring, but to the acumen and foresight of the very swindlers who kept Morland at work on ludicrously inadequate pay, in order to secure for themselves and their descendants property in the way of Morland pictures, which was certain to pay many hundreds per cent. on the outlay. The form this justice takes to-day is the way in which an undoubted Morland of a good period is always treasured; such a work rarely if ever finds itself thrust out into the cold atmosphere of curiosity shops, or fifth-rate dealers. Thus when a gem by other masters may be picked up for a song, Morland's work is in drawing-rooms and dining-rooms now. This is as it should be. In a hundred years, what a man was is wiped off the slate; to take two instances opposite to Morland's in individuality, the blameless, uneventful, even colourless lives of Van Eyck or Sir J. Reynolds, do not one whit more touch us in our estimate of their great genius than do the stormy and enthralling life-stories of either Rembrandt or Morland in our judgment of their work. The only difference between the two pairs of men is, that in the former case we are left cold on laying aside the story of their lives; in the latter case we thrill as after reading a well-constructed piece of invention in writing. And so it will be to the end: the works of Clausen and La Thangue and the others will in a hundred years be treasured as are the Morlands and Hoppners to-day. Time only is the ripener and the supreme judge.

In short, though there are plenty of people who buy from motives of vanity, good speculation, outbidding for emulation's sake, and other outside causes, the born picture owners have an instinctive, if unconscious, eye for and love of that life-spirit which is the essence of all good work, apart from name or school, an eye which judges on sight, whether the picture be first seen in a garret or a gallery. The men who bought Morland's pictures in his lifetime, and the men who now buy or possess them, belong to both classes; for though in many of his works consummate handling and sense of colour and tone value, and sometimes drawing of a fascinating delicacy, are the only virtue, in all his best work there is, besides these things, the soul of the man, keeping his eye and mind and hand for the time at least in happy subjugation. Thus the first true lovers of Morland, those men who lived during his life, were prophets as well as lovers, and knew they were securing for posterity a visible piece of immortality.

I have already alluded to the number, counted by thousands, of the pictures produced by Morland; even such a slight one as the *Quarry with Peasants*, in the National Gallery, is such a glimpse of soul-guided hand. But when we look at what is possibly his greatest achievement, *The Inside of a Stable*, also in the National Gallery, or, among several, *Gathering Sticks*, *The Hard Bargain*, the pictures of children at Sir Charles Tennant's and Mr. Harland Peck's, or the *Gipsies* at Sir Charles Hamilton's, all elsewhere described, we are for once obliged, knowing all of Morland's life, to say that how a man lives has something to do with the character of his work. There is a dæmon (*δαίμων*) of painting: sometimes it takes a solid, well-built house to dwell in and illumine; sometimes its lodging is crazy, crumbling, rotten from the foundation upwards; still the dæmon illumines it, but fitfully, and the light is extinguished suddenly with a crash. It was worth while to have been the tenement of the dæmon which created these pictures.

From the question of the reasons why people buy pictures, to the question of prices is an easy step: in Morland's case the prices he got during his life would appear to-day ludicrously low, even for work far below his worst in quality, and even making every allowance for the difference in the value of money then as compared with its value now-a-days. It is worth while to say something on this subject.

An initiative opinion can only in the first resort be formed, and in the last resort used as a force, in regard of the work of any painter living or dead, by his brother painters themselves, and not by any outside public. It is the painters by whom every man's work is stamped as good, bad, or indifferent. Even in Morland's case, while we know that he carried his independence of the study of his contemporaries and predecessors almost to the point of mania, though he mixed little if at all with his equals in art, his genius was known and acknowledged from his earliest years by the foremost painters of his time: and to be known by such men is to be talked about. Morland, in fact, started with a strong consensus of opinion in his favour, and had not, as have so many men of equally high gifts, to fight his way at first through the opposition or the weight of indifference of brother craftsmen who did not know what he would be at in the first instance. But whether the case be Morland's, who though acknowledged by his brother artists spoiled his own chances, or that of Millet or of Lepage who had to so fight their

way, or that of Rossetti, Millais, and Madox Brown, who also had to combat strong suspicion or worse indifference, *securus judicat* the weight of opinion in artists, in the case of any master, and sooner or later. The expert workmen in any particular craft are the only radical judges of the work of that craft. Morland was neither head nor member of any clique: in his time the word did not exist, and there were not enough men of individuality to make the cohesion necessary to produce a clique. The few great men of his time seem to have worked alone, and each for his own hand, with little jealousy, if with occasional coldness towards each other. But the charmed circle of artists of that period originated the demand for Morland's work among buyers.

Now a painter's æsthetic value being fixed, and a working force of living painters' opinion always existing in regard to it, next comes the buyer's part in establishing reputations. The buyer's part, though perhaps in some cases indirectly, invariably has its beginning from the consensus of opinion among painters, and has little or no originating force of its own. Between the beginning of the fifteenth and the end of the seventeenth century, a period of three hundred years, the men of the Flemish and Dutch schools in the course of their work must have stored an incalculable force of æsthetic judgment which acted as a propelling power for the English school just before and during Morland's career: hence the artists of his time knew what to look for, and recognized at sight the new genius arrived among them. The masters of the Flemish and Dutch schools depended for their æsthetic existence on each other alone, for their material livelihood on folk (including the Catholic Church) who bought those masters' productions for their own spiritual or mental pleasure or profit, but in no way with a thought of speculating. Increase of population and wealth, and consequent love of masterpieces, is a very good summary reason for the gradual evolution of the connoisseur. We know how, outside the charmed circle of artists of his time, there existed a strong Morland clique among buyers, but though the men of that type helped to keep alive the knowledge of Morland's genius that his brother-painters first made known, neither the dealer of Morland's time nor the dealer of to-day has done, or ever can do, more than endorse the enduring decision of the artists as to the æsthetic value of Morland's work; and it is this enduring judgment which has gradually thrust onward the knowledge of that work, until it has reached the high place it holds in the picture market of to-day.

Certain characteristics in Morland's work must finally be noted, some inevitable and the consequence of the nature and circumstances of the man, some of lasting value as linking him on terms of brotherhood, on the one hand with the more strenuous and searching workers of the two hundred years preceding him in Belgium and Holland, on the other hand with the equally strenuous workers in France and England during the nineteenth century and up to the present date. We have to admit the immense advance in certain respects of the men in France and England, who have continued the road Morland began; the advance already noted in variety of choice as to subject, and the vastly increased and increasing reach of vision as shown in details of drawing and modelling, in knowledge and production of varieties of effect. Morland, had he been sober, might have attacked such a subject as Mr. Clausen's *Mowers*, and other instances of that master's courage in dealing with difficult problems of sunlight.

But Morland was not sober, and his courage was not of that kind. As for effect, light and shade, the truth is that if you have seen one Morland representing an open-air subject, you have seen all; there is great charm in all, the charm of colour on a limited scale, and (*pace* Mr. Richardson and Mr. Dawe) the charm of atmosphere and management of light; but these are only of one kind—the filmy atmosphere, the filtered light of late summer afternoons when the air is full of the promise of rain and is mistily warm. As compared with the loving and searching exactness of detail, never importunate, of the Dutchmen, or the thought-out drawing of movement, the purpose in movement, which is only lately strongly expressed in Millet and now in Clausen, Hemy, La Thangue, Macbeth, and the other Englishmen before mentioned, Morland is far behind. None of his men are doing very much; they look as if they never had done or would do much. They, in truth, lounged through their lives, the originals of these pictures; not one of them, even of the seafolk and smugglers, worked so hard as the painter of them, in his double harness of painting and drink. Excepting the man in Sir Charles Hamilton's *Gipsies*, and the butcher and his man in *The Hard Bargain*, I have not seen a single ruffian or cross-grained ugly customer among all Morland's men, though there is a sinister look about the figure of the man to the right in Sir Walter Gilbey's *Gipsy Encampment*. In fact, as said before, his men are mostly over-grown boys, or milkmen dressed up as farm labourers or woodcutters.

In painting horses, on the other hand, he seems to have had an intuitive knowledge of the beast, and so powerful is the impression of getting at the root of things when pigs or horses form his main subject, that the men in these pictures are apt to seem shadowy things, wisps of a half-seen vision, a smock, a hat, a pair of gaiters or leggings. It is true that in the great work *Inside of a Stable* at the National Gallery, the unsurpassed mastery of design and treatment of the two big cart-horses, one white, the other a white-faced brown, and of the cunning, stiff-built Welsh pony beside them, are not all the picture; the lad with an oak-spray in his coat, who leads the big grey, has the touch of unsunned youth about him, and the largeness of treatment, the light and shadow, the management of toned white, gold, and russet and grey in the tones, are powerful elements in forming the masterpiece; but the man who kneels gathering hay and straw to the left, large as he bulks in the design, is a poor creature after all, looked at as a living thing, beside those grand and vivid beasts of toil.

Morland as a pioneer broke out the beginning of a high road which Millet continued (how splendidly!) and from which Lepage cut a by-way, but it is on the Englishmen of to-day that the spirit of Morland—which flitted across the Channel to take a cleaner abode with Millet's soul—has descended, it is those Englishmen who continue the high road. Reckless liver as Morland was, the soul of painting lived in him, and fought hard in its narrow prison of mud wall to keep its light living; that soul lived in a narrow time, with little in the social atmosphere, even the best and purest, to nourish or stimulate its growth; a great tradition existed before it and has grown since its eclipse. And though the mind which worked with the soul was wayward, self-centred and passionately averse to accepting outside influence, though the work of past men had little apparent *rapport* with the work of this strange medley of contradictions we call George Morland, though he wilfully ignored any æsthetic debt to his contemporaries, and we do not know that later men either in England or on the Continent have consciously absorbed much of what in his truest moments Morland had to impart through his work,—that work stands in its own place in the history of European art, and is a fitting and worthy link in the chain of genius which began with Franz Hals and Rembrandt, and has as its latest link at this date Clausen, Bramley, and La Thangue.

### III

#### EXAMPLES OF MORLAND'S WORK

1. Some pictures by Morland, with some notes on pictures by Ward and Gainsborough.

IN fineness of the same kind as that of the great work in the National Gallery follows close, to my mind, the painting in the South Kensington Museum called *Horses in a Stable*. Nothing yet done in this genre can excel the vivid manner of the placing of these two great brutes before you. One, with his nose in the manger (?), is in full profile to the spectator, a sort of sorrel chestnut with *cendré* reflections on the ribs and quarter, and a silverish grey mane and tail. The other, lying down in front of him, is white, a coffin-headed beast, a vast bony image of patient strength, with a touch of tragic possibility about him. I believe that in this picture there is a man wheeling a barrow: but the horses I have before my eyes now—the man seems (if indeed he is there) no more than a piece of fine grey tone, veritably a ghost seen by a sceptic. The other fine picture at the South Kensington Museum is called *The Valentine*, or *Valentine's Day*. Mr. Richardson adds *Johnny going to the Fair* as a second title. As he also gives 1787 for the date of publication of the engraving from the picture, the painting must at the latest be attributed to Morland's twenty-third or twenty-fourth year. Here I should have said there were no animals save the human ones, but on thinking again I remember a white hen or so lying crooning at the girl's feet. The girl is an exquisite piece of work; her beauty, however, though indisputable, is as soulless as may be, but her free movement as she holds up to the elder woman the pale blue ribbon for which Johnny, I suppose, is to find a match, is deliciously young. How she could dance

the "Washington Post" if she were put into a modern drawing-room! And how utterly she lacks all peasant character! But Morland may be forgiven a good deal for the sake of that one girl. Her mother, or whoever the older woman may be, is at the first glance a peasant with rough wrinkled hands, black hair, and a shrewd, ruddy face lined with low care. But she too is perfectly painted, though in no way idealized. Those are the two pictures of Morland's which are all one notes at the South Kensington Museum for their virtue; the other which calls for a word must be put far behind the other two, though dated later than the *Valentine's Day*. It is called *The Reckoning*, an every-day subject as it happens to be treated, though a suggestive title. Here the man who is paying up, and the two lads (one of whom holds the beer jug) who are going to be paid are all sufficiently *en evidence*, and not all ghostly, like others of the men I have mentioned; the face of the man, a farmer or miller—a substantial yeoman evidently—is finely felt as to expression and broadly and effectively painted: the rest of him, except his movement, is hardly, so to say, painted at all. The lad in red jacket and blue apron, however, and his companion, are splendidly life-like, and their silhouettes are thrown on the canvas in masterly fashion. The horse is all right, and the farmer's two dogs also, but they are no more; there is a finely-painted ban dog, or some such cross-breed, with a stumpy tail, tied to the manger and looking a deal too good-natured. At the open stable-door, leaning against the jamb, is one of Morland's most boneless and flabbiest of yokels; of air, of lighting in the sense of chiaroscuro, there seems to me to be not a hint. Two or three side-thoughts come to one, on seeing these two fine Morlands and the one poor one. Looking round at other British masters, how Landseer, with his great staghound in *Suspense*, towers head and shoulders over every other painter of animals in the place, including his own other work, in striking out a design with a soul in it. Morland comes near this, however, in the faithful if superficial directness of his vision, in the amazingly rich and sturdy quality of his brush work, in the way he indicates, as in their statues of men the Greeks indicated, the delicate exactness of animal form in its smallest details; indicates these things with a light hand but thoroughly, as if he had studied anatomy and bones as Swan has, getting the while as fine and generalized a sense of the form, construction, and movement as Swan

himself gets : and yet Morland, so far as I know, never really studied anatomy. And when the subject of a painting has plainly arrested his interest, how far he again surpasses Landseer in his sense of colour, of a *mise-en-scène*, in right expression of details, in the presentment of a picture. Look, for instance, at the feather lying on the ground in Landseer's picture *Suspense* ; it is a point in the picture, such as Mr. Whistler's art critic would love for the story's sake—but it is only a few meaningless trails of paint without vitality—even the steel-covered gloves on the table are merely tinsel at best. With Morland, on the other hand, we have all needful accessories treated with the pains due to them as helping out the main scheme ; the straw crackles and rustles, the leather of the harness, the gold and red or blue and white worsted tassels on the horse collars are heavy as to the leather, and woolly as to the worsted, each as real as the horse that carries them. By way of contrast with Morland again, look at the several examples of James Ward in the South Kensington Museum. Except the picture of fighting bulls (called, I think, *Dunottar Castle*), to be presently mentioned, and one of a Chinese pig, not one is to be named in the same week with Morland's pictures, even (in the case of animals) on the mere score of construction, which was supposed to be Ward's strong point, to say nothing of the qualities of colour and painting. Yet Ward very carefully studied anatomy, and he sometimes, as in the *Council of Horses*, lets you see it too much ; his figures were too apt to be *écorchés*, even in some of his finest studies from nature. But here in the South Kensington Museum his paintings of donkeys, cows, and pigs would strike one, if one knew no other work of his, as the staid performances of the industrious apprentice who never did a brilliant thing and lived till ninety. There is a good deal of go in the action of the fighting bulls, but they are not either painted or drawn with any mastery ; the landscape is fine only in a theatrical way, and the most real thing about it is the tree trunk across which the bulls are struggling. Compare this work with Rubens' landscape at the National Gallery of the *Château de Stein*, to rival which Ward avows in his autobiography that he painted his fighting bulls. How full of lithe natural movement is the man in the foreground, in heavy boots and feathered hat, stooping and creeping towards the covey of partridges under cover of bramble and bush, compared with the clumsy anatomical bulls in Ward's picture.



At the same time I must not omit to notice a fine picture of Ward's at the National Gallery—not for the drawing, which is shaky in parts, but because of the sense of values and the fine colour, as well as for the realism of the sullen level grey cloud, overhanging, like a curtain half let down, the primrose-coloured sunset. It is called *Regent's Park in 1807*. The management of tone in the painting of the white bull is excellent; and apart from the fine tone and æsthetic value of the whole work, it has a historical interest, as showing how unreclaimed a waste in the earliest years of the century was the stretch of common land now converted into Regent's Park (and in which at the left of the picture some men are shown at work levelling). Not the least interesting point is that the sky is an exact rendering of many a London sunset of to-day.

In most of Ward's subject pictures, however, executed as this was after he ceased to be under Morland's influence in painting, the drawing is apt to be queer, as if refracted through an imperfect mirror; this is noticeable in *The Council of Horses*, to cite one instance only. I am speaking only of his finished pictures, for his direct studies from nature in chalk or pencil are often as fine as need be, though even in these the anatomy is at times too much insisted on. In his pictures, however, it seems as if in his anxiety to show how well he understood the construction of a beast, he unwittingly exaggerated and therefore deformed the shapes he was representing. His landscapes also are too much detailed throughout, in the distance as much as in the foreground—one feels as if one were looking at ordnance maps; and the drawing of objects such as horses and cows, etc., in the middle distance, is apt to be too teased, stringy, and overwrought.

But of some fine early pictures by Ward, done in connection with or under obvious influence from Morland, I shall say something presently.

It is also worth while, as we are comparing Morland with contemporaries and successors in similar lines, to notice another man who paints horses, an example of whose work is to be seen not far from the Morland pictures at the South Kensington Museum. This is Thomas Gainsborough, and the horses in his picture, or rather oil-study, are well worth study, though he approaches them in a different way from that of Morland. His horses, in fact, while fine in semblance, may be

said to be rather studies in a particular method of oil painting, done for the colour's sake and the tone, with little or no line, modelling, or construction; and yet the spirit of the horse is here and the sense of his colour too, and how good and thirsty is the outstretched neck and muzzle of the rich dapple-brown nearest you, and how the man sits with the ease of the true barebacked seat, his ragged shoes hanging! What a true gipsy ruffian the man looks; the touch of the great portrait painter is there already. Very different indeed from the round-faced, unsubstantial ghosts of sleek fat peasants which Morland mostly gives us in these pictures at the South Kensington Museum.


I notice later a fine Gainsborough landscape in Mr. Harland Peck's possession; but this is the place to describe the large picture by Gainsborough belonging to Sir Charles Tennant, which is evidently painted from the study above mentioned, and which, as seldom happens, is much finer than that study, without losing any of the spontaneity of movement. The brown horse drinking is more carefully and powerfully drawn and modelled; on the right of the picture a grey and white dog, his ears laid viciously back, drinks apprehensively at the trough, his muzzle very near to that of the brown horse. The dapple-grey horse on which the gipsy-like man is seated, is also both finely painted and carefully modelled; a chain hangs over his quarter; and the drawing, portraiture, seat, and movement of the man riding him are all given with as ready and unfatigued a hand as in the study. The landscape, too, is magnificently worked out; broadly, and without that over-insistence on detail which is conspicuous in Ward's landscape work—nay, with finer distinction in brush handling than Morland achieved in his best time. Behind the drinking-trough, and near it, a scarped grey rock rises, over a part of which, to the right, trails a spray of bramble. On the left of the picture, beyond and about the rock, are grey and black tree trunks, whose foliage, though generalized, is finely rendered; in the distance is a square grey church tower. At the extreme left and top of the canvas, a glimpse of blue sky and golden clouds is seen through and beyond the tree branches. The whole tone and effect of the picture are fascinating in the extreme, and no Gainsborough landscape in the National Gallery dwells in my mind with the same insistence in regard to qualities of drawing, painting, and colour. This picture, indeed, and the one to be presently described, make one regret that hard fate which

compelled Gainsborough to abandon this walk of art for the portraits which have made his name a household word.

The second Gainsborough at Sir Charles Tennant's is, like the one just described, an instance of that master's work in landscape and animals which must have had its influence on Morland if anything could, that is, supposing Morland ever saw these two pictures. One white cow and some red or dun cows are silhouetted against a pale grey and white sky. Under the rock, near some water shadowed by it, two fishermen are seated. A fishing-smack is on the right, some way off; in front, on the right, two men are in a boat. It is a very fine example of values and cool tones in white grey and warm russet colour. Had Gainsborough been enabled to achieve many such masterpieces as these two, it is an open question what might have been their effect on Morland's place in the history of English art.

In three out of the five London houses that I have visited with a view of looking at Morland's pictures only, I have been confronted at the first entrance by a very fine example of the earlier work of James Ward, who was born six years later than Morland, and of whom Morland was, when both were young and Ward little more than a boy, so jealous (as Mr. Hassell says in his biography of Morland) that he would not allow Ward to see him paint. If, as seems probable, these three Wards, one at Mr. Fleming's, one at Mr. Peck's, and the third at Sir Charles Hamilton's, are works produced during Ward's student days and Morland's early prime, there is good reason for the jealousy. At Mr. Fleming's there is a large canvas, by Ward, representing (to take the objects in the order as they strike the eye, which happens to be the order they would do so in nature) a brick-built gable once covered with plaster, the plaster toned to a beautiful ivory-white, and here and there showing the weather-toned red of the bricks—a perfect piece of ivory and toned-red colour—masterly; then some men, a boat, a dog, grey and silver fish, golden straw, a grey post among the deep-toned grey-green foliage on the left, and (to the right) a glimpse of grey cloud and pure blue-tinted sky. One man in a drab-yellow-reddish slop and trousers hauls a boat up on the left of the picture; his action is enough and no more. To his right and a little away, near the fish, a white and black dog makes a note of sharp and pleasant contrast with the prevailing golden or misty tone, and it is, in an early manner of Ward's, a little too teased in painting, but no matter.

On the right is another man, I forget what he is doing, nothing particular probably, in a drab jacket and blue trousers, this blue making a fine note in the harmony of colour. The picture is a masterpiece, and the ivory-white and red gable are the making of it.

At Sir Charles Hamilton's is another fine Ward, this time not outdoor, but the interior of a cow-stable, in which the finely-toned white of the wooden building and the loft above, half light, half shadow, lead up to the highest and brightest light in the picture made by or falling on the flanks of a white cow nearly in the centre but a little to the left of the picture. The toned white is carried through on the hide of a black and white cow lying down to the left of the white one, a dun and white and red cow are beyond her towards the right and further into the picture; the upper part of the canvas is occupied with the deepening tones of white in shadow, and the deep shadow of the loft above; pale gold straw hangs over from above, and a grey chaff-cutting machine of primitive make, up in the loft, gives an interest and a culminating point to the design, which is moreover helped out by an old-world basket, for oats probably, this shape , hung up on the wooden wall on the left and almost in full light. There is a man on the right of the picture, but he only helps out the scheme of greys and drabs, so far as I remember. Another Ward is here, not so fine as a whole, but with great qualities of landscape about it, and not at all in the Morland manner; the title is given as *Coming Storm*; across from the right is a big tree with slanting trunk, painted as Ward knew how, and with all his vigour in divining knots and wrinkles and gnarlings of wood or bark. All the upper branches are blown by the wind, *avant-courier* of the heavy storm-cloud seen blowing up on the right; a white bull and some cows stand near, almost under it as if for protection. They stand, however, almost too peaceably, with no sense of ruffle on their hides or of huddling in their movement.

At Mr. Peck's there is a smaller picture by Ward, different from the two former in general conception of colour and design, but interesting as a piece of clever painting—still life one might almost call it; for what dwells in the memory is the rendering of a shin of veal, a leg of mutton, and a bullock's heart, the subject being a country butcher's shop. These bits of colour and painting are, however, as lovingly rendered as any Dutchman could have done them, and one wonders what strange twist of

fate led Ward away from that influence of Morland's, which induced such genuine brush work as this, to the laboured, pretentious, so-called virile manner of his later work, such as *Gordale Scar*, and the immense canvas of an Alderney bull, cow, and sheep at the National Gallery, as well as the pictures at the South Kensington Museum and elsewhere already alluded to.

To justify in some degree what has been said with the view of defining George Morland's position in the history of European art, it is necessary to describe a few pictures in private collections whose beauties of painting, drawing, colour, and tone have arrested my attention. Most of these are in London or within a short journey from it. And it may be well to begin by noting a few representative works in Morland's earlier manner, painted between 1786 and 1789 at latest, when he is supposed to have been (perhaps by reason of the French blood in his own veins) more or less under the influence of Watteau and of the later French school of pre-revolutionary date. The girl in *Valentine's Day*—a very fine instance of this manner—has been already described.

Besides the four pictures (already named) at Mr. Barratt's, which I have not had the opportunity of asking leave to see, and apart from pictures in this *genre*, mezzotints or other engravings from which are described hereafter, the most noteworthy are two in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant, called *Industry* and *Idleness*, a picture called *Louisa* belonging to Mr. Peck, and alluded to later, and one, also hereafter described, called *The Disconsolate*, in the possession of Canon Phillips. Two other pictures at Sir Charles Tennant's, *Boys robbing an Orchard* and *Playing at Soldiers*, may also well be described now, as both are probably of the same period as the others, and, though much more elaborate and important works, may be classed with the others in regard to the French influence discernible in them.

The picture at Sir Charles Tennant's, called *Industry*, is a beautiful scheme of colour, and the drawing, painting, and movement of the face, figure, and hands are fine. A lady in a dark-blue coat or cloak with a white fichu, and wearing a broad-brimmed black hat with a ribbon rosette in front, sits working, apparently at a piece of lace, on a chair with an oval back of a beautiful red. She wears a white dress under the blue cloak or coat, and a red shoe peeps out. She sits fronting a window which is to the left of the picture, and which has a white shutter and a red

curtain. Behind her is the wall of the room, a lovely piece of grey tone, with a simple wavy perpendicular pattern. At her elbow is a table of polished reddish-yellow wood, with the leaf down; and close to the table is a work-basket of white wood, with a miniature on the lid. The carpet is a fine dark blue with crimson spots. The companion picture, called *Idleness*, is a scheme of whites and greys, perfectly managed, with a warm touch of colour in the reddish-yellow table, with leaf folded down similar to that in *Industry*. The lady in this picture wears a white gown and mob-cap; a pale pink ribbon adorns the cap; on the back of the chair hangs a silver-grey-lined cloak. A spaniel lies to the right, and above it, from the top of the picture, hangs a dark grey curtain, drawn sideways to the right; and below the curtain the lower corner of a gilt picture frame makes a charming note of colour. The wall here also is of a beautiful grey tone, lighter than the curtain. The painting of the white dress is exquisite, so is that of the face, which is pretty and soulless.

In *Boys robbing an Orchard*, the design of which is much the same as that of the coloured mezzotint mentioned later, the drawing, movement, and modelling will challenge comparison with any master, Flemish, Dutch or French, by whom Morland is said to have been influenced, if he was influenced by any one at all. The freedom and unconscious grace of these young rascals, caught in *flagrante delicto* (by a farmer on the far side of a hedge to the right, who is loosing a bulldog), is wonderfully rendered, and shows what Morland could do with the human figure when he was not drawn away by the fascination that lay for him in the so-called lower animals, pigs, horses, donkeys, and calves. The colour, too, and the management of the foliage, is throughout masterly here. At the right of the picture a boy in a white shirt and light greenish-olive breeches is stooping away from you, his profile almost lost (but his eyes evidently fixed on the farmer and his bulldog under the trees at the extreme right), hastily picking up a brown coat and striped canary and black waistcoat. In the centre of the picture, a little to the left of him, and making a note of white, is a boy in shirt and breeches climbing down an apple tree—the lithe movement is admirably given. Further to the left, but nearly central, is a boy running away, a red-brown coat on his arm, wearing a black hat and a yellowish waistcoat. Still more to the left, a boy in a blue coat kneels, looking at the farmer. To the extreme right of the foreground lies a boy's brown hat lined with blue. On the extreme

left of the picture a coppery sunset glows through the trees. These four boys are not peasants, to judge by their faces and dress, but sons of farmers or small gentlefolk, and well-built and good-looking, but not prettyfied as they appear in the mezzotint or stipple engraving afterwards mentioned. The whole picture is finished carefully, without niggling, broad, but complete in treatment; it is certainly one of the best pictures Morland produced in his earlier manner, similar to that of the French master already alluded to.

In much the same manner, and painted probably about the same time, is the picture called *Playing at Soldiers*, in which the design slightly varies from the mezzotint of it at Sir Charles Tennant's, and again from that at the British Museum Print Room, which latter was published in 1788, Morland's twenty-fifth year. In the picture, the boy holding the flag (which is red in colour) is the only one who wears a conical cap, probably made of stiff paper. The boy to whom he speaks shoulders a toy musket, and wears a dark drab hat with pink ribbons. He has a sword at his waist and straps or ribbons crosswise round his body. Behind him stands a little girl with curly hair and a white dress. At his left (right of the picture) stands a boy in a black hat and a long white pinafore. The boy at the right of the one with the sword (left of the picture) is kneeling, and wears a brownish-red coat, white collar and pinafore. He also has a musket, but no sword. On the right of the picture is a girl with a drum slung round her, the body of which is painted red; she wears a white frock. To her left, and right of the picture, is a smaller girl seated, in a straw hat with blue ribbon, a white frock, and a red shoe showing beneath her skirt. This is an extremely fascinating piece of painting and of child movement. She has a doll in her arms, which lie across her lap. On the extreme left of the picture, a nursemaid in a mob-cap and white dress is seated, dandling a baby. An oak tree overshadows the group of boys and girls from the right nearly all across the picture. The foliage and the blue sky and white clouds are finely rendered. All the children look tremendously in earnest, as children do when they are playing at being anything. In the mezzotint of this picture at Sir Charles Tennant's, the boy in the white pinafore wears a conical paper cap instead of a black hat, and holds a musket.

Among the many fine engravings after Morland at Sir Charles Tennant's are two which may be specially mentioned now, though they

belong to a later and riper period of Morland's career. One is called *Feeding the Pigs*. A woman in the centre of the design empties cabbages from her lap to a spotted young pig. The mother sow with two other young pigs is asleep to the left, while a fourth youngster comes grunting towards the woman. At the extreme left of the design is a cock, and near him a dark-coloured horse, harnessed. A tree grows to the right of him and over him. In the centre, behind the woman, and to the left is the gabled roof, steep and thatched, of a stable. To the left of the woman is a white horse, and a man standing at his head, both finely designed and drawn. Another horse's head shows from within the stable. At the right of the design is a man fastening his garter, seated on a wheelbarrow. The woman wears a mob-cap and a ribbon confining it. Behind are rough stakes and some palings, and a shovel to the right. The light falls from the spectator's right on the white horse. This is a very fine example of mezzotint interpretation of Morland's work, and, unlike others mentioned later, is satisfying so far that the colour only is a desideratum.

An equally fine example of mezzotint at Sir Charles Tennant's is *The Happy Cottager*, engraved by Joseph Grozer, and published in 1793 by E. B. Evans, London. In this the rendering of the foliage and distance is splendid. In the centre of the composition is a girl wearing a straw hat with a ribbon, a child stands at her side. To the right of these figures a woman enters the cottage behind. Further to the right a boy wheels to the left a barrow in which another boy is seated. On the right in the foreground are ducks in a pond.

It is interesting to note, apropos of that supposed phase in Morland's painting, during which he saw and sympathized with Watteau's work, that Sir Charles Tennant, who possesses some of the finest examples of that phase of Morland's, also has a beautiful painting by Watteau, very small, of a man and woman (peasants) dancing. This picture is exquisite in values and colour, the peasants are different from Morland's not merely as French differ from English, but in that the picture, like Watteau's more sumptuous and elaborate work, seems a vision from a world of his own, a Decameron story-land.

Mr. George Salting, among a host of good pictures, especially (as we are talking of Morland) some beautiful Constables and a splendid Crome, has several good paintings by Morland, one of which, the *Country Inn*



(The Grapes), is described in Mr. Richardson's catalogue, and is a very strong example of Morland's best manner, signed and dated 1790. *The Alehouse Door*, signed and painted two years later, is a small upright picture of two men, one seated, the other standing, in which the quality of painting and the fineness and breadth of drawing and handling are at as high a level as his very best work.

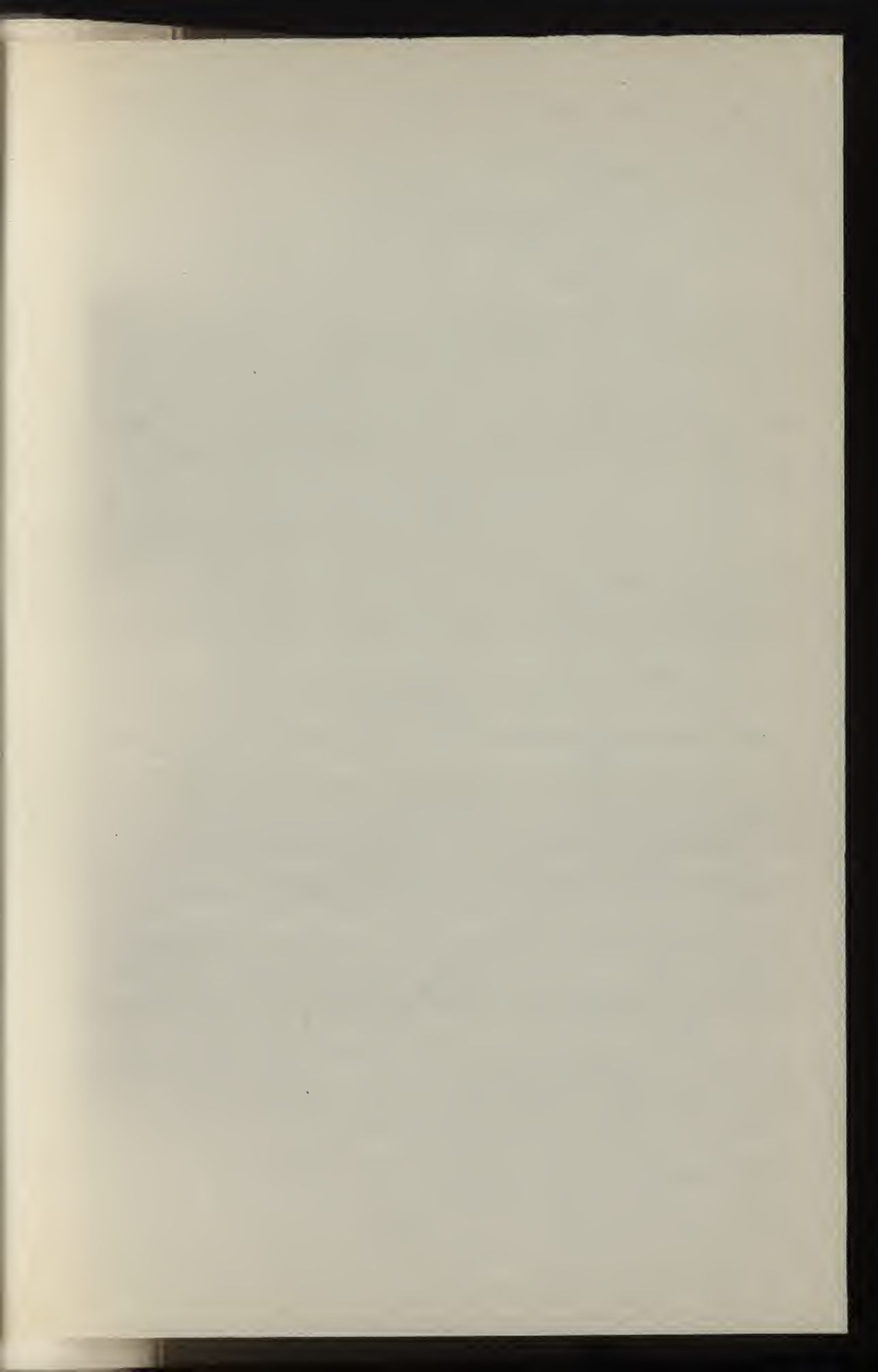
At the house of Mr. John Fleming, 83, Portland Place, I have seen five pictures by George Morland: two are hunting pieces; the hounds are all drawn in full profile fore and aft, in the conventional attitude in which running dogs or galloping horses were painted at the last century's end, and with little variety of posture or movement. The first, named *Foxhunters leaving a Wayside Inn*, in Mr. Richardson's list of Morland paintings, is undated; the second, called *The Death*, is signed and dated 1803; as both are in precisely the same manner and identical in size, one may assign the same date to both, that is, one year before Morland's death.

The *Wagoner buying Vegetables from a Woman with two Children*, signed and dated 1797, that is, in his thirty-fourth year, is a noteworthy example of his later time, when his brain and hand, although needing to be spurred by drink, still kept their sturdy originality and power of brush work. The tone of the whole picture has the fascination of a scene descried through light summer mist; the design and grouping are in Morland's best manner; the woman's face is comely with the prettiness of youth, but the painter has given us no sense of portraiture. In Mr. Richardson's catalogue the remark is that "the woman is very good-looking, and the wagoner evidently admires her," still we hardly find here much of that unconscious drama which would have forced its way to the attention in a similar subject painted by Clausen or Lepage.

The small picture, called *A Mare and Foal*, the mare dark brown, the foal dark chestnut, is a good instance of tone, where the essentials of drawing and modelling are divined through easy and effortless brush work and intuitive sense of values. The painting of the matted shag in the foal's mane and tail is extremely happy, and the Morland atmosphere is here again delightful. This is an example of Morland's strong time, his twenty-ninth year. The painting is signed and dated 1792. One thing, however, is curious about this picture. At Sir Charles Hamilton's house (see p. 69) is a picture inferior in handling to the Morland, smaller in

size, but identical in design, or nearly so, of a mare and foal painted by or attributed to Stubbs. As Stubbs at the date assigned to Morland's picture was nearly seventy, and had been an A.R.A. for twelve years, it seems likely, no date being given to the Stubbs picture, that this latter was painted before Morland's; if so, the coincidence in design is sufficiently unusual to take some of the charm of originality from Morland in this case, especially as we already know that Morland was a great admirer and probably a student of Stubbs' work.

*The Turnpike Gate or Toll Bar* (the latter is Mr. Richardson's, the former Mr. Fleming's title for it) is certainly the finest example of Morland in this collection of Mr. Fleming's. It is signed and dated 1793. Mr. Richardson gives no description of it, nor a word of praise, but to my thinking it ranks side by side with Morland's best productions, and appears to have been painted in the artist's thirtieth year. The design is daring, the drawing and modelling are fine and free, the paint is firmly and richly handled. A man, probably a farmer, on a white horse, searches his right-hand pocket for the toll; the pike-man stands with his back to the spectator at the porch of the toll house; the rider is dressed in a greyish-drab long coat with a hole in the elbow (capitally rendered); an ash plant is tucked under his arm. The white horse is a big bony brute, fit for any service in harness or saddle; the head is cut perpendicularly just below the eye by the porch; the ears are pricked; this bold device helps to give the feeling of space beyond, and a home road to travel. The effect is of a warm summer evening, thin grey clouds and blue-grey sky—a sense of past heat pervades the picture, helped by the branch of oak stuck in the horse's bridle between the ears to keep the flies from teasing; the hour is too advanced for them to tease now. A third man sits drowsing inside the porch, in deep brown-grey tone (is this possibly a portrait of the artist? the face resembles his portrait in Hassell's biography). An "ugly customer" sort of bull-terrier stands by the horse's flank, looking suspiciously at the calves of the toll-keeper. He is of a breed rarely seen now, a short-faced bull-terrier, iron-grey with white muzzle and belly; he looks as if he weighs sixty pounds. An oak tree leans from the left of the spectator, and its branches spread over the whole top of the picture and over the rider and horse, one branch coming down not far above the horse's ears. The rendering of oak-leaf character and of the trunk and bark, is broad and masterly, without scamping.







Walter D. Childs, ph. sc.

*The Turnpike Gate.*

S. H. Ford, p. m. r.



Dim red tiles over the toll-gate porch, and warm grey tones among the red and on the porch itself, dark against the late afternoon sky, with touches of grey-green among the tiles, complete a perfect scene of quiet English country life such as comes with keenest relish to a wearied townsman now-a-days at the end of a long day's journey by rail, when through the still, pure, keen air the suggestion of peat smoke and possible eggs and bacon seems more delicious than the finest promises in scent and taste of a London dining-room. Sir Charles Tennant has a fine mezzotint of *The Turnpike Gate*, engraved by William Ward.

Mr. George Harland Peck possesses, at Belgrave Square, a collection of fourteen Morlands, placed among many fine works by the greatest British masters, including a remarkable portrait by Raeburn, a superb Reynolds (Lady Seaforth and her child), and a fine Hoppner. By way of *embarras du choix* he has three fine Gainsboroughs, which, in the line Morland later chose as his own, fairly challenge the latter, and at least come abreast of him. Let us speak of the Morlands first.

In *The Labourers' Luncheon*, a rather small upright picture, signed and dated 1792, there is strong drawing as well as good tone and atmosphere. The men are as solidly drawn and smartly painted as those in *The Postboys' Return*. Nothing particular is happening here, and the tree and sky are of the usual grey-green with blue rift. One of the men is in a greyish-white jacket or slop, the other in a red one, and both wear drab knee-breeches. This picture, it may be added, is alluded to in Hassell, and before quoting him I will remark that the pose of the seated labourer is a little strained as to the set of the knees; Mr. Hassell also says, "The ploughman in his annual new suit would not be equal in picturesque appearance to the same figure when seven or eight months' wear had rendered his covering loose and free; but as choice depends on taste and the abilities to depict what we see, it may be fairly urged in this instance that Mr. Morland's conception is replete with judgment." I think the breeches and gaiters are a little too new.

*Louisa* is a small upright picture of a young girl with an old woman behind her; there is an indication of stormy sea and sky, and of a wrecked ship; the painting of the whole is light and charming—just a study in grey, black, and white. The painting is signed and dated 1782.

In the *Washing Day* the first thing that one notices is the realistic painting of the kettle in the woman's hand and the steaming, bubbling

water into which she pours it; there is a shadowy man in the deep tone of the right side of the picture, dipping up water in a pail; there is a woman hanging clothes to dry; there are two children playing; the overshadowing tree is finely painted both as to trunk and leaves; but the picture leaves one cold except for that bubbling kettle, and the matronly movement of the woman as she pours.

*The Stable Yard*, which Mr. Richardson calls "excellent," appeals to me not because of the painting of the men, nor for the pigs, though they are well enough, but for the masterly painting, drawing, and modelling of the chestnut horse (Mr. Richardson calls it brown, sorrel chestnut is better); the toned white of the gable, and the subtle gradations of grey and green tones in the foliage and the thatch, are perfect as a setting. The picture is signed and dated 1791.

There is at Mr. Peck's a fine engraving of a stiff brown or bay pony, led or held, I think, by a man (a butcher, Mr. Peck suggests), and a woman is, I think, giving a dram to the man, a bull-terrier is there too—where is the original picture?

The *Woodcutters* and the *Gipsies* are rather sketches in oil than finished pictures.

The next two pictures in this house (taking them in the order of my notes) are called *Children Fishing* and *The Market Cart*. Taking the last first, here again is a picture that shows you so much more than the eye can see. I know that deep lane going down hill; the hill, I know, will increase in pitch of steepness, to be followed by a steep up-grade; I am tired and muddy and hungry and wish almost—but for pride's sake—that a lift could be had in that jolting boneshaker. How one feels the movement and sees the patient yield of the backs of the man and woman as a more than usually vicious rut—they *were* ruts in those days—drops one wheel near to upsetting the cart. Here Morland has got his effect by cutting off the greater part, the lower part of the horse, the movement is by this device rendered so much the more vivid; the run of the dog helps it. There is an oak, as usual, painted in a convincing way. The picture is initialed.

The *Children Fishing* is, with one important reservation, a *chef-d'œuvre*. It represents a boy of about nine or ten and a girl a year or more younger; the boy holds a stick, to one end of which is tied a string, the string has a hook and on the hook is a small fish; the girl, who



is seated with her back to you, in a white frock and red shoes, stretches one chubby hand to the fish, to get hold of it. All charming, bold painting, thorough finish. It is a delicious nook of clear water (too clear, one would think, for an angler), a peep of distance beautifully rendered. At the right side of the canvas, but beyond the figures, is the barked trunk of an oak, splendidly realized in a few strokes. But—I grieve to say it—the boy is not a boy. He never was; he never will be. He is a Pecksniff in small clothes. This is the more strange, since the girl-child is a perfect piece of innocent childhood. The picture is signed but undated.

There is a *Coast Scene* with a fine sky, the usual grey and blue rift, and sea tumbling rather in a Morland manner; it is initialed. There is a *Pig-sty*, a larger work, unsigned and undated.

In this collection there is an early work, either No. 5 or No. 13 in Mr. Richardson's list, which I liked better than Mr. Peck appeared to do, and in the Richardson list No. 5 is described as "a rather stiff early work, very carefully painted," while No. 13 is described as "in bad condition." Anyhow, I only saw, or remember, one of these, in which a man and dog are a note in the picture. Here the foliage is certainly carefully but broadly painted, and the character of the oak leaves is very thoroughly given. It is only now and then that deep foliage is so satisfactorily interpreted by Morland in his later work, so far as I have seen; in *The Turnpike Gate*, for instance (at Mr. Fleming's).

The remaining three pictures at Mr. Peck's are, *The Quarry*, signed (No. 3, Richardson), *Forest Scene or Glade* (No. 5 or 13), and *The Fisherman's Toast* (No. 6). These three are not specially noticeable, except as good examples of Morland's ease in arrangement and mastery of tone.

So much for Mr. Peck's Morlands; and, strictly speaking, here ends my screed. But it is impossible to avoid noting a strange fancy that attracted me in going through the rooms. Brought up before that beautiful Reynolds, two fine Hoppners, and three undeniable Gainsborough landscapes, all of them if not cheek by jowl, at all events in the same room, under the same roof, within earshot of each other, so to say, one thinks involuntarily of the ghosts of these and the other dead masters haunting their living handiwork, in the early morning light before the housemaids are astir in the summer-time, spirits hobnobbing and colloquing together, forgetful of old social differences, past jealousies possibly, and sometimes sadly warped and wrong

lives here. Morland's washerwoman is heedless as any royal duchess of her ladyship of Seaforth on the other wall, and Landseer's stag, alert and rough hided, in Richmond Park perhaps, is equally at ease among Hoppner's fine gentlefolk, and holds his place as an aristocrat among animals. Among these the stately Gainsborough landscapes stand serene ; all these works of undegraded English gentlemen are at ease with the fancies, as fine in their way, of the poor dæmon-ridden gentleman from whom his vanity and headlong hedonism drop like an old garment, as his spirit meets theirs on equal terms. Is it democracy in art, or is it aristocracy asserting itself at last through all rags and defilement ?

Of Mr. Peck's three Gainsborough landscapes, one may be specified as similar in title to one of Morland's there (it is called, I think, *The Market Cart*), though it is totally different in treatment. There is a group in and round the cart, a boy kneeling and a dog drinking at some water in deep shadow on the right of the picture. The treatment of the rocks and the grey stormy sky is very pure and free, the deeper tones are richer and darker than Morland usually cared to produce, but none the less there is an affinity of soul between the two painters.

At Sir Charles Hamilton's house and in his possession elsewhere, the Morlands are very distinguished and interesting. The first on my notes is called simply *Sea Coast, Men and Boats*, No. 5 in Mr. Richardson's list of Sir Charles Hamilton's pictures. Here the grouping and movement, as well as the firm painting of the men, is in Morland's best and highest manner. All the men have red caps, which clinch the scheme of colour, one in a dark-blue coat with a cape is lighting a pipe ; a boat grounded gives a beautiful toned white value. The sky is grey and white cloud, stormy, with blue shining through a grey film. In the left centre of the picture rippling waves give a steely grey light fading into dark to the almost unseen horizon ; warm coloured sand makes up the scheme of a work full of the heedless passion and joy of life, the sharp sweetness of salt sea air.

I noticed next a picture singularly like Morland's work, but painted by Shayer. It is a fine work, and a triumphant instance of how little a great name matters, for in all the essentials of painting this is as good as many a Ward or Morland at their best. It is just a group of women, an old man seated smoking, two other men, middle-aged, with a child, at the same table ; by them is a boy mounted on a white pony, in a blue jean

frock, holding a butcher's tray with joints of meat on it. A tree overshadows the whole on the right. There is no example of this painter in the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square, nor in the Louvre, nor at the South Kensington Museum.

Next was pointed out a picture, a landscape of trees rather stiffly painted and yet with a sense of foliage clear cut against the sky, green, russet, and grey being the prevailing tones. The main wood of trees is on the left of the spectator; on the right the ground falls away and tall stems of young ash spring up and out of the canvas, delicately felt and drawn. Under the trees is a donkey; more to the right, on the path, and outside of the trees, a man tries to kiss a girl. The landscape is by Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, the figures are by Morland, and very capitally painted. Little is said of Morland's association with Ibbetson in any of the four early lives of Morland, though there is an allusion to Ibbetson in Hassell's biography; and both Wheatley and Ibbetson appear to have had association with and therefore probably some influence over Morland in his younger days.

Next to notice rapidly are No. 3 in Mr. Richardson's list, called *Cottage, Donkey, and Boy: Snow Scene*, in which the main features are a woman in a red cloak, a man in a blue coat with cape, drinking, and a crop-eared donkey with a boy on it, a white dog with yellow rump and eyebrow near by; the cottage thatch and ground are powdered with snow; the dog's toned white against the snow is well managed. There is the usual blue rift in the grey clouds. Of the *Mare and Foal* by Stubbs I have spoken in connection with the *Mare and Foal* by Morland in Mr. Fleming's possession (see pp. 63, 64). This of Sir Charles Hamilton's is not a remarkable Stubbs in any way. There are two pictures of a boy, cow, and sheep, by Morland, and a winter scene, neither of which are mentioned in Mr. Richardson's list. But in connection with the Morlands and Wards at Sir Charles Hamilton's or in his possession, it comes naturally at this point to speak of a very fine picture by the elder Herring, a straw-yard with horses and cattle, etc., in which one sees an evolutionary advance as regards sensitiveness to form; the drawing of the horses in particular is much more refined though not more masterly than that of Morland; the breed chosen is not so big boned; the painting of the roof of the shed, the grey beams, the middle distance, and the rails that bound the enclosure, are all thoughtfully rendered, and the whole feeling of the

picture is one of air and space such as is rare in my acquaintance with Herring's work, which is generally mannered and tea-boardy.

Sir Charles Hamilton, however, possesses three very remarkable Morlands, which require a fuller notice. For my own personal taste the very finest of the three is the smallest and apparently least important, but (to allude for a moment to the commercial side) if any one with the true painter's vision were to see it, say at Christie's, he would be justified in running it up to as high a price as has yet been obtained for a Morland. This picture is not in Mr. Richardson's list, and is simply called *Gipsies*. But it is separated by the width of heaven from the *Gipsies* in Mr. Peck's collection. My notes describe it as a very fine Morland, called *Gipsies*; there is merely a group of a man, woman, and child in a wood; the man, black-haired and with a tanned gipsy face of the aquiline type, sits near a large cooking-pot over a fire; he is dressed in drab, with knee-breeches and gaiters, and a child is seated on his knee; the child has a white mob-cap and red shawl, and its face is turned away from the spectator. The group is settled under a large oak whose trunk leans from the left of the picture; there are glimpses of blue sky through the flicker of leaves overhead; the prevailing tone is grey, green, and russet. Nothing unusual or unlooked-for in all this, and the canvas is not more than eighteen inches by sixteen inches oblong. But the sense of wild, free, forest life, the rough caress of the breeze that pervades the picture, the loneliness and perfect irresponsible happiness of the scene, are such as perhaps none but Morland could have realized. Here are vagrants *pur sang*, wild creatures of the heath and wood—"There is the wind on the heath, brother,"—and the firm, rapid brush work, never a touch too many, the perfect rendering of the oak trunk and foliage, the value of the black head of the male gipsy, the red shawl of the child, and the grey black of the pot, all combine to make a perfect picture of a mood beloved of its painter, nay, a picture to turn us all vagrants for the nonce. I don't know the date, but it is probably about 1791.

Another fine Morland, a good deal larger, is called *Shrimpers*, No. 2 in Mr. Richardson's list. Here the sky is the arresting feature, a fair blue space with soft white clouds, full of sweet and moving air from the sea. There is a man in a red jersey with a shrimping-net, a dog (a retriever) well indicated, a boy in a blue jacket, and cliffs in tone beyond to the right; in the foreground to the right, a post with a crosspiece, on which

hang ropes and a dead conger eel. But the making of the picture is the sky space and its true relation to the grey water and warmer-toned sand of the foreground.

The third Morland of considerable interest belonging to Sir Charles Hamilton is the *Cornish Plunderers*. This picture is signed but undated. It is described by Hassell in his life of Morland, and is nearly as large as the *chef-d'œuvre* in the National Gallery, *Inside of a Stable*, and as widely separated as may be from that work in inspiration and motive. The first thing to note about it is that the whole middle of the picture is occupied with a steep-roofed thatched cottage standing close to the sea, its door facing the spectator and away from the sea; above is a dark, wind-blown, grey cloud-sky with blue rift. The whole effect of this inarticulate piece of man's and nature's work is sinister, as if for once nature were leagued with the human beasts of prey which lurk about the foreground. The spars and mast of the wrecked ship they have lured to its destruction are seen above the rocks on the left. Near the door of the hut stands a woman in a red shawl, white bed-gown and blue skirt; a dog, grey and white, lounges near. A man in white jacket and cap is in the centre of the picture near the woman. More to the right a man in a dark-blue coat is prizing open a wooden chest. On the left a man in a long drab coat stoops over a large open trunk, half-full; some of its contents, noticeable a yellow and black striped waistcoat, a pair of top-boots, red coat and blue military cloak, are tossed on the sand. The gold hilt of a sword peeps from the linen in the trunk. Men in the centre are unpacking black-green glass bottles, probably containing Hollands, from a straw-filled wooden case. Bales on the left of the picture, on one of them the signature G. Morland. The reds in the picture are carried through by the misty red of the hut's chimney above.

I note two other pictures: one of a donkey and pig, with the usual blue and grey sky, the whole fine in colour, drawing, and effect; the other of sheep, snow-clad trees, a man bringing straw, and a man at the left in a rough drab coat with a sheep-hook in his hand. In this picture the relative values of the snow, the yellow of the sheep's fleece, and the drab of the man's coat, are finely given.

Not the least interesting of these Morland treasures is a portfolio, or rather large book, containing sketches and drawings, mostly in pencil, one or two in pen and ink, by Morland. Several pages in the book are

taken up, oddly enough, with what appear to be notes of lectures on astronomy and meteorology, said to be in Morland's handwriting, but evidently written in his manhood. There are three pages showing leaf-and-branch growths of oak and hawthorn; there is another drawing of a man, probably a fisherman, in apron and smock, kneeling and handling a large fish, a basket at his foot. Another is a woman in a mob-cap with her arms folded. Another, a man in jacket and ragged breeches and stockings, with remnants of boots showing his bare toes, pours pigwash from a bucket into a tub; a pig's head is faintly indicated to the right. This drawing is full of character and movement. In another drawing a horse rubs his head against a tree (there is an etching from this drawing in the Print Room of the British Museum, as mentioned later); there are several capital drawings in pure outline of young pigs' heads, horned rams, and sheep, and one of a short-faced bull-terrier's head.

At Sir Walter Gilbey's house, Elsenham Hall, among other fine Morlands, is one called *Wreckers*, probably painted about the same time as the picture in Sir Charles Hamilton's possession, called *Cornish Plunderers*, but, like that picture, undated. The sky is finely painted, with heavy clouds and blue-grey sky; the picture is full of air and movement, of the plunge of breakers, the sound of wind. Somewhat to the left are a group of men and a woman. She, in a black bonnet and dull red cloak, looks out to sea; a man in a red cap kneels on a rock; other men haul in a spar to which a rope is fastened; in the centre are two boys on a brown horse, one standing on the horse's back; to the right of these figures are bales, and a rough white dog with brown patches on his head; near by a man in a buff smock is loading up a cart, while two men, one in a red jacket, the other in a long blue coat, carry two boxes, the upper one a sea-chest. A man in a red cap and brown-drab coat and trousers stoops over a bale at the left. There are grey-white chalk cliffs to the right covered with grey-green grass at the top.

In *The Death of the Fox*, signed but undated, the principal interest lies in a big grey hunter, dismounted, which has evidently been ridden by the huntsman who stands cheering the pack. This horse is a large-boned weight-carrier, of a type seldom seen now-a-days, and is almost the only instance I know of a high-bred horse painted by Morland. He is of the sort described by "Nimrod," I think, as a "thorough-bred wagon horse." The huntsman and the two whips wear black caps very like









Mathew, Cuba, 1845.

S. Morland, print.

*Workers.*



those of to-day. The other riders in high-collared buff coats, and hats of truncated cone shape with curling brims, wear top-boots, like the huntsman and two whips who are in scarlet. This picture was probably painted about the same date (1790) as the picture near it, called *The Fox Inn*.

There are here, however, four or five pictures, differing in subject, showing Morland in his best and most versatile moods.

*The Dram* is the first to be mentioned, and perhaps the most complete work, taken altogether, as well as the most vivid presentment of a piece of perfectly commonplace life, either in this or any other collection I have seen. The canvas is upright; there is the usual grey cloud and blue sky; a grey-white wall is on the left and centre of the picture, in the wall a door with the sign of a black lion above it; next to the door is a penthouse covered with grey-green moss and tiles or thatch; the roof is deep pitched. Steps lead up to the door; on the top step stands a woman in a blue petticoat and white bed-gown, a pale yellow kerchief round her neck and shoulders fichu-wise; she pours liquor from a black bottle into a glass, and in front of her, his foot on the top step, stands a man, waiting for the dram. He is dressed in a yellowish-white smock, a black hat, breeches, and stockings. On the bottom step sits a woman in a white petticoat, dark grey bodice and red cloak, a white kerchief round her head. She nurses a barefooted child; another child stands near her to her left with its hands on the step; a white bundle with a rough staff thrust through it lies by the seated woman's foot. In front of her sits a black dog somewhat to the right of the picture. In the distance to the right is a field, a church spire, and a red-roofed house.

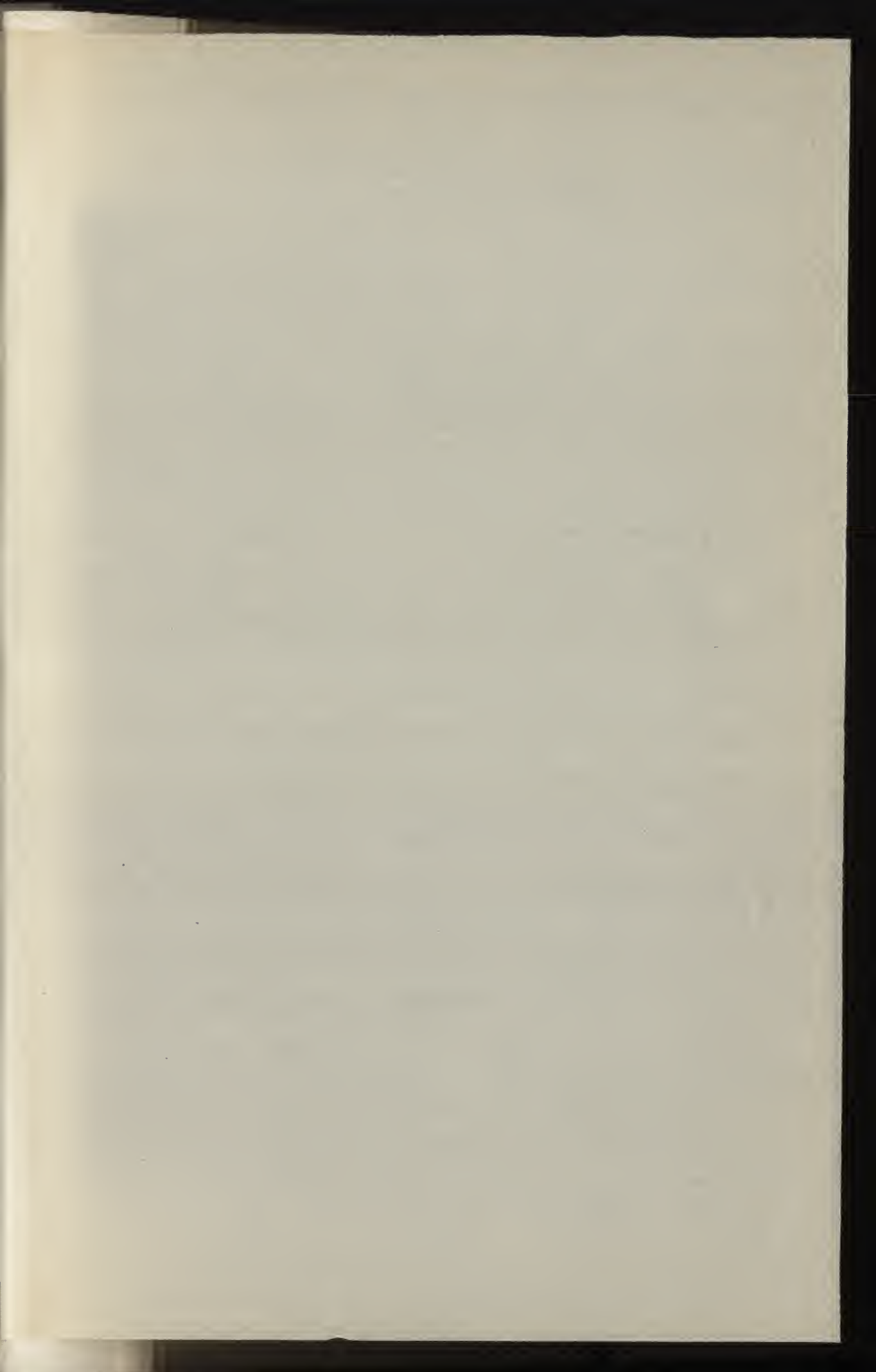
That is all; but, as in Lepage's work, according to Mr. Clausen, Morland leaves you to imagine. He gives you the scene, and gives no clue to the connection, any or none, between the man about to drink and the woman with her two youngsters. She looks a casual trampish sort, she half turns her head to see the drinking—looks as if she would like some too, but had not much hope of getting it. Her face is roughened and brazen, but young, her pose is free and strong, as of a woman accustomed to walking long distances, to sitting on hedge-banks, to roughing it generally. Her frame is strong, so is that of her children; the man seems a respectable carter or farmer, to whom the dog belongs. Every figure in the picture is finely painted and carefully drawn.

According to Hassell's description the woman is the man's wife. The pose of the child standing by its mother is beautifully simple and childlike; the little one in her arms is not so happily conceived. The picture is signed but undated; however, as a mezzotint engraving from it, by William Ward, was published in 1796, it can hardly have been painted earlier than Morland's thirtieth or later than his thirty-second year.

Another fine picture here is called *Postboys and Horses*. There is a finely-painted white horse, in full profile, feeding in a manger to the right; a saddle, etc., lie on the ground to the right again. On the left are three men, one in a waistcoat and white shirt-sleeves drinking; another, in buff jacket, breeches, and top-boots, sits on a basket. To the extreme left, behind a barrel, is a man in a red jacket, and in front of the barrel a pitch-fork and a dog, in tone. This picture is signed and dated 1794.

There are two pictures called *Gipsy Encampment*, one signed G. Morland, J. Rathbone, the other signed G. Morland, 1791. This latter is a telling example of Morland's sympathy with woodland life and the wild men who lived in it; and although larger, attracts me by the same qualities that I have spoken of in Sir Charles Hamilton's picture, *Gipsies*. On the left is a sleeping man in a grey smock, with a yellow and white spaniel asleep close to him; the slackened limbs, the sense of utter rest in both, is wonderful. The man is scarcely more human than the dog, whose fore-shortening, as he lies over and away on his side, is masterly. Near by is a woman in a red cloak and a grey skirt with a bit of blue apron showing; three sticks are placed tripod-wise in the centre, or rather to the right. On the right is a man with a black iron pot in his hand; his back is towards you; he wears a grey-white smock; he leans his right hand against an oak branch; the oak tree overshadows the whole picture. The sleeping man and spaniel lie against a bank overhung by the outer branches of the oak. A fire smoulders under the three sticks. The whole picture makes you feel that these are folk who would stifle under a roof, whose whole being is made of sunshine, rain, bright frost, snow, and mists, who are one with the heath, with the road, with the forest trees. Tramps, idlers, thieves it may be, but they are the hardest workers in the world except the drunkards.

*Gathering Sticks* is a small picture, but a gem. No painter has excelled the feeling of deep wild woodland in this work,—miles of it there may be: it is a prophecy of Rousseau, who indeed has never painted anything finer







Water-Color, ph. ac.

*A Gypsy Encampment.*

S. Morland, pmx.





in his line. The treatment of the foliage is free from carelessness, but not laboured; the leaves move; the split trunk is a splendid piece of handling. The girl in a red shawl or cape and blue-grey skirt, the white bundle, and the man (or boy) in shirt-sleeves and buff short coat or waistcoat, help out the scheme of colour, and brighten the greys, russets, and greens. This painting is signed and dated 1791.

The two pictures called, one *Pheasant Shooting* and the other *Partridge Shooting*, are each fine in treatment, perhaps mainly interesting historically to sportsmen as compared with the shooting picture of to-day. No stubble, no battue; in *Pheasant Shooting* there are two men each with a gun, one in a scarlet coat, drab breeches, white stockings, and lace-up boots, the other in dark dress of the same kind but with gaiters. On the left a keeper or keeper's boy leans against a gate, a peasant in a white smock is on the other side of the gate. The man in scarlet is firing at a cock pheasant, which flies not four yards from the gun muzzle, and is apparently clean missed. Two spaniels, one liver coloured, one white and liver, run barking after the pheasant. The silvery white smoke from the gun makes a note of colour with the scarlet against the dark russet foliage. In *Partridge Shooting* the sportsman wears the same dress but is mounted on a stiff shooting pony, black-brown, with white face and white hind-legs. The painting of the man's pony is first-rate; the drawing of both, and the seat of the man, are also first-rate. In the middle distance are a shed, a cart, and some burning rubbish. There are two pointers, one liver, the other white with liver patch on head and back. A brace of partridges flies (unhurt) on the extreme left. In both these pictures the painting is masterly throughout. Both these pictures are unsigned and undated; but from their manner and from the fact that a pair of pictures of the same subjects, formerly in the possession of the late Charles F. Huth, Esq., were etched by Rowlandson in 1790, we may fairly assign Sir Walter Gilbey's two paintings to Morland's twenty-fifth year.

In the *Deserter's Farewell*, three soldiers, armed, are seizing (or rather one of them is seizing) the deserter; his wife flings her arms round his neck. The man looks a mere booby, built for an athlete; the wife is a masterpiece of drawing and painting, and the love and despair of her movement are expressed with the greatest pathos and reticence at the same time. This is the one instance I have seen where Morland has let

himself go in a full expression of passionate emotion, and he has not let himself go too far. The tone of the woman's white gown, the drab of the man's dress, and the red of the soldier's uniform harmonize finely, and the painting of the woman's gown fulfils Mr. Dawe's wish, it is as finely felt as the drapery of a Greek statue. The painting is signed and dated 1792.

In *Innocence Alarmed*, or *The Flash in the Pan*, the main thing to note is the good drawing and action of the startled pointer, the action of the child is inadequate for alarm; the tone of the whole is fine however, and the servant in white bodice and blue skirt who kneels at the fire-place breaking sticks is well rendered. An engraving of this picture by J. R. Smith, junr., was published in 1803; the manner of the painting, however, leads one to assign it a date several years earlier.

The Rev. Canon Phillips has at Cobham a collection of upwards of fifty pictures by Morland, of which, for want of space, only a few can be specified. The first noted is a copy, by Allen, from Morland's portrait of Mr. Wm. Phillips, Canon Phillips' father, with his Newfoundland dog, Friend, which saved him from drowning (see Mr. Richardson's list). The pose and solidity of the figure are well given.

The *Blind White Horse* is a very fine example in colour, drawing, and tone. The open-air effect is well rendered. A young man in drab jacket is driving the horse from the stable on the left towards a wooden trough, or manger on trestles, in which a brown-bay horse has his nose buried. Two pigs lie to the right of the picture. Both horses are finely drawn, particularly the action and lifted head of the blind one. The picture is signed but undated.

*The Storm* is a grandly-conceived land and seascape: the sea beats on a rocky coast to the left. Men haul up a boat; bales of goods lie about; a wreck is breaking up in the middle distance; a ship under double-reefed sails, and a small lugger, are under the shelter of the chalk cliffs in middle distance. The movement and air in the sky are splendidly done, the air is full of rain, there is a torn rift of blue sky; the painting of the waves is far finer, in the rendering of breakers rolling in under stress of wind, than any of Morland's work in this line that I have seen. This painting is signed and dated 1790.

There is an interesting portrait (by himself) of Morland in a blue coat and red waistcoat, seated near an open door, at which stands a man, a horse's head appearing behind him. By Morland is a white and yellow spaniel.

The handling is not so good as some of Morland's work. Much better painted is the portrait of Morland's man Simpson in dark-blue coat, brown under-vest or under-coat, and dark red waistcoat, standing in the open air by a tree.

There is a finely suggestive picture, one of two called *Savernake*, showing a beautifully painted hollow tree-trunk and russet foliage; a woman and a boy are gathering sticks, a chalky bank is on the right. A man near the hollow trunk pulls down a branch.

*The Day after the Wreck* shows fine movement in a number of men across the picture hauling wreckage from left to right; one of the finest pieces of vigorous action painted by Morland. A man in a white jacket and red cap is handling bales on the right; the toned white of the cliff contrasts finely with the blue rift against which one pale, cold cloud lifts itself; the sea, too, is finely painted. This picture is signed but undated; it was exhibited at Burlington House in 1870.

*The Disconsolate and her Parrot*, a portrait of Mrs. Morland, is a beautiful little study of a lady in a blue dress, lighted by a window from the left; it is signed but undated, and was probably painted in Morland's twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year, *i. e.* about the date of the two pictures, *Industry* and *Idleness* at Sir Charles Tennant's, and already described.

There is exquisite tone and colour in the picture called *The Stable Yard*, signed but not dated, and probably painted between 1790 and 1792. A finely-drawn white horse, and a brown, are standing together; a brown horse lies down in front. There is a man in a red jacket; golden straw makes a rich note of colour.

A picture called *The Ferry-Boat* is new in treatment, four men being silhouetted darkly against a sky of copper and blue, the ferry-boat pushing off over dimly-lighted water. Another near it shows some cattle under trees, a man and child going away, a blue sky with white clouds; very fine in painting, and in the effect of warm summer air.

There is also a charming but very small picture of a wagon drawn by two horses tandem, the shaft horse chestnut, the leader white, an overhanging cliff on the right. The whole thing is very slight, but full of air, and the drawing and colour of the horses, though so slight, is masterly.

In *Feeding the Calves*, the painting and drawing of the calves is capital; the girl feeding them wears a low-necked dress with blue sleeves and a dark-blue skirt. Another small but very fine picture, is a girl on the

sea-shore on a windy day. The girl is in a red cloak, blue petticoat or apron and white under-petticoat. A little boy is with her, a dog follows her. The movement of the boy and girl against the wind is given in a very fascinating way. Chalk cliffs are in the distance ; the tone of the whole is fine. The picture is signed but undated.

## 2. SOME MEZZOTINTS, ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS AFTER MORLAND.

In the Print Room at the British Museum there are very few original drawings by Morland ; one is a particularly fine one, in its delicacy and keen sensitiveness to form, though done with very few lines and probably with great sureness and rapidity of hand. It is in pencil, and represents a greyhound couched ; the construction (the charpente and anatomy) is felt but not insisted on, and there is nothing in this way, of any date, to surpass it. It is unsigned and undated, but (see my note presently on the etching from it) was probably done in 1791 or 1792. There are also two fine rough sketches, one of two horses under a big oak tree, the other of a pointer dog, in the act of pointing game ; his body is right to left, the head is turned round left to right. This is signed very faintly "G. Morland," but undated.

Lastly, there is a good chalk drawing, the face slightly tinted, of John Raphael Smith, the engraver, publisher (and I believe painter as well), who reproduced and published so many of Morland's works. He wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat ; he has mutton-chop whiskers, and is otherwise clean shaven ; the face is well covered, jovial in expression, but keen looking. It is unsigned and undated.

Morland's popularity, like that of Landseer, was very largely increased by, if not dependent on, the vast number of the mezzotints, plain and in colours, stipple and line engravings, and etchings, executed and published during his life and after his death. Now-a-days these Landseer engravings are not much run after, while engravings (using the word to include all the methods mentioned) after Morland are treasured, and where possible eagerly bought, their prices varying from five guineas to three figures sometimes. It must be confessed that apart from the taste of the connoisseur in the various forms of engraving, and his knowledge in regard to fine impressions, it is difficult to admit the value of any but the finest of these reproductions, either as works of art or as

interpretations of Morland's painting; while in the case of Landseer, the engravings and etchings after his paintings or drawings are not only in themselves fascinating as works of art, but they are in most instances so fine an interpretation as to give us something more than the original picture does, something which the painter may have felt, but which he failed to realize on canvas.

In nearly every case where I have seen an original painting or drawing by Morland, and then a mezzotint, stipple, or other reproduction from it, the absence in the latter of any individuality of handling, of effect, of atmosphere has been noteworthy. Again, though the mezzotint or stipple be in colour, it has none of the individual charm of Morland's own palette, but is just a more or less prettified, softened shadow of the painting; it has none of the free and sometimes reckless vigour which we find in Morland's best painting, and if it be an etching from a drawing in outline, much of the fineness and the delicate sensitiveness to form is lost. This is noticeably the case in the etching of a greyhound couched, published by Harris in 1793, and signed "G. Morland, 1792." This is done evidently from the original drawing (unsigned and undated) which I have described above.

Of the etchings (mostly from outline drawings) to be seen at the Print Room, besides some of horses, goats, pigs, cows, calves, and sheep, to be more particularly noticed presently, there are four or five men and children, the original drawings of which, judging from the greyhound already mentioned, must be exquisite examples of Morland's mastery in the rendering of movement by pure line. One represents a man in jacket or jersey, breeches and stockings, seated astride on a chair, his arms folded along the back of it, his head resting on his arms, the face hidden. Another gives us a stoutish man, seated dozing in a chair, dressed in coat, breeches, and stockings; his head leans over supported by his right hand, the left arm is thrown over the back of the chair, the forearm hanging. In both these examples the movement and realization of form is admirably rendered in a few lines only. Both are signed "G. Morland, 1794."

Perhaps the etching which most makes one long to see the original is a small one, on a sheet containing several, of a small girl child in frock and pinafore, on all fours, the elbows on the ground, looking at some small object among weeds. The etching is a perfect and fascinating bit of

child nature, and the possessor of the original drawing should be a happy person. Morland has succeeded in giving here (what in painting children he sometimes lost) the complete spontaneity of childhood, the absorption in a world of its own, freedom and animal-like unconsciousness in movement. On the same sheet is another child, seated on a stool with her back to you, also a marvel of drawing, though less fascinating than the former. But in both these cases one feels that much of the charm of the actual drawing has been lost in the etching and printing. These etchings are signed "G. Morland, 1792." There is a good etching by Baldrey of a man pulling a rope, published by Harris, 1792. The man shows more energy than do most of Morland's men. Published by Harris in 1793 are two capital etchings from drawings of men; one seated on the front of a cart driving, his right arm stretched, cracking a whip—the rough movement of the cart, the trot of the horse, though not actually seen, are divined through the skill in presenting the man. The other shows a resting yokel, in a smock, breeches, stockings, and shoes, cutting bread and cheese (probably) in his hands. Both these are signed "G. Morland, 1793."

In 1794 Harris publishes an etching from a good drawing of a cart-horse rubbing his head against a tree; it is pretty evident that the original is the one already mentioned, belonging to Sir Charles Hamilton. In 1793 the same publisher gives an etching of a man's foot and ankle with a skate on, and a very slight sketch (small) on the same paper of a man skating, and another skater who has fallen prone on the ice. These are signed "G. Morland, 1792." On the same paper is a well-drawn profile head of a man in a three-cornered hat ornamented with oak leaves or a rosette.

Another etching published by Harris, 1792, and signed G. M., 1792, is done from what must be an exceedingly good drawing in line and movement, of a man with his back to you, stooping to lift a round-topped trunk or box. He is in a tailed coat, breeches, and stockings.

On the same sheet with the greyhound couched are two other pretty drawings of children, one fast asleep, the other seated and leaning over away from you. Also another good drawing of a man pulling a rope. All these are etched by J. Baldrey, and published by Harris in 1792.

Of animals, there are in the Print Room several etchings from outline drawings; among those marked anonymous (as to publisher's

name), are some good heads of cattle, unsigned, some hind-quarters and heads of horses also drawn with a fine feeling of construction, signed "G. Morland, 1794," some fine goats' and calves' heads, and a spirited drawing of a pointer under a gnarled oak, head to the left.

I note also on one sheet drawings of heads, and different parts of pointers and spaniels, and one very slight but very clear drawing of a pointer running; the gallop is capitally rendered. These are signed "G. Morland, 1791," and published in 1806 by Reeve.

Of the etchings from outline drawings of animals, some are by Baldrey, of pigs, sheep, goats, spaniel's head, and calf's head, the fore-shortening of the latter very well given. These are signed "G. Morland, 1799." Another sheet has some good drawings of heads and quarters of horses in harness. Both these sheets, like the other Baldrey etchings mentioned above, are published by Harris in 1792.

Among other etchings (published by Harris) of animals, are three heads of sheep carried further in point of finish than some others, and the texture of the short fleece is well given. They are signed "George Morland," without a date. There is also a fine pure outline-drawing of the forehead of a greyhound, the head and neck being a masterly example of pure line drawing; also there is a brace of dead hares laid out. The two latter are signed "G. Morland, 1792," and all are published by Harris, the sheep in 1794, the greyhound and hares in 1793.

I have not seen the painting by Morland in the Louvre called *La Halte*; but judging from the small though fine etching by Paul Rajon (undated) it must be a fine work. In the centre is a man on a white horse; in front of him, and to the spectator's right, is a brown white-faced horse. A woman to the left of the picture looks up at the man, who holds a bowl. A thatched public-house runs in perspective from right to left. Behind and beyond it stands an overshadowing tree, and the back of a sign set on a post. In front, to the extreme left, is a pump and bucket. To the right of the brown horse is a penthouse and doorway, two setters or spaniels in it. On the extreme right is a rough-made solid table; a man is seated on the ground against it. There is no date to this etching.

At Sir Charles Tennant's house there is a fine mezzotint called *The Public-House Door*, published by J. R. Smith in 1801, and engraved

by William Ward, which so closely resembles the design and arrangement of this etching from *La Halte*, that it seems likely the mezzotint is from the same picture, the date of which is probably some years previous to 1801.

I note too among the etchings by Vivares in the Print Room, one of a dead pheasant, another of a young ass, in both of which the artist's touch and manner have been interpreted better than by other engravers or etchers.

Of several fine mezzotints by William Ward, after Morland, which are at the Print Room in the British Museum, quite the finest is the one from the picture called *The Hard Bargain*. Here all the three men are really fine in drawing and modelling, as well as vigorous, and lifelike in movement. They belie what I have said, and what is so often true—of the lack of energy and solidity in Morland's farmers and peasants. And if the original picture as far surpasses this reproduction as do other pictures (already described), the mezzotints or engravings of them at the Print Room, to be presently noted, this *Hard Bargain* must be a masterpiece. The picture, according to Mr. Richardson's list of Morland's paintings published in 1897, is in the possession of Mr. George A. Daniel, Nunney Court, Frome, Somerset. Inside a cow-stable a man is seated on the manger to the left; in his hat is a sprig of oak, a rough dog is at his feet. The man looks on in amusement at the bargaining. To the centre and to the right is a group of two men, a bull calf, and a crop-eared bulldog lying down. The man (a farmer) holding the calf by a rope (the left-most of the two men bargaining) is bareheaded and expostulatory. The intending buyer (a butcher probably) has his broad-brimmed hat on; he stands in the doorway at the right of the picture whence the light comes; he is powerfully built, has a rugged jaw and a sinister eye; he is dressed in a long coat, and a loose kerchief is round his neck. The calf (white) is very finely drawn and rendered. Published by Cartwright, 1800.

There is a good mezzotint of *The Turnpike Gate*, now in Mr. Fleming's possession and before described. The man inside the toll-house is better defined than in the picture; otherwise, though the mezzotint is good, it is a mere echo of the painting, without the feeling and atmosphere. It was published in 1806.



*The Thatcher* is another fine mezzotint after what must be a fine picture. There is the usual cottage with deep-pitched roof on the left, a man stands on a ladder to the left of the picture, thatching; his drawing, modelling, and action are capital: sheaves of straw stand and lie under the ladder. A man stands at the ladder's foot, a boy in front carries a bowl of water. In the centre is a white horse with a sack slung across him; the sack is signed "G. Morland, 1795." Next him to the right is a man on a brown horse, with oak leaves in his hat; a pig eats cabbages in front of the white horse. To the right a woman in mob-cap and cloak carries a rush basket. A sign (of a bird) hangs from the cottage roof. This is a fine impression.

Another and fainter example is published on the same date (1806) by "G. Morland, 10, Dean Street, Soho," two years after George Morland's death.

Sir Charles Tennant has a mezzotint of this subject, published in 1808, and engraved by William Ward, which strikes me as finer than either of the foregoing examples at the Print Room of the British Museum.

The drawing of the horses and other animals in all the examples of this print is very queer, and not at all equal to Morland's painting at his best. The open country in which the scene lies is however finely given.

The mezzotint from *The Dram* (at the Print Room) is a fair interpretation of Sir Walter Gilbey's picture of that name.

In *The Last Litter* the rendering of the sow and young pigs is very fine; you can hear them chumping and guzzling. The man and child are poor. Published by Cartwright in 1800.

*The Fruits of early Industry and Economy* is a fine mezzotint, rich in the rendering of stuffs and textures.

*The Effects of youthful Extravagance and Idleness* perhaps gives the subject better than does the picture at Sir Walter Gilbey's; but this is an isolated case, so far as I have seen, of such superiority.

William Ward has also a fine mezzotint called *Sailors' Conversation*. A boat hauled up, and a gnarled oak tree, are on the left. At the centre, and to the right, three men are seated at a table, two bareheaded, the other in a hat. A man in a fur cap is seated in front on the right of the picture, a pipe in his mouth, and a glass on a small keg between his knees. An open snuff-box, a bundle, and a thick cudgel are by his side; above the men, in the porch of the steep-roofed cottage to the

right, near or under which the men are seated, a pretty woman in a mob-cap leans listening. There is a gleam of the river to the left, beyond the oak.

There are two mezzotints, one the *Cottager's Wealth*, from the picture at Canon Phillips' called *Feeding the Pigs* (and not to be confounded with the mezzotint, at Sir Charles Tennant's, bearing the latter title and already described, see pp. 61, 62), the other from the picture of the *Girl and Calves*, also in Canon Phillips' possession. Both of these are very much inferior to the original pictures. The latter was published by S. Morgan in 1802. Keating produced the mezzotint of the *Cottager's Wealth*.

The prints of the *Gipsies* and *The Flash in the Pan* are much inferior to the pictures so named in Sir Walter Gilbey's possession. There is a fine mezzotint by R. S. Syer, as fine as the picture at Sir Charles Hamilton's, of the *Alehouse Kitchen*; J. R. Smith published it. Other mezzotints by Keating are *Children playing at Soldiers*, *Trepanning a Recruit*, *The Recruit Deserted*, and *The Deserter's Farewell*. The first of these four has, I suppose, been done from that fine example of Morland's earlier painting belonging to Sir Charles Tennant, and already described. The boy in a conical hat holds an improvised flag made from a spotted (not as in the original a red) handkerchief tied to a stick; the other boy in a conical cap, whom the first is addressing, carries what looks like a toy musket (in the original he wears a dark-drab hat, and a sword at his waist); another kneeling to the left has also a toy musket. The rest of the design is pretty much the same as the original picture. This mezzotint was published in 1788.

*Trepanning a Recruit* is also fine. On the left of the picture a soldier with a drum, in bearskin cap with tassels hanging, and the drum between his knees, seems to have put on the head of the recruit (a stupid yokel in a smock frock) a three-cornered soldier's hat with ribbons and feathers attached, and is fooling at it with one of his drum-sticks; next the recruit on the right of the picture stands a man with a sword under his arm, and bareheaded; to *his* right a young woman in a mob-cap seems to entreat him; a child sits and plucks at her shirt. Behind is tree foliage, and a toned wall with a board nailed on it, 'Cumberland House, D. Irwin, from Carlisle.' There is a latticed window in the wall, a water-pipe above the window, and a thatched roof. This mezzotint is dated 1791.

In *The Recruit Deserted* the most prominent figure is the defiant and struggling wife with a besom in her left hand. A soldier in a cocked hat, his right arm round her waist, with his left hand has seized the besom and pulls at it. A child seated on the bed is crying with outstretched arms to its mother, and the movement of it is very childlike. Another soldier, his hat fallen off, a sword in his right hand, collars the recruit, who had hidden under the bed. (Here, as is often the case with Morland's men in movement, the soldier's action in grasping is feeble.) Light comes through the open door on the left. On the extreme left is a barrel, with a pitch-fork leaning against it; the soldiers have their hair clubbed at the back, they wear short open tunics with the shirts turned back, frills and light-coloured breeches. The one seizing the woman has a cartouche slung round his shoulders by a belt, cross shaped. He has black or dark gaiters. The other, whose hat has a plume and tassels, has no cartouche, and wears white or light stockings and buckled shoes.

The mezzotint of a picture resembling Sir Walter Gilbey's *Deserter's Farewell*, in subject is not so good as that picture, either in the grouping and movement of the soldiers, or in the treatment of the wife.

Among the mezzotints engraved and published by Mr. J. R. Smith, I note *The Horse Feeder*, published and engraved in 1797 by J. R. Smith, of which Sir Charles Tennant has a finer impression, and *The Fisherman's Hut*, 1799. The latter is a fine engraving. A man in a knitted cap is smoking a long clay pipe, a woman in a mob-cap holds a child, whose face in its little close-fitting cap is charming; there are two boys to the left, one seated. By the man, and in front, is a basket with fish in it, and a big fish lies outside it in front. The river is in the background.

The mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds called *Fishermen Going Out* gives a fine effect of lighting from a sunset on the left, striking on rainy thin clouds to the right, and on two men in a boat, one of whom handles a net; a dog is in the bow of the boat. On the left is a slate-roofed cabin, and a woman pours gin into a large mug held by a man in a fisherman's knitted cap and long coat. This impression is far inferior to the very fine print at Sir Charles Tennant's, by the same engraver, published in 1805 by J. R. Smith.

The mezzotint by J. Dean called *The Widow*, published 1788, is

attractive because of the odd fascination about the young widow with her abundant rather tumbled hair, black dress covered with a light apron, and black gloves. She holds a letter and is trying to look inconsolable. A girl in a striped dress stands near, with her hand on the widow's chair or sofa. A spaniel lies at the widow's foot.

There is a small but fine line engraving by J. Scott, published by Cundee in 1805, of a pointer and hare. The hare is in a thicket to our right close in front of the picture; the pointer stands with head up, close by, to the left, looking askance at the hare, but not pointing. The drawing of the dog is fine, but not up to Blinks' work of to-day. An oak tree overhangs from the right. The distance is charming. This engraving was from a picture belonging to Colonel Thornton.

There is a fine mezzotint, with no date, of the subject *The Deserter Pardoned*. The rendering of the cloth and linen in the deserter's dress (he is in shirt and breeches) is capital; the officer releasing him is in (probably) red coat and gold epaulettes, dark gaiters and light breeches; the wife is in a dark bonnet and light dress.

Two mezzotints of *Seizing the Deserter* and *The Deserter's Farewell* are in movement as good as or better than those mentioned above, particularly as to the former in the woman's action with the broom.

In *Strangers at Home* the drawing, modelling, and action of Roger the sheepish lover are capital; the fore-shortening of his arm raised to scratch his head and his shy glance at his sweetheart are excellent. It is a fine impression too.

E. Scott's mezzotint in colour of *Boys robbing an Orchard*, notwithstanding Mr. Richardson's strictures, has a charm of movement as well as colour. The action of the boys is free and real: the boy shinning down the apple-tree hand over fist, the boy running away, the two boys picking up their coats and looking at the farmer who is loosing his bull-dog at them, are all excellent. But, as observed generally in regard to stipple or mezzotint interpretations of Morland's work, the charm of handling in the original picture is lost; moreover here the whole thing is prettified, boys and all.

There is a fine mezzotint by C. Josi called *The Peasant's Repast*. It is solemnly and clumsily described by Hassell (pp. 47, 48). There is a small boy in skirts on the left, a bigger boy on the right drinking. At his foot is an empty keg. A man sits in the centre of the picture,

glowering at the boy. There is a rough, crop-eared, crop-tailed dog, black on head and ear, with black patch on his side, very finely drawn. An oak-tree overshadows the group, and is nicely managed as to trunk and leaves. A much finer example of this engraving is possessed by Sir Charles Hamilton.

A fine mezzotint by R. M. Meadows called *Gathering Wood* is a good interpretation of the picture *Gathering Sticks* at Sir Walter Gilbey's; but Sir Charles Hamilton owns a better impression.

Among the miscellaneous and anonymous mezzotints is one called, why I don't know, *The Child of Nature*. She is a girl with a charming figure in profile, clustering hair, a fichu over her bosom, and dressed in the fashion of the time. She looks pretty and impulsive.

Among the mezzotints by J. R. Smith there are a good many examples of the "Lætitia" series—the best is called *The Tavern Door*; Lætitia, in a Gainsborough hat, her hair flowing, and in a light dress, stands talking to a very eager young man in a low-crowned hat, striped waistcoat, breeches, and top-boots. A girl with a fringe, and her hair over her shoulders like Lætitia, but in a dark dress, has her hand passed through Lætitia's arm, which is akimbo. Mr. Hassell describes Lætitia as "with her arms akimbo, bullying a *Jemmy*." She seems to me very tranquil and decidedly handsome. In a doorway in the background is a girl with a playbill in one hand and a funnel-shaped bottle of fruit in the other. The drawing of all three figures is very masterly. This print was published by J. R. Smith in 1789.

A later print of the same subject, published by Ackerman in 1811 (with four lines of verse describing Lætitia's temporary profession), shows Lætitia in a small rakish bonnet, her hair curling over her forehead, and in a sort of Empire dress with a light cloak on her shoulders. The other girl looks more of a blackguard; she wears a sort of cloth cap and tight-fitting dress, with a kerchief loosely knotted round her neck. In this as in the former print Lætitia is very pretty. The man is identical in both prints.

Here I must conclude this short notice of pictures by Morland, original drawings by him, and engravings in various methods after him. As regards the pictures the notice is intended as far as possible to be representative, to present a few types of fine work in the various fields where Morland's genius found its delight. It has been impossible,

however, for me to see and describe several fine pictures, owing to their distance from London; while lack of opportunity and other reasons have prevented my seeing some few in or near London. As regards original drawings, it is probable that those described are fairly representative of Morland's work in this method; for, as we have seen, his preparation for his pictures by means of drawings from nature, or studies, seems to have been far less elaborate than is the habit of many men at the present day.

In regard to examples of etchings, mezzotints, and other methods of engraving after Morland, I have attempted nothing more than a short account of a few that were easily accessible; all these are at the British Museum Print Room except where otherwise stated. But the enormous number existing, and the various methods of engraving used on them, demand a separate study; and my principal object has been, however unworthily, to pay tribute to the genius, as seen through his own handiwork, of George Morland the Painter.



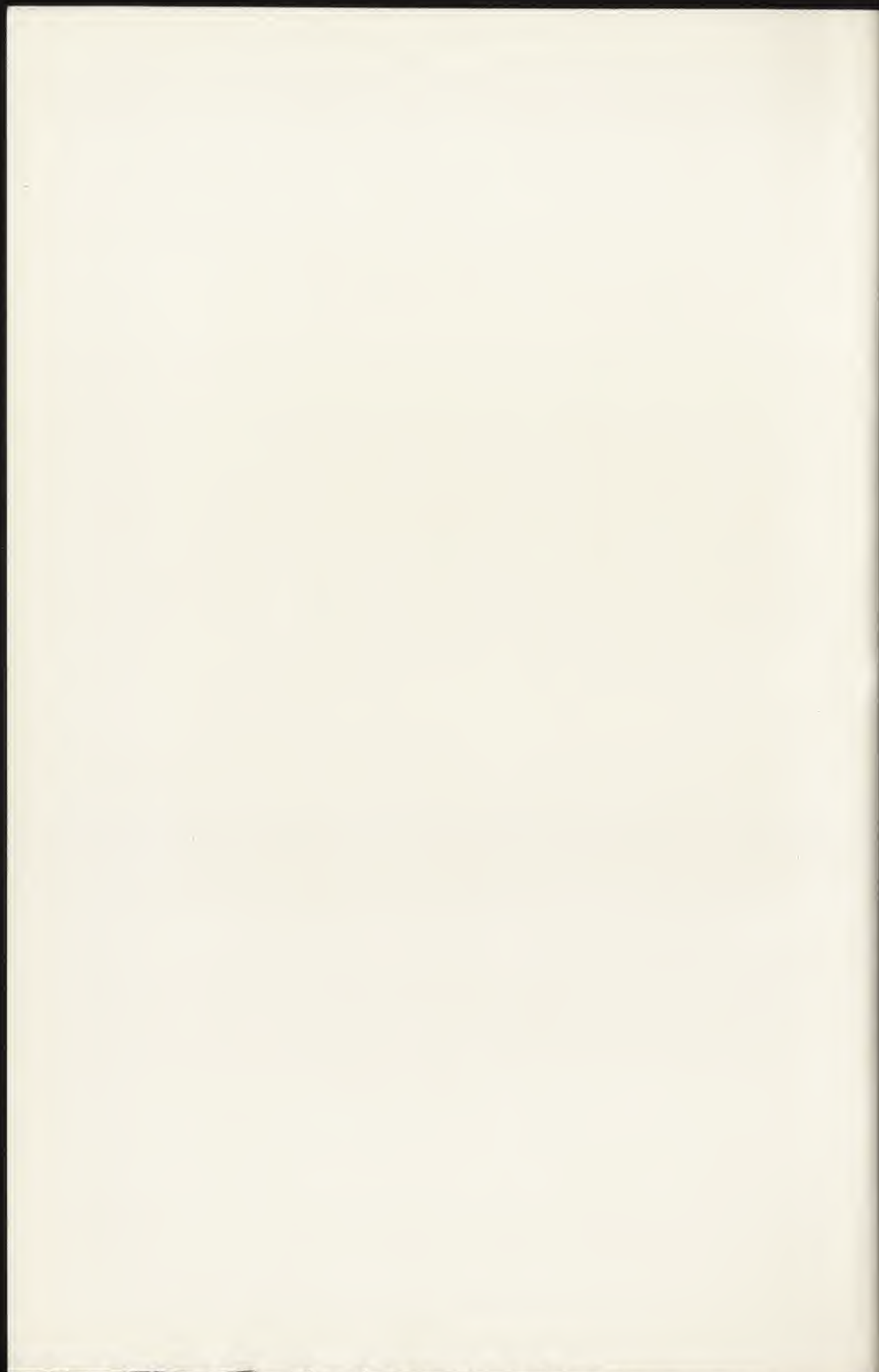
VALENTINE'S DAY. BY G. MORLAND. *South Kensington Museum.*







FISHERMEN. BY JAMES WARD. Collection of John Flemings, Esq.





COMING STORM. BY JAMES WARD. *Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.*





BOYS ROBBING AN ORCHARD. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Sir Charles Tennant.*





PLAYING AT SOLDIERS, BY G. MORLAND. Collection of Sir Charles Tennant.







THE ALEHOUSE DOOR. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of George Salting, Esq.*





A MARE AND FOAL. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of John Fleming, Esq.*



A MARE AND FOAL. BY G. STUBBS. *Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.*





THE MARKET CART. BY G. MORLAND. Collection of G. Harland Peck, Esq.





CHILDREN FISHING. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of G. Harland Peck, Esq.*







SEA COAST, MEN AND BOATS. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.*





LANDSCAPE BY JULIUS CÆSAR IBBETSON, WITH FIGURES BY G. MORLAND.

*Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.*





STRAWYARD, WITH HORSES AND CATTLE. BY J. F. HERRING. Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.





GIPSIES, BY G. MORLAND, Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.







STUDIES OF HANDS. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.*





SKETCH OF A MAN POURING PIGWASH INTO A TUB. BY G. MORLAND.

*Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.*





SKETCH OF A RAM'S HEAD. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.*





HORSE FROM "THE DEATH OF THE FOX." BY G. MORLAND.

*Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.*







GATHERING STICKS. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.*





THE DESERTER'S FAREWELL. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.*





INNOCENCE ALARMED, OR THE FLASH IN THE PAN, BY G. MORLAND. Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.





THE BLIND WHITE HORSE. BY G. MORLAND. Collection of Canon Phillips.







MORLAND'S SERVANT, SIMPSON. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Canon Phillips.*





THE DAY AFTER THE WRECK. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Canon Phillips.*





THE DISCONSOLATE AND HER PARROT. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Canon Phillips.*





THE FERRY BOAT. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Canon Phillips.*





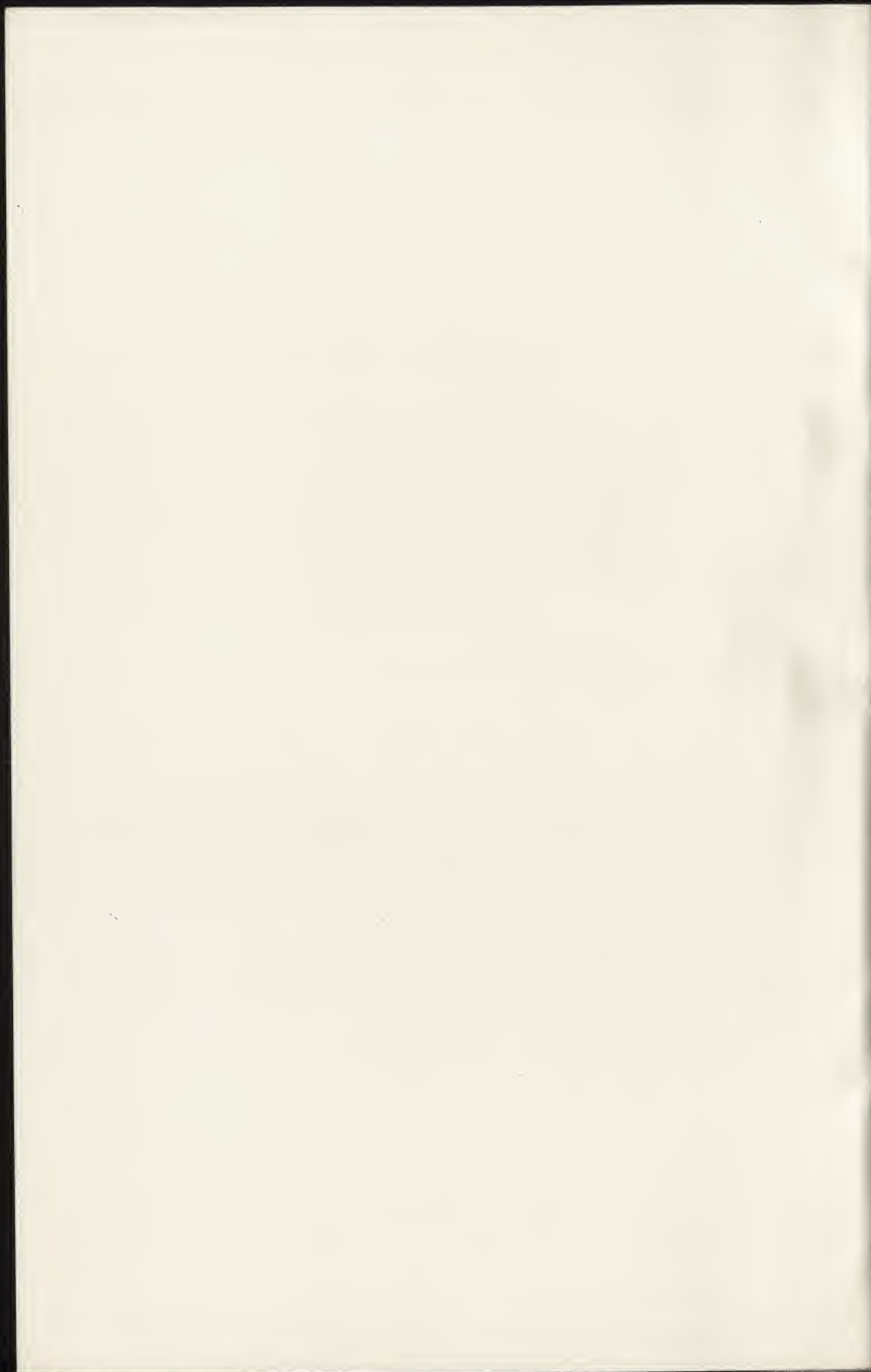


GIRL ON A SEASHORE ON A WINDY DAY. BY G. MORLAND. *Collection of Canon Phillips.*





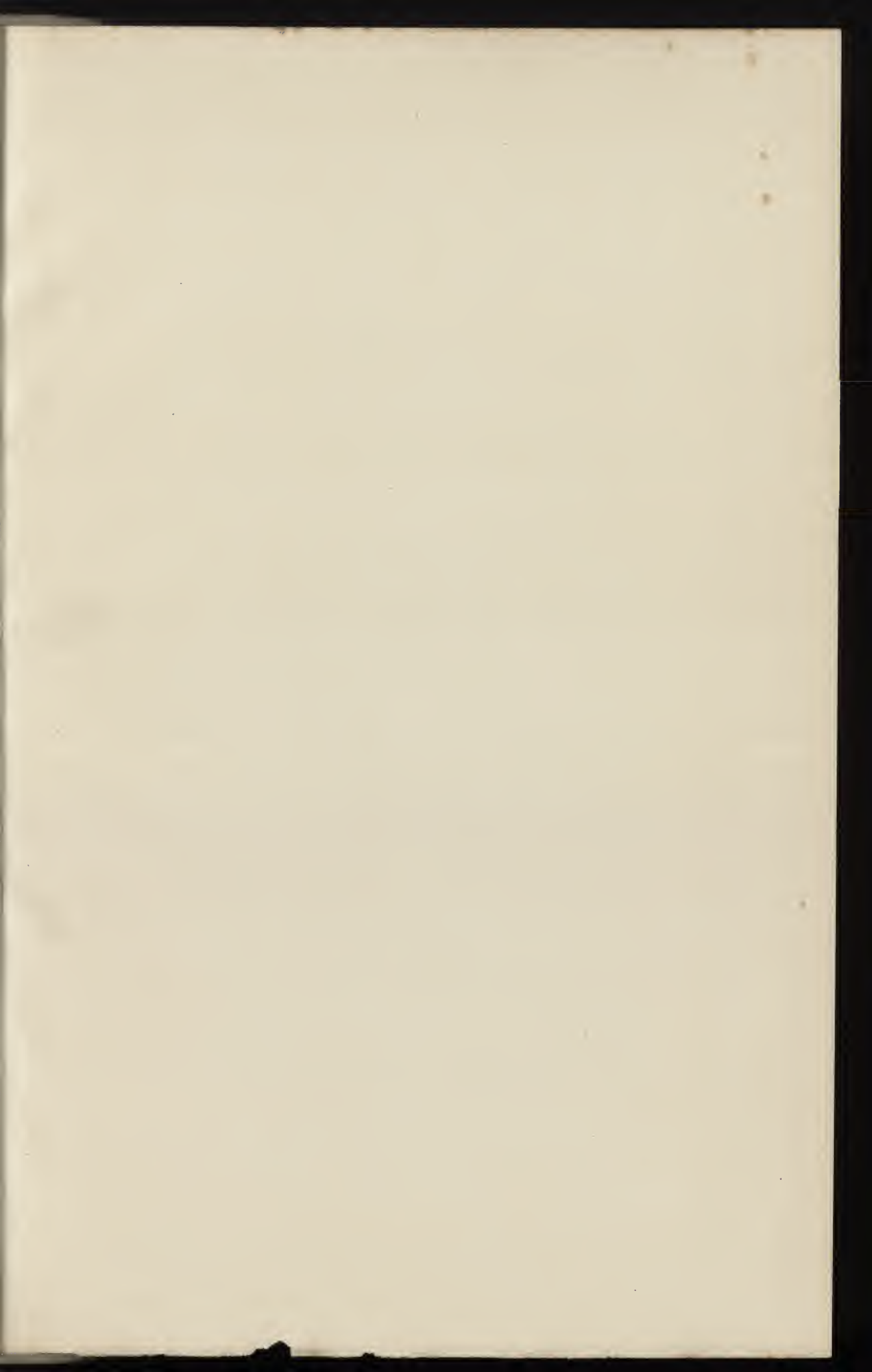
STUDY OF A GREYHOUND, BY G. MORLAND, *British Museum.*

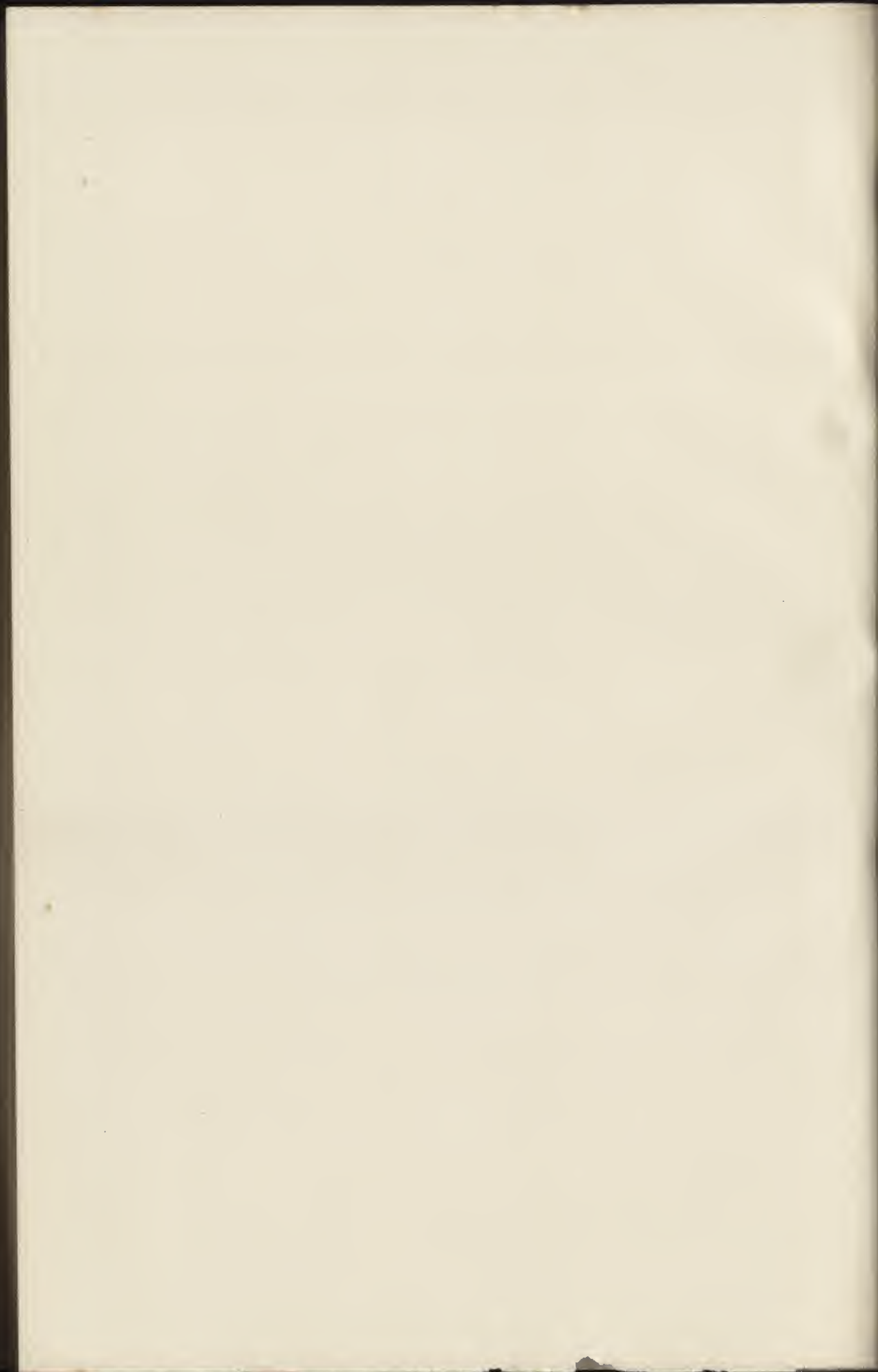




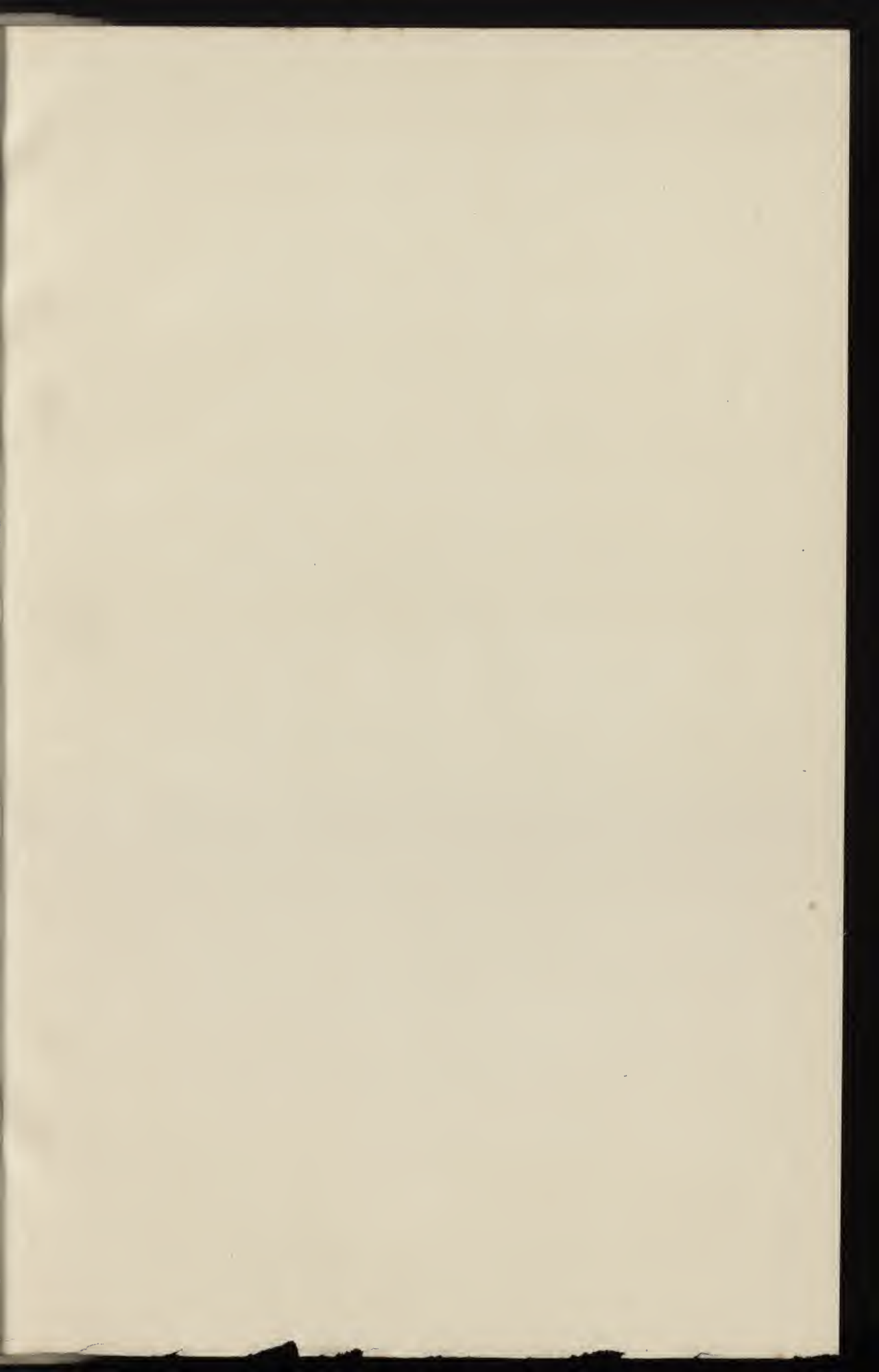
STUDIES OF CHILDREN. BY G. MORLAND. *From engravings in the British Museum.*



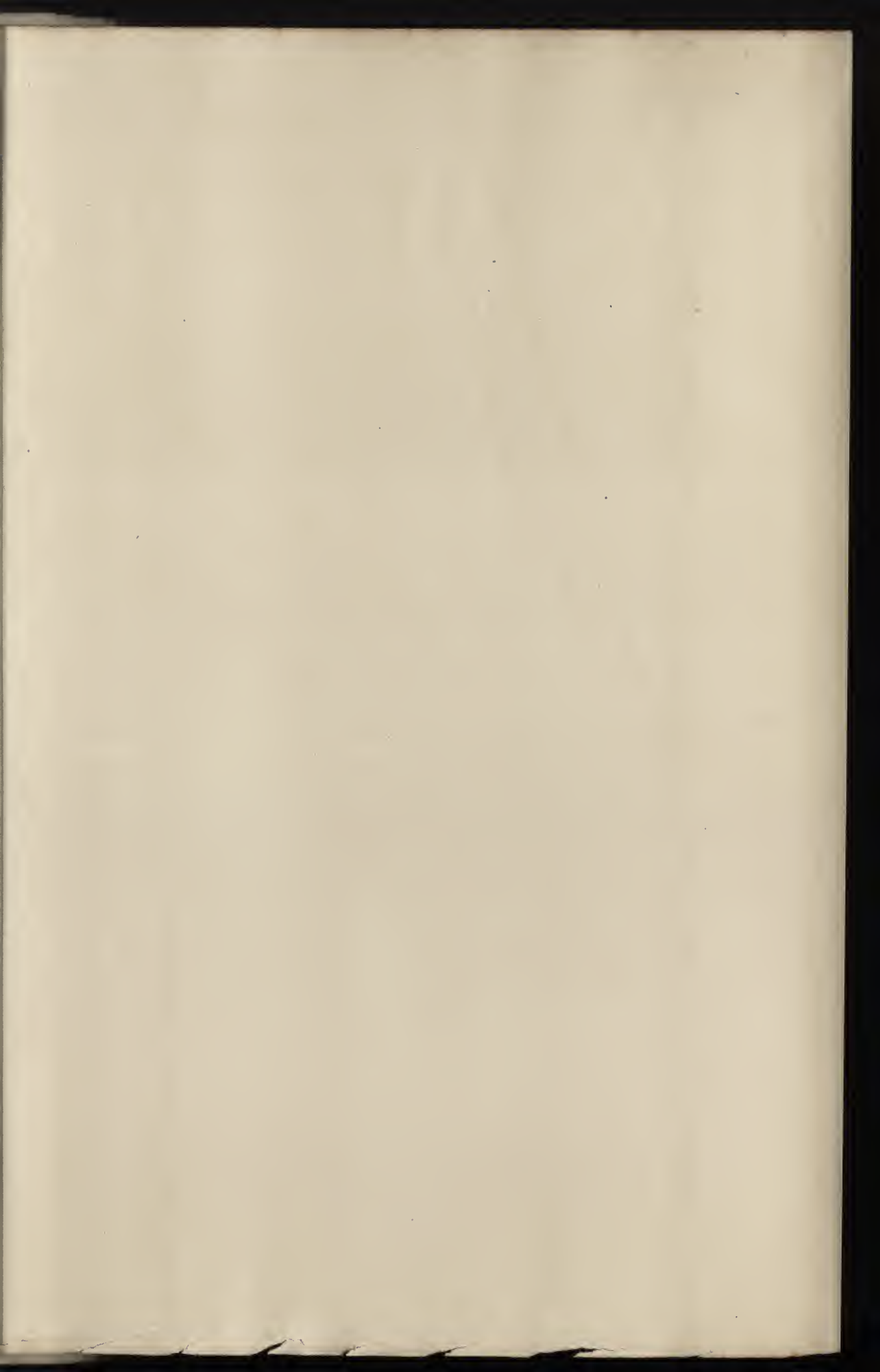








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