Portrait of the Artist as an Artisan:
The Labor of the Imagination in the Long Eighteenth Century
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By
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Ours being the age of memoir, I'm going to start my talk this morning with a confession and then move to a personal anecdote before getting down to business in the museum and the archive.

First, the confession: my name is Jane, and I'm an historian. Not an historian of art, not a curator or a conservator, certainly not a painter ... not even somebody with a degree in American Studies. This means I admit to a prosaic, text-centered, and even factitious bent. You'll notice that I don't have any slides up. ... not yet, anyway. My training also imparts a distinct bias towards lives, within the lives and works tradition of thinking about artists.

Now, the anecdote, which requires a bit of set up. A couple years ago, I wrote a novel with my friend Jill Lepore, a work of historical fiction called ***<Blindspot>***, set in Boston in 1764. *Blindspot*'s two first-person narrators are portrait painters. One, an accomplished master, is based loosely on Gilbert Stuart, on whose life and times I've been working. The other, an ambitious apprentice, bears more than a passing resemblance to John Singleton Copley, in drag. We made art our protagonists' calling because the book's plot required them to be keen observers of their surroundings. But that choice meant that creating these characters required us also to create,

narratively, works of art, and to do so not from the image down (as art historians often proceed), but rather from the canvas up.

How did painters do their work? Little in the relevant secondary literatures seemed to answer this question -- or even to acknowledge that painting *was* work.[1] An artist-friend of Jill's shared her recipes for mixing pigments. We borrowed liberally from the notes on Stuart's painting techniques taken down by Matthew Jouett and Henry Pickering in the 1810s.[2] But much about the labor and commerce of art -- the shape and duration of a sitting, methods of stretching and varnishing canvases, trips to the cloth merchant and the framer, the provisioning of a cabinet of colors -- we simply made up, with a little help from the *Boston Gazette*.

We finished a draft of *Blindspot* in the summer of 2007, whereupon I left to spend a year in London, as the oldest living master's student at the Courtauld Institute. By that point it had become clear to me that *Blindspot*'s questions about the making of art were germane to my Gilbert Stuart project as well, especially to the period the young Stuart spent abroad. He lived in Britain -- first in London and then in Dublin -- from late 1775 until early 1793, beginning as a young unknown just past apprenticeship, becoming in short order a celebrated exhibition painter, and then a sought-after society portraitist. Stuart scaled what he and other artists called "the ladder" of success in fits and starts, with plenty of back-tracking along the way, exhibiting at the Royal Academy to great acclaim one season **<as he did with *The Skater* in 1782>**, and then failing to show a

picture for several years afterwards, for example.[3] This circuitous ascent seemed to me to reveal quite a lot about the role of the artist in society, and about the impress of society upon the artist (as well as about Stuart's own personality, as Dorinda Evans would have it).

Back to the anecdote, for here, finally, is the punchline: With all this in mind, I asked the faculty member who was to be my tutor -- an eminent scholar of what the Courtauld terms "the social history of art" -- some of my questions about the labor of making pictures: Where did painters buy their canvases, and did they stretch them themselves? Did they live near the purveyors of colors, brushes, paper, frames, and gilding? Who conducted the traffic of these goods, and how did they move through the streets of London? How much might a painter make in a year, and was that sum more or less than what a bricklayer or a glazier earned? Who were their neighbors: poets and printers? Butchers and bakers? Merchants and manufacturers. ... ?

My tutor wrinkled his nose. "***But why would you want to know that?***" he asked. These were questions for curators or connoisseurs, maybe for antiquarians. But emphatically *not* for art historians. Perhaps I'd entered the wrong track of the Courtauld's program. Perhaps -- he raised an eyebrow -- I should betake myself to the conservation studios.

I thought for a long time about this response, and why it was as startling to me as my questions were to him, and what it meant about the practice of art history, and about the historical practice of art. I kept thinking about it as I sat through hours

of seminar focused on the symbolic vocabulary of eighteenth-century artists and the conventions of representation available to them, discussions which sometimes conceded that painters had minds, but rarely that they had hands. I thought about it as I slogged through the collections of the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Arts and the British Library and the National Archives, in search of the daily life of folks like the young Gilbert Stuart, who, as a rule, painted much and wrote little.

Like the Grinch, I thought and I thought till my puzzler was sore. What I came up with is this. My eminent mentor's professional standing all but *required* him to shrug off my questions. Art history must not be confused with conoisseurship, lest he be put to work hawking wares at Sotheby's. Lest he wind up "in trade," as Jane Austen might have put it. But -- and this is what I want to focus on this morning -- this present-day disciplinary divide recapitulates, sometimes unthinkingly, important eighteenth-century debates about the work of the hand and the work of the head, about labor and value and what was increasingly called "genius." What does and doesn't count as the proper domain of art history has everything to do with the resolution of those debates in the nineteenth century, as I expect David Jaffe and Susan Rather will tell us this afternoon. It has very little to do with how artists lived in Gilbert Stuart's London, a set of daily realities artists went to considerable trouble to erase, in both word and image.

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Among Britons, The Arts (capital-T, capital A) were an eighteenth-century creation, as David Solkin, Iain Pears, Louise Lippincott, John Brewer, and numerous other scholars make clear. Not art, music, writing, and theater, obviously. But the *concept* of high culture and its handmaidens, genius and taste: these date to a particular moment in time. As ideologies rather than social practices, culture concepts they had to be expressed and disseminated, spread through a growing print market that was, itself, caught up in making and being made by this new business of Culture, with a capital C.[4] There's an irony here. The notions that artistic genius was inborn, even quasi-divine, and that its expression through painting belonged to higher realms of Liberal Art rather than to lowlier worlds of mechanical craft: these ideas were, themselves, products of considerable craft. To paraphrase *South Pacific*: you've got to be taught to venerate and revere, it's got to be drummed in your dear little ear, you've got to be carefully taught.

Renaissance writers on aesthetics articulated the notion of the learned painter in the fourteenth and fifteen centuries.[5] But in the English-speaking world, art theory birthed itself considerably later, in the late seventeenth century. From that point forward, a steady flow of scribal and printed works on the topic fought their way through an increasingly dense and competitive literary market to reach polite readers. The conceptions of painting advanced in these tracts were, in part, assertive, laying claim to a piece of cultural and economic territory. They were, at the same time, defensive, policing that

hard-won territory by refuting presumptions of the artist's lowliness on the one hand, and penchants for luxury, lust, and vanity on the other.[6]

Printed in London in 1715 and reprinted several times thereafter, Jonathan Richardson's *Essay on the Theory of Painting* **<JR title page>** was the most prominent among the first generation of these works. Richardson, a celebrated London portraitist, extolled the virtues of painting over other modes of representation, praising especially its capacity to improve upon the real. Indeed, he attributed to painting in general, and to portraiture in particular, a magic bordering on necromancy. In portraits, he wrote,

> we see the persons and faces of famous men, the originals of which are out of our reach, as being gone down with the stream of time, or in different places: and thus too we see our relations and friends, whether living or dead, as they have been in all the stages of life. In picture [sic] we never die, never decay, or grow older.

Holy *Dorian Gray*, Batman! This painting business was (forgive the pun) heady stuff.[7]

Though Richardson was less rigid about it than Joshua Reynolds would later be, he traced the familiar hierarchy of genres, with landscapes, portraits, and other mimetic forms ranked below histories, allegories, and other less "particular" productions. But whatever the genre, he emphasized the artist's visuality and imagination rather than, say, his dexterity and sociability and endurance. "[T]o paint a history," Richardson wrote, "a man ought to have all the good qualities requisite to an historian, and something more; he must yet *go higher*, and have

the talents requisite to a good poet."[8] (Remember the ladder: *go higher*.) The portraitist possessed a different, more interior acuity. He -- his gender was both assumed and articulated in these works -- needed to "understand mankind, and enter into their characters, and express their minds as well as their faces." The painter's genius transmuted the real into the ideal. After a lengthy section quoting Milton -- whose works rivalled Homer's as proof of one's polite *bona fides* in the eighteenth-century Atlantic world, Richardson averred: "In general, the painting-room must be like Eden before the fall, like Arcadia; no joyless, turbulent passions must enter there."[9] No passions, no base thoughts, much less the sweat of laboring men.

In sum, Art was *elevating* in Richardson's schema. To viewers, it was transporting. To painters, too, art was uplifting -- socially uplifting. Not everyone agreed. Richardson wrote against received opinion holding (as he put it in his 1719 successor volume, The Science of a Connoisseur), that "the generality of good painters have been idle, and sots." He and others also painted against this "vulgar error."[10] In Richardson's **<self-portrait>**, the painter's calling is signalled chiefly through his penetrating gaze, his shaved head and turban serving as the only outward signs of his daily work. Richardson's 1733 **<portrait of engraver George Vertue>** adopts the convention so exactly as to form a near pendant, though the engraver's work was in every way less gentlemanly and generative than the painter's. In these images, and many like them, insight

(literally, in-sight) and politeness constitute the painter's stock in trade: his tools, his source of worth.

This was not the only vocabulary available to Richardson. At precisely the moment that he and other painters were working so hard, on canvas and on the printed page, to make themselves over as gentlemen, other thinkers were beginning to equate the worth of an article with the value of the labor involved in its production. John Locke is generally credited with the earliest formulation of what came to be called the "labor theory of value." Locke's second **<*Treatise of Government*>** linked the labor of improving land to the right to hold it as property. A generation later, the colonial printer Benjamin Franklin, a striving artisan if ever there was one, more fully articulated the relationship of sweat to equity in a little pamphlet lauding that bumptious colonial product, paper money. Silver, Franklin wrote, had no "certain permanent Value ... therefore it seems requisite to fix upon Something else, more proper to be made a *Measure of Values*, and this I take to be *Labour*." (Franklin's "Modest Inquiry," by the way, was printed the same year that Richardson painted his self portrait.) By the 1770s, this notion of the relationship of work to worth had gained considerable currency on both sides of the Atlantic. Adam Smith elaborated upon it in *The Wealth of Nations*. And in Revolutionary America, especially, an artisanal identity -- hands over heads -- became a source of increasing political clout.[11]

Eighteenth-century painters, then, *could* have made claims for art's value based on their improving labors, the painstaking

application of hand and time to base materials. They did the opposite. By mid-century, the view of the painting as the province of the imagination had so far penetrated the consciousness of the English reading public that it appeared not only in the works of Richardson, Shaftesbury, and others writing as and for connoisseurs, but also in lower middling print sources, like R. Campbell's 1747 ***<London Tradesman>***, a manual "Calculated for the Information of Parents" eager to outfit their children for apprenticeships: by definition, *not* gentlemen. Snaking through seventy-five chapters -- a teeming Hogarthian London-at-work -- the various trades parade, in roughly hierarchical order. Divinity comes first; slop-shops, selling crude ready-made clothing suitable for workingmen, come last, following tinmen, milliners, comb-makers, soap-boilers, and much much more.

Painting is the subject of chapter sixteen, which follows discussions of the ministry and the several branches of medicine and law. It is the second of the arts, after music. "The Painter must be born, not made," possessed of a "natural Genius," Campbell opines. Parents who wish their promising young geniuses to practice "the Liberal Part of this Art" would do well to rear them up as poets and historians, imparting a "liberal" education that will "enable [them] to understand Men and Things." This ***<Self-Portrait>*** painted by the twenty-five-year-old Joshua Reynolds the year after Campbell published the *Tradesman* might well serve as an illustration here: sight and insight again

serve as the foci of the image, with the hand used quite literally to frame the mind's eye.

But because the *Tradesman* is, after all, in the economic competency business rather than the genius business, Campbell falters on this point. "[T]o prosper in this Business" of Art, he concedes, "depends oftner upon Chance, or Caprice, than real Merit." Turns out, it's not all poetry and history; it's where you've been (preferably Rome) and who you know (preferably "some great Personage, who is reputed a Connoisseur"). So, too, Campbell acknowledges some of the physical aspects of the work. Even painters of the liberal sort need "a steady Hand," along with the kind of "sober disposition" least likely to be "affected by the Smell of the Oyls with which they are daily conversant." Still, this is an elevated trade, and such considerations are quickly swept away. As is the estimation of the painter's income. Not exactly a "Business," it yields an uncertain "Livelihood," the wages of genius.[12]

The *Tradesman* then climbs on down to the lower rungs of the painter's ladder, which, Campbell tells the reader, require commensurately lower degrees of ingenuity. The drapery painter, for example, has "commonly but a dull Genius, and a mere Mechanic Head." Yet a good one might make a bright golden Guinea a day, and even "mere Bunglers" made half that. The apprentice in heraldry, "a dry insipid study," likewise needed "rather a laborious than bright genius": a knowledge of royal genealogy plus just enough "Taste" to produce crude outlines. This work,

Campbell estimated, was worth a steady three to four shillings a day.[13]

The bottom-most rung on the painter's ladder belonged to house painting, a trade so lowly that its practitioners' most visually astute work -- the grinding and mixing of colors -- had lately been ceded to "Horse-Mills"; a trade so "overstocked" that "[t]here is not Bread for one Third of them." The house painter, Campbell opines, "requires no manner of ingenuity .... every Labourer may execute it as well as the most eminent painter." The trade could be learned in a month, by "every body that can but handle a Brush." In fact, Campbell calls house painters "Hands," a wonderful synecdoche whose sting he sharpens when he talks about the house-painter's mind:

> They must indeed have a sound Head; I do not mean with respect to their Understanding; that may be as lame as you please, but a steady Brain, to go up aloft, upon the Eves of Houses, and stand out at Windows upon very tottering Supports."

House-painters were "the dirtiest, laziest, and most debauched Set of Fellows that are of any Trade in and about *London*," Campbell concluded. They earned, at best, two or three shillings a day, and that only seven or eight months of the year. "I think no Parent ought to be so mad as to bind his Child Apprentice for seven Years, to a Branch that can be learned almost in as many Hours," the *Tradesman* advised. Momma, don't let your children grow up to be house painters.[14]

Here, then, was the painter's ladder at mid century: idle, starving hands scrabbling for subsistence at the bottom; lofty, discerning heads thinking and seeing their way to the top, like

young Sir Joshua here. Houses to coaches to ceilings to draperies to faces to histories. A generation before Reynolds **<traded his brush for a scroll <1773 JR *Self-Portrait*, modeled on Rembrandt's *Aristotle*]>**[15] to deliver his first annual Discourse on Art to an audience of rapt academicians -- indeed, well before London's Royal Academy was more than a gleam in its creators' discerning eyes -- this understanding of the distinction between the liberal artist and the mechanical artisan was well understood by wide swathes of the English reading public.

How wide? Wide enough that a twenty-four old living in what he called "so remote a corner of the Globe as New England" knew it well. In halting penmanship, pocked with variant spellings, the young John Singleton Copley expressed his fond hope that "America which has been the seat of war and desolation, ... will one Day become the School of fine Arts." From that moment in 1762, until he sailed for London a dozen years later, Copley appeared to think of little else but how to attain "the summit of that Mighty Mountain where the Everlasting Lauriels grow to adoarn the brows of those Elustrious Artists that are so favourd of Heaven as to be able to unravel the intricate mazes of its rough and perilous Asent."[16]

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I'll not dwell on Copley, whose quest to define his Art as Liberal Susan Rather has documented in her marvelous article, "Carpenter, Tailor, Shoemaker, Artist," in which she sets Copley's **<1770 *Self Portrait*>** of the artist as a young and well-married gentleman in dialogue with his 1768 depiction of silver-

smith and not-yet-gentleman **<*Paul Revere*>**. Instead, I want to consider the relationship between Copley's ideological Olympus -- that Mighty Mountain where the Everlasting Laurels grew -- and the social lives of painters.[17]

Whether he worked in London or in Boston, whether he called himself one of the liberal sort or (pace David Jaffe) "one of the primitive sort," painters worked with their hands. In a world divided, as Samuel Johnson put it, into "profound scholars" and meaner artisans, they were artisans. Typically, they were also the sons of artisans. Copley's father, an Irish immigrant, was a tobacconist; Gilbert Stuart's pa was a snuff-grinder. Benjamin West, He Who Had Summitted the Mighty Mountain (shown here a contemporary copy of his **<ca. 1776 *Self Portrait*>**, complete with Rubens hat), was the child of a Pennsylvania tavern-keeper and possessed a fairly rudimentary level of literacy. Matthew Pratt's father was a goldsmith. Charles Willson Peale's father was born a gentleman but died a capital criminal. Like Peale's, John Trumbull's people perched higher on the social ladder; his father was a merchant (and later governor); in his **<1777 *Self Portrait*>**, Trumbull defines himself with both book and brush, though he lets the eyes have it. But for the most part, these provincial painters were thoroughly middling young men, born to thoroughly middling families. They were not bred to spend their lives reading gentleman's magazines and pondering what Joseph Addison called "the pleasures of the imagination." The *labor* of the imagination -- specialized, highly trained, manual artisanry

-- was all the attainment most of their parents would have conceived of.[18]

Of course, early America's social order was famously truncated at both the top and the bottom. Perhaps, we might suppose, it was different in England, at least in London and Bath. Perhaps artists really *were* elevated creatures there, laurel-bedecked, as Copley imagined West to have become.

Not really. Like their American counterparts, most London painters were artisans and shopkeepers by birth. Jonathan Richardson's father wove patterned silk in Spitalfields; Thomas Gainsborough's sold cloth and ran a pub; George Romney's made furniture; Allen Ramsay's sold books. Reynolds's father was more highly placed, an Oxonian descended from ministers. But even the future Sir Joshua received more of a practical education than a liberal one; had he not become a painter, he would have been put out to an apothecary.[19] Joseph Wright of Derby's father was an attorney, in whose mind his son's work may have more closely resembled **<*The Blacksmith's Shop*>** than the world of the Byronic poet depicted in this **<1772 *Self-Portrait*>**.

Whatever their art and their theory suggested, these men did not spend their lives in contemplation, much less ease. Not even Reynolds, who, for all his evenings amid the Diletanti, passed many a day painting the dogs of the landed gentry, as his sitter books reveal.

The mundane nature of the artist's daily grind is especially apparent among those just beginning their climb up the painter's ladder. James Northcote, son of a watchmaker from Plymouth,

moved to London in his early twenties to continue his training in art. He found a place in Reynolds's Leicester Square manse, where Sir Joshua allowed the lad to copy the pictures in his collections to his heart's content.

In his letters home to his family, Northcote fretted over his mediocre attainments, not to mention the cost of living in the metropolis. Like his master, he worked long hours in summer, but not in winter, that "most sad part of the year," when "the days are so short that I can do but little."[20] He memorized his master's craft secrets, relating to his brother Reynolds's recipes for pigments and varnish, and explaining that "Sir Joshua allways paints on the bare cloath unprepair'd, after the manner of the Venitians whome he much admires." Of this last guild mystery he added, "dont show this part of the letter to any body because Sir Joshua would not chuse to have it known."

Northcote devoted himself to craft. He perfected his penmanship and spelling; he practiced draftsmanship and struggled with anatomy, gaining a valuable lesson in the latter from the body of one of the "jews which were hung for Robbing a House and murdering a servant Man in it." (He lamented that the young Academicians "had but two lectures on it because they might have the body fresh to cast a plaster anatomical figure.")

While he honed the skills needed to climb the painter's ladder, Northcote mocked "the lower kind of people such as journeymen on Sundays drest with large bags to their hair and swords by their sides who you may evedently discover by their awkward manner wear them only that day." Yet he, too,

counterfeited an image of learned liberality that his papers belie. In his **<1784 *Self Portrait*>** Northcote depicts himself richly napped, pulling art fully formed from his head. In life, he was, quite literally, a hand: a hand model for Reynolds's paintings, the amanuensis who copied the Academy President's discourses for him, Reynolds's biographer later in life.

Young **<Ozias Humphry>**, whose father was a mercer in Devon, justified his apprenticeship in painting by telling his mother, a lace-maker, that the "drawing of Heads &c. must give me a truer Idea in Drawing Lace Patterns, besides there are many People get a very handsome Livelihood at it." While acquiring the skills to gain that handsome livelihood he worried about his budget, itemizing his expenses down to the last crayon and quill. He needed new footwear, he wrote, because "the Dirt of London Rotts Shoes exceeding Fast."[21]

In his painterly practice Humphry was nakedly tactical. He courted Reynolds's favor, with varying degrees of success, and eventually set up shop on Newman Street, a few doors down from Benjamin West, the better to serve patrons West could not accommodate. He flattered sitters ... until he had to dun them. "The Custom of being paid half price when portraits are begun has for many years been the practice of Sr. Joshua Reynolds, ... Mr. West, Mr. Zoffany, Mr. Stubbs, ... &c," he assured Lady Mulgrave, whose accounts were in arrears. Northcote knew that those who didn't like their likenesses were quick enough to demand their money back. If the book he's holding in his **<1772 *self portrait*>** were a ledger, that would explain the long face.[22]

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Erasing the artisan required hard work -- required, in fact, artisanal labor: the crafts of prose and painting. The question I want to leave you with is, why? In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, many British and American artisans articulated a muscular, masculinist class-based politics that relished craft as a way of resisting the degradation of industrial labor, and that turned their forefathers' labor theory of value into a full-blown "labor question" of great moment on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet these painters defined art to disguise craft.

Was this a result of what a better Marxist than I would call "false consciousness"? Maybe, but not only. The painter's liberality was occupational as well as aspirational. More than any other kind of artisan I can think of, ambitious painters -- especially portraitists -- engaged, all day every day, in a status masquerade. Jonathan Richardson put it this way: "as his business is chiefly with people of condition, [the portraitist] must think as a gentleman, and a man of sense, or it will be impossible to give such their true, and proper resemblances."[23] *Thinking as a gentleman* wasn't the half of it. The portraitist had to converse with gentlemen. He had to seduce them with his wit, and set them at ease with his soft surround.

When he took his rooms in Newman Street, Ozias Humphry told a friend, "I am to pay 120 pds. a year for it and am no[w] fitting it up and furnishing it in order to open my shop as a portrait painter in oyl -- (wch will ruin me almost)." As indeed

it did: Humphry paid over £250 for the luxury gewgaws with which he decked out his painting rooms. When he auctioned off the trappings of his erstwhile gentility some years later, they fetched barely half that.[25]

Gilbert Stuart practiced the same (self) deception, achieving highs higher and lows lower than most. When he painted this **<1778 *Self Portrait*>**, with its sombre Old Master palette and Rubens hat, Stuart lived in rooms off the Strand, in a neighborhood peopled by printers, engravers, and other artisans. He was, by all accounts, near to starving. John Trumbull, who met him two years later in West's studio, said the American "looked more like a poor beggar than a painter." A year after that, Stuart's highly praised **<exhibition portrait of West>**, which both quoted and improved upon **<West's own>**, captured enough public esteem that the master told Stuart it was time to take rooms of his own.

He did so, in high style and at great expense. Stuart "lived in splendor, and was the gayest of the gay," William Dunlap later wrote. At fancy, pricey addresses on Oxford and New Burlington Streets, Stuart met his sitters' expectations for luxury and liberality, and was soon flat broke, an oscillation he would repeat several times over the course of his life.[26]

Stuart **<GS by John Neagle, 1825>** died in Boston, once again in dire financial straits, in 1828. By then, the United States had become a nation of manufacturers, and posers of the labor question had begun to divide the world into "labor" and "capital," a binary that made artists a sort of exotic pre-modern

Other. As befit a proto-industrial nation, the figure of the artist as heroic genius had become a full-blown industry. Essays and periodicals and lengthy volumes documented artists' lives, always emphasizing their faculties of imagination.

In Stuart's Boston, aged patrons and young painters came to sit at the master's feet and scribe his stories. (It's largely from such anecdotes that the slender materials for a life of Stuart come.) Despite their valedictory purposes, some of these interviews catch Stuart's bracing wit, verging on bitterness, and his pointed refusal of the genius mantle. Like Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*, Stuart told Henry Pickering one October afternoon in 1817 that the pictures had gotten small. When he went to London, some forty years before, "he thought he should never attempt to paint a subject which required less canvass than would cover the side of a room. 'But you see, said he, (pointing to the portraits about the room) to what I have been reduced. I have a family -- I paint for bread.'" Another interlocutor, apparently disappointed by the painter's answer, or perhaps by his expression, or his tone, interjected: "I always thought that painters were perfectly happy, while engaged upon their works." (*Absorption* was part of the fantasy of genius.) In words befitting the lowly house-painter in the *London Tradesman*, Stuart responded: "As happy ... as a horse grinding bark."[27]

[1]See e.g., David Mannings, "At the Portrait Painter's," *History Today* 27:5 (May 1977), 279-287; Dorinda Evans, "Gilbert Stuart and Manic Depression: Redefining His Artistic Range," *American Art* 18:1 (Spring 2004): 10-31.

[2]Jouett's "Notes on Painting" appear as an appendix to John Hill Morgan, *Gilbert Stuart and His Pupils* (New York: N-YHS, 1939), 81-93.

[3]For "the ladder," see Henry Pickering, "Account of an Interview with Mr. Stuart," Henry Pickering Papers, Phillips Library, Peabody Essex Museum, MSS 0.608. (Hereafter Pickering ms.)

[4]John Brewer, *The Pleasures of the Imagination: English Culture in the Eighteenth Century* (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 1996). See also Louise Lippincott, *Selling Art in Georgian London: The Rise of Arthur Pond* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1983); Iain Pears, *The Discovery of Painting: The Growth of Interest in the Arts in England, 1680-1768* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1988); and David H. Solkin, *Painting for Money: The Visual Arts and the Public Sphere in Eighteenth-Century England* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1993).

[5]See Ruth McNamara, "The Theme of the Learned Painter in Eighteenth-Century British Self-Portraiture," Ph.D. Dissertation, Bryn Mawr, 1983, esp. introduction, pp. 1-6.

[6]Brewer, *Pleasures*, especially chapter 2; Solkin, *Painting for Money*, passim.

[7]Jonathan Richardson, *The Works (1773)* (reprinted Hildesheim, Netherlands: George Olms, 1969), quoted at 4.

[8]Richardson, 10, emphasis added.

[9]Richardson, 12, 100.

[10]Quoted in McNamara, "Learned Painter," 9.

[11]Franklin, "Modest Enquiry," 19; Holton, Unruly Americans, 105-7.

[12]*London Tradesman*, 94, 95, 97-99.

[13]*Tradesman*, 101-2.

[14]*Tradesman*, 103-5.

[15]See McNamara, "Learned Painter," 1775.

[16]JSC to Jean Etienne Liotard, 30 September 1762; JSC to John Greenwood, 25 January 1771, both in *Letters and Papers of John Singleton Copley and Henry Pelham, 1739-1776. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society* 71 (1914): 26, 106.

[17]Susan Rather, "Carpenter, Tailor, Shoemaker, Artist: Copley and Portrait Painting around 1770," *Art Bulletin* 79:2 (June 1997): 269-290.

[18]All these from *American National Biography*.

[19]All *DNB*. On Reynolds and the apothecary see also Reynolds Papers, RA.

[20]Compare Northcote letters and Reynolds sitter books on this point.

[21]Humphry Papers, RA, I: 1757, item 58; 1758, item 62.

[22]Humphry Papers, II: item 89 (quoted); II: 129.

[23]Richardson, *Theory of Painting*, 12.

[25]Humphry Papers, I: 91, 114; II: 64; see also Brewer, *Pleasures*.

[26]Dunlap 1: 219, 223, 226.

[27]Pickering mss., 4 October 1817.