## AMONG THE PORTRAITS AT KENSINGTON.

NOTES LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

In those galleries where, in 1862, the holiday seekers and students of many nations gathered for gossip and eating and drinking, occupations evanescent and jovial, two vast companies of the ghostly dead have since been called in succession, and ranked in portraiture before our eyes. They came from dusty nooks, from garrets, or high up in rat-infested closets, off the walls of long-deserted rooms in country mansions which once were all their own in body or in similitude; they came from chambers that had been princely and full of life for five hundred years; from the dining-halls of colleges which the originals had founded or benefited, and left them to be forgotten by those who eat dead men's feasts. This was painted when the sitter got the Garter, that when he or she was married; the next was a parting gift from a mother to her son, that to a wife from a husband going to the wars.

Last year, what old memories, old loves, old hates, old customs thronged the fancy or charmed the sight of the student as he hailed Chaucer's likeness (9), a copy made in former days of that which Occleve drew from recollections of his "dear master's" person! Here, in Richard II," (7) was the oldest picture in England, sadly mauled, but still claiming attention by the strange beauty of the face—that marvellous triptych of Sir John Donne and his lady (18) Memline painted in Bruges while Caxton was printing in Westminster Abbey—here were Holbein's pictures made in the golden age of Henry VIII's prime. These were by admirable artists, and had been given to Holbein, but were really due to his equals and forgotten names: one among these concerns all literary folks, for it was a superb picture of the Earl of Surrey (121) from Knole, painted in the Italian manner and ascribed to Holbein, but in all probability the work of William Stretes, an Englishman of great fame in his day. Surrey, it is said, died for his ambition. This portrait is inscribed *Sat superest*. Had not the words an afterthought?

Here Philip Sidney met Algernon of his own name: George Buchanan saw James I long after he was out of his tutelage, and had got to strange passes; there was Francis Walsingham face to face with Queen Mary of Scotland; Mary Beatoun (331)—a false-looking woman, and one of "the Queen's four Maries" who are included in the woful rhyme,

"There was Mary Beatoun, and Mary Seton,
And Mary Carmichael and me,"

—met at least a dozen royal Maries, in few of whom could she possibly recognize her mistress, so diverse were their feafures, so strange their airs. Here was Darnley, with the silliest face and longest legs that ever mortal saw; and there (439) the baby King James praying at God's altar by his father's tomb for vengeance on that father's murderers. Ten pictures off hung Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, the hero of "Hobson's choice," whose epitaph Milton made twice over; there Milton; there his friend Henry Lawes, of whom he wrote:—

"Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend his wing
To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire."

There was Car of Ferniherst and Devereux, Earl of Essex, and that abandoned woman who married both, and may have murdered Overbury. Gondomar stood there with a wolfish laugh—he was a great wit: there Sir Walter Raleigh. This was the very portrait of the Infanta Maria which led Prince Charles on that will-o'-the-wisp dance into Spain; and not far off hung Henrietta of France, whom he picked up when the wild light had been dashed out; Buckingham the first and Buckingham the second, Arabella Stuart, who had that tremendously long bill for millinery, and Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, who held Buckingham's horse while he killed her husband, as they say.

In fact, the whole history of England and Scotland since Richard II—civil, military, personal, and domestic—has been illustrated on these walls. Last year, the pages of Froissart, Monstrelet, Hollingshed, Hall, Fabyan, the histories of Elizabeth's times, the memoirs and diaries of James and Charles' days; Grammont, D'Ewes, Bramston, Evelyn, and Pepys—this year, Pope, Walpole, Boswell, Fanny Burney, and a score of others have had delightful light cast upon their pages. One might go on enumerating the men and women of last year's show until another year began. Here were Oliver's Peers and Charles' Knights of the Royal Oak; these arranged themselves in groups; the captains of Henry and Elizabeth, the traitors of King James.

In that gathering with which we have now to do it is a captain of King William's who leads the line in a much-restored portrait, being Ginkell, Earl of Athlone (1), with whom may go Rigaud's showy picture of Bentinck, Earl of Portland (5), whom the Duke of Marlborough delighted to call "the wooden Portland." He certainly looks a good deal like a ship's figure-head, a similitude which is increased by his action of holding out his leading-staff. Marlborough was the last apt man to do this reticent soldier justice: it is told of him that, being page of honor to William III, and his young master suffering from smallpox, the pustules of which did not rise, the doctor recommended placing the sick child in bed with another that was healthy, in order, as it was devised, to carry off the poison of the disease from the former. Bentinck volunteered his life, was accepted, took, and nearly died of the disease. It was a heroic act, which William long remembered. It was Bentinck who, when shown in a French palace Le Brun's pictures of Louis XIV's victories, and asked if such could be matched in England, replied, "No; the monuments of my master's actions are to be seen anywhere but in his own house." He acted in the spirit of that Roman Catholic of William's Dutch Guards, who, as Burnet tells us, when asked how he could aid in the enterprise on England, which was aimed against his religion, answered that this soul was God's, but his sword was the Prince of Orange's. There is a portrait of Bentinck's young prince here (3), which must have been taken about the time of that act of self-sacrifice, and, in the pallor of its skin, the hollowing of its eyes, and other signs of debility, agrees with the look of a child just recovering from a sharp illness. It is by Cornelius Jonson van Ceulen, not, as the catalogue says, by the more famous Cornelius Jansen. To Van Ceulen may be ascribed many of the inferior pictures which have been attributed to his namesake, and among them some that puzzled students of last year's exhibition by their utter variance from those of the better known artist.

Jonson van Ceulen is said by Nagler to have died in 1656, a date this picture corrects by bearing a signature and the date 1657. William was then seven years of age; Hanneman painted him in a much better state of health in the next picture (4), which shows him in armor, and is dated 1664. There is a charming portrait of a bright-faced, beautiful, healthy boy in a cap, with a fringe and feashers round its edge; this is also called "William III" (18), is the property of Earl Spencer, and attributed to Rembrandt. It may be of Rembrandt's school, but is open to grave doubts as to being by the master; certainly it is not a portrait of William, who was always a sickly child.

Connected with King William is a large group of portraits, comprising some of the most famous names in Europe. No. 81 gives one of them as "John, Duke of Marlborough," painted when he was a young man, and probably more admired for his beauty than his genius. He has a smooth, fair, handsome face, with dark eyes that lie softly under large and broad lids, a round and bold forehead, small full mouth, and cheeks with an oval outline; altogether more like a carpet-knight than a great conqueror, if it were not for the impress of resolution and energy, self-command and decision of intellect, which distinguishes the face. Many excuses have been made for his tergiversation and duplicity; of these the best that can be made is that his consistency was with himself in self-seeking. Of this characteristic one fancies signs even in this handsome face, but neither there nor in that other likeness (87), by Kneller, is any mark of that extraordinary parsimony which "cropped out" in the strangest way. Conceive such a man, when in the career of victory and dictating peace to France, writing thus to his Duchess:—"You must let the Lord Treasurer know that since the Queen (Anne) came to the crown, I have not had either a canopy or a chair of state, which now of necessity I must have; so the wardrobe should have immediate orders, and I beg you will take care to have it made so that it may serve for part of a bed when I have done with it here."

"Brimstone Sarah" was no inapt name for the termagant but straight-dealing wife of this thrifty conqueror—a lady who is amply represented here by four portraits, all taken at about one period of her life, and by Kneller. One would like to see a picture of her later appearance, when her grandson Charles, second Duke of Marlborough (396), compelled her to appear in a public court of justice in order to the restitution of property she kept from him.

Among this property was a sword set with diamonds, which the Emperor gave to the first Duke; in course of her examination she averred that she had retained the weapon "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them." She kept up this indomitable spirit nearly to the last. Thus wrote Walpole to Mason:—"Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; the physicians said, 'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will," adds the letter-writer (December 10, 1741). She kept her word, and lived three years longer. Countless stories are told of her violence and insolence. Among these is one which we believe refers to No. 90, representing her in the fulness of womanhood, dressed loosely in a white wrapper, her immense mass of long and very fair hair dishevelled and hanging down on one shoulder, from which it falls to her right hand.

Her features are swollen, eyelids red and heavy, and their expression is such as follows a storm of rage and tears. We believe this portrait was taken by order of the Duke to commemorate one of the most outrageous of her explosions, which is thus described:—"Her features and air announced nothing that her temper did not confirm; both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him, she cut off those commanding tresses, and flung them in his face!" Pendent to this picture, and evidently intended to contrast with it, is another (No. 89), one of the best and most pleasing of Kneller's works. This shows her beauty to comprise a piquante, slightly turned-up nose, bright deep-blue eyes, well-defined, fair eyebrows, and an exuberant bust. Closterman painted her in a family picture, and whilst this was going on the artist and she quarrelled so incessantly that the Duke declared to him, "It has given me more trouble to reconcile my wife and you than to fight a battler." Another warrior's wife and duchess termagant of this period was Anne (born Clarges), Duchess of Albemarle, Monk's wife, of whom, when her temper was up, that General was dreadfully afraid. Aubrey tells us "she was not at all handsome, nor very cleanly." Her mother was one

'Of the fine women-barbers
That dwelt in Drury Lane."

Of her inflammable Grace of Marlborough it was tartly said by the Duke of Montagu, when Churchill praised his water-works at Boughton, "They are by no means comparable to your Grace's fireworks." There was another imperious Duchess of Marlborough, whom Reynolds painted in that famous family group, "The Marlborough Family." This lady had great reverence for her carpets, and, while the President was at work, took such offense at his furious snuff-taking, the waste of which strewed the floor, that, losing patience, she at last bade a servant bring a broom and shovel to remove it. Reynolds, who could be conveniently deafer than usual, noticed nothing until the utensils were produced, and then cried, "Let it be, let it be; the dust will do more harm to my picture than the snuff to the carpet." The housewifely lady sat on thorns until the sitting was over, and never forgave Sir Joshua. Termagant Duchess Sarah's sister was the Miss Jennings who married, first, George Hamilton, famous in Grammont's "Memoirs," and secondly, Richard Talbot, James the Second's Duke of Tyrconnel. This lady is well known on account of her freak with Miss Price, when, disguised as orange-girls, they visited the rake Jermyn, and by other adventures of a questionable sort. She died in 1703, a nun of the order of Poor Clares, having fallen out of bed in a bitter night of cold in her eighty-fourth year, while her sister was still busily building at Blenheim.

Here (84) is Prince George of Denmark, so dull a mortal that Charles II said he had tried him both drunk and sober, and found nothing in him. He died of excessive eating and drinking; yet he does not look a glutton, although his face contrasts wonderfully with that of the self-centred Marlborough, his wife's great captain, and that of the other leader, Prince Eugene (88), a little Jewish-looking man, with a long hooked nose, broad eyebrows, and a small chin. Still more does this picture of a lazy man contrast with that of another thunderbolt in war, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough (129), the victor of Valencia, here painted in his old age, and about the time when he was planting peaches at Bevis Mount, Southampton—not long before he on his death-bed gave to Pope that watch which Pope by will destined for Arbuthnot (158). This watch had been given to Peterborough by the King of Sardinia (Victor Amadeus II), and is named, in Pope's will, as "that which I commonly wore." As Arbuthnot died before Pope, the bequest was inoperative.

It is wonderful to see how dead men's pictures are bound together. Take but a single loop of this inextricable and endless string. Fat-headed, gluttonous George of Denmark was going to Epsom one day in 1708, and had a severe fit of dyspepsia. (By the way, if he had not eaten and drank so much, the hydrocephalic look of that poor boy, William, Duke of Gloucester, as it appears in No. 80, where his mother Queen Anne holds him at her knee, might not have been so fatally large, with such consequences to countless generations.) Well, a certain physician, whom Swift (140), in a letter to Stella—whose portrait, by the way, is *not* No. 142—May 10, 1712, described as "a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine," chanced, much to the comfort of Prince George and his own benefit, to be at Epsom on that day.

This "Scotch gentleman" and physician was Arbuthnot, and the occasion of Swift's letter was the publication of the famous "History of John Bull," a work which Swift praised prodigiously, as became one of that wonderful "Mutual Admiration Society" to which both belonged. In due time Arbuthnot wrote to Swift, who, in his turn, had published "The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver," and informed him that Lord Scarborough (235), "who is no inventor of stories, told me that he fell in company with a master of a ship who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, not in Rotherhithe." To add to the oddity of all this, it has come out since that there really was a sea captain Gulliver, who lived somewhere by Deal in later life, and was probably the man about whom the "printer" is said to have erred.

"Downright Shippen," the man among men, whose price Sir Robert Walpole (247, etc.), did not know, is here on canvas (222), a man with a black and prodigious periwig, who sits bolt upright in his chair, having, on a flat face, a broad nose, round eyes, and singularly uplifted eyebrows—expressive of disdain and self-reliance; a richly characteristic picture, probably by Richardson. "Lord Fanny" is here in Lord Hervey (257), of whom more presently. "Sir Richard" is Blackmore (151), physician and ponderous poet: Dugdell and Cibber do not appear. "Cæsar," who "scorns the poet's lays," is George I (194). The exquisite and famous lines, that can never be too famous, by which the poet describes his own condition, bear light on "Bolingbroke" (109), and "Peterborough" (129):—

"Know, all the distant din the world can keep
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep;
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."

Of Dryden, we have an irrefutable portrait in No. 65. It is by Kneller, the property of Dryden's descendant, and was given to the poet by the painter. The story is that when Dryden read some of Swift's early poems, he said, "Ah! cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," a saying which the latter revenged in the immortal "Battle of the Books," where he certainly throws an odd light on this picture. It represents a man in a tremendous periwig, from within which the face peers out, so as almost to justify the satire in the account of the duel between Virgil and his translator. "The helmet of the latter," so wrote Swift, "was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled bean from within the pent-house of a modern periwig." Let the shuddering reader think of the feelings of the withered dragon, who, when age let his natural coat of mail hang loose and rattling on his vast but weakened chest, heard this from the young lion of the next generation! How the aged heart must have ached for the days when "Mac Flecknoe" was written; ached for the arm's strength that had hewed down *Doeg* (Settle), cast *Og* (Shadwell) into the fire, and assaulted Shaftesbury!

Dryden and Swift were cousins on the female side, but Dryden's appears to have been the better blood; in a worldly sense there could be no comparison. Swift was poor and never got much for his literary labor, whereas of "Absalom and Achitophel" more copies had been sold than of any work except "The Trial of Sacheverell" (126).

From the hand of the Earl of Abington Dryden received the unparalleled sum of five hundred guineas for his poem "Eleanora," a laudation of the Earl's wife—a work which, as containing no more than three hundred and seventy lines, was better paid for than any poem, ancient or modern. The modern maximum of a guinea a line is nothing to this; the difference in the value of money makes the former price more than double. By the by, does everybody know that Dryden's house of living and dying still stands—being No. 34 Gerrard street, Soho? His study was the ground floor front room. Another of the men depicted here lived close by, namely, Lord Mohun (123), who fought the Duke of Hamilton (79), so that both were slain. They fought about the property of which that part of Soho is a large section. Gerrard street took its name from Lady Mohun's uncle, Lord Macclesfield, whose title is represented by Macclesfield street in the same district.

Dryden's face is by no means a beautiful one. The upper features look as if they had somehow slid towards the chin; the nose is lengthy and fleshy; there is fleshiness of another sort about the lips; the chin is rather weak; the outer corners of the eyes are higher than their inner fellows.

Pope's will, which has been already referred to, connects us with two other legatees, whose portraits are here, the Misses Blount (152):—

"The fair-haired Martha and Theresa brown."

Readers will remember these ladies' names in connection with Pope. The name of Jervas is not appended to this picture in the catalogue, but we have no doubt of its having been painted by that artist. It has, however, been much restored, newly painted all over. Martha Blount was Pope's principal heiress: to her, "All the furniture in my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, and whatever else is not otherwise disposed of," says his will. Another picture by Jervas, who is known to literary men as the best English translator of "Don Quixote," is here, and is undoubtedly that designated in Pope's "Epistle to Mr. Jervas." It is Elizabeth Churchill, Countess of Bridgewater (160), respecting which Pope has the line,

"With Zeuxis Helen thy Bridgewater vie"

a ridiculous piece of flattery, although praising a good enough picture. Pope had large dealings with artists. Richardson painted two excellent portraits of him, which are here:—No. 136, a small work from the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, curiously showing those crescent-shaped lines at the corners of the contorted mouth which never fail to accompany a deformed body, and are the signs of long-continued inward pain; also, No. 154, with the poet's favorite, and big dog, "Bounce," in front and looking up at him. The bard sits here in that evidently characteristic action of leaning his overweighty brain in one hand, the elbow resting on a table. Thus Kneller painted him in that wonderfully expressive picture, No. 146, belonging to the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, which was made for Lord Harcourt. It is rough in handling, probably not wholly free from restorations, but startling in the look conveyed of a wasted face, with hollow and hectically lighted cheeks, large luminous eyes, glittering in moisture, a narrow sloping forehead, an ill-formed nose, and, above all, a too heavy, yet by no means large, cranium. It is the face of an over-sensitive, irritable, not over-refined man. He puffed Kneller as vigorously, and with better reason than Jervas was berhymed. More pathetic is this letter to Richardson:—"My poor mother is dead. I thank God her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and, as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance an expression of Tranquillity, nay, almost of Pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a Saint expir'd that ever Painting drew, and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging Art could ever bestow on a friend if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there is no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this: and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or tomorrow morning early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment until to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this, I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happily." (June 10, 1733, Twickenham. Mrs. Pope died on the seventh of this month, aged 33.)

We meant to leave Pope in this tender fit, but there is another note that may well follow here. There is a letter from Pope to Swift announcing the death of Gay, their common friend, and containing a postscript in Arbuthnot's handwriting. Arbuthnot attended Gay at his death. The letter is dated "December 5, 1732," and is thus indorsed by the Dean:—"On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." We have three portraits of Gay here, (173) by Michael Dahl, (176) by Hogarth, and (177) by Richardson, as we believe, although it was sold about forty-seven years ago as a Hogarth: it belongs to Lady Clifden.

Pope's circle is marked at large on the walls of this collection. "Mary Wortley Montagu" is by his friend Richardson (237), a tall and slender young dame, with a very amorous expression in her beautiful eyes, and a face marvellously different from that which Mr. Frith painted some years since in a highly popular picture of Pope's luckless wooing of the lady. Walpole and Pope celebrate the dirtiness of her linen.

Richardson also painted that noble portrait of the magnanimous surgeon, William Cheselden (237), who agreed to spend the last years of his life with the old soldiers at Chelsea, lies buried in their graveyard, and has his grave miserably defiled. This is a superb portrait, worthy of a Venetian. Kneller's best portrait here is of Sir Hans Sloane (231) belonging to the Royal Society, and a bequest about the time when Walpole—(438, an unnamed painter's portrait of the witty letter-writer is here)—wrote thus in his jesting way:—"Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees of his museum. He valued it at fourscore thousand pounds, and so would anybody who loved hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese. It is a rent charge to keep the fœtuses in spirits."

No. 39, a bluff, kindly-faced gentleman, by Kneller, is Dean Aldrich, of Christ Church, the architect of All Saints' and Peckwater, perhaps better known as author of "Good, good, indeed!" and, "Hark! the bonny Christ Church Bells." The famous Betterton, by Kneller, is here, in No. 67, a much-restored picture; also that copy of it on which Pope's reputation as a painter has been founded. All artistic friends agree that the handling of the copy is not due to a mere amateur, such as Pope must have been, but shows signs of long practice in the squareness, firmness, and clearness of the touches, and the brilliancy of the coloring. Doubtless the better portions of this copy are by Jervas, Kneller's pupil and Pope's friend. The copy belongs to Lord Mansfield, the original to Lady Delawarr. The Scottish artist Murray—who painted, in No. 161, William Dampier's gipsy face, as tawny as if all the world's winds had blown upon it—was a friend of Pope. Long-headed Fletcher of Saltoun (20) is probably by M. Dahl, and not by Aikman—another of the good northern portrait-painters of that day. The noblest portrait of Newton is No. 33, by Kneller, the perfect presentation of an incarnate intellect.

The series of Kit-Cat Club portraits comprises those that were painted by Kneller in his happiest manner for Jacob Tonson (147)—who is himself here, in a red cap, and with a bluff, rosy-hued, and well-fed face, a knowing twinkle in his eye, as if he looked about at his "eminent hands" of the literary set who still gathered round him in effigy. Like Dampier, he holds a book, but it is "Paradise Lost," of which he bought the copyright.

Here is Steele (111), "a short-faced gentleman," very handsome, and with a most genial look; and here is Addison's (115) most gentlemanly countenance. Congreve (116) is a little supercilious in his expression, and partly turns away from us; Sir John Vanbrugh (112) looks really the able man he was, much less heavily featured than folks think. The Marquis of Wharton (118) was Addison's patron, supposed author of "Lilliburlero," the famous anti-Jacobite song. The portrait (137) of the fat man, with deep pock-marks, a swelled nose, and a napkin tied round his head, is *not* that of Kit-Cat himself, the pastry cook at whose house the splendid company of wits and bards originally met. It *is* by Kneller, as the catalogue says, but is known, by a print by A. Miller, 1739, to represent Le Beck, a tavern-keeper, with a glass of wine in his hand. Worst of all among the errors, that large picture which many must have noticed as "Members of the Kit-Cat Club" (145), belonging to Baroness Windsor, represents some Dutch gentlemen taking tea, and is not by Kneller at all. Another picture caught every eye, and was reported to be by Hogarth—No. 220, "Bishop Hooper," belonging to Christ Church, Oxford; but, by G. White's engraving, 1723, this is known to be by T. Hill, a very able portrait painter. The so-called "Captain Coram" (341), by Hogarth, is really Mr. Porter. "Sarah Malcolm" (370), although by Hogarth, is not his portrait of that murderess.

The lady in the hood, and with eager, hard grey eyes, and rather cruel expression (258), was once the "beautiful Molly Lepel," who married Lord Hervey (257),—"Sporus, that thin white curd of asses' milk. They made her a cornet of horse, says Walpole, "almost as soon as she was born, which is no more wrong to the design of an army than if she had been a son: she was paid many years after she was Maid of Honor." Lord Sunderland got her a pension when it became too ridiculous to continue her any longer as an officer in the army.

Before we dismiss the memory-wealthy circle of Kneller and his contemporaries, let us return to No. 58, the Royal Society's portrait of Sir Joseph Williamson, by Kneller, and remind the reader that it was he who received that famous epistle from the Countess of Pembroke—whose portrait was here last year; a resolute looking little woman—when he pressed her about the nomination of a courtier for the borough of Appleby:—"I have been bullied by an usurper, neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject; your man sha'n't stand. Ann Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery." But just look at "Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Governor of New York" (130). It shows a dreadfully ugly male mortal in a woman's dress, with a fan in his hand, a long-bodied gown, and a female's cap on. The original was the grandson of no less a person than the great minister Clarendon. To such degradation did he come that this picture represents one of his follies in appearing thus dressed before the New Yorkers to represent Queen Anne in proper person. He seems to have been half crazy.

We come now upon another class of persons. In No. 270 we have George II, a full-length by Kneller, and oddly illustrating Mr. Carlyle's description of him as always showing one of his little legs, putting it forward to be noticed; rather an impudent than a heavy-looking man, but most happy in self-satisfaction. In No. 255 we have, thanks to Vanderbank, George's better-looking wife, a bright-faced woman with very fair hair, dressed in velvet, ropes of silk, lace, and the rest of such things, which is as hideous but not so splendid as that of Queen Elizabeth herself, who was really a woful dresser. From Augusta, Princess of Wales (264, by Vanloo), in unhappy combination with Frederick Lewis, son of George II (277, by Amiconi), were derived the trumpeter's cheeks, sloping forehead, weak chin, and narrow-fronted skull of George III, who in Vanloo's picture is seated with his mother, and although a mere baby, is yet almost comically like his mother, and still more like himself when grown to manhood.

That portrait of Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales, by Amiconi (277), is worth writing about, if it were only to show what imbecile creatures have sometimes the misfortune to be influential in this world. There he sits, the beau ideal of a *petit maître*, shaved smug as a new deal-board. A tight and rather small whitish wig goes fairly with his very fair, almost white, eyebrows and lashes; the cheeks are plump and full, the eyes without a sign of mind in them. Here what they thought of him in his own days, and in his own house:—"Old Lady Gower carried a niece to Leicester Fields (where the prince resided) the other day, to present her; the girl trembled—she pushed her. 'What are you afraid of? Don't you see that musical clock? Can you be afraid of a man that has a musical clock?'" Let us hope the damsel took heart and faced the dapper prince with the fair eyelashes. When this man died, the people lamented that it had not been his brother the Duke of Cumberland, victor at Culloden, whom, not only for his cruelties at that time, but also on account of his appearance (he looks like a great squab of flesh, and fat, and blood) men called "the Butcher." "Oh! that it were but the Butcher!" was the cry on 'Change when they heard Frederick Lewis was dead. Here is the fat Duke on horseback, a very greasy, sanguinary-looking mortal (281), with Lord Cathcart, his aid-de-camp, riding behind, and showing on his cheek that black patch of which he was so proud, because it covered the hole made by the bullet of Fontenoy. It appears again in 298, the present Lord Cathcart's superbly toned portrait of his ancestor by Reynolds. Reynolds also painted "the Butcher" in a "whole-length" (318)—one of the most masculine of his many masculine pictures, wherein, with consummate art, he has refined upon that which seemed unrefinable.

The Duke of Cumberland's portraits are not the only illustrations of the "'45" present here. This is no less a person than "Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat" (320), the half-French Scotchman of evil fame, the very picture which Hogarth painted at St. Albans, whither he was taken to meet the captured Highland fox, in order that he might paint his unlovely countenance. When Hogarth came to his sitter's room Lovat jumped up and kissed him; and, while he sat, he counted on his fingers, as this picture shows, the names and forces of the revolted clans. While Lovat was going to trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, "You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?" He replied, "You ugly old ——, I believe I shall." After many doubles, shifts, and schemes which put one in mind of the death of that creature with which he has been most frequently compared, he went to execution bravely, and was "despatched at a blow." No performer in that sad drama of the "'45" has a stronger hold upon many memories than Flora Macdonald, whose portrait is here (312), from the hands of Allan Ramsay, son of "the Gentle Shepherd;" a very curious and interesting picture, quite other in the features it represents than that sentimental heroine who so commonly appears in pictures. Being dated 1749, it shows her when the bloom of lassiehood had passed away, leaving the expression of an extraordinarily resolute will in hard-set grey eyes, inflexible-looking lips, and cheeks that had begun to wither. It is a most striking face, bitter, resentful, soured, and with all its intensity, narrow in look. The other "Flora Macdonald," by Hudson (314), is the picture of a round-faced young English lady. Of Allan Ramsay as a painter we have Walpole's rather superfluous testimony in a letter to Sir David Dalrymple:—"I have discovered another very agreeable writer among your countrymen, and in a profession where I did not look for an author; it is Mr. Ramsay the painter, whose pieces being anonymous, have been overlooked. He and Mr. Reynolds are our favorite painters, and two of the very best we have ever had." He adds that Ramsey painted women better than Reynolds, but can hardly have been sincere in saying so. It was not a woman that Ramsay painted when he gave us this David Hume (No. 379).

Readers of "Boswell's Johnson" remember that capital story about one Bet Flint, who, as the Doctor with great glee told, "wrote her own life in verse, which she brought to me, wishing I would furnish her with a preface to it. I used to say to her that she was generally slut and drunkard, occasionally whore and thief. She had, however, genteel lodgings, a spinet on which she played, and a boy that walked before her chair. Poor Bet was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane, and tried at the Old Bailey. The Chief Justice Willes, who loved a wench, summed up favorably, and she was acquitted. After which Bet said, with a gay and satisfied air, 'Now that the counterpane is my own, I shall make a petticoat of it.'" Bet Flint is not here; but her clement judge is—No. 254, "Sir John Willis, Knight, Lord Chief Justice," painted by Hudson. John Wilkes is also here, with his acidulous and grim old-maiden daughter, painted by Zoffany (554). No. 376 has an interest for readers of old books. It shows Stephen Cave, Johnson's employer and friend, well known as the publisher of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, of whom it was said he never looked out of window but with a view to the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

What a wealth of Reynoldses in this Exhibition, and how in some of these portraits by the great painter, he has enabled us to see the features of a few of that wondrous group of men whom he knew and loved! One can but run over names here; nothing more. Here is Beattie (686), with the Angel of Truth behind him, disposing of Voltaire; here is Goldsmith (552); here is Fox (763); and here is Gibbon (667)—Reynolds' Gibbon, and very different from Romney's, which is next it.

It was this picture which, Rogers tells us, Fox saw at Lausanne, in these circumstances:—"Gibbon talked a great deal, walking up and down the room, and generally ending his sentences with a genitive case; every now and then, too, casting a look of complacency at his own portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which hung over the chimney-piece; that wonderful portrait in which, while the oddness and vulgarity of the features are refined away, the likeness is preserved." Lastly, we have Johnson himself by Reynolds in no fewer than five versions, some looking as if he were bullying a bishop, others looking as if he were praising Hodge, his cat—"for whom he used frequently to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature." Boswell, who did not like cats, suffered a good deal from Hodge. We really believe he was jealous of the pet. He states, "I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail, and, when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'Why, yes, sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this;' and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'but he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat, indeed.'" We believe there is no picture of this Hodge, or any of his predecessors, except that which Boswell thus painted in words.

Johnson, when tending towards the grave, wrote to Reynolds in this ineffably yearning way:—"Write, do write to me now and then. We are now old acquaintances, and perhaps few people have lived so much and so long together with less cause of complaint on either side. The retrospection of this is very pleasant, and I hope we shall never think on each other with less kindness." It is evident he rejoices in this. Has any one noticed Johnson's delicately tender request, made on his death-bed, that Reynolds would forgive him thirty pounds he had borrowed? It seems as if he longed to take a kindness into the grave to warm it. He left to Sir Joshua "my own copy of my folio English Dictionary of the last revision." This was his *magnus opus*, the nearest to his heart. Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, first of the name, whose portrait by Gainsborough is here (793), sold Dr. Johnson's library of about five thousand volumes; it fetched no more than £247 9s.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*