

"GOOD WORDS AND NO DEEDS ARE RUSHES AND REEDS."

The third occupant of the chair since the foundation of that Institution in 1793, and replacing Mr. Benjamin West, who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds.

For many years Sir Thomas Lawrence derived from his works an income approaching the large amount of £15,000 per annum, but so eagerly did he contest the possession of any rare and valuable art productions when occasion offered, that even this princely income was not enough for him; and true as it is that the value of the collection which he had formed was estimated at over his demise, at £20,000, he nevertheless died in straitened circumstances. His death occurred in 1830, and his memory was honoured by burial in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The following anecdote is from a letter written by Sir Gore Ouseley, and is a striking illustration of Sir Thomas's skill as an artist. He had been employed to paint the portrait of Mirza, the Persian ambassador in England, and which Sir Gore Ouseley took with him when he went on his embassy to Persia. It must be remarked that the Persians were not much accustomed to pictorial allusion; and therefore the prime minister of Persia paid the same sort of testimony to his executive powers as the birds to Zeuxis's grapes. Sir George says:—

"His Excellency Mirza Shefi, prime minister of the king of Persia, called on me one morning at Teheran so unexpectedly that I had not time to remove the Persian ambassador's portrait from the sofa, on which I had placed it the moment before, from out of its packing-case. I hastened to the door of the drawing-room to receive the minister, and, taking him by the hand, was leading him to the sofa, when he unaccountably drew back. 'It is necessary to premise that in Persian houses (and I was then living in a palace lent me by the king whilst my own was building), the apartments have frequently open windows as well as doors of communication to other rooms on the same floor, and that Mirza Shefi may have possibly mistaken the frame of the picture, erect against the wall, for that of a window. At all events it did not injure the illusion.

"On looking back to learn the cause of his hesitation, I perceived the old minister's countenance inflamed with anger, which, before I could inquire the cause of it, burst forth in an apostrophe to the portrait. 'I think,' said he, 'that when the representative of the king of England does me the honour of standing up to receive me, in due respect to him you should not be seated.' I could not resist laughing at this delightful mistake, and before I could explain, he said to me, 'Yes, it is your excellency's kindness to that impertinent fellow that encourages such disrespect, but with your permission I'll soon teach him to know his distance.' Shaking his cane at the picture, he uttered a volley of abuse at poor Mirza Abul Hassan, and said that if he had forgotten all proper respect to Sir Gore Ouseley, he must at least show it to the representative of his own sovereign. His rage was most violent, and I was obliged to bring him close to the picture before he was undeceived. In the course of my life I think I never met with such a flattering, natural, and unsophisticated tribute to my superior talent. On approaching the picture he passed his hand over the canvas, and, with a look of unaffected surprise, exclaimed, 'Why, it has a flat surface!' Yet at a little distance I could have sworn by the Koran, that it was a projecting surface—in truth, that it was Abul Hassan Khan himself!"

The portraiture of Sir Thomas Lawrence is conspicuous for the happy manner in which the artist portrayed his subjects in the most pleasing play of their facial expression, giving to them a life-like resemblance, while seemingly adding to their beauty; and it may be that this, in some measure, explains the greater success of his portraits of women and children.

A PURE AND SIMPLE LIFE.

(17.)—JOHN RAY was one of those self-made men who leave their names as landmarks for the guidance of future workers in the world's busy hive. The following is a brief sketch of his life:—

He was born at Black-Notley, near Breamore, in 1697; and though his father was a blacksmith, he contrived to give his son as good an education as the neighbouring town could supply. In due course the boy was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he so distinguished himself as to obtain a Fellowship, and also a College Lectureship in Greek and Mathematics. It is, however, as a botanist and zoologist that he is best known. The study of botany, in his day much neglected, became a passion with him; and in 1699 he published in Latin his *Catalogus of Plants growing in the Neighbourhood of Cambridge*. This work—on which he unwearyingly laboured for about ten years—was the foundation of his reputation. *Synonyma Zoologica Britannica* is a *Neurion*. In pursuit of his favourite studies he made numerous journeys over the kingdom with his friend Mr. Willoughby, and even set out on his travels over a good part of the continent of Europe, to disabuse an account of his adventures in 1693. The Royal Society in 1697 showed their appreciation of Ray's honest industry and learning by electing him a Fel-

low; and he was afterwards a frequent contributor to the *Transactions of the Society*. His researches in zoology are the foundation of the science as we find it today, and of which Cuvier has spoken in the highest praise; and modern botany is almost equally indebted to his labours. His works embrace nearly everything connected with the earth and its inhabitants, both animal and vegetable. After his death, his *History of Insects*, and a collection of *Philosophical Letters* were published. His life was singularly simple and pure; and especially after his ordination in 1690 his piety shone as prominent, as his thirst for knowledge. In 1700 he published a *Perseus* to a *Holy Life*—a work possessing the same rational and solid character as that which marks his scientific treatises.

The latter days of Ray were spent in the neighbourhood of his birth-place, and were chiefly occupied in perfecting his collections and improving their arrangement. The holy calm which marked his active life shone conspicuously throughout its closing moments, as is proved by the following affecting letter, written on his deathbed, to Sir Hans Sloane:—

"Dear Sir—the best of friends—

"These are to take a final leave of you as to this world; I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness expressed anyways towards me a hundredfold; bless you with a continuance of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter; grant us a happy meeting in heaven.

I am, Sir, eternally yours,

JOHN RAY.

Ray died shortly afterwards, in the year 1704.

A TERMAGANT WIFE.

(27.)—THE REV. DR. ANDREW BELL, the projector and founder of National Schools on the "Madras," or "Monitorial" system, was able, by being a holder of rich livings, and also by the aid of very frugal, or, rather, penurious habits, to realise a large fortune, all of which, viz., £120,000 three-per-cent. consols, he devoted, at his death, in 1832, to found an extensive establishment for juvenile education in his native city of St. Andrews; and for other charitable purposes.

Dr. Bell had gone out as chaplain to India, and had been appointed minister of St. Mary's church, Madras. It was here that he commenced the gratuitous institution of the orphan children of the Military Asylum, and started the system of mutual help in teaching. When he returned to England he introduced his mode of teaching, and became an ardent school reformer, and his scheme was taken up by the well-known Joseph Lancaster. They worked together for a time most harmoniously; but at length Dr. Bell was induced to separate himself from Mr. Lancaster, who was supported chiefly by dissenters, and set about establishing his schools where Church doctrines might be taught. Hence arose the National Schools on the one hand, and the Lancasterian or British Schools on the other. As a reward for his meritorious labours, Dr. Bell was made prebendary of Westminster, and honoured with two degrees—that of LL.D. being conferred by the university of his native town. He died in the year 1832; and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. Bell, like John Wesley, had a termagant wife, of whom De Quincy (the essayist and critic) thus speaks:—

"Most men have their enemies and calumniators; Dr. Bell had, who happened rather inconsiderately to be his wife, from whom he was legally separated. This legal separation did not prevent the lady from persecuting the unhappy doctor with everlasting letters, indorsed outside with records of her enmity and spite. Sometimes she addressed her epistles thus:—

"To that supreme of rogues, who looks the hang-dog that he is, Doctor (such a Doctor!) Andrew Bell."

"Or again:—

"To the ape of apes, and the knave of knaves, who is recorded once to have paid a debt—but a small one, you may be sure, it was that he selected for this wonderful experiment. In fact, it was not 4d. He died on the other side of 6d. he may have died before he could have achieved so dreadful a sacrifice."

"Why the doctor submitted to these annoyances, nobody knew. Some said it was mere intolerance; but others said it to be a cunning compromise with her insupportable malice. And in the above manner, for years, she ingeniously varied the style of her abuse, and the chance bearer of the letters to the doctor would naturally solve the mystery by supposing an extra portion of madness in the writer, rather than an extra portion of knavery in the reverend receiver."