

When a lady calls upon a married couple, the visit is to the wife.

When about to leave home for some considerable time, it is usual to pay a round of visits, and write the letters P. P. C. (*pour prendre congé*, "to take leave") in the corner. But if about to leave the town or neighbourhood altogether, the initials P. D. A. (*pour dire adieu*, "to say farewell") must be used.

When calling on a friend to condole with her on a bereavement by death, it is not necessary to have a mourning card in readiness to leave in case there should be no admission, unless the lady herself who is making the call is also in mourning. But good taste would prevent the lady from going to pay the visit in a very gay dress: indeed, she should assume for the occasion the quietest toilette possible, and wear very little jewellery. On being announced, a few well-chosen words of sympathy may be used; but the topic, being a painful one, should not be pushed to any length.

When a lady has given one of those very large "at home" parties at which all her visiting acquaintances have been present, it is not necessary for ladies when calling to go in: it is quite sufficient to leave a card at the door and say to the servant, "Give my best compliments to your mistress, and I hope she is quite well."

Married ladies and widows may receive visits from gentlemen, as may also single ladies of a certain age; but in all these cases great care should be taken to admit only those gentlemen who are of excellent reputation. Where there is only one daughter in a family, and she is young and unmarried, it is not proper for her to receive gentlemen-visitors during the mother's absence or illness; but if there be two or three sisters, they may collectively occupy their mother's place to the extent of receiving those gentlemen who are most intimate with the family. But in this case, care should be taken by the sisters never to leave one alone in the drawing-room, but to remain together until the visitor has taken his departure.

SIR J. REYNOLDS.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, the Luther of the English School of Painting, was born at Plympton in Devonshire, England, July 16th, 1723. His first attempts at Art were done from drawings by his sisters; and such prints as chance threw in his way. His favourite author was Jacob Catt, in whose "Book of Emblems" he found much to suit his taste. Afterwards he met with the "Jesuits' Perspective," the perusal of which resulted in a drawing of his father's School at Plympton, which quite astonished the old gentleman, who wrote upon the back of it: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." Young Reynolds next came across Richardson's "Treatise on the art of Painting," which decided his fate to be that of an artist. His father after some misgivings as to "whether it would pay," placed him on St. Luke's day, 1741, under Hudson, an indifferent artist, though he had enjoyed the chief patronage of the metropolis, as the best portrait painter since Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was not long with Hudson, before he excited his jealousy; and for a very trifling occurrence his master dismissed him. Reynolds then returned to Devonshire, where he saw the productions of William Gandy of Exeter, which made a deeper impression on him than all Hudson's teaching.

In May, 1749, he was enabled to gratify his darling wish of visiting Italy, through the liberality of the Mount Edgumbe family, going out in the squadron under Commodore Keppel.

What he relates of the impression made upon him by the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, is a lesson to would-be critics. He could not at first discern their great beauties. "But," says he, "my not relishing these works, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles. I felt my ignorance and stood abashed." He had not, however, been in Rome long, before he began to

appreciate these great masters' productions; and everything afforded him pleasure and instruction. "When arrived in that garden of the world, that great temple of the arts, his time was diligently and judiciously employed in such a manner as might be expected from one of his talents and virtue. He contemplated with unwearied attention and ardent zeal the various beauties which marked the style of different schools and different ages. It was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great masters. He copied and sketched in the Vatican such parts of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as he thought would be most conducive to his future excellence, and by his well-directed study acquired, whilst he contemplated the works of the best masters, that grace of thinking to which he was principally indebted for his subsequent reputation as a portrait painter.*

The chief work Reynolds produced while in the "Eternal City," was a parody on Raphael's "School of Athens," into which he introduced the portraits of a number of English students then at Rome. Among these was one John Astley, of whom Reynolds used to say that he would rather run three miles to deliver his message by word of mouth than venture to write a note. There is an amusing anecdote told of this artist which it may not be out of place to give here. It was a usual custom with the English painters while at Rome to make little excursions together into the country. On one of those occasions, on a summer afternoon, when the season was remarkably hot, the whole company threw off their coats, with the exception of Astley. This seemed very unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity at last obliged him to take off his also. The mystery was at once explained; for the hinder part of his waistcoat was made, by way of thriftiness, out of one of his own paintings, and displayed a foaming waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of the spectators, and his own discomfiture.

Having remained in Italy for some time, Reynolds returned to England in October, 1752, and after recruiting his health in Devonshire, visited London, and hired a house in Great Newport street.

The bold free style which he adopted was altogether different from that of his contemporaries, and hence, he soon found himself assailed by professional ignorance and prejudice. His old master, Hudson, paid him a visit, about this time, and perceiving no traces of his own manner exclaimed with an oath, "Reynolds, you do not paint as well as when you left England." Sir Joshua describes in the following words the practice of the portrait painters up to this time: "They have got a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately: the consequence of which is, that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings. And, if they have a history or a family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace book containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures; then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print, and another from a second, but never take the trouble of thinking for themselves." The practice of Reynolds was the very opposite of this, and hence the variety and felicity of the attitudes of his portraits.

In 1764, he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, whose friendship he enjoyed till the close of the sage's life.

Reynolds soon vanquished all his professional enemies, his glory being only partially eclipsed by Romney and Gainsborough. In place of five guineas, which before had been his price for a head, he asked fifty, and two hundred for a full length. He had six sitters a day, and was in the receipt of a yearly income of £6000. Upon the establishment of the Royal Academy, he was elected president, and received the honour of Knighthood. Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL.D; he was elected a member of the Florentine Academy. He was also a member of the Royal, Antiquarian, and

Dilettanti Societies; and his native town, Plympton, voted him its freedom; and he was for some time Mayor. After he was elected, he painted a very fine portrait of himself and presented it to the corporation. He wrote, when he sent it to his friend Sir W. Elford, to put it in a good light. Sir W. did as he was desired, and, in addition to a good light, placed it by the side of what he deemed a bad picture, in order to set it off. In his reply to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said that he had complied with his request, and had placed it near an inferior portrait, in order that Sir Joshua's excellence might have still more effect. Reynolds greatly obliged to his worthy friend, wrote him an answer stating that the portrait he so much despised was painted by himself, Reynolds, in early life.

Sir Joshua's house was the frequent resort of some of the cleverest men of the day. "His table" says Allan Cunningham "was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poets and poetry; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honorable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honor which their society shed upon him; but it stopt not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment. It has, indeed, been said that he was uncivil to Johnson, and that once on seeing him in his study he turned his back on him and walked out; but to offer such an insult was as little in the nature of the courtly painter, as to forgive it was in that of the haughty author. Reynolds seems to have loved the company of literary men more than that of artists; he had little to learn in his profession, and he naturally sought the society of those who had knowledge to impart. They have rewarded him with their approbation; he who has been praised by Burke and who was loved by Johnson, has little chance of being forgotten."

Reynolds delivered, during the time that he occupied the Presidential chair, fifteen lectures in the Royal Academy. They were published and very well received by the public. The Empress of Russia after reading them, presented Sir Joshua with a gold snuff box, adorned with her profile in *bas relief*, set in diamonds; and containing what was infinitely more valuable, namely a slip of paper, on which were written with her Imperial Majesty's own hand, the following words:—"Pour le chevalier Reynolds en temoignage du contentement que j'ai ressentie à la lecture de ses excellens discours sur la peinture."

He last appeared as a lecturer in the Academy on Dec. 10, 1790. During the delivery, a great crash was heard, and the company, fearing that the building was about to fall, rushed towards the door, Sir Joshua, however, sat silent and unmoved in his chair. The floor, which had only sunk a little, was soon supported, the company resumed their seats, and the President recommenced his discourse with the utmost composure. He afterwards remarked that, if the floor had fallen, the whole company would have been killed, and the arts in England thrown back two hundred years.

He concluded his discourse with these words. Speaking of Michael Angelo he said:—"I feel a self congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man, and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place—might be the

* Northcote.