THE QUEEN'S FIRST BABY.

Drawn and Etched by Her Majesty the Queen.

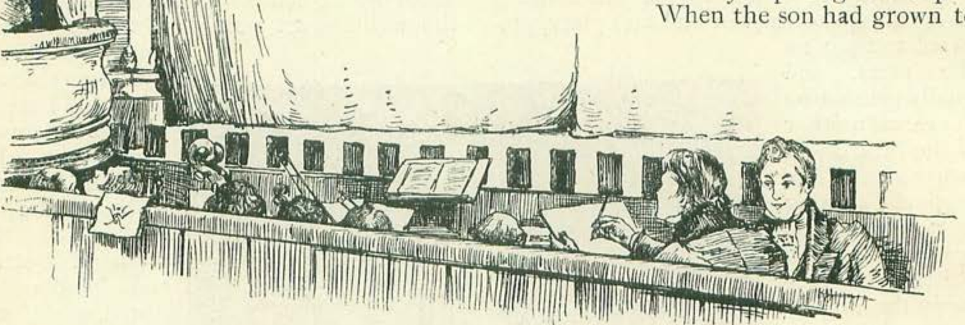
Pictures with Histories.

PICTURE within a picture—there is a romance surrounding every canvas, a story hidden away with every product of the pencil or brush. Our frontispiece, "The Queen's First Baby," provides an excellent example. During the first few years of Her Majesty's married life a room in Buckingham Palace was fitted up with all necessities for printing etchings, and here the Queen and Prince Consort would come and take impressions of their own work from the printing press. It is such a one that we are enabled to reproduce—a *fac-simile* of an etching, sketched in the first place, prepared and put on the press, and finally printed by the Royal mother of the little one it represents. The original etching is now in the possession of the writer. It is probably the earliest picture known of the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal at the time—for the etching bears date February 22, 1841, when the Princess was but three months old. Every line, every item betokens how anxious the Royal artist was to obtain a faithful drawing of her first child, whose name, "Victoria," is written under it. The little Princess is so held that the nurse's face is quite concealed, and in no way divides the attention the mother was desirous of winning for her little one. When the Queen was making the sketch, a cage with a parrot had been placed on a table near at hand, in order to rivet the child's attention. The whole thing is suggestive of the simplicity and homeliness which characterised the dispositions of the Royal workers at the press; and we think the picture tells its own history of life in the Palace fifty years ago.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.
The first portrait painted after her Coronation.

The history as to how the first portrait of Her Majesty after her coronation was obtained is also full of interest. The Queen is represented in all her youthful beauty in the Royal box at Drury Lane Theatre, and it is the work of E. T. Parris, a fashionable portrait painter of those days. Parris was totally ignorant of the fact that when he agreed with Mr. Henry Graves, the well-known publisher, to paint "the portrait of a lady for fifty guineas," he would have to localise himself amongst the musical instruments of the orchestra of the National Theatre, and handle his pencil in the immediate neighbourhood of the big drum. Neither was he made aware as to the identity of his subject until the eventful night arrived. Bunn was the manager of Drury Lane at the time, and he flatly refused to accommodate Mr. Graves with two seats in the orchestra. But the solution of the difficulty was easy. Bunn was indebted to Grieve, the scenic artist, for a thousand pounds. Grieve was persuaded to threaten to issue a writ for the money unless the "order for two" was forthcoming. Bunn succumbed, and the publisher triumphed; and whilst the young Queen watched the performance,

she was innocently sitting for her picture to Parris and Mr. Graves, who were cornered in the orchestra. Parris afterwards shut himself up in his studio, and never left it until he had finished his work. The price agreed upon was doubled, and the Queen signified her approval of the tact employed by purchasing a considerable number of the engravings. The reproduction of the picture in these pages becomes the more interesting from the fact that it is done by permission of the still living occupant of one of the two orchestra seats—Mr. Henry Graves.



IN THE ORCHESTRA: SKETCHING THE QUEEN.

Much might be said regarding missing and mutilated pictures. The story as to how Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire" was cut from the frame a few days after 10,100 guineas had been paid for it is well known, but we may add a scrap of information hitherto unpublished, which will, we think, add somewhat to the value of the work as a picture with a history. The ingenious thief knew very well that in order to get his prize in safety through the streets it would be necessary to roll it up. This, of course, could not be done without cracking the paint. Accordingly, he had provided himself with paste and paper to lay over the picture. But when he came to lay the paper on the canvas, he found that he had forgotten—a brush! The people who flocked to see the beautiful "Duchess" were kept at a respectful distance by the customary barrier of silken rope. The clever purloiner cut off a few inches of the thick cord, and, fraying out one of the ends, improvised a really excellent substitute wherewith to lay on the paste. The brush of rope was found next morning on the floor, where he had left it, and told a story of such ingenuity as certainly demands a word of recognition.

It is probable that were a novelist to concoct a plot out of the story surrounding a certain Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of Lord Crewe, the public would snap their fingers at it and dub the whole thing ridiculous and impossible.

A former Lord Crewe had a picture painted of his son and daughter. Though the faces were faithful, the attitudes of the figures were somewhat fanciful; the daughter is holding a vase, and the boy is posing as a cupid. When the son had grown to manhood he quarrelled with his father, and he, to mark his extreme anger, caused the cupid to be cut out of the canvas, giving instructions for it to be destroyed, and a tripod painted in its place. Thus it remained for over a hundred years. But the little cupid was not lost. It had, by some mysterious means, after this lapse of time, found its way into the hands of a dealer, who recognised it, having seen an engraving of the original before it was cut. He immediately communicated with the present Lord Crewe, who still had the picture. It was found that the cupid fitted exactly into the space where the tripod stood. Lord Crewe not only caused the cupid to be restored to its proper place, but, in order to commemorate this remarkable incident, took out the now historical tripod, had a piece of canvas with appropriate scenery painted, and caused the tripod to be inserted therein. The cupid now hangs in his house as a memento of a strange act on the part of one of his ancestors.

Lord Cheylesmore, well known as having

one of the finest collections of Landseers in the world, has a dog painted by this great artist, with a curious story attached to it. After Charles Landseer had all but completed the painting of his celebrated picture of "Charles I. at Edge Hill," he persuaded his brother Edwin to paint in a dog. This Sir Edwin consented to do ; and, after the work was engraved, the original got into the hands of a dealer, who cleverly cut out the dog, and had another put in place of it. He secured the services of an able artist to paint a background for the animal which had been so ignominiously deprived of the honour of reclining in the presence of Charles I. This he sold as a Landseer—as, indeed, it was ; and this highly interesting little creature is the one now owned by Lord Cheylesmore. As regards that of "Charles I. at Edge Hill," we believe we are correct in saying that it was recently purchased by the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool.

A somewhat similar circumstance befell Holbein's famous picture of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which hangs at Hampton Court Palace. After the execution of Charles I., Cromwell proposed to sell many of the late monarch's pictures to dealers and others who approached him on the subject, and amongst others that painted by Holbein. Negotiations for the purchase concluded, the time came round for its delivery. On examining "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" it was discovered that one of the principal faces—that of Henry VIII.—had been cut out in a complete circle. Naturally, the dealer—a foreigner—declined to conclude the bargain, and the mutilated Holbein was stowed away. After the Restoration, a nobleman appeared at court and begged Charles II. to graciously accept an article which the king might possibly be glad to know was still preserved to the English nation. It proved to be a circular piece of canvas, representing the robust countenance of Henry VIII., which the nobleman had himself cut from the picture in Cromwell's time. This great work was seen at the Tudor Exhibition last year, the mark of the circle being plainly visible.

SON AND DAUGHTER OF LORD CREWE. *By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

The fact of a picture worth £10,000 being converted into a sort of bullseye mark for schoolboys' marbles is a little history in itself. The work, by Gainsborough, is that of the Honourable Miss Duncombe — a renowned beauty of her day, who lived at Dalby Hall, near Melton Mowbray. She married General Bowater. For over fifty years this magnificent work of art had hung in the hall of this old house in Leicestershire, and the children, as they played and romped about the ancient oaken staircases, delighted to make a target of the Gainsborough, and to throw their marbles at the beauty. It hung there year after year, full of holes, only to be sold under the hammer one day for the sum of £6, a big price for the torn and tattered canvas. The owner of the bargain let it go for £183 15s., the lucky purchaser this time being Mr. Henry Graves. The day it came into the famous printseller's shop in Pall Mall, Lord Chesterfield offered 1,000 guineas for it, at which price it was sold. But romances run freely amongst all

things pertaining to pictures, for before the work was delivered a fever seized Lord Chesterfield and he died. Lady Chesterfield was informed that, if she wished, the agreement might be cancelled. Her ladyship replied that she was glad of this, as she did not require the picture, which accordingly remained in Mr. Graves' shop waiting for another purchaser. It had not long to wait. One of the wealthiest and most discriminating judges of pictures in England, Baron Lionel Rothschild, came in search of it, and the following conversation between him and the owner, Mr. Graves, ensued :

"You ask me fifteen hundred guineas for it ?" exclaimed the great financier, when he was told the price; "why, you sold it the other day for a thousand !"

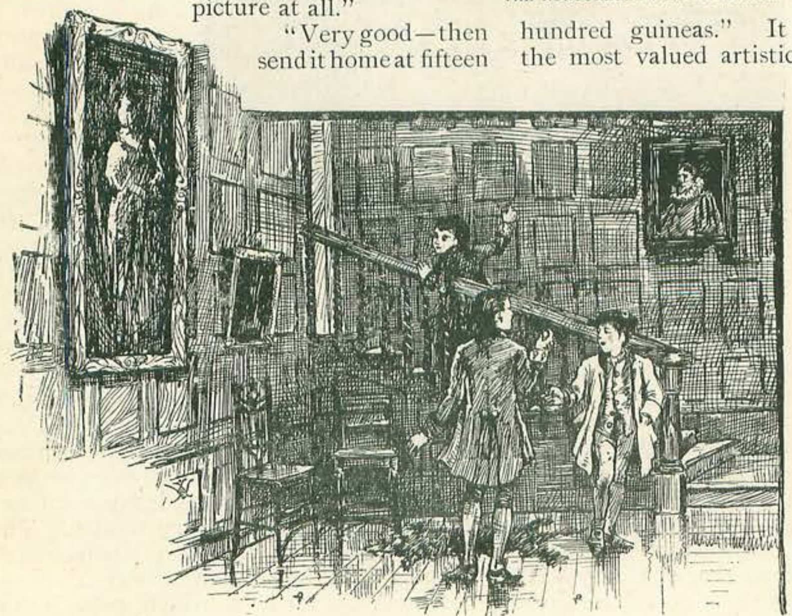
"Yes, I know I did," replied the dealer, "but that was done in a hurry, before it had been restored."

"Well, now I'll give you twelve hundred for it—twelve hundred," said the Baron, looking longingly at the work.

"Now, Baron," said Mr. Graves, good-humouredly, though firmly, "if you beat me down another shilling, you shan't have the picture at all."

THE HONOURABLE MISS DUNCOMBE. *By Gainsborough.*

"Very good—then send it home at fifteen hundred guineas." It is now amongst the most valued artistic treasures of the Rothschilds, and £10,000 would not buy it to-day.



"THE CHILDREN THREW THEIR MARBLES AT THE BEAUTY."

The two illustrations we now give of pictures—one of which is still missing and the other recovered after a long lapse of time—are both after Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is certain that the missing one will never be seen again. Reward after reward has been offered, but all to no avail—"The Countess of Derby," by Sir

Joshua, so far as the original goes, is a thing of the past. The mystery as to its sudden disappearance has never been fully cleared up, but it is indisputable that the Earl of Derby of the period had this picture painted of his wife, that he quarrelled with her, and that just at this time the picture vanished. Little room is left for doubt that the Earl himself destroyed the work.

The other is that of Miss Gale, painted when she was fifteen, a canvas worth at least £5,000 (page 232). She married Admiral Gardner, who was so much attached to his wife, that whenever he went to sea he always took the picture with him, and had it conspicuously hung up in his cabin. His vessel was wrecked off the West Indies, and though the Admiral was saved, the ship, with "Miss Gale" in the cabin, went down. There it lay at the bottom of the ocean for a considerable period, until at last attempts were made to recover it. This was successfully accomplished, though the canvas was much damaged, and was afterwards reduced in length and breadth. The picture seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate, both on land and sea, for in 1864 it was damaged again by the Midland Railway. Until recently it was in the possession of the Rev. Allen Gardner Cornwall.

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY. *By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

The fact of a picture of fabulous value being picked up in a pawnbroker's shop, or veritable gems being discovered fastened with tin-tacks to the wall of a servant's bedroom, is alone sufficient cause to rank them among pictures with a history. But surely no such remarkable instance of innocence regarding the real value of a work has been known for a long time as that which came to light in a West End picture dealer's shop a few weeks ago. The story is a simple one. A painter—presumably an amateur—ran short of canvas, and, living in the country, some days must needs elapse before he could get a fresh supply. Hanging up in his house was an old work, representing an ancient-looking gentleman. He had hung there a long time, practically unnoticed. To meet the emergency, the painter conceived a happy thought, and one which he immediately proceeded to carry into effect. Why not paint on the back of the ancient-looking gentleman who had hung uncared-for for so long? The canvas was taken off the stretcher, turned round, and re-stretched, the back of the picture being used on which to paint a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Age of Innocence." Innocence there truly was—for the painting which the amateur had screened from view turned out to be a Gainsborough. The original Gainsborough is at the present moment at the back of the newly-painted picture, and is partly hidden by the stretcher, as shown in the sketch (page 233), made as it lay by the counter in the dealer's shop.

One artist might be singled out of whom it may safely be said that he never painted

a picture without a history attached to it. Landseer's works abound in suggestive incident and delightful romance. He would paint out of sheer gratitude a picture worth £10,000 simply because an admirer, for whom he had executed a commission, had expressed his approval of the artist's genius, by paying him more money than that originally agreed upon. Such an incident as this was the means of bringing Landseer's brush to work on "The Maid and the Magpie," now in the National Gallery.

There are two or three anecdotes — hitherto unpublished, we believe—relating to pictures with histories, and associated with Landseer's name.

It is said—and results have proved how justly—that Landseer never forgot a dog after once seeing it. "The Shepherd's Bible" is a rare instance of this. Mr. Jacob Bell referred to this work as "the property of a gentleman who was for many years a candidate for a picture by Sir E. Landseer, and kept a collie dog in the hope that he might some day be so fortunate as to obtain his portrait." The collie, however, died. Some two years afterwards, its owner received a note from Sir Edwin appointing a day for a sitting. Fortunately, he had provided himself with another dog, hoping yet to secure the services of the greatest of all animal painters, and taking the creature with him, kept the appointment on the day named. He told Landseer that the old favourite was dead, and gave a description of his colour and general appearance.

MISS GALE. *By Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

"Oh ! yes," the painter replied, "I know the dog exactly," and he made a sketch which proved the truth of his words. The picture was painted in less than two days, and the portrait of the dead animal was exact, even to the very expression of the dog's eye.

Landseer, too, was often very happy in his choice of a subject. "Dignity and Impudence" is one of the treasures of the National Gallery, and though the one is a fine bloodhound named "Grafton," and the other a little terrier called "Scratch," it is likely that two gentlemen innocently suggested the whole thing to him. It seems that one day Landseer entered a picture shop, and was annoyed at the way in which he was treated by one of the assistants, who mistook him for a customer, and who addressed him in a style a trifle too pushing and businesslike to suit his taste.

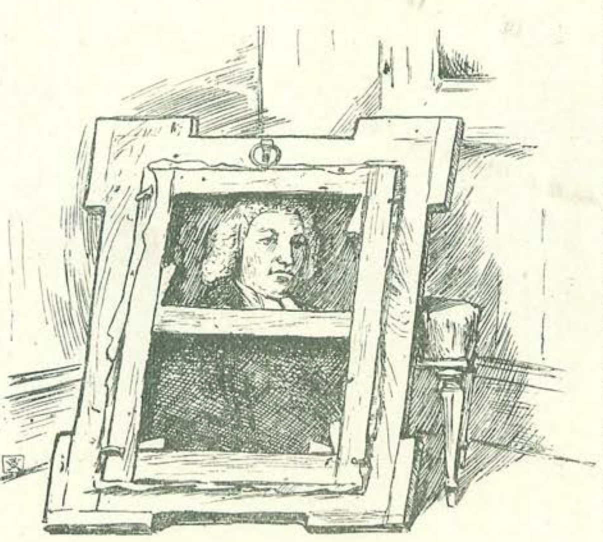
Just then the proprietor entered, a fine, handsome, dignified man.

"Well, have you got anything new in the way of a picture ?" he asked.

"No," replied Landseer, "but I've just got a subject. I'll let you know when it is

finished." The result was the picture referred to, and it is said that the grand bloodhound bore a striking resemblance to the picture dealer, whilst the little terrier, presumably, was suggested by the assistant; whose manner, after all, was simply that of a sharp man of business.

"There's Life in the Old Dog Yet," another fine work, was, in 1857, the property of Mr. Henry McConnell, for whom it was painted in 1838. Mr. McConnell was asked if he would lend it to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester. He had a very great horror of railway travelling, but agreed to grant the request on one condition, that the picture, with the others asked for, should be sent down by road. Everything was packed up, and the precious load started on its journey. The van had got about half-way to Manchester, when, in passing over a level crossing—common enough in those days—the horses were startled by an approaching train. It was impossible to get across the lines in time, and the engine dashed into the van, shattering many of the pictures, including "There's Life in the Old Dog Yet." So great was the destruction that when the driver went to the front wheel of the engine, he found entwined round it a piece of the canvas of this famous picture.



THE HIDDEN "GAINSBOROUGH."

An anecdote might be told regarding "The Cavalier's Pets," further illustrating the rapid rate at which Landseer worked, and the fate which seemed to hang over his canine subjects. The dogs were pets of Mr. Vernon's, and a sketch was made in his house as a commission to Sir Edwin. It seems, however, that Landseer forgot all about it, until some time afterwards he was met by the owner of the pets in the street, who gently reminded him of his little commission. In two days the work as it is now seen was completed and delivered, though not a line had been put on the canvas previous to the meeting. Both the beautiful creatures came to an untimely end. The white Blenheim spaniel was killed by a fall from a table, whilst the King Charles fell through the railings of a staircase at his master's house, and was picked up dead at the bottom of the steps.

We cannot do better than conclude with an anecdote which connects this great painter with the early life of Her Majesty.

That the Queen has always displayed a marked interest in works of art is indisputable. Her collection of pictures, many of them of the Flemish and Dutch schools, her Vandykes and Rubens, are almost priceless. But Her Majesty's favours bestowed on matters artistic have also drifted into home channels, as witness her generous spirit shown at all times towards Sir Edwin Landseer.

Amongst all the priceless works to be found in the Royal galleries, one picture may here be singled out with a pleasing story attached to it. "Loch Laggan" shows the Queen in a quiet and unassuming gown, beside her camp-stool, at which she has a few moments before been sketching. The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales are there as children. In the centre stands a pony with a burden of deer on its back, its owner, a stalwart Highlander, at its head, with an expression of countenance half-amused, half-surprised.

Sir Edwin Landseer—who painted the picture—was at the time in Scotland giving lessons to the Queen. Whilst on his way to Balmoral he wandered in the direction of Loch Laggan, and became perplexed as to which path to take. Espying the Highlander, he bade him hasten to find the Queen, and say that Sir Edwin would reach her ere long. The man needed no second bidding, and jumped on the pony's back. He had not proceeded far round the lake before he drew up his pony in front of a lady, who was sketching, whilst her two

children were busying themselves by handing her the various drawing implements as required.

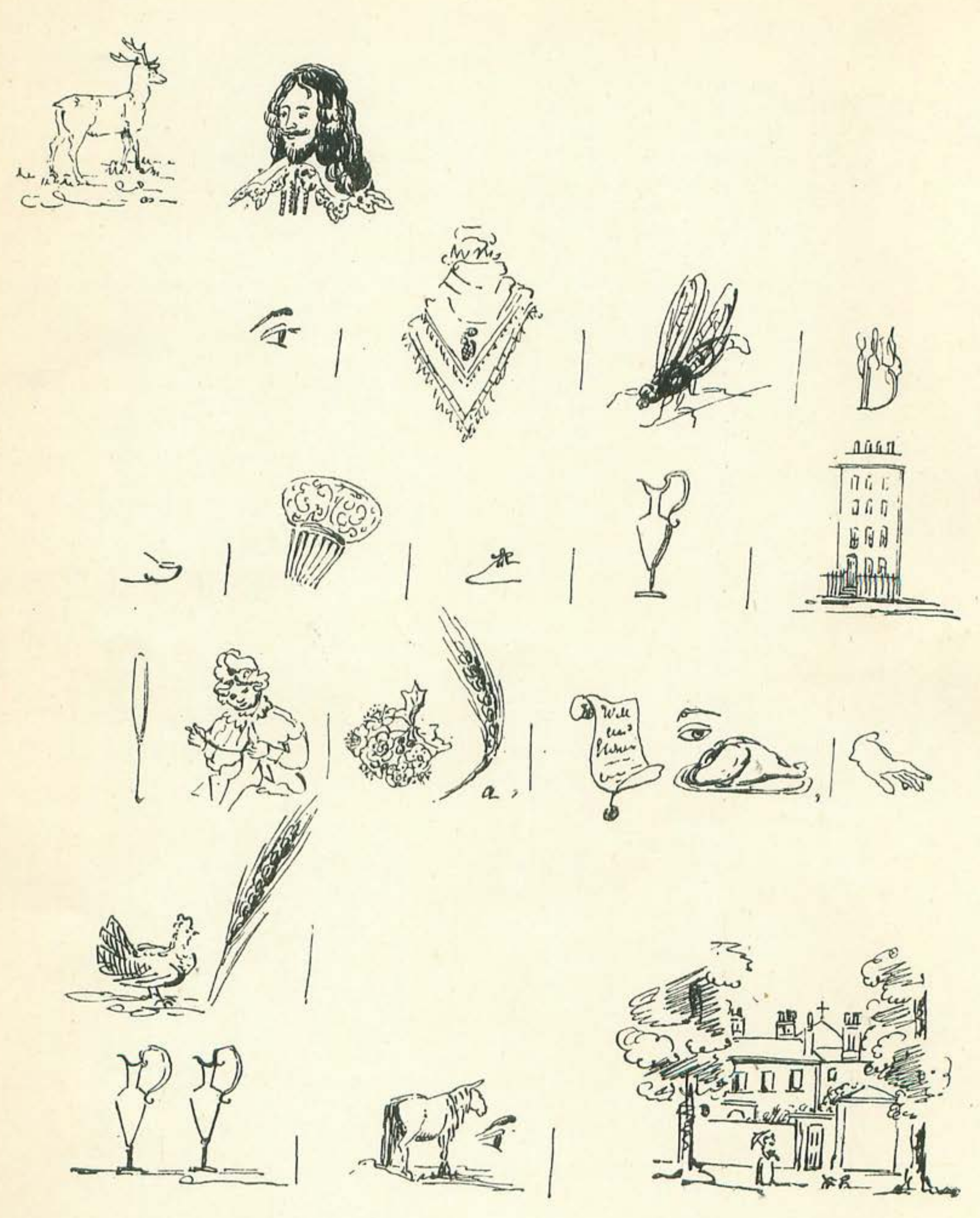
Respectfully removing his cap, he asked if she could tell him where he might possibly find the Queen.

"Oh, yes," replied the lady, turning from her drawing, "I am the Queen."

This was too much for the worthy Scot. He could not associate the great stone on which Her Majesty had been sitting with all the splendour of a throne. All he could do was to put his hands upon his knees and suggestively utter the single word—"*Gammon!*"

By this time Sir Edwin had arrived. He drew the picture with the Highlander in the very act of relieving himself of an expression not often heard in the presence of Royalty. Our drawing is a sketch of the figures in the painting of this highly interesting scene.

"GAMMON!"



A PICTURE-LETTER.

BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

Pictures with Histories.

(*Continued.*)

HE frontispiece we are enabled to give this month is penned in what may be termed pictorial hieroglyphics by Sir Edwin Landseer. The letter was addressed to Charles George Lewis, the celebrated engraver. The first house represented is Lewis's residence in Charlotte-street, whilst the final sketch is a very correct drawing of the artist's house in St. John's Wood-road. It remains just in the same state to-day, and is occupied by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, R.A. This delightfully original missive reads—evidently in response to an invitation:—

"DEAR CHARLES,—I shall be delighted to come to your house, also Maria, William, and Henry.—Yours, NEDDY LANDSEER."

The only other occasion on which Landseer departed from his usual routine of work seems to be have been when he was on a visit to the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey, in December, 1826, at which time the artist was in his twenty-third year. He set himself to sketch a couple of sportsman's cards, of which we give the one considered the most picturesque, and best calculated to show the great painter's versatility and ingenuity. The writing is that of the Duke of Bedford, and, to judge by the number of hares, rabbits, and pheasants bagged, sport at Woburn Abbey during this particular week must have been fairly brisk. There is no question as to the genuine nature of this veritable curiosity, for on the back of it is written the signature—in ink almost faded—of Lady Georgiana Russell.

From our remarks in the previous chapter on "Pictures with Histories," it will be readily gathered that behind nearly every canvas which Landseer touched some happy incident lies hidden away. His magnificent work, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," was suggested to him by seeing the noble creature which figures in the picture carrying a basket of flowers in its mouth.

WOBURN ABBEY. 1826

18	90	43	4	1	4	142
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23	49	58	8	1	2 1 Snipe	119
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A SPORTSMAN'S CARD, BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

"Lion"—a picture he painted for Mr. W. H. Merle for £50—has its story to tell. Landseer particularly wished to see the dog—Lion—excited. There chanced to be in the house a live mouse in a trap. The mouse was let loose, Lion gave chase, and the next instant the mouse had disappeared. There was no accounting for such a rapid exit, when somebody suggested that possibly Lion had swallowed it. And such was the fact; the poor little mouse had found safety in the dog's huge jowls. Immediately Lion's lips were opened the tiny creature jumped out uninjured and made good its escape.

Lion, being a particularly powerful dog, was not easy to play tricks with. On one occasion whilst he was walking along the bank of a canal, a passing bargeman began to poke him with his oar. With a sudden rush and a jerk, Lion seized the oar, and lifted his tormentor into the water. It is interesting to note that Lion's portrait was despatched in a heavy case to Paris, just at the time of the Revolution, and narrowly escaped being used as a barricade.

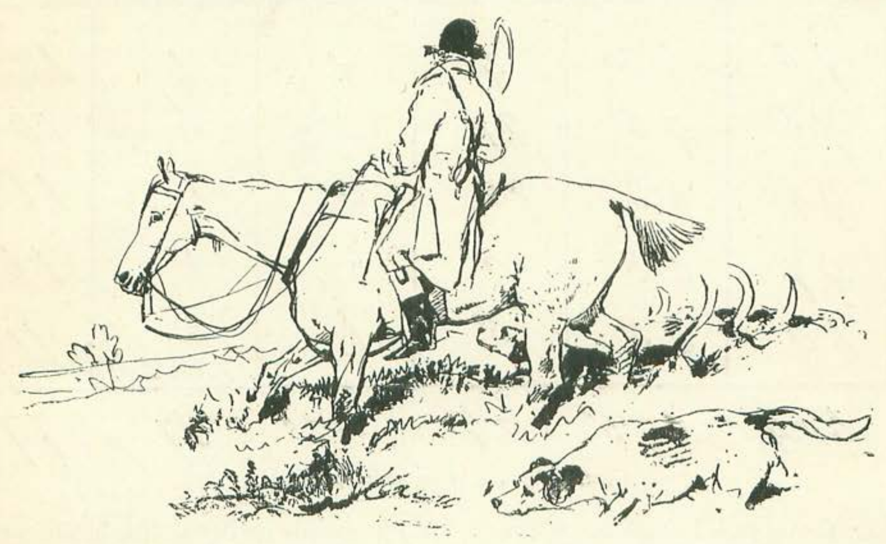
Here is another anecdote of one of Landseer's pictures. "Beauty's Bath" was a portrait of Miss Eliza Peel, daughter of Sir Robert Peel, in which she is shown with a pretty little pet poodle, named Fido, in her arms. At the time the picture was engraved and about to be issued to the public, Sir Robert was not on the best of terms with the populace. This the publisher knew, and saw that, if he issued the work as "a portrait of Miss Peel," it would ruin the sale. Accordingly, he gave it this very taking title, by which it has ever since been known.

One day Sir Robert met the publisher and demanded why the title had been changed. He was assured that "Beauty's Bath" was most appropriate.

"Oh! yes, that's all right," said Sir Robert. "I've no objection to that. Only," he continued thoughtfully, evidently thinking of the pet poodle and his charming daughter, "which do you intend for the beauty?"

"Well," replied the publisher merrily, "you pay your money and you take your choice!"

Landseer loved to have his artistic joke. This is excellently seen in the two sketches which we reproduce. "Huntsman and Hounds" is a little pen-and-ink drawing done for Miss Wardrop at the age of thirty-four. Miss Wardrop, herself, was fond of the pencil and brush, and was particularly partial to animals. She found no small difficulty in drawing accurately a horse's hoofs. One day she went to Landseer and told him frankly of her non-success, at the same time asking him to give her a hint as to the best way of drawing them correctly. The artist good-humouredly complied with her request, and showed her that it was by no means necessary to depict them at all. This he did by



HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS.

hiding the horse's hoofs in a wealth of grass, as shown in the sketch.

"The Expectant Dog" is another example of the artist's merry moments. The poodle was the property of the Hon. F. Byng, a distinguished member of the

"THE EXPECTANT DOG."

Humane Society, and also prominent through his connection with the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers. Landseer was dining with Mr. Byng, when he was asked to make a little sketch of Mr. Byng himself. This he immediately did by drawing that gentleman's favourite dog with its head up a sewer in the midst of a puddle of water, and a rat making a very speedy exit at its approach. The eminent Commissioner of Sewers saw the joke at once, as did also his friends, and for many a long day he was known by the nickname of "Poodle Byng."

We now turn to some works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to which a history is attached, and, in so doing, there occurs a somewhat curious incident, which has the interest of connecting two of our greatest painters. Sir Joshua's famous picture of "The Gleaners" shows one of the toilers of the field carrying a bundle of wheat on her head. This figure was put in, as the lady—Miss Potts—who posed as the model for it, happened to be staying with her friends, the Macklins, where Sir Joshua was staying also. Miss Potts was destined to become the mother of Sir Edwin Landseer; for, some time afterwards, she met John Landseer, loved and married him. In passing, it may be mentioned that Sir Joshua is credited with having expressed the opinion that if an artist painted four or five distinctly original subjects in his lifetime, the achievement should be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the expectant public. Hence he painted no fewer than a quartette of "The Strawberry Girl," each single picture being as good as the others, though probably the first one painted would be preferred for choice. Any of them would easily fetch £2,000 or £3,000 each. We have had the privilege of examining Sir Joshua's own ledgers, and in 1766 we find that he was only receiving £150 for a whole length portrait, £70 for half-length, £50 for a kit cat (36 in. × 25 in.), and £30 for a head. Gainsborough received about the same figure.

The recent tragic death of the Duke of Bedford suggests to us a picture which Sir Joshua painted of "The Bedford Family"—a work worth, at the lowest estimate, £10,000. The curious circumstance of allowing this valuable painting to be turned towards the wall in a darkened room for a great number of years is in itself suggestive of some unknown story. At last it was decided to have the picture renovated, for it had become perfectly black. It was accordingly sent to be cleaned; but it was found impossible to remove the dire

"THE BEDFORD FAMILY."

results which a darkened room and a dusty atmosphere had worked upon it. It was then suggested that the very opposite means should be tried. The canvas was hung in a room, the roof of which was of glass, through which the bright sunshine could fall upon it. As the week and month passed by, the sunlight scattered the gloom by degrees, until, at the end of a year, all had disappeared, and the rich colouring was once more visible. One of the boys represented in the picture is Lord William Russell—the father of the late Duke of Bedford—who was killed by his valet in 1840.

A "Sir Joshua" worth £15,000 has been thrown out of window during a fire, and reached the ground untouched by smoke or flame. This was "Lady Williams Wynn and children," which now hangs at Wynstay. A very interesting incident may be told to show how minute Sir Joshua was—even to a hair. At the sale of his books, there was found amongst the leaves a little curl wrapped up in a small piece of tissue paper on which the artist had written "Lady Waldegrave's hair." He had painted a picture of the Countess of Waldegrave and her daughter, and, in order to get the exact colour of the hair, had persuaded the Countess to cut off a lock. It was recently beautifully mounted, surrounded by portraits of the pictures connected with it, and presented to the late Countess; and it now hangs underneath the original work.

Can a leopard change its spots? Yes, so far as a pictorial leopard goes—as may be illustrated by a painting by Sir Joshua of

Master Herbert as a Bacchus. He made an error here, for he depicted the god of wine surrounded by lionesses, when, of course, leopards should have figured in the festive scene. The engraver in whose hands the picture was placed saw the mistake, and took it upon himself to add the spots to the lionesses, thereby converting them into leopards in his engraving. He even went further, and painted the necessary spots on the animals on the canvas. One hundred years passed away, and the picture was sent to London to be cleaned and restored, when, to the great dismay of the cleaner, he noticed that as he worked the leopards began to lose their spots! Examination soon showed what was the reason. All the spots were removed, the lionesses appeared in their proper skins, and so the picture now appears.

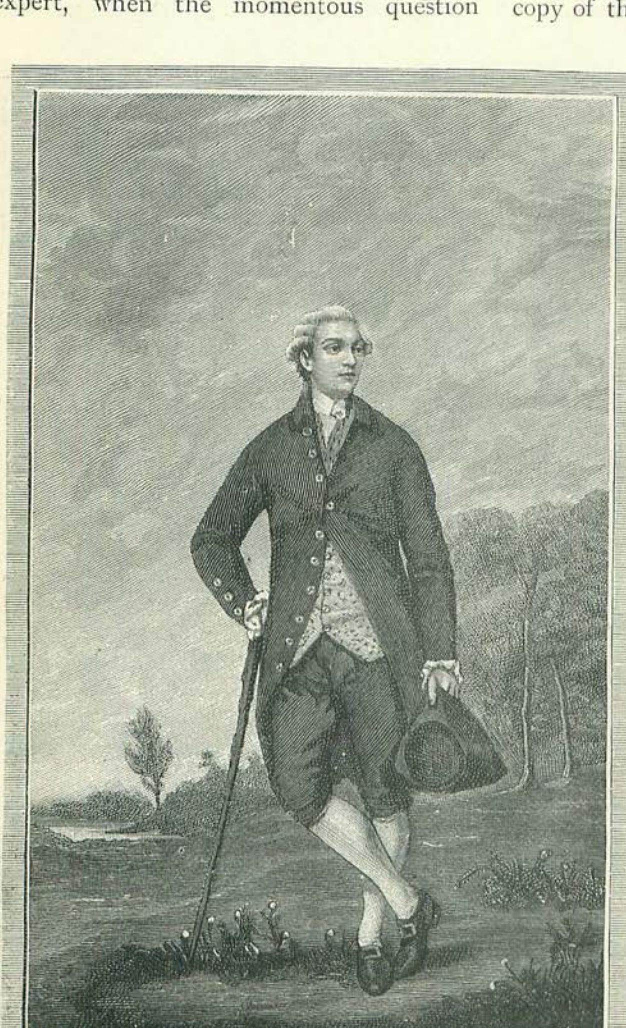
We reproduce two pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The history of one is as sensational as the other is broadly humorous. They happen, too, to be the stories of a husband and wife.

Mrs. Musters was a great beauty of her day, and in 1778 Sir Joshua painted her. The picture he sent home to Mr. Musters to his seat at Colwick. An application was received from the artist that the canvas should be returned to him, as he desired to make one or two important alterations which would considerably benefit the picture. It was sent back to him, and it remained in his possession seven years. Time after time it was applied for, but all to no effect—it was impossible to get it back; the applicants got nothing but excuse after excuse. At last, in desperation, Sir Joshua declared that he had spoiled the work, and so destroyed it, and to make up for this he painted another of Mrs. Musters in the character of Hebe, after a lapse of seven years. Where was the original picture? It transpired that George IV.—then Prince of Wales—was at that time engaged in making a collection of the beauties of his Court, and had often asked Mr. Musters to allow his wife to sit for her portrait for this purpose. This Mr. Musters firmly refused. The Prince then brought some pressure to bear on Sir Joshua Reynolds to get the picture. How Sir Joshua set to work has already been seen. The painting was afterwards sold at the Pavilion at Brighton, and was purchased by the Earl of Egremont of Petworth, at whose seat it now hangs. It should be mentioned that this is the only instance on record where Sir Joshua did anything to cast a shade upon a character which was in every other respect a truly honourable one. The pressure which

MRS. MUSTERS.

the Prince enforced was too great, and he succumbed.

Surely nothing can be more humorous than the fact of a man having his portrait painted, and, as the fashion in clothing changed, so having the latest thing in satin coat and flowered vest put on his figure! Yet this was actually done, and by the husband of the very lady who figures prominently in the preceding story. Mr. Musters was exceptionally eccentric. Not content with a picture of himself by Sir Joshua, he secured from time to time the services of another artist to re-clothe him up to date. Some years after his death, the canvas was submitted to a well-known expert, when the momentous question arose as to how it could possibly be a genuine Sir Joshua when the clothing was of a date some thirty years after the great artist had ceased to exist? The picture was put into the hands of a cleaner, when he, almost bewildered, sent a hasty message to the expert to say that all the clothes were gradually coming off! Part of the coat had disappeared, the flowers on the vest were fading, the fob of the watch-chain had gone. The whole truth was soon made evident, and very soon the old, though valuable, clothes were all found underneath, and Mr. Musters appeared in the proper costume of his day as Sir Joshua painted him. As such he is to be seen in our copy of the engraving from the picture.



JOHN MUSTERS, ESQ.

The works of Gainsborough are replete with anecdote. One incident is worthy of being chronicled as associating Sir Joshua Reynolds and this great artist together. It happened in 1782, when the two painters, to put it plainly, were not on speaking terms. At the Royal Academy of that year Gainsborough exhibited a picture, "Girl and Pigs." Sir Joshua was much impressed with it, and, as a token of his appreciation of unquestionable genius, and, we venture to think, possibly with a view to bringing about a renewal of friendship, purchased the work for £100. It would bring thousands now. The Earl of Carlisle possesses it.

Gainsborough was generous to a high degree. When he was at Bath he was anxious to paint Quin, the actor, and in return for the sitting said that he would make him a present of the portrait. Quin refused. Gainsborough pleaded with him, and made use of these remarkable words: "If you will let me paint your portrait *I shall live for ever!*" The actor gave way, but today the picture preserves the memory of Quin. On one occasion Gainsborough actually gave half-a-dozen pictures to a Mr. Wiltshire, a

carrier, who, "solely for the love of art," volunteered to convey one of his important canvases to London free of charge. These pictures were the price paid for the van hire, and two of them now hang in the National Gallery—"The Market Cart," and "The Parish Clerk."

The two next reproductions we give have exceptionally singular histories. One indeed is a romance of the purest type. The fact of his celebrated Duchess of Devonshire having been stolen has probably had much to do with making the public regard it as the finest thing that Gainsborough ever did. But art connoisseurs say that the "Hon. Mrs. Graham" is a far finer bit of colouring. It now hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland, and its value is put down at £25,000. Here is its history—a truly romantic one.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. GRAHAM.

Mrs. Graham was the wife of Captain Graham, who years afterwards became General Lord Lynedoch, G.C.B. She was only seventeen when her husband commissioned Gainsborough to paint her. He was passionately attached to his beautiful wife, their married life was one long day of happiness, and when, at a comparatively early age, she died, her broken-hearted husband could not bear even to look upon the picture, and it disappeared. He tried in every way to put an end to his life honourably; but at all times failed. He went into the Peninsular War, volunteered for every "forlorn hope" in the hope of getting killed; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, and rose to be a Field Marshal in the English Army, and lived to ninety-one years of age. Where was the picture of such fabulous value? It was not until after Lord Lynedoch's death that it was discovered in a furniture warehouse, where it had been packed away in a heavy case and concealed from view for very many years.

We now come to the picture that was the means of bringing about the historical quarrel between Gainsborough and the Royal Academy; and, in order that its history should be fully set forth in these pages, the writer has searched the various newspapers of that day with a view of showing the extreme feeling that existed. Gainsborough sent a picture of the three daughters of George III. to the Academy, with a polite request that it should be hung the same distance from the ground as it would be when placed in position in the Royal residence. The Academy Council ignored this wish, and hung it far too high. This so enraged Gainsborough — who was of a somewhat irritable disposition—that he sent for all his pictures, and had them brought back from the Academy. *The Morning Herald* of May 5, 1784, says :—

"Yesterday, the three pictures of the Princess Royal, Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Augusta were removed from the Exhibition Room of Somerset House on the Strand to Mr. Gainsborough's at Pall

Mall, and from thence are to be fixed as furniture at Carlton House."

The Morning Herald was, however, wrong, there was only one picture, not three.

Again, the following extract, which appeared in the same paper on May 7, 1784, is worthy of being quoted :—

"Gainsborough, whose professional absence every visitor of the Royal Academy so feelingly deplores, is fitting up his own saloon in Pall Mall for the display of his matchless productions, where he may safely exhibit them without further offence to the Sons of Envy and Dullness. . . . By the bye, let it be remembered to the honour of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Chambers, that, so far from abetting the conduct of the Academy Hangmen, they have in the handsomest manner protested against the shameful outrage offered by these fatal executioners to genius and taste!"

The history of the picture does not end here. It remained at Carlton House until the building was pulled down, and was then removed to Buckingham Palace. At some subsequent period an unknown individual requiring a picture to fit in a space over a door to one of the State Rooms, positively had it cut down to the required size. It is still there. Its value at the present moment, had it been left untouched, would be £20,000 ; as it is, it is worth about half that sum. Our illustration shows the painting as it is to-day.

PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCESS AUGUSTA, AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH : DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III.