

A Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

WHEN Reynolds, fresh from his sojourn in Italy, began his career in London, his style met with denunciation from his fellow painters; accustomed to the artificiality of Lely and Kneller, they could not bring themselves to accept the new view of life as it presented itself to Reynolds's eyes. It was a new world in which physical life was touched with grace and beauty. With the manners of a courtier, Reynolds set forth the world of taste and fashion about him. He felt its vivacity and distinction, its hope and felicity, its buoyancy and freshness. His portraits show neither sorrow nor world-weariness; there is no questioning of life's problems, no aspiration or desire, but rather a joy in life for itself, a delight in the ecstasy of living. In accord with this spirit is his airy brushwork and the sparkle of what Haydon called his "gemmy surface." He worked for character, for color and effect, and betrayed no mood of sorrow or dejection. For him there was no unloveliness in life, and he was haunted by no spirit of brooding melancholy. He lacked the technical mastery of the great Venetians and of Rembrandt, whom he greatly revered, which led to his experimenting for certain results; but his earlier portraits, among which this belongs, are always firmer in modelling even though less striking in effect.

Kitty Fisher, the most celebrated Traviata of her time, sat frequently to Reynolds, there being at least a dozen portraits of her between her fifteenth and twenty-fifth years. At twenty-one she married, and at twenty-six, died—"a victim to cosmetics," says a writer of the time. During her brief life this daughter of a German stay-maker made a brilliant impression by her personal charms, her sparkling wit, and abounding spirits. Of authentic portraits of her by Reynolds this one with the doves and the Garrick miniature, acquired by Mr. Lenox in 1848, is in Sir Joshua's happiest manner.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

The Magnetic Hearth

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

"CLANCY was laying his course that day, Clipping it out o' Fortune Bay—"

and so on to the further details, the fifteen hundred barrels of frozen herring in his hold, and a breeze that sung lullabies of home, when one of his crew had to fall sick.

"And of all times!" exploded his mates. "The first cargo of the season; and now Glover 'll beat us out—ready to sail when we left." But there was nothing for it but to put back to St. Marys and ship another man in his place.

The new man was but fairly over the rail—Man! but the jaunty chap he was!—when he had to break out with: "So this is the Tommie Clancy I've been hearing so much about? The great Tommie Clancy—Clancy the sail-carrier! Well, I've yet to see the man that could carry sail enough for me."

Of course that was too good for the crew to keep; and while they were getting under weigh again they started to tell the skipper of what the new man had said, thinking to touch his professional reply and sting him to one of his famous rejoinders, perhaps set him to teach the fellow a lesson. But they were grievously disappointed. He did not let them half finish. "To the devil with what he said!" exploded the irate Clancy. He had only himself just leaped aboard, after seeing the sick man attended to ashore. "Look now!" and held up a letter. "Ought to have been given me a week ago. Only I stepped into the post-office on the way down, I'd never got it at all. If I'd got it when I ought to, we'd been half-way home by now, with that sick man taking his chances out of the medicine-chest. And more than that," and he held aloft a telegram, although, instead of telling them what that was about, he thrust it into an inside pocket.

"Hush!" warned one, a subtle one, a man who had essayed to report the new man's

words about sail-carrying. "Maybe he's put out about Glover, who left for home last night," meaning it to reach the skipper's ears, which it did.

"To the devil with Glover!" said Clancy. "We won't be home any later because he's left before us."

"But the market, skipper?"

"To hell with the market, too—what's the matter with that anchor? Is that anchor cat-headed yet? No? Well, why isn't it? And another heave or two on the throat-halyards. And, Lord in heaven! bend your backs. Some o' you act as though you thought you were pulling on pack-threads."

And in that spirit they left for home. At dark they had sunk the headlands of Cannargie, at dawn they raised the cliffs of Whitehead, which truly was going some, as Sam Leary put it when after an arduous trick to the wheel he dropped below, dodging as he leaped from the lowest step the heavy rods which held the *Duncan* together forward. "Some day they'll cut a man's head off coming below in a hurry."

"I cal'late by the way she's hoppin', Sammie, that it's blowin' some." This from the cook.

"Go up and have a look for yourself, cookie. *Some* water on her deck."

"No need to go on deck to see loose water, Sam. I c'n get that here. I wish she was a little tighter. There's blessed little comfort wearin' rubber boots all the time below. Don't you think she's a bit loose for a winter passage, Sammie? Look at them things, now." He pointed to the heavy strengthening stays which Sam had dodged, and which stretched across the forec's'le just abaft the butt of the foremast. Even as he gazed they were quivering under the impact which came of the vessel plunging into heavy seas before an immense press of canvas. "Some day, Sammie, them 'll part, and then she'll