

his life he saw this portrait, he was surprised to find it so well done; and comparing it with his later works, with that modesty which always accompanies genius, lamented that in such a series of years he should not have made a greater progress in his art.<sup>9</sup>

On Christmas-day, 1746, his father, a man highly respected in his native county, died; and left our young painter to raise, as he could, the fabrick of his own fortune. After spending a few more years in the practice of painting, partly in London<sup>10</sup> and partly in Devonshire, where many of his early essays yet remain, he became acquainted with

by young Reynolds about the same time, in the Collection of Lord Eliot, at Port Eliot in Cornwall.

<sup>9</sup> He made the same observation on viewing the picture of a Boy reading, which he also painted in 1746; an admirable piece, which was sold by auction among other of his works in 1796, to Sir Henry Englefield, Bart. for thirty-five guineas.

<sup>10</sup> At this period he lived in St. Martin's Lane, which was then a favourite residence of Artists; nearly opposite to May's Buildings.