

Englishman among civilized people, Christian among the Mohammedans, and find it very natural that a Persian should be a Persian, but not at all disposed to consent to be one himself for a single moment. Things set themselves up before him for his pleasure, for his service, for the gratification of his curiosity, but never does he permit them to shake or to violate his impregnable egoism. He alone seems to be able to comprehend this maxim, that the best way to be a stranger to those one associates with is, to live the same life that they do; and, to participate in the customs of our fellow-creatures does not enable us to know them better, but teaches us to forget ourselves. Rather severe, we think, but M. Montegut is responsible. It is this national peculiarity of the English that enables them, M. Montegut continues, to excel in the department of travelling literature—a literature somewhat distorted and confused, but still full of moral wealth, curious facts, and precious documents, for the history of humanity.

This department of literature, M. Montegut reports as wanting in France. He thinks that the French will yet show themselves capable of travel, and of the right kind of observation. Thanks to the Revolution, Frenchmen travel more than formerly, but it will be a long time before they will become as cosmopolite in performance as they are in theory, to render them capable of travelling advantageously. Many there are in France who travel, but who are they? You will not find French travellers proceed from the active and laboring classes, nor among men who follow a practical pursuit. No. They are men belonging to the class of idlers, or to a professional type which necessitates a condition of semi-idleness; such as artists, men of letters, worldlings, and all highly-refined people, who travel with no object but to travel, and consequently, with whom the opportunities and the means of knowing a country they traverse are wanting. French travellers only see as a general thing, what idlers and artists may see without trouble—prospects, monuments, pictures, and costumes, all the external sights which the eye rests upon without effort, through the window of a car, or the door of a diligence. If the vanity of French travellers accounts for the poverty of their travelling literature, the character of the travellers equally explains the character of that literature, which is, above all things picturesque and descriptive, and which willingly reproduces nothing but the superficial. From thence also is there a certain egoism peculiar to that literature. The habitual aims of the artist or the idler never abandon him in travelling any more than they do elsewhere. What he desires above all things is, not to see well, but to tell well what he sees. The question of art and of success mingles itself with all his thoughts. He is preoccupied with a determination to be amusing, effective, and piquant, to execute a dilettante and artistic performance. It is not his journey that is the important affair for him, but the narrative of that journey. He aims to interest the reader in his talent before interesting him in the things he writes of. Outside of the literary pleasure which our modern French books of travels give us, they have nothing else to present to us.

It is quite otherwise with the books of travel published in England. English travellers are not artists, and still less idlers, idleness being almost unknown in this land of labor. They are men attached to practical pursuits, or to material professions, which exclude every idea of dilettanteism. They are merchants, whose interests call them to Calcutta, or to New York; lawyers who pass their vacations in Canada, and officers who, to recruit from the fatigues of the Indian war, go to wander on

the banks of the Black Sea. Their narratives are not harmoniously composed: they abound in the ridiculous, but they have one invaluable merit, that of truth. As these travellers are not artists, they the more willingly devote themselves to what is human rather than to what is picturesque; they offset the literary seductiveness which their works lack by the lively sentiment of reality which belongs to their national character. They are much more preoccupied with moral nature than with material nature; and if their descriptions of landscape are confused and unskillful, they know, on the other hand, how to give us the details of the moral machinery of a Brahmin's soul, and show us how ideas circulate in the brain of a savage. Between truth deprived of the resources of art, and art which contents itself with superficial truth, the choice is not difficult. It is not in the narrative of a traveller that moral observation can be sacrificed to the charms of art.

Literary Record.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS, by Charles Robert Leslie.
Edited by Tom Taylor. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Charles Robert Leslie, to whom the reading world is indebted for a most entertaining record of personal reminiscences of celebrated persons, was an English artist, born of American parents, in London, October 19, 1794. Dunlap claims Leslie as an American artist, but without warrant, except as far as a few years' residence in this country during his boyhood can authorize the claim. Leslie, it is true, took his first lessons in art in Philadelphia, of Mr. Sully, as he himself records; but in 1811, at the age of 17 years, he went to London, and there remained, with but one interval of a few months' absence, during his life. He developed his taste and talent there, studying English literature, conforming to English habits and views, and was supported by an English circle of admirers. Leslie was an Englishman in the fullest sense. The interval alluded to consisted of a few months' sojourn in this country, he having received the appointment of Professor of Drawing at the West Point Military Academy. Disgusted, however, with government views of art and artists, as everybody must be who is cognizant of our government acts, past and present, in connection with art matters, he wisely decamped, retreating to a more congenial soil. Leslie's account of this visit, charitably colored, we think, is interesting, and we therefore quote it.

"In the year 1833 my brother, without consulting me (indeed, there was no time), obtained for me the appointment of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson River; and he and my sisters, as well as others of my friends in America, strongly urged me to accept it.

"The inducements they held out were, that it would give me a fixed income for life, that I should have the greater part of my time to myself, being obliged to attend the school only for two hours, on five days in the week; that I should be enabled to procure an excellent education for my sons at the Academy, free of expense; that the situation was a very healthy and beautiful one, and that in America the opportunities of settling my children for life were better than in England; that I should have a convenient house to live in, to which a commodious painting-room would (no doubt) be added at the expense of government; and that I should be once more among my relations and early friends. They represented to me that I could form no notion of the great improvements in all respects that had taken place in America since I had left it; that at least the experiment was worth a trial; and that, if I did not like the change,

I could return to England, having had an opportunity of visiting my relations at a less expense of time and money than would be possible under other circumstances. It was recommended to me that I should go alone, and, if I determined to remain, my wife and children should follow me.

"After a long and very harassing consideration of the matter, and after consulting those of my friends on whose judgment I placed the greatest reliance, I resolved to accept the situation, and my wife, great as the sacrifice was to her, determined to go with me, though her own relations, and particularly her brother, did not think very favorably of the scheme.

* * * * *

"We sailed from London on the 21st September, in the ship Philadelphia, Captain Morgan, and after a favorable passage of five weeks, arrived at New York.

"My brother came to New York to receive us on the morning after our arrival; but before going to West Point, we paid a visit to my sisters in Philadelphia. Nothing was omitted on the part of my relations and friends to make us as happy and comfortable as possible; but still, on returning to the scenes of my boyhood, after so long an absence, I felt like a stranger. I met some of my old school-fellows, but my lively playmates had now become grave, plodding men of business, and we could never be to each other as in the days of our youth. This I might have foreseen, and also that it would be a long time before I could make a new home of my old home. At West Point, I was delighted with the beautiful scenery, though the trees, when we arrived, were nearly bare of foliage. My brother saved me almost all trouble in furnishing and fitting up our house; which I found, however, less commodious than the one I had left in London. For my painting-room, I had only a *small attic*, but I was assured a convenient one should be built.

"I soon found that the school occupied much more of my time than I had expected. Saturday, it is true, was a holiday to the cadets, but it was less so to me than any other day in the week, for I had on that day to make a report of the conduct of my pupils. If, in this report, I censured any for misbehavior, they appealed, and I was obliged on the Monday to answer their appeals. When the examination, at the close of the year, took place, I was obliged to attend with the other teachers and the professors, from eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, for two or three weeks; and I was told I should be subject to the same attendance at the midsummer examination; but of this I had not been informed before I accepted the appointment.

"In the course of the winter my wife suffered a more severe illness than she had ever before experienced, and I began to doubt whether the climate of West Point was so healthy as my brother considered it. I found that where there was any predisposition to consumption in any of the cadets, it soon became necessary to remove them, and those who were removed never returned.

"Colonel de Russey, the Superintendent, was very desirous that the promised painting-room should be built, and assured me it should be done as soon as the season would permit. He had a plan drawn for it, and submitted to the Secretary of War at Washington, but without success. There existed, at that time, a party in Congress opposed to the very existence of the West Point Academy; and that party was just then making a strong effort to destroy it. This effort failed; but it was so far unlucky for me, that it prevented an application to Congress for the money necessary to build my room.

"I did not find that the expense of living in America was likely to be so much less than in England as I had been led to suppose. All articles of clothing were greatly dearer, and dress is a serious item in a large family.

"One hope which had weighed very much with me when I accepted the situation, was that I should find less difficulty in settling my children for life in America than in England; but from what I heard during my sojourn at West Point, I was inclined to doubt this.

Our reasoning is generally on the side of our inclinations; and so entirely did I now feel that England had become my home—so anxious was I to be again among my brother artists (the best in the world)—that had prudential reasons weighed more strongly than they seemed to do on the side of my remaining in America, I should probably have disregarded them. I felt assured also that I should make my wife happy by returning."

And he accordingly did return. Since that time matters have improved at West Point. Owing to the exertions of the present incumbent, Professor Weir, who, we believe, has been compelled to display the spirit of the place, and actually fight for artistic rights, by the side of military rights, the Professor of Drawing is esteemed and accommodated equally well with other Professors. To return to Leslie's book. Leslie says but little of himself after his return to England. We learn something through him of the relations of artists to the public and to their patrons, which knowledge needs to be diffused here for public instruction. All who are familiar with the progress of art in England know how to estimate the fine genius of Flaxman. Leslie tells us how he was served.

"Flaxman would have been among the foremost artists in the days of Julius II. and Leo X., but England, in the times of George III. and IV., was utterly unworthy of him. The British aristocracy, with the exception of Lord Egremont, patronized Canova, and almost every English sculptor, rather than Flaxman, the greatest of all. He was, indeed, above their comprehension, and thus he found time, while his chisel was unemployed, for his outline compositions; works which are looked to as a mine of wealth by all European sculptors, and from which painters as well as sculptors, British and foreign, have largely helped themselves.

"Canova, who was a noble-minded man, took every opportunity of pointing out the merits of Flaxman to the English nobility while they were crowding his studio, and giving him commissions which he was sometimes obliged to refuse. 'You English,' he said, 'see with your ears.'

"Lord Egremont, an exception to this reproach, employed Flaxman on his noble group of the Archangel Michael piercing Satan, and on a beautiful figure of a pastoral Apollo; but whatever other patronage he may have received from the nobility, it was miserably scanty for so great a genius. What must foreigners think who visit London (and who, if they have any taste, must be well acquainted with the powers of Flaxman) when they walk through our streets and squares, and meet with no work of his hand excepting only one of the statues and the bass-reliefs in front of Covent Garden Theatre, for which his country is indebted solely to the private regard of the architect, and John Kemble, for Flaxman?

"I have been told by Mr. Baily, that Flaxman would not have been employed on the statue of Nelson for St. Paul's, had it not been that the hero himself was acquainted with him, and was known to have said, "If ever there should be a statue erected of me, I hope, Flaxman, you will carve it." He had competed unsuccessfully for the monument in St. Paul's, and when, for the reason mentioned, it was agreed by the committee of *taste* that he should make a statue of Nelson, he was desired to work from Westmacott's design, which the committee preferred to his own!! He submitted, but never competed again. Chantry was wiser, and never competed on any occasion."

Turner was treated but little better, as the following extract testifies. Turner's fame having been spread by Ruskin, we quote additionally most of what Leslie says of him, the latter portion of the extract relating to the pictures owned by Mr. Lenox, which few in this country have seen, or know to be here, being not the least interesting part.

"On the 19th of December in this year [1851] died the greatest

painter of the time, by some thought the greatest of all the English painters. By many, however, and perhaps by the best judges, Turner will be placed in that class

"whose genius is such,
That we never can praise it or blame it too much."

"The artists, with scarcely an exception, had, from the beginning of his career, done him justice. But he passed through life little noticed by the aristocracy (Lord Egremont being, as he had been in the case of Flaxman, the principal exception), and never by Royalty. Callcott and other painters, immeasurably below him, were knighted; and, whether Turner desired such a distinction or not, I think it probable he was hurt by its not having been offered to him. Probably, also, he expected to fill the chair of the Academy, on the death of Sir Martin Shee; but, greatly as his genius would have adorned it, on almost every other account, he was incapable of occupying it with credit to himself or to the institution, for he was a confused speaker, and wayward and peculiar in many of his opinions, and expected a degree of deference on account of his age and high standing as a painter, which the members could not invariably pay him, consistently with the interests of the Academy and of the Arts.

"Having said that he received but little notice from the nobility, with the exception of much patronage from Lord Egremont, I must not omit to mention that he painted one of his largest and grandest pictures for Lord Yarborough, and another, as fine, for the Marquis of Stafford. Mr. Rogers, with less means of patronage, was always his great admirer, and has associated his name with that of Turner in one of the most beautifully illustrated volumes that has ever appeared.

"It is remarkable that the poet was equally the friend and admirer of Flaxman and Stothard, while the titled and wealthy of the country lost for themselves the honor of connecting themselves with names that will probably outlive their own.

"Sir George Beaumont was a sincere friend to the Arts, but in many things a mistaken one. He was right in his patronage of Wilkie and of Haydon, but he ridiculed Turner, whom he endeavored to talk down. He did the same with respect to Stothard, and though personally very friendly to Constable, he never seems to have had much perception of his extraordinary genius.

"Turner was very amusing on the varnishing, or rather the painting days, at the Academy. Singular as were his habits, for nobody knew where or how he lived, his nature was social, and at our lunch on those anniversaries, he was the life of the table. The Academy has relinquished, very justly, a privilege for its own members which it could not extend to all exhibitors. But I believe, had the varnishing days been abolished while Turner lived, it would almost have broken his heart. When such a measure was hinted to him, he said, 'Then you will do away with the only social meetings we have, the only occasions on which we all come together in an easy, unrestrained manner. When we have no varnishing days, we shall not know one another.'

"In 1832, when Constable exhibited his 'Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' it was placed in the school of painting—one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea-piece, by Turner, was next to it—a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive color in any part of it. Constable's 'Waterloo' seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the 'Waterloo' to his own picture, and at last brought his palette from the great room where he was touching another picture, and putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his grey sea, went away without saying a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. I came into the room just as Turner left it. 'He has been here,' said Constable,

'and fired a gun.' On the opposite wall was a picture, by Jones, of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the furnace. 'A coal,' said Cooper, 'has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea.' The great man did not come again into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy.

"Parsimonious as were Turner's habits, he was not a miser. It was often remarked, that he had never been known to give a dinner. But when dining with a large party at Blackwall, the bill, a heavy one, being handed to Chantrey (who headed the table), he threw it to Turner by way of joke, and Turner paid it, and would not allow the company to pay their share. I know, also, that he refused large offers for his 'Téméraire,' because he intended to leave it to the nation.

"Like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he avoided expressing his opinions of living artists. I never heard him praise any living painter but Stothard; neither did I ever hear him disparage any living painter, nor any living man.

"Mr. Ruskin, in a lecture he delivered at Edinburgh, draws a touching picture of the neglect and loneliness in which Turner died.* This picture, however, must lose much of its intended effect when it is known that such seclusion was Turner's own fault. No death-bed could be more surrounded by attentive friends than his might have been, had he chosen to let his friends know where he lived. He had constantly dinner invitations, which he seldom even answered, but appeared at the table of the inviter or not as it suited him. His letters were addressed to him at his house in Queen Ann street; but the writers never knew where he really resided. It may well be supposed that a man so rich, advanced in life, and, as was thought, without near relations, should be much courted. He had for many years quoted in the Academy catalogues a MS. poem, 'The Fallacies of Hope;' and I believe that among his papers such a MS., though not in poetic form, was found by some of his friends to be his will.

"I am very far from supposing that Mr. Ruskin belonged to this class of Turner's friends; for I have not a doubt that his enthusiastic admiration of his art and mind was genuine; and expressed with no other feeling of self-interest than the pride of being known to be capable of appreciating him.

"Turner was short and stout, and he had a sturdy, sailor-like walk. There was, in fact, nothing elegant in his appearance, full of elegance as he was in art. He might be taken for the captain of a river steamboat at a first glance; but a second would find far more in his face than belongs to any ordinary mind. There was that peculiar keenness of expression in his eye that is only seen in men of constant habits of observation. His voice was deep and musical, but he was the most confused and tedious speaker I ever heard. In careless conversation he often expressed himself happily, and he was very playful: at a dinner table nobody more joyous. He was, as I have said, a social man in his nature; and it is probable that his recluse manner of living arose very much from the strong wish, which every artist must feel, to have his time entirely at his own command.

"It fell to my lot to select the first of his pictures that went to America. Mr. James Lenox, of New York, who knew his works only from engravings, wished very much to possess one, and wrote to me to that effect. I replied, that his rooms were full of unsold works, and I had no doubt he would part with one. Mr. Lenox expressed his willingness to give 500*l.*, and left the choice to me. I called on Turner, and asked if he would let a picture go to America. 'No; they won't come up to the scratch' I knew what he meant, for another American had offered him a low price for the 'Téméraire.' I told him a friend of mine would give 500*l.* for anything he

* "Cut off, in great part," says Mr. Ruskin, "from all society, first by labor, and last by sickness, hunted to his grave by the malignity of small critics and the jealousy of hopeless rivalry, he died in the house of a stranger."

would part with. His countenance brightened, and he said at once, 'He may have that, or that, or that,'—pointing to three not small pictures. I chose a sunset view of Staffa, which I had admired more than most of his works from the time when it was first exhibited. It was in an old frame, but Turner would have a very handsome new one made for it. When it reached New York, Mr. Lenox was out of town; and we were in suspense some time about its reception. About a fortnight after its arrival he returned to New York, but only for an hour, and wrote to me, after a first hasty glance, to express his great disappointment. He said he could almost fancy the picture had sustained some damage on the voyage, it appeared to him so indistinct throughout. Still he did not doubt its being very fine, and he hoped to see its merits on further acquaintance; but, for the present, he could not write to Mr. Turner, as he could only state his present impression.

"Unfortunately, I met Turner at the Academy, a night or two after I received this letter, and he asked if I had heard from Mr. Lenox. I was obliged to say yes.

" 'Well, and how does he like the picture?'

" 'He thinks it indistinct.'

" 'You should tell him,' he replied, 'that indistinctness is my fault.'

" 'In the meantime, I had answered Mr. Lenox's letter, pointing out, as well as I could, the merits of the picture, and concluded by saying, 'If, on a second view, it gains in your estimation, it will assuredly gain more and more every time you look at it.' Mr. Lenox, in reply, said, 'You have exactly described what has taken place: I now admire the picture greatly, and I have brought one or two of my friends to see it as I do, but it will never be a favorite with the multitude. I can now write to Mr. Turner, and tell him conscientiously how much I am delighted with it.'

"Mr. Lenox soon afterward came to London, and bought another picture of Turner's, at a sale, and, I think, another of himself, and would have bought 'The Téméraire,' but Turner had then determined not to sell it.

"It was reported that Turner had declared his intention of being buried in his 'Carthage,' the picture now in the National Gallery. I was told that he said to Chantrey, 'I have appointed you one of my executors. Will you promise to see me rolled up in it?' 'Yes,' said Chantrey; and I promise you also that as soon as you are buried I will see you taken up and unrolled.'

Leslie's forte as an artist lay in the portrayal of humorous character, such as we find in the creations of Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, and Sterne. Not but what he painted other scenes and characters of a higher order than the term humorous signifies; but it was in the high comedy of life that his artistic nature derived its chief inspiration, and in which he was most successful. The editor of the book, Tom Taylor, says—

"In selecting the most salient merits of this painter, I am only echoing the general verdict when I pitch first upon his power of rendering character, particularly of the humorous kind. But this power was thoroughly under the guidance of that chastening good taste which can treat even coarse subjects without vulgarity, and make otherwise odious incidents tolerable by redeeming glimpses of humanity and good feeling."

Furthermore, and which may be said to convey a full idea of his merits:

"Another charm in Leslie's work is the inborn and genuine—if often homely—beauty and grace of his women. Speaking from my own feeling, I should find it difficult to parallel, for this quality, his *Perdita* in the *Sheepshanks* picture, or his *Beatrice* in the *Gibbons* collection. But all his women, even the humblest, have as much beauty as is compatible with their class, character, and occu-

pation. This beauty never degenerates into the meretricious or the tawdry. It is eminently the real and work-day charm of human flesh and blood, whether it be refined and high-bred as in the *Duchess* or the ladies of the "Rape of the Lock;" or simple and naïve as in the *Perdita*; or rustic and Blowy as in the *Mopsa* and *Dorcas*; or ripe, melting, and provocative, as in the *Widow Wadman*. Closely akin to this sentiment of genuine womanly loveliness, is Leslie's intense feeling for the domesticities. No mother, I should think, can see that little picture of his, in which a lovely young woman nestles her face in the chubby neck of the crowing baby on her knee, without a thrill of maternal love at her heart. But whatever he has done in this way is free from all mawkishness. There is no trading in the 'deep domestic,' as a good salable article for the market. In this, as in all he did, good taste has chastened and checked Leslie's pencil.

"In going through Leslie's recollections and correspondence, I have found myself often drawn to a comparison of him as a painter with his friend Washington Irving as a writer. I trace a good many points of resemblance between them, as in the hearty love of both for the nearer past of English life and manners; their unaffected sensibility to the graceful and refined in woman, and to the domestic affections; their genial relish for the humorous in character, with a not unkindred appreciation of the pathetic; their genuine Anglicism of sentiment and spirit—Americans as both were by blood: and lastly, their ever-present good taste in treating every subject they took in hand."

We conclude our extracts with the following statement, by his son, of Leslie's "method of working," and "daily habits," referring the reader to the book itself for a fund of interesting matter concerning distinguished authors, with whom we may be allowed to suppose them more familiar than with the author of the book.

"His painting-room,' says his son George, 'differed from those of most artists on one point. He never hung up any of his own works or studies on the walls, but had a great many fine examples of other painters—chiefly copies by himself from the old masters. He considered that an artist who fed his eye with his own works was sure to get into a mannered style of painting. He painted in the simplest manner, always trying to get his work like in tone and color to the object he painted from as soon as possible. He had a particular objection to the practice of preparing his work in one color, to be afterward altered to another by glazing. He used to say, that unless you possessed a most extraordinary knowledge of the chemical, as well as modifying, qualities of colors, it was always very uncertain whether you would obtain by that means the exact tint you wanted.

"He was very quick in working, especially in painting heads; I don't think he ever kept a model more than two hours at a time, and generally finished a head the second day, though he frequently rubbed his work out, if it was not satisfactory to him, and painted it in afresh. I have often sat to him, and he had always finished before I was tired.

"He very seldom praised his own work; but I have often seen him laughing at some expression that pleased him in his picture.

"In giving instruction to young artists he used to say very little, but he would take the palette and brushes himself, and show them a great deal. He never, however, took this trouble with any student for whom he felt there was no hope. He was kind to all young artists, and never spoke to them in the way of criticism without some qualifying expression, such as, 'I may be wrong,' or 'Perhaps you are right.'

"His palette was always kept clean, and he put more color on it than he thought he should use, as he said he hated a starved palette. On the same principle he provided himself with a most liberal supply of brushes, in the choice of which he was a little dif-

ferent from most artists I have seen work. He used a great many more sable brushes than any other, and was especially fond of very small ones, with which he put the delicate touches on his heads.

“He worked very steadily and cheerfully, keeping up a sort of whistling at times, which I think he was unconscious of, as he was always absorbed in thinking about what he was painting. I remember him once walking about, looking for his palette-knife, which he was holding in his hand all the time.

“He had a very pretty habit of going into the garden before breakfast and picking either a honeysuckle or a rose—his favorite flowers—and putting them in a glass on the mantel-shelf in his painting-room. I hardly ever saw his room in the summer without these flowers, and we have a little sketch of a rose, which he picked and brought into the house so gently that he did not disturb a beautiful little moth on it.

“He took a great interest in astronomy. His knowledge of this science was very slight, but the pleasure he had in the various appearances in the heavens was unbounded, so much so, that he used to say an eclipse seemed to take place on purpose for his pleasure. He once said to me that he thought it very likely that part of our happiness in the next life would be derived from finding out the wonders of the creation which are hidden to us here.

“He entertained the greatest veneration for all celebrated scientific men, and once had a correspondence with Professor Faraday on the blue color of the sky. The Professor’s kind replies delighted my father beyond measure.

“He would rise about eight o’clock in the winter, and about seven in the summer, when he would walk in the garden before breakfast. He had breakfast at nine, and enjoyed the newspaper very much, taking great interest in politics, or any topic that occupied the public attention. He always read a chapter in the Bible to us all afterward, and then, about half-past nine or ten, he would commence work, sometimes being read to at the same time. He did not object to the presence of any of his family in his room, but sometimes, when very busy, he would turn us out, especially the younger ones, whom he called “trudies,” his corruption of intruders. He was never irritated at anything whilst at work, but seemed always calm and happy. He was rather absent in his mind about trivial things. He would sometimes strike a carpet-pin, mistaking it for a lucifer match, and was very apt to forget people’s names, unless connected in some way with his art. But if any one possessed a fine picture, however common-place and uninteresting that person might otherwise be, he always remembered his name, and was always ready to go and see him.

“He lunched at one, and would generally leave off work about four o’clock, when he would go out, but seldom without some object, as to see pictures at the auction-rooms, or to call on people who possessed pictures.

“He dined generally at six o’clock, and, after a nap, would either play at chess, which he was very fond of, or else would read to us from Shakspeare or “Don Quixote,” and sometimes passages from “Tristram Shandy.” He was very fond of having friends to see him in the evening, though, unless his company possessed some knowledge of the art he took but little pleasure in them.”

MODERN PAINTERS, vol. v. By John Ruskin. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

The concluding volume of “Modern Painters” is at length published. Mr. Ruskin accounts for the delay in its publication by various causes, the chief one being a devotion of time and labor to an arrangement of the drawings which Turner bequeathed to the English nation. The volume contains interesting botanical studies, fine descriptions and arbitrary judgments of “old masters.” Its illustrations are beautiful examples of engraving, and the book contains what all who have read the

previous volumes must prize—a full Index. We shall recur to it again in future numbers.

THE TIDES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light,
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.
There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
Is not more still than they.
But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;
His rising tides I hear,
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;
I see them breaking near.
Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair
Pure light that sits on high—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where
The mother waters lie.
Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show
Again its glimmering crest;
Again it feels the fatal weight below,
And sinks, but not to rest.
Again and yet again; until the Deep
Recalls his brood of waves;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
Back to his inner caves.
Brief respite! they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
Up toward the placid moon.
Oh, restless Sea, that in thy prison here
Dost struggle and complain;
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
To that fair orb in vain.
The glorious source of light and heat must warm
Thy bosom with his glow,
And on those mounting waves a nobler form
And freer life bestow.
Then only may they leave the waste of brine
In which they welter here,
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
In a serener sphere. N. Y. Ledger.

THE ST. MEMIN COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS.

We give on the next page a list of the portraits executed by St. Memin fifty years ago, the discovery of which we gave an account of in the June number, and which are to be published by Mr. E. Dexter during the coming autumn. The object of the publication of the list is to inform descendants of the parties whose names are given of the existence of such a collection, the publisher hoping to obtain through them biographical facts, which he intends to publish with the portraits. He also hopes to obtain some clue to the identification of a few heads, to which there is no name attached. The portraits, which are all in profile, and of ordinary miniature size, are to be photographed and published, twelve on a sheet, in a book of a large quarto form. The work will be one of the most unique, in respect to historical portraiture, on record. The Prospectus furnishes further particulars.