

intelligence. His English friends were fond of directing his attention to objects of European civilization, in order to hear his remarks upon them. One day he was shown a miniature of a friend of his, a certain Mr. Keate. On seeing it, he exclaimed—"Missa Keate, good—very good." "Do you," said a gentleman present, "understand the true meaning of this picture?" "Oh yes," was the reply, "Missa Keate die, this Missa Keate live." The greatest philosopher could not have given a more eloquent description of the ends, uses and poetry of portrait painting. And bearing in mind this principle, that a portrait is something to live when the original is laid in the tomb, how very vain seem many of the fashionable productions of our own day. What kind of portrait would we desire to have of a deceased parent? Would we care for one of a mother decked in silks and satins as she appeared at the great ball in the year blank, given in honor of somebody or something? Or of a father as he appeared in full uniform at the dinner given to him for his gallant conduct at the battle of West what's-its-name? Would you not rather have a representation of those features as you had known them, with the every day garb and every day expression of the evening family circle—something that when the bodies had become dust, should still preserve a vivid recollection of the ordinary life of the beloved departed?

No Scotchman here present, and no one else who has ever seen the poorest engraving of it, can have forgotten that exquisite portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by Raeburn. It is related that when Sir Walter first gave the painter a sitting, he was fidgety and constrained, with an almost morose expression of countenance. In vain did he talk to him, it was no use. Raeburn saw that he might produce an accurate likeness of the man, but no indication of the mind of the great unknown. Suddenly, by a happy thought, he turned the conversation to ancient border poetry. The bard was himself in a moment. Out came the quiet smile and sparkle of the eye such as his friends knew, and such as his world-wide admirers would have wished to have known.* This is the true art of portrait painting, that art for which the finest production of the Photographer can never be a substitute.

I have been thus particular, and I am afraid tedious, in trying to define the peculiar relation of art with nature, because it is this connexion that I want to insist on always in the application of art to common things. Now I am not going to touch at all on taste as applied in the highest

* See Note A. Appendix.