



F. WILSON, ESQ.

Milwaukee that will take me away then. Mr. White says you know how to finish up photographs also in water-colors, and you get a high price for some of them. Besides, I would like very much to take a few lessons in landscape painting in oils; and I wish you to understand that the cost will make no difference at all to me. All I want is the tricks and the dodges of colors and so on, and any reasonable price is ready."

"My dear Sir," said I, when I could catch my breath, "I have found, after twenty years' application to art, that, after learning a few technicalities, progress in art is the result of accumulated knowledge and information concerning the subjects you are to represent; and your success will be very nearly in a ratio to the sum of what you know, and your ability to represent what you know in your materials, so that others may understand you, and think and feel with you. Then, if you have the genius to think and feel rightly, and use the best means of representation, you may hope to become an artist if you work hard several years."

"But all I want to know is how you sketch 'em off—just the slight way you make those so much admired water-color sketches that you do in an hour or two. And I say again I don't care what it costs."

Again, choking down a disposition to misuse my mother tongue, I replied:

"To be able to sketch well is like ripe fruit on the tree—there is a long life of art study and practice between beginning and sketching. I could not undertake to teach any thing of real value to you in less than a year."

F. W. again, blatant: "I see advertisements nearly every day of those who will teach in ten or twelve lessons the whole art in oil and water-

colors, landscape figures and photographs. I think there must be some prejudice you have got against me, or you would let me into your secret."

If this individual had appeared to me in my studio I could have taken my hat and left, or quietly shown him the door; but there was no leaving the beach nor kicking him off, so it became a necessity to bear with his importunities to be "let into the secret for any reasonable price" for nearly a week. He cut my stay short many days. Flies, mosquitoes, snakes, rain, hunger, and thirst, the dangers of the waves, were all swallowed up in this one great visitation. I could only revenge myself by sketching him as he would sit on our wash-tub table, hour after hour, looking over my sketches, with polished hat perched on three hairs, cigar in position, lost in wonder and admiration, and burning with desire to be "let in." It is a standing wonder that any mortal can be so uninformed on art matters. Naturalists spend a whole lifetime, with the most brilliant talents, acquiring a sufficient knowledge of their science to enable them to distinguish, and name, and classify animated nature, and the most capable men have added the experience of their most valuable lives in perfecting the methods of study; and botanists, and geologists, and men in every profession and trade, and every walk of life, find the years too fleeting and few for a perfect mastery of the things brought into their special notice. Even a house carpenter is contented to serve a term of years at the trade; but here is a man whose lofty conceit and profound ignorance drive him frantic because a poor artist will not undertake to "let him into" Nature's world of infinite mysteries in a week.

As a sheet-anchor in this sea of trouble Dox, my Indian friend, whiled away many an hour of twilight or foggy morning with his violin, on which he is an excellent performer. Old Oneida knows the power of his bow, when with my uncle as second he went from dance to dance the county round. Sometimes my flute took up a tune which we both happened to



MR. WILLIAMS.