

of cossacks rustling up the back stairs of the ladies of the Court; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing. Discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment? While the chaplain is preaching the king is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher; so loud that the clergyman—it may be one Dr. Young, he who wrote "Night Thoughts," and discoursed on the splendours of the stars the glories of heaven, and utter vanities of this world—actually burst out crying in his pulpit because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics would not listen to him! No wonder that the clergy were corrupt and indifferent amidst this indifference and corruption. No wonder that skeptics multiplied and morals degenerated, so far as they depended on the influence of such a king. No wonder that Whitfield cried out in the wilderness, that Wesley quitted the insulted temple to pray on the hill-side. I look with reverence on these men at that time. Which is the sublimer spectacle—the good John Wesley, surrounded by his congregation of miners at the pit's mouth, or the queen's chaplains mumbling through their morning office in their ante-room, under the picture of the great Venus, with the door opened into the adjoining chamber, where the queen is dressing, talking scandal to Lord Harvey, or uttering sneers at Lady Suffolk, who is kneeling with the basin at her mistress's side? I say I am scared as I look round at this society—at this king, at these bishops—at this flaunting vice and levity. Whereabouts in this Court is the honest man?—Where is the pure person one may like? The air stifles one with its sickly perfumes. There are some old-world follies and some absurd ceremonies about our Court of the present day, which I laugh at, but as an Englishman, contrasting it with the past, shall I not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St James' passes me now I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life; the accomplished lady; the enlightened friend of art; the tender sympathizer in her people's glories and sorrows."

not as yet had the opportunity of reading his final volume, but we confess to an admiration of his character as an independent and original thinker. He has been much abused by some of the reviewers, particularly Blackwood, but he scorns their criticisms and goes on his way nobly and unshackled. We understand that in his last volume he acknowledges some "aberrations of judgment" in former volumes, but maintains that "this ought not to diminish the reader's confidence in the book," A sentiment in which we heartily concur. He adds, "all true opinions are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment—therefore of change." In his preface, Mr. Ruskin gives an interesting account of his labours in arranging the Turner drawings for the National gallery, a work which occupied him, with two assistants, all the autumn and winter of 1857, every day, all day long, and often far into the night.

"They consisted [says Mr. Ruskin] of upwards of nineteen thousand pieces of paper, drawn upon by Turner in one way or another. Many on both sides; some with four, five, or six subjects on each side [the pencil point digging spiritedly through from the foregrounds of the front into the tender pieces of sky on the back]; some in chalk, which the touch of the finger would sweep away; others in ink, rotted into holes; others, [some splendid coloured drawings among them] long eaten away by damp and mildew, and falling into dust at the edges, in capes and bays of fragile decay; others worm-eaten, some mouse-eaten and torn half-way through; numbers doubled [quadrupled, I should say] up into four, being Turner's favorite mode of packing for travelling; nearly all rudely flattened out from the bundles in which Turner had finally rolled them up and squeezed them into his drawers in Queen Anne Street. Dust of thirty years' accumulation, black, dense and sooty, lay in the rents of the crushed and crumpled edges of these flattened bundles, looking like a jagged black frame, and producing altogether unexpected effects in brilliant portions of skies, whence an accidental or experimental finger mark of the first bundle unfold had swept it away."

Mr. Ruskin has completed his great work on "Modern Painters." We have