

misfortune, and many a half-drowned struggler has reached the sunny shores of fame and fortune by taking hold of the skirts of his great example."

The National Gallery fronts on Trafalgar Square. One is always surprised at the comparatively few visitors there. Perhaps too, their necks get cramped and their brains drunk.

The Padre likes Dutch pictures, which I argue are ugly in their extreme realism. He bluntly tells me that I am "ignorant of the first principles of art," which sounds very superior on his part. Aside from their richness of coloring, the paintings might be photographs, so perfect is their minutiae. The artists of this watery Arcadia had perforce to depict domestic life, simple landscapes, dykes, pigs, cows, pots and pans, for lack of more striking *motif*. They limn the women as big-haunched and lubberly; possibly to match the stolid-faced, doughymen. It was of these pictures Ruskin spoke when he gave it as his opinion, that a Dutchman seated between a cheese paring and a lemon pip, could look as solemnly contemplative as an Italian before the Virgin Mary.

Turner is the other extreme of Dutch art. He paints etherealized truth. His confused obscurities are "an intermediate, somewhat between a thought and a thing." More nearly than any artist, he rendered the transparent by the opaque. It was into "the bridge of colors seven" he dipped his brush, to catch the glorious visions of purple and flame color. that enchant the beholder. Turner cast aside the lenses of conventional technicalities and made his own law. It was simple—it was perilous—it was superbly demonstrated; "You ought only to paint your impressions." His brush is an Aaron's rod that eats up all other brushes.

Landseer's animals have human eyes; Hogarth's evergreen *marriage à la mode*, Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael, they stagger and daze so that you are glad to leave them, promising your-