

failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, any representation made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now invaluable to me, and much better than none at all. It has always struck me that historical portrait galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of national collections of pictures whatever; that, in fact, they ought to exist in every country, as among the most popular and cherished national possessions. Lord Chancellor Clarendon made a brave attempt in that kind for England; but his house and Gallery fell asunder in a sad way."

The number of portraits is now considerable, and a mere ramble through the various rooms is altogether insufficient. Many days must we spend before we can digest what is spread before our eyes. This applies, much more strongly, to the National Gallery itself, and many books might be, and are, written on the subject. It is one of deep interest, full of the romance of history. It takes one back into the lives of the painters of all nations, and of all schools,—back to their struggles, their successes, their sorrows, their joys. And then the history of the pictures themselves is fascinating in the extreme. How some of them