

it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the strolling spheres of falsehood.—*Emerson. FORTY-FIVE.*

J. R. GREEN.—The most striking thing in the book of J. R. Green is the first thing in it, a portrait on steel of the lamented author whose death was one of last year's greatest losses in literature. The portrait is an engraving by Stodart from a chalk drawing by Sandys, and is a remarkable portrait, distressingly remarkable. We do not remember ever to have seen the expression of physical suffering in a human countenance so powerfully depicted. The drawing was apparently made as the dying historian, dying by inches, but holding to his work with indomitable will, sat propped up in his chair or lay weakly on his bed. The loose folds of some sick man's garment hang lightly about his shoulders. The head is a noble head, with a lofty dome-like forehead, the hair scarcely advancing beyond the crown. The eyes are clear, vivid and penetrating. The cheeks are not particularly wasted. It is about the mouth that the expression of intense suffering is concentrated. The lips are open, showing the upper teeth; and no imagination merely could have sketched the deep lines that hollow the face and draw the skin back toward the jaws. A living sufferer *must* have guided the artist's hand, and the artist's hand have followed his subject with wonderful—painful fidelity. A fine type of manly intellectual beauty lies behind this death-mask; but the death-mask itself—this dying visage of one of the truest scholars and ablest writers and purest spirits known to modern England's history—is enough to haunt one's dreams.

There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it mid familiar things, and through their lowly guise.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*