

of what they set out to gain.) The mad pleasures of the life, even the discomforts, the possible starvation, have their value in being such contrasts to the precision of the home he has left. Material difficulties, too, matter little to him, for his interests are on another plane. He can escape from the harassing knowledge that his purse contains only twopence-halfpenny in the glorious oblivion of painting a picture or fitting exact words to an emotion. He has always a temple in his mind which the winds of trouble do not enter, and where he may worship before a secret altar a flame that burns more steadily and brighter with every offering he lays before it. More practical things disturb him very little—do you remember Hazlitt's saying, when he and John Lamb "got into a discussion as to whether Holbein's colouring was as good as that of Vandyke? Hazlitt denied it. Lamb asserted the contrary; till at length they both became so irritated they upset the card-table and seized each other by the throat. In the struggle that ensued Hazlitt got a black eye; but, when the two combatants were parted, Hazlitt turned to Talfourd, who was offering his aid, and said: 'You need not trouble yourself, sir. *I do not mind a blow, sir; nothing affects me but an abstract idea.*'"*

That is a very perfect illustration of the Bohemian's attitude towards reverses of fortune

* B. R. Haydon's "Correspondence."