fect sensation, for the sentiment of Nature is derived directly from this sensation, and *sentiment* is the soul of Art. It is true that the greatest painter *will inevitably be the one who* SEES MOST *in Nature*, but he who sees only the external forms has the eyes of the body alone open. The visual organ will take in the images of many objects which are not recognized by the mind or retained in the memory, because their sentiment was not awakened when they were seen. If, then, I might use a transcendentalism, I should say that sentiment was the sensation of the soul, mere vision being of the bodily organ.

Therefore, having by our gymnastics perfected every physical sense, we come next to the full enjoyment of the *use* of those senses and sensations—to the cultivation of our perceptive faculties; and we cannot be said to have perceived anything fully until its meaning also is accepted —its inner and essential nature felt.

And to develop this power of deepest and clearest perception is *the end of Art*, as the capacity is the first requisite for an artist. Does any one dream that Art has no other purpose than to produce perishable works, to give form to marble, or color to canvas, when both marble and canvas must decay, while the human soul is yet on the threshold of life! No! the great work of Art is within ourselves, to teach us as artists to see the universe and its mysteries, to fathom and grasp the harmonies of the Eternal Beauty, to foster the

> "Sense sublime
> Of something, far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

All that we make shall have an end, but that which we become shall endure for ever—we are artists, not for Art, but for ourselves, and now we find the importance of Plato's order of education—first, being men, that we may find the right physical enjoyment of everything; then artists, that we may perceive the true appearances of all things, and feel their poetic meanings; then philosophers, that we may learn the reason of everything; passing through the threefold action of sensation, perception, and reflection, and so shall we be perfect men and women, and prepared for a more exalted state of existence. We may understand, therefore, that it is important that we consider Art not as a thing to be practised by the few for the many, but by each one of all for himself, though there will inevitably be some who, having greater original capacity for the study, will be called artists *par excellence*, and these will always be the teachers of their more tardy and less perceptive fellow-men, being those who see most deeply into the truth of Nature. When, therefore, I speak of the artist, I do not mean one who follows Art as a sole occupation, but every person who has a love of beauty, and the capacity to perceive it *in Nature*, for all such are artists in the degree of their love and capacity. Whatever relation may exist between conception and execution, it is in the thought—the IDEA—that we find the artist, and by its value that we stamp him. Get the ideas—have the Art in you, and whether you ever put it on canvas is a minor matter—if you cannot say with Correggio, "I, too, am a painter," you may say a better thing than that—I, too, am an artist—for the Artist is deeper, and higher, and broader, than the painter.

A SKETCH OF LONDON LIFE.

IT is nine o'clock in the morning. This is the time for an immense daily emigration from Western to Eastern London—one set of emigrants is packed off in omnibuses, carriages, cabs, and hansoms along Regent street and the Strand, and another along Oxford street and Holborn, while a third troupe of performers on the eastern stage is landed by steamboats at the foot of Westminster, Blackfriars, and London Bridges. Talk of the emigration of Huns to Rome, or of Irish to New York! It is all nonsense. Look at this daily rush of millions from one part of a city to another, and if you are not altogether dead to enthusiasm, let us remind you that here is an excellent opportunity to make an investment of some of this exhilarating commodity. It is something wonderful. We lodged for eight years in the midst of this whirlpool of excitement, and, like Niagara, London grew upon us the more we saw of it. But of all the fascinations of that huge city, none struck us so powerfully as the daily rush from the west to the east, and a business day in this busy city.

No wonder that the English are so instinct with common sense. One day in the city is enough to cure all dyspepsias, and to make one curse all metaphysics. Here is glorious cosmopolitan humanity—but a gentlemanly cosmopolitanity. Alexandria and Tyre, Venice, Genoa, and the Hanse towns, with Byzante, Smyrna, and Amsterdam, huddled together in a three-penny omnibus *pêle-mêle* with England, Scotland, and Wales, a fair sprinkling of the United States, the West Indies, and Brazil, together with Pekin and Bombay—all rushing to "the Bank."

At the Bank of England, or at the head of Cheapside, in front of the Mansion House, most of the omnibuses stop, and universal commerce leaps out in the shape of quiet and gentlemanly looking men, most of them preserving an air of cheerful repose in the midst of chaotic excitement, and walking off with singular composure to their respective offices. Many of them come from sumptuous residences; they are the heads or partners of the firm. Another tide rushes in from Islington, City Road, and other less costly localities; they are clerks and bookkeepers. A third tide comes in from the small streets and lanes clustering around Thames street, and Bishopsgate,

and Holborn, and other still less palatable quarters; they are porters and assistants of a lower order. There is one expression which distinguishes them all, whatever other divergences of position there may be,—an air of repose and cheerful self-confidence. Every one seems to be in exactly the place for which he is fitted. Remarkable is the doggedness with which he faces his fate. Millions rush in this wise to the city every day with the same punctuality as cattle are daily driven to Smithfield Market, and the only striking outward contrast between man and beast is that while occasionally a bull breaks loose from his driver in Smithfield, and sallies forth upon his own hook into the wilderness of Holborn, to the unspeakable terror of the old ladies in that neighborhood, city-bound man never breaks loose from his task, and, year in year out, the same faces make their appearance with inflexible discipline of life, and with most awful stolidity of purpose.

Of course many die, or from one cause or another, come to be disabled in the course of time, but on an average there is a sufficient number of city-bound men always on hand, looking in 1850 as they did in 1820, and probably in 1900 will look as they do now in 1856, conveying to an unsophisticated foreigner a certain awful sense of city immortality, which clashes most singularly with all theological conceptions of this blessed state of existence.

The universal utilitarian sneer of business haunts, so distasteful to gipsies and poets generally, and so disgusting when observed individually, becomes here almost fascinating through a sense of its universality; reaching to the very height of poesy and most intoxicating to gipsy-genius by the very infinitude of its aspect, and by the colossal unity which is preserved amidst world-wide varieties and specialities. Along the shores of the Thames, with thousands of ships around us bearing the flags of all nations; in the interior of the dock-yards and warehouses and granaries, and amid the wines of Spain, and Portugal, and France, the spices and drugs of the East, the corn and cotton of the West, the accumulated wealth of universal Nature and skill of universal man, all concentrated upon this one spot, and that spot the one we stand upon; in the crowded lanes of Throgmorton street, Broad street, Lombard street, Fenchurch street, Bishopsgate street, and in the dingy offices, where, with the quickness of lightning, but also with its clearness, a handful of bankers, shipowners, merchants, and brokers sign quietly checks and letters, which settle in a few hours the business of the world; on 'Change, in Mark lane, in Mincing lane, on the Stock Exchange, or in the office of the Barings and the Rothschilds, of John Lloyd, Glyn, and Masterman, in the Bank of England, and in the Underwriters' and Merchants' Room of Lloyds, in the Baltic and North American Coffee House, in the Jamaica Rooms, and through all the places and faces which one day's ramble in the city could bring us in contact with, the thought, that all this hubbub and hocus-pocus is created by physical necessities—by the stomach and nakedness of mankind, had lost its power over our mind. Fresh from the sentiment-evolving influences of Italian, German, and French life, we looked always upon this city of London and its fiendish matter-of-factness as something repulsive, something unutterably disgusting. But in the sense of immensity with which its oceanic grandeur filled our souls, we began to blush for narrow-minded prejudices, and we breathed freely and nobly in this almost majestical atmosphere. In this compact London-crowd one feels like an Arab horse in the thick of the battle, or in the wilderness of the desert. Yet through the smoke of the cornfields of Mark lane, and the sugar and oil flames of Mincing lane, is apparent a powerful physical atmosphere of intellectuality. The whole system is animated with a mighty shock of invigorating stirring life. Sometimes, in conversing with one or the other decorous corn factor, or shaking hands with some jolly cotton broker, we could not help laughing internally at the thought of the strange impression which we would produce upon the factor's or broker's mind, if we had told him that our thoughts were half with his corn and half with Humboldt's Cosmos, or half with his cotton and half with Shakspeare's dramas.

But the truth is, that the universality which liveth in Humboldt's mind, and which lived in Shakspeare's soul, stood constantly before our thoughts while rambling over this mighty city life. Man's appetite and wants which require so many corn and cotton factors, became to us suddenly imbued with a poesy, against the power of which we struggled in vain, and when we dropped in at Joe's in Finch lane, and partook of a luscious steak and a terribly strong bottle of Guinesse's stout, with a perfect English epicurean relish of its gusto, we could not help blushing for the savageness of our glee; yet we deeply enjoyed it.

But was this sensuous feeling produced exclusively by the perfection of Joe's steaks? Even in this practical chophouse we had the humorous audacity to analyze our feelings, and to our unspeakable satisfaction, we found that our uproarious buoyancy and world-embracing joyousness was not exclusively fleshy and beery. There was in our feeling something of that sense of joy which we fancy seers must realize when they for the first time play Paul Pry to celestial regions. We thought we had for the first time caught a glimpse of the celestial economy which forces man to become a spiritual thinking being, by the very necessities of his animal nature. Corn, and cotton, and sugar, and linseed, and olive oils, suddenly rose in the market of our thought, and we rejoiced that we had shrewdly refrained from communicating our emotions to our broker. The fellow, with all his London-gentlemanry, would have taken advantage of it, and raised his prices. We could not forego on this occasion the luxury of a species of metaphysical chuckle at the strange associations which filled our mind with those most unartistic reflections; Humboldt's Cosmos and Shakspeare and the steaks at Joe's, with the wheat and barley samples in Mark lane! But crude and motley as this association was, we felt its

appropriateness, perhaps more acutely than we could have defined it. The theory about the Angel and the Beast flashed before our mind, as it never did before, and the universal equality of man, as far as his animal nature is concerned, came suddenly home to our understanding with irresistible power. The flashes of grandeur in British poets and statesmen became also suddenly revealed to us. What in other lands requires life-long studies, and close observation to unravel,—the perplexities and complexities of the mechanism of humanity assume in the streets of London a wondrously lucid shape of unity. Crowding together the commerce of the universe in a few blocks, produces a spirit, which, by its close and constant contact with the products of the universe and the agents who distribute them among the nations of the earth, tends to blend in a most miraculous degree a knowledge of the material resources of nature with the knowledge of the spiritual resources of man. A race of daring, noble beings is produced by this combination, who, without any philosophy or speculative science, intuitively catch the most salient aspects of human nature, and acquire a practical sense of the laws of the Universe. Shakspeares, Wellingtons, Barings, Palmerstons, London Times', the Stock Exchange, Lloyds, the Clubs, Tattersalls, the English Constitution, all grow out of this philosophy of humanity oozing out of a few streets. But go out of these streets,—go out of London, and you are again in the wilderness of bygone ages, and the difficulty of reconciling the 14th century out of London with the 24th century, which, in a figurative sense, seems to dawn upon you within the precincts of London, explains the ludicrous anomalies of England.

But of these it is not our purpose to speak here. Allusion to them is almost unavoidable to serve as an illustration of our thoughts; but whatever anomalies exist, they do not strike you in the streets of the city. On the contrary, at every step you are made to wonder at the plastic nature of man, and at his capacity to mould himself, under certain favorable circumstances, in harmony with one ideal of all-pervading unity. The head-waiter at Joe's seems almost as much of a gentleman as Lord Overstone or Sir Thomas Baring. John Frog, the clerk at Lubbock's bank, who rooms in City Road for twelve shillings a week, seems as dignified a personage as Sir John Lubbock himself. A strong sense of duty growing out of the very stones of the city produces this singular unity, and imparts to the most trivial menial services a species of moral dignity, which produces only a stronger effect by the fact of its being rather a spontaneous outgrowth of the atmosphere, than the result of reflection or elaboration. Gentleness, cheerfulnesss, and an unobtrusive urbanity and kindness, are consequently stamped upon the manners of many comparatively uneducated persons. Count d'Orsay once remarked, with great shrewdness, when the question came up, who makes the most graceful, yet most manly appearance in a drawing-room, that, the London-bred merchant, and generally the man who moves constantly in this London atmosphere possessed more of the typical bearing of the universal gentleman than any other class of men. Shakspeare's saying that "Brevity is the soul of wit," and "Discretion is the better part of valor," is more literally acted upon in London than in any other part of the world. But in the midst of this all-pervading code of civility and refinement, individuality, far from being crushed out, is only strengthened by the charitable politeness with which every one is allowed to give fair play to his nature, provided he keeps within his own bounds, and does not transgress the rights of another nature. So, strange to say, yet palpable to every observing person, is the play of humor and fancy, which finds vent even in the gravest deliberations of business. Provided a man speaks to the point, he is at liberty to clothe his thought in humorous, classical, poetical, or picturesque language. Let the language be as uncongenial as possible to the mind of the person addressed, no frowns will ever rudely mark the scars of his selfish impatience, or uncharitable displeasure. Quietly and complacently will he listen. As long as the argument is kept, on the main, in view, the form of utterance seems a matter of indifference. A sort of practical diplomacy is thus introduced into daily intercourse, and all feeling that men must be humored to be reconciled, there is in a measure a certain tenderness observable in the decorum and urbanity of London merchants' life.

The only repugnant feature is the still existing gulf between the merchant and his clerk. But in a country where the spirit of caste prevails as strongly as in England, this gulf can only gradually disappear. A spirit of humanity should step in between all these relations, and whenever one man comes in close and permanent contact with another man, he should not treat his fellow-man as a mere tool, but establish a more Christian fellowship, inquire more humanely and generously into his circumstances and wants, make a stronger distinction between the virtuous and the vicious; study his nature more, put the man with a large family on a better basis than the single man, and evince more personal sympathy, more general interest in his individual humanity. In all such relations the theories of Christianity should be more thoroughly applied—not in a visionary sentimental sense, but as a simple matter of justice. At present it is no matter of surprise to see a London merchant contributing large sums to clerical and charitable institutions, and grinding his book-keeper, or clerk, or porter, or agent down to the lowest possible salary. Not out of avarice or premeditated inhumanity, but simply out of want of reflection, or out of sophistry. "Charity is one thing and business is another thing." From this fallacy springs the most mischievous errors of judgment, and even callousness of feeling. It is only by blending matters of business with sentiments of charity, that genuine practical humanity can be promoted. Wherever the interests of a fellow-man are concerned, it would be absurd, illogical to reduce it to a mere matter of business, as the cant phrase goes. It is all very laudable to help on charitable institu-

tious; but the first duty is to deal charitably with the living souls around one. The contact, or the contract, may wear a mere business form; but there is a human, an immortal soul behind it, and much as we admire the English business life, we cannot overlook the fact, that all such relations savor more of Paganism than of Christianity. It is no answer to say that a man acts at his own discretion by accepting the terms of his contract. His self-respect may force him into submission, and his manly pride even shrink from the admission of the injustice practised upon him. But the moral wrong remains nevertheless; and for many a poor clerk who comes to a dishonest end, or whose intellectual aspirations are chilled and killed by seeing himself hopelessly doomed to a life of drudgery, the partners of the firm, who are steeped to the eyes in public acts of benevolence, are certainly not always, but we are afraid, very frequently, responsible.

It might be more entertaining for ourselves and our readers to dash off some of the glowing features of London life, and to leave out the gloomy points. But this would be hardly fair. We turn, however, with pleasure to a few more pleasant aspects of our experience in this great city. We need hardly remind our readers that London is full of German, Greek, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese, Scandinavian, and Russian merchants, besides the English East India and West India merchants, and English general merchants, and merchants connected only with the inland trade. What is called here an importer, would not be called a merchant in London.

The dry-good trade is principally done in the manufacturing districts; and the importers here, like the importers in London, are only the agents or brokers of the manufacturer.

This distinction is important. The manufacturer and merchant must possess a certain creative intellectual power. He has to conceive ideas, and cause them to be acted out by a variety of persons under his control. The agent and broker are men properly belonging to the category of clerks or tools, only doing what they are bid to do, whether they are remunerated by fixed salaries or by commissions. This alters only the form of their contract, not the intellectual character of their function. The retailer or shopkeeper occupies a still lower intellectual position. He has to flatter individual prejudices and caprices to secure success. The merchant, manufacturer, ship-owner have to deal with the collective interests of business; hence they must be taken from the ranks of men of superior thought, superior education, superior culture. A man may make a fortune by a lucky gambling stroke in cotton, or flour, or sugar; but in London he would never be able to retain the social and commercial position of a merchant, unless he had a merchant's virtues and a merchant's genius. The same distinction that exists between the demagogueand statesman in politics, exists in London between the jobber and merchant, or merchandise-gambler and merchant. The freemasonry existing between the genuine merchants is as strongly marked in London as that between the genuine gentlemen. This, even more than insular position and colonial conquests, accounts for the supremacy of the London merchants. A few British, a few German, a few Greek, a few Mediterranean merchants, are the leaders of this commercial aristocracy; but which, in distinction to the political aristocracy is based not upon accidental circumstances, but upon intrinsic honor, intrinsic integrity, intrinsic intellect. Hence the political influence of commercial men at home, and their moral prestige abroad. This cannot be too emphatically affirmed. It is a fact of most momentous and world-wide importance. They are generally men of vast knowledge, historical and geographical scholars, familiar with the manners and habits of foreign nations, watching with vigilant eyes the development of every country, men who enter into the *philosophy of commerce*, and with many of whom, although envy and malignity would frequently rob them of any other motive than that of private gains, it is not unusual to plan operations in order to push on the progress of one or the other country, or to give more occupation to their clerks, agents, and brokers. Surely they are not so foolish as to rush into ventures for philanthropy's sake, to meet a dead loss; but frequently when the result is doubtful, they are regulated by higher motives of ambition, than those of unmitigated sordidness. McCulloch's, and other valuable statistical works, belong as much to the furniture of many London merchant's office, as maps and globes, and works of jurisprudence. In their employment are frequently gentlemen of the rarest accomplishments, corresponding easily in four or five foreign languages, and otherwise well trained in the higher philosophy of commerce. Many of these gentlemen never think of going into business for their own account, because they submit themselves to the limitation of their nature, and whatever may be their *administrative abilities*, they feel the lack of creative, organizing, men-and-things controlling, *executive powers*, and wisely prefer to make good clerks than bad merchants. It is this genuine wisdom, this practical and submissively Christian recognition by every man of what he can do, and what he cannot do, that is another source of English greatness. It will be seen at a glance how much this sublime philosophy which pervades all classes, tends to simplify the mechanism of business, and to allow a man to become a merchant in the highest sense of the word, unharassed and untrammelled by attending to detail or administrative matter: these being in trustworthy hands, his intellect is left free to soar with the same latitude as that of the naval or military commander-in-chief. Under such auspices, establishments like those of the Barings, the Huth's, the Ralli's, have obtained, and what is still more difficult, preserve their position.

As a general thing the British merchant of the higher order acquires position by a spirit of enterprise and integrity. The German London merchant, by a thorough knowledge, theoretical and practical, of the various productions; and the Greek London merchant, by daring, justified by the

peculiar compactness of his connections, and by a thorough mastery over his Levantine element abroad, and the nature of men and things in England. The British merchant is too little reflective, and grows over-reckless; the German is too reflective, and grows over-cautious; the Greek has the most commercial genius; he never moves without mature reflection, but once determined, he rushes to execution with the rapidity of lightning and the directness of an arrow.

This is evident by the fact that English houses fail frequently, and pay very poor dividends. But almost invariably recklessness, and not dishonesty, has been the road to their ruin. We have seen British merchants standing up, after their failure, with head erect and with the dignity and firmness of purity of conscience. Their failing arose rather from their unphilosophical drifting at the bidding of expediency. Their recklessness is almost inseparable from their spirit of enterprise. A matter of blood, of temperament, rather than of conscience; but, of course, the results are not the less disastrous.

Failures among the German London merchants are more apt to occur by over-confidence in agents, than by any lack of judgment in business. Germans are absolute and somewhat stubborn; and whenever they confide in a man they are apt to confide too blindly. Their dogmatical reason plays them in this respect most unpleasant tricks. However, when they do fail, their estate generally exhibits a decent dividend.

But Greeks never fail. Since their first settlement in London there has not been a single instance of failure among them. Here and there some ambitious clerk pays the penalty of his ambition; but there is not one single failure on record of even one of the respectable legitimate houses. But if in future failures should break out amongst them, they are likely to fail all in a lump. Their genius, however, will know how to avert such a catastrophe, even should there be another Russian war.

For those who attend to the settlement of exchange and money matters, the same variety of rank exists as with those who deal in the raw or manufactured produce; or, like the ship-owners and ship-brokers attend to the means of transport. There is the merchant selling his legitimate draft for goods exported; there is the jobbing, bill-speculating banquier, who buys these drafts up; there are the Bank of England and the private bankers; these bankers are almost all Englishmen, and men of standing, culture, character—gentlemen. But the *Banquiers*—those who job in stocks, and "arbitrage" in bills—are mostly German, Dutch, Alsatian, and French Jews. Many of them are members of the Stock Exchange, where the gambling nature of the business creates an atmosphere of its own. A kind of mongrel breed between Tattersall's and a Yankee Auction-room, there is in the men of the Stock Exchange—a mixture consisting of the jockey, the Jew, the dandy, and the gentleman, which defies all more definite and compact individual definition. However, as it is, the London Stock Exchange is, on the whole, more dignified and gentlemanly, than any other gambling and jobbing-ground of the kind. There are also many favorable individual exceptions. The fact is, in England it is most difficult to generalize without considerable modification. The peculiar nature of English Stock Exchange business—the immense amount of consols daily changing hands for legitimate investment, takes away the gambling character attached to many operations, and quite a considerable number among the members show in their manners and their character the moral effect of this more legitimate pursuit of business. They only act as agents or brokers for third parties. The more unprincipled and reckless are those who job and speculate, and bet and gamble, for their own account.

But far beneath the merchant, shipowners, bankers, bill-jobbers, stock-jobbers, stock-brokers, and stock-gamblers, are the bill and bullion-brokers, the money changers. They are the peddlers of the financial world, many of them Jews, who have a peculiar genius for this business. Without space or time to enter into all the details connected with these various specimens, we wish only to point to the fact, that it is necessary to keep all these distinctions in view in order to unravel the complicated whole.

Let us now follow the different orders to their haunts. Almost every haunt should be sketched separately, to give a correct idea of it; but we can, to-day, give only general impressions, and cannot dwell upon individual features. At nine in the morning, Lloyds Underwriter's Room and Merchant's Room begins to fill with underwriters, merchants, shipping-agents, brokers, and clerks, with here and there a jolly tar lingering in the Captain's Room. The newspapers of the whole universe are here taken, for the benefit of London business-men, besides a collection of geographical and statistical maps and books. The London underwriter combines to a singular degree the daring of the stock exchange and turfman, with the uprightness and bluntness of the sailor, and as the room begins to fill, and business commences, it is interesting to observe the self-possession and composure which the gentlemen preserve in the midst of the most harassing accounts of shipwrecks and total losses, and all sorts and manners of disastrous leakages and averages. From Lloyds let us venture forth into Capel Court, to the Stock Exchange. We inquire for Mr. Samson, the stock-broker. An ambulating mass of pompous beef-steak and pugnacious ale, in the shape of a doorkeeper receives us; rings out "Samson" all over the house, sufficiently loud to make all the Samsons of past generations start from their graves. We are not allowed to enter, but are at liberty to peep into the room. It looks pretty much like a circus or a menagerie, bulls and bears rushing in and out, some squeezing oranges, and throwing the orange peels with stock exchange playfulness upon the new hat of some inoffensive broker. Others crying out vociferously, "I take five," "I give five." This means that they are willing to buy £5,000 consols, or willing to sell them, as the case may be. And then of a sudden a

terrible hurricane of fractions breaks upon the ear. "Eighth," and "sixteenth," and "splits of the difference," and similar sounds fall upon the ears like the mystic utterances of the Cabala of the Hebrews. But while we stand and wait for Mr. Samson, telegraphs are flashing forth Vienna and Paris bound, and in the evening paper we are surprised to read "that, owing to the flight of Prince Puncinello of Naples, considerable excitement prevails at the Stock Exchange, and consols fluctuated considerably between 90⅛ and 92 1/16." As we read the news we trembled, and drops of perspiration trickled down from our feverish brow. We felt as if we had been present at a battle of Waterloo. Yet something ineffably ludicrous was mixed up in the sensation, and we thought there must be something rotten in the state of society, when such farcical jockey tricks could produce such a sensation. But the sight of it is truly amusing. One of these great shapers of the destinies of the world was actually pelting the hat of one of his friends with orange peel, while he sold, in a frolic, £5,000 consols, which added to the excitement, that shook the throne of the Vienna Cæsar. The fellow was laughing like a fool during the whole transaction, and the only time that his countenance assumed an air of solemnity was when the orange-struck gentleman turned round, but seeing his friend's face so calm and grave, he did not for one moment fancy that the solemn-looking man was the same identical individual who had committed an assault upon his hat.

From the Stock Exchange we wended our way to Mincing lane. This is the exchange for colonial produce and produce generally, with the exception of breadstuffs, for which there is again a separate exchange—Mark lane. Mincing lane reminds you of a big apothecary shop, owing to the strong smell of drugs and spices. Sugar and coffee samples are scattered about the room; Ceylon, and Pernambuco, and Laguayra, and Porto Rico, and Domingo are suddenly brought home to you, and the look of some of the sugar brokers is memorable. Constantly tasting so many kinds of sugar produces, as it were, a sort of a sweetish grin, and a good-hearted stranger might think that it was a smile. A little man, with a black dress coat and yellow nankin trowsers, and shoes and white stockings, and a thin, wizard-like face, *perfectly blue*, attracted our attention. We were told that it was Mr. Suse, a German merchant, and the greatest indigo student on earth. When we saw him he was just in the act of breaking a piece of indigo into pieces, and lovingly hovering over the little bits, and we thought his next act would be to eat them. In this, however, we were mistaken. The most tragical thing was the countenance of the indigo broker who stood by, watching Suse's emotions, and waiting with the greatest anxiety for his decision. We were told that this man was very needy; had a large family, and that he depended upon the brokerage commission for their daily bread. He was a Morocco Jew, who had emigrated from Tripoli to Trieste; there was a fierce banditti look about him, as if he would force the indigo down Suse's throat, and yet the haggardness of his expression tempered the effect of his ferociousness. He looked on the whole more like a wolf ready to tear his prey to pieces if he could not find honest food for his little wolves, than any man we had ever seen. So he stood, watching and watching Suse, but Suse did not speak for a great while. At length he said, that he would take the samples with him and let him know on the morrow. The needy broker looked aghast with despair, but little Suse drippled along in his yellow nankeen trowsers and black dress coat, and, for a man who had constantly the blues, he looked the perfect ideal of philosophical happiness.

The pepper, cochineal, and cinnamon dealers and brokers present also characteristic appearances, but the climax of the picturesque in Mincing lane is reached by the brokers who preside over the auction sales of all sorts and manner of drugs and spices. Some of these men have lost their human indentities: their faces are like rich hotbeds, full of all sorts and manner of botanical and vegetable curiosities.

But it is time for us to take a look at Mark lane. Here we are in an atmosphere, half stable, half granary. Corn from the Danube and the Mississippi friendly bow their little ears to each other. Austrian and American corns seem to be on good terms, spite of Webster's letter to Hulsemann. The same amical relations may be observed between Genesee wheat and wheat from Poland. Here we should have thought of Kosciusko, or as an Irishman who pointed his monument out to us at West Point, called the hero Mr. Kosko, but we did not. Our attention was altogether absorbed first by the infinite variety of Baltic, Russian, and American wheat, barley, and oats. In this corn market the Greek and Baltic merchants are in their element, and we meet again many of the faces we had seen at Lloyd's and Mincing lane; thus these merchants run from one place to another, and, of course, they have always the last word about the latest news, while their intellect becomes elastic and buoyant, talking as they do with hundreds and hundreds of different individuals during the day, and breathing, as it were, the air of universality.

If Mark lane could have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel, Babel might have been saved. But Mark lane would have been doomed. Such a confusion of tongues! Greek, Russian, Turkish, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, German, High German, Low German, North German, South German, Jew German, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Flemish, Belgian French, Norman French, Gascon French, Irish, Scotch, Welsh! We could not help thinking of De Foe and the mud of all nations. But when we see the English corn factor swallowing all this mud with most gentlemanly ease and almost graceful decorum, we begin to respect this mudomania. We should have thought that, what with the dramatic gesticulation of the Italian; the ferocious intensity of the Greek, the rude boorishness of the Dutch, and the intolerable suavity of the French, John Bull would be somewhat bewildered. But no. There

stands Mr. King or Mr. Coventry as firm as a rock of the Rocky Mountains, as plucky as pluck himself, with a look of condescending pity for the foreigner, and smiling gracefully while he pockets his shilling brokerage per quarter.

But 'Change time has arrived. There we get a fair synopsis of Lloyds, the Stock Exchange, Mincing lane, and Mark lane. We see many faces again that haunt us the whole day. This is Rothschild—Baron Lionel, surrounded by a swarm of Stock Exchange men and bill-brokers; Mr. Bates, of the Barings; Mr. Morris, the former governor of the Bank; Doxat, Frederick Huth; any quantity of Rallis' and Mavrogordatos'. Little Suse again, with his nankeen trousers, looking as blue as ever. Ship-brokers with captains; here and there a ship-owner. This stout, substantial, earnest but jolly-looking man, is Mr. Dunbar, one of the greatest ship-owners. This nervous, shrewd, delicate, Cobden-like looking man is Mr. Lindsay, who, from a common sailor boy, became one of the most eminent ship-owners, and is now a member of Parliament: a man uniting Scotch tact and English pluck. That great, inspiring-looking man is Hambro, the great Copenhagen banquier. That little, bustling Frenchman is Goudchaux, a stock-jobber, a brother of the minister during the Revolution. Sugar, coffee, corn-brokers all make their appearance. The whole day's talk comes generally here to a practical end. Suse has made up his mind about the indigo, and, to the great joy of the broker, strikes the bargain: this puts about $150 in the broker's pocket; and when he comes home in the evening he treats himself and family to a bottle of Champagne from Very's. So, in the midst of colossal transactions, we are constantly reminded of the extremes of life, and the picturesque extravagances of individualities. The Greeks stand huddled together like herrings. Occasionally an Italian or German merchant looks feverishly at Rothschild's or Bates's face, or Hambro's face, while one of his bills is offered, and he trembles lest it might be rejected. In half an hour emotions are here crowded together, which it would take months to describe adequately. This little, dandy-like man, with a long nose, is a Portuguese Jew and Dutch banker, De Mattos. This funny-looking, lame little man, just of little Suse's size, and now talking with him, is a Greek bill-broker, Rodocanachi. The fish-man is also there, trying to impress upon the shipping clerk of Mr. Terni, of Rome, some of his arguments against Guernsey theology and Guernsey fish. A fine-looking youth near to him, is with Mr. Tomasset—a noble young Roman, an intimate friend of Grisi and Mario, and formerly a private secretary of Torlonia; chance brought him to London. This military looking man was in the Hungarian war, came with Kossuth to England, and is nowa clerk in a drug-broker's office. This short, sharp-looking man is a German, who has been established in Bombay, Spain, and New York; he has almost travelled over the entire world; but, after an unlucky venture to San Francisco, he returned to London as poor as a church rat, and is now again a clerk, just as he was thirty years ago, when he began London life: he is a walking encyclopædia of knowledge, and talks about fifteen different languages. There are more such men around you here, but we have no time to notice them all. Stock Exchange men come in and out; but Rothschild has left, and Baring has left, and soon the Greeks are leaving, and the Germans are leaving, and no one remains in the vast arena but little Suse in earnest communion with the little Greek bill-broker, Rodocanachi. But we cannot stop any longer. We have to leave too.

SELECTION IN ART.

BY J. G. B. BROWN.

The selection of the artist is spontaneous. It is made by the spirit within him, which sees such forms as are significant to it, such as carry its meanings, and live with the life to which it is open. True perception sits above the will, and determines for a healthy man what his eyes shall see. For sight is notice or attention, and recognition from within, not a mere impression on the retina, but on the thought. The contact of living man with living nature does not take place in the eye-ball, but in the soul. Joy draws to itself out of the landscape every ray of sunshine, sorrow, every shade of gloom. The mind is peopled with images, which enter and remain without our bidding. They have invitation and hospitality from the good spirit which dwells within, behind us, and greatly disregards our voluntary preference. Wherever his eyes may open, a man will rightly encounter only forms related to his thought. He has not picked or sifted the stars which hang constellated in his mental heaven. Out of his deep share in creative energy they arose, and their light is as foreign and divine to him as to us, who see them when he shows them. By vital attraction, by elective affinity, a man's eye is open or closed to the forms which surround him, and the same power which offers one object withdraws another from his sense. If he will meddle and disturb this natural order of presentation and removal, instantly he loses integrity, sanity, and the power of Art. He sees no longer from within. His vision becomes mere sensation. The result of all his comparison and contrivance will be a manufacture only.

What a man cannot choose but see, what through his windows enters to a more interior sense and reaches the retina of the soul, that he must regard and show. Everything else he must reject as rubbish and impediment to seeing. He has no license. He must be true to his vision in what he uses, in what he omits. He has liberty, which is obedience to the law of life, obedience to delight. But he has no choice. Accepting his own spontaneous activity, he accepts all it brings with it, all it reveals and makes important in the world. A man has only to yield to the influence which solicits him. It will prove itself pure and impersonal. It will lead always upward, and save him all uncertainty and distraction.

This principle affords the light which our English con-