



pictures in the National gallery  
Lafayette Square, I spent about two  
hours there. There are a great many  
of Turners, which he presented, I also  
some of Watkins & Collins, also six of  
Hogarth's, I one or two rooms filled  
with the productions of old Continental  
Painters, mostly representations of  
saints, or passages from Scripture.  
Some of Turners I like very much  
but others are much too Turnerian.

I not being artistic I fall into  
the vulgar fault of admiring his  
worst. One of the very prettiest is  
"The Fighting Temeraire being towed to her last  
berth" you can really distinguish  
where the water ends, & the sky begins,  
& the sunset colours are beautiful.  
One, supposed to be a beautiful  
study, is called "rain, steam, & speed"  
has a viaduct in the foreground

with a red & black blotch upon it which is supposed to represent a locomotive, followed by a train, this you see through a thin veil of mist, & in the background is a mass of inextricable, earth, sky, rain, mist & clouds. Two very beautiful pictures are by his Joshua Reynolds, "The Infant Samuel" & the "Age of Innocence" prints of these, you see everywhere.

On my way back I walked across St James's Park, & stopped on the bridge across the ornamental water to see the ducks & swans of which there is a very good collection there. Some of the ducks are beautiful & it is most amusing to watch them, swimming & diving about. The swans are black Australian ones, & though not so large as the ordinary swan, are both graceful & pretty. In the park I noticed several bushes beginning to bud out & tips of green showing, the grass is

also quite green indeed has been  
all winter. & The crocuses are showing above  
ground. In fact I don't think that  
you can say there is a winter here at  
all, only an unnecessarily protracted  
autumn & spring.

I was reading the other day, somewhere  
or other, that children should be fed  
with all sorts of romances, & fairy stories.  
I think it is quite right, & very necessary  
for if they are always, matter of fact when  
young, & have no exercise for their  
imagination; they get to lose that very  
useful power when they grow older,  
& soon degenerate into, dull, weary,  
materialists. Is it not so? —

Every thing goes on just the same with  
me now, Lecture. Laboratory, reading up &  
writing up my notes in the evening, all  
very pleasant & not very hard work,  
but nothing to write about as you see  
I am obliged to spin out what I have, &  
very often, as I suppose you have by this  
time found out, my letter consists of an  
account of something I have been doing.