Passing rapidly, as I must do, over his eventful career, I find him, in 1822, scene-painter at Drury Lane Theatre, London, with an income which has risen to £250 per annum. Here his bold and faithful efforts secured the applause of the public, while his pictures at the exhibitions attracted the admiration of connoisseurs. Year by year they grew in greater demand. Year by year he painted with greater force and faithfulness. He was able, in due time, to devote himself entirely to the higher branches of his art, and travelling in France and Spain, in Egypt, Syria, and the Holy Land, transferred his impressions of their wondrous beauty to canvas which has surely become imperishable. It matters not with what materials genius works; it infuses into them something of its own immortal spirit. You may grind a block of marble into dust; but give it into the sculptor's hands, and let him fashion out of it a Venus de Medicis! Thenceforth it is indestructible.

Roberts in 1854 was elected a Royal Academician. He had thus attained to the foremost rank of his profession; he, the shoemaker's son, the house-painter's apprentice, the scene-painter to a travelling circus! Such a career seems to me replete with counsel and encouragement for the young. Not that all possess the genius of David Roberts, but that all may imitate his steady devotion to work, his courageous patience, his unflinching persistency. Not every lad who daubs his fingers with sepia and