

found questions are introduced and handled, and its suggestiveness of profound thinking and vast learning, "Lo-

thair" stands alone worthy, in the realms of English fiction, to be named alongside of "Wilhelm Meister."

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ROSSETTI, THE PAINTER AND POET.

THE utmost efforts of English thought and imagination, aided by assiduous study of all precedent art, have not yet succeeded in establishing an art which merits the appellation of a school, or which, indeed, displays amongst its promoters a character which shall serve to link its individuals into any coherence worthy of classification. Sporadic cases of artistic excellence continually occur, but leave no more effect on the art-production of the country than if they had been of foreign birth and sympathy; and no artist has yet succeeded in making a pupil, much less a school. As, therefore, with the exception of Turner, no man of remarkable power had appeared in the first half of the nineteenth century, the beginning of the second half showed, on the whole, the most pitifully hopeless state of artistic development which any country, with serious pretensions, has ever showed. In figure-painting, Leslie, painter of pretty women and drawing-room comedy, had the highest pretension to genius, while around him flourished a multitude of painters of low genre, fustian history, and *pose plastique*, with here and there a man of real purpose, but struggling against the most absolute want of appreciation and sympathy, either on the part of the profession or the public. In technical qualities and in use of the experience of other times and nations, an English Exhibition of 1849, was the most laughable gathering of misapplied brains which could be found in any country.

Out of this degradation must come reformation, and, in 1849, three young reformers in art found themselves face to face with the English public on the question of artistic reform. These were the chiefs of the so-called pre-Raphaelite movement—Dante G. Rossetti, J. E.

Millais, and W. Holman Hunt—Rossetti being the chief of the chiefs, and an Italian, Millais of French descent, and only Hunt, the lesser of the three, an Englishman.

The three reformers, like-minded in their disgust for the inanity of the prosperous art of the day, had yet no common ideal, nor was there any intention of organizing a school. The title long since known of "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" being applied by the followers who soon gathered around them, and who, as is generally the case with disciples, began to organize on the less important characteristics of the movement, and the term soon became applied to all minute realization of detail, though that was not the element which gave character to the reform, but rather defiance of all thoughtless, conventional representation of nature, Rossetti differing widely in his ideal from his co-reformers, and the body of their followers adopted a diverging path, which has left him alone in the peculiar excellencies, as in the aims, of his art.

As is always the case in men of so peculiar and so consummate an art—Rossetti had slight hold on the English public, and, having always held general opinion in contempt, he has never, since 1850, been a contributor to the exhibitions, so that even more than with Turner—his only intellectual peer in the English art of this century—his rank is the award of the profession and the learned few. Nor can he be classified. No school has shown any thing like him, and, like Turner, he has no follower. Italian by blood, English commonplace-ism had no root in his intellect, while the tone of English life lifted him above the slavishness which seems to paralyse art in Italy. The father, an Italian political refugee and

poet, carried his passion for liberty and poetry into exile, and gave his son the name and worship of the great Tuscan, and a nature in which his own mysticism and originality, and the exuberant sensuousness of his nation, mingled with the earnest religious nature of his wife (of mixed English and Italian race), and the sound, high-toned morality of an admirable English education. Circumstances more favorable for the development of an exceptionally individual artistic character could hardly have been combined. Rossetti is at once mystical, imaginative, individual, and intense; a colorist of the few greatest; designer at once weird, and of remarkable range of subject and sympathy; devotional, humanitarian, satiric, and actual, and, by turns, mediæval and modern; now approaching the religious intensity of the early Italian, now satirizing a vice of to-day with a realism quite his own, and again painting images of sensuous beauty with a passionate fulness and purity which no other painter has ever rendered. His most remarkable gift is what, in the incompleteness of artistic nomenclature, I must call spontaneity of composition—that imaginative faculty by which the completeness and coherence of a pictorial composition are preserved from the beginning, so that, to its least detail, the picture bears the impress of having been painted from a complete conception. At times weird, at others grotesque, and again full of pathos, his pictures almost invariably possess this most precious quality of composition, in which Leys alone, of modern painters, is to be compared with him.

Like all great colorists, Rossetti makes of color a means of expression, and only, in a lesser degree, of representation. Color is to him an art in itself, and the harmonies of his pictures are rather like sad strains of some perfect Eastern music, always pure and well-sought in tint, but with chords that have the quality of those most precious of fabrics—the Persian and Indian—something steals in always which is not of the seen or of earthly tones, a passage

which touches the eye as a minor strain does the ear, with a passionate suggestion of something lost, and which, mated with his earnest and spiritual tone of thought, gives to his art, for those who know and appreciate it fully, an interest which certain morbid qualities, born of the over-intense and brooding imagination, and even certain deficiencies in power of expression, only make more deep.

Amongst modern painters he is the most poetic; and, in his early life, painting and poetry seem to have disputed the bent of his mind, and some early poems laid the foundation of a school of poetry, just as his early pictures laid those of a school of art (if even this be worthy to be called a school). In a volume of poems just published there is a sonnet on one of his earliest designs, which, doubtless, expresses the creed of art of the reform. It is called "St. Luke the Painter," and represented St. Luke preaching and showing pictures of the Virgin and Christ.

Give honor unto Luke Evangelist;
For he it was (the aged legends say)
Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray.

Scarcely at once she dared to rend the mist
Of devious symbols: but soon, having wist
How sky-breadth and field-silence and this day
Are symbols also in some deeper way,
She looked through these to God, and was God's
priest.

And if, past noon, her toil began to irk,
And she sought talismans, and turned in vain
To soulless self-reflections of man's skill;
Yet now, in this the twilight, she might still
Kneel in the latter grass to pray again,
Ere the night cometh, and she may not work.

Rossetti's indifference to public opinion was the same for picture or poem, for he only exhibited twice, and only two or three of his poems have been printed; but, as the former worked a reform amongst the painters, the latter gave a bent to some of the coming poets, and the authors of the Earthly Paradise and Atalanta in Calydon, owe to Rossetti the direction of their thoughts.

I remember seeing, in the exhibition, Rossetti's first exhibited picture. The subject was "Mary's Girlhood." It represented an interior, with the Virgin

Mary sitting by her mother's side and embroidering from nature a lily, while an angel-child waters the flower which she copies. His sister Christina, the poetess, and her mother, were the models from whom he painted Mary and her mother, and the picture, full of intense feeling and mystic significance, was, for the painters, *the* picture of the exhibition (the long extinct "National Institution"). It is commemorated in the volumes of poems by a sonnet with the same title.

This is that blessed Mary, pre-elect
 God's virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
 Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
 Unto God's will she, brought devout respect,
 Profound simplicity of intellect,
 And supreme patience. From her mother's
 knee
 Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity;
 Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood; as it were
 An angel-watered lily, that near God
 Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home
 She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
 At all, yet wept till sunshine, and felt
 Because the fulness of the time was come.

He exhibited again, in 1850, an Annunciation, well remembered amongst artists as "the white picture," both the angel and Mary being robed in white, in a white-walled room, the only masses of color being their hair, which was auburn. This was his last contribution to any exhibition, his disregard of public approbation growing with the evidence that appeared every day of the hold his works had taken on the artistic and intellectual part of the public, so that to-day he is preëminently the painter of the painters and poets, as the character of the poetry stamps him the poet of the painters. Scarcely a note has he struck in his poems which has not its corresponding expression in his painting; and poem sometimes turns to a picture, and a picture sometimes reproduces itself as a poem.

Amongst the most important of the poems thus involved is one which, conceived in the old catholic spirit, Rossetti has illustrated by a series of pictures and drawings, designed in the same tone. It is the "Ave," a hymn to the Virgin. It is full of the most ad-

mirable word-painting, and follows the life of the Virgin from the annunciation to the assumption. The opening picture of the annunciation is in the spirit of his early art as the whole poem is of his early thought.

Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy breath
 Warmed the long days in Nazareth),
 That eve thou didst go forth to give
 Thy flowers some drink that they might live
 One faint night more amid the sands?
 Far off the trees were as pale wands
 Against the fervid sky: the sea
 Sighed further off eternally,
 As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
 Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
 As of a day to which all days
 Were footsteps in God's secret ways:
 Until a folding sense, like prayer
 Which is, as God is, everywhere,
 Gathered about thee; and a voice
 Spake to thee without any noise,
 Being of the silence:—"Hail!" it said,
 "Thou that art highly favored;
 The Lord is with thee here and now,
 Blessed among all women thou!"

Another more purely imaginative and intensely pathetic picture, is of the life of Mary in the house of John, after Christ's death. It represents the interior of the house of John, with a window showing a twilight view of Jerusalem. Against the faint distance cut the window-bars, forming a cross, at the intersection of which hangs a lamp which Mary had risen to trim and light, having left her spinning, while John, who has been writing, and holds his tablets still on his knees, strikes a light with a flint and steel for Mary to use. Above the window hangs a net. The passage which is illustrated by it is one of the finest of the poem.

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
 Left darkness in the house of John)
 Between the naked window-bars
 That spacious vigil of the stars?
 For thou, a watcher even as they,
 Wouldst rise from where throughout the day
 Thou wroughtest raiment for His poor;
 And, finding the fixed terms endure
 Of day and night which never brought
 Sounds of His coming chariot,
 Wouldst lift, through cloud-waste unexplor'd,
 Those eyes which said, "How long, O Lord?"
 Then that disciple whom He loved,
 Well heeding, haply would be moved
 To ask thy blessing in His name;
 And that one thought in both, the same
 Though silent, then would clasp ye round
 To weep together—tears long bound—
 Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.

The poem called the Blessed Damozel was one of those which were published in an art-magazine, conducted by the literary confreres of the reformers in art, and amongst the younger English poets of the day was the key of a new poetic tendency. The writer of these lines has heard the author of the Earthly Paradise avow that the Blessed Damozel turned his mind to writing poetry. It is one of the more passionate, and, at the same time, pictorial, of all Rossetti's poems, and full of the mystic religious sense in which all the new school began their work with symbolic accessories, as though it had been intended for illustration.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungart from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

* * * * *

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,

* * * * *

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their etherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

The influence of the study of Dante has been always perceptible in all the work of our painter-poet. The Vita Nuova has been an inexhaustible mine of picture-subject, and the poem, "Dante at Verona," one of the longest in the book, is also one of the most earnestly felt, and sympathetic. The Divina Commedia has furnished him only one picture, or rather triptych, from the story of Francesca di Rimini. In this the poets are in the central division; "The Kiss," on the right, full of the most intense passion, and the ghosts on the left, pale, dreamy, but dressed as in "The Kiss," and floating through an atmosphere filled with little flames, falling like rain. In dealing with material like this, of course a large measure of conventionalism is to be allowed in the treatment, and Rossetti never hesitates in employing all that his subject demands, so that the Dante designs are, for the most part, at once mystic and typical in conception and treatment. An important picture of "The Vision of Dante on the Day of Beatrice's Death," is most thoroughly studied and realized; two of the heads of Beatrice, and the lady who holds the veil over her at her head, are studied from two of the most celebrated beauties of London. Love leads Dante into the room where the

body lies, the floor of which is strewn with poppies, and kisses the dead face, in token of the final union—the spiritual kiss which death, the new life, permits to love.

In another vein the painter employs a degree of realization which represents faculties of a very different nature. In a picture which he calls *Hesterna Rosa*—"yesterday's rose"—two courtesans, with their lovers, are finishing a carouse in a tent, while the day is breaking outside. One of them, debauched to utter degradation, riots in her shame and drunkenness, while the other, unused yet to her fallen state, turns, in awaking shame, from her companions. The men are throwing dice—the lover of the shame-faced girl, a low, ruffianly sharper, bites his mistress' finger abstractedly as he waits for the throw of his adversary. A little girl, an attendant, holds a lute up to her ear and touches the strings, listening to the vibration in sheer indifference to the bacchanals, her purity making the one bright point in the drama, while a monkey—type of all uncleanness—sits at the other side scratching himself in idleness.

Through the opening of the tent is seen the dawn through the orchard-trees, mingling with the lamp-light.

One, and perhaps the most powerful, cause of the deep hold which Rossetti, as painter and poet, has obtained on his contemporary painters and poets, is the intense subjectivity of his genius, which, while it gives to sympathetic appreciation an inexhaustible and inexplicable charm, to those who have no sympathy with his idiosyncrasy gives only an impression of involved phantasy and far-fetched symbolism. Yet not even Dante himself was more legitimately to this manner born. Not even Titian or Turner, or the painter of the fragment of *Pita*, was more involuntarily and uncontrollably subjective than their fellow-countryman Rossetti. Types evolved from his own nature run through all his work, and his ideals of beauty have a sisterly likeness which no one can fail to recognize, and which renders it impossible for him to render certain types

of character with satisfaction or complete success. It was the Rossetti type of face and figure which, caricatured and exaggerated in ignorant enthusiasm by the followers of the painter, gave rise to the singular and certainly most unlovely ideal of the minor pre-Raphaelites—an ideal in which physical beauty was absolutely set at naught in the search of significance and the evidence of passion. Even in his portraits Rossetti fails, unless the subject inclines more or less to the type which he reflects.

This demands more than external beauty, be it ever so exquisite, and is only absolutely content with a certain gravity and intensity of character, deep, inscrutable, sphinx-like, or still more when these characteristics go with the expression of intense and restrained passion. Of this type the portrait of Mrs. Morris, wife of the author of the *Earthly Paradise*, is one of the most perfectly realized expressions. It represents a face of remarkable perfectness of proportion and nobility of intellectual character, but with a depth of meaning, half-told, questioning eyes and mute lips, which make it, once seen, never to be forgotten; and, painted with a wealth of color and completeness of power, unequalled by any modern work, so far as I know. It is one of those portraits which, like Raphael's *Julius Second*, Titian's "*Bella Donna*," and other singularly understood and rendered heads of almost all the great masters of portraiture, remain, perhaps, the highest expression of the painter's qualities.

A remarkable design of Rossetti's is the *Mary Magdalene at the House of Simon the Pharisee*. She is passing the house at the head of a festal procession, crowned with flowers, and accompanied by her lover, when she sees Christ through the open door, and, tearing off the garlands, pushes her way into the chamber, against the efforts of the lover and one of her female companions. Far up the street may be seen the bacchanals, singing, waving their garlands and playing on musical instruments as they

come, and they stop, in amused surprise, at the eccentricity of Mary, who with her two immediate companions occupy the centre of the composition. The head of Christ appears through the window at the right, below which, outside, a vine climbs up on the wall, and a deer nibbles at it.

The whole picture, except the grave, passionate, and touching face of Mary, turned to Christ, without any heed to the companions who hold her feet and knees to prevent her entering, and the responding face of Christ, who turns towards her as he sits at the table, is full of gayety and merriment; but the head of Mary, which is pictorially the key-note of it, gives to the *ensemble* the pathetic tonë which almost all of Rossetti's pictures have, and which seem to be the characteristic of his nature, for scarcely one of his poems is conceived in any other feeling than one approaching to sadness, so that, to those who have not seen his painting, his poetry will give the clear idea of his individuality in art. In one of the most exquisite of his love-poems, "The Stream's Secret," he demands of the stream what message it bears from his mistress, and, rehearsing the growth of their passion to himself and the inexorable wave, he comes, at last, to find that death alone can reply to his question.

Ah, by another wave,
On other airs, the hour must come,
Which to thy heart, my love, shall call me home.
Between the lips of the low cave,
Against that night the lapping waters lav
And the dark lips are dumb.

But there Love's self doth stand,
And with Life's weary wings far-flown,
And with Death's eyes that make the water moan,
Gathers the water in his hand:
And they that drink know nought of sky or land
But only love alone.

O soul-sequestered face
Far off,—O were that night but now!
So even beside that stream even I and thou
Through thirsting lips should draw Love's grace,
And in the zone of that supreme embrace
Bind aching breast and brow.

O water whispering
Still through the dark into mine ears,—
As with mine eyes, is it not now with hers?—
Mine eyes that add to thy cold spring,
Wan water, wandering water weltering,
This hidden tide of tears.

In "The Portrait," again—a poem full of sad and passionate color and pictorial quality—it is the portrait of his dead love he monodizes. His love had been told, in "a dim, deep wood," and to commemorate it he paints the portrait.

Next day the memories of these things,
Like leaves through which a bird has flown,
Still vibrated with Love's warm wings;
Till I must make them all my own
And paint this picture. So, 'twixt ease
Of talk and sweet long silences,
She stood among the plants in bloom
At windows of a summer room,
To feign the shadow of the trees.

And as I wrought, while all above
And all around was fragrant air,
In the sick burthen of my love
It seemed each sun-thrilled blossom there
Beat like a heart among the leaves,
O heart that never beats nor heaves,
In that one darkness lying still,
What now to thee my love's great will
Or the fine web the sunshine weaves?

* * * * *
Here with her face doth memory sit
Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer:
While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

But enough, both of picture and poem, to convey such idea as a brief article may, of one of the most singularly gifted and imaginative artists the world has ever seen, and whose unique power, had it been supplemented by the training of such a school as that of Venice, would have placed him at the head of painters of human passion. Trained under the eye of a Veronese, his work would have gained in solidity and drawing; and, may-be, with a public capable of fully appreciating his genius, he might have painted less defiantly of its opinion. His dramatic power is not fully conveyed in any of his poems except the "Last Confession," which gives no idea of the versatility with which he depicts passion's ranging from the besotted huts of a Borgia to the ecstatic exaltation of a Magdalene, or the serenity of a Madonna. As painter or poet, human passion and human sorrow are the only themes which

occupy his feeling; and, though his passion sometimes passes the conventionalism of art, and his grief becomes morbid, as, in his pictures, the subjectivity of his treatment sometimes makes his work almost a riddle to the unlearned; there is no affectation and no willing weakness, as there is no unconscientious trifling with his art, but his tendency, on the contrary, is to neglect those means of success which would make his art much more widely felt and valu-

able, and he is often careless whether his picture is understood or not. He carries his indifference to mere physical beauty to such a degree as often to make his faces ugly, in the seeking for intense expression, and, in the action of his figures, passes the limits of the natural as well as graceful, to obtain force. But, with all his defects and peculiarities, he stands to-day, in general artistic power, first amongst the painters of England.

A DISENCHANTED REPUBLICAN.

LETTER FROM A GERMAN TRAVELLER

NEW YORK, 1869.

MON CHER AMI :

Do you remember standing with me, years ago, on a beautiful point of land, and gazing on the mountains and the sea? How vast and exhilarating was the view, what picturesque grandeur and novel evidences of human thrift and science in the valley-dwellings, old churches, and careering sails; while, at our feet, washed up by the tide, garbage, and bits of wreck, made the details around such a crude and dreary contrast to the scene beyond and above.

Thus, my friend, is it here. When I think of the myriads who, in Europe, had no hope or prospect but drudgery and indigence, who, in the lands of the great West as farmers, and in the cities as mechanics, have attained competence, often wealth; and whose children are now educated, prosperous, and, best of all, *progressive* citizens of this great Republic; when I see how free is the scope, how sure the harvest reaped by intelligence, industry, and temperance, in this land, I feel heart and brain expanded and vivified with gratified human sympathies and limitless aspiration.

You may wonder at my including temperance as a condition of success: it is because intemperance is still the curse of the country; and, upon investigation, I find that *smartness* and *tem-*

perance, combined, have been and are the means whereby the poor and ambitious have risen to social influence, wide activity, and political or professional honor.

But when, drawing in both thought and vision from the broad scenes, from the human generalization, I look critically at what is going on immediately around me, often—to use a phrase of the native pioneer author—“hope darkness into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair;” for this very smartness—a favorite and significant term—is often unscrupulous; this very temperance cold-blooded; and this very success unsoftened by sentiment, unelevated by aspiration, unredeemed by beneficence.

The devotion to wealth, as such, the temporizing with fraud, the triumph of impudence, the material standard and style of life, make me look back upon the homely ways, the genial content, the cultured repose so often found in the Old World, with a kind of regretful admiration. And yet it is just and rational to bear constantly in mind the fact that here every thing comes to the surface; no polished absolutism guards from view the latent corruption; no system of espionage and censorship, of police and military despotism, keeps the outside fair, while private rights and public virtue are mined for destruction;

all is exposed and discussed; and the good and evil elements of society, politics, opinion, trade, speculation, pastime, and crime, have free play and frank exposition. But, you will ask, how is it with regard to the intellectual life in its higher phase? What are the tendencies and triumphs of the mind, apart from the sphere of fashion, of commerce, of civic duty? My answer is, *audacious*; no other word so well expresses the animus of the would-be thinkers of the land. They despise precedents, ignore discipline, contemn the past; they serve up ideas as old as Plato, as familiar to scholars as Montaigne, in new-fangled sentences, and delude themselves and their disciples with the pretence of originality. They espouse an opinion, a cause, a theory, and make capital thereof on the rostrum and through the press, without a particle of philosophic insight or moral consistency; in education, in religion, in what they call culture, with an egotism that is at once melancholy and ridiculous, they maintain "what is new but not true, and what is true but not new," and, with a complacent hardihood that repudiates the laws of humanity, the pure and primal sentiments that lie at the basis of civilization and the constitution of man and woman. Without reverence there is no insight; without sympathy there is no truth; all is bold, self-asserting, conceited, unscrupulous, and, in the last analysis, *vulgar*; but there is, in all this perversion of harmonious intellectual life and complete intellectual equipment, what takes with the half-informed — *sensationalism*, the love of letters, and speculative thought. Closely studied, the cause of this incongruous development may be found in a certain lack of moral sensibility, which instinctively guards from paradox on the one hand and guides to truth on the other. It is, as you well know, essential to artistic perception; and those of American writers and thinkers, who have the sense and sentiment of art, like Irving and Bryant, Hawthorne and Longfellow, have been thereby protected from the reckless vagaries and the

mental effrontery which, under the plea of reform, of free thought, of progress, profanes the modest instincts of humanity, and desecrates the beautiful and the true in the interest of an eager, intolerant vanity.

While Mammon is widely worshipped, and Faith widely degraded, bright, benign exceptions to this pagan spirit "give us pause." I have never met more choice and charming illustrations of mental integrity, truth to personal conviction, heroic fidelity in legitimate individual development, than among the free and faithful citizens of this Republic; but they are unappreciated, except by the few who intimately know them; their influence is limited, and they are unambitious, as are all human beings who live intrinsically from within, and not conventionally from without. And, with all the deference to and passion for money, there never was a commercial city in the world where so much is given in charity, where so many rich men habitually devote a not inconsiderable portion of their income to the relief of distress, or where the response to appeals for aid in any humane or patriotic cause is more frequent, prompt, and generous than in this same badly-governed, money-getting, and money-spending city of New York.

After all, perhaps, I must confess that the disappointment experienced grows out of extravagant anticipations. The American theory of government, the equality of citizens, the character of the early patriots, the absence of rank, kingcraft, and a terrible disparity of condition, had long endeared the country to me and mine; but the behavior of the people in the civil war, their cheerful self-sacrifice, their patient devotion, their contented return to private life from the army and the field, their unparalleled triumph and magnanimity, had raised affection into admiration; I longed to tread so illustrious a land, to greet so noble a race, and to fraternize with such brave, wise, and true men. With the returning tide of peace, of course, habits of gain and

luxury were resumed in the populous centres, and the inevitable demoralization of war left its traces; the salient divisions between the patriotic and the disloyal, the martyrs and the mercenaries, which kept compact and imposing the army of noble and true citizens during the struggle, when it ceased, were obliterated, and society became more heterogeneous than ever, its manifestations less characteristic, its superficial traits more, and its talent and virtue less, apparent. Hence the America of my fond imagination seemed forever vanished; and, only by patient observation and fortunate rencontres, have I gradually learned to discriminate and recognize the soul of good in things evil.

No, my friend, I will not expose Wilhelmina to the precocious development, the premature self-assertion, incident to this social atmosphere. I daily see girls, in their teens, with all the airs and much of the way of thinking of old women of the world—confident, vain, self-indulgent, and, withal, *blasé*. True, the exceptions are charming. I find them chiefly among families in moderate circumstances, but of good connection, wherein the daughters have been reared in active, wholesome, and responsible duties—had, in short, to contribute, directly or indirectly, to their own support. With intellectual tastes and a religious education, this discipline in a land where the sex is held in respect,—these young women are noble, pure, brave, and conscientious, as well as aspiring and intelligent. I have seen many such in the Normal schools, engaged in clerical work in the departments at Washington, and by the firesides of the inland towns, or in the most thoroughly respectable and least fashionable households of this metropolis. But one is disenchanted, not only of his ideal of womanhood, but of the most homely and humble domestic illusions, by the sight of crowds of gayly-dressed females, with huge greasy masses of hair on the back of their heads, and no modest shield to their brazen brows, dragging their long silken trains

through the dirt of Broadway, or crushing, like half-inflated balloons, their ample skirts through a densely-packed omnibus. The triumph of extravagant luxury may be seen, at certain seasons, at what looks like a palace—a huge, lofty marble building, in the principal thoroughfare of this city; it is not a royal residence, nor a gallery of art, nor a college—it is a drygoods shop. Imagine a thousand women there convened, an army of clerks showing patterns, measuring off goods, or rushing to and fro with change and orders. Every one of these females is dressed in silk; at least one half, if attired according to their means and station, would wear calico or homespun; perhaps an eighth out of the whole number of husbands to these shopping wives are either bankrupt or at work in Wall-street, with fear and trembling, risking their all to supply the enormous current expenses of their families, whereof half relate to female dress. Carry the inference from these facts a little further; of course, the daughters marry for an establishment, look abroad for enjoyment; by-and-by go to Europe, ostensibly to educate their children (leaving *papa* to his club and counting-room), but really to gossip at Dresden, flirt at Rome, or shop in Paris.

I have been surprised to find so many underbred men in society; but this is explained by the fact that so many who, in youth, have enjoyed few means of culture and no social training, in their prime have made a fortune, and are able to give dinners, and send their children to fashionable schools. Hence a singular incongruity in manners, ranging from the most refined to the most intolerable in the same *salon*, or among the same class and circle. Remissness in answering notes, off-hand verbal invitations to strangers without a preliminary call, forcing personal topics into conversation, stuffing unceremoniously at receptions, free and easy bearing towards ladies, lounging, staring, asking impertinent questions, pushing into notice, intruding on the talk and privacy of others—in a word, an utter absence

of delicacy and consideration is manifest in a sphere where you will, at the same time, recognize the highest type, both of character and breeding, in both sexes. This crude juxtaposition startles a European; but he is still more astonished after hearing a man's conduct stigmatized, and his character annihilated at the club; to encounter the individual thus condemned an accepted guest of the men who denounce him. In a word, there seems no social discrimination; one's pleasure in choice society is constantly spoiled by the presence of those reeking with the essential oil of vulgarity, of foreign adventurers without any credentials, and who succeed in effecting an *entrée* upon the most fallacious grounds. It is one of the most remarkable of social phenomena here, that even cultivated and scrupulously honorable men and high-bred women are so patient under social inflections, so thoughtless in social relations; not that they compromise their characters—they only degrade their hospitality. Exclusiveness is, indeed, the opposite of republican principle; but that refers to discrepancies of rank, of birth, and of fortune; exclusiveness based on character, on culture, on the tone and traits of the individual, is and should be the guarantee of social virtue, refinement, and self-respect.

And yet, my friend, inconsistent as it may seem, I really think there never was a country where every man's and woman's true worth and claims are better tested than this. I mean that when you turn from the *fête* or the fashion of the hour, and discuss character with the sensible people you happen to know, they invariably pierce the sham, recognize the true, and justly estimate legitimate claims. Sooner or later, in this free land, where the faculties are so keenly exercised, the scope for talent so wide; where all kinds of people come together, and there is a chance for every one,—what there is of original power, of integrity, of kindness, of cunning, of genius, of rascality, and of faith in a human being, finds development, comes to the surface, and turns the balance

of public opinion by social analysis. There is an instinctive sagacity and sense of justice in the popular mind.

If there was one confident idea I entertained in regard to this country, before coming here, it was that I should find plenty of space. I expected an infinity of room. I said to myself, those straggling unwallied cities devour suburban vicinages so easily—have so much room to spread; I had heard of the Capital's "magnificent distances," and dreamed of the boundless prairies and the vastness of the continent. The same impression existed in regard to all social and economic arrangements; "there," I said to myself, "I shall expand at will; every thing is new, unbounded, open, large, and free." Well, thus far, I have found it just the reverse. Assigned a lofty and diminutive bed-chamber at the hotels—having to stand up in the horse-cars, because all the seats are occupied—finding my friends' pews full—not having elbow-room at the *table d'hôte*—tired of waiting for my turn to look at the paper at club and reading-room—being told the new novel is "out" at the library—standing in a line at the theatre box-office for an hour, to be told all the good places are taken—receiving hasty notes from editors that my article had been in type but that their columns were oversupplied—pressed to the wall at parties—jostled in Broadway and Wall-street—rushed upon at ferry-boat piers—interrupted in quiet talks—my neighbor, at dinner, abstracted by observation of a distant guest—I never, in my life, had such a painful consciousness of being *de trop*, in the way, insignificant, overlooked, and *crowded out*, as here; and I have to go, every now and then, to the country to breathe freely and realize my own individuality and independence.

The security of life and property is altogether inadequate here. Consult a file of newspapers and you will find that massacres by rail, burglaries, murders, and conflagrations are more numerous, make less impression, and are less guarded against and atoned for, by process of law, than in any other civilized land.

These characteristics are, however, very unequally distributed. You must continually bear in mind that the facts I state, and the inferences thence drawn, often have but a local application. Thus, familiar with the admirable municipal system whereby so many towns in Europe rose to power and prosperity of old, and with the civic sagacity and rectitude of the founders of this Republic, who, in colonial times, disciplined the people to self-government, through the free and faithful administration of local affairs—I was the more disconcerted at the awful abuses and patent frauds of the so-called government of this commercial metropolis of the United States. In New England you find the municipal system carried to perfection, unperverted, and effective. In Vermont it exists in elevated simplicity and honor; but in the large cities, owing to a larger influx of foreigners, so many of whom are poor and ignorant, it is degraded.

You naturally ask, Why do not the honest and intelligent citizens produce a reform in what so nearly concerns both their reputation and their welfare? My answer is, partly through indifference and partly through fear, added to utter want of faith in the practicability of success. There is a timidity native to riches; the large estate-holders desire to conciliate the robber; they deem it more safe to succumb than oppose; they lack moral courage; hence the social compromises I have noted, and hence, too, the ominous civic pusillanimity.

Care is the bane of conscientious life here; I mean that, when a man or woman is upright and bent upon duty, the performance thereof is hampered and made irksome by the state of society and the circumstances of the people. Thus, in affairs when an honest man is associated with directors, trustees, or other corporate representatives, he is sure to be revolted by unscrupulous doings or shameful neglect; he has to fight for what is just in the management, or withdraw in disgust therefrom. So a young man, who is wise enough to eschew alcoholic stimulants and games of hazard, has need of rare moral cour-

age, or is forced to avoid the companionship of his reckless comrades. And, worst of all, a woman with a sentiment of family obligation, a principle of household duty, cannot regulate the servants, see to the providing of the table, the order and pleasantness of home-life, without a vigilance, a sacrifice of time, and an anxiety which takes the bloom from her cheek and plants a wrinkle on her brow. The lack of well-trained and contented "help,"—as the domestic servants are ironically called—the great expense of living, and the absence of that machinery which, once set up with judgment, goes on so regularly in our Old World domiciles—are among the causes of weariness and care in the average female life of this country, in a manner and to a degree unknown in Europe, where leisure and repose are easily secured by competence and tact.

I do not wonder that so many of the best-bred and most intelligent American girls prefer army and navy officers or diplomats for husbands to the "dancing men" they meet in society, usually vapid, if not dissipated; whereas the education for the army, navy, and diplomacy, or the culture attained by the discipline thereof, where there is a particle of sense or character, insures a certain amount of manliness and knowledge, such as are indispensable to a clever and refined woman in a life-companion. The two classes I pity most here are the very old and the very young; the former, because they are shamefully neglected, and the latter, because they are perverted. You see a gentleman of the old school snubbed by Young America; a venerable woman unattended to in a corner, while rude and complaisant girls push to the front rank; and you see children, who ought to be kept in the fields or the nursery, fashionably arrayed and holding levées, or dancing the German, with all the extravagance of toilettes and consciousness of manner, that distinguish their elders, and a zest infinitely more solemn. It is painful to see age thus unprivileged and unhonored, and

childhood thus profaned: a conservative is, in vulgar parlance, an old foggy; a retired worthy, however eminent, is a "fossil;" precocity in manner, mind, and aspect, is encouraged; the mature and complete, the finished and the formed, are exceptional; crudity and pretension are in the ascendant.

One of my most cherished purposes, as you know, was to utilize my studies as a publicist, and my experience as a republican philosopher, through the press of this free land. In this design I have met with signal discouragement. While a few men, who have thoughtfully investigated the most imminent problems in modern political and social life, have listened to my views with the most sympathetic attention, and have recognized the importance of the facts of the past which I have so long labored to bring forward as practical illustrations of the present—those who control the press of these States, by virtue of proprietorship, avoid all but immediate topics of public interest, declaring their exclusive discussion essential to the prosperity of their vocation, and failing to appreciate both historic parallels and philosophic comments. I have been surprised to note how soon even men of academic culture yield to the vulgar standard of the immediate, and ignore the vast inspiration of humanity and truth as developed in the career of the race and the salient facts of historic civilization. Nor is this all. With few exceptions, popular journalism and speech here is based upon the sensational element—not upon sentiment or reflection. It is difficult to secure attention, except through a bizarre style or melodramatic incident; the grotesque forms of American humor, seeking, by violation of orthography or ingenious slang, to catch the eye of readers or the ear of audiences, indicate the extremes to which these sensational experiments are carried. Nothing makes a newspaper sell like prurient details of crime, audacious personal attacks, or extravagant inventions. A calm, thoughtful discussion, however wise, original, and sincere, gains comparatively little

sympathy; a profound criticism, a forcible but finished essay, an individual, earnest, and graceful utterance of the choicest experience, or the most characteristic feeling, seem to be lost in the noisy material atmosphere of life in America. I find the best thinkers, the most loyal students, the most aspiring and genial minds, singularly isolated. I have come upon them accidentally, not in what is called society; I have marvelled to perceive how little they are known, even to familiar acquaintances; for there is no *esprit du corps* in letters or philosophy here; few have the leisure to do justice to what is most auspicious in their fellows; few take a hearty interest in the intellectual efforts or idiosyncrasies of their best endowed comrades; each seems bent seemingly on personal objects; there is no "division of the records of the mind;" people are too busy, too self-absorbed to sympathize with what is highest and most individual in character; all my most intelligent and, I may say, most agreeable friends complain of this isolation. It may sometimes strengthen, but it more frequently narrows and chills. A singular and most unpropitious selfishness belongs to many of the cleverest men and women I have met in America; authorship and art seem often mercenary or egotistic, instead of soulful pursuits; they seem to divide instead of fusing society; on the one hand are the fashionable and the wealthy, many of them pleasant and charitable, but unambitious and material; on the other, poor scholars, professors, *littérateurs*—too many of the latter Bohemians; and, although these two classes sometimes come together, it is usually in a conventional way—without any real sympathy or disinterested recognition.

But it is not merely in the negative defect of repudiating the calm, finished, and considerate discussion of vital subjects or æsthetic principles, that the American press and current literature disappoint me; the abuses of journalism are flagrant. I have been disgusted, beyond expression, at the vulgarity of its tone and the recklessness of its

slanders. During my brief sojourn I have read the most infamous charges and the most scurrilous tirades against the most irreproachable and eminent citizens, from the Chief Magistrate to the modest *littérateur*; and, when I have wondered at the apathy exhibited, I have been answered by a shrug or a laugh. The fact is, there is no redress for these vile abuses but resort to personal violence; the law of libel is practically a nullity, so expensive is the process and uncertain the result; an elective judiciary—one of the most fatal changes in the constitution of the state—has created a class of corrupt judges. To expect justice in cases of slander, is vain. Unfortunately, there is not a sufficient social organization to apply successfully the punishment of ostracism; and a set of improvident, irresponsible writers are usually employed to do the blackguardism; so that, with a few noble exceptions, the press here is venal and vulgar, utterly reckless, and the organ, not of average intelligence, but of the lowest arts.

The first time I dined out in New York was at the house of a very wealthy citizen, identified with fashionable society. The dinner was luxurious, and every thing thereat, from the plate and porcelain to the furniture and toilettes, indicated enormous means. My neighbor at table was a chatty, elegantly dressed young man, to whom I had been formally presented by my host. Our conversation turned upon investments, and my companion seemed familiar with all the stocks in the market, and spoke so highly of the prospects of one, that I accepted his invitation to call at his office the next day and examine the details of the scheme. These were given me in writing, with the names of the board of directors, among which I recognized several before suggested to me as those of gentlemen of probity and position. I accordingly invested; and discovered, a few weeks later, that the representations made to me were false; that the stock was worthless, and that the so-called "Company," consisting of half-a-dozen per-

sons, among whom my adviser was one, had pocketed the amount advanced by those who, like myself, had been deluded by the fallacious programme and its respectable endorsement. Fraud may be practised in any country; but here the swindler was encountered in what is called good society; and when I complained to his "directors," they declared they had allowed their names to be used inadvertently, and that they knew nothing of the matter. I instituted a suit, but failed to obtain a verdict.

My first morning's walk down a fashionable avenue was interrupted by a shout and sign of alarm from the opposite side of the street. I had just time to rush up a flight of steps and ensconce myself in a friendly doorway, when by ran a mad ox, and gored a laborer before my sickened sight; nor was he captured until he had carried dismay and destruction for two miles through the heart of this populous city! This rabid beast had escaped from a drove waiting to be slaughtered in the suburbs. Such occurrences are not uncommon here, and, apparently, make little impression and induce little effort for reform.

The municipal magnates levied a tax of three hundred dollars on one of my friends, resident of a street they intended to re-pave. Now it so happened that the pavement of this street was in excellent order; I could see no reason for the expense and inconvenience proposed. Upon inquiry I learned that an asphaltum was to be substituted for the stone-pavement. Going around among my neighbors, with a petition against this useless, costly, and annoying proceeding, my friend found that every resident of the street agreed with us in condemning the project. Moreover, we ascertained from the contractor that he offered to do the job for two dollars the square yard, but had been advised to charge *four*, the balance going into the pockets of the officials. In spite of the expressed wishes of those chiefly interested, in spite of this flagrant swindle, our excellent pavement was torn up;

for weeks no vehicle could approach our doors; boiling tar and heaps of gravel and knots of laborers made the whole thoroughfare a nuisance, for which each victim, whose dwelling bordered the way, had to pay three hundred dollars; and now that the rubbish is cleared away, the composite pavement laid, and the street open, owing to the bad quality, the unscientific preparation of the asphaltum, it is a mass of black clinging mud, which, after a rain, is a pitchy morass, and in dry weather a floating atmosphere of pulverized dirt and tar. The newspapers call it a poultice.

The universal law of vicissitude finds here the most signal illustration. Change is not only frequent, but rapid; not only comparative, but absolute. I came back to this city last autumn, after three months' sojourn at the seaside, to find a new rector in the church I attend; a new *chef* in the journal for which I write; my favorite domestic nook for a leisure evening, the abode of intelligent and cordial hospitality, in the process of demolition, to give place to a block of stores; my club a scene of disorder, on account of repairs; my broker a bankrupt; my belle a bride; my tailor, doctor, dentist, and laundress removed "up-town"—every body and every thing I had become familiar with and attached to changed, either locally or intrinsically; and life, as it were, to begin anew. It makes a head, with a large organ of adhesiveness, whirl and ache to thus perpetually forego the accustomed.

I experienced, on first landing, a sensation, as it were, of this precarious tenure. Scarcely had the exhilaration felt on entering the beautiful harbor from a ten days' sojourn on the "melancholy waste" of ocean subsided, when, as we drove up the dock and through the mud and squalor of the river-side, the commonplace style of edifice, and the sight of temporary and unsubstantial architecture, depressed my spirits; then the innumerable and glaring advertisements of quack medicines on every curb-stone and pile of bricks sug-

gested a reckless, experimental habit—which was confirmed by the careless driving of vociferous urchins in butcher-carts or express-wagons. When we emerged into Broadway, the throng, the gilded signs, the cheerful rush, and curious variety of faces and vehicles, raised my spirits and quickened my observation, while a walk in Fifth avenue and through the Central Park, the next day, which was Sunday, and the weather beautiful, impressed me cheerily with the feeling of prosperous and progressive life.

Despite these characteristic features, however, it is often difficult to realize that I am in America, so many traits and traces of Europe are visible. The other morning, for instance, while at the pier, waiting to see a friend off in the French steamer, knots of sailors, like those we see at Havre and Brest, were eating soup in the open air, and hucksters tempting them to buy bead-baskets and pin-cushions for their "sweethearts and wives;" the garb, the gab, the odor of garlic, the figure of a priest here and there, the very hats of some of the passengers, made the scene like one at a French quay. There are German beer-gardens, Italian restaurants, journals in all the European languages, *tables d'hôte*, where they only are spoken; churches, theatres, clubs, and coteries, distinctly national and representative of the Old World.

Do not rashly infer that my political principles have changed because of these critical complaints. No; they are the same, but my delight in them is chastened. I feel that they involve self-sacrifice, even when triumphant democracy entails duty, and that of a nature to interfere with private taste and individual enjoyment. Democracy, my friend, is no pastime, but a peril. Republican institutions demand the surrender of much that is pleasant in personal life, and include responsibilities so grave, that gayety is quelled and care inaugurated—just as the man leaves behind him, in quitting his father's roof to assert himself in the world, much of the liberty and nurture which made life

pleasant, in order to assume the serious business of independent existence—excellent as a discipline, noble as a destiny, but solemn as a law of action.

Disenchantment, my friend, does not inevitably, imply renunciation; on the contrary, truth is often ushered in through a delusive pursuit, as the history of scientific discovery proves. The moment we regard the equalizing process going on in the world, as a discipline and a destiny, and accept it as a duty, we recognize what perhaps is, after all, the practical aim and end of Christianity—self-sacrifice, humanity, “good-will to men,” in place of self-

hood. Thus imbued and inspired, the welfare of the race becomes a great personal interest; we are content to suffer and forego for the advantage of our fellow-creatures; we look upon life not as the arena of private success, but of beneficent coöperation; and, instead of complaining of privation and encroachment, learn to regard them as a legitimate element in the method and means whereby the mass of men, so long condemned to ignorance, want, and sordid labor, are to be raised and reared into a higher sphere, and harmonized by fellowship, freedom, and faith, into a complete and auspicious development.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BRET HARTE ONCE MORE.

CRITICISM is too often tame and timid in its reception of contemporary genius, because it is without hope; its distrust, its close and prolonged acquaintance with mediocrity and pretension, constitutes its mental habit, and it is with difficulty that it drops its patronizing tone and ceases its frigid comment. But Bret Harte's stories mean so much; they are so terse, simple, searching, and unpretentious; they present the most difficult, novel, and bold situations with so much conciseness of expression, so much neatness and force; they take up and drop the subject with so sure a sense of dramatic fitness, that the usual reserve and the common tone of criticism before them is priggish and insufferable.

It is not enough to say of them: This is good work. Something fervid and emphatic is called for. We must say: This is the work of a man of genius. It is something unforeseen; it is something so natural and actual, so profound in its significance, so moving in its development, that you must glow with the generous emotions which it excites, and respond to it as to the influences of nature, and as when heart answereth to heart in the actual intercourse of living men and women.

Just as we were all saying to each other, How much we need a story-writer who shall treat our American life in an artistic form, satisfying to the most exacting sense of the highest literary merit—just as we were deploring that Irving, and Hawthorne, and Poe, men of another generation, who were retrospective, and not on a level with the present hour, were the only men of fine talent among our story-writers—Francis Bret Harte, in the newest and remotest part of our land, gives us an expression of its early, rude, and lawless life, at once unexpected and potent, and which shames our distrust of the genius of our race in its new home. It is an expression so honest, so free from cant, so exactly corresponding with its subject, so unsqueamish and hearty, so manly, that it is to be accepted like a bit of nature. His stories are like so many convincing facts; they need no argument; they lodge themselves in our minds, and germinate like living things.

We are struck by the varied power which he exhibits, and the diverse emotions which he touches, in such narrow dramatic limits. Within the little frame of a sketch he is terse, graphic, vivid; his humor and pathos are irresistible; his sentiment delicate and true; his

poetry magical and suggestive; his feeling of out-of-door life constant and delightful. His use of the minor key of nature, as a contrast to the soiled and troubled lives of his men and women, is comparable to the accidental influences which touch and soothe an unhappy man when his attention is caught by sunlight in wood-paths, or by the sound of the wind in trees, or by any of the silencing and flood-like influences that sweep over us when we are open to the beautiful, the unnamable, and mysterious.

Bret Harte's genius is not unlike Rembrandt's, so far as it is a matter of art. Take *Miggles*—*Miggles* telling her story at the feet of the paralytic Jim—take the description of his old face, with its solemn eyes; take the alternate gloom and light that hides or illuminates the group in *Miggles'* cabin; and then consider the gleam and grace with which the portrait of that racy and heroic boy-woman is placed before you. Does it not touch your sense of the picturesque as, and is it not unexpected, and startling, and admirable, like a sketch by Rembrandt? But for the pathos, but for the "tears that rise in the heart and gather to the eyes," where shall we find any homely art to be compared with that? Beauty in painting or sculpture may so touch a man. It did so touch Heine, at the feet of the *Venus of Milo*. It may be pathetic to us, as in *Da Vinci's* wonderful heads. But no great plastic artist, no mere pictorial talent, is potent over the sources of our tears, as is the unheralded story-writer from the Western shores. In this he employs a means beyond the reach of Holbein or Hogarth. We liken Bret Harte to Rembrandt, rather than to Hogarth or to Holbein—men of great and sincere genius, and therefore having an equally great and sincere trust in actual life—because of his magic touch, his certainty and suddenness of expression; his perfect trust in his subject; because he deals with the actual in its widest and commonest aspects, without infecting us with the dullness of the prosaic; because he is never formal, never trite; and because

—unlike Hogarth—he does not consider the vicious, the unfortunate, the weak, so as to "put up the keards on a chap from the start."

He makes us feel our kinship with the outcast; he draws us by our very hearts towards the feeble and reckless, and by a certain something—the *felt* inexplicableness of the difference and yet the equality of men—forbids us to execrate the sinner as we do the sin. One may say of him, as of Rembrandt, that he sees Christ not in the noble and consecrated, certainly not only in a type hallowed by centuries of human admiration; but he reveals a Saviour and friend in the forlorn, in the despised, in the outcast.

Will the reader accuse us of extravagance, if we say we cannot understand how a man can read these stories, and not believe in immortality and in God? They touch one so profoundly; they exalt one's sense of the redemptive spirit that may live in a man, and they make one so humble! They hush the Pharisee and the materialist who lives so comfortably under his white shirt-front, in clean linen, under immaculate conditions of self-righteousness. We compare Bret Harte to the greatest name in modern art—Rembrandt—rather than to Hogarth, because there is no brutality, no censure, no made-up mind for or against his subjects, as in Hogarth. Rembrandt's poetry, his honest reception of his subject—all this is in Bret Harte; but also a grace unknown to the great Flemish master.

Some have questioned the service he has done our poor human nature in its most despised forms, and some have censured him for not adopting the Hogarthian method. But it seems to us his instinct has been his best guide; that his morality, his lesson to us, is as superior to Hogarth's gross and material one, as the Sermon on the Mount is superior to the prayer of the Pharisee.

"*Miggles*," "*Tennessee's Partner*," and "*Stumpy*," and "*Mother Shipton*"—what significance, what life in these!—what "thoughts beyond the reaches