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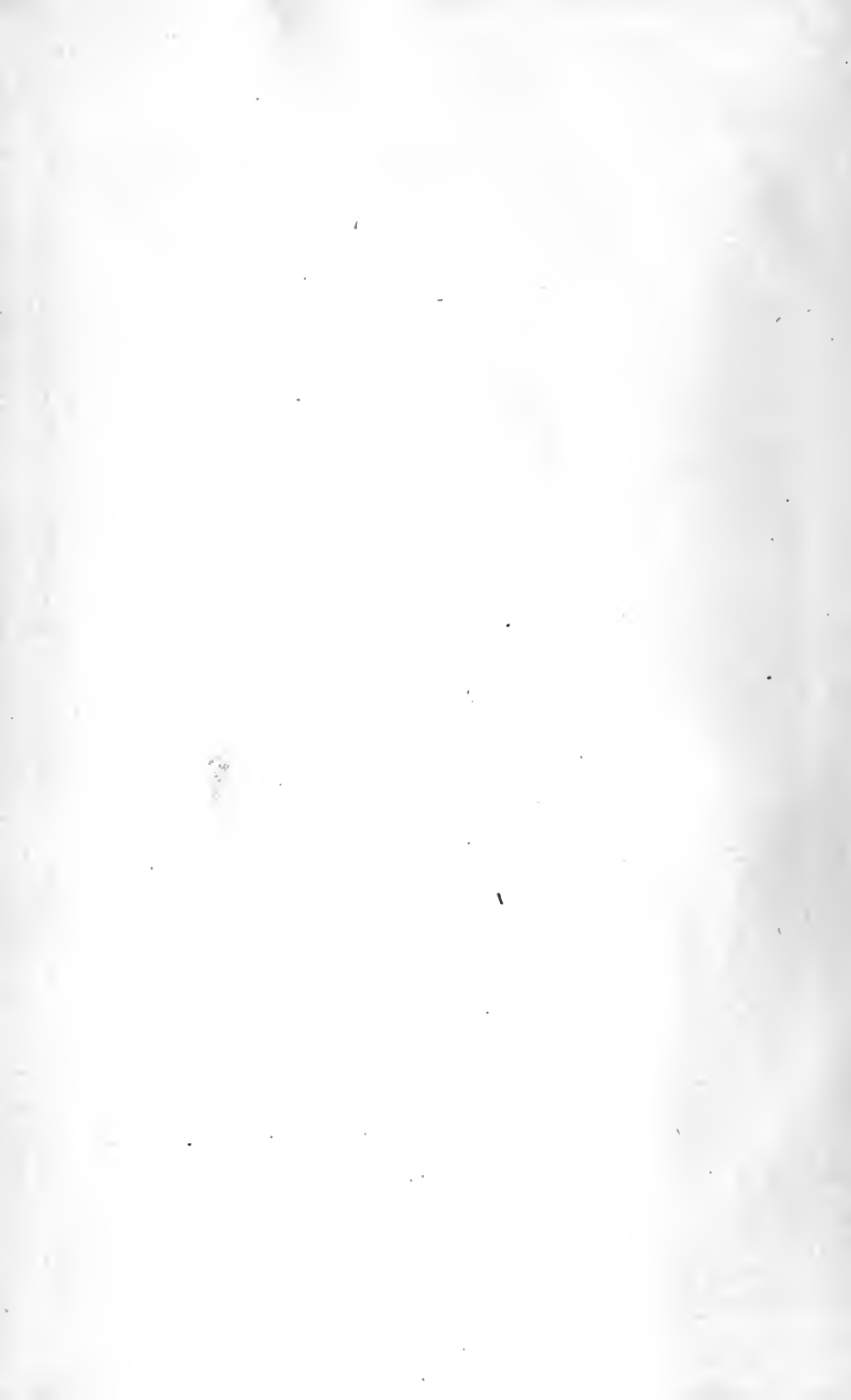
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EDITED BY

HOWARD J. ROGERS, A.M., LL.D.

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ARTS AND SCIENCE

EDITED BY

HOWARD J. ROGERS, A.M., LL.D.

DIRECTOR OF CONGRESSES

VOLUME VI

THE LAST TRIBUTE OF LEO X TO RAPHAEL

Hand-painted Photogravure from the Painting by Pietro Michis

Raphael, the equal in talent of any of his great contemporaries, was not less a prince of good fellows than a prince of painters. He was esteemed even more for urbanity, kindness of heart, and unselfishness than he was for his masterly productions that will continue for all time to excite the admiration of the world. His decorations of the Vatican alone would have made his fame immortal, but every gallery of Europe is enriched by superb examples of his genius. When he died his body lay in state in the Vatican, lamented by the most exalted persons of Europe. The painting, here reproduced, shows his most eminent friend, Pope Leo X, in the attitude of paying tribute to the memory of the dead artist.

Modern Painting

UNIVERSITY

LONDON

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

Painted by the Chinese artist, Wang Meng.

Raphael, in equal or better of any of the great contemporary, was not
 less a painter of religious scenes than of profane. His was a religion even
 more of the earth, of the flesh, and of the senses than he was the his
 mastery of perspective, but not less true for all that to every of the
 of the world. His description of the various elements of the human
 immortal, but every detail of it is so much the result of a study of the
 realm. When he did his best in the latter part of his life, he was
 most of the world of Europe. The painting, however, is not a study
 eminent, but Pope Leo X. in the attitude of giving tribute to St. Peter
 of the great artist.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS
OF
ARTS AND SCIENCE

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HOWARD J. ROGERS, A.M., LL.D.
DIRECTOR OF CONGRESSES

VOLUME VI

LITERATURE AND ART

COMPRISING
Lectures on Classical Literature, English Literature,
Romance Literature, Germanic Literature,
Slavic Literature, Classical Art,
Modern Architecture and
Modern Painting



UNIVERSITY ALLIANCE
LONDON NEW YORK

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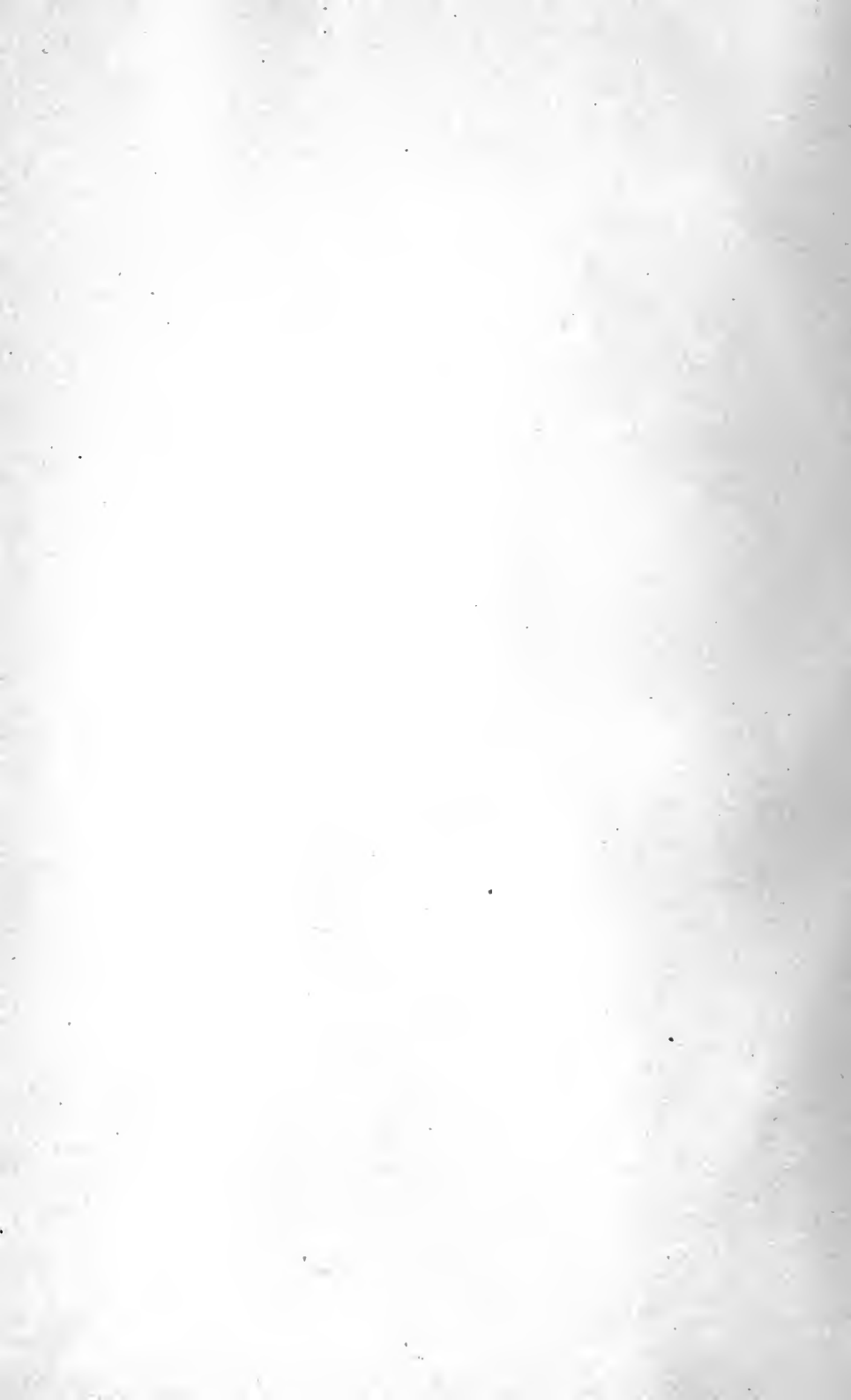


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SECTION B—CLASSICAL LITERATURE



SECTION B — CLASSICAL LITERATURE

(Hall 3, September 21, 3 p. m.)

CHAIRMAN: PROFESSOR ANDREW F. WEST, Princeton University.

SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR PAUL SHOREY, University of Chicago.

PROFESSOR JOHN H. WRIGHT, Harvard University.

SECRETARY: PROFESSOR F. G. MOORE, Dartmouth College.

THE Chairman of the Section of Classical Literature was Professor Andrew F. West, of Princeton University, who in calling the session to order congratulated the large audience present that the great and abiding value of classical literature was recognized amid all the external splendors and distractions of this vast International Exposition. He then advocated the thesis that it was classical literature, rather than philology or archæology, that had the most value for the most persons in the modern world, that this was due to the quality of the ancient literature as Art, not as Science, — and that what was most needed in America to make the classics beneficent and effectual was the revival in full power of the *Literæ Humaniores*, the trilogy of ancient literature, history, and philosophy which contains the beginnings and foundation lines of Western thought and expression.

RELATIONS OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE TO OTHER BRANCHES OF LEARNING

BY PAUL SHOREY

[Paul Shorey, Professor of Greek, University of Chicago, since 1892. b. Davenport, Iowa, August 3, 1857. Graduate, Harvard University, 1878; Ph. D. Munich, 1884; LL. D. Iowa College, 1905. Professor of Greek, Bryn Mawr College, 1885-92. Author of *De Platonis Idearum Doctrina*; *The Idea of Good in Plato's Republic*; *The Odes and Epodes of Horace*; *The Unity of Plato's Thought*.]

THE mutual interdependence of the constituted sciences, mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, if it does not admit of uncontroverted exposition, at least provokes arguments as definite as those of Spencer criticising Comte's classification of the sciences, or Professor Karl Pearson correcting the theories of both Spencer and Comte. But the *globus intellectualis* which this Congress has undertaken to survey includes other disciplines that are mainly, if not merely, collections of facts, as histories, or, at the most, systematic methods of envisaging facts, as psychology, ethics, sociology. And in respect of these, candor requires the acknowledgment that the topic of "Relations" is merely the theme of a discursive essay whose quality will vary with the talent or information of the writer, but which remains a literary exercise rather than the authoritative report of an expert. It is well that the historian of England or America should have the broad outlook of a Freeman or a Fiske. But he can do estimable work with no other equipment than the education of a gentleman, industry, and a facile pen. And similarly, though almost any fact or method of history or physical science may prove useful to the psychologist and the sociologist, hardly any could be singled out as indispensable in present practice. Inquiry into the relations of such subjects is chiefly occupied with the proof that they, scientifically speaking, exist. But, as Renan observes, the first geologists did not concern themselves with a *a priori* demonstration of the existence of geology — they geologized. Now it may be true in the abstract that man writes books as the bee secretes honey or the silk-worm spins its cocoon, and that literature as a mental, supra-organic, or social product will some time be brought under the province of psychological or sociological, not to say biological, law. But at present the study of literature is history, or, at the most, critical and scholarly method, and its relation to other pursuits is to be found on the one hand in the unity of modern historical and critical method to whatever subject applied, and on the other in the material which it provides for the student of psychology, ethics, sociology, ethnology, and comparative religion.

In these respects there is little to distinguish the historian of the classic literatures from other historians. His exposition of the known, his divination of the unknown, raise the same problems of literary, erudite, or critical method that confront the student of English, German, or Japanese literature. And if classical philology be defined as "the knowledge of human nature as exhibited in antiquity," the human nature of the Greek is presumably as significant for folk-lore, ethics, and sociology as the human nature of the Veddahs or the Polynesians, and the *Iliad* is as instructive a document as the *Kalevala*.

But to pursue either of these truisms further would be to lose ourselves in detail, and after all miss the root of the matter. The essential facts that determine the relation of classical (and especially Greek) literature to the other intellectual interests of the modern world are those that distinguish it from other literatures, its peculiar intrinsic excellence and the influence which it has as a matter of history exercised upon the development of Western civilization. Herbert Spencer deploras the exaggerated attention that is still bestowed upon "two petty Mediterranean tribes." And it is true that to the geological and cosmogonical imagination familiar with æons of time and million-leagued space, the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome, dwindle to the punctual insignificance of the Roman Empire in Scipio's dream, or of the globe at whose "vile semblance" Dante smiled in retrospection from beyond the seventh Sphere. But our minds do not really inhabit the eternities and the infinities, but the historic atmosphere of the past three thousand years, and we do not live by the geological and cosmogonical imagination, but by admiration, hope, and love, and by the imaginative reason.

And a like answer holds when the petty parochial scale of Greek life is contrasted with the vaster ancient empires revealed by Oriental studies, or with the world-commerce and the world-politics which the progress of science and the fusion of races may be preparing for the twenty-first century. The ancient civilizations of China, Babylonia, and Egypt possess for us an interest of erudite curiosity. They do not speak directly to our minds or hearts. We are not their spiritual children, but the sons of Greece and Rome. Time may alter this by merging the life of Western Europe in a wider world-civilization whose unity will rest solely on the telegraph and the associated press, on the laboratory, the rolling-mill, and the battle-ship, and in which the peculiar spiritual inheritance and tradition of China and Japan will count for as much or as little as that of Italy, France, and England. When that day arrives a Martian sociologist, viewing mankind with impartial survey from China to Peru, will tabulate the statistics of Græco-Roman civilization in the fashion of Herbert Spencer, with no consciousness of the special quality that differentiates

them to our apprehension from analogous phenomena in the civilizations of the Nile, the Euphrates, the Hoang Ho, or the Amazon. A primrose by the river's brim will be a yellow primrose to him, and nothing more. With Mr. Goldwin Smith, he will speak of Hector's Andromache as "that savage woman." A line of Homer that happens to illustrate a "survival," a trait of primitive psychology, or the development of a political institution, will be for him a fact of precisely the same significance as a Babylonian brick, an Egyptian scarabæus, or a Fiji fetish. But that it had also been used as a text by Socrates and Plato, emended by the founders of Alexandrian criticism, imitated by Virgil, Milton, Goethe, and Tennyson, recited on the field of battle by a Roman Emperor, declaimed in the crisis of his destiny by an English prime minister, translated by Chapman, Pope, and Bryant, and singled out as a touchstone of true poetry and talisman of the grand style by Matthew Arnold, — these would be irrelevant and incidental associations, misty obscurations of the dry light of science.

Now for many purposes of the philologist as well as of the sociologist this scientific impartiality is the merest postulate of sound method, and to deprecate it is sheer sentimentality. "Into paint will I grind thee, my bride." Literature, even Greek literature, is raw material for the style statistician and the syntactician of to-day, for the sociologist of to-morrow. As M. Gustave Lanson observes, in his courteous but cautious lecture on *Histoire Littéraire et la Sociologie*, the historians of literature have all been sociologists in the fashion of M. Jourdain, who produced prose all his life without knowing it. But the sociologist is abroad, and M. Jourdain is growing self-conscious. He now publishes his abstract of Buchholz's *Homerische Realien*, or his notes on *Athenian life in Aristophanes* in the *Journal of Sociology* and entitles them the *Sociology of Homer and Aristophanes*. They smell as sweet. The present speaker himself at the Congress of the Chicago Exposition delivered, or was delivered of, a study that has never recovered from the handicap of its baptism as *The Implicit Ethics and Psychology of Thucydides*. The contagion is irresistible, and for many purposes, I repeat, benign. But for the purpose of estimating the still vital significance of Hellenism to modern life and thought, this aping of scientific method is a falsifying abstraction from the essential facts of the historical tradition. The objectivity which it affects is possible to a child of modern Europe only by virtue of an ignorance which will prove more misleading than the prepossessions and prejudices of the professional Hellenist. It may be left to the sociologists of Tokio and Peking, who share no family tree of civilization with us unless it be that in the branches of which ancestors probably arboreal found nightly repose.

There are, however, some other conceptions of a science of Greek literature which if space permitted we might dwell upon at greater length by way of introduction to our main theme, or which from another point of view might even take its place. The best, the only history of Greek literature which is at the same time itself a literary work, is that of Alfred and Maurice Croiset. But despite its fullness of matter and finish of form, it is not the final scientific construction to which Professor Wilamowitz speaking for the new philology, or M. Brunetière as the representative of the science of literary evolution, look forward. For very different reasons neither would accept as adequate the definition of Matthew Arnold: "I call all teaching scientific," he says, quoting Wolf with approval, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources." Now if the sources were accessible, this definition might satisfy Professor Wilamowitz. But the record, like that of geology, is full of faults — gaps. And to the twentieth century philologist the science of classical antiquity has come to mean the fascinating art of piecing out the defects of our tradition by conjectural and divinatory combination. Such work is scientific in its nice weighing of evidence and its methodical use of hypothesis. Where the analogy fails is in the lack of the means possessed by physical science for the control of hypothesis. The consequence is that while classical science slowly advances with wasteful, but, in the sum, not wholly ineffectual toil, the flower of classical culture and the fruits of classical education are choked by a riotous overgrowth of highly specialized pedantry and unverifiable conjecture. In spite of the forty thousand emendations of *Æschylus*, it may be doubted whether the most recent texts of the *Agamemnon* are any improvement upon those of the eighteenth century. The hair-splitting refinements and the formidable terminology of modern syntax have not impaired the point of De Maistre's observation that "since they have taught us how to study Latin, nobody really learns it." And the dreary literature which has gathered about Homer, Plato, and Cicero, if it establishes nothing else, amply proves that the sane interpretation of great world books depends far more on the total culture which the individual reader brings to their perusal than it does on any collective progress of "science."

But this is by the way. There can be no question but that in some fields there is real progress in the filling out of the record. This is notably the case in the domain of Attic institutions and Attic law, where combination and conjecture are at once stimulated and controlled by the new material supplied by inscriptions. The same may be said of the history of Greek art, which has been completely reconstructed since Winckelmann, and of that history of Greek religion whose future outlines we can dimly discern. How far is it or can it be true of literature? We may hope for anything in what have

been called these "piping times of Papyrus." The immense literature called forth by the discovery of Aristotle's *Constitution of Athens* has brought us sensibly nearer to a complete conception of Greek historiography. In Bacchylides we have recovered not only a charming poet, but a standard by which to measure Pindar, and a clue to the history of the dithyramb. Herondas enlarges our conception of Greek realism. Timotheus, besides enabling Wilamowitz to reconstruct the obscure history of the νόμος, teaches us that a contemporary of Lysias and Xenophon could outbid in fantastic euphuism the most conceited Elizabethan, the most "precious" frequenter of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. We are no longer wholly dependent on Plautus and Terence for the restoration of Menander. The latest edition of Blass's Attic orators can illustrate in detail the contrast between the gentlemanly urbanity of Hyperides and the tense, professional eloquence of Demosthenes. And the tantalizing bits of Sappho that come as the one pennyworth of Hellenic bread to an intolerable deal of Hellenistic and Ptolemaic sack remind us that the greatest gap of all — that made by the loss of Greek lyric — may be filled any day.

But the modern science of classical philology is not content thus to wait upon the inheritance of the tomb. It has the courage of its methods. Its "hope treads not the hall of fear." It undertakes by sheer pertinacity in sweat-box interrogation of the extant witnesses, and by the exercise of the detective ingenuity of a Sherlock Holmes in the combination of data, to recover Greek literature for itself without waiting for the aid of Egypt or any other foreign nation.

From this point of view the science of Greek literature consists of such work as Professor Wilamowitz' reconstruction of what he naïvely styles "die ewige Poesie" of an entire lost Hesiodic epic from seven lines of fragments and a few remarks of the scholiast on Pindar; or Blass's detection of fragments of early Attic prose imbedded in the *Protrepticus* of Iamblichus, or the restoration of the writings of the Sophists from the polemic of Plato and his imitators, or the reconstruction of the plots of Euripides' lost plays, or the recovery of the lost post-Aristotelian philosophic literature, by the analysis of Cicero's philosophic works and the moral essays of Plutarch, Dion Chrysostomus, and Epictetus, or the determination of the literary chronology of the fourth century by logarithmic tables of Platonic particles and the polemical allusions in Isocrates. Only when all our losses have been thus made good, and the iniquity of oblivion repaired, can the "scientific" history of Greek literature be written, we are told.

To be distinguished from this philologist's science of literature is the conception of Taine, Hennequin, Posnett, and Brunetière, who would understand by the phrase something analogous to the

natural history, the comparative anatomy and embryology, the evolutionist biology, of the nineteenth century. On the first explicit promulgation of these theories by Taine their suggestiveness was conceded, their too vigorous and rigorous application deprecated by Sainte-Beuve and Scherer in criticisms to which the discussions of the past two decades have added little. There is, perhaps, some naïveté in laboring this point. To critics of the calibre of M. Brunetière, M. Faguet, M. Lemaitre, M. Anatole France, M. Pellisier, the application of biological analogies to literature, and the theory of the evolution of *genres* is, like the question of objective and subjective criticism, a convenient theme for dialectical variations, a pleasant device for keeping aloft the shuttlecock of rejoinder and surrejoinder in the Parisian *feuilleton*. None of his critics can know better than does M. Brunetière that it was not the distinction between literary "history" and literary "evolution" that enabled him to write his admirable book on the French lyric of the nineteenth century, but rather his scholarly mastery of French literature, his trained gift of exposition, and his lifelong loving familiarity with the poets. The system does not save him from preferring, *tout bas*, Racine to Sophocles. It does not preserve him from vagueness and uncertainty when he touches on the poetry of England and Greece. Nor does the absence of a system prevent Scherer from being perhaps the only French critic of his generation who writes of English poetry as one to the manner born. The only law of literary development that has any prospect of general recognition is the law of fashion — expressed in the words imitation, culmination, exaggeration, satiety, reaction. And the chief canon of literary criticism was announced by Cicero two thousand years ago: "Nemo potest de ea re quam non novit non turpissime loqui."

What, after all, does *La Méthode Scientifique de l'Histoire Littéraire* of the conscientious Professor Rénard contain but a bald and painfully explicit enumeration of questions, problems, points of view, generalizations which every competent and scholarly modern critic applies as a matter of course when he needs them? And what genuine student of literature would exchange for a wilderness of such abstract categories the letters in which FitzGerald communicates the thrill of his literary admirations, or a Shakespearian interpretation by Lamb, Hazlitt, or Coleridge, a *Causerie* of Sainte-Beuve, an essay in criticism of Arnold, an "Appreciation" by Pater, a seeming-frivolous *feuilleton* of Anatole France or Jules Lemaitre? Here, if anywhere, the saying of Renan applies: "It is the part of a clever writer to have a philosophy but not to parade it."

In any case, the battleground or field of application of the new biological criticism will for some time be French rather than Greek

literature. Greek will at the most be drawn upon for casual illustration of principles elsewhere established. M. Brunetière himself can hardly expect that after he has shown us how modern French lyric is a transformation of seventeenth century pulpit eloquence, he will be able to prove a like origin for the Æolian lyric of Sappho and Alcæus. The mere mastery of the erudition indispensable to the historian of classical literature will exercise a sobering and conservative restraint upon speculation, and a deep sense of Hellenic logic, measure, and proportion is incompatible with the exaggerations of the Spirit of System. We may venture to predict, then, that the future historian of Greek literature will have no thesis to sustain, but will write rather in the spirit of Croiset's admirable Introduction.

Thirdly the idea of a possible science of literature finds expression in the phrase "Comparative Literature." The literary criticism of the Romans, as it appears in Aulus Gellius and Macrobius, was mainly a comparison of Latin authors with their Greek sources. The criticism of the Renaissance often took this form, as we may observe in Francis Meres' naïve *Macedon and Monmouth* "comparative discourse of English Poets, etc., with the Greek, Latin and Italian Poets, etc." The comparison of the various *Merope*, *Sophonisba*, *Medea* and *Iphigenia* tragedies has always been a popular scholastic exercise. Comparative literature in a sense also is that discussion of the relative merits of the ancients and moderns which was suggested perhaps by Tacitus' *Dialogus* to John of Salisbury, Leonardo Bruni, and Dryden, and which constitutes an interesting but sufficiently studied chapter in the literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.¹ But something more than this is meant by the modern science of comparative literature, though precisely what it is not easy to say. In the *International Scientific Series*² it stands for a method of correlating the forms of literature with the corresponding social and political conditions, applicable impartially to the "tribal" epic inspiration of Homer or the Hottentots, to the drama and oratory of the city-state, to the development and expression of personality that accompanies the growth of the modern nation and finds its fullest expression in the modern "novel." In the practice of the few university chairs that bear the title, comparative literature is more concerned with coexistences than sequences, and seems to mean the special study of those periods of European culture which are swept by a common wave of thought and literary taste, — as the Middle Age, the Renaissance, the Reform. From this point of view are written the *Periods of European Literature*, edited by Mr. Saintsbury.

¹ Rigault, *Histoire de la querelle des Anciens et des Modernes* (Paris, 1859).

² Posnett, *Comparative Literature* (London, 1886). See also in *Contemporary Review*, June, 1901, his naïve account of how he founded the "new science."

The journals of comparative literature have hardly yet defined for themselves a field distinct from that of *Poet Lore* or the special journals of English, French, and German literature. Their hospitality welcomes almost any erudite inquiry that includes more than one literature in its scope, from the article on *Internationale Tabaks Poesie*, in the *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Litteratur-Geschichte*, N. F. vol. 13, p. 51, to the exhaustive study of *Der Einfluss der Anakreon-tik und Horazens*, auf Johann Peter Uz, in vol. 6, p. 329.

In this convenient, if not precisely scientific sense, "comparative literature" is simply the study of literature as practiced by the growing body of scholars who are enabled to compare one literature with another by the broadening of modern erudition, the multiplication of monographs, and the bibliographical facilities and card catalogues of modern libraries. From such studies a science may or may not emerge, but at present their constitutive principle is no definable scientific method, but Goethe's conception of a world-literature, or rather Matthew Arnold's idea of Europe as a federation of states whose culture is measured by their knowledge of one another and of classical antiquity.

If we lay due stress upon the slighted second element in this definition, comparative literature brings us back to our main topic, the historical influence of the classics upon the literatures of modern Europe. The proportion of articles devoted to this fundamental subject by the journals is absurdly small. And in return M. Texte, in his introduction to M. Betz's useful *Bibliography of Comparative Literature*,¹ complains that the new science has been coldly received by classical scholars. And it is doubtless true that the classicist is absorbed in his own specialty, and is inclined to be tenacious of distinctions of quality which scientific impartiality is supposed to ignore. But, to dismiss these recriminations, there is plainly a great work to be accomplished which demands the coöperation of both classical and modern philologists and critics. The relation of the modern literatures to one another can never be understood until their common debt to antiquity has been measured.

The merest outline of the work to be done requires more space than can be given to it here. The inspiration and influence of classical antiquity must be characterized for each of the great epochs of modern culture, it must be traced in the development of each of the national literatures, it must be minutely observed in the education and life-work of individual authors, it must be studied in the specific history of each separate literary form and tradition.

To the Middle Age it is Aristotle, the master of them that know, Hippocrates the physician, Virgil the mage, Ovid the story-teller,

¹ Louis P. Betz, *La Littérature comparée, Essai Bibliographique*, deuxième édition, etc. Strasbourg, 1904.

Boethius the consoler; it is the dream of Scipio with allegorical exegesis, the Platonic Book of Genesis in a maimed Latin version; it is the Tale of Troy and the Legend of Alexander, looming monstrous through the mists of tradition, or fantastically distorted in the mirror of chivalrous fancy. The *Roman de la Rose* itself, the quintessence of medievalism, is in its way as much indebted to classic *motifs* and copied from classic models as a poem of the Renaissance. The very epochs and revolutions of medieval thought are determined by the stages of its acquaintance with Aristotle, from the commentaries of Boethius and Porphyry, through Latin versions of Hebrew renderings of Arabic and Syrian translations to the recovery of the complete Aristotelian *corpus*. Its revivals of culture and reforms of education are pathetic preludes of the Renaissance, — the establishment here and there of a cloister school in which the Greek alphabet is learned and a few additional Latin poets are read. Its greatest thinkers and scholars are precisely those who avail themselves best of such opportunities for a wider classical culture — a “Venerable” Bede, a Scotus Erigena, a Gerbert, a Rabanus Maurus, a John of Salisbury, a Roger Bacon. Nothing could be less Hellenic than the distinctive quality of medieval thought and feeling. Yet it is no accident or paradox that an old-fashioned classicist like Victor Leclerc, transferred to this new field at the age of fifty, proved the best editor of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* of the Middle Age. For the discipline of classical philology and the exact knowledge of the classical heritage of the Middle Ages are the indispensable equipment of the medievalist, in default of which the columns of Migne and the tomes of the Schoolmen remain a labyrinth without a clue.

To the Renaissance, again, the vision of antiquity is the dispersion of a long night, the rolling away of a great mist. It is the restoration of the title-deeds of humanity, the liberation of the human spirit from creeds that refuse and restrain, the discovery of man, nature, and art, of personality, eloquence, and fame. It is philosophy transfused with poetry. It is the religion of Beauty and the cult of Pleasure. It is Platonic Idealism and Platonic Love. It is incondite erudition, omnivorous reading, omniscient scholarship. It is Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Tacitus, Plutarch, pouring at once into the wide hollows of the brain, — knowledge enormous, making man as God.

To Humanism it is the diction of Cicero and Virgil. To the Reform it is the text of Scripture and the faith of the fathers.

To the classicism of the seventeenth and eighteenth century it is nature conceived as right reason, it is art controlled by common sense and submissive to a tradition of sustained dignity and nobility, it is humanity generalized and rationalized. It is law, order, measure, propriety. It is Aristotle, Horace, and Quintilian. It is correct tragedy,

Virgilian epic, and the point, finish, and hard-surface polish of Latin epistle, satire, and epigram.

To eighteenth-century sentimentalists, who saw it through the eyes of Rollin or Rousseau, it is the heroic and virtuous antiquity of Plutarchan *naïveté*, the nobly draped patriotic antiquity of Livy. It is Seneca recasting in rhetorical epistles the antithetic paradoxes of Stoic ethics, Juvenal declaiming against luxury, Tacitus idealizing the blue-eyed barbarian and retrospectively tempering despotism with epigram.

To the philosophy of pre-Revolutionary France it is enlightenment emancipating from dogma and superstition, nature throwing off the yoke of artificial convention.

To the nineteenth century it is the recapture of something of that first careless Renaissance rapture tempered by a finer historical sense, controlled by a more critical scholarship. It is the reconstruction of the total life of Græco-Roman civilization by German philology. It is the Periclean ideal of a complete culture reinterpreted by Goethe and Matthew Arnold. It is the deeper sense of the quality of the supreme masters, Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Plato, Aristophanes. It is Greek sculpture recovered from the soil and appreciated by the finer connoisseurship that is aware of the difference between the Apollo Belvedere and the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the "Theseus" of the Parthenon. It is the inspiration of Greek poetry revived in Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Arnold, and Swinburne. It is Greek philosophy, an unexhausted domain of research for the scholar, an inexhaustible source of suggestion for the thinker and the poet.

If we turn from the European to the national tradition, each of the great modern literatures will claim for itself the preëminence which Bursian's excellent history of classical philology asserts for Germany. And each will be in a measure justified. The culture of Italy never lost touch with Rome, and medievalism there was the twilight of an arctic summer. It was no mere affectation of the Renaissance that regarded Italian literature as one, whether written in Latin or the vernacular. The unity of tradition and the unity of national feeling imposed this point of view. Dante reaches the hand to Virgil across the centuries in a way impossible to a Chaucer or a Racine. And in the heroic lines of Petrarch, repeated as a trumpet-call in Machiavelli's *Prince*, in Leopardi's *Ode to Angelo Mai*, on the recovery of Cicero's *Republic* from a Vatican palimpsest, in Carducci's ringing alcaics on the exhumation of the Brescia Victory, we are sensible of a fervor and glow of feeling which no antiquarian theme could kindle in Northern breasts. Petrarch, the inaugurator of the Renaissance, the first literary dictator of Europe, and the first modern man, felt himself as much a Latin author as an Italian.

"Questi son gli occhi della lingua nostra," he boasts of Cicero and Virgil in the *Triumph of Fame*. The literature of the Renaissance is equally classic in motive in whatever tongue composed. The exquisite *Winnowers' Song* of Joachim du Bellay is a paraphrase of the Latin verses of Andrea Navagero, themselves the elaboration of an epigram attributed to Bacchylides in the *Palatine Anthology*. The sonnet of Angelo di Costanzo selected for special praise by Mr. Garnett is a combination of one of Ovid's *Amores* in the Octave, with a sestet translated from a conceit of Martial. Such surface indications merely point to the wealth of the mine that awaits the properly equipped explorer of the polyglot Renaissance classicism. Not only may we trace to it countless minor poetic *motifs* of the "Pleiad" of the Elizabethan and seventeenth-century lyric and of Milton, but it is the source of the French drama, of the literary criticism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,¹ of their political philosophy, and philosophical rationalism. And even where the classic form became a mere convention, the use of old bottles for the new wine, it was still, as in the days of Schiller, the sun of Homer that ripened the grape, and the old bottles that gave to the vintage its peculiar flavor. The decline of classical studies was a chief symptom, if not cause, of the Italian decadence. The Spanish inquisitor laid his ban at Rome upon that study of Plato which had kindled the enthusiasms and the idealisms of Florence. And when the lowest depth was reached in the conceits and affectations of the Marinists and the Petrarchists, the restoration of dignity and strength began with the return of the worthy if uninspired Chiabrera to Hellenic models. The slow revival of the Italian spirit through the eighteenth century was accompanied, if not caused, by the renewal of serious archæological and classical studies. United Italy to-day is a vigorous rival of France and England in the second and more scientific Renaissance of which Germany is the leader, and the names of three enthusiastic Greek scholars, Alfieri, Leopardi, Carducci, who are also the three greatest poets of Modern Italy, bear witness to the unwaning power of Hellenism in her higher literature.

For three centuries the literary and critical fashions of Europe were set by those of France, which in turn were determined by, or at least reflected, the phases of European scholarship. A revival of classical studies was repeatedly the prelude to a new development in literature, — at the Renaissance, in 1660, in the second half of the eighteenth century, in the middle of the nineteenth. Reaction leads to decadence or proves to be the substitution of one form of classical influence for another. The intellectual aridity of the later middle age was partly due to the encroachments of science, as then understood, upon literature in education. The literary studies of the Trivium,

¹ Spingarn, *History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance*, New York, 1899.

as John of Salisbury complains, were curtailed in order to hurry the student forward to Aristotelian dialectic and scholastic theology. The revolt against the medieval Aristotle was conducted in the name of Plato, and when the seventeenth-century Cartesianism at last banished the Aristotle of the *Physics*, literary criticism enthroned in his place the Aristotle of the *Poetics*. Ronsard, Montaigne, Rabelais, are direct products of Renaissance erudition and Renaissance enthusiasm. Ronsard is with the exception of the Hellenists, La Fontaine and Racine, the only poetical poet in French literature before the Hellenist André Chénier. Montaigne's saturation with ancient criticism of life makes the *Essays* a chief source of all subsequent ethical and reflective literature. Rabelais, beneath the veil of Aristophanic buffoonery and Lucianic satire, is pregnant with educational and social suggestions three centuries in advance of his age.

The half-century which ensued was one of decline in classical studies and of literary decadence. The classical revival of which Boileau became the legislator was, despite Racine, La Fontaine, and Fénelon, more Latin than Greek. This is the classicism that dominated European literature for a century and a half. For the healthy encyclopedic appetite and uncritical enthusiasms of the Renaissance it substituted a nicer taste and a more discriminating admiration. It marked the distinction between the antique and the classic. It undertook to correct the crudity of Senecan tragedy and Spanish melodrama by the precepts of Aristotle and the practice of Sophocles. It selected fewer models for more careful imitation, and completely assimilated the urbanity of Horace, the elegance of Virgil, the humanity of Cicero, the good sense of Quintilian.

The end of this classicism was, to copy the title of M. Bertrand's interesting book, at the same time a return to antiquity.¹ But it is only because he confines his survey to eighteenth-century France that M. Bertrand can describe this return to antiquity as a recommencement of the work of Malherbe, an attempt to resist the German and English invasion by galvanizing into artificial life a dying tradition. The tragedies of Voltaire or Ducis, the Georgics of Delille, the Pindaric odes of Lebrun, the criticism of La Harpe, may possibly be reduced to this formula. But the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, the connoisseurship of Caylus and Choiseul-Gouffier, the investigations and discoveries of Villoison, the real if coquettishly displayed erudition of the "Anacharsis," are evidences of a genuine revival of scholarly interest in antiquity. In France and Italy this movement, after producing a few estimable scholars, antiquarians, and connoisseurs, was checked by the ignorance and educational unsettlement which the Revolution brought in its train. But in Germany it developed continuously into the new Renaissance in which

¹ *La Fin du Classicisme et le Retour à l'Antique*, etc. Paris, 1897.

we are still living. Again, we are reminded of the close connection between literature and the programmes of the schools. M. Faguet plausibly attributes the failure of the brilliant Romantic movement to create enduring drama, epic narrative, or serious philosophy, to the fact that the generation of 1815 had not learned their humanities. He sees the effects of a sounder classical discipline manifesting themselves between 1850 and 1870 in the more solid work of Flaubert, Taine, Renan, Leconte de Lisle. With the generation of 1870 we enter again upon a period of decline and decadence. But we need not consider the matter so curiously in order to appreciate the significance of the classics both for French literature and the scholarly study of its history.

This secular interaction of scholarship and literature cannot be traced in Germany, for the simple reason that while German scholarship dates from the Renaissance, or it may be from Charlemagne or the Apostle Boniface, German literature, in the proper sense of the word, begins with Lessing and may almost be said to end with the deaths of Goethe and Heine. But this fact only makes more prominent the coincidence and interdependence of this brief bloom of German literature with the great revival of classical scholarship which is one of Germany's chief gifts to the modern world. The detailed history of this relation is yet to be written. The outline is so familiar that I need not labor the point. Lessing, the founder, occupies a place in the history of philology only second to that which he holds in literature.¹ Of Winckelmann, the creator of the history of Greek art, Goethe says that he made his own career possible. The fruitful conceptions of historical method, national development, and the genius of primitive poetry, of which Herder became the herald, were derived from or illustrated by his study of the Greeks. The mainly Latin scholarship which he brought away from the University Goethe supplemented by long and ardent study of the Greek poets.² Schiller's preoccupation with the classics is manifest in his correspondence with Goethe and in his independent critical and æsthetic studies. All the great writers were the pupils, friends, or colleagues of the great scholars, the Heynes, the Wolfs, the Hermanns, and lived and worked in an atmosphere not merely of classical culture, but of enthusiastic scholarship.

As might be anticipated, the relation of English writers to the classics is more individualistic. English literature does not illustrate the periods of European thought so clearly as does the literature of France, and it is at no time so intimately associated with productive scholarship as the literature of Germany has been. But if we accept Macaulay's definition of the scholar, as one who reads Plato with his

¹ Kont, J., *Lessing et l'Antiquité*. Paris, 1899.

² Thalmeyr, *Goethe und das klass. Alterthum*. Leipzig, 1897

feet on the fender, the training of the English public school and the dilettante culture of the universities has given to English literature a larger number of scholars who are poets and poets who are scholars than any other literature can boast. As Tickell says in his *Life of Addison*, an early acquaintance "with the classics is what may be called the good breeding of poetry." Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Addison, Gray, Johnson, Shelley, Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Swinburne, are only the most prominent names in a list that, by the standards of other literatures, might fairly be enlarged to include Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Byron, and even, in a sense, Shakespeare, if Mr. Churton Collins¹ is to be believed, and Keats. And in consequence no other European literature is so rich in spontaneous and luxuriant classical imagery, or in the exquisite reminiscence and adaptation of classic phrase.

The detailed illustration of this belongs primarily to the editor of the classics, the commentator on the English poets. Thence it may be collected in monographs such as Professor Lounsbury's inquiry into the learning of Chaucer, Mr. Moore's *Scripture and Classics in Dante*, Professor Mustard's *Classical Echoes in Tennyson*. Such work is easily confounded with the trifling pedantry of the old-fashioned parallel-passage-monger. Yet it may be redeemed from this by judicious discrimination between incidental quotation and spiritual influence, and careful observation of the distinction between mere coincidence in human commonplace, and traits of difference in resemblance that help to characterize both the model and the copy.

In any case this despised detail is the indispensable basis of any science of comparative literature that deserves the name. And the critic of modern literature who neglects it exposes himself to strange mishaps. He is liable at any moment to emend the text or discourse on the typical significance of a passage which is a direct translation from the Greek or Latin. He will hear a unique Elizabethan lyric cry in a conceit versified from a Greek Sophist. He will taste the inimitable flavor of Elizabethan euphuism in an antithesis borrowed from Plato or Heraclitus, a "Gorgian figure" imitated from Isocrates, an epigram translated out of Seneca or Lucan. He will discern the moral progress of the age in a parænetic letter compiled from Isocrates, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and the Pythagorean verses; and note the symptoms of spiritual decline in a string of cynical epigrams copied from Juvenal and Tacitus. He will detect the distinguishing note of eighteenth-century Deism in a paragraph borrowed from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*, illustrate the special quality of Herriek's fancy by a couplet conveyed from Martial, and pitch upon a paraphrase of Æschylus to typify the romantic imagin-

¹ "Had Shakespeare read the Greek Tragedies?" *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1903.

ation of Shelley. Such critics may well take to heart the warning of Fielding: "The ancients may be considered as a rich common whereon every person who hath the smallest tenement in Parnassus has the right to fatten his muse. Nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any passage which I shall find in any ancient author to my purpose without setting down the name of the author from whom it was taken." Even Mr. Swinburne sees the personal genius of Ben Jonson in scraps of the elder Seneca that found a way into his notebook, and dogmatically emends as meaningless a sentence that is an accurate rendering of a line of Euripides. Even M. Brunetière selects to illustrate how far the plasticity of Leconte de Lisle surpasses the art of Alexandria a passage directly translated from an Epyllion of Theocritus. Even Symonds celebrates the one fine tirade in the *Misfortunes of Arthur* without observing that it is a version of Lucan. It would be pedantry to attach any importance to items like these which might be multiplied indefinitely. But collectively they point a plain moral to the student:

" 'Tis not for centuries four for nought
Our European world of thought
Hath made familiar to its home
The classic mind of Greece and Rome."

The general reader may enjoy literature in ignorance of these pitfalls. But the professional interpreter and critic of literature must have the acquaintance with the ancients, or a certain *flair* for imitation and paraphrase, that will enable him, as Dryden says of Ben Jonson, "to track his author in the snow." He cannot evade the task by facile denunciations of the pedantry that spies upon the plagiarisms of genius. It is not a question of plagiarism at all, but of inspirations, origins, and sources. Nor may he dismiss the importunate topic with the Gallic lightness of M. Lemaître, who tells us the essence of all ancient authors is to be found conveniently potted in Montaigne. Rather will he declare with M. Brunetière that the chief desideratum of systematic literary study to-day is a history of humanism, and a history of Hellenism and the influence of the classics in Italy, Rome, England, and Germany. Such works will doubtless be written. The history of classical scholarship is already brought down to the Renaissance in Sandys's admirable compendium. For a satisfactory treatment of the larger theme, the history of the influence of antiquity, we must wait. The preliminary labor of detail is only begun. The accumulation and sifting of "parallel passages" in commentaries and monographs must go on. The history of every literary form or *genre* must be studied with a devotion not less minute but more discriminating than that which has been bestowed upon the epic and the drama. The fortunes of special literary *motifs* and commonplaces must be curiously followed. The sources of each of the great modern,

the influence of each of the great classic writers must be traced backward and forward through the centuries. There must be a multiplication of such monographs as Tollkühns' *Homer und die Römische Poesie*, Comparetti's *Virgil in the Middle Age*; Rheinhardstöttner's *Plautus and his Imitators*, Stein's *Sieben Bücher zur Geschichte des Platonismus*, Spingarn's *Literary Criticism of the Italian Renaissance*, Thalmeyr's *Goethe und das classische Altherthum*, Bertrand's *La Fin du Classicisme et le Retour à l'Antique*. Zielinski has sketched the influence of Cicero in the course of the centuries. Who will comprehend for us in a similar survey the Aristotle of antiquity, of the Middle Age, of literary classicism, of nineteenth-century scholarship and political science? Who, supplementing the work of Gréard and Volkmann, will show us not merely what Plutarch was to his own day, but what he has meant for Montaigne, for Shakespeare, for Rousseau, for Madame Roland, for Emerson? All this detail, however, though of intense and curious interest to the specialist, will receive its true significance only from the larger synthesis for which it is the indispensable preparation. The pseudo-classicists of the eighteenth century half seriously justified their slavish adherence to classical models by affirming that to copy them was in reality to imitate nature. As Pope says of Virgil: "Nature and Homer were, he found, the same." From this superstition the philosophic historian of Hellenism will be free. But he must and will recognize that classical literature collectively has been to the modern world something more than a certain number of particular books written by individual authors who lived in a pre-scientific age, though to a literal and nominalistic apprehension it is obviously and merely that.

But viewed across the chasm of the Middle Age in its transfigured historic detachment, its idealized totality, the art and literature of antiquity has been felt as a great objective fact like nature, a complete system of knowledge like science, the embodiment and symbol of a spiritual and moral ideal like Christianity. And as the history of our civilization could be written in relation to any one of these three great facts or ideas, so it can and must be studied in the various phases of its apprehension of classical antiquity as a whole. Such an historic survey will have more than a merely scholastic or erudite interest. It will confirm the salutary faith that the Hellenic inspiration, though often transformed, never dies, that it persists amid all change a permanent and essential constituent of the modern spirit, that it remains to-day for our finest minds in Pater's phrase not an absorbed element, but a conscious initiation. Across the gulf of the centuries, undimmed by the mists and fervors of the Middle Age, un-deflected by the prismatic splendors of our twentieth-century palaces of art and science, the white light of Hellenism still pours unwavering its purest ray serene.

PRESENT PROBLEMS OF THE HISTORY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE

BY JOHN HENRY WRIGHT

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THE comprehensive scheme of the organizers of this Congress for passing in review the various branches of human knowledge — their past achievements, their present conditions and relations, and their future prospects — has provided for classical antiquity under five fields of learning, in the group of sciences known as the Historical Sciences, where the term "historical" and "history" are used mainly in the old Greek sense of investigation. These fields are: the political history of Greece and Rome; the history of Roman law; languages, especially Greek and Latin; literature, especially classical literature; and classical art.

Classical antiquity, the civilization of the ancient Greeks and Romans, has left a record of itself in many ways. This record was made by persons, living, breathing human beings, with a wide outlook; hence it has a universal and a perpetual appeal to humanity. The ancients recorded themselves, their lives, works, ideas, and ideals, either collectively (or in smaller collective groups), or individuals among them made the record. The collective record is found primarily in all the institutions of the social organism (religious, political, and the like), and in that great social institution, as Whitney used to call it, language, — language as form and expression. The record of the smaller collective groups or of individuals was made in the various forms of individual or mainly individual expression, chiefly in art, and in literature which is language as artistic form and content.

The ancient record is in large part lost, in large part blurred and become difficult of decipherment. But much has been preserved, either actually and immediately, or mediately and indirectly in the tokens of influences on other civilizations; and by the use of methods and instruments of ever-increasing precision in philological research the difficulties of decipherment are nearly met. Thus by the aid of hints that we have we can discover anew in some measure what we

have not. For, as Terence ¹ says, "there is nothing so difficult that it may not be found out by searching."

Of the various kinds of record, that of literature, whether extant or reconstructed, is much the most important. This is because literature is itself the very essence and exponent of whatever was most characteristic and significant in the civilization of the ancients; because it is the clearest and most intelligible of the records; because it is the amplest. Indeed, without it all the other forms of record are practically non-existent, or, if existent, are unintelligible. All philosophy, nearly all history, nearly all the light on religion and social institutions, are but the content of literature. The monuments of art, though they speak a language all their own, gain new and fuller meaning from the testimonies in literature concerning the art and artists of antiquity. Language itself exists in amplitude and variety only in the literature; indeed, in the case of the Greeks at least, there is little of the language extant that is not literary, *i. e.* marked by conscious art, even the rude memorials engraved on stone or bronze being thrown into literary form. And the full character and meaning of language, its range and power, are not revealed except in the highly developed forms of literature. If all other kinds of record were lost or made inaccessible we could still read in literature alone nearly the whole story of antiquity, in all its beauty and strength, though this might lack, to be sure, some elements of vividness and concrete reality that the monuments of art in particular yield us. Yes, as Bacon says, "the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation."

Extant literature, as has already been intimated, is the foundation and chief substance of our studies. But extant literature is for several reasons defective. In the first place, from it are absent many important constituents of the whole, the vision of which is the ideal of our efforts. Not only are the works of many great writers of antiquity lost, and known to us only at second- or third-hand in quotations or in scattered and obscure allusions, but even whole classes of literature have no adequate representatives in what has survived. Herein how different the problem of the student of a modern literature from that of the student of classical literature: the former is bewildered by the wealth of his materials, from which he must choose in order to draw his pictures; the latter is embarrassed by his poverty: at critical points he often can make only a sketch, and that, too, a conjectural one, whereas the other gives us a picture rich in detail. Then, too, in its transmission to our day, ancient literature has

¹ *Nil tam difficile est quin quaerendo inuestigari possiet*; which reminds one of Chaeremon's

οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ὄντων
οὐκ ἐν χρόνῳ ζητούσιον ἐξευρίσκειται.

suffered many mischances. The text in passing through the hands of scribes either unintelligent or too intelligent has often become something other than it originally was: it has been padded with inept glosses; its meaning has been misapprehended, and the false explanations that from generation to generation have gathered about and over the text have beclouded the eye of the reader so that he has not read the clear truth. He must, as George Herbert says, "Copie fair what time hath blur'd."

And yet even these unfavorable conditions have had their good effect. The fragmentariness and the perversion of the literary record have ever stirred the scholar to earnest endeavor. They have evoked the spirit of criticism, and have developed in the guild of classical philologists methods of accurate research, methods that in time have become models for all forms of historical inquiry as well as of philological inquiry in other fields. Again: these conditions have lent singular preciousness to every smallest item in the tradition. Each little thing, — each sound, each word, each phrase, each idiom, each thought, each turn, — each littlest thing has become important because of its possible significance in the reconstruction of the whole, that great edifice, the House of Ancient Life. We love and study the little because it is a member of the whole. Perhaps at times the idea of the whole has been lost sight of, in the student's concentration on the fragmentary and intrinsically petty. Of the scholar that goes astray for such small things, let us say what Hugutio¹ said in the twelfth century of a Latin verse, the writer of which had sinned in the quantity he gave *sincerus*, "Let it and its writer be erased from the Book of Life, and be not enrolled among the Righteous (*Abtradatur cum suo auctore de libro vitæ et cum justis non scribatur*)."

One who speaks upon the problems of classical literature finds before him a vast field, in which scholars have been toiling for more than twenty-three centuries, with varying ideals, aims, and methods, meeting and solving problems of the most diverse character. At the earliest period, in the times of the creation of classical literature and in the times immediately subsequent when the speech in which literary works were composed was still a living tongue, scholars were concerned mainly with the interpretation of poets, with the explanation of obsolete words and of other obscurities. Then came an age of criticism and of comprehensive learning, when the ancient texts were collected, classified, edited, further explored and explained, the texts of prose writers as well as of poets, — an age of scientific scholarship, from the fragmentary remains of which we still have much to learn; then followed an age of scholarship in the service of education, with its excerpts, anthologies, its limited editions of classical authors, its handbooks

¹ Sandys, *History of Classical Scholarship*, p. 640.

its compilations of compilations. Then supervened the Dark Ages, when the lamp of pure literature, if trimmed at all, was trimmed for the service of sacerdotalism, or, burning low in an alien atmosphere, little drew the eyes of men: an age when literature was made subsidiary, treated as a storehouse of materials for discipline in the arts of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and not as a noble end in itself — the *auctores* being slaves of the *artes*. These times were followed by the Great Awakening, when little by little the full significance of the ancient heritage dawned on men: at first, a period of literary enthusiasm, when the form of ancient literature chiefly engaged the attention of the educated world, and men sought to write like the ancient masters; then, a period when the interest of scholars was turned from the form to the matter, when the items of knowledge and wisdom buried in the ancient writers were disinterred, and set forth in works and editions that are even to-day marvels of learning and lore. Next followed an age of criticism, which was exercised mainly on the texts of classical writers. "It was," as Professor Hardie has said, "neither creative nor ardent, like the first [period], nor encyclopedic in its material knowledge like the second, but critical and grammatical." It clarified the texts, healed corrupt places, sought to establish canons of idiom, formulated the laws of meter, discriminated with severe judgment the spurious and the authentic in ancient literature. Finally, hardly more than a century ago, began a period of classical scholarship in which all the finer qualities of the three preceding periods (since the Renaissance) are happily combined and developed, — an age of searching criticism, of encyclopedic learning enlarged by the lessons of comparative grammar, of history, of art and archæology, and of enlightened literary enthusiasm and appreciation, an age of better methods in all departments of classical scholarship and of the coördination of these departments into a single whole, so that one throws light on the other. The outcome of it all is that we may to-day say to the wise student of the ancient texts, what was said to Macrobius centuries ago:

meliora reddis quàm legendo sumpseras.

The conception of the function of the student and teacher of classical literature has thus varied somewhat from century to century, ever gaining new and enriched meaning. But I doubt whether we have much improved upon the definition of this function as given toward the close of the Alexandrian age and recorded by a commentator on Dionysius the Thracian, the first of the venerable guild of grammarians. The task of the *γραμματικός*, or student and teacher of literature, we are told, has four parts, — τὸ ἀναγνωστικόν, "accurate reading aloud"; τὸ ἐξηγητικόν, "explanation"; τὸ διορθωτικόν, "correction of the text"; and τὸ κριτικόν, "criticism," *i. e.* mainly æsthetic.

The first — μέρος ἀναγνωστικόν — emphasizes the great truth that ancient literature is almost without exception the spoken word written, and that unless the word once spoken is *heard* again the voice of literature loses many of its most significant notes. Not only must there be correct pronunciation of single sounds, but the unique cadences of ancient speech, so different from ours, must be caught and reproduced. The book, the written page, the printed word, must be made, as it were, to disappear; must not stand between author and reader; the voice of the poet, the orator, the philosopher in his conversation on high themes, must speak directly to the ear and mind of the student. The second part — τὸ ἐξηγητικόν — reminds us that it is the duty of the teaching scholar to remove all the difficulties that lie in the way of complete and intelligent apprehension and appreciation, manifold as these difficulties are. The third element of the scholar's function — τὸ διορθωτικόν — means that the scholar must purify his texts, correcting them so as to bring them as nearly as may be to the words originally spoken. The fourth — τὸ κριτικόν — that he must judge the works he studies in their larger relations, especially in the light of the standards, æsthetic and ethical, that either have been set up by the achievements of other masters, whether in classical literature or in other literatures, or may be inferred by the philosopher from the constitution and normal life of the human soul.

The problems that confront the student of classical literature at the present time may be present problems either because they are perpetual problems — hence ever at hand — or because they are peculiar to our present age, either newly arisen, or re-arisen, their immediate demand upon us to-day being caused by conditions and emergencies peculiar to these our own times.

In speaking of some of these "present problems," I have not kept nor shall I hereafter keep distinct these two classes; nor will it be possible to do more than hint at a few of the problems, whether old or new, that call for a solution, or a better solution. These will be taken, in what remains to be said, from the field of the history of classical literature, and will have to do mainly with the demands that may reasonably be made on the historian of classical literature. And by historian of classical literature and the demands to be made on him, I mean not only the writer of formal works on this subject, but the classical scholar, investigator, and teacher who deals with themes from or phases of the subject of the history of classical literature, and the ideals he should set before himself. In touching upon deficiencies in present or past performance, and in sketching the limitations as well as in extending the boundaries of our field, of course many problems will be suggested by implication, though the allusion to them will be brief and the treatment of them sketchy.

The historian of classical literature has to do, to begin with, with individual authors, with the literary creations of men who were once alive and who spoke each to a particular audience. These men or their work he makes real to himself, and as writer or teacher real also to the world in which he himself lives. He is thus, in the first instance, one who understands and appreciates his author, and, in the second place, an interpreter.

As one who seeks to understand his author, he must first be able to place himself at the point of view of the reader to whom the book was originally addressed. The writings of the ancients, in spite of their universal appeal, were not written for us; they were written each for a particular audience, and it was that audience that most fully understood them. Hence it is only as we can put ourselves in the place of members of this audience that we can apprehend the meaning of the message they received. This means, in brief, that for the time being we must ourselves be the ancients, must know their language as they knew it, — in its power, delicacy, and subtlety of expression, — must be familiar with all the circumstances and elements — social, religious, political, ethical — that conditioned the production and determined the character of the literary works in question; we must respond to every emotion that anciently stirred: we must surround ourselves with the atmosphere spiritual and intellectual that surrounded the original audience. How much this means! It means, for us who live in a different age, a power of keen and discriminating appreciation and an almost limitless learning, vital and vivifying, in many fields, not in language alone, but also in history, in antiquities, in philosophy, in art.

The student must also be able, in a way, to put himself at the author's point of view; to realize vividly that the author was once a living personality and individuality. This implies the amplest and most sympathetic knowledge possible of the author himself, and of all that will make him intelligible: the world of ideas in which he lives, his characteristic habits of expression whether in his language — in its vocabulary, grammar, and idiom, in its rhythmical flow — or in choice and arrangement of his material; recognizing above all that every author is his own best interpreter, to be known only by him who reads and reads and re-reads him time and again. Furthermore, enabled in the ways indicated to see and hear and understand his author as he was to the men of his own day, the scholar must be competent to place himself, for the most fruitful contemplation of his author, at what we may call the universal point of view, the point of view at once of common humanity stripped of its accidents, focused on realities, and of the enlightened scholar and wise man who, knowing in an organic way, like a master, the best and most significant things that men of all times have achieved in letters, with these

compares and contrasts, and in the light of these passes judgment on what the author of antiquity has done.

But the student of classical literature, if he is to be also something of an historian of this literature, has a further function: he is the interpreter of the ancient writer, his interpretation finding expression in formal works on literary history, or in monographic studies of special topics, or in the comment that accompanies editions of classical books, or in translations into the vernacular. The interpreter's first qualification for his task is of course the understanding of the work he would interpret in the spirit and to the extent already indicated. But it is obvious that besides this qualification he needs others that are very different, such as thorough knowledge of the language of interpretation, and a mastery of the art of interpretation, which involves among other things a knowledge of the audience to which the interpretation is to be made not unlike his knowledge of the audience for which the work was originally intended, and a power effectively to reach and move that audience. The work of the interpreter of classical authors can never be wholly done. It must be renewed from age to age, from generation to generation. The authors remain, and perhaps their text reaches its final form, but with the discovery of new material, with the invention of new instruments of research, the knowledge that gathers about them grows apace, and the new knowledge throws things into a new perspective, and brings out unsuspected relations. With all this must come new interpretations, demanded not only by the newer light, but also by the incessant though almost unobserved changes in the media of interpretation, in the meaning and values of language, changes in the æsthetic standards that regulate expression, but yet more changes in the audience to which the interpretation is addressed. It has been so in the past. 'Again and again the phenomena of the ancient world, as these have shimmered before us in literature, their spirit and significance, have been imperfectly grasped and falsely explained. Antiquity sometimes has been understood solely in terms of the times in which it was passed in review, just as the ancient languages have been pronounced by students of these languages according to their own vernacular, students who thought, forsooth, they were speaking Latin or Greek. The scholars of the early Christian Church, some of the leaders of the Renaissance, the motley crew of neo-Pagans, have each and all had their own understanding and interpretation of antiquity — how imperfect, how far from the truth! Lack of sound and comprehensive knowledge and prepossession by subjective theory or fancy have caused the failure to behold the truth. And yet even views that are only partially true, or are dark, highly colored or distorted, or unsubstantial, have been fraught with instruction. It is for these reasons and for others that

the work of the interpreter of classical antiquity is never finished, can never be finished. Authors will continue and must continue to be edited, monographs must be written, and there will ever be calls for new histories of classical literature.

The interpreter of the writings of the ancients — especially of the great poets of Greece — must always have a happy task. His work will have a universal appeal; in no other literature than that of Greece has been so complete and so adequate an expression of national life and ideals, in this case of the whole of the life and thought of a people marvelously endowed passing in brilliant review before us. Then too the Greek poets (as Aristotle has observed), in fact, all great poets, express the Universal with penetrating and impressive power: the individual is the speaker and mouthpiece, but the message is from humanity to humanity. "The 'I' [of the lyric poet]," says Tennyson, "is not the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him." "Der vollkommene Dichter spricht das Ganze der Menschheit aus," said Goethe.

There is another fine saying of Goethe's, quoted by Biese: "Literature [what Goethe elsewhere calls *Wellitteratur*] is but a fragment of fragments; of what has been done and spoken only a very small part has been written down; and of what has been written down only a very little has remained, and yet even this little shows so much of repetition that we are impressed with the thought of how limited are the soul and fortunes of man." A national literature, like that of the Greeks, is but a part, a member, of the *Wellitteratur*, and is apprehended in its fullness only when so apprehended. Similarly, Greek and Roman literature themselves, when each is considered with relation to what makes it up — its several groups or kinds of literature, and within these the individual authors, and under each author his own separate works, every one of these being (as Plato has reminded us) a living organism — are but organic parts of larger and larger units, the lesser being intelligible only in their relation to the larger units, and the larger intelligible only when their relation to their organic constituents is recognized. Hence the historian of classical literature will do more than know and interpret the individual authors, and his history will be more than a collection of notes and memoranda of this nature, arranged on a chronological string. He is concerned with authors not alone as separate individuals, but also — and primarily — in their relation to each other and to their literary progeners; he is concerned less with static conditions than with dynamic relations. Literature, a particular literature, as an organism, has had an organic growth and development: it is his concern to discover the origins; to trace the complex stages of growth; to determine the modifying influences; to analyze each

successive form of literature and to study its inheritances as well as its original features; to show how one movement of thought passed into another, with the fitting modes of expression, how action and reaction succeeded each other; in the case of individual authors to ascertain and set forth their sources, — in the fullest sense of this much abused word, — the great types according to which their works were framed — how these types arose — and their modification of the types; their special literary originals and the degree to which they were dependent on these originals; their personal innovations and their characteristic additions to the riches of literary expression whether in art or in substance of thought. Literary histories of this nature — or perhaps I should say studies in literary history of this nature — are now beginning to be written. Foundations for them have been laid in a more comprehensive and accurate knowledge of some of the branches of literature and of some of the authors, and the superstructure will arise as a matter of course. To be sure, at times even in our day some of these attempts are for obvious reasons foredoomed to failure: like those of a French ecclesiastic, who has recently undertaken to prove that Homer is but a copy and travesty of the Bible: Is not Agamemnon's refusal to deliver Briseis modeled on Pharaoh's denial to release the Israelites? and are not four children given to Agamemnon because Saul, King of the Jews, had the same number? — the very difference in the sex of the members of the two families — one son and three daughters as against three sons and one daughter — being but a subtle proof of this theory!

We have already briefly adverted to the problems that will confront the historian of classical literature, as, first, he studies the individual work, then passes on to the author, then to a branch of literature, and at last to the national literature either of the Greeks or of the Romans. But these national literatures are, as we have remarked, organic parts of what Goethe has called *Weltliteratur*. What — we now inquire — is the relation of the historian of classical literature to the science of *Weltliteratur*, which, for want of a better name we call "Comparative Literature," and what are the problems that arise from this relation?

As a science fundamentally historical, comparative literature has exactly the same problems that we noted as arising in the study of a national literature, though on a much larger scale, "and in diffusion more intense" (as George Eliot says). But comparative literature has something more; it has in fact some of the qualities of what the makers of the programmes of this Congress might call a Normative Science: it teaches us, or should teach us, the fruitful doctrines of æsthetics and psychology as applied to literary creations. The ancients constructed their canons of art of various kinds, not as

a result of abstract metaphysical conceptions, but concretely from a study of all accessible materials and models of the particular art, whether of poetical criticism as by Aristotle, or of oratory as in the tradition that emerges to view in the lesser writings (*e. g.*) of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, or of plastic art as in the series of writings beginning with Xenocrates and Antigonus of Carystus. But vast additions have been made to the wealth of literary expression since the days of Greece and Rome, and these additions must be considered by him who to-day would lay down the canons of universal literary art; Aristotle, were he alive now, would be the first to recognize that no theory of epic poetry would be complete that omitted Virgil, or the Niebelungenlied or Dante, no theory of tragedy that failed to consider Shakespeare and Molière and Goethe. As Aristotle's theory of the state was founded on studies of a vast number of special states, Greek and non-Greek, — a theory that he used effectively in the criticism and illumination of the history of the Athenian and Spartan states in particular, — so must every theory of literary criticism that is to be applied to the elucidation of ancient literary history be a comprehensive one and be based on a consideration of all that deserves the name of literature, whether ancient, medieval, or modern.

As an historical science comparative literature has at least these three functions: (1) Comparison of similar forms of literature as these are cultivated by different people, with different languages, different traditions of all sorts, attention being drawn to resemblances and contrasts: such as forms of the narrative, whether in the epos or in romance, and the manifold forms of dramatic and lyric art. Obscure passages in the history, within a given literature, of one of these forms may receive something of illumination from the history of it in another, though here an *ignis fatuus* has often been taken as an authentic flame. (2) A second function is the study of the history of the treatment of special literary *motifs* in different literatures, *motifs* which often crop out absolutely independently in various parts of the world, to the bewilderment of the scholar. (3) A third function is that of tracing the history of the influence of literary ideals and models, and of individual authors and individual works belonging to one literature, upon the literature or literatures of subsequent times; or, turned about, of making inquiries wherein the varied phenomena of one literature are followed up to their sources in another or in several others.

Obviously, in a derived literature, or in one whose elements are to a very large extent inherited or borrowed, the necessity of tracing these inherited or borrowed elements to their originals will be imperative, and of that form of activity may consist in large measure the investigation of the history of these literatures.

Such derived literatures are, to a greater or less degree, all the literatures of Western Europe, after that of Greece. Latin literature is, of course, original in some of its elements and qualities, but for the most part, as of course I need not demonstrate in this presence, it is an imitation or an echo of Greece. Hence the student of the history of Latin literature will be vastly concerned with Greek literature in order to understand adequately his own.

The student of Greek literature, for the purpose at least of ascertaining its originals, will have little occasion to make use of the lessons of comparative literature; though occasionally even here valuable hints may be received, *e. g.* on certain Semitic or Oriental influences on Greek literature in and before the sixth century B. C.

Greek literature, as everybody knows, is marvelous in its originality — originality in forms and types of literature, in themes, in treatment, in metrical and rhythmical expression, in adaptation of word and phrase to thought — in all that makes up literature. The student of Greek literature is drinking ever at the fountain-heads of European literature. For some creations of Greek literature that are lost in their original form and are found only in later imitations or workings-over in Latin (or even in the Semitic tongues — such as Arabic or Syriac), the student of Greek literature may need to follow down and examine the later productions — as for example in reconstructing the Greek originals of plays of Plautus or Terence, of lyrics of Catullus or Horace, and of many other books in Greek prose or verse that exist only in later excerpts or abridged translations.

It is at once vastly interesting and suggestive to trace the later fortunes of Greek literature and of individual works, but this is a *πάρρηγον* for a student of Greek literature; there is almost too much to be done in Greek literature itself. We are less concerned, as distinctive students of the history of Greek literature, with what it became than with what became it! On the other hand, from the point of view of the comparative study of the development of the forms of literature, and of the history of identical literary *motifs*, as from that of its universal philosophical lessons, the science of comparative literature will be useful to the historian of Greek literature (as that of comparative philology has been to the student of the history of the Greek language), while from almost all points of view it is absolutely essential to the student of the history of Roman literature, and of all later literatures.

I have sketched, in meagre outline, the principles which the historian of classical literature should follow in order to solve the problems, new and old, that confront him. Have the demands herein involved been as yet adequately met? To me there seems very much to be done: first, in the successful application of all

these principles; secondly, in the coördination of the items of knowledge already won; and thirdly, especially with reference to the lessons obtainable from comparative literature, in ascertaining many new and essential items of knowledge.

The mere statement of the principles has suggested obviously, in large measure, the method of their application. The historian of classical literature must above all be an artist; disaster and failure will attend him if he allows his learning, or rather his mass of scientific information, to confuse or obscure for him the simple and severe outlines of his ideals, the clear manifestation of which is his aim. His work in its final form must be marked by due proportion in all its parts, and must be transfused by the vital spirit.

The most difficult, because the most comprehensive, task is of course that of writing general histories of classical literature. From the failure to apply in the right way all these great principles, the perfectly satisfactory general history of classical literature has yet to be written. On the other hand, the successful application of these principles, in work on certain classical authors or on special branches or topics in the history of classical literature, has often been made, though in outline. It may be invidious to name names; but I would recall, of German scholars of recent date, among the dead only Bernays, Ribbeck, Rohde; among the living, Usener, Diels, Wilamowitz, Hirzel. In the ascertainment of essential items of knowledge, how much these men, and countless others, have accomplished! And yet how much remains to be done! I will not venture to draw up a list of *desiderata*, but will only call attention to a topic or two. We lack, for example, for certain phases of Greek literary history, careful compilations of all the available ancient data that relate to them. With all the investigation of sources (in the narrow sense of the term) that has characterized the last half-century, there is still a sorry absence, in much of our work, of that careful discrimination of primary, secondary, and other mediate sources, through which alone sound conclusions can be drawn. Are there not many dark places yet to be explored in the relation, *e. g.*, of many Latin works to their originals? With the new light of all sorts recently won, may not many a lost Greek play be more successfully reconstructed than has been possible in the past? Are the relations of certain of the Greek and Roman writers to their own times so clearly apprehended as they might be? The history of certain branches of literary expression need to be followed out, such as some of those suggested by Ribbeck sixteen years ago: the forms and principles of poetic narration from the *Iliad* down to Nonnus's *Dionysiaca*, including the development of the epos,—mythic-heroic and historical,—the narrative *ἕμνος*, the epyllion, and the idyll. The history of the elegy or of the elegiac form of literary expression,

of tragedy, of comedy, of satire, of oratory, of the rhetorical writers (to limit myself to works distinctively literary) suggests many a new problem, besides the many already solved.

Numerous and vast as are these problems, they will not long remain unattempted and unsolved, though new ones, for the reasons earlier given, must incessantly arise. The unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, which to-day unites scholars, and the ampler provision for the organization and promotion of research that has been made of late by learned societies and by universities, will simplify and advance the scholar's work as never before.

The wise and fruitful study of special topics will lead on to and prepare for the more difficult knowledge of the classical authors as personalities, delivering each his own message to his time and to all time — and this again will yield, to him who seeks it in a right spirit, a broader and deeper conception of humanity, of the meaning and beauty and wealth of this our mortal life. Herein will be fulfilled our highest desire: for, in the words of Goethe:

“Humanität sei unser ewig Ziel!”

SHORT PAPERS

PROFESSOR W. S. MILNER, of the University of Toronto, presented a short communication to the session on “The *ἀμάρτια* of Aristotle's *Poetics*.”

PROFESSOR FRANK GARDNER MOORE, of Dartmouth College, presented a paper on “Rhythm in the Philosophical Works of Cicero.”

PROFESSOR H. R. FAIRCLOUGH, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, presented a short paper on “Virgil's Relations to Græco-Roman Art.”

SECTION C—ENGLISH LITERATURE

SECTION C — ENGLISH LITERATURE

(Hall 1, September 22, 10 a. m.)

SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR FRANCIS B. GUMMERE, Haverford College.
PROFESSOR JOHANNES HOOPS, University of Heidelberg.

THE RELATION OF ENGLISH LITERATURE TO OTHER SCIENCES

BY FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE

[Francis Barton Gummere, Professor of English, Haverford College. b. Burlington, New Jersey, 1855. A.B. Haverford College, 1872; A.B. Harvard College, 1875; Ph.D. Freiburg University, 1881; studied at University of Christiania, Norway, and University of Berlin, 1887-88. Instructor in English, Harvard College, 1881-82; Head Master of Swain Free School, New Bedford, 1882-87. Member of American Philosophical Society, Modern Language Association of America. Advisory Editor *Modern Philology*. Author of *Germanic Origins; Old English Ballads; Beginnings of Poetry*.]

ANY literature in the vernacular must always pay a heavy price for that quality which may indeed insure it against neglect, but which cannot fail to invite the charlatan and the unprofessional patron. The accessibility of English literature is in vivid contrast to the professional safeguards of such studies — I take the late President Porter's example — as quaternions; those forts and towers, one may be sure, shall never be "a joy of wild asses." But the abuse of this accessibility is by no means confined to Baconians and other lithe creatures who snuff up the wind of literary doctrine; scholars themselves have not been free from blame. What Bernheim says¹ of history is true in even greater degree of literature; the representatives of other sciences think themselves justified in dealing with literature from their own point of view, for their own purposes, with their own methods, and without any special preparation within the literary pale. They apply theories and formulas, which may be valid for their own science, but which are inapplicable to the problems of literature until tested by the control of literary facts and submitted to methods of literary research. In this relation of English literature to other sciences, the scholar's one duty is defense; and defense, obviously enough, lies in a rigorous demand for adequate preparation, for exact knowledge of the English tongue in all its stages, for acquaintance, in reasonable degree, with the sources and the texts, and with their mutual relations as documents of literature.

¹ *Lehrbuch der historischen Methode*, 1894, p. 68.

Seven eighths of the current reproach of pedantry flung at modern studies in English, at excessive zeal for linguistic problems, may be said to spring from an unholy desire to talk about Shakespeare and Chaucer without the trouble of finding out precisely what Shakespeare or Chaucer means. But the English scholar has other than defensive relations with science; he must not neglect the relation of literary facts to laws which psychology, ethnology, sociology, have shown to be of permanent importance for literature itself, precisely as the psychologist or sociologist must not too eagerly impose these laws upon literature without due study of the particular case. In certain brilliant researches, psychological and biological in method, sociological in aim, M. Tarde, working on the lines started by Walter Bagehot in his *Physics and Politics*, arrives at the formula of invention and imitation, a formula which he declares to be of quite universal validity. He then goes on to apply it to literature, really with no more novelty in this general view of the case than can be found, stripped of biological and psychological allusion, in a dull paper about the same formula read by the younger Racine long ago before the Academy of Inscriptions; but M. Tarde announces, without due researches in literature itself, without due employment of a literary method, that all great literature begins (*début*) with a great book, like the Bible, or the Iliad.¹ Now, while M. Tarde's theory of the social process may be right, as opposed to Herbert Spencer's theory about the development of the arts, it is nothing but grotesque in this invasion of literature. Again, for the other instance, a student of English literature, say in its development in the days of Queen Anne, who should refuse to take account of the considerations urged on social and psychological grounds by Bagehot himself in his brief study of "literary fashion," would be darkening his room against a welcome flood of light from the allied sciences. Some use of these sciences is certainly desired; to determine it, one should take into account the specific work in hand, the point of view and the objective point, and one should also know something of the steps by which scientific method in general, as well as particular results of scientific research, have come into the alliance with literature.

First of all, it should be clearly understood in what function the student of English literature appears; much of our current controversy might be avoided if these lines of research were more carefully drawn and the object of it were kept steadily in view. Passing by the publisher's public, the mob of gentlemen who read with ease, and coming to those whose attitude toward the subject is of importance for other reasons than mere supply and demand, we may count three types: the individual reader with valuable opinions, who notes down what M. Anatole France has charmingly called the adventures of

¹ *Les Lois de l'Imitation*, p. 233.

one's mind among books, — the irresponsible but genial critic; then the responsible and professional critic, the critic of the schools; and finally the man whom, for lack of a more specific name, we may call the scholar. Montaigne, Sainte-Beuve, and Taine would perhaps best impersonate these several functions on a high plane of achievement. The first is a literary free-lance, and his alliances cannot concern us. For the other two, while it is evident that the critic is frequently a scholar, in the best sense of the term, often a far better scholar than the manufacturer of dissertations, and while there are surely more bad scholars than bad critics, seeing that the critic is anchored to his facts, while the scholar may drift over seas of erudition to no purpose whatever, none the less there is a very well-marked distinction between them, and this distinction points imperatively to a useful division of labor. It divides the critic's main task, which, in Professor Saintsbury's phrase, is "the reasoned exercise of literary taste," or, in other words, the assignment of values and the maintenance of a standard, from a task which is not so much the "bird's-eye view," so heartily detested by Professor Saintsbury himself, as a scientific study of facts in their whole range, and a search for the principles and laws which govern the course of literature as an element in human life. Everybody knows the distinction; but in practice it is neglected to a most astonishing degree. Too often scholar and critic are at odds, each thinking of his own intent and imputing it to the other; and these barren disputes, waged back and forth over quite familiar facts, could be settled offhand, or else dismissed as groundless, if only it were clearly understood that on one side critical considerations are at stake and on the other side interests of the scholar's larger but no more important research. To take an illustration from the learner's point of view, Ward's *English Poets* is an anthology on the great scale which could hardly be surpassed; it was fitting that Matthew Arnold should write the introduction for it, and that critics of the first rank should write the separate appreciations. One hears it said that to read this book aright is to understand the history of English poetry, — and no statement could well wander farther from the truth. Here is no history of English poetry, but rather a practical and admirable criticism; not because long epics and all dramas had to be omitted, but because the history of any body of national poetry, of any literature, is something quite different from a synthesis of appreciations. For the critic the sum of parts in a literature is vastly greater than the whole; for the student of literature as a social element, the whole is vastly greater than the sum of its parts. Let us take a still more obvious illustration of the neglect to keep in view the real object of research. The dispute about literary types, not yet lulled to rest, loses its seeming contradictions so soon as we separate critical from scholarly interests.

Hennequin, like M. Tarde, ridiculed the notion of a type; and from a critical point of view they were right in defying any one to combine into a type of Touraine authorship such natives of the soil as Rabelais, Descartes, Alfred de Vigny, and Balzac; while the late Joseph Texte ¹ was quite as successful, defending his views on the making of cosmopolitan literature, when he challenged the critics to detach the typical Scotsman, the typical northern peasant, from their idea of Robert Burns. For Burns means one thing in the scale of literary achievement, and he means quite another thing in the scale of literary evolution; and the two meanings, while related, must not be confused. The critic is right when he insists that the sense of values in a work of art should not be merged into mere questions of environment; the scholar is right when he protests that discussions of artistic value, of personality, shall not cloud his view of cause and effect working in long ranges of literary evolution. As the critic deals mainly with the product and its maker, the science outside of literature which most nearly concerns him is psychology. Professor Dilthey's several essays ² have called attention to this application of psychology to the problems of authorship and the individual in art,—an example that so far has had little following in the study of English literature by any consistently psychological method. On the other hand, it is clear that the study of this literature as a social development, and as a whole, calls for help from such sciences as sociology, ethnology, and anthropology, with history, of course, as an inseparable ally. To trace back these two tendencies, one toward an isolated and individual problem, and one toward the problem of evolution in literature, is an interesting task; both of them begin in the oldest critical studies. No doubt they can often unite in one effort, and with the happiest result,—witness the perfection of that study of Villon made by the late Gaston Paris, and many another masterpiece of the same kind. For the purposes of this paper, however, they should be considered each for itself.

Before undertaking this task, it may be well to glance briefly at an alliance of literature with scientific studies which concerns neither critic nor scholar, but rather the poet himself. Professor Shaler has recently called upon criticism to decide whether an imagination trained by the quest of things scientific may not be fitted by such training for poetic achievement, and has submitted certain interesting dramas of his own making for the test. The answer will be of considerable interest; for the assumption is quite different from that other and quite familiar appeal which from time to time has urged

¹ Defending also the *milieu*; see his *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, p. xvii, ff.

² Notably his *Beiträge zum Studium der Individualität*, Sitzungsber. der Berlin Acad., 1896, I, 295, ff. The psychological school of criticism in Germany, mainly concerned with Goethe, has done little so far of a comprehensive and positive character.

the poet to get his material and refresh his style from the results of scientific discovery. In 1824 Sainte-Beuve noticed a book by Ferdinand Denis, *Scènes de la Nature sous les Tropiques, de leur influence sur la poésie*, — intended, as the critic says, to serve poets and to “open new sources for their inspiration.” This praiseworthy cause, however, had been for some time the care of sundry English writers who formed a little school of their own, and who, while they failed in their practical ends, did no small service to the cause of a more scientific study of literature. Dissenters by creed, physicians, ministers, and the like by profession, they were cut off from university training, and treated classical traditions with anything but respect. Their actually scientific papers¹ gave place now and then to a scientific discussion of literature. To this group belongs the credit of Aikin’s somewhat tiresome essay, *On the Application of Natural History to Poetry*;² it suggests more modern subjects for the poet and more accurate description for his method. Take the “migration of birds,” says Aikin, and the “calabash tree,” and “that enormous gigantic serpent of Africa, which a poet might employ with striking effect.” Dr. Percival urges³ “the alliance of natural history and philosophy with poetry,” recommending even a knowledge of medicine. Addison, in his deistic enthusiasm, had long before advised poets to seek inspiration in these things; and even Coleridge seems to have heard advice of this sort, probably from some of his Unitarian friends. At any rate, he attended certain lectures on chemistry in order “to increase his stock of metaphors.” But the *Ancient Mariner* relied on no such expedients; it was honest Erasmus Darwin who made the supreme effort of this school, forgotten now save for one title, the *Loves of the Plants*.⁴ Whatever the scientific poet may do, and he may do much, the poetry of science has not yet become the poetry of poetry.

It is the scientific spirit in literary studies which claims our attention here. Vico made a foothold for the precise formula and the general principle; but more exact dealings with certain problems of literature had begun before his day. Accuracy of observation, and collection of related facts, took the field primarily in the study of language as means of literary expression. Kircher — I suppose him to be the man whom Archbishop Usher, talking with Evelyn in August, 1655, called a mountebank and cited as instance that the “Italians” of that day “understood but little Greeke” — Kircher touches this exact method in his *Musurgia Universalis*, a not quite unreadable book; it correlates poetry with song, gives musical

¹ See the *Proceedings* of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

² Warrington, 1777.

³ *Moral and Literary Dissertations*, Warrington, 1784, the sixth essay.

⁴ Goethe’s *Metamorphose der Pflanzen* has more to say on the subject; but it is after all a *tour de force*.

notes for the crowing of a cock, and is illustrated by pictures of the ear. Similar illustrations, showing the invasion of literary criticism by scientific minds, can be found in the anonymous *De Poematum Cantu et Viribus Rythmi*, really the work of Isaac Vossius who died in 1673 as canon of Windsor. The Abbé du Bos, who knew the book and who is himself so surprisingly modern in his conception of his task, suggests for the student of literature a closer study of phonetics. The extreme phase of this scientific method is doubtless to be sought, in Marmontel's *Natural History of Poetry Considered as a Plant*, the title of a section of his essay on that art.¹ Beattie, in an otherwise dull essay,² would consider the physiognomy of a land in relation to the character of its poetry, a task which was undertaken for English literature only a few years ago by the Romanes lecturer at Oxford.

Here, of course, the scientific spirit has called in actual science as an ally in literature; and here too, very obviously, is a phase of that long and famous discussion about the influence of climate. From climate to social conditions is a short step. The older controversy was begun in its modern form by Du Bos; but questions of the kind go far back. Galen says that Posidonius taught this doctrine;³ and it was current in Plato's day. Du Bos, remarking that Fontenelle suggested the idea and ought to have developed it, undertakes to give proof for it; arguing from individuals to nations, and from a nation to its literature, he makes out a fair case for physical environment. The arguments grew warm, with the critics, as one might expect, mainly in opposition. Blackwell, by his studies on Homer, outstripped Du Bos in enthusiasm for the idea; Dr. Johnson, in his life of Milton, sneers at it. A temperate summary of the case occurs in a book neither deep nor original, and now quite neglected, but valuable for its cosmopolitan note, Denina's *Discorso sopra le Vicende della Letteratura*, published in Turin in 1760, translated in 1771 into English by John Murdoch in a small volume called *An Essay on the Revolutions of Literature*, and republished not only twice in Italy, but also in Berlin in 1784, under the auspices of Frederick the Great, to whom it was dedicated; the author uses German as well as French writings, and has a very modern sort of chapter⁴ entitled "Influenza dell' Inghilterra nella Letteratura del Continente," — a neat supplement to the still limited ideas of Du Bos on the scope of comparative literature, and not without interest for the student of to-day. Like the modern critic, Denina is inclined to lay more stress on the com-

¹ *Poésie*, in vol iv of his *Eléments de la Littérature*, contributed to the *Encyclopédie*.

² *Poetry and Music as they affect the Mind*, in *Essays*, Edinburgh, 1776, but written in 1762.

³ Gudeman, *Sources of the Germania*, in *Transactions of the American Philological Association*, xxxi, 108.

⁴ In the Naples edition of 1792, II, 230.

parison of literature with literature and less on the results of other sciences. He is sure that Du Bos rides the climatic hobby too hard. But his protest, however mild, was unavailing. Montesquieu made climate almost supreme, but brought the people itself into full view; in time, Comte corrects the physical influence by the moral and the mental, adding his famous *milieu intellectuel*; and at last Taine comes to the full notion of sociological, ethnological, and physiological environment as controlling factor in literature. Taine marks for literature — by a happy chance, particularly for the study of English literature — the culmination of a great movement in the arts, in statecraft, and in philosophy at large, which everywhere tended to find the source of things not in individual initiative, human or divine, but in vast forces, cosmic law, working with absolute certainty and to ends of a consummate perfection. As men turned in government from king to people, and in nature from a personal and voluntary supervision to the great democracy of natural forces, so in literature itself, art as well as science, one put the individual author into the background and began to talk of the literature of a nation, the poetry of a people. Literature as a whole loomed large in the foreground and absorbed the individual product. Origins and beginnings were eagerly studied; and along with this particular study, helping it and helped by it, rose the new and yet unnamed sciences with which we are now concerned. "Study the people" is the new cry of an anonymous reviewer, probably Goldsmith himself, giving advice to the poet; "study the people," repeated the scholars who took special literatures in hand; and "study the people" was the watchword of that school of thinkers in England and France who founded the science of sociology. At these two last-named groups we are now to look.

It was literary criticism, old as literature itself, which began the new movement as part of that eternal discussion about the tests and character of genius. Blackwell, Lowth, Hurd, Warton, Young, and Robert Wood, the English group, Condorcet, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in France, and, above all, the German Herder, drove criticism from dusty library corners into the fresh air. This process, so often described as a "return" to nature, to medievalism, to sincerity of heart instead of acuteness of mind, — the gist of Rousseau's first discourse, — to savage simplicity instead of civilized duplicity, — the theme of the second discourse, — was really a sociological and ethnological extension of the timeworn discussion of genius in the spirit of the great democratic movement everywhere astir. Lowth put the genius of Hebrew poetry, even of its figures and tropes, in the life of the Hebrew people; Wood, following Blackwell, but with a saner conception of things, did a like service for Homer, comparing Homeric "manners" with those of American red men;

Sir William Jones, in one of two essays¹ added to his poems, pits spontaneity and natural genius against the theory of imitation as defended by the Abbé Batteux, and opens a significant view into the literature of an old and distant people; everywhere a transfer of genius from individual to folk, nation, race. Young's essay, highly rated as it is, has less novelty than one might suppose; Hobbes had written to something of the same purpose, and St. Evremond, exiled in England, had seen the great light long before Young; poetry, he said,² is the speech now of gods and now of fools, but rarely of ordinary men. This, of course, is the claim for *esprit*, championed by Du Bos, against Boileau's plea for common sense. All the threads of this long controversy for genius and the people, nature, spontaneity, were woven by Herder into his doctrine of natural, national genius, and the history of humanity itself.

Parallel to this movement in literary criticism went the progress of the new sciences themselves. In England, Locke and the grotesque but incisive Mandeville, then Hume and Adam Smith, and, I am fain to add, Lord Monboddo, along with the French school, gradually made these new allies of literature into recognized sciences. Locke invoked the reports of travelers, and advocated the study of "children, savages, and idiots."³ The comparative method seized upon modern instances. England's influence on France, French ideas in England, are constantly cited by this school. Mandeville, and, after him, Hume and Adam Smith, use what would now be called statistics. Mandeville, long before Rousseau set up a perfect savage, insists on the savage as he is, and laughs at Sir William Temple's virtuous red man as "fit to be a justice of the peace." Hume, though skeptical about the influence of climate on national character, finds⁴ that the "rise and progress of the arts and sciences" are due to sociological conditions rather than to personal initiative and imitation. Adam Smith, however small the compass of his essays on this topic, is of supreme importance; Dugald Stewart, indeed, his editor, thinks that Smith really invented that "theoretical or conjectural history" which deals by scientific inference with the origin and growth of things hidden in a remote past. As for Monboddo, while it may be true, as Sir Leslie Stephen says, that he followed dull Harris in an attempt to revive Aristotelian philosophy, what he really accomplished was his own. Gibbon on the steps of the capitol at Rome, planning his great work, is matched by Monboddo moved to write his *Origin and Progress of Language* by the perusal of a Huron dictionary supplementing a book of travels among the American

¹ "On the Arts commonly called Imitative," in *Poems . . . from the Asiatic Languages*, Oxford, 1772.

² *Œuvres Meslées*, Tonson, 1709, II, 119, ff. "de la Poésie."

³ Patten, *Development of English Thought*, p. 158.

⁴ *Essays*, ed. Green and Grose, I, 174, ff.

Indians. The comparison is suggestive. Sociology, ethnology, — Monboddo complains that only three “barbarous” languages were in his time accessible, — and now anthropology, take the field. The last named, one may say, was founded by Voltaire, Turgot, and their followers, as well as the history of civilization so called; these sciences, meanwhile, were made popular by Rousseau,¹ precisely as it was left to Herder to popularize the sociological study of literature. From Herder to Taine is simply a progress of the alliance.

The great century of the sciences had hardly begun, however, when a reaction set in, feeble at first, but gathering strength in certain critical and philological quarters. A. W. Schlegel called the student of literature back to his own ground, insisting — salutary work! — on a critical knowledge of the subject, on profound philological studies. Historical and comparative to a brilliant degree, Schlegel nevertheless distinctly opposes the spirit of sociological combinations and generalizations then invading literature. He refuses to lose the author in his environment. Lachmann performed a somewhat similar service in philology pure and simple; and the often admirable work of Müllenhoff shows not only a praiseworthy concentration on the literary problem itself, but a superfluously contemptuous attitude toward the aids that were offered by actual ethnological and sociological studies. The democratic movement came into disfavor everywhere. Cosquin ridiculed the autonomy of the popular tale and turned it over to the tender mercies of imitation — imitation on a new and literal scale unknown before. Taine’s own masterpiece was hardly published before a goodly number of critics and scholars were at work to throw down the main prop of his literary method, the doctrine of the *milieu*; while all the old watchwords of the sociological school came more or less into discredit. “Laws” and “forces” are phrases that are as plainly obsolescent in some quarters as “providence” is obsolete. A very healthy reaction, to which all praise is due, was meanwhile putting the real facts and the unquestionable problems of literature into the foreground of investigation, and sending theories of origin to the rear. The great doctrine of environment, the great problem of evolution, are not exactly put away forever, but they are certainly postponed to a more convenient season, or else relegated to books² that make no pretense to exact literary research; while, for this research itself, the theory which now holds the field is that convenient formula already named, the formula of invention and imitation. Students of English literature consult Taine nowadays, not because his theory is right, but because of his genius and grasp

¹ A remarkable passage in Rousseau, *Sur l'Origine, etc.*, ed. 1793, I, 58, ff., suggests that two men, one rich and one wise, should circumnavigate the globe simply in order to study the human race.

² Posnett and Letourneau, for example, are both scholars who really belong to another department of investigation.

of significant facts; for method, they follow rather such an historian of our literature as Hettner, in his admirable volume on the eighteenth century; his definition¹ of literature — “the history of ideas, and of their scientific and artistic forms” — is dominant over Taine’s famous triad. Of allied sciences, psychology is now the favorite; for psychology is in demand with each of the two divisions of literary research. The formula of invention and imitation is neatly halved. To the critic goes invention; his old quest of genius, his old study of the individual and responsible artist, is restored in full measure; while to comparative literature, a new and lusty science, which must ignore social forces and all such exsufflicate and blown surmise, is assigned the glorified search for stolen goods, mainly, however, without imputation of unrighteousness in the theft, — in a word, the trail of imitation. The “history of ideas” and their “artistic form” is a more dignified phase of the same task, but in a larger scope; to trace ideas and artistic forms from place to place, from time to time, glancing only as an incident of the way at environment and social influences, is beyond all doubt the present way to the stars. Criticism, meanwhile, is taking good care of invention, and is preserving genius from all popular contamination. In a word, the relation of English literature to other sciences is now a relation far more limited and reduced in the strictly professional domain than was the case four decades ago, or at the opening of the preceding century.

This reaction against sociological studies has, however, gone too far. No science has ever rejected in mass its store of old achievement; and while the extravagances must go, the mistaken method and the too confident, too sweeping theory, ancient good is not all uncouth, and the solid gains of those great scholars who fought the democratic fight in literature shall not be flung away. Returning to the useful division of labor between critic and scholar, one asks what is their present attitude, in sober and rational survey, toward the sciences in question, particularly toward sociology? What shall they reject, and what shall they retain? It is clear that the monarchical school, like the democratic, may run to an extreme; while the latter took a poet entirely out of his own personality, and overwhelmed him in a flood of influences, inheritances, movements, and things not only figuratively but often literally in the air, the monarchical method tends to surround the author with a hedge of divinity and psychology, and to set up a theory of divine right in matters of art. Criticism of the best class now begins to refuse recognition for this theory. Brunetière, in his study of literary types as well as literary personalities, is witness for a still lively relation between modern science and the larger scope of criticism. His studies, however, border closely

¹ Preface to fourth edition.

on the scholar's domain; and there is as good evidence for the need of a sane alliance with sociological theories in the unsatisfactory results of those studies of authors which depend altogether on psychological analysis; the sight of these inverted gentlemen diving or burrowing into the alleged mind of a Goethe is not inspiring, and Goethe himself would have been the first to recommend them a bout with even sociological hard facts.¹ Sainte-Beuve's way was far more productive. And for the scholar himself, even Taine's way is not yet abandoned; with certain smoothings and straightenings it will still prove the best way. As the atmosphere slowly clears up, it is seen that of all the host who have tried the task, Taine alone came near to writing a real history of English literature; he did not quite do it, — no; but only with him does one have the sense of a whole literature in broad and general movement, yet without loss of the sense of values and the delicate shading of the parts. To come back to the old disconnected array of summaries and appreciations, with more or less eloquence about the divinity of art, would be suicidal. A recent historian of English literature has the air of introducing one to his club, and recommending the more important members. This will never do. *Suum cuique*. The true history of English literature should not be a series of criticisms, any more than the criticism of some one English author should be a general history and treatise on contemporary life, with a few apologetic individual details. What is really needed by way of correction for Taine's method is not only to reckon with the literary shortcomings of the work, but to get a new and sound idea of environment and social conditions from sociology in its modern form, and from history at its best.

Taine's most vulnerable point, of course, was his treatment of the Early English period; he knew little about it, and, when he wrote, little was known about it by anybody except the Germans. Here his theory of the *milieu* was at its worst, simply because he combined a ton of theory with two or three ounces of fact. The Englishman of that early period, reasoned Taine, gorged himself with pork, or starved on acorns, and drank oceans of beer; he fought incessantly; he had no manners and few books; hence a literature of pork or acorns, beer, clownishness, ignorance, and turmoil of fight, — a literature which Taine read only in scanty excerpts of an inadequate translation. But it does not follow that the modern historian should give up Taine's sociological idea. He can well keep it, and practice it, provided only that he cleave to his facts; and they are difficult

¹ They seldom refer to their great master's advice:

Wer die Dichtkunst will verstehen
 Muss ins Land der Dichtung gehen;
 Wer den Dichter will verstehen
 Muss in Dichters Lande gehen,

— which seems to cover the case.

enough. The scanty remnant of literature read at first hand, he has to put this into proper relation with its environments in order not only to understand it, but to supply the omissions, and to restore, so far as he can, the literature as it was in its whole range and expression. Back and forth, between these scanty remnants of literary achievement and the baffling hints of history, he must fare, until he decides just what this literature has to say for itself, — its proportion of emotion and thought, its relation to classic remains, its proportion of monkish isolation, and its measure of supply from contemporary life, — and until he decides whether this life itself was of the noble, semi-barbarian type which Grimm and Waitz and Freeman championed, or that feudal complex of a few chieftains and a host of serfs which certain sociologists now declare to have held the foreground of earliest Germanic as well as English history. Ethnology is offered as an aid in this study; but ethnology, so far as it parallels past stages of our race with modern savage conditions, must be used with a caution which borders closely upon abstinence itself. English survivals, on the other hand, are of vast importance for early English literature and life; and what the Germans call *Culturgeschichte*, and Professor Tylor wrote without so expressive a name, but with a wealth of material and consummate genius of exposition, is a science with which the scholar in literature must maintain relations as intimate as may be. And all this is in the spirit of Taine.

Students in English literature, however, are not mainly busied — or at least, let us hope they are not — with the reaches of literary evolution. At the farthest extreme from this task they work on the trails of imitation, and trace the course of jest or theme or phrase in its passage from land to land, from century to century, from author to author. I have elsewhere expressed the opinion that this work, highly valuable in itself and as a detail in larger tasks, assumes too much importance when it makes itself the main business of comparative literature and becomes a kind of vast bookkeeping for the settlement of accounts as among the literatures of the world. As I hinted, behind this mere barter are the mines, the mills, and the seedfields of literature itself. No better corrective for the abuse, or at least superfluous use, of comparative literature on these trails of imitation can be found, as I believe, than an alliance with sociological interests. Studies which take environment into account, and reckon with social conditions at every turn, which grant that while the story may pass everywhere, yet the form of it and the expression of it belong to the time and the locality as well as to the author's genius, these, combined with analysis of the actual literary traffic, will go far to restore dignity to literary investigation without impairing its exactness. Literature is a thing of export and import; it is also a thing of growth, and always stands in some connection with the society which produces it.

When the individual author is in question, other scientific influences come rightly into play. Here scholarship, as one is forced to call it, must lean heavily upon criticism and ask psychology for aid; here is the field for doctrines not only of the intellectual process, of authorship in itself, but of heredity as well. What subtle influence plays through the heredity of literature, passing from author to author and from group to group, M. Brunetière has told the world of criticism, heretofore too eager for discoveries in individual genius, too eager to write down invention as its master-word. But the significance of groups and schools in authorship frequently remains hidden without sociological help. In dealing with any school of the sort, which has got its vogue in whatever way, there must be careful consideration whether this vogue is due to the author or to certain social, national conditions. It is probably right to connect the vogue of Shakespeare's historical plays, on English ground at least, and in their own time, with a demand for a glorification of England brought about by the ruin of the Armada and by the new feeling of national importance. It is also, doubtless, right to connect the recent outburst of historical novels in America with a similar sense of national importance rising steadily since the Civil War and leaping into prominence with the results of the war with Spain. But the offspring of the one Spanish war is not to be compared with the offspring of the other. There the social forces ran far behind the literary power of execution, and in Shakespeare's case the social parallel amounts barely to a detail; here, so far as one can judge at short range, the social, national phase is overwhelmingly important, and the books themselves, save possibly in one or two cases, are merely of commercial importance. Of the two facts regarded as literary phenomena, one is full of significance for the sociological study of literature, and has no attraction for the critic, while the other, interesting in a casual way on the social side, is carried impetuously from any such point of view and is submitted to the great court of literary achievement.

This division of labor is, then, evident enough as at least a partial solution of our problem. The relation of English literature to other sciences lies mainly in the need, for aid in the scholar's undertaking, to study its evolution as a whole, to investigate its groups, its general movements, and the influences which have determined its course. The sciences which offer this aid direct are those that deal with society, with racial and national divisions, with the general history of man on the earth. Criticism, on the other hand, seeking after values and maintaining standards, has little use for these sciences save in an indirect and casual way. It finds its warrants in its own material. In individual psychology, however, it may have a valuable ally. For both of the great interests, finally, scholarship and criticism alike, history is an indispensable background.

One science I have left altogether out of account. Psychology of the people, demopsychology, whatever its name, has been lately revived after a long sleep in the volumes of its almost forgotten journal, — a sleep that seemed to be the sleep of death. But it is yet too formless, even in its modern shape, for satisfactory use. Including every social achievement, politics, art, language, letters, it bids fair to be a science of things in general; and till it is completed in that perfection, sociology will comfortably serve our turn.

PRESENT PROBLEMS OF ENGLISH LITERARY HISTORY

BY JOHANNES HOOPS

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THE subject which was assigned to me for my address would seem naturally to require a certain choice and limitation. The number of problems with which students of English literary history are at present occupied is endless; only the principal ones can come into consideration for our purpose, and even among these a selection is necessary, which must needs be of a subjective character: opinions will differ as to the importance of different problems. Nor can a solution of the problems discussed be attempted in the scope of a lecture; only some suggestions can be given.

Significant problems present themselves in all periods of English literary history. In Old English literature the Beowulf question still awaits its final settlement. Some points, to be sure, are almost unanimously accepted to-day. So far as the historical basis of the Beowulf epic, the age and the dialect of the manuscript, the scene of the action, and the home of the saga is concerned, there seems to be an almost general agreement; but as to locality, time, and mode of the genesis of the Beowulf poem, as to its mythological foundation, the author, etc., opinions at present still differ widely, and it surely will be some time before the controversy about it will subside, if this will ever be the case.

In Chaucer philology one important task is above all to be solved; the establishment of a critical text. Meritorious as Skeat's great edition certainly is by reason of its valuable introductions, notes, glossary, and various readings — the text is treated too arbitrarily and cannot be regarded as final. No doubt, the establishment of a critical Chaucer text is particularly difficult: it is not only a task, it involves a problem. But it must be tackled and will be achieved some day. John Koch's critical edition of *The Pardoner's Tale*, lately published, on the basis of the entire material, is an encouraging attempt in this direction.

In spite of the thousands of books that have been written on Shakespeare during the last two centuries, in spite of the legion of authors, both learned and dilettante, who are still engaged in editing, criticising, and commenting upon the works of the greatest British

poet, there remain a great many questions unanswered, and new ones crop up continuously that demand an earnest consideration. I am not thinking of the famous Shakespeare-Bacon squabble, which is nothing but a literary farce. Originated in the land of humbug, and eagerly adopted by would-be scholars in the land of mists and in the land of dreamers, it is still carried on by a set of people who may, on the whole, be characterized either as amateurs with an enviable superfluity of leisure; as hysteric women with a sense for the mysterious; or as cranks, or as swindlers. It would be an encroachment upon the reader's time to enter once more into a discussion of this literary sea-serpent. But the origin of the *Hamlet* drama, the rainbow character of its hero, the relation of the two Quartos to one another, the personal allusions in the Sonnets — these and many others are questions which still excite, and may well excite, the curiosity and sagacity of men of letters, and which continue to provoke new attempts at explanation.

Yet it is none of these much mooted problems that forms the subject of my present paper. I rather beg leave to direct my readers' attention to a few less known tasks, the handling of which appears to me to be a thing of urgent necessity.

An important problem of this kind is a pragmatic history of Oriental subjects in English literature. To point out the historical facts which, in their turn, caused the ever-renewed interest of the Occidental world in the Orient, the literary subjects which at different times found their way into the European literatures, their significance for the development of English poetry especially, and the numberless channels and rills and veins through which they were spread, and separated, and interwoven, and handed down from generation to generation: such would be the task of the future historian who dares grapple with this difficult problem.

I venture a few unpretending suggestions as to the general history of these Oriental influences in English literature.

The Bible, and especially the Old Testament, has always directed the interest of the Christian nations to the Orient. It was indorsed by influences of classical literature. Earlier than to other countries of the West, the Alexander saga found its way to England, where as early as the eleventh century we meet with translations of the Latin *Epistle of Alexander to Aristotle* and *De rebus in Oriente mirabilibus*, containing miraculous descriptions of the Orient and of that land of wonders, India. To the same period belongs the Old English adaptation of the late Greek novel of *Apollonius of Tyre*, from a Latin version. The stories of sea-voyages, storms, pirates, and adventures which occur in this novel seem to have rendered it particularly congenial to the Anglo-Saxon reader.

An important part as intermediaries between the East and the West was played by the Moors in Spain. From the tenth to the twelfth century Cordoba was a centre of culture and arts and science for the whole of Western Europe, and a large number of Oriental books and literary subjects owe their introduction into the literatures of the Occident to Moorish or Spanish authors. It was in Spain that the converted Jew, Petrus Alphonsus, compiled the famous *Disciplina Clericalis* (1106) from Arabic sources.

The Crusades gave a fresh and lasting impulse to the interest in the Orient in all countries, an impulse which can hardly be overrated as to its importance for the literary history of Europe. The number of tales with Oriental subject-matter or Oriental scenery now increases rapidly. The Middle English story of *Richard Cœur de Lion* is a direct product of this era of chivalrous romanticism and aspiring religious ideals. The *Book of the Seven Sages*, together with the *Disciplina Clericalis*, became a treasury of Oriental subjects for all European literatures, headed by the French. It was from one of the many French versions that this collection of Eastern novels was translated into English early in the fourteenth century, under the title of *The Proces of the Sevyng Sages*. The Lai of *Dame Siriz*, and the story of *Generydes* are of Oriental origin, and *Floris and Blanchefleure*, *The Romance of the Sowdone of Babylone*, *Sir Ferumbras*, *Rowland and Vernagu*, and other novels of the Charlemagne cycle are more or less full of Oriental elements. Like *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *The Proces of the Sevyng Sages*, most of these poems are translations or adaptations of French originals.

In the thirteenth century the court of Frederick II in Sicily, and afterwards the North Italian city-republics, continued the relations with the nations of the East, and were the centres of exchange for the cultures of the Orient and Occident.

Pilgrimages and journeys to the Holy Land, too, had become frequent since the Crusades. They were greatly encouraged by the appearance in the fourteenth century of John Mandeville's *Travels in the Orient*, a fantastic compilation which, written originally in French, has come down to us in numerous versions both in manuscript and in print, in the Latin, French, and English languages, testifying to the immense popularity which this work enjoyed. All the old legends of the *Miracles of the Orient* are here amalgamated with much that is new about those fabulous monsters with which the medieval fancy populated the mysterious East.

The relations with the Orient received a new and mighty impulse through the victorious progress of the Turks and the Mongols in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and the perpetual wars against the Turks in the following periods. The glorious reign of Solyman the Magnificent (1520-66) especially drew the eyes of all Christian

nations to the Muhammadan people that, by conquering Constantinople in 1453, had gained a firm footing on European soil. This gave rise to an altogether new series of Eastern subjects: whereas the older class of Oriental tales is of purely literary character (fables, parables, fairy-tales, stories, etc.), the Turkish wars occasioned a number of compositions, chiefly dramatic, dealing with characters and events taken from contemporary history. The rule of Solyman, the tragic death of his eldest son Mustapha in 1553, and the deeds of his general Ibrahim, became favorite subjects of Occidental poetry.

As early as 1567 we find some Turkish tales, "Mohamet and Irene," "Sultan Solyman," and others, in Painter's *Pastyme of Pleasure*, and in the French collection of novels *Le Printemps*, by Jacques Yver (1572, translated into English by Henry Wotton in 1578), the story of "Solyman and Perseda" is related. In 1581 a Latin drama, *Solyman et Mustapha*, was performed; in 1587 Marlowe produced his *Tamburlaine the Great* on the stage; in 1592 the drama of *Solyman and Perseda*, generally ascribed to Kyd, appeared, followed in 1594 by the anonymous piece, *Selimus*, ascribed to Greene, in 1609 by Brooke's *Mustapha*, and in 1612 by Daborne's *A Christian turned Turk*. In 1603 Knolles published his fundamental *Generall Historie of the Turks*, which filled young Byron with enthusiasm for the Orient, excited in him the desire of seeing the Levant with his own eyes, and, according to his own statement, contributed toward giving the Oriental coloring to his epic tales.

The above-named borrowings from Turkish history are almost the sole Oriental subjects which can be pointed out in Elizabethan literature. Only Greene's *Penelope's Web* (1582) and Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* (ca. 1589) remain to be mentioned. Otherwise English literature in the age of the Renaissance keeps remarkably aloof from Oriental influences. Spenser, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, save for occasional isolated instances, show no Oriental features at all. *Antony and Cleopatra*, in spite of its local background, is a Roman tragedy. Classical antiquity and the great national tradition are the commanding influences in English Renaissance literature by which all others are overshadowed. The fact that England in those times, as contrasted with the ensuing centuries on one side and the era of the Crusades on the other, was comparatively little concerned in the political events of the Orient, may also in part be responsible for the lack of Oriental influences in the literature of the age.

In the latter respect a change was to take place soon enough. The goal of all the great explorers in the epoch of discoveries had been the land of gold and wonders, India, to the quest of which even the discovery of America was due. During the sixteenth century, the Indies had been in the hands of the Portuguese and the Dutch; the foundation, in 1600, of what was later called the East India

Company, however, marked the commencement of the conquest of India by the English, which was gradually achieved during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A number of books of travel, among them notably those by Linschoten, Hakluyt, Sandys, and Purchas, apprized the British public of the men, manners, institutions, and scenery of the newly conquered countries. But it was long before the conquest of India became of significance also for English literature. Fletcher's *Island Princess* (1621) and Dryden's *Aurengzebe* (1657) remained rather solitary specimens of poems with the scene localized in India. Nor were the treasures of old Indian literature disclosed and made accessible until much later times. The importance of the steadily proceeding conquest of India for English literature in the next century and a half consisted principally in keeping the interest of the English permanently directed toward the Orient.

The countries east and south of the Mediterranean, from the old Moorish dominion in Spain and Morocco to Persia and Turkey, still continued to furnish the local background of the majority of poems with Oriental subjects.

But to the sober zeal of the Puritans, with their strenuous religious and social aims, the satiated, indolent, sensuous life of the heathenish, Muhammadan Orient in general could not but be a matter of detestation. It is, therefore, natural enough that in the first half of the seventeenth century, as in the preceding Elizabethan ages, we find but comparatively few works with Oriental coloring. Massinger, in his drama, *The Renegado* (1624), created the type of the defiant renegade which was to become such a favorite figure, especially in the poetry of Byron. Fletcher's *Island Princess* (1621) has already been mentioned; Chapman's *Revenge for Honour*, Lord Brooke's *Alaham* (1633), Suckling's *Aglaura* (1638), and Denham's *The Sophy* (1641) belong to this period.

With the Restoration of the Stuarts, however, which caused such a general revolution in the history of English literature, a golden age of Oriental subjects began, occasioned partly by the historical facts already mentioned, partly by literary forces — the influence of French literature, and, coherent with it, the rise of the heroic drama.

In France the interest in Oriental subjects had been revived by the novels of Madeleine de Scudéry. In 1641, her *Ibrahim ou l'illustre Bassa* appeared, which contained an episode on *Mustapha et Zeangir*. It was dramatized by her brother Georges in 1643, and was translated into English. Between 1649 and 1653 *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus*, was issued, followed in 1660 by *Almahide*. All of these novels furnished subject-matter for dramatic productions by English writers. The heroic novel was succeeded by the heroic drama. Both novelists and dramatists took their themes with conscious preference from

civilizations remote either in space or time, in order to give to their figures the dignity adequate to the character of their heroic poetry, and at the same time to allow themselves a greater freedom in composition. Besides classical antiquity, therefore, especially the rulers and events of modern Oriental history were chosen as subjects for novels and plays.

The same holds good for England where the heroic play was introduced from France. It was Davenant who, in his epoch-marking opera, *The Siege of Rhodes*, in 1656, took the lead in the new fashion of Oriental dramas in England, taking for his theme the famous siege, in 1522, of the island of Rhodes by Soliman the Magnificent, who finally succeeded in conquering the fortress which had long been gallantly defended by the Hospitallers. Davenant's example was followed by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, in his drama *Mustapha* (1665), based upon Madeleine de Scudéry's *Mustapha et Zeangir*. In Head's *English Rogue* (1665-80), a unique mixture of the picaresque and the traveling novel, the scene is also laid to a great extent in the Orient. Then came the long series of Oriental dramas, both ancient and recent, with which Elkanah Settle flooded the contemporary stage for thirty years (from about 1666 to 1694): *Cambyses*, *The Empress of Morocco*, *The Conquest of China by the Tartars*, *Ibrahim the Illustrious Bassa* (adapted from the English translation of Mlle. de Scudéry's novel *Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa*), *The Distressed Innocence, or The Princes of Persia*, *The Heir of Morocco*, a sequel to *The Empress of Morocco*, etc. Dryden, too, wrote several dramas with Oriental subjects: *Almanzor and Almahide, or the Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards* (1670), derived from Mlle. de Scudéry's *Almahide*; *Aurengzebe* (1675), the Indian drama already referred to, and *Don Sebastian* (1690). Crowne followed suit with *Cambyses* (1670) and *Darius* (1688), Southern with *The Royal Brother, or the Persian Prince* (1682), Banks with his *Cyrus the Great* (1696), on the model of Mlle. de Scudéry's *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus*, Mary Pix with *Ibrahim, the 12th Emperor of the Turks* (1696), and Rowe, in his *Tamerlane* (1702), tried his hand on the same subject which Marlowe had handled before him. The title of Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* gave rise to several Oriental dramas or tales with similar titles: Nevil Payne's *Siege of Constantinople* (1675), Durfey's *Siege of Memphis* (1676), Hughes's *Siege of Damascus* (1726), and, to conclude with the most famous, Byron's *Siege of Corinth* (1816).

This list of heroic plays dealing with Oriental subjects aims by no means at completeness, but it will sufficiently show how immensely popular themes of this kind were in the days of Dryden.

In the age of Pope, Oriental subjects disappear together with the heroic drama. *The Vision of Mirza* and the *Story of Shalem and Hilpa*, in the *Spectator* (no. 159, September 1, 1711 and nos. 584, 585,

August 23, 25, 1714), Young's *Busiris* (1719), Hughes's *Siege of Damascus*, just mentioned (1726), Lillo's *Christian Hero* (1735), and Mallet's *Mustapha* (1759), are the last stragglers. In France the enchanted world of the *Arabian Nights* had already in 1675 made its first entrance through de la Croix's specimens of translation, and in Galland's classical rendering of *Les mille et une nuits* (1704-17), a repertory of inexhaustible riches for Oriental subjects was disclosed which was to become of great and fruitful significance for the development of romanticism. Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes* (1721), on the other hand, and Voltaire in his Eastern dramas and novels (1732-48) opened a new epoch in the application of Oriental themes by making them the background of their rationalistic philosophical speculations, a movement which attained its climax and conclusion in Germany with Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* (1779).

Both currents reached England comparatively late. The rationalistic bent has sporadic representatives in Johnson's *Rasselas* (1759) and in Horace Walpole's anonymous squib, *A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese Philosopher in London, to his friend Lien Chi, at Peking* (1757), which was written in the manner of Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, and in its turn gave rise to Goldsmith's kindred *Chinese Letters* (1760), reprinted, in 1762, as *The Citizen of the World*. The *Arabian Nights*, on the other hand, though recommended to the British public, in Galland's translation, by Addison in the *Spectator* (no. 535, Nov. 13, 1712), had hardly any noticeable influence until after 1760, when it gradually became an important element in the development of the new romantic movement. Beekford's *Vathek* (1786), so highly admired by Byron, is its first lineal descendant in English literature.

In the mean time an entirely new departure in the Eastern influences affecting European literature was initiated by the final conquest and opening up of India through the English in the times of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. To the ancients and in the Middle Ages the eastern border of the world had been the mysterious home of wonders and monstrosities, and their conception of it had been greatly colored by Christian ideas throughout medieval times; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the countries of the East had been haunted and partly conquered by adventurous conquistadores in search of gold and riches; the eighteenth century had viewed the Orient through the spectacles of deism and rationalism: it was now for the first time that a really scientific investigation of the literatures, languages, laws, institutions, and manners of the Oriental peoples was begun.

Of important significance in this respect was the restless activity of Sir William Jones (1746-94), who, in 1772, published a volume of *Poems* containing translations and adaptations of Arabian, Persian,

and Indian poems, followed in 1783 by a rendering of the Arabian *Moallakat* and of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* in 1789. He was the founder and lifelong president of the Asiatic Society. Through his and Colebrooke's efforts, moreover, translations of Indian and Persian books on law and philosophy were undertaken that added a literary interest in India to the political.

The outcome of it was the rise of Oriental studies which pervaded all the European countries, and which in Germany resulted in the creation of such works as Friedrich von Schlegel's *Sprache und Weisheit der Inder* (1808), Goethe's *Westöstlicher Divan* (1819), Rückert's long series of Oriental poems and translations (from 1822 on), Platen's fairy epic *Die Abassiden* (1834), Bodenstedt's *Lieder des Mirza Schaffy* (1851), and others. Schopenhauer's philosophy was greatly influenced by these Oriental studies, and the beginning of comparative Indo-Germanic philology was one of the earliest consequences of this new movement. In Denmark it gave rise to pieces like Oehenschläger's *Aladdin* (1805), a dramatic fairy-tale from the *Arabian Nights*. In France Châteaubriand (*Les Martyrs*, 1809, *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, 1811, *Les aventures du dernier des Abencérages*), Victor Hugo (*Les Orientales*, 1828), and others, owe much to this era of Orientalism.

Its effect on English literature, too, was far-reaching. It so happened that the commencement of Oriental studies, in the sixties of the eighteenth century, coincided with the beginnings of the romantic movement inaugurated by Macpherson, Percy, Walpole, Chatterton, as a reaction against the rule of rationalism. The Orient with its wonders and mysteries, its legends and fairy-tales, its splendor of colors and sensuousness, has always been particularly congenial to romanticism; no wonder, therefore, that the adherents of the new spirit soon turned to the East for inspiration in their poetry.

The revival of the interest in the Orient which now began in England was furthermore nourished and deepened by political events like Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt (1798-99), the Peninsular War (1808-14), and the struggle for independence in Greece, events in all of which England was most vitally concerned.

In consequence of all this, a second period of cultivation of Oriental subjects was opened in English literature, as different in its character from the first as romanticism differs from rationalism. Beckford led the van with his splendid Eastern tale *Vathek* (1786), already mentioned, which has with it all the fairy charm of the *Arabian Nights*. Coleridge's gorgeous vision, *Kubla Khan* (composed in 1797), Landor's *Gebir* (1798), and Southey's Arabian epic, *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801), came next. Almost all the leading poets of this great era came under the spell of these Oriental influences, nearly all of them treated Eastern subjects in their poems, the only exceptions being

Wordsworth and Keats. The Peninsular War occasioned no less than three poems dealing with the conquest of Spain by the Moors: Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick* (1811), Landor's *Count Julian* (1812), and Southey's *Roderick, the last of the Goths* (1814). In 1810 Southey published his Hindoo tale, *The Curse of Kehama*; from 1813-1816 Byron poured forth in rapid succession his series of Oriental epics (*The Giaour, The Bride of Abydos, The Corsair, Lara, The Siege of Corinth*), which were devoured with delight by his compatriots; but by far the finest sketches that Byron has given us of Oriental life and characters are to be found in his *Don Juan* and *Sardanapalus*: a figure like that of Haidee is so intensely Oriental in all her passionate love and tender sensuousness that it has no equal in the Oriental tales of English literature.

Moore followed the example given by Byron in his Eastern epics; *Lalla Rookh* (1817) is one of the most perfect attempts at imitating the style and atmosphere of genuine Oriental poetry. Shelley, too, did homage to the Orient in *Alastor* (1816) and the *Revolt of Islam* (1818). Of Walter Scott's novels the two "Tales of the Crusaders," (*The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*, 1825), *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827), and *Count Robert of Paris* (1832), belong to our province. One of the most brilliant specimens of Orientalism in the English literature of this period is James Morier's *Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, which beats *Vathek* in the fidelity of its descriptions and the vivacity of its narrative, and has become one of the classical books of English literature.

Of the poets of the Victorian era, Tennyson borrowed the idea of his *Locksley Hall* from Sir William Jones's English translation of the Arabian *Moallakat*, and according to an acute observation by Koepfel, even the solemn, majestically broad-flowing meter was suggested by the cadence of the Arabian original as he read it in Sir William Jones's translation. From the same current which caused Goethe, Schlegel, Rückert, and Bodenstedt to study Oriental literature, sprang Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* (1853), and the free adaptation of the *Rubaiyat* from the Persian of Omar Khayyam, by Tennyson's friend Edward FitzGerald (1859), which in its turn exercised considerable influence on the pre-Raphaelites and younger bards, and is an abiding stimulus to the study and translation of other Persian poets. Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, too, is an outcome of the same movement. Of American authors Emerson and Thoreau were deeply impressed by Oriental philosophy and *Weltanschauung*.

All these literary works belong to the period that was initiated by the English conquest of India and which may be termed the period of learned study of Oriental languages, literatures, and institutions. Rudyard Kipling's Indian tales, with their descriptions mostly

realistic of human characters and nature painted from life, seem to begin a new period in the history of Oriental subjects. And the rise of the Japanese in the last decades and their successes in the present time may perhaps result in giving another impulse to the literature of the West, and may transfer the interest in the Orient from the eastern border of the ancient Græco-Roman world to the shores of Cathay and the Land of the Rising Sun.

Let us now turn to another group of problems which challenge the acumen of the literary historian, in the field of recent literature, where everything is moving and developing, where literature itself is busy with the solution of problems. It is an indispensable task of the literary historian to grasp the main currents of modern literature, to recognize and appreciate the problems with which it is engaged, to understand and describe them in their origin and development, and to contribute to their solution.

After the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, England had the uncontested sway of the sea. The result was an enormous increase of trade and commerce, but together with this unprecedented rise of commerce and national wealth a certain narrow-minded utilitarianism and commercial spirit seized hold of the majority of the British people and invaded even the policy of the Government. It was the period of unlimited individualism, of the Manchester doctrine which had the command of British politics for several decades of the middle nineteenth century. But in the second half of the century two different reactions set in against this policy of utilitarianism and individualism: the social or humanitarian and the imperialistic movement, which both had their reflection in literature.

The former is the older of the two. It ran parallel with, and was antagonistic to, the free-trade movement of the liberal parties by which it was only temporarily outstripped. The reform of 1832 had principally fulfilled the desires of the middle classes; it left the laborers unsatisfied. It was this feeling of disappointment in the working classes that gave rise to the first utterances of a socialist spirit in the Chartist movement. Among the first to recognize its essence and importance was Carlyle, who in his books on *Chartism* (1839) and *Past and Present* (1843) pointed out its significance and made an attempt at a just appreciation of it. The ideas he puts forth in these works are those of a strong opponent to the individualist *laissez-faire* doctrine, and of an ardent believer in collectivism, in this respect disclosing him as an adherent of the spirit of the Middle Ages, for which he otherwise had little admiration.

If Carlyle's writings were more or less historical, economic, and philosophic treatises, the new ideas were not slow to invade also the field of belles-lettres proper. Strongly influenced by the Oxford

Tractarian movement, Disraeli, in *Sybil* and other novels, advocated the rights of the people from a social conservative point of view. In decided opposition to the ascetic Tractarian spirit, but in pursuance of the same general aim of ameliorating the condition of the people, Kingsley, in *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), *Yeast* (1848), *Cheap Clothes and Nasty* (1850), and *Alton Locke* (1850) displayed his ideas of Christian Socialism and muscular Christianity. Though a promoter of trade-unions and coöperative societies, he has nothing of a socialist radical in him. His novels exhibit a rare combination of the stalwart bravery of the old Teutonic warrior with deep Christian piety and humane social collectivism.

A long series of other writers coöperated in the same direction: Maurice, Hughes, Thomas Hood, Ebenezer Elliott, Thomas Cooper, Bamford the Weaver, and, last but not least, Dickens. They all in their turn and in their respective lines contributed to the development of the idea of social reform, to a greater acknowledgment of the rights of the people by the governing classes, and towards a reaction against the liberal Manchester school.

As time passed on the socialist doctrines by degrees consolidated themselves to the present system, mainly communistic in character. And here again some of the leading men of the purely literary world were among the first to adopt the new ideas and impress them upon the reading public. Inspired by Carlyle, Ruskin after 1850 imbibed the social spirit. Socialism in his mind is strangely connected with romanticism. He hated the nervous competition of the present age, with its materialistic, commercial spirit and capitalistic organization of industry, he hated the modern division of labor which reduced man to a machine, he had an innate aversion to engines and factories, they disturbed his æsthetic sense, and he regarded their introduction as the principal cause of the general discontent of the laboring classes. In *Fors clavigera* (1871-94) he called upon the workmen of Great Britain to join him in order to save English country life from the invasion of machinery. He longed for a return to the primitive conditions of the Middle Ages where every artisan was an artist. With all his sympathy for the social current, he had no sense for the necessary development of things, like those people of the present day who are unable to realize that the organization of capital in the form of pools and trusts is merely the inevitable reaction against the organization of labor and a necessary outcome of the general economic development of our age. If Carlyle's social opinions were deeply saturated with a strong moral and philosophic sense, Ruskin's social theory may be described as an amalgamation of socialist and æsthetic views.

Starting from Carlyle and Ruskin, William Morris, in his Utopian romance, *News from Nowhere* (1890), in his *Poems by the Way* (1891),

in his work on *Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome* (1893), and other writings, developed more radical ideas. He, too, is a hater of large cities; he, too, in a manner is an admirer of the Middle Ages, but without feudalism, monarchy, and church. He preaches the abolition of the differences of classes, he demands higher wages, shorter hours, more chances of amusement for the working people. His ideal, like Ruskin's, was a blending of socialist and artistic elements, and in his practical activity as an artist he tried to carry out Ruskin's ideas of the mission of art as a means of refining and adorning the every-day life of the people.

In the field of fiction, the American Bellamy in his *Looking Backward* (1889) made an attempt at constructing an ideal picture of the socialist state to come, and of late H. G. Wells has ventured upon similar ground. In dramatic literature Bernard Shaw who, like W. Morris, has also taken active part in the socialist movement in a series of dramas full of cynical criticism, caustic satire, and grim humor, attacks the present foundations of society with a view towards a socialist revolution. Though in most of his pieces the "tendency" is too obtrusive to make them enjoyable from an æsthetic point of view, some no doubt exhibit a true dramatic spirit, and have been successful on the stage.

On the whole, in surveying the part which socialism plays in modern English literature, we receive the impression that though it figures in belles-lettres rather more considerably than one might at first expect, the influence which the literary representatives of socialism have had on the reading public of Great Britain appears to have been but small. Even Ruskin's powerful mind has hardly been able to impress his socialist views upon any large circle of educated English readers, seeing that socialism has after all gained but a scanty influence on the political life of Great Britain and America as compared with that of the Continental European states.

Far more important both in its political and its literary significance is the imperialist movement. The commercial spirit of the Manchester doctrine reached its climax in the Little England movement of the sixties, which through Granville and Gladstone even gained control of the practical policy of the Government, and which down to the present day has its advocates in some prominent representatives of the old liberal era, such as Goldwin Smith, with whom I had the privilege of having a long conversation on the matter only the other day. The radical postulate of this group of politicians and writers, to get rid of the colonies and above all of India as soon as possible, could not but evoke a strong patriotic reaction which manifested itself first in literature, then in politics.

And here again Carlyle is the leader. In the same impetuous manner in which he combated individualism in internal politics, he

waged war upon the commercial spirit and utilitarianism in foreign politics, his friend Tennyson effectively aiding him in the language of poetry. The first work, however, in which the claims of a Greater Britain were deliberately opposed to the adherents of Little England, was Charles Dilke's *Greater Britain* (1st ed. 1867, new ed. 1890), which exercised a deep and far-reaching influence on the public opinion of England. The new spirit soon showed itself also in politics: in direct opposition to the demands of the Little Englanders, Beaconsfield, when he came into office, endeavored to bring about a closer union between England and India. It would appear that he had the somewhat fantastic idea of winning Syria and Palestine for England and of founding a continuous Oriental empire under English control from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Bengal — a scheme with which he resumed a dream of Lord Byron's, whose ultimate idea in going to Greece and sacrificing his fortune, his poetry, yea, his life, to the cause of Greek rebellion was to lead the modern Greeks through battle and victory to the border of India, and thus to become a second, an English Alexander! Beaconsfield could not carry out his ambitious plans, but he at least succeeded in persuading the Queen to assume the title of Empress of India (1876), an event that was in so far important as it was the first official manifestation of the idea of a British Empire.

The further development of the imperialistic movement in England was principally influenced by historical events of extreme significance. Up to 1860 England's command of the sea was practically uncontested; after that date several new nations sprang up which before had almost been *des quantités négligeables* for English foreign policy. Germany and Italy were consolidated into national states of the first order, and Germany particularly soon entered upon a very close commercial competition with England, so that at the present day she is her most dangerous rival. France recovered with an astounding vitality from the blows which the war of 1870 had dealt her. In the United States a field of almost unbounded possibilities for commercial and industrial enterprise opened after the crisis of the Civil War, and with the marvelous growth of their industries, the rapid increase of their population and wealth, their national importance grew from year to year and resulted in their abandonment of the traditional Monroe policy and their first effective interference in European politics on the occasion of the Spanish War. Russia built a navy and made menacing progress in Asia toward the frontier of India. Lastly, Japan, too, joined the number of the Great Powers and became a serious rival of the European nations in the trade and commerce of the far East.

All these events which have taken place in the course of the last forty years could not but deeply impress the mind of the English

people, and create, by way of reaction, a wave of national pride and patriotic enthusiasm which culminated in the desire for a closer union of the mother country and the colonies in the shape of an imperial federation. A number of prominent writers, both in prose and in verse, greatly contributed in making this idea popular. Froude in his *Oceana* (1886) portrayed in vivid pictures the greatness and expanse of the empire to the eyes of the British people, and Sir John Seeley, in his lectures on *The Expansion of England* (1883), brought home to the hearts and minds, first of the Cambridge students, and then of a wider public, the necessity of an imperial union, and helped largely to foster and spread the new idea among the professional classes. What Seeley and Froude did in prose essays and addresses, Kipling expressed in poetry and fiction. His warm and vivid sketches of Indian life and manners went a long way towards creating a new interest in India among the British public, while the powerful outburst of patriotic feeling in collections of poems like *The Seven Seas*, etc., which indeed is sometimes not far from chauvinism, touched kindred strings and found a rejoicing echo in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen. Nor was he the only patriotic singer in the field: the Boer War especially produced quite a series of poems of a similar character, Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, Swinburne, and others, being among those who chimed in with the author of *The Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas*. All these writers paved the way for that chief political representative of imperialism, Joseph Chamberlain, whose ambition it is to become the Bismarck of the British Empire.

America, too, was not slow to respond to the appeal of the imperialistic spirit which in point of fact seems to pervade all nations at present. Here again the men of letters had a considerable share in the spreading of the new ideas. It was the epoch-marking works of Captain Mahan above all that prepared the public for the far-sighted and ambitious foreign policy which was inaugurated by President McKinley and his counselors, and continued by the present Government.

Besides these political currents there are several of a purely literary character. One of the most remarkable features of English poetry in the second half of the nineteenth century is the predominance of a formal, æstheticizing tendency.

In the age of Scott and Byron the material interest was greatly predominant in poetry. The descriptions of nature and of plain and simple human conditions in Wordsworth's poems are conveyed in an unpretending, sometimes even prosaic language; in Southey's and Scott's works it is the story itself and the culture-historical background; with Byron it is passion and the general view of the world; it is philosophic and æsthetic speculation with Shelley that form the essential features in their poetry respectively and claim the reader's

principal interest. With some of them indeed, as especially in the case of Shelley, form and matter are almost equally balanced, equally prominent, but in none of them is form domineering.

This prevalence of matter, of contents, is still stronger in the tendency of Carlyle's works, which indeed in a manner are hostile to all poetry. Resulting partly from the tradition of Scottish Puritanism, partly from the influence of German thinkers, a rigid moral standard is here set up for judging literature, and æsthetic aims are made subservient to ethics. In the outward garb of Carlyle's writings, too, form is entirely subordinate to matter; his capricious language has deservedly been reprimanded for its impossible imitations of German models, though it should never be forgotten that underlying this rough and rugged surface there is an elementary force of mind and character in the Sage of Chelsea which has impressed its stamp upon the literature and the thought of a whole age, and it is an unjust exaggeration when Gosse compares Carlyle to an ill-tempered dog that barks at mankind, "angry if it is still, yet more angry if it moves."

The same combination of deep thinking with outward formlessness recurs in Browning, who adds dramatic power and subtle psychological analysis to the moral strength of Carlyle. Striking and original though his poetic images frequently are if judged singly, his language in general is the reverse of formally beautiful.

Although both Carlyle and Browning lived till the ninth decade of the nineteenth century, literature in the second half of this century was on the whole rather characterized by a trend towards refinement of form. In many respects this was directly antagonistic to the style of Carlyle and Browning, and derived its inspiration from such lofty singers as Shelley, or perhaps even more so from romanticists like Coleridge and especially Keats, who endeavored to teach mankind the lesson that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know," and in whose poetry the significance of matter decidedly yielded to the beauty of form.

The victory of the formal element this time was not, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, achieved by classicism, but by romanticism. Tennyson was strongly influenced by Keats, but in Tennyson as in Shelley, and, for the matter of that, also in Wordsworth, contents and form are harmoniously balanced. It was especially Ruskin, the apostle of beauty, and his friends the pre-Raphaelites, to whose work this triumph of form was largely due. Starting as he did from the ethical standpoint of Carlyle, which he retained in his views on social policy, Ruskin at the same time supplied what was lacking in Carlyle by adding the æsthetic principle to his view of the world. He thus became the leader and adviser of the younger generation of poets.

The latent influence of Coleridge and Keats is noticeable everywhere in this new movement. As in the poetry of Keats, the material interest in the poems and pictures of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and their congeners is generally small. The continued repetition of similar motives and the perpetual reiteration of the same frail, hectic, morbid characters would needs have a monotonous and tiring effect, if not counterbalanced by beauty of form, which was therefore elaborately cultivated.

This instinct for formal beauty in poetry attained its maximum in Swinburne, who, together with Pope and Byron, is perhaps the most marvelous formal genius in English literature. His productions are conspicuous for a wonderful word-melody, and he has not unjustly been termed the musician among English poets, but the value of his creations is lamentably impaired by his irresistible inclination toward sacrificing sense to form. In an epic poem like *The Tale of Balen* the interest in the story is entirely overshadowed, the discriminating faculty of the intellect is almost lulled asleep by the continuous jingling of melodious words and alliterative or rhymed phrases; the reader does not even get a clear conception of the poetic pictures which form such a prominent feature, for example, in the plastic poetry of Keats.

And it is similar in painting, with which poetry is indissolubly connected in the work of the pre-Raphaelites. In the pictures of the first pre-Raphaelite painters, there was at all events variety and interest of subject. Burne-Jones is typical for the predominance of form. His figures are to a great extent conventional, monotonous, tiresome, the effect of his pictures being principally due to the beauty of lines and color. In the paintings of Burne-Jones the transition to the decorative is clearly visible; the increased emphasis is laid upon the decorative element, in the natural course of events led to a preference for the industrial arts, which were successfully cultivated both by Burne-Jones and by William Morris, and which, principally through the merit and efforts of the latter, have witnessed a new era of their development in the last decades.

English literature had once before seen a period when the formal element had the sway over poetry; it was in the age of classicism, the age of Dryden and Pope. As in those times, so at the present day, we find closely correlated with it an ascendancy of French influence in England which again is not restricted to the formal side alone.

From 1795 to 1850 the heroes of German literature had exerted a far-reaching influence on the English world of letters, and Carlyle had been its enthusiastic apostle. According to the natural law of change the taste of the public became gradually satiated, and grew tired of it. Now it happened that while the interest in German literature faded slowly away, and the level of German poetry itself was

decidedly declining, French literature witnessed an era of remarkable brilliancy: the age of Balzac, Victor Hugo, Mérimée, Dumas, Sainte-Beuve, Musset, Gautier, Augier, Baudelaire, Sardou, Zola, Daudet, Maupassant, etc. It was also perhaps not without significance that the French court under Napoleon III occupied a leading position in Europe similar to that which it had had in the great age of Louis Quatorze. Thus it seems natural enough that the interest of the English public in French literature and life should have conquered the position which in the first half of the century had been occupied by the interest in Germany.

The French influence manifests itself in different directions: it is not restricted to the formal side, the elegance of the language and terseness of expression, it is also conspicuous in the matter of tendency, and in this respect both the romantic and the realistic schools have fallen under the spell of French writers. Neo-Romanticists like O'Shaughnessy (*An Epic of Women*, 1870, *Lays of France*, 1872, *Music and Moonlight*, 1874, *Songs of a Worker*, 1881), John Payne (*A Masque of Shadows*, 1870, *Intaglios*, 1871, *Songs of Life and Death*, 1872, *Lautrec*, 1878, *New Poems*, 1880), and Th. Marzials (*A Gallery of Pigeons*, 1873), wrote under the influence of Victor Hugo, Gautier, and the decadents, such as Banville, Baudelaire, and Bertrand. On the other side, novels, like those by Thomas Hardy, George Moore, and George Gissing (who, in spite of a recent utterance of Mr. Wells, is after all essentially a realist), would be simply incomprehensible without Guy de Maupassant, Zola, and other French authors.

In criticism, too, French influence is very prominent. Since Ruskin and Matthew Arnold most English critics, *e. g.* Swinburne, Saintsbury, Gosse, and others, have shown a decided preference for the French school of thinking and feeling.

A further striking characteristic of English literature at the present day is the almost entire lack of dramatic poetry of high standard. The effects of the blow which the Puritans inflicted on the English drama in 1642 have never been wholly overcome. The theatre is still regarded in many quarters, even among the educated classes in England and America, as an amusement of lower rank, or rather people fail to recognize the educational value of good stage performances. There are no city or court theatres as in Germany, where the stage has long since been officially acknowledged as a source of refinement and higher education. Irving's endeavors in this direction have so far been unsuccessful. Private theatres, however, naturally favor modern sensational pieces which insure full houses.

But the lack of high-class dramatic poetry in England and America may find a further explanation in the general growth of commercial life, which causes a certain prosaic sobriety in the tastes and interests of the people. There is no such lively sympathy with literary ques-

tions as there was, *e. g.*, in the eighteenth century. The astounding development of sport, moreover, since the beginning of the eighteenth century, absorbs the entire interest of wide circles of the people in the hours of leisure and dulls the capacity for amusements of a more refined sort. The public that does attend theatrical performances wants to be amused rather than educated; hence the preference for comedy, farce, pantomime, operetta, and melodrama. Various attempts to raise the level of the stage have been without result. To-day it is an undeniable fact that most good book-dramas do not succeed on the stage, while those pieces that attract the public are generally poor poetry.

Creditable work, to be sure, has been done by the late Oscar Wilde, or by living authors like Stephen Phillips and Bernard Shaw, but they could not be called first-class dramatists. *Paolo and Francesca* no doubt is full of dramatic vigor, but it is a single scene stretched out into a drama. *Candida* and one or two other pieces of Shaw's have been successful on the stage, but his work on the whole is hampered by a tendency to doctrinairianism. The fact remains that since Sheridan England has not had a dramatic writer of first rank.

Lyric and epic poetry suffer from the same misfortunes. Epic poetry indeed has never occupied an important place in English literature. But at present lyric poetry is unpopular in England, as, for that matter, it is in Germany, where the drama is a favorite with the public.

All literary interests of the English public to-day are absorbed by the novel and the magazines and newspapers. They furnish the intellectual daily food of thousands of people. Reading, like stage performances, must be light and amusing to insure the relish of the public. But the English novel seems to have passed its culminating point, and there is reason to hope that we may witness sooner or later a revival of the other kinds of poetry like that which followed the great age of English novelists in the eighteenth century.

These would seem to me to be some of the burning questions that claim the interest of the historian of English literature. A vast amount of work has still to be done before all these problems will be adequately treated, and there is a wide field of work for scholars both on this side and the other side of the Atlantic. A considerable part of this work will fall to the share of American scholarship, which is progressing with such astounding rapidity.

SECTION D — ROMANCE LITERATURE



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(Hall 8, September 22, 3 p. m.)

CHAIRMAN: PROFESSOR ADOLPHE COHN, Columbia University.

SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR PIO RAJNA, Institute of Higher Studies, Florence, Italy.
PROFESSOR ALCÉE FORTIER, Tulane University, New Orleans.

SECRETARY: DR. COMFORT, Haverford College.

EVOLUTION OF THE STUDY OF ROMANCE MEDIEVAL LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY PIO RAJNA

(Translated from the Italian by courtesy of L. Cipriani, Ph. D., Chicago University)

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IN order to account for the evolution of the study of Romance medieval literature during the nineteenth century, I begin by placing myself at the starting-place, and I look backward. What had been done until then?

It is imperative to keep well in mind that, for the Middle Ages, there is a profound difference between Italy and the other nations whom language makes her sisters. For the latter, archaic literary productions are withered branches of the tree; for Italy they constitute the very trunk. The contrast, less great in the Iberian Peninsula, where there is no break between the old and the new, is most marked in France, where a distinct literature was formed by the older phases, of which the southern one had indeed the characteristics of a foreign literature.

The causes are manifold, but one stands out overwhelmingly. Neither France nor Spain (I call the whole peninsula Spain) had the privilege of a Dante. And the finish of Petrarch, the mellowness of Boccaccio, soon took their place beside the genius of an Alighieri. Thus the fourteenth century had not yet closed when Italy already possessed a literature which could rightly be called classical. And it remained classical even when a second period followed the marvelous productiveness of the first.

Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, were subjects of constant admiration.

And this admiration brought forth a study that took all forms permitted by the capacity of the times. Nor was this study restricted to the greatest authors. Thanks to them, even the lesser, indeed the least of writers, were studied, especially after Tuscany had set up its ancient language as the standard tongue.

At the end of the eighteenth century Italy knew her remote past as well as her near past. I cannot indulge in details; but in order to measure the work done, it suffices to recall that Italy had already produced the *Storia* of Tiraboschi, an exposition of ordered and ascertained facts that can hardly be surpassed. Nor did Italy stop here. Having in the beginning a knowledge, later regained, that other kindred people had forestalled her in the vulgar tongues, and that their example urged her on, she glanced beyond her boundaries. The *De Vulgari Eloquentia* is filled with the conception of the unity of the Romance nations in literature as well as in language. And in the second half of the sixteenth century the *Eloquentia* was worthily matched by the sketch of the history of Roman poetry with which Giovan Maria Barbieri intended to preface a treatise on the *Art of Rhyming*.¹ The most important place, next to the Italian, is here held by the Provençal lyric; and to this all care was always, and by the nature of things had to be, particularly turned. Do not let us exaggerate the result of this care. No real tradition of Provençal doctrine was ever established. Every scholar had, so to speak, to begin anew. The fact is nevertheless noteworthy enough; and the Troubadours owed to this Italian care the preservation of many and many leaves in their laurel wreaths, and owed to it also that these leaves kept more or less green.²

In Spain the national spirit was never lulled, and remained ever faithful to certain ancient ideals. The name of the Cid particularly has never ceased to make all Spanish hearts beat. They certainly beat, even in the fifteenth century, when a new art more refined and less spontaneous, the acquaintance with Italian models, and humanistic studies, made them look down contemptuously on those "ro-

¹ Unluckily this work stopped here; and this first book was published, as is well known, more than two hundred years later by Tiraboschi, under the title, perhaps somewhat exceptionable, *Dell' origine della poesia rimata*. Modena, 1790.

² The harsh words that on this subject burst from the irritated lips of Legrand d'Aussy in his introduction to the *Fabliaux*, Paris, 1779, p. iv, do not sound disagreeable to Italian ears: "D'un autre côté les Troubadours Provençaux ont laissé après eux, je ne sais trop pourquoi, une renommée qui a ébloui tout le monde: non qu'on se soit laissé abuser par les éloges prodigués dans le temps à ces tristes Chansonniers, ou qu'on ait été séduit par leurs Ouvrages; mais l'Italie dont ils furent les maîtres, et où les introduisit l'affinité du langage, s'est plu à immortaliser leur mémoire; et telle fut l'origine de leur grande et trop heureuse fortune. La reconnaissance de deux ou trois Ecrivains célèbres les a sauvés de l'oubli. On les a cru de grands hommes parce que Pétrarque et le Dante les chantèrent; et aujourd'hui que peu de gens sont en état, ou plutôt que personne ne conçoit l'idée de vérifier ces panégyriques trompeurs, adoptés sur parole, l'opinion de leur mérite prévaut tellement, même parmi les gens instruits, qu'il n'en est aucun qui ne les croie les pères de toute notre Littérature moderne."

mances é cantares de que las gentes de baxa é servil condicion se alegran.”¹ But this art, this knowledge, this culture, powerless to produce anything vital, became fatal to the preservation even of what preceding centuries had produced, and which they themselves had, besides, hardly cared to make widely known. Indeed, was it not possible to lose even the certainly precious collection of the poetical works of an ingenious prince, who flourished as late as the first half of the fourteenth century, of Don Juan Manuel? And it is due to the contempt of the ancient style, that the history of the *Amadís* is still so obscure.² The national spirit that I spoke of continued nevertheless to expand greatly. The sixteenth century produced “romances” lavishly, which exalted, vilified, lamented ancient deeds and persons, although not restricted to these subjects alone, precluding thereby the most fertile theatre, which sprang also from the most intimate fibres of the Spanish people. But we would gladly give up this new wealth in order to recover, more numerous and in better shape, the humble popular models which we now laboriously seek amongst that luxuriant growth. It would, however, be absurd to blame any one. Let us rather praise Spain for having preceded other nations in the general review of her literary past. This she did with the two *Bibliothecae* of Nicolás Antonio, of which, if the *Nova* is a mere dictionary, the *Vetus*, which here alone concerns us, has the order if not the connection of history. It is true that what followed was not worthy of such a beginning. We have a mere outline in the *Orígenes* (which come down to the times of the author) *de la Poesía castellana* of Velasquez, published towards the middle of the eighteenth century;³ and the *Memorias* of Sarmiento are rich, but a jumble.⁴ But Spain makes up for this, and surprises us again with the *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al siglo XV* of Sanchez, which began to appear in 1779, in which collection the *Cid*, amongst other things, first saw the light.

The neglect of medieval literature was nowhere so great as in the country in which it had been incomparably the most fertile, that is in France. Nowhere was the voice of the past so completely stifled by the mutable present. Only the historians, the *Romance of the Rose*, and certain *Romances* of the Round Table, escaped oblivion. As for

¹ “Prohemio é carta quel marqués de Santillana envió al Condestable de Portugal con las obras suyas,” sect. ix.

² Observe the title at the beginning of our Castilian text: “Aquí comienza el primero libro del esforzado é virtuoso caballero Amadís, hijo del Rey Perion de Gaula y de la Reyna Elisena; el cual fué corregido y emendado por el honrado é virtuoso caballero Garci-Ordoñez de Montalbo, regidor de la noble villa de Medina del Campo, é corregióle de los antiguos originales, que estaban corruptos é compuestos en antiguo estilo por falta de los diferentes escritores; quitando muchas palabras superfluas, é poniendo otras de mas polido y elegante estilo. . .”

³ Malaga, 1754.

⁴ *Memorias para la historia de la poesia y poetas españoles*. They were published in 1775, three years after the death of the author, by whom they had been composed long before.

some of their Carolingian brethren, they could hardly be recognized in the new garb they had been compelled to don. The songs of the Troubadours had ceased to be heard as soon as their authors had been laid in the grave; and amidst the Italians who moved amongst these tombs was seen only one Frenchman, attracted by the example of our countrymen,¹ namely, Jean de Notredame; and he would better have not been seen there, either. Let us rejoice that the southerner, Notre-dame, roused, as I believe, the very different northerner, Fauchet.² But Fauchet, and his rival and co-worker Pasquier, had no followers;³ and the seventeenth century, which was then beginning, turned minds more than ever from the early literature, creating a new one inspired by other ideals, which rose to heights that appeared even loftier than they actually were. Thus ignorance was united to contempt.⁴ And ignorance and contempt would have continued till the Lord knows when, if at that same time scholarship had not acquired, even in France, a vigor not seen before, and if from beyond seas and rivers a prejudice-destroying wind had not begun to blow. To scholarship, as well as to the related natural sciences, every subject is worthy of study. And study becomes imperative whenever scholarship aims at a complete and connected, that is historical, knowledge and presentation. This happened even in regard to the order of things which concerns us in the times we are going back to, exactly the period in which the idea and the need of a literary history took shape. Therefore popular medieval literature had to be placed beside the Latin in the *Histoire Littéraire*, which, after a long preparation by himself and others, Dom Rivet began to publish in 1733, with the intention of carrying it from most remote to modern times.⁵ The place granted the medieval popular branch would not have been so great if the execution of this grand work had remained in Benedictine hands. In the twelve volumes due to Dom Rivet and his immediate followers, popular literature has a smaller share than the date of 1167, which we reach, would demand. The Benedictines felt no great liking for this literature, though they were extremely suscepti-

¹ This appears as well from general reasons as from the book itself: dedicated to Catherine de Medici, brought to light (the author says) by the request of four gentlemen, two of whom are Italian, and by one of these two published in Italian when the printing of the French original was not yet completed.

² Fauchet gives "les noms et sommaire des œuvres, de cxxvii Poëtes François vivans avant l'an mccc." Notredame's troubadours were seventy-six.

³ "En vain jusqu'ici," Dom Rivet will say regretfully, "deux de nos auteurs de la fin du xvi siècle ont fraié la voie" (*Histoire littéraire de la France*, I, ii).

⁴ Boileau's verses, "Durant les premiers ans," etc., are too universally known to be more than mentioned here.

⁵ Vol. vi, p. 15: ". . . Quant aux Italiens en particulier, un de nos Sçavants, qui a beaucoup travaillé sur l'origine de notre langue, assure que le fameux Bocace a pris des Romains François la plûpart de ses nouvelles, et Petrarque, et les autres Poëtes Italiens, ont pillé les plus beaux endroits des chansons de Thibaud Roi de Navarre, de Gace Brulez, du Châtelain de Couci, et des vieux Romanciers François."

ble to the gratification national pride gained or seemed to gain from it. They did not appreciate its importance, so that in volume VII, which nevertheless marks a remarkable progress, Dom Rivet, even for a monument as important as Boëthius, limits his quotations to nine lines of the fragment made known by the Abbé Lebœuf, and this "pour être moins à charge à ses lecteurs."¹ A higher degree of sympathy and intelligence appears in the dissertations gathered and published in the volumes of the *Histoire* and *Mémoires* of the *Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*.² And one of the Academicians, La Curne de Sainte-Palaye, spent all his long and industrious life within the recesses of the languages, the literatures, the history, of medieval France. It is noteworthy in him that he had no sectional preferences, and was the first northerner who turned towards the south, so that from his material, when he had given up all hope of elaborating it, came forth the *Histoire littéraire des Troubadours* of the Abbé Millot,³ faulty indeed, yet better than its fame. His broad patriotism contrasted with the narrow patriotism of Legrand d'Aussy, who, in his introduction to the *Fabliaux ou Contes du XII^e et du XIII^e siècle*, published soon after,⁴ and owing their birth still to La Curne,⁵ inveighs, for the greater glory of the literature of the *langue d'oïl*, against "ces tristes Chansonniers" of the south.⁶ Overlooking this pettiness, we can call the introduction of Legrand the most notable review of old French literature which we find in the eighteenth century. Quickened with an eager love of its subject, it is the fruit of much reading, which Legrand d'Aussy continued,⁷ in preparation, I think, of his promising history of French poetry, broken off by death.⁸ It is greatly significant, however, that the author deems it necessary to publish the *Fabliaux*, not in the original text, which nothing forbade his accompanying with a translation, but translated, abridged, applying, though improved, the method followed for other compositions in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*.⁹

¹ p. xxxi.

² Already in the second volume, which jointly with the first contains contributions from the period 1701-1711, we have rich "Discours sur quelques anciens Poètes et sur quelques Romans Gaulois peu connu," by Galland (pp. 673-689). Here Galland, establishing himself exclusively on MSS. in the possession of Foucault, gives information about authors, "dont le nom et les ouvrages ont été inconnus à la Croix du Maine et à Fauchet." In the same volume there is a notice on the *Vie de Christine de Pisan et de Thomas de Pisan son père* (pp. 704-714).

³ In 1774.

⁴ 1779-1781.

⁵ Vol. I, p. lxxxix: "Je dois à M. de Sainte-Palaye les premiers matériaux avec lesquels j'ai commencé cet Ouvrage, et qui m'en ont inspiré le projet. . . . Le possesseur généreux de ces richesses littéraires me les a abandonnées . . ."

⁶ See p. 434, note 2.

⁷ It may be seen about how many works he gives information in the 5th volume of *Notices et Extraits de Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque*, formerly *du Roi*, and later *Nationale*. The volume bears the date of "Apr. 7": 1798-99.

⁸ His death happened on the 6th of December, 1800; just when the century also was coming to an end.

⁹ A *Bibliothèque* of ancient French novels only, quite different from that of Tressan had been planned much earlier by La Curne de Sainte-Palaye: "Si je puis

The example given thirty years earlier by Barbazan, instead of urging him on to follow the same path, turns him from it. France did not yet seem ready for the publication of original texts.¹ Nevertheless as early as 1742, one year before being received at the *Académie des Inscriptions*, Lésvesque de la Ravalière published the *Poésies du Roi Thibaut de Navarre*.² This is indeed a swallow that brought no summer.

I have reached the end of my retrospective review. What I shall add to this will concern more the future than the past. As we have seen, much had been done in Italy, not much elsewhere. France stood in the very rear, although she had labored more than Spain; and this was because of the vastness of the task. Yet, both where much and where little had been done, things had to be done over. It was the least of evils that methods of investigation must be more rigorous, or rather that the critical rigor used by some in certain cases should be used everywhere. This would be accomplished *per se*, in consequence of a normal progress. But the greatest needs were of a different kind. Greater depth and breadth of thought were requisite. Not the mere connection, but the intimate relation, the very life of facts was to be laid bare, so that scholarship should be the means, not the end. And, on the other hand, that taste, breaking its fetters, should acquire a full aptitude to appreciate the beautiful wherever it might appear, independently of traditional prejudice, the drama, with the scarecrow of the three unities, is at hand to illustrate better than any other kind. This was no venture into unknown regions. Few centuries have thought as much as the eighteenth, to which none can deny the legitimacy of the title of philosopher, which it assumed (how often was

me flatter d'avoir affaibli la prévention ou quelques personnes pourroient être que la lecture des Romans de Chevalerie étoit une lecture aussi ingrate et inutile que frivole et insipide; qu'il me soit permis de souhaiter que quelques gens de Lettres se partagent entre eux le pénible travail de lire ces sortes d'ouvrages, dont le temps détruit tous les jours quelques morceaux, d'en faire des extraits, qu'ils rapporteront à un système général et uniforme. . . . On pourroit ainsi parvenir à avoir une bibliothèque générale et complète de tous nos anciens Romans de Chevalerie, dont la fable, rapportée très-sommairement, renfermeroit ou le détail, ou du moins l'indication de ce qui regarde l'auteur, son ouvrage, et les autres auteurs du temps dont il auroit fait mention. On s'attacheroit par préférence à tout ce qui paroîtroit de quelque usage pour l'Histoire, pour les Généalogies, pour les Antiquités françoises et pour la Géographie: sans rien omettre de ce qui donneroit quelques lumières sur le progrès des Arts et des Sciences. On pourroit y conserver encore ce qu'il y auroit de remarquable du côté de l'esprit et de l'invention; quelques tours délicats et naïfs, quelques traits de morale et quelques pensées ingénieuses." Thus speaks La Curne in the remarkable "Mémoire concernant la lecture des anciens Romans de Chevalerie," *Histoire de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, xvii, 797-798. Nobody will deny that this design, expressed on the 17th of December, 1743, is worthy of note. Consider how much it anticipates facts.

¹ p. lxxxvii: "Ce n'est pas connaître les Lecteurs François que de leur présenter un pareil travail. Aussi l'ouvrage est-il resté inconnu, et il est même ignoré des Gens de Lettres." Reflect that even La Curne had contented himself, in 1752, with publishing in translation *Aucassin et Nicolette*. In that form it had good luck, and was reprinted in 1756 and 1760.

² M. de la Ravalière had had special reasons of an historical nature for taking interest in those poems.

the phrase "esprit philosophique" and its reflections on the lips!), although in taking this epithet the eighteenth century intended to identify itself with Voltaire, and we confirm the epithet by reason of Vico and Kant. And in seeking the intimate cause of things, thanks to the scientific method bequeathed to it by its predecessor, the eighteenth century had gained its training. Then it had brought all nations into closer contact, and had carried even into the realm of literature the need of universal knowledge and representation.¹ This contact, even though only mechanical, prepared exchange and reciprocal action. And the general tendency was here of more consequence than one of its specific determinations: the falling of the barriers that kept England unknown to the Continent. The knowledge of Shakespeare was of capital importance; and not much less important in the present, lasting besides in its results, was the bringing to light of the pretended poems of Ossian. Palates gained new strength from this unaccustomed food, the efficaciousness of which was all the more helpful because it did not lend itself to true and proper imitations. Hence a return to more normal conditions ensued.² All this and more the eighteenth century offered; but unfortunately in a state of aspiration, of preparation, of semi-consciousness. And causes existed without the ensuing effect. Therefore the same judgment can come from Andrés and La Harpe: Andrés, the author of the audacious work which purports to be "A critical history of the vicissitudes that literature has suffered amongst all nations" (literature means to him, besides art in every form, all that knowledge can grasp), "a philosophic image of the progress it has made from its origin to the present times in all its branches in general, and in each branch in particular"; and La Harpe, the man who knows nothing and sees nothing beyond the Greeks, the Latins, the French of the century of Louis XIV and the period which immediately followed. Hearken to this judgment: "Neither Shakespeare, nor Jonson, nor Vega, nor Castro, nor Calderon, nor all the English and the Spanish poets together, suffice to counterbalance the dramatic merit of the great Corneille." These are the words of

¹ More even than by the bulky works of Quadrio and Andrés, which recur to the mind of every one, that want is efficaciously demonstrated by other works of small size; as, for instance, the *Discorso sopra le vicende della Letteratura* (ill-used by Baretti) of Carlo Denina. It was published at Turin in 1761; and transformed itself into the "Five Books" (*Vicende della Letteratura: Libri cinque*), dedicated to Frederick the Great of Prussia twenty-three years afterwards.

² Normal conditions, whatever the cause, appear in Legrand d'Aussy. "Eh! pourquoi pas?" he exclaims (p. iv, note), after referring to Fleury, who a hundred years earlier, in the *Traité du Choix et de la Méthode des Etudes*, ch. ix, had acknowledged that among the ancient poets there were "des gens d'esprit, et qui pour le temps avoient de la politesse": "Les Arts, les Sciences, la Législation, tout ce qui est le fruit de l'expérience et du temps était encore informe, il est vrai, mais ce que donne la nature, l'esprit, la sensibilité, l'imagination, sont de tous les siècles et de tous les pays, et ne tiennent que par le plus ou moins de goût aux connaissances acquises."

Andrés ;¹ but if they did not take too much scholarship for granted, they might be those of La Harpe.

To the nineteenth century is due the credit of turning semi-consciousness and aspirations to full self-knowledge, and of uniting brooks and torrents into one great flood. A scarcely definable influence is traceable even here to the French Revolution, awful storm, as we are apt to figure it, which, however, cleared away an unbearable sultriness, and which, whilst it strewed the ground with branches and trunks, revived the energy imprisoned in the soil. It certainly stands between two ages which it renders vastly different one from another.

But a foreign nation shared in a singularly large degree in the work which we wish to survey: the German nation, which was led to fulfill this office by a chain of circumstances, beginning with the very fact of her being foreign ; a condition which might at first appear a difficulty. This would have been an obstacle if the Germany of the eighteenth century had not purposely thrown all her windows wide open, so as to look out on every side, and so that light and air might pour in from every direction. The apparent disadvantage was thus changed into the immense advantage of feeling for any literature, for any single literary product, an interest determined only by intrinsic reasons. That universality was set up as a principle was due largely to the fact that, from a literary point of view, Germany may be considered a new nation, just then traversing its classical period. In this universality the simple and popular, to which, through natural disposition and through historical motives, the nation had always remained alive, shared to such a degree as often to become a governing criterion. And to this, sometimes fused with it, sometimes distinct, was coupled the love of national subjects. This did not in the least prevent Germany from attaining great vigor of speculative and scientific thought, which penetrated everywhere, quickened everything, even scholarship, and for which the universities were fertile and marvelous workshops. It is, therefore, easy to understand that the first history of modern literature, in which the knowledge of facts and æsthetic considerations were on a par, should be Germanic. Certainly Frederik Bouterwek, who published eleven volumes from 1801 to 1819,² and in a deliberate succession corresponding to an organized plan, passed from Italy to Spain and Portugal, and from there to France and England, ending up with Germany, did not carry away a mere mass of information from his Romance teachers. He conceives his history as a " *Geschichte des ästhetischen Geistes und Geschmacks,*"³ and in " *Geist*" and " *Geschmack*" we

¹ Vol. I, p. 423, in the original edition of Parma.

² *Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit seit dem Ende des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts.*

³ See at the very beginning the general preface at the head of the first volume.

easily recognize the "esprit" and the "goût" which were so dear to the minds and the lips of the French of the eighteenth century. Let us recall that Montesquieu, author of the memorable *Esprit des Loix*, undertook to write an essay on taste for the *Encyclopédie*. But the taste of Bouterwek, though not always faultless, is not prejudiced, like that of the French, whom he blames for taking from the century of Louis XIV the standard of judging all that had been done previously.¹ It is a pity, therefore, that in this work Provençal literature is omitted, and a small share allowed Old French, although the reason for this is easily seen. It is to be found in the insufficiency of preparatory studies,² rather than in the circumstance that nominally (only nominally) the work began with the end of the thirteenth century,³ or in the conviction that others had sufficiently covered the ground in the encyclopedic collection of which this history of literature formed a part.⁴ The scarcity of the work done by others, and the difficulty of seeing for himself, did not deter Bouterwek from putting together a history of Spanish literature, that for a long time remained the only one worthy of the name.⁵

He was no German, indeed, he, who, going back to its origin, changed his family name, Sismonde, into "Sismondi." He was from Geneva and was familiar with the German and the English tongues. His abode in different countries, his varying occupations even, had contributed to increase the breadth of thought in a previously well-disposed intellect. And this breadth was increased by the influence of Coppet: wonderful intellectual forge, where French and German hammers, handled by the robust arms of Benjamin Constant, of Wilhelm Schlegel, and of many others, in the presence of and with the incitement of Madame de Staël,—the very synthesis of the revived and of the revivifying France of the eighteenth century,—strove with each other in striking sparks from the iron they unceasingly hammered. In 1811, before an audience amongst whom

¹ Vol. v, pp. iv-v.

² *Ibid.* p. vi: "Möchte doch endlich einmal die poetische Litteratur der mittleren Jahrhunderte in ihrem ganzen Umfang" — France only is here meant — "einen ihrer würdigen, also auch der provenzalischen und altfranzösischen Sprache mächtigen und mit den alten Handschriften hinlanglich vertrauten Geschichtschreiber finden!"

³ See p. 440, note 1.

⁴ Vol. I, p. v: "Die Geschichte dieser Morgendämmerung hat aber schon Hr. Eichhorn in seiner *Allgemeinen Geschichte der Cultur und Litteratur der neueren Europa* ebenso lehrreich, als ausführlich erzählt." It was Eichhorn, chiefly known as Orientalist, who conceived the plan of the encyclopedic collection. "Il ne semble avoir eu qu'une connaissance superficielle des littératures des langues modernes," Hallam will say, relating to this *Geschichte der Cultur*, in the Preface to the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth Centuries*. (Not having the original text at hand, I am forced to quote from the French translation of Borghers, Paris, 1839.)

⁵ It was not by means of a most copious equipment of notes joined to the text in the German translation by J. A. Dieze (*Geschichte der spanischen Dichtkunst*, Göttingen, 1769) that the work of Velasquez could become what it had not been in the beginning.

were also many girls, Sismondi undertook to paint a picture similar to the one of Bouterwek; and out of this half-fulfilled task grew his work, *De la littérature du Midi de l'Europe*. This work seeks to present facts, not to go in for original research. It owes much to Bouterwek, and acknowledges it. Being published when little yet was known, it fell into serious errors. But it is the work of a thinking mind. It served well to diffuse among the Romance people a critique which is human, not national; which feels the need to grasp much in order to comprehend; which goes deep, which soars high. We feel the air of Coppel.

When publishing, Sismondi could, for the Italian literature, take advantage of the *Histoire Littéraire de l'Italie* of Ginguené, which likewise grew out of a course of lectures, given in 1802-03, 1805-06. I note the fact of this genesis which is repeated not a few times (even the oral exposition of Old French literature on which Marie Joseph Chénier ventured about this time,¹ was much praised), because it certainly served to give literary history more connection² and to enrich it with other material than mere facts. But it is not due to this alone³ that the history of Ginguené, which cannot so far as scholarship goes be compared to Tiraboschi's, has far more life, and proceeds from outward considerations to inner ones. Time and environment certainly coöperated with great efficacy. And the very phenomenon of a Frenchman who takes upon himself to describe the vicissitudes of a modern foreign literature proves the change in the times. Nothing similar had, if I do not err, ever happened before.

Ginguené goes back to the beginning, and this leads him to follow even the phantom of a powerful Arabic influence, a phantom followed with better reason by Andrés,⁴ and which was afterwards to be called up afresh by Sismondi and not a few others. And he dwelt quite a little on the Troubadours. He followed untrustworthy guides. Yet during the short span of life still granted him (he died in 1816), he took upon himself "The Troubadours" in the Benedictine *His-*

¹ The course of lectures on this subject by Chénier was held in the years 1806-1807. And the lectures regarding the *Fabliaux* and Novels were published also.

² Consider how things appeared to the mind of Dom Rivet when he was undertaking his grand work (vol. i, p. xxii): "En lui donnant le titre d'Histoire, parce qu'il est plus commun et qu'à la rigueur toute narration peut porter ce titre, il sembleroit peut-être qu'on y dût donner une histoire suivie et continuée, telles que sont les autres histoires ordinaires. . . . Mais il n'en est pas de l'Histoire littéraire comme de l'Histoire de l'Eglise, par exemple. . . . Au contraire dans l'Histoire Littéraire, où les faits sont indépendants les uns des autres comme il le sont dans l'Histoire de la vie des Saints, on ne peut guères la bien traiter qu'en la divisant par titres ou articles, dans lesquels on raporte de suite ce qui regarde un Auteur, avant de passer à un autre." In all this truth and error are mixed together.

³ The first volumes only correspond to courses of lectures. It is true that, once on this track, it was natural to go on in the same manner.

⁴ Andrés had had predecessors; among whom Barbieri (see p. 434, note 1) had been perhaps the most ancient, and also, I think, the most notable for his method of reasoning. Consider his chapters iii and iv.

toire Littéraire,¹ intrusted to the Institut in 1807. It was a happy decision to resume, after forty years, the noble enterprise which had been breathing its last since the death of Dom Rivet, who first conceived it. The *Histoire Littéraire* never had been, and never succeeded in being, a true history. And it was not made one by the *Discours sur l'Etat des Lettres* which preface every century, "discourses" that have besides the inevitable fault of condensing into a synthesis things not yet analytically known.² It always remained a "bibliotheca" even after abandoning the mechanical device of chronological order by dates of death. There is besides this no difference between it and the volumes entitled *Notices et extraits de manuscrits*, which the Académie des Inscriptions began to publish in 1787, and where in the fifth volume we already find ample space given to Old French. In arrangement only is there a difference from the *Manuscrits français de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, which later came from Paulin Paris. But this lack of organism permitted an almost absolute liberty of movement, which turned out most useful. It is due especially to this that the *Histoire Littéraire* has increased remarkably the knowledge of French literature in the vulgar tongue, which in this phase began to occupy a far greater place than it had ever occupied before. And with this progress, what had been done did not satisfy. Hence delays and journeys backward, which, if they destroyed even the shadow of an historical plan and resulted in not reaching far into the fourteenth century after one hundred years of labor, nevertheless came near enough to the ultimate goal.

The awakening which showed itself would have rejoiced Legrand d'Aussy.³ Nor would he have considered unreasonable the reprint which Méon made of the *Fabliaux* of Barbazan.⁴ Méon would surely have rejoiced his heart with the *Roman de la Rose*, 1813, with the addition to the *Fabliaux*, 1824, and the *Roman du Renart*, 1826; and he would have been delighted with Roquefort, who in his *Glossaire de la langue romane*, 1808, offered a tool useful for the reading of texts.⁵

¹ A. Duval says of him in his necrology at the head of volume XIV: "Il se réserva la partie de l'ouvrage ou l'on doit traiter des poètes français et des troubadours des XII^e et XIII^e siècles: il était préparé a ce travail par les recherches qu'il lui avait fallu faire sur la littérature *Romane*, qui eut une grande influence sur la littérature italienne, dont il s'occupait depuis si long-temps."

² Speaking of himself Daunou says, vol. XVI, pp. vi, vii, that in composing the "Discours" about the thirteenth century, "on a reconnu combien il était difficile d'esquisser ainsi le tableau de la littérature de tout un siècle, avant d'avoir pu en examiner les productions. Ces exposés seraient plus complets et moins inexactes," if, instead of preceding, they should follow.

³ See p. 437, note 7.

Fabliaux, vol. I, p. ii: "Les catacombes de nos anciens Poètes, dans lesquels personne n'est encore descendu, ou qu'on n'a fouillés que fort superficiellement, offriraient à des travailleurs intelligens et courageux plus d'une découverte précieuse à faire; et je croirais avoir bien mérité des Lettres si mon exemple animait à cette laborieuse entreprise, des mains plus habiles que les miennes."

⁴ The edition of Barbazan came out in 1756; that of Méon in 1808.

⁵ Subsequently Roquefort published the *Poésies* of Marie de France. The dedi-

Little by little the literature of the "langue d'oïl" awoke from its centuries of sleep: and we can say that the literature of the "langue d'oc" arose and walked. Francis Raynouard, mature and well known in other lines, was prompted by love for his native region to give himself up to his studies with great zeal; and this zeal proved very fruitful. It is a grievous error for the French to consider him the founder of Romance philology. And the title of *Grammaire comparée*, which was read for the first time on one of his volumes,¹ and which Raynouard owes to Frederick Schlegel,² no longer misleads any one. The author lacked scholarly training;³ but the lucid choice of Provençal texts which he edited, and the *Lexique Roman* on which he labored so long, constitute an imperishable work. A comparison with the contemporary *Parnasse Occitanien* enhances the merit of Raynouard's work far more than it diminishes its originality. The difference is seen in the effect. The *Parnasse Occitanien* had none;⁴ the works of Raynouard became known in France and abroad, and everywhere (unfortunately accompanied by erroneous ideas) they spread a knowledge of the Provençal. Even our Giovanni Galvani owed them much,⁵ although his incentive to work in this language came, not from them, but from his ancient fellow citizen Giovan Maria Barbieri and from Francesco Redi. Italian tradition had not ceased to work.⁶

cation to de la Rue bears the date of 1819, while most of the copies bear on the title-page "1832." The book was not easily sold.

¹ *Tome sixième, contenant la Grammaire comparée des langues de l'Europe latine, dans leurs rapports avec la langue des troubadours.* The date of this volume is 1821. And the verb "comparer" appears often in the text. In the same way appears in it "comparaison."

² As known, he was the first who spoke of "vergleichende Grammatik," in the memorable book *Ueber die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier*, Heidelberg, 1808, p. 28. However, it was not from this book, but from conversations with the author and with his brother William, both his friends, that the inspiration must have come to Raynouard.

³ "Raynouards arbeiten scheinen mir nur bis zu einem gewissen punct lobenswerth," declared Jakob Grimm to Diez (*Zeit. f. roman. Philol.*, vol. vi, p. 501). And Diez in return: "Was Raynouard betrifft, so stimme ich Ihrem Urtheile bei: die vornehme Haltung des Verfassers schadet dem Werke erstaunlich; er sagte mir selbst, er habe nicht mehr geben wollen, als was er nicht selbst verstanden habe, das übrige sei unverständlich und des Abdrucks nicht werth — und so vermisst man mehrere wichtige und bei den Troub. berufene Lieder. Seine Litteraturkenntnisse in diesem Fach sind mir sehr zweideutig, ich glaube, er ist bei Millot stehen geblieben" (*Ibid.* vol. vii, p. 486.)

⁴ Diez, in January, 1826, seven years after the publication, had not yet been able to get it. He received it shortly after from Grimm.

⁵ He acknowledges it speaking, "Ai Lettori" of his *Osservazioni sulla poesia de' Trovatori*, Modena, 1829, p. 7: "Le Opere del ch. Raynouard sono per le mani di tutti, ed io non che ne fugga, ne desidero anzi il confronto, e me gli confesso discepolo e massimo ammiratore." These words would bear us farther than the truth, if they had not as corrective a letter which Galvani wrote in the last years of his life to Pietro Bertolotti, and which has been printed by Bertolotti in the *Notizie intorno alla vita ed alle opere di Mons. Celestino Cavedoni*, and reprinted by Antonio Masinelli in the *Notizie intorno alla vita ed alle opere* of Galvani himself, Modena, 1874, p. 10. In that letter Galvani relates, with many particulars, the origin and progress of his Provençal studies.

⁶ Therefore Cavedoni also, as an offset of Galvani, proceeds from the Italian

Of Romance philology proper, as we understand it now, Raynouard can be considered the godfather, not the father. Its father was a foreigner. And what could he be but a German? The German scholar, young or old, was in the condition of an agriculturist expert in agrarian chemistry, provided with all instruments invented by modern mechanics, who undertakes to cultivate a soil whose previous workers had been satisfied to use old manners, old spades, and old plows. Uhland is an eloquent example of this. Ludwig Uhland was a youth of twenty-three when, in 1810, having gone to Paris for the study of laws, he got deep into the study of French medieval literature, turning at once to the MSS. Having returned after only eight months, he published, in 1812, a paper *Ueber das altfranzösische Epos*,¹ a beacon of light in the heavy darkness. This light shone only for the Germanic world. The Latin world continued for some time to confuse, as had been done until then, distinct things, and to speak of "Romances of Chivalry" as one genus subdivided into three species: Carlovingian romances, the Romances of the Round Table, Amadís and its family.

The value of his example is increased by the fact that Uhland was above all a poet. A poetic soul and poetic skill were also found in Frederick Diez, his junior by only seven years. Nor did he prove wanting in these qualities when he turned to the Spanish "romances," either in reviewing the *Silva de romances viejos* of Jakob Grimm, or the *Sammlung Spanischer Romanzen* of Depping, or in publishing the *Altspanische Romanzen* in his own translation.² Spain was of all Romance nations the one which exercised the greatest charm on Germany.³ She exercised this charm through her ballads, Herder

tradition; Cavedoni, whose dissertation *Delle accoglienze e degli onori ch' ebbero i Trovatori Provenzali alla Corte dei Marchesi d'Este nel sec. XIII* (in *Memorie della Reale Accademia di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti di Modena*, vol. II, pp. 268-312) can be called a standard work. Very curious is the way in which the propagation happened. We know it from the letter quoted in the preceding note.

¹ In the review *Die Musen*, which La Motte Fouqué had begun to publish at Berlin. In the review itself this writing could not easily be seen; but it was reprinted in Uhland's *Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage*, vol. IV, Stuttgart, 1869, p. 327 ff.

² It is to be noted that the *Altspanische Romanzen übersetzt von Friedrich Diez*, which the title-page assigns to 1818, belongs in reality to the former year. See *Zeit. f. roman. Philol.*, vol. IV, p. 583, and compare vol. VII, p. 481. As to antecedents which did not leave the silence of home, see Stengel, *Erinnerungsworte an Friedrich Diez*, Marburg, 1883, p. 23, note 1, and *Diez-Reliquien*, Marburg, 1894, p. 1.

³ Hear Bouterwek, preface to vol. III, p. viii: "Nur dann aber werde ich glauben, diese Geschichtsbücher in der Hauptsache nicht umsonst geschrieben zu haben, wenn sie mitwirken, die spanische und portugiesische Litteratur unter uns in Aufnahme zu bringen; empfängliche Gemüther für sie innigst zu interessiren; und, wo möglich, zu veranlassen dass der deutsche Geist durch diese schönen Töne von Süden her zu neuer Selbstthätigkeit belebt werde. **D E U T S C H E S G E M Ü T H U N D S P A N I S C H E P H A N T A S I E I N K R A F T I G E R V E R E I N I G U N G**, was könnten die nicht hervorbringen?" The spaced words are in the original printed in larger letters. The first who led his countrymen to the Iberian peninsula was Diez. (See p. 441, note 5.) What the conditions were in his time, is said in the preface: "Bey der eifrigen und mannigfaltigen Bemühungen, die Kenntniss der ausländischen Litteratur unter uns zu verbreiten, ist die spanische noch sehr

being the principal promoter of their study; through her theatre; through her history even. Italy had her share, however, in Diez's mind;¹ and a preponderant share soon fell to Provence, largely owing to Raynouard, whose *Choix* the attention of Diez was first directed to by Goethe.² Raynouard furnished materials and tools; William Schlegel, who would have become a Provençal scholar of great merit if his many-sidedness had left him time for it, was an inspiring power. Well fitted out, Diez went to Paris in 1824. And he performed a miracle greater than the one performed by Uhland. For was it not a miracle that three months' stay sufficed to permit the composition of such classic works as *Die Poesie der Troubadours* and *Leben und Werke der Troubadours*? He had preceded them by a dissertation *Ueber die Minnehöfe*, which proved to be a challenge to Raynouard, who had treated *ex-professo* of the same subject. David met Goliath and slew him. He showed that the pretended feminine law-courts, which it was claimed had, during the Middle Ages, held jurisdiction in matters of love, solving practical and poetical questions, had grown out of misunderstandings and deceptions. But Goliath and his followers pursued their way as if nothing had happened. The talk about "Courts of Love" in the anti-critical sense of Raynouard continued. And, indeed, in a time very near to us, in the South of France, the extreme was reached of restoring to them a semblance of life, which still holds out.³ They remained a symbol *par excellence* of the environment in which lived the Troubadours,⁴ whose art was called by the anachronistic designation of "gaya sciensa," first used by the over-rhetorical academy of Toulouse, when gayety had in truth vanished. The two expressions — *gaya sciensa*, *cours d'amour* — can serve as a touchstone: when they are heard, modern criticism has not yet penetrated.⁵

weniger, oder vielmehr gar keiner Aufmerksamkeit gewürdigt worden. Man lebt nicht allein in einer gänzlichen Unwissenheit derselben, man ist auch noch so gleichgültig, dass man sich nicht einmal die Mühe giebt, zu untersuchen, ob sie unsere Achtung verdiene, ja man ist wohl gar so ungerecht, sie ohne Prüfung schlechterdings zu verachten."

¹ As early as 1819 he wrote many pages on the translation of the *Rime* of Petrarch published by Karl Förster, and many others on another translation, viz., that of *Orlando Furioso* by Karl Streckfuss. See Friedrich Diez's *Kleinere Arbeiten und Recensionen*, hrsgg. von H. Breymann, Munich, 1883, pp. 17-38.

² The fact is attested by too good an authority (see Stengel, *Erinnerungsworte*, p. 22, note 1), to be doubted. Of the work of Raynouard, when in 1818 Diez visited Goethe, only the first volumes were published.

³ The first *Cours d'amour* was held by the "Felibres" at Carpentras, the 15th of September, 1891. An account of it can be found in the *Revue Félibréenne*, vol. vii, 251 ff.

⁴ A. Meray gave the title *La vie au temps des Cours d'amour* (Paris, 1876) to the book which should serve as a counterpart to his *Vie au temps des trouvères*.

⁵ Therefore *gaya sciencia* could be heard also from the lips of Diez, when, in 1820, he gave an account about the first volume of the *Choix* and about the *Observations sur la langue et la littérature provençales* of Schlegel (*Klein. Arb. u. Recens.*, p. 39).

After this first period Diez took up especially linguistic investigations. He meant to do for the family of Romance languages what Grimm had done for the Germanic family; and he succeeded to an unparalleled degree. Just through this he became the founder of Romance philology, that needed indeed a solid foundation. For linguistic studies can, from their very nature, be converted into pure science more easily than literary ones. But even for the latter a knowledge of the structure and the history of the language is of inestimable value. This Diez himself proved every time he returned to the realm of literature. His last return, worth mentioning for the subject, is in the little book, *Ueber die erste portugiesische Kunst und Hofpoesie*, of 1863.

Diez was an exquisite fruit of the Germanic tree, not an isolated phenomenon. Therefore we find him surrounded by a whole pleiad of other scholars, amongst whom he will only gradually take the place of leader and master. Here we shall find Bekker, whom his quality of classical philologist shall not deter from joining Uhland in his studies in Paris, from printing the very first *Chanson de geste* (which by chance was in Provençal version), from bringing to light with the *Bonvesin de la Riva* monuments of our Italian literature, rich in varied dialects; here also Ferdinand Wolf, vigorous pioneer in the researches, still faulty in many respects, in the rhythmic and musical forms of the Middle Ages;¹ here Witte, who will acquire the leadership in Dante studies; here a swarm of other editors of texts and investigators. And a younger generation will grow up by the side of the older one. And we shall have Bartsch with his *Peire Vidal* — an important example of the extension of the critical method in reconstructing texts — with the most useful Provençal and French chrestomathies,² with abundant writings and publications. We shall have Theodor Müller, Conrad Hoffmann, and a multitude of others beside. And always greater will become the place which Romance philology has, from the very beginning, been allowed to take, by their very liberal rules, in German universities. And the labor of the instructors will be strengthened by the coöperation of the students, who will produce an infinite number of doctors' dissertations, frail twigs taken singly, not to be broken when gathered

¹ *Ueber die Lais, Sequenzen und Leiche. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der rhythmischen Formen und Singweisen der Volkslieder und der volksmässigen Kirchen- und Kunstlieder im Mittelalter.* Heidelberg, 1841.

² "Texte critique" Genin had named in the title itself his edition of the *Chanson de Roland*; and to that name might also have aspired, with more reason, perhaps, the edition of the same poem that in 1851 Theodor Müller printed and suppressed. But from these and other attempts to the *Peire Vidal* the distance is great. The good-natured system practiced by Raynourd had besides been already condemned by Diez in his preface to the *Poesie der Troubadours*, p. xi: ". . . War es zu wünschen gewesen, dass der Verfasser die wichtigsten Lesarten, nicht eben jede nichtssagende Variante, seinem Texte untergelegt und so den Leser an der Critik hätte Theil nähmen lassen, ein Punkt, der für die gelehrte Benutzung der Werke von entschiedener Wichtigkeit ist."

in a bundle. Even in this domain Germany will show the compact ranks that have rendered her victorious in war, in politics, in industries, as well as in science generally.

Let us cross the Rhine. They have not idled, indeed, in France since we have left her. How could they idle, when, to the natural increase of the movement that we have seen in its beginning, was added the fact that the free literary tendencies of the so-called "romanticism" grew and took shape? It is not without significance even for us that this movement was due especially to a Germanic impulse, and significant also, in its nebulousity, is the designation itself, which, whether we will or not, takes us back to the pure Middle Ages.¹ The attraction of the Middle Ages grew more intense, and with it the attraction of all that which, though belonging to modern times, had preserved a flavor of the Middle Ages.

We can therefore imagine what an echo answered the eloquent word of Villemain, when, from his chair in the Faculté des Lettres, he opposed to the mean criticism of the eighteenth century a criticism winged like an eagle, a human taste to the narrow taste which had ruled so long. In Villemain *Madame de Staël* is continued and completed. The historical sense which permits the appreciation of lasting beauty through changeable conditions is wide awake.² And Villemain will speak of Shakespeare, of Provençal literature, of Old French, of Italian, of Spanish. And from a chair more solemn than the one from which, a few decades earlier, the high priest of the criticism of his time declared "monstrous and full of queerness" the *Divine Comedy*, granting it only many scattered beauties of style

¹ Remember how the word "romantic" is defined by Madame de Staël, who. "Si . . . n'a pas tout à fait inventé le mot, . . . l'a popularisé" (Sorel, *Mme, de Staël*, in the collection *Les grands écrivains français*, p. 171): "On prend quelquefois le mot classique comme synonyme de perfection. Je m'en sers ici dans une autre acception, en considérant la poésie classique comme celle des anciens et la poésie romantique comme celle qui tient de quelque manière aux traditions chevaleresques. Cette division se rapporte également aux deux ères du monde: celle qui a précédé l'établissement du christianisme et celle qui l'a suivi." (*Ibid.*, p. 172.) Did perhaps this passage of the general preface of Bouterwek (vol. 1, p. iv) influence her? "Die erste Poesie in neu-europäischen Sprachen ist die 'fröhliche Kunst' (*gaya sciencia*) der Troubadours, und die erste Prosa nach dem Aussterben der lateinischen Volkssprache die romantische in den R i t t e r g e s c h i c h t e n aus der letzten Hälfte des dreizehnten und der ersten des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts." Another passage of Bouterwek in the preface to the *History of French Literature*, (p. v) issued in 1806, seems noteworthy to me: ". . . die übrigen Werke . . . aus denen man den r o m a n t i s c h e n G e i s t der altfranzösischen Poesie in seinen freilich nicht so eleganten, aber in einem höheren Sinne poetischen Erfindungen und Aeusserungen lernen könnte, grössten Theils in Handschriften verborgen geblieben sind." The author puts himself in evidence by the different way of printing the two words that are here of interest to us.

² *Cours de Littérature française, Tableau du dix-huitième siècle*, vol. III (1829), p. 187: "Est-ce que toutes ces bizarreries de l'imagination grecque n'auraient pas été vraiment intolérables pour le bon goût du xviii^e et du xviii^e siècle? Faut-il décider cependant que ces fantasmagoriques inventions étaient absurdes, ridicules, et qu'il n'y a pas un état de société, un état de l'imagination humaine où ces choses puissent avoir leur grandeur, leur énergie? Faut-il nier même qu'elles n'aient une beauté durable, pour qui saura les comprendre par cette imagination qui se rend contemporaine de toutes les époques?"

and expression "that might be vividly felt by the author's countrymen, and even some fragments of general beauty sufficient for the admiration of all nations,"¹ he ended the study of Dante by calling him not only the greatest poet of the Middle Ages, but "a poet whose sublime and spontaneous verses will never be forgotten as long as the Italian tongue exists, as long as poetry is beloved in the world."²

Villemain could speak of Dante with first-hand knowledge; but the greater part of the medieval domain was for him (nor does he at all hide this)³ an unknown country. Hence it is all the more noteworthy that he should enter there to stay.⁴ Far different is the case of a man for whom towards the end of the very year that Villemain ventured on these shores, 1830, a new chair of *Littérature Etrangère* had been founded in the same Faculté des Lettres.⁵ "Have you not known in Paris, Fauriel, the editor of the popular songs of Greece? He is one of the pleasantest Frenchmen I have ever met, and at that time" (in 1814) "he did much in Provençal, possessing accurate copies even of MSS. in the Vatican, and intending to publish some longer narrative compositions that Raynouard does not mention at all." Thus Jakob Grimm wrote to Diez in 1826.⁶ "One of the pleasantest Frenchmen"; let us add, in genius of the richest, and, perhaps, also the greatest scholar amongst them. And how well within him the powers of the mind, which transformed into living forces the heavy food of erudition, answered to profound goodness! Consider Fauriel, such as Sainte-Beuve has known how to paint him with his magic palette,⁷ look at him as he shows himself in his letters, and then try

¹ La Harpe, *Cours de Littérature ancienne et moderne*, in the "Discours sur l'état des Lettres en Europe, depuis la fin du siècle de Louis XIV" (vol. iv, p. 178, in the edition of 1817). La Harpe means, in his own manner, to exalt the influence exercised by Italy at the end of the middle ages: ". . . Ces deux hommes furent le Dante et Pétrarque: l'un, dans un poème d'ailleurs monstrueux et rempli d'extravagances que la manie paradoxale de notre siècle a pu seule justifier et préconiser, a répandu une foule de beautés de style et d'expression qui devaient vivement senties par ses compatriotes, et même quelques morceaux assez généralement beaux pour être admirés de toutes les nations . . ."

² *Cours de Littérature française, Littérature du moyen âge*, vol. I, p. 416: "C'est dans ce mélange de sentiments si divers, d'inspirations si opposées, que s'est formé le plus grand poète du moyen âge, ce poète dont les vers sublimes et naturels ne s'oublieront jamais, tant que la langue italienne sera conservée, tant que la poésie sera chérie dans le monde."

³ *Ibid.*, p. 1: "Jusqu'à présent, je parlais de choses que je connaissais assez bien. . . . Maintenant, je vais parler de choses que je sais à peine, que j'apprends à mesure que je les dis."

⁴ The importance of the subject is proclaimed in the "Avertissement des éditeurs": "Pour la première fois, dans une chaire publique de France, on aura essayé d'exposer le développement simultané de plusieurs littératures qui sont sorties de la même source, qui se touchaient dans leurs commencements, qui se sont souvent rapprochées dans leurs progrès, et qui n'ont cessé de communiquer ensemble."

⁵ I should be glad to know that in this fact Villemain had a part. He was at the time a member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, and could exercise a great authority.

⁶ *Zeitschr. f. roman. Philol.*, vol. vi, p. 501.

⁷ *Portraits contemporains*, vol. iv.

not equally to admire and love him, as Alessandro Manzoni admired and loved him with his whole soul. I find a resemblance, striking in every respect, between Fauriel and him who would surely (and how much more worthily!) have spoken to you in my place, if he had not been taken from us before his time. He shared with Gaston Paris an unquenchable thirst of knowledge. This thirst led them in great part to the same sources: classical languages and literature, modern literature, Romance and Germanic, the literature of the Middle Ages, linguistics, which in Fauriel's time had hardly begun, and popular poetry; and Fauriel accomplished what Paris only longed for.¹ He mastered two Oriental languages: Sanscrit (which, together with Chézy and Frederick Schlegel, he introduced among the French) and Arabic. And if Gaston Paris knew Russian, Fauriel knew the Bask language, and moreover Celtic, which might make him the object of special envy. I regret to break off this comparison without exhausting it.

Averse, as much as any one ever was, to notoriety, Fauriel had communicated but little to the public of his persistent and manifold studies, of his intense meditations, when, almost sixty years old, he was installed in the chair of the Faculté des Lettres. From thence he spoke, and this was his principal mode of publication. In 1831 and 1832 he lectured on Provençal poetry; in the two following years on Dante, of what preceded and prepared him, of the linguistic history of Italy. And the habit of writing his lectures permitted, sooner or later after his death, these courses at least, amongst many he had held, to be published in book form.² They are as rich in thought as in fact, and can still be valuable to whoever runs no risk of being carried away by certain aberrations. They contain yeast for many a batch of bread. The most noteworthy thing in Fauriel, and that which shows him essentially modern, is his vivid curiosity concerning origins. With this, and to the strong liking which, from earliest youth, he had felt for simple and spontaneous poetry, was allied his intense interest in epic poetry. He had studied (and this means that he compared) the Indian, the Persian, and the Germanic as well as the Greek monuments. And he was well acquainted with Wolf's ideas concerning Homeric poems.³ What a pity that, being a southerner, he was soon attracted more by the literature of the *langue d'oc* than by that of the *langue d'oïl*, and that the very nature of his chair made him persevere in this to the end! The consequence of this was that, instead of studying

¹ See the note of my commemorative speech on Paris in the *Atti della R. Accademia della Crusca*, "Adunanza pubblica del dì 27 dicembre, 1903," Firenze, 1904.

² The one, in 1847, under the title *Histoire de la Poésie Provençale*; the other, seven years later, *Dante et les Origines de la Langue et de la Littérature italiennes*,

³ See what is said by Mohl in the *Histoire de la Poésie Provençale*, vol. II, p. 223; and a short note of mine in the *Romania*, vol. XIV, p. 402.

French epic poetry where it really was, he studied it where he imagined it to be. But he again shows depth of thought and sharp insight by the importance he gives this kind.

Fauriel's pretensions to claim the epic poetry of France for the southern region¹ awoke the eager opposition of Paulin Paris, a youth who, imbued with the spirit (I do not say with all the ideas) of the Romantic School, had vowed himself to the literature of the *langue d'oïl*. He so well understood the value of the epic that he began the publication of a collection of texts concerning it, a collection which would certainly have deserved to harbor the highest product, not only of its kind, but of all the literary French Middle Ages. The *Chanson de Roland* saw the light through the efforts of one of the other scholars and exhumers of old texts, who had by this time grown numerous. But amongst all who then wandered through the halls and recesses of the old and no longer silent castle, none can contest the leadership with Paulin Paris. Therefore when, in 1853, a special chair for Old French literature was founded in the Collège de France, Paris was rightly called to occupy it. This foundation is in itself as eloquent as possible. And the Minister to whom it was due soon afterwards accepted, and consecrated with a decree, the plan of publishing integrally, at the expense of the Government, all that could be unearthed of the "Anciens poètes de la France."² Nothing less! It was the plan of dreamers. And practical reason soon took it upon itself to restrain this daring. But nothing more characteristic can be imagined. Now, we all see, France is wide awake. Nor is it to be feared that sleep may fall upon her again. Nothing need be feared, especially for the epic, to which an enthusiast, who has wept hot tears over the *Chanson de Roland*,³ has devoted himself. Léon Gautier will have no peace until the *Chanson* has been introduced even into the secondary schools.

Let us look upon the other Romance nations. Italy, as we know, did not have to do, but to complete what had already been done, and to do better. I hastily pass over the school of the Purists, amongst

¹ His ideas on the subject, which to a certain extent were later on by himself recognized as faulty, had been soon after published; and something of these ideas had already leaked out even before he mounted the chair. Villemain, *Littérature du moyen âge*, vol. I, p. 245, note.

² Detailed information we receive from Gautier, *Épopées françaises*, 2d ed., vol. II, p. 736. The wish for a wide publication of ancient French (epic) texts, was, I think, expressed for the time in the 6th volume of the *Acta Sanctorum Maii* (col. 811) of the Bollandists, published in 1688. Quotations from poems of the cycle of "Guillaume au Court nez" that occurred in Catel's *Histoire des Comtes de Tolose*, gave there occasion to say: "De Francica . . . veteri lingua fortassis non male mereretur qui eiusmodi poemata proferret in lucem." The wish, it is seen, comes from foreign lips. In like manner the Italians, as early as the sixteenth century, had conceived the design of publishing the Provençal poets; and they had done more than conceive the design. Certainly there were some who were unequal to the enterprise they longed for; but that cannot be said of Barbieri, about whom see *Giornale di Filologia Romanza*, vol. III, p. 36, note 1.

³ *Épopées françaises*, vol. II, pp. 733, 734.

whom stood first Cesari, who dreamed of the resurrection of the language of the fourteenth century. But many devoted themselves to the research, the illustration, the publication of old texts, with more temperate ideas, even though usually not exempt from the whim of the "Testi di lingua." And for us none is so worthy of being pointed out as Vincenzo Nannucci, author of the excellent *Manuale della Letteratura del primo secolo*, which appeared in 1837. Nannucci follows the Italian tradition even in having his eye continually upon the Provençal, with which he makes continual comparisons. Ever increasing ardor and richness of content are found in the Dante studies, that receive a worthy banner in the *Discorso sul testo della Divina Commedia* of Ugo Foscolo, which was brought forth in a land of exile. Dante and their country — their country enslaved and awaiting freedom — become inseparable loves for all elevated minds, for all generous souls: Rossetti, Troya, Balbo, Tommaseo, and I know not how many others. And even outside of Dante, neither mere erudition, nor the consideration of form according to old conceptions, any longer satisfy: one demands thought. More steeped with thought than any that had preceded it amongst us is the *Storia delle Belle Lettere in Italia* of Emiliani-Giudici. Foreign streams descend to render fruitful our fields. Not to speak of Ginguéné, Sismondi, Villemain, Fauriel, Ozanam who succeeded Fauriel in his chair, act upon our scholars and gradually educate the generation that will come forth later. Even the German action is felt. Biondelli follows on the tracks of Bekker, and begins amongst us the publication of old dialect-texts, governed by scientific principles. German pollen of quite a different kind falls upon a southern flower, and produces an exquisite fruit, with a flavor all its own: the æsthetic-psychological criticism of Francesco de Sanctis.

In the Iberian Peninsula the German action produced since 1828 the plentiful *Romancero general* of Augustus Duran. But fruitfulness could not be expected from a country at once upset and depressed by civil, political, and religious conditions. No wonder, therefore, that Spain should to a great extent learn the history of her own literature from a translation of Bouterwek,¹ and later from the far larger work published in English by George Ticknor, a son of the United States, the first who can be said to enter, and with no small honor, into this studium of ours. Ticknor was often assisted by one of his future translators, Pascual de Gayangos, who notably increased the Spanish version, and who afterwards gave to the important *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, undertaken by courageous editors,

¹ A Spanish translation of the parts concerning Spain was undertaken by J. Gomez de la Cortina and N. Hugalde y Mollinedo. A first volume was published at Madrid in 1829; but the publication stopped there; and it was a pity, because in the form of notes the extension of the original work had been much more than doubled by the translators (pp. 107-273).

a collection of *Escritores en prosa anteriores al siglo XIV*, which corresponds to the poetical collection of Sanchez. The task of providing his country with an indigenous history of literature, which, in scope and in abundance and accuracy of information, should leave behind all foreign histories, was undertaken by José Amador de los Rios. And we shall not, on account of the impatience occasioned by his wordiness and useless talk, deny him the deep debt of gratitude to which he is entitled. Almost as a compensation Spain simultaneously offers us Milá y Fontanals,¹ a Catalan, it is true, in whom sobriety almost reaches the degree of dryness. He was one of those privileged minds, knowing the right road by a kind of instinct, without needing a guide. The book *De los Trobadores en España* was already written when Milá became more or less acquainted with Diez;² and entirely original, notwithstanding the almost painfully careful review of all his predecessors, was the book on the *Poesía heroico-popular castellana*, worthy of being called a real surprise, and to whose power is due all the best that Spain has produced since then.

I have been led to mention a publication of 1874. But in general my review aimed to stop at about 1860. Indeed I could not speak of the period that followed on account of the overwhelming abundance of the material. Yet here the question is not one of reviewing special studies, but rather of pointing out how the present conditions have been reached.

The freedom and unity of Italy, the prevalence which liberal sentiments have gained almost everywhere, the relaxation of hindering religious restrictions, and, very happy circumstance, the undreamed-of facility of communications at home and abroad, have begun to change the aspect of Europe, and have prepared still further changes. Science had the will and the power of being universal to a degree it had never reached before. Ascertained doctrines became known, methods of ascertaining grew familiar. And Germany was in our study, as well as in many others, directly and indirectly, teacher, — Germany, which had done much to perfect the singularly efficacious critical, historical, comparative method which was used on words, on things, on thoughts. Special merit was acquired by certain men in this "propaganda," and it will be a mere debt of justice to single out two: Adolph Mussafia, and, surrounded by a far larger number of proselytes, Gaston Paris. But men could have done far less without suitable tools; and a wonderful instrument of unity was found in the reviews, thanks to which monographic work grows, within the minds of the readers, into a whole. It was a memorable day, therefore, when Adolph Ebert, assisted by Ferdinand Wolf, started

¹ Amador de los Rios and Milá were born in the same year, 1818.

² See the "Prólogo."

the *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Literatur*.¹ The paper of Edelstand du Méril on *La vie et les ouvrages de Wace* had the first place in it. And French names were plentiful, nor was the Italian and Spanish collaboration entirely lacking. Exhausted in strength the *Jahrbuch* brought forth the vigorous *Romania*, and the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie* can also be called its posthumous daughter. The foundation of the *Romania* marks in a certain way the Romance emancipation from Germanic guardianship. And there certainly was no need of a guardianship, where Gaston Paris and Paul Meyer, his worthy competitor and comrade, were to be found. But this emancipation did not prevent the continuation of harmony. And the esteem in which Germany held her former ward is also shown by the numbers who crossed the Rhine to listen eagerly to the spoken word. In the first decades of the century for Uhland, Bekker, and Diez, Paris was comprised in its libraries. Since 1870 the German students have frequented the Collège de France and the Ecole des Hautes Etudes no less than the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The *Grundriss der romanischen Philologie*, imagined, coördinated, and in no small extent also carried out by Gustave Gröber, shows how wonderfully and usefully productive the industriousness of the period to which I wish to refer has been. This is an encyclopedia of which, a century ago, not a single chapter could have been written. Together with literature it takes in languages and other things too. Together with the middle age, the modern age. But how much space our subject-matter occupies in it! The recognition for the literary order of those medieval rights that one had long been compelled to recognize for civil and political history really constitutes one of the characteristic features of the culture of the nineteenth century. It is plain to all now that not even what follows can be fully understood without going back to the sources. Likewise it is now clear that we cannot judge of one region without considering the others with which it has connections. Hence a privileged condition for France, standing first in time and productiveness, and against which we come up on every side. And by this, the single histories of literature are changed; in the first place French literature. Examine the one produced under the direction of Petit de Julleville, or the more succinct one of Suchier and Birch-Hirschfeld, and compare it, let us say, with the work of Nisard, which comes only a few decades earlier,² and what a difference is seen, in some places more, in some less distinctly (for much still remains to be done), for Spain and

¹ Already in 1846 L. Herrig and H. Viehhoff had begun to publish the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, still alive and prosperous. But it was not their purpose to give special attention in it to Romance medieval literature; nor is the scientific value of the *Archiv* in its ancient phases to be compared with that of the *Jahrbuch*.

² The first of the four volumes of Nisard was published in 1845; the fourth in 1861.

Portugal! For reasons we know, the history of our literature has had to undergo less change; but look at the work of Bartoli, unfortunately too soon broken off; consider that of Gaspari; imagine an undertaking of this kind accomplished by D' Ancona and Carducci, who have carried so many stones to the building, and a vast contrast with the past will always show itself.

We have seen strangers and natives attend the exhumation of the Romance Middle Ages. A post of honor is due to Germany. Little by little other nations followed. Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, even tiny Finland (not to mention Roumania, Romance herself) have rendered distinguished services to Romance philology. It is singular that, outside of Dante studies, England has kept apart, notwithstanding the manifold appeals of her own literature, of her language, of her history. But what the mother failed to do, the daughter did instead. Amongst you Romance philology has attained a truly conspicuous place. And the uncertainty of the first steps is followed by a surer gait, pledge of a precious coöperation in the fulfillment of a task which can hardly be considered half finished. And the mother country is rivaled in what concerns Dante, the true sun of medieval literature, just as the literature of France is its star-studded sky. Your most famous poet, Longfellow, lovingly undertook to render the *Divine Comedy* into his own tongue. Nor has the fear of comparison deterred other valiant souls from renewing the attempt. A Dante Society exists, and is usefully active here. The richest Dante collection gathered until now is found in this your American land. A greeting, therefore, to you from the country of Dante, from his own native city!

PRESENT PROBLEMS IN THE FIELD OF ROMANCE LITERATURES

BY ALCÉE FORTIER

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I FEEL greatly honored to have been invited to read a paper before this Congress of scholars, but I fear that I acted with rashness when I accepted the invitation of the committee. The subject assigned, the "Present Problems in the Field of Romance Literatures," is too vast to be treated in its entirety, and to do it full justice it would require the learning of Friedrich Diez or of Gaston Paris. These two great professors were philologists in the highest sense of the term, and to them Romance philology meant not only the study of grammar, but also of literature, of civilization. Diez had a preference for literary subjects, and published in 1826 an important work on the *Lives and Poetry of the Troubadours*. His masterpiece, however, is his *Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen*, of which the first edition was published in 1836. Gaston Paris also had a high literary taste and was a worthy member of the French Academy. He was at the same time an accurate student of language, and his edition of *La Vie de St. Alexis* served as a model for subsequent scientific criticism. Literary ability and taste and high scholarship in philology in its restricted sense are a rare combination. Dante wrote his treatise *De vulgari eloquentia*, and this work is interesting as being the first written about the philology of one of the Romance languages. Yet it is the *Divina Commedia* that has given immortality to the wonderful bard of Florence. On the other hand, Raynouard's literary works, his tragedies, are completely forgotten, while his comparative grammar of the Latin languages has placed his name next to that of Diez among the founders of Romance philology, in spite of his erron-

eous statement that Provençal was the link between Latin and the languages derived from it.

In science we are far above the men of antiquity, whether we include in the term science the study of language or of the natural sciences, but we cannot claim any superiority over the ancients in letters or in art. At the very dawn of history the mind of man seems to have been as vigorous as in our own time, and the genius of Homer, Virgil, Apelles, and Phidias is not surpassed by that of Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Hugo, Goethe, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The artistic feeling, literary genius, is the direct gift of God to a great man, who will produce immortal works, provided he labors sufficiently and cultivates his genius. The knowledge of science, however, is the heritage of centuries, and each generation enjoys what the preceding one has bequeathed to it. The discoveries of Pascal and Newton will never be lost to the world, and the bulk of knowledge will go on increasing down the ages. Literary works remain also, but they are not dependent upon one another for their existence. Dante did not need Homer to enable him to produce his masterpiece, and Homer, long before Dante, produced a work as great as the *Divina Commedia*. Archimedes, on the other hand, could not have done the work of our modern scientists, and they, in their turn, are generally indebted to their predecessors for some principle on which their discoveries are based. If, therefore, we speak of the highest works of literature, we find among them but few problems to solve.

It is, however, interesting to study the forces which have influenced men of genius in some parts of their works. The creative instinct was theirs as a divine gift from the very beginning of their career, and they did not owe to their predecessors that essential part of their works which has given them immortality. Let us, nevertheless, endeavor to discover the sources of the minor parts of great literary productions. We shall, in this way, understand better the workings of a great mind and obtain a more accurate knowledge of the character and disposition of the author. How interesting it is, for instance, to study in Molière's works what that extraordinary man owed to French, Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Latin models, and what he owed to his wonderful observation of the living man. There are, therefore, many influences and tendencies which affect greatly the mass of literature, and we shall endeavor to discuss some of those problems.

The teaching of the Romance literatures in the colleges and universities of the United States is one of the most serious problems which we have to solve. For a number of years higher instruction in our country has been dominated by the German methods. The splendid work done by the German universities attracted to them

many American students, who acquired there the true scholarly spirit, that is to say, rigid accuracy and thorough dissection of a subject. The influence for good of German scholarship on American professors was incalculable, and raised to a high degree the standard of teaching foreign literatures. Before this introduction of German methods both the teaching and criticism of literature were too vague, too dilettante. The attempt had been made to cover too much ground in a limited time; whole periods were gone over, and the principal authors in those periods were studied in a general way. This was changed by the introduction of the German method in graduate work, and it was thought better to study in detail one author or one work, to endeavor to ascertain all possible facts concerning the author and the work. This rigid scientific method was first applied to Romance philology in the United States by Professor A. Marshall Elliott at the Johns Hopkins University, and he has rendered thus an immense service to American scholarship.

Professor Elliott was also the founder of the Modern Language Association of America, which has been one of the principal factors in the development of higher education in the United States and in the diffusion of the scientific spirit, *l'esprit universitaire*, on which so much stress was laid in 1900 at the Congress of Higher Education in Paris. At the first meetings of the Modern Language Association there were many discussions about methods of teaching modern languages, but soon the Association declared as its opinion that the chief purpose of teaching modern languages in the United States was to impart the culture obtained by the study of their literatures. This did not mean that the training acquired by the study of linguistics was to be abandoned, but it indicated the idea of the Association that the literary spirit should be attended to more than it had been in the past. This expression of opinion on the part of the Modern Language Association of America was very important, and the result was that, in our secondary schools and our colleges, much more extensive reading has been done, and therefore a better knowledge of literature has been obtained.

In University or graduate work the effect has been felt also, but to a lesser degree. The rigid, accurate work of German scholarship was carried to an extreme, and the study of literature from an æsthetic point of view and for the purpose of culture had been very much neglected for a number of years. There has been lately a reaction, and a great demand for a broader and more artistic study of literature has arisen. For many years I have been convinced that the problem could be partly solved by introducing into our American universities some of the French ideals, some of the French art and culture. This could only be done if a sufficient number of Americans were to study in France and be permeated with the French feeling

with regard to literature. There should be a combination of the German painstaking accuracy and of the generally superior appreciation of art in literature of the French. This would produce admirable results in American universities.

For a long time there were few students from the United States in France, for it was very difficult to obtain the French Doctor's degree. It is to Mr. Harry A. Furber, of Chicago, that Americans are indebted for the possibility of obtaining the degree of "Docteur de l'Université," which corresponds to the German "Doctor of Philosophy," without being obliged to fulfill all the requirements demanded of French students. We should encourage our young men and young women to go to France for the study of the Romance languages, in order that we may have later in this country a better appreciation of the Romance literatures. This would be felt, not only in the colleges and universities and by the students there, but almost immediately by the general public. The scholars who would have acquired in France, or under instructors animated by the same ideas, the French taste for literary art, would write reviews and criticisms which would have a great influence on the people who read journals and magazines. In this respect let us say that the opinion of the American public with regard to French life, as seen in many novels, is entirely erroneous. It should be the duty of American students of French literature to correct this false impression and to show that nowhere in the world is family life nobler and more respected than in France.

A professor in an American college assumes a great responsibility when he attempts to direct his pupils in the study of the Romance literatures. In most of our colleges the teacher of literature is also the teacher of the language in which that literature is written, and he should try to teach literature when he teaches the reading of the language. It is, therefore, interesting to see how much reading is done in our institutions of collegiate grade. Professor Henry Johnston Darnall, of the University of Tennessee, has calculated most patiently from catalogues the number of pages read in undergraduate French courses in twenty colleges in the following Southern States: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. The largest numbers were 3772, 2991, 2705, 2516, and 2100. The smallest number was 423, and the average was 1795. The courses were generally of two years; some were of three, and very few of four. We should endeavor to raise the average number of pages read to at least 2500 in two years. This can be done by giving parallel reading, from the first year, ascertaining by an examination, either written or oral, whether the work assigned has been well done. As given in the catalogues the texts read seem to have been judiciously

chosen, and represent authors from the seventeenth century to the twentieth.

Out of the twenty Southern colleges referred to thirteen offer courses in Spanish, generally of one year, and six have short courses in Italian. It is evident that there is great room for improvement in the study of the Spanish and Italian languages and literatures in our Southern States. Judging from the catalogues, the courses in the three principal Romance literatures, French, Spanish, and Italian, in the large universities in the North, in the East, and in the West are very extensive, both in the undergraduate and in the graduate departments. In undergraduate classes it is not possible to give to the students a thorough understanding of the literary merit of a work, unless the course be of more than two years' duration. Beginning with the third year the professor should often have his students read the text in French, Spanish, or Italian, without translating it into English, and asking questions about the text, which should be answered in the language studied at the time.

In graduate work some of the larger American universities offer good courses in literature, but thus far the apparent result obtained has not been very satisfactory, as there has been little work of a high order done by American scholars, students of American universities, in literary criticism of the Romance literatures. More attention should be given in our higher institutions of learning to this important branch of study. There should be close seminary work of the masterpieces themselves, and also of the works of the great European critics, among whom the French stand so high, from Sainte-Beuve to Taine, Brunetière, Faguet, Doumic, Lemaître, and Pellissier. Utmost attention should be given to make the students feel the artistic, æsthetic, eternally human spirit which pervades all the masterpieces in literature.

The study of literature can only be complete when it is supplemented by the history of the people, political, social, and economic, and by the study of the fine arts. It is impossible to understand a number of the greatest works written in the Romance languages without knowing thoroughly the history of the countries where lived the authors of those masterpieces, and an appreciation of the beautiful works in painting and in sculpture helps to understand art in literature. Were it possible I should like to see the students of Romance literatures appreciate also the masterpieces of the great musicians. They should, while studying Lamartine and Hugo, Dante and Petrarch, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, visit the great museums of art in Europe and in this country, and go often to the theatres to hear admirable operas. The study of literature should be scientific, that is to say, literary works should often be analyzed critically; but I repeat it, it should be, above all, æsthetic, so that we might

enjoy completely the art of the author, as well as the subject which he treats. There is no better way to understand the Romance literatures than to make a comparative study of them. There are not enough works like Villemain's *Cours de Littérature Française*, where he compares so well the masterpieces of different literatures, especially those of the eighteenth century.

I present to this Congress as one of the most important problems in the field of Romance literatures the study of those literatures in the United States and in other countries. I might have expanded considerably a subject which I consider extremely important and entirely pertinent to my theme, as it concerns the diffusion of the Romance literatures in foreign countries by the help of the higher institutions of learning. Very efficiently, too, may this diffusion be carried out by courses of lectures given by men eminent as critics or as authors, such as the courses so happily inaugurated by Mr. James H. Hyde, of New York, for the French Circle of Harvard University and for the Federation of "l'Alliance Française" in the United States. It would be very fortunate if similar courses were established in Italian and in Spanish. In many parts of our country there could be found audiences which might appreciate lectures delivered in these languages.

In speaking of the Romance literatures let us remember that it is not only in Europe that they flourish. Although Spain has lost her colonial possessions in America, she has left her impress on millions of men in the New World, and there is an interesting Spanish literature in Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America. In Brazil also is to be found a literature which had its origin in Europe, and writers not unworthy of the land of Camoens have written works of merit in the Portuguese language. Professor Elijah Clarence Hills,¹ of Colorado College, has given the following list of some of the Spanish-American writers of the nineteenth century: Chile, — Miguel Luis de Amunátegui, Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna, José Taribio Medina; Colombia, — Miguel Antonio Caro, Jorge Ysaacs; Rufino José Cuervo; Cuba, — Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda, José María Heredia, Joaquin Lorenzo Luaces; Ecuador, — Juan León Mera, José Joaquín de Olmedo; Mexico, — José Joaquín Pesado, Manuel Carpio, Juan de Dios Peza, Manuel Acuña; Nicaragua, — Rubén Darío, José Batres y Montofar; Peru, — Felipe Pardo y Aliaga; Argentine Republic, — Olegario Victor Andrade; Uruguay, — Zorrilla de San Martín; Venezuela, — Andrés Bello.

It would be very interesting to note what has been the influence of the literatures of the former mother countries on those of the emancipated colonies, and to ascertain whether the latter have exerted any influence on the works of the Spanish and Portuguese authors.

¹ Colorado College Studies, June, 1904.

There is no doubt of the influence of the European writers during the periods of the Spanish and Portuguese dominations and for some time after the independence of the colonies, just as we can trace the influence of English literature on the works of American writers. After colonies have become independent, there soon arises a literature more or less national and with interesting local color. How far have the European writers been influenced by it, and would it not be a way to renew to some extent the literatures of Spain and of Portugal? Some time ago there met at Madrid a congress of delegates from the Latin-American republics. Would it not be advisable to hold such congresses at stated times, either in Spain or in the different states of Spanish America, in order to expand the scope of Spanish literature and make it more world-wide, *plus mondiale*, as the French say?

There has been a large immigration of Italians into South America and into Louisiana. They have newspapers of their own, and they continue to make use of their language as a mother tongue for two or three generations. Have they produced any literary works written in Italian, or is it likely that they will ever produce any, and how would it be possible for Italian writers to encourage that production? Is there any Italian literature outside of Italy? I could wish my learned colleague, Professor Pio Rajna, to answer this question.

It is well known that in Canada there is an important native French literature which comprises history, poetry, and fiction. Some of the Canadian writers are known in France, and their works have been rewarded by the French Academy. The tenacity of the French-Canadians in keeping as a mother tongue the language of their ancestors is indeed wonderful. Although Montcalm fell in 1759, and Canada has been British from the capitulation of Montreal in 1760, the descendants of the men of that time still love France and the French language, and have produced an extensive French literature. Should the Canadians be influenced in their works by the French authors, or should they evolve a national literature? I read not long ago, an article in a Canadian magazine in which the author said that the Canadians should not look to France for their inspiration, but should make their literature suit their own local conditions. There is a great deal of truth in this statement. Let there be local color, and let local patriotism animate the writers in Canada, but let them always continue to study the great works in French literature, especially contemporary works. Separated from the former mother country for a century and a half, the Canadian language has not, as a rule, the true characteristics of modern French, and will lose them more and more in the course of time, if the Canadian authors do not continue to make a close study of modern French

literature. If they choose to evolve a literature of their own, written in a language which will differ considerably with time from modern French, it will be an interesting experiment. They are numerous enough not to have to fear their being absorbed by the British element of the population, and their literature will ever continue to be written in French, although their language will contain many dialectic differences from the French of Paris. The Greek of Asia Minor was not wholly the Greek of Athens, and the French of Belgium and of Switzerland is said to be not always the French of Paris. These remarks about the Canadian French literature are not meant as a criticism, for I have the highest admiration for the courage and perseverance which the French-Canadians have displayed in preserving the language of their venerated ancestors, and I admire also greatly many works of their literature. I merely wish to state an interesting problem concerning one of the Romance literatures.

In Louisiana we have also a native French literature of merit. It dates from the year 1779, when Julien Poydras wrote a short epic poem on the conquest of Baton Rouge from the British by the heroic young governor of Louisiana, Bernardo de Galvez. We had in 1814 a tragedy in classic style, *Poucha-Houmma*, by Le Blanc de Villeneuve; and later several interesting plays of the Romantic School, such as *Les Martyrs de la Louisiane*, by A. Lussan, and *France et Espagne* and *Qui perd gagne*, by L. Placide Canonge. In history we have the works of Gayarré and of Debouchel, and in poetry several works which may be compared favorably with some written by the best French writers. Our poets seem to have been inspired by the romantic history of Louisiana, by its stately river and its picturesque lakes and bayous, by its mild climate and luxuriant vegetation, and by the beauty and grace of the women. We have, therefore, more poems written in Louisiana than any other kind of literary works, and we honor greatly the names of our poets in the past, Adrien and Dominique Rouquette, Dr. Alfred Mercier, L. Placide Canonge, Alexandre Latil, Dr. Charles Testut, Mme. Emilie Evershed, Oscar Dugué, and Dr. Charles Deléry. We have had few novels, but these are interesting and have a pleasant local color, such as Mme. de la Houssaye's *Pouponne et Balthazar*, Dr. Alfred Mercier's *L'Habitation St. Ybars*, and George Dessommes's *Tante Cydette*.

The problem in Louisiana is more difficult to solve than in Canada. The French-Canadians are numerous, while the Louisianians of French origin are in a minority in their state. They are loyal Americans, but, like their Canadian brethren, they are sincerely attached to the country and to the language of their ancestors, and they still have an important daily newspaper and a native French literature, not so large as before the Civil War, but very interesting. The problem of maintaining the French literature of Louisiana was partly

solved when Dr. Alfred Mercier founded in 1876 the "Athénée Louisianais," a literary society whose publications contain many important contributions, and which comprise several large volumes. As this admirable World's Fair is held to celebrate the centennial of the cession of Louisiana to the United States, you will allow me to call your attention to the exhibit of French Louisiana in the Department of Anthropology and History of the Exposition. There you may have an idea of the French literature of the oldest state formed out of the immense province acquired by the United States in 1803. It is a literature influenced principally by that of France, but which contains nevertheless some works influenced to a high degree by local surroundings.

The French language in Louisiana will long continue to be spoken as a mother tongue by many thousands of persons, and local French literature will continue to be produced, because the writers are animated by the purest feelings of filial piety, and are entirely disinterested. They know that their works written in French will be read by few persons outside of Louisiana, and they have no idea of pecuniary gain. The Creoles of Louisiana, that is to say, the *white* descendants of the French, although they know the English language and are in no wise hostile to it, consider the French language as much their own as it is that of the native Frenchmen. It forms part of their inheritance as well as the traditions, the names, and the blood which their fathers have transmitted to them. They have produced works written in French just as naturally as they have spoken the language which they learned at their mothers' knees, and have never thought of being rewarded by the French Government for an act which is a simple expression of hereditary feelings. They are pleased, however, when their brethren in France send them tokens of remembrance in the form of affectionate letters from distinguished statesmen or authors, or when these eminent men come in person to express their fraternal feelings. The Creoles of Louisiana, although they are thoroughly loyal to the American Union, are highly pleased to see, when they go to France, that they are not considered as strangers in the native land of their ancestors. The "French Family," *la Famille Française*, as it has often been expressed so admirably by M. Louis Herbette, of the "Conseil d'Etat," should maintain close bonds of affection all over the world, and it should be thus with the Italian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese families. In this way the development of the Romance literatures in foreign countries might be greatly encouraged.

Let no one think that love for the language, the literature, and the country of the ancestors will ever prevent the descendants in the United States from loving above all the land of their birth. Study the history of the French Creoles of Louisiana, and you will see that,

from the year 1803 to our days, no men, no women have ever been more patriotic Americans. Whatever was the native land of our forefathers, however much we wish to preserve our family traditions, we are all in this country sincerely attached to the American system of government, to our American political institutions, which are based on the Anglo-Saxon principles of individual liberty, upon which Washington and his collaborators founded our American Republic. I hope that my colleagues at this Congress will pardon this apparent digression from my subject, but as I speak before a cosmopolitan audience, I wish to be thoroughly understood when I say that a native American may work with enthusiasm for the development and diffusion of the Romance literatures in the United States, and yet remain entirely loyal to the Constitution of the United States.

One word more on this part of my theme, and I shall pass to another phase of it. One of the most important influences in America for the study of an interesting Romance literature and for its production is the Federation of "l'Alliance française" in the United States, founded in 1902 by Mr. James H. Hyde. The Association has been very successful, and comprises societies in all parts of the Union and 25,000 members. Many college French circles are affiliated with the Federation, and the continued success of this large organization will contribute to solve the important problem of how to encourage the study of the French language and literature in the United States. Is it not possible to establish Spanish and Italian societies, like the Federation of "l'Alliance française," to bring together the different Spanish and Italian groups scattered over the United States, or may not the example of the Federation be followed in Mexico and in South America? Nothing certainly would be more beneficial to the development of the Romance literatures on the whole American continent.

In studying the problems in modern French literature I cannot do any better than to base some of my remarks on the very important article published by M. Gustave Lanson, in August, 1900, in the *Revue de Synthèse Historique*. Many of these problems would present themselves to any careful student of French literature, but M. Lanson has stated them with such clearness and with such a scientific method that I shall follow to some extent his presentation of problems which I have often mentioned in my own teaching of French literature, but with far less scientific accuracy. M. Lanson is highly endowed with *l'esprit universitaire*.

The historical method should be applied to literary criticism, that is to say, the biography of the author and the history and analysis of his works should be studied simultaneously, and not as if the one was independent of the other. The works form part of the

life of the author and are explained as a development of that life, especially in the French authors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The work of Rousseau, Voltaire, Mme. de Staël, Châteaubriand, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, and many other writers, can be understood only by studying them at the same time as the events which inspired them, and also by studying the social and historical forces produced in the lifetime of the writers. One of the most important problems, therefore, in the field of Romance literatures is the study of social and historical forces in those literatures, and I wish to repeat here a few ideas which I expressed in 1898 in my address delivered as President of the Modern Language Association of America:¹

"It is true that all mankind is animated by the same psychical forces inherent in humanity, and that a great work of art, whether produced by a Homer, a Virgil, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Calderon, a Molière, a Goethe, is permeated with the same broad human feeling, but each man is bound to reproduce in his work the effect of the civilization to which he belongs. That civilization is largely an inheritance which the individual enjoys by the mere fact of being born in a certain atmosphere; but as civilization means development, new historical and social forces are constantly being brought to bear upon the individual and modifying his ideas. There are, therefore, three great causes which mould the mind of the individual: (1) the fact of being a man, which gives him ideas and sentiments common to all men; (2) his birthplace, which impresses upon him the civilization of his country; (3) the historical and social forces produced in his own lifetime. . . .

"M. Brunetière says that the principal influence in literature is that of works upon works. That influence is certainly very important, but it is not the principal one. So many forces have contributed to the civilization of every country and to the development of every literature that it is very difficult to say which one of these forces has been the most active and the most fruitful. If a great writer has produced a change in the civilization of his time, that change is never so complete as it might appear, inasmuch as the writer must reflect some ideas common to his race, to his country, and to all men. Again, admitting that the personal influence of one man had produced a change almost complete on his epoch and on the literature of his time, that influence of an individual becomes a social force and reacts on other individuals, who may, in their turn, impress the stamp of their genius on civilization and on literature. Historical and social forces are, therefore, continually brought into contact with forces apparently entirely personal and literary, and there is a perpetual reaction of the one class of forces on the other."

¹ *Proceedings of the Modern Language Association of America for 1898.*

The three great sciences auxiliary to literary history are bibliography, lexicography, and the preparation of texts. M. Lanson says that bibliography has lately made great progress, but that there is still lacking a general bibliography of French literature. The same remark may be made about the other Romance literatures. There should be also complete bibliographies of works of individual authors, of the different literary ages, of the principal magazines and reviews, of publishers and printers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Catalogues of the libraries of writers are also very important, such as those of Montaigne and of Racine, made by M. Bonnefon; for, "those inventories," adds M. Lanson, "at a time when the use of public libraries was almost unknown, help us to know what books were read by the great writers, what were their instruments of labor and their tastes." Good lexicons of special writers, such as that of Molière by Livet, are needed, and also good dictionaries of the different Romance languages. The dictionary of the French language by Darmesteter, Hatzfeld, and Thomas is admirable, and similar works should be produced for the Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese languages.

Bibliographies and lexicons are useful tools to the student of literature, but accurate texts are indispensable, and the publication of *inédits* has added greatly to the literary treasures of nations and to the better knowledge of the character and disposition of authors, whose letters and memoirs have been discovered and given to the world. However unsavory it may appear to some persons, the recent publication of the letters of Alfred de Musset and of George Sand has made us understand better the complicated problem of *Lui et Elle* and of *Elle et Lui*. There is no more fruitful theme in the field of Romance literatures than the proper preparation of texts and the publication of *inédits*. The study of medieval French literature was only possible after Paulin Paris had published in 1832 his edition of *Berte aux grands pieds*, and the admirable *Chanson de Roland*, the witty *Avocat Pathelin*, and other interesting works of the Middle Ages, could be fully appreciated only when good critical editions were published by distinguished Romance scholars in Europe and in America. The field is here immense and is yet hardly explored, in spite of the excellent work of Gaston Paris, Paul Meyer, Gröber, Suchier, Schuchardt, Pio Rajna, A. Marshall Elliott, H. A. Todd, Adolphe Cohn, and many others.

The biographies of writers are so important for a proper understanding of their works that no pains should be spared to produce accurate biographies, which should be psychological as well as narrative, and many biographies considered complete thus far should be rewritten. It is important, in many cases, to determine exactly in what province of a country a writer was born. Michelet, in the

second volume of his *History of France*, presents to us a striking tableau of the characteristics of each of the provinces, and gives an admirable explanation of the influence of local causes, of topography and geography, on the genius of a nation and of a man. Great social and historical forces were at work at different epochs in the different provinces of France, Spain, and Italy, and the Romance literatures and civilizations are the result of all these forces. I wish to mention here as a model of complete and accurate biography the work on *Honorat de Bueil, Seigneur de Racan*, by Professor Louis Arnould, of the University of Poitiers. Several works of this kind have been published lately by laborious and distinguished scholars.

Just as historical legends are destroyed by our modern historians who base their statement of facts upon well-authenticated documents, so are legends in literary history destroyed by modern critics, whose methods are scientific and exact. Let not criticism, however, be entirely mathematical, let the critic appreciate always the æsthetic element in literature. Like the historian of political events, he should be accurate and yet understand the interest, the poetry, always inherent in humanity. If the artistic element in a literary work is to be destroyed by criticism, then, in my opinion, that criticism is false. As an example of useless, and, I may say, of harmful minuteness in criticism, I may mention one of the discoveries of a modern iconoclast. I read, sometime ago, in a French magazine that M. Edmond Biré had proved that Graziella was the daughter of a shoemaker, and consequently that the incidents of Lamartine's excursion to the Isle of Procida were all invented by the great poet. It was well known that the *Confidences* and *Raphael* were not accurate autobiographies, and that their value consisted in the knowledge which they gave us of the feelings of Lamartine, of his *état d'âme*, at certain periods of his life. Of what interest, therefore, is it to us to know who was Graziella? The charming girl created by Lamartine is much more interesting and real than the shoemaker's daughter discovered by M. Biré. The former makes us understand the poet's feelings much better than the latter. In our studies of the Romance literatures let us endeavor to discover all erroneous statements made by writers, but let us use our judgment with regard to publishing discoveries which are useless to our knowledge of men and of works, and which may, in some degree, destroy the poetic illusions of the readers of the works. When M. Biré, however, proves to us that it was materially impossible for Châteaubriand to have visited the countries which he describes in his *Voyages en Amérique* and in his *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*, he does a useful work, because he discovers the sources from which Châteaubriand has drawn his descriptions.

The study of the sources is one of the most important problems in the field of Romance literatures, and although a great deal has been done in that direction, the work not yet accomplished is still immense. The literary relations between France, Italy, and Spain, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were very close, and are an interesting subject to investigate. Also the influence of England and Germany on French writers, principally in the first half of the nineteenth century. Excellent works have been written on these subjects by Messieurs Brunetière, Morel-Fatio, Jusserand, V. Rossel, and J. Texte, but comparative literature is almost a new science, and a great future awaits the scholars who will devote themselves to it. The influence of Ibsen and Björnson, of Mickiewicz and Tolstoy, of the Scandinavian and Slavonic literatures, on the Romance literatures is itself a broad and important field to explore, one which presents many interesting problems to solve.

M. Lanson's article on Modern French literature is so exhaustive that I have used it partly as a text for my commentary on that subject, and I shall recapitulate briefly a few of his statements. He recommends that correct and critical texts of the great writers be published and says that there hardly exists a single scientific edition of the texts of the nineteenth century. The history of comedy in its transformations has not been written, and there should be a history of lyric poetry, of epic poetry, and a history of history. The history of the *genres* is yet very incomplete. Strange to say, the history of Latin influence on French literature in the three classic centuries has not been written, and that of Greek influence very inadequately. The problem of the origin of French romanticism has not yet been solved, and the eighteenth century is not well understood. The genealogy of a writer and his physiological temperament should be studied in order to understand better his biography and his psychology. The most interesting problem, however, is to determine which are the really great works produced in the nineteenth century. The above observations may be applied in general to the literatures of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, as well as to that of France.

Although French literature was considerably influenced in the nineteenth century by English and German writers, it exerted in its turn a great influence on foreign literatures, especially on the Italian and the Spanish. The modern literatures of Spain and of Portugal have exerted little influence in France, but that of modern Italy is better known and appreciated. The works of Leopardi, Fogazzaro, Matilde Serao, Edmondo de Amicis, Giovanni Verga, and Ada Negri are said by French critics to be popular and to have exerted a beneficent influence, while Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose genius is much admired in France, is viewed with some distrust. M. de Vogüé, in 1895, saw

in his works a "Latin renaissance," but M. Joseph Texte¹ said of him: "The influence of d'Annunzio is one of those which we do not wish to see our France feel too deeply." Each one of the great Latin countries has its own individuality, its own genius, but they have all in common many traits which they have inherited from ancient and splendid Rome, and one of the important problems in the field of Romance literatures is to endeavor to bind by a closer intellectual bond people whose languages and civilizations are principally Latin.

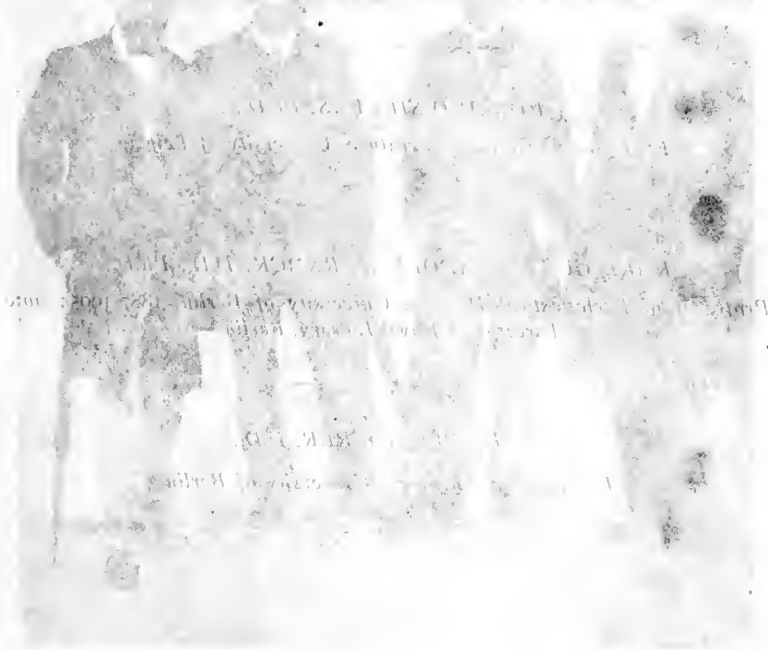
In this paper I have not yet mentioned the Catalan, Roumanian, Rhætian, and Provençal literatures. Important problems may be found there, but I have no time to study them. I wish, however, to call attention to the interest which lies in a study of Catalan literature and of its influence on Spanish literature and even on Spanish politics. The *jélibrige* in France is also very important from its literary as well as from its political aspect. The works of Mistral, of his predecessors, and of his friends, have not only a literary value, but are important with regard to the effect which they may produce on the question of *décentralisation*. Of like effect may be the novels which describe provincial life, such as those of Ferdinand Fabre, André Theuriet, Emile Pouvillon, and René Bazin.

Political questions have always exerted a great influence on literature. A great change was brought about in Spain by the French Revolution and by the struggle against the Napoleonic invasion; and such poets as Espronceda, Nuñez de Arce, Campoamor, and Zorrilla; such novelists as Juan Valera, Pedro Alarcón, Emilia Pardo Bazan, and Armando Palacio Valdés; such dramatists as Echegaray and Pérez Galdós, are the products of the literary renaissance which began after the fall of Napoleon. But the most important force in the development of Spanish literature would be the development of the educational system of the country. Education is not general enough in Spain or yet in Italy. Republican France, since 1870, has given a great example to her Latin sisters and has made wonderful progress in public education. It will be interesting to note in a few years what have been the results on literature of the present policy of the French Government concerning congregational schools. The influence of parliamentary democracy is an important subject to study. Has its establishment been the cause of pessimism in literature or not? In Italy also political history has exerted a marked influence on literary history, and the establishment of the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel and the loss of the temporal power of the Pope have given rise to interesting problems in literature as well as in politics.

¹ Petit de Julleville, *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature française*, volume VIII, p. 695.

The dominant trait in the Romance literatures at present is more individuality, less enslavement to schools and their supposed rules and precepts. There is, in general, a broader human feeling, a well-marked interest in things common to mankind, and this feeling is evidenced by the presence at this Congress of Arts and Science of distinguished men and women from all parts of the world. Let each one of us cherish above all the land of his birth, the land where reside those dearest to him, but let us all unite in a common love for the noble thoughts contained in the great literatures of the world, among which are to be found, in a position of well-deserved honor and dignity, the Romance literatures.

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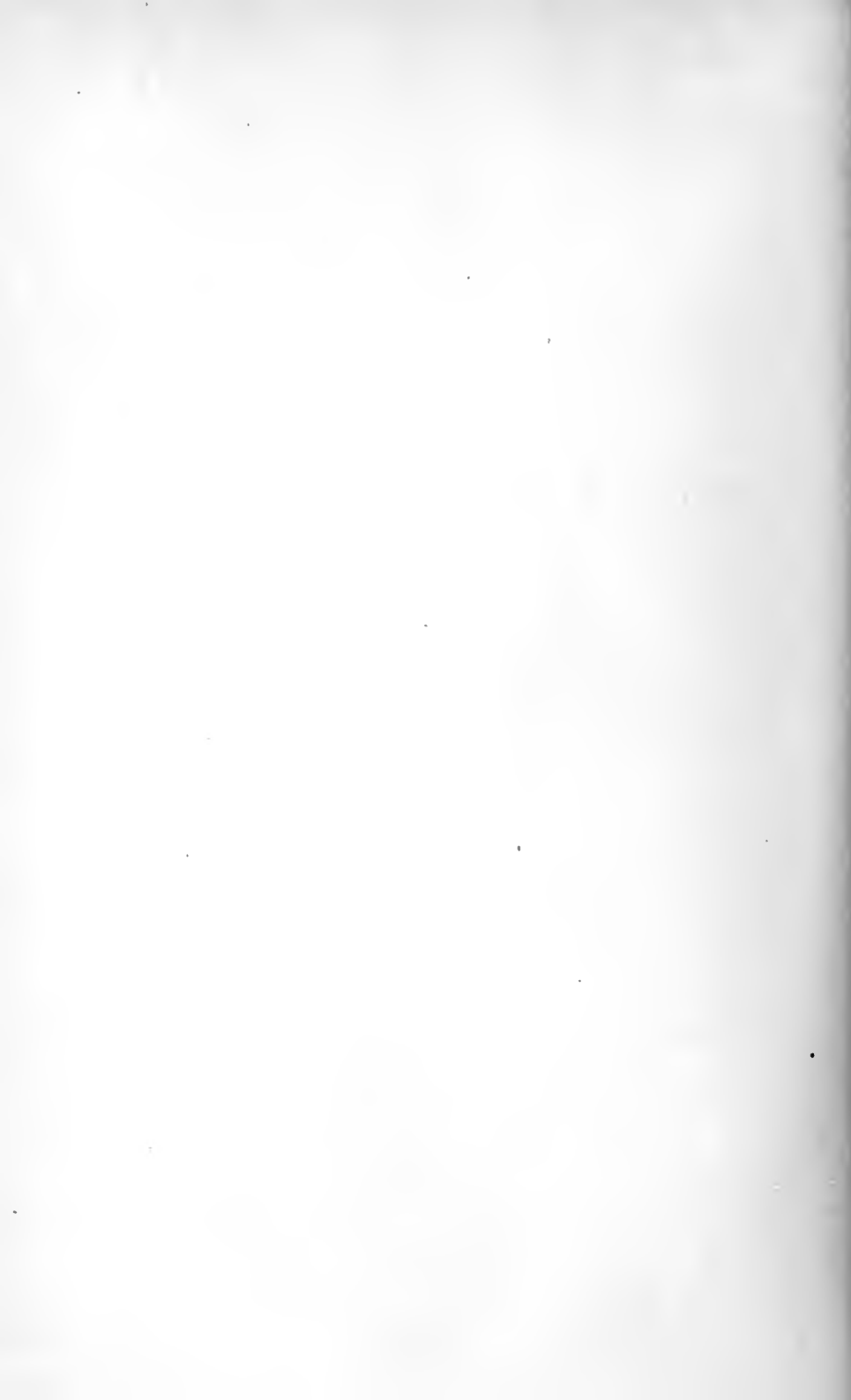
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SECTION E — GERMANIC LITERATURE



SECTION E — GERMANIC LITERATURE

(Hall 3, September, 23, 10 a. m.)

CHAIRMAN: PROFESSOR KUNO FRANCKE, Harvard University.
SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR AUGUST SAUER, University of Prague.
 PROFESSOR J. MINOR, University of Vienna.
SECRETARY: PROFESSOR K. D. JESSEN, Bryn-Mawr College.

THE INFLUENCE OF NORTH AMERICAN LITERATURE ON GERMAN LITERATURE

BY AUGUST SAUER

(Translated from the German by Prof. Robert S. Woodworth, Columbia University)

[August Sauer, Regular Professor of German Language and Literature, University of Prague, since 1891. b. Vienna Newstadt, Austria, Oct. 12, 1855. Graduate, University of Vienna, 1876; Ph.D. *ibid.* 1877; University of Berlin, 1877-78. Substitute Professor, University of Lemberg, 1879-83; Special Professor, University of Graz, 1883-86; *ibid.* University of Prague, 1886-91. Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Vienna, Society for the Advancement of German Science, Art, and Literature in Bohemia and Prague. Author of *Concerning the Iambic Pentameter of Lessing's Nathan*; *Studies in the Philology of Goethe* (with Minor); *Portrait of Women from the Golden Age of German Literature*; and many other works and papers on Germanic literature.]

METHODOLOGICAL questions are capable of two sorts of treatment. One can make a survey of the whole complex of problems and exhaust all the possibilities. Or one can point out the best manner of treatment by means of an example specially fit for the purpose. It is in no spirit of contradiction to the philosophical spirit which conceived the idea of this World's Congress and called it into life that I choose the latter of these two ways, and seek to fulfill the task assigned me — that of showing the relations of German literature to foreign literature — by tracing this connection in the case of two authors who have hitherto been considered as very far apart from each other. I mean by this choice to give strong expression to my conviction that the slow and toilsome work of detailed research can never be avoided in the life of science. Everything depends, however, even in such work, on gaining the broadest possible outlook and never losing one's feeling for the great whole.

The longer the span of history we survey, in a national literature, and the more different national literatures we follow in their origin and development, the more the history of all literature appears to us as a single organism, the separate organs of which stand in closest, most indissoluble connection with each other, while even the smallest

component parts exert a mutual influence. Thus there is reared, on the foundation of the separate sciences of the national literatures, a general or comparative science of literature. Such a science was foreshadowed and sketched in outline by far-seeing thinkers even a century ago; it was further shaped with varying success by their followers; to-day, though still vague in aim and uncertain in method, it is of great promise for the future, especially in such a field as America, where so many languages and literatures meet, and whence, indeed, has sprung one of the more successful of recent investigators who have devoted themselves to this branch of literary history.

Dependence on others as models and standards is a matter of course, a natural and necessary condition. Every author, even he who seems most original, must first of all have fought his way from dependence to independence. Writers inherit from their predecessors the richest treasures, without will or codicil. Even a writer who has long seemed so eccentric and pathological as Friedrich Hebbel is gradually seen to have a truly organic place in the regular development of our composition and style. The same work of art belongs to the most varied lines of development. Philosophy of the world and of life, idea and tendency, matter and motive, technique and presentation, style and language,—each has its own line of development. Originality in one direction does not exclude dependence in another; a poet, a work, may on one side open up a fresh line of development while on another side standing at the close of an earlier line. Myriad crossings of the different lines are possible.

The history of a people's literature is an almost uninterrupted succession of culture borrowed, influences received, stimulus felt from other literatures. When one people is culturally, socially, and politically superior to another, and at the same time in close geographical contact and lively intercourse with it, the weaker, younger, more primitive people is wholly surrendered to the intellectual influence of the more advanced. In such a transfer of culture, involving the passing over from one people to another of their philosophy of life and of the world, their social structure, technical achievements, morals, and customs, it may happen that the art of the one people is simply transplanted to the new soil. The dependence of the new literature is very marked, sometimes amounting to complete lack of originality; the new shoot does not count for anything in the development of the world's literature. The foreign literary works are circulated and read in their original tongue, they are abbreviated and excerpted, annotated and paraphrased; translations, imitations, and a freer working-over of the matter into new form follow; the material, motives, and characters that have been taken over are changed and remodeled, at first sparingly, but later with greater and greater freedom. The first thing to become nationalized is the

language and mode of expression, after that costume and scene, finally the thought and tendency. The national character does not take possession of the whole at once; it may even show itself first by what it rejects, by what it finds uncongenial in the foreign literature.

It is not always the most important works of one literature which exercise the decisive influence on another. A writer may be of more importance for the history of a foreign nation than for his own. A work little prized by men of its own language may thus become the cornerstone of a new literature.

In connection with such a transfer of culture, permeating the whole life and thought of a people, the points of agreement between single works or authors have of course little significance; the important things to notice are the deviations from agreement, even the slightest and most in detail — the displacements and distortions; what the new writer omits, overlooks, ignores, misunderstands, avoids, perhaps parodies or travesties. The growing independence is first revealed by negative signs.

In times of strong dependence on foreign culture, it is already a proof of a high grade of independence in an author, if, believing the foreign influence excessive or even hurtful, he seeks to break away from it, and to open the way for the influence of some other literature more closely related to the spirit of his own people. Though substituting one dependence for another, he at least changes the literary centre of gravity.

Culture can also be borrowed from peoples far distant in time or space. Dead literatures can wake to new life, and in their renaissance exert a new and mighty influence. Or it may happen that a literature voluntarily subjects itself for a time to another apparently remote from it, as when an exotic style of composition becomes the fashion.

Besides these universal inundations of culture, single fields of literature, single forms of composition, are exposed to inroads more limited in space and time. While one sort of writing is flourishing in full independence, another sort may simultaneously, and among the same people, be completely subject to the influence of foreign models. The number of literary subjects and motives is not very great; the forms of composition have, during the course of thousands of years, been only slightly widened in scope; even the metric forms, the turns of style, the figurative means of expression, are confined within certain limits. They preserve their identity even when their connection with the literatures is dissolved; they become diffused.

Single authors also, like mighty conquerors, undertake invasions of the fields of foreign literature. Usually it is the strongest intellects which, in isolation, separated from their native literature, — or, it

may be, as its representatives, — rule upon foreign soil. Often the tyranny narrows down to the rule over a single work, but sometimes it maintains itself for centuries.

As applied to the methods of historic investigation, the preceding considerations go to show that the important task is not the detection of such influences — by collecting parallel passages, making lists of allusions, counting up what one author has borrowed from another, pointing out reminiscences, or even discovering plagiarisms. Rather is it the main thing, when once this relationship, whether plain or obscure, is established, to utilize the fact for understanding the characteristics of the writer influenced, for determining his degree of dependence, for estimating the proportions of the ingredients in the resulting mixture, and for indicating as exactly as possible the point at which a work, an author, a literature achieves a relative independence, the point where the personal, subjective, original comes to light, where the national character frees itself from the chrysalis, and rises, splendid and radiant, into the air.

In this regard, one urgent demand to be made on our discipline is a prompt right-about-face. Dozens of researches are seen to be at the least superfluous, if not utterly on the wrong track. One couples together two names from a national literature or from the world's literature, without asking whether the connection is sufficiently close to make its investigation worth the trouble. One overlooks the fact that certain foundations lie, unavoidably and as a matter of course, at the basis of certain periods of literature, and that in such cases the more precise determination of details is of no consequence. One fails to see that in the study of each writer it is only necessary to consider certain central authors who have influenced his development in essential and decisive points, and without whom the younger author's work would have been inconceivable. But the real disease of this sort of researches is that they picture the influence of one author on another much too externally and mechanically, while they conceive the highly complex creative process in far too simple terms; they degrade the individual author, till he is made to seem the helpless prey of vultures swooping down on him; they interpret a work of art as they would a machine produced by the joint efforts of many unthinking laborers; they do not even see that the influence of one work often excludes that of another, or that the most important question is whether a given work of art, known, perhaps, to a writer for a long time, was actually occupying his attention so strongly at a definite moment that it could exert an influence on a newly arising work of art germinating within him at that moment; they do not see that they must know the order in which different works impressed themselves on the author in a stimulating and life-giving fashion.

How necessary it is to bear all these points in mind will be shown in the following discussion by an example. It is an example of the influence of an apparently remote literature upon an author, in whose case foreign influences have not previously been suspected. The particular example chosen seems here all the more in place, because it deals with the influence of North American literature upon a German writer, a countryman of my own, with whose works I have made myself familiar by years of careful study.

Adalbert Stifter, a son of the German Bohemian Forest, sprang suddenly into fame in the early forties of the last century by the publication of his *Studies*; criticism scattered its incense before him, no less an authority than Eichendorff was the first to grasp his epoch-making significance. For a time he had great vogue. His later works, however, did not meet with the same success; an unjust enemy, with whom he was not equipped to fight, arose in the inexorable Hebbel, who thought to annihilate him with savage attacks. After a period of unobtrusive influence in narrower circles, he has come again into general and still increasing favor. It is only the history of nineteenth-century literature — a study which is still in its beginnings — that could make nothing of him. A few thoughtless catch-phrases, such as that regarding Stifter's lack of passion, have been passed on from one book to another. An otherwise valuable book on German fiction of the nineteenth century omits entirely the name of the author, who has given us in his *Nachsommer* one of the most intimate and original of German romances. The authority of a Nietzsche was needed to compel the indifferent to attend to him. In Stifter's home, to be sure, no such impulsion was required. As is the case with all German stocks and fragments of stocks that are politically separated from the mother country, the home literature in Austria has a hearty recognition and its history is zealously cultivated. The best Austrian story-writers of the present day attach themselves to Stifter and esteem him highly. He is honored as one of the noblest of native artists. An extensive biography of Stifter from the hand of an enthusiastic supporter (Alois Raimund Hein) has just appeared, a work of years of loving industry. Eager collectors care for the preservation of his paintings and drawings, autographs and letters, for the storing of which a Stifter-Archive has been founded in Prague. The "Society for the Advancement of German Science, Art, and Literature in Bohemia" is publishing in its *Library of German Authors of Bohemia* a complete critical edition of his works.¹ Vigorous young blood is entering zealously into the study.

¹ *Bibliothek deutscher Schriftsteller aus Böhmen*. Vol. 11: A. Stifter, *Sämtliche Werke*, 1 vol., *Studien*, 1 vol., herausgegeben von A. Sauer (my introduction to this volume has several points of contact with the present lecture). — *Bibliothek*, vol. 12: A. Stifter, *Sämtliche Werke*, vol. 14, *Vermischte Schriften*, 1 vol., herausgegeben von A. Horcicka (Prag, J. G. Calve).

The Hebbel revival finds a necessary counter-weight in a Stifter revival.

Stifter has been hitherto regarded as one of our most independent writers, a true product of our soil, peculiar to us more than any other. He sprang from a district which then lay far from the channels of trade, where wood, cliff, and heath meet, where a bit of the primeval forest still remains in Europe. A knotty, primitive type of man, not unlike the old frontiersman of America, there struggles hard for his scanty living. They are hunters, wood-choppers, and the like. Odd and original characters are not lacking among them. There depth, inwardness of soul, thrive in hardy strength, leading at times to taciturn hardness, but occasionally also to a dreamy thoughtfulness and to poetic talent. The legends and traditions of his forest home sounded around Stifter in childhood. His education in one of the worthiest of the Austrian convent schools confirmed him in his native Catholic view of the world, which became his unshakeable conviction. Not till late in his career did he exchange the painter's brush for the pen of the writer. Practically unaffected by all the good or evil movements in the spirit of the times, he entered literature when nearly thirty-five years old, or about 1840, the very year in which Friedrich Hebbel appeared, and two years after two spirits kindred to his own, Eduard Mörike and Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, had published their epoch-making collections of poems. Like these two, he shows the opposite tendency to that of "Young Germany," like them he unites in himself all the healthy elements of Romanticism, without falling to the grade of a weak imitator or gleaning epigone — all three are Romanticists after the Romantic movement. Once more the heart won the victory over the intellect, enthusiasm over enlightenment, idyllic peace over the so-called "Movement-literature"; the poet free from politics, free from time, won the day from the poets of the times, the political lyricists, the tendency dramatists, the writers on current events, who, like smugglers, misused fiction as the "dark-lantern of ideas." At the very moment when the manifesto of the Halle *Yearbook* against Romanticism was scoffing even at its love of nature and enthusiasm for the woods, there arose in these sensitive artists the best interpreters of nature and the woods, their truest worshipers and most inspired prophets.

His first *Studies*¹ (*The Condor, The Field Flowers, The Fool's Fort, Great-grandfather's Map*) show Stifter following the same path as Jean Paul, E. T. A. Hoffmann, and Tieck. *The Heath Boy*,² written in the tone of an Oriental legend, proves him for the first time a master of nature description. In his own home, familiar to him

¹ *Der Kondor, Die Feldblumen, Die Narrenburg, Die Mappe des Urgrossvaters.*

² *Der Heideknabe.*

from childhood, he discovered the fairest object of his poesy. In the *Mountain Forest*,¹ finally, he became, more decisively than Wilibald Alexis or Charles Sealsfield, the real founder of provincial-romance in Germany.

As an historic narration from the days of the Thirty Years' War, the *Mountain Forest* is in line with the Walter Scott tradition; but the historical matter is sketched only in a slight and almost shadowy way. Real historical studies were scarcely made by the author; the truth was rather that the legends of his native region afforded him the stimulus. The whole action is suitable to the present day, or else to a land of fable. Legends and parables are inserted; the legendary tone is preserved throughout. The women are pictured as fairy forms; the hero, a natural son of Gustavus Adolphus, seems a legendary prince; in eternal youth and beauty the form of the dead floats before the eyes of his loved one. Like a legend, too, is the end of it all; the survivors grow preternaturally old. No one ever learned of their death.

The story is attached to a ruin near Stifter's home, which the people called a haunted castle. In the story it is peopled and alive, a home full of a noble civilization and high culture. But the wood to the west of it he describes as the virgin forest untouched by civilization, the action of the story being for it merely a rapidly passing episode. On the shore of the lake, where the characters of the story built a blockhouse, the seed of the forest is sown again, and every trace of human footsteps disappears.

With great artistic power the author brings the fortunes of his characters, the weal or woe of their loves, into intimate relation with the course of nature, the cycles of day and year, the life of the forest. He pictures the dark and gloomy aspect of the forest, the sublime loneliness of its measureless extent, the stillness, the silence of it, and then, too, the tones that enliven it; he shows it in its splendid summer attire, and in the icy garb of winter; all its colors, tints, and shades he seeks to reproduce. He makes the wood a thing of life, with a soul, he illuminates it with love and goodness, he regards it as the most magnificent of the Creator's works, as a church, a temple, a cathedral. The forest makes one good and reverent, innocent and childlike, it assures outward and inward peace. A glorification of the forest, a hymn to its beauty and power, which are like those of paradise.

With such a child of heath and wood, who in one of his first letters describes a stroll through the primeval forest, and pictures the spectacle of the wood flaming by night in the storm, as he himself had experienced it, where is there opportunity for any foreign stimulus? Yet it is present. In his descriptions of nature he is a pupil of Jean

¹ *Hochwald*.

Paul. He emulates Tieck and other Romanticists in his descriptions of the forest loneliness. Lenau's wood-pictures were well known to the Austrian writer. The meadow-lark's song is heard simultaneously in Annette's "Heath-pictures." The splendid descriptions of wood and heath in Charles Sealsfield's novels can scarcely have been unknown to Stifter. He could not indeed have known that the great anonymous writer was an Austrian, a son of the Sudetic country, and thus his closest compatriot. Many points of agreement in their diction can be explained from their community of origin; for instance the Czech influence, which is seen in both, though more pronounced in Sealsfield than in Stifter.

Lenau and Sealsfield received the inspiration for their descriptions of nature in North America; Lenau during his unlucky visit, which afforded him so little satisfaction, Sealsfield during a long residence, which made him an American citizen and a spirited adherent and admirer both of the scenery and of the politics of North America. The longing for distant lands and for the New World was felt also by Stifter, and transferred by him to the characters of his tales for youth. In youthful excess the pupil of Klopstock cries out in one of his letters: he would fain, arm in arm with his future lover, throw himself into Niagara Falls (1837). The artist in the *Condor* sails across the Atlantic Ocean. In *Field Flowers* America is not simply the land of the hero's dreams; the action of the prologue is partly on American soil; Emil passed two years in America, and relates how in a forest he had nursed back to health a strange dog. The poetically gifted "Heath Boy" travels to Palestine, Egypt, and into the Desert. Ronald, the Swedish prince, is lured on by a glittering city, by the limitless wilderness of the new land. The North American literature of that time cannot therefore have been unknown to Stifter.

With Washington Irving (1783-1859), his brother-in-law, James Kirke Paulding (1779-1860), and James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851), the native literature of North American soil made a triumphal entry, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, into the world's literature. A new domain of literary material was discovered, a new world opened to view; Châteaubriand had only partially raised the curtain before it. The applause of the European reading public was unexampled. In 1823 translations of Irving began to appear, in 1824 those of Cooper; in the same year W. Alexis translated Paulding's novel, *Köningsmark the Long Finn*. The esteemed publishers Sauerland in Frankfort-on-the-Main produced Cooper's and Irving's complete works in many volumes, and combined the American fiction of Paulding and of Dr. Bird into a *Library of the Classic Authors of North America*. Goethe read Cooper's novels with interest and

admiration, and praised them publicly; Grillparzer, visiting him, found him just reading the *Sources of the Susquehanna*. Mörike read with his family in 1848 Cooper's sea-tales and was much pleased with them. In a somewhat regretful note in his *Outlines* the statistician of our literature, Karl Goedeke, attests the enormous popularity of the Cooper novels from recollections of his own youth. The innumerable imitations of Cooper in the German language have never yet been catalogued.

Literary history cannot assign to Cooper's novels an extremely high rank. He is a gifted but weak imitator of Walter Scott, who simply had the good fortune to discover, in the romance of the sea and of the Indians, a fresh, unhackneyed store of material. Börne contrasted the active life and mighty events and deeds of his novels with the inaction of the heroes of German fiction. Sealsfield's criticisms still hold good: Cooper exaggerates and idealizes beyond measure. In his portrayal of the Indians he is far surpassed in truth by Sealsfield; so also in the ardor and magnificence of his descriptions of scenery. With all his enthusiasm and high-flown passages, he still remains in reality sober. His novels fairly drip with moralizing. But he knows well how to group strong, rough, glaring effects, how to tell a story in an absorbing and even exciting way. The strong charm of the matter of his novels brings it about that selections from his works have a greater effect on youth — even to the present day — than the originals themselves. Cooper injured himself chiefly by the great bulk of his writings. Impelled by success he let himself be carried down a declivitous path, took up one period after another in the life of his Leather Stocking, and had to admit himself, in the prefaces to his later books, how hard it was to make the same characters appear in four or even five works without repeating or contradicting himself too much. This precipice Cooper by no means escaped. His imitations of himself became weaker and weaker. As an artist he stands far below Stifter, though he exerted a powerful stimulating influence on the younger man.

As far as I can see, Stifter never mentioned Cooper's name in his works or letters, just as he never speaks of the other mental pabulum which he may have taken in, in the way of entertainment, during his early years. But it is a safe assumption that he knew all five of the Leather Stocking novels, and that their hero had long been a cherished and familiar character in his mind from the three older novels (*The Pioneers*, 1823; *The Last of the Mohicans*, 1826; *The Prairie*, 1827), when the appearance of the two final novels (*The Pathfinder*, 1840; and *The Deerslayer*, 1841), the German translations of which followed immediately, perhaps even in 1840, kindled the fire anew within him, nourished his just-awakened desire for literary production, and caused the imagination of the young poet to bear

fruit. These hastily got up German translations, which bristled with un-German idioms and constructions, must be made the basis of our study, since Stifter undoubtedly had them before him. It is scarcely probable that he had read the novels also in the original, as he seems not to have had a mastery of English.¹

An accident led my honored co-worker in the editing of Stifter's works, Professor Adalbert Horeicka of Vienna, to the detection of a number of resemblances in subject-matter between the *Mountain Forest* and the *Deerslayer*. At my suggestion, Mr. Karl Wagner, student of philosophy in the University of Prague, then undertook a minute comparison of Stifter's book with the *Pathfinder* and the *Deerslayer*, and I myself extended this study to all the five novels. On account of the close connection of the whole cycle, and its many repetitions of motives, language, and even definite expressions, it is impossible to determine surely in detail and in every case what particular passage may have had its effect on Stifter. The relation between the two authors appears most strongly and clearly, as far as regards the substance, in comparing the *Mountain Forest* with the *Deerslayer*.

In this novel Cooper unfolds a picture of the hazardous hunter-life, a life which also forms the background of Stifter's narrative. Old Tom, in his earlier years a notorious freebooter, enters on a late, and, as it seems, loose sort of marriage with a woman of high birth and checkered past, the mother of two daughters; he goes west and leads a hunting-life in idyllic fashion. For a home he constructs a log house, which for better protection against enemies he locates in a large lake surrounded by the forest. At the beginning of the action, the unfortunate wife has long been buried in the lake, and a son laid to rest beside her, but in the memory of her daughters, Judith and Hetty, she still lives as their illuminating genius. So also, in the *Mountain Forest*, the mother of Johanna and Clarissa has long been dead, her name is not even mentioned in the story, while Felix, the brother, is made a very secondary personage.

The attention, here as there, is directed to defense against an approaching enemy. The Swedes are preparing an expedition against the upper Danube country; their goal is not really the storming of the castle — just as, in Cooper, a war between the rival French and English is expected in the West, the first forerunners of which appear

¹ I make my citations from the following volumes of the Sauerland complete edition: *Die Ansiedler, oder die Quellen des Susquehannah*, 2 Auflage, 1838. 2 Teile. *Der Letzte der Mohikaner*. Eine Erzählung aus dem Jahre 1757. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt von Heinrich Döring. 4 Auflage, 1845. 2 Teile. *Die Steppe*. Eine Erzählung. 2 Auflage, 1840. 2 Teile. *Der Pfadfinder, oder der Binnensee*, 1840. 3 Teile. *Der Hirschtöchter*. Ein Roman. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt von O. von Czarnowski, 1841. 3 Teile. [The citations from the *Deerslayer* and *Pathfinder*, in the English version of this paper, are often taken directly from the original. — Translator.]

in the form of the dreaded Mingo Indians, who really undertake the plundering of the castle only because it is good booty, lying accidentally in their way. Help comes to Old Tom, thus surrounded with impending dangers, in the person of an acquaintance and hunting comrade, a rough man, superhumanly strong, called Hurry Harry, who sues in vain for the love of Tom's elder daughter, the wondrously beautiful Judith, even as the knight from Upper Austria sues for Clarissa's love. Judith has formerly been in love with an English officer, Warley, as Clarissa has loved the Swedish Prince Ronald. Gregory I regard as the parallel to the *Deerslayer* himself.

Almost all of this cycle of Cooper's novels start out with some sort of a forest journey. In the *Deerslayer*, the two hunters press on through the wilderness, in order to reach the lake and floating Tom. The same situation is more fully worked out at the commencement of the *Pathfinder*, where the four characters likewise reach a "windrow" in the forest, in which the fallen trees lie "blended like jackstraws," and from which they enjoy a sublime prospect over the measureless expanse of woods. "An exclamation of surprise broke from the lips of Deerslayer, an exclamation that was low and guardedly made, however, for his habits were much more thoughtful and regulated than those of the reckless Hurry, when, on reaching the margin of the lake, he beheld the view that unexpectedly met his gaze." A gentle exclamation of astonishment escapes also from the maidens at the sight of the broad surface of "glistening water, over whose bosom the soft image of the moon floated like a lazy cloud." The lake in *Deerslayer* is called "Glimmerglass, seeing that its whole basin is so often fringed with pines, cast upward from its face; as if it would throw back the hills that hang over it." In a pregnant passage in the *Last of the Mohicans*, the "sparkling streams" are spoken of with great emphasis. Glimmer, shimmer, glitter¹ are also favorite and oft-recurring words with Stifter. The whole lake scene in Stifter is like that in Cooper; the changes which he has introduced into the geographical relations of Blockenstein Lake can be explained as results of this literary influence. The equipment of the forest house in Stifter is closely patterned after that of the castle in Cooper, even to the padlock and to the fortification with palisades² — a wholly superfluous fortification in case of a building standing on dry land. In the arrangement of both houses, great precautions are taken against fire. Just as, in Stifter, the furnishings are surprisingly comfortable, so also we read in Cooper: a single glance sufficed to show that the house was inhabited by females. Most clearly do the rafts in Stifter betray their foreign origin. Old Tom, for the sake of

¹ "Glimmern, schimmern, flimmern."

² Later, Stifter uses "Pflöcke" as the equivalent of "Palissaden" in the translations of Cooper, "Pfeiler" is also employed.

protection against the bullets of enemies, had erected a sort of blockhouse on a smaller scale upon his ark — commonly designated as boat (*Boot*) or scow (*Fähre*), once, however, as raft (*Flösse*), although besides it genuine rafts were present. On a primitive raft of blocks of wood, a seat was made for Hetty. In the corresponding descriptions in Stifter a contradiction has crept in; at the beginning one raft carries an elevated framework with seats for the company, but later on both rafts carry "bullet-proof houses." The exaggerated precautions that are taken to keep the raft always at a suitable distance from the shore likewise recall the American novel. And when old Gregory, after shooting at a hawk, laid his gun down along a tree-trunk, and waits to see the unfamiliar noise fetch the animals up out of the water, this too sounds like an Indian trick, so many of which are described in Cooper. The inaccessibility of the strongly fortified spot is strongly emphasized; so far aside from human traffic does it lie that no path, no footprint, no trace of one, can be spied. This tautology recalls the importance of spying out enemies in Cooper's novels. Yet, in case a hostile band should wander into this wilderness, Gregory knows of a cave, some hours distant up among the highest rocks, to which he only knows the approach; there he can hide the girls till the danger is over, even as Cooper's characters often find refuge in caves. Also in the equipment of the two lake colonies there is much that is similar. When the sisters, in great anxiety about their paternal house which can be seen glistening in the hazy distance, examine it from the "block stone" through a telescope, old Gregory struggled hard to comprehend the enchanted thing, which was quite inexplicable to him. So, too, in Cooper the little company in the lake make observations with the telescope on the castle when it was visited by the enemy; the wonder and curiosity are painted in the same colors. In the *Pioneers*, also, a telescope comes into use. Stifter's employment of the telescope cannot be called an anachronism, as it was already in widespread use by the middle of the seventeenth century.

In these similar settings goes on, both here and there, the idyllic life of the sisters, at first disturbed only, at rare intervals, by some beast of the forest. "Low and tremulously, but earnestly and solemnly," Hetty sings in the quiet of night; her spirit consoles itself in the prayer of simple faith. So also the tones of Clarissa's harp "penetrate the sleeping midnight air like a sweet heart-throb." As between the two sisters, Clarissa strongly recalls Judith in her chief traits. Of a singular, dark-eyed beauty, Judith has an unconquerable love for bodily ornament, as appears especially in the unpacking of the old chest, descended from her mother. In like manner the two sisters in the mountain forest feel first delight and later shame at this "girlish weakness," as they put on their finest clothes

and view themselves in the mirror. Judith puts on most eagerly the red brocade, taken from the chest, in order to impress her naïve friend, but must content herself with a reproof from him; and later she wears it again, when, driven by her love, she goes into the enemy's camp, in order to free her loved one from the hands of the Indians, who, thirsting for revenge, have condemned him to death. It is expressly said of her: "A charming creature! And she looked like a queen in that brocade dress." Clarissa, too, goes to meet her former lover in all her finery and in her most beautiful dress (a velvet also), "so that she was like a noble lady, who is brought to a king's feast"; and the author assigns a similar motive for her action: "There is something in woman's finery and festive clothes that keeps you at a distance; it is the court dress of their souls; and even the old son of the forest, who had never seen any jewels except those of morning in the fir trees, felt himself oppressed and almost subdued by Clarissa's beauty." And Ronald begs her to lay aside the "stiff finery," as Deerslayer begged Judith. The latter is taken with a tender love, delicately portrayed by the author, which by degrees fills her whole heart; but she is cold in her expression of it, as she is oppressed with remorse on account of her earlier relations with Warley. Clarissa as well regards her love for Ronald as a sin, but finally gives herself entirely up to it. The mutual love of the two sisters is also similarly portrayed by the two authors. Johanna is like Hetty, especially in the unconscious awakening of her love. Cooper likes to bring women of high birth or culture into his novels; and bringing in *two* sisters is quite typical of him, and of Stifter as well (*Field Flowers, Two Sisters*); the very similar pair of sisters, Cora and Alice, in the *Last of the Mohicans*, may have hovered before Stifter's mind in many passages.

In comparing Gregory with the Deerslayer, their difference in age need not be too strongly emphasized. In spite of his youth, and though he is on the warpath for the first time, Deerslayer is yet a mature man in thought and action; and Gregory, though standing at the utmost limits of advanced age, is as enthusiastic and fond of adventure, and toys as much with plans for the future, as Deerslayer. Young Deerslayer is already compared with the most experienced veterans; he speaks earnestly and solemnly, acts with dignity and respect, and is called Straight Tongue. The contrast between his youthful years and his prudent, circumspect bearing and carefully weighed words impresses even the Indian, who says of him: "My brother has two scalps — gray hair under the other. Old wisdom — young tongue!" or "Young head — old mind"; "Young head — old wisdom."

Both Gregory and Deerslayer have grown into unity with their forests: "This is grand! — 't is solemn! — 't is an education in itself,

to look upon," says Deerslayer. "Not a tree disturbed even by red-skin hand, as I can discover, but everything left in the ordering of the Lord, to live and die according to His own designs and laws!" To him, as to Gregory, settlement seems a desecration of the virgin wilderness! "The woods are never silent," says the Pathfinder, "if one but knows how to interpret their voice. I have wandered through them alone for many days, with never a longing for company. And as regards conversation, there is no lack of varied and instructive talk, if one but understands the language." Gregory, too, goes rather into the forest than to vespers or to the public-house, and he begins "gradually to hear the talk of the wood, and his senses were opened to understand its signs, and they were all words of splendor and of mystery and of love concerning the great Gardener, whom he often felt he must behold, wandering somewhere among the trees." The poetic gift, with which Cooper so often endows his heroes, is Gregory's also. Deerslayer is called "a man of strong native poetic feeling. He loved the woods for their sublime solitudes and for the impress that they everywhere bore of the might and wisdom of their Creator. He rarely moved through them without pausing to dwell on some peculiar beauty that gave him pleasure, though seldom attempting to investigate the causes; and never did a day pass without his communing in spirit, and this, too, without the aid of forms or language, with the infinite Source of all he saw, felt, and beheld." Gregory's former hunting-comrade praises him in these terms: "The wonderful thoughts were unfolded from his heart even in those days, like the flowers of some exotic spring . . . and it often seemed as if one were reading from some beautiful old book of poetry. Many jeered at him, and against them he closed the fountain of his words as with a stone." And in another place: "His whole course of life, his very soul, he had moulded after the teachings of the forest; and in turn he so harmonized with it that he could not be thought of in another setting. Thus he made himself and the wilderness appear to the eyes of his protégés in such wondrous enchanted form and nature that it began to speak to them, too, while they seemed to themselves to be always floating in the midst of a fairy-tale." The "traditions and legends" of his people influence him as they do the young Deerslayer, who is averse to all book-learning and rejects all metaphysical hair-splitting.

But Cooper did not picture his son of the forest—the Pathfinder, the Deerslayer, Hawk Eye, Leather Stocking, etc.—simply as a young and vigorous man, but also followed him through his later life; he makes the representative of inherited right, of remorseless truth and of faith, when pressed by the always advancing settlers and pioneers, the bringers of innovation and destroyers of the forest's majesty, retreat in proud self-command to the west; and conducts

him in the *Prairie* to the furthest bounds of old age, till the splendor of eighty-seven winters dims his eye, and he goes, calm and self-possessed, to meet his death.

Stifter portrays his Gregory at his first appearance as an extremely old man with waving, snow-white hair. His large, true, sagacious eyes contrast strangely with the two snow-white arches over them. On the hard cheeks lay sunburn, age, and health. "A noble simplicity and goodness was stamped on the whole man." "A comrade of the noonday heat and of the storm, a brother of the rock," he is called. The woodsman, the huntsman, the son of the forest, formerly so keen and daring a hunter, now he is a little weather-worn, and wears some of the "dignity" ¹ of nature ("dignity," a favorite word of Cooper, as for example in this passage of the *Pioneers*: "with the bearing and dignity of an emperor"). The baron has immovable confidence in him.

The Pathfinder is pictured as a man of admirable qualities. Always the same, of single heart, honest, fearless, and yet prudent, in every honorable undertaking the first, in his peculiar way a sort of prototype, as one might conceive Adam before his fall, — not, however, that he was completely sinless, — full of native tact, that would have done credit to the best education. "His feelings seemed to have the freshness and naturalness of the woods, in which he passed most of his time." His fine, unerring sense of right is perhaps the most distinguished trait in his moral composition; his fidelity is firm as the rock that no storm can shake, treason is for him an utterly impossible thing. His blamelessness, self-devotion, and disinterestedness are often praised.

Stifter saw his human ideal realized in this character. In the preface to his *Motley Stones*,² where, in opposition to Hebbel, he sketches the programme of his philosophy of life and of art, he says: "A whole life full of righteousness, simplicity, self-control, reasonableness, efficiency in one's sphere, admiration of the beautiful, joined with a calm and cheerful death, I hold to be great: mighty storms of passion, fearful irruptions of rage, the lust for vengeance, the inflamed spirit that strives for activity, demolishes, alters, destroys, and in the excitement often throws away its own life, I hold to be not greater, but less, since these things are, in my eyes, the outcome of single and one-sided forces, as are storms, volcanoes, and earthquakes." He had to imitate Cooper, because in essential convictions he was in agreement with him.

This venerable, prudent ranger or hunter with his serious moral traits, whom men like to call "the old," is reproduced trait for trait in Gregory, with his experience and wisdom, his foresight and circumspection, his prolix garrulity, with nearly all his views. He is

¹ "Anstand."

² *Bunte Steine*.

the Indian Leather Stocking in the garb and manners of a European woodlander; he, however, preserves many typical details of his original, even to his favorite position. Whereas the other characters support themselves but seldom on their gun or lance, Leather Stocking leans always and everywhere on his famed and feared "long rifle," from which the Indians have given him the nickname, "la longue carabine";—cool at the critical moment, at another time thoughtful and dreaming, motionless as a statue; in this position he gazes after the departing friend; in this position he stands even at the deathbed of his friend. It might be called his identifying mark. Often the situation is described at length: "He leaned on his rifle, and his sinewy fingers squeezed the barrel, sometimes with such violence as if they would bury themselves in the metal"; or, "they stood on the narrow shore, the Pathfinder leaning on his rifle, the butt of which rested on the pebbly beach, while both his hands grasped the barrel at the height of his shoulders." In the critical scene of the *Mountain Forest*, the four principal characters form a group quite in Cooper's style: "The old hunter stood leaning forward on his rifle, like a statue, no fibre of him betraying what might be in his mind. . . . After some seconds of silent emotion, the group gently dissolved." The illustrators of the *Mountain Forest* have preserved this scene.

Gregory, like the ranger in the *Prairie*, is completely filled with recollections of the past; he lives, as does the other, in the circle of those whose grandfathers he has known. The hearty affection which he has for his two protégés, as he had earlier for the baron's son and for Ronald, whom he loves as a father, finds repeated parallels in the life of Leather Stocking. The Pathfinder is attached with a fatherly love to Mabel. "In this moment the whole honest, manly affection of Pathfinder showed clearly in his features and his glance at our heroine, equal to the love which the tenderest father feels for his favorite child." When a very old man he goes to the Indians, to seek a son in Hardheart, whom he loves without measure; when Hardheart's life is threatened, his eye follows every movement of the tomahawk with the concern of a real father.

Stifter makes Gregory disappear into the darkness of the forest: "An old man, like a phantom, was still seen once and again walking through the wood, but no man can tell the time when he still walked there and the time when he walked there no more." Even so the Pathfinder disappears at the close of the novel that bears his name: "and he was lost in the depths of the forest. Neither Jasper nor Mabel ever beheld the Pathfinder again." As an unknown hunter, in strange dress and unusual bearing, and with a new name, he emerges later in a distant place before them, only to disappear again from their field of view.

For the rest, the opening and closing scenes of the *Mountain Forest*, both of which are enacted in the ruins of Wittingshausen, recall the close of the *Deerslayer*. Judith is separated from her lover; "fifteen years had passed ere it is in the power of the Deerslayer to revisit the 'Glimmerglass.' . . . They reached the lake just as the sun was setting. Here all was unchanged; the river still rushed through its bower of trees; the little rock was wasting away by the slow action of the waves in the course of centuries; the mountains stood in their native dress, dark, rich, and mysterious; while the sheet glistened in its solitude, a beautiful gem of the forest. . . . From the point, they paddled the canoe towards the shoal, where the remains of the castle were still visible, a picturesque ruin. The storms of winter had long since unroofed the house, and decay had eaten into the logs. All the fastenings were untouched, but the seasons rioted in the place, as if in mockery at the attempt to exclude them." Everything is desolate and dilapidated. "From all these signs it was probable that the lake had not been visited since the occurrence of the final scene of our tale. Accident or tradition had rendered it again a spot sacred to nature."

The greatest agreement is shown in Cooper's and Stifter's descriptions of scenery. Each pictured his land as the land of marvels. Both depict the forest, the primeval forest in its untouched virginity, in its silence and calm, in its sublimity and greatness, as it came from God's hand. The feeling of sublime loneliness awakens in their heroes the thought of God's nearness. "So it is in the woods," says Pathfinder, "there are moments when God seems to walk forth in all his might, and then again a calm reigns far and wide, as if his eternal spirit had peacefully laid itself down to slumber." Even so Stifter gives his heroes the deep feeling of inward piety. Both authors array themselves on the side of nature, against the all-uprooting culture. Both are conservative spirits. Both lose themselves gladly in the stream of nature. Here again their agreement in detail can be explained from the likeness of their fundamental convictions. In the before-mentioned preface to the *Motley Stones* we read: "The breezes of the air, the purling of the water, the growing of plants, the verdure of the earth, the brightness of the sky, the twinkling of the stars, I hold to be great; the magnificence of the thunderstorm, the bolt that cleaves houses, the whirlwind that devastates the fields, the mountain that spews forth fire, the earthquake that overwhelms the lands, I hold not to be greater than the above-mentioned appearances, I even hold them to be less, since they are but effects of much higher laws." So Cooper also prefers the gentle mobility of smaller things, the quiet majesty of all that is really great and powerful; for Deerslayer, love dwells in the forest, in the dew on the grass, in the twigs of the trees, in

gentle rain, in the clouds that hover over the blue sky, the birds that sing in the bushes, the cool springs in which he slakes his thirst, and in all the other noble gifts that God's providence affords.

Stifter's whole romance of the woods is foreshadowed in Cooper, — the sublime solitude of the wild, the solemn stillness and cheerful calm. An atmosphere of pure morality issues from the high, gloomy vault of verdure, from the colonnades and porticoes of the forest. The forest never deceives, "for it is governed and controlled by a hand that remains always unshaken." The "quiet charm of nature, the impression of profound calm and undisturbed solitude" subdues men. The landscape as pictured by the two writers is almost the same, a fact that no longer surprises one who has had the opportunity of comparing the scenery of eastern North America with that of Stifter's home. Cooper as well as Stifter speaks of dark hemlocks, "quivering aspens and melancholy pines, white birches, firs, and maples." The psychological process is to be conceived about as follows. No doubt the mysterious witchery and charm of the woods had enthralled Stifter's soul from his youth; but Cooper's example first led him to give expression to these beauties. The tongue of the silent admirer of nature is loosed by the eloquent foreign author. Soon the pupil surpasses the master. Cooper's stock of words and figures, in his descriptions of landscape, is very limited; we find almost all of his favorite expressions in Stifter again, but they are modified and developed into greater richness. The woodland glade is in Cooper "a sort of oasis in the solemn obscurity of the virgin forest"; the little spot where the forest house stands, in Stifter, is a "warm, sheltered oasis"; the forest is called a "luxuriant oasis"; Gregory is designated as the "jewel of the wilderness," or, with a biblical allusion, as the "voice of the desert." Cooper takes refuge gladly in citations from other writers; Stifter, more self-dependent, can draw from his own spring of poetry. Cooper is more prolix and circumstantial; where he requires a whole sentence ("It was principally covered with oaks, which, as is usual in the American forests, grew to a great height without throwing out a branch, and then arched in a dense and rich foliage") Stifter can express the same in a single epithet, "high-trunked." Both give life, soul, personality to nature. In Cooper a half-fallen giant of the forest leans so far over the surface of the water as to make care necessary in avoiding its limbs. In the first version of the *Mountain Forest*, Stifter calls a tree a "grandfather," or speaks of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of an unusually large tree. In Cooper a beech and a hemlock lean together "as loving as two brothers, or, for that matter, more loving than some brothers." In a more fully developed scene in Stifter the slender stocks of the pines stand in company and gossip when a breath of wind comes by, the old maple stands by

itself and reaches out with its long arms into the air, the bushes, berries, and vines are pushed, like children, to the sides and into the corners, so that there may be room in the middle for the guests. Cooper likens some young trees, with few branches, to grenadiers standing as sentinels; and Stifter, in the *Heath Village*, still more drastically compares the locusts to Haiducks, in pale green uniform. Everywhere in Cooper we meet dead or dying trees. Keep good hold of your arms, — so reads a passage in the *Pathfinder*, — but lie as still as the corpses of dead trees. In the *Mountain Forest*, “here and there lies the skeleton of a fallen tree,” or one sees along the further shore of the lake, “the old, whitened trunks lying in horrible confusion,” or “fringing the dark water with a melancholy, white *abattis*.” And once more Stifter simplifies in a way that gives greater strength and effect, when he remodels Cooper’s “disabled trunks, marking the earth like headstones in a graveyard,” into the plastic “tree-graveyard.” The thought of gravestones is suggested also to Sealsfield’s mind by the stumps left where wood has been cut. Stifter, however, is conscious of the difference between his landscape and the tropical landscape of Sealsfield, when he says in a comparison: “Grandly beautiful as a youthful heart, resting in the fullness of poetry and imagination, growing luxuriantly, resplendent as the tropical wilderness, but also as unconscious, as uncultivated, as rough, and as exotic as it.”

If, in accordance with the preceding, we admit the marked dependence of Stifter on Cooper in the conduct of the action, in the characterization of the persons, in the description of the landscapes, and in many other points, we may also find a parallel between the two writers in many details, in which, however, the younger would have had no need of another’s suggestion. For example, the important episode of the hawk is quite exactly prefigured in Cooper; and the similarity of the descriptions is the more striking, because the conversations connected therewith contain related motives.

Many figures and turns of expression, also, that are common to the two writers, cannot be ascribed to mere accident. Stifter’s “imagination attuned to witchery” (“Zauberphantasie”) recalls the “witchery” which the Indians spy everywhere. As “witchery” appears in the *Mountain Forest*, so Cooper’s other favorite word “magic” comes to light in the *Heath Village*. Cooper and Sealsfield put everything in a pictorial or picturesque way, and often use comparisons drawn from painting; Stifter would naturally have been led to the same thing by his talent for painting and his occupation with it. The plastic arts lay further from his bent and knowledge, and when, therefore, he compares Gregory to a statue, and the two sisters to two faultless statues of marble, we are reminded of the countless similar comparisons in Cooper: “like a dark, proud statue”;

"she resembled a statue, in which the artist intends to represent profound and silent attention"; "she was like a dumb statue of child-like love"; "like the model for a nude and beautiful statue of skill and strength"; "marble could not be colder nor more motionless"; "like to many lifeless statues," etc. The "Apollo of the wilderness," in the *Deerslayer*, reminds us of a comparison in the *Heath Village*, where the author drops for the moment the prevailing biblical and Oriental tone of the story: "like a war god."

The Indians in Cooper's stories love comparisons with animals: high as the eagle, swift as the stag, and many others; and they like to compare women to animals or flowers: Hist is the Wren of the Woods, Hetty the Drooping Lily or the Woodbine Flower, Judith the Wild Rose, a Huron girl a little slender birch, etc. Gregory turns his eyes, like two eagles, towards the girls: "They are two beautiful wood-flowers." Johanna's little white hand drops, like a dove, among the rocks of Gregory's fingers.

A close relationship is shown by the following two passages. From the *Deerslayer*: "The tramp of the warriors, as they sprang from the fire, was plainly audible; and at the next moment, three or four of them appeared on the top of the ridge, drawn against the background of light, resembling the dim shadows of the phantasmagoria." From the *Mountain Forest*: "These were the only words spoken by the company regarding the singular betrothal, which had glided past on their meadow like some strange phantasmagoria." Not only is the sameness of the figure striking, but the contrast between noise and noiselessness is similar in the two passages.

Cooper is fond of the expression: "There are always some who think . . . and others who think," a turn of expression that I have not yet observed in Stifter. But it is in a very similar vein that Gregory says, while relating the legend of the aspen: "There are here two opinions."

In the first composition of his works, Stifter thoughtlessly takes over, from the bad translations of Cooper, foreign words, which more care subsequently leads him to change to corresponding Germanized expressions; for example "Hauptcorps," later not very happily changed to "Hauptschlachthaufe."

Thus these Indian stories made fertile the European author's imagination, made his observation keener, awakened his feeling for style, and influenced his language. As if on a long and distant journey, he was carried through strange, far-off, untrodden regions, in a mad medley of unheard of adventures, in a different world. And hence the old familiar ground at home seemed often strange and weird to him, as if lighted by another and paler sun: "It is a wild jumble of torn strata, consisting of nothing but coal-black earth, the dark death-bed of a thousand years of vegetation, on which lie

many isolated globes of granite, like white skulls rising from the ground, laid bare, washed and worn by the rain." Does not this sound as if taken from an Indian romance?

Whether Stifter read also Cooper's sea-stories is a question that is not answered. Slight reminiscences of them may be indicated — since Stifter was unacquainted with the sea and quite unlikely of himself to think of figures drawn from naval warfare — by his comparing the scene of his narrative to a secluded bay of the sea, and by his speaking of "island summits of a submerged melody," or of a "squadron of thoughts."

In summary, we can say: A German writer of inborn poetic gifts, genuinely rooted in his native soil, was intoxicated, in his early years, by exotic stories of adventure, which had been borne across the sea from far North America, and which were then among the most widely read of entertaining literature. His religious and artistic development then took a direction quite independent of the foreign author, but similar to his. When in riper years the spring of literary production suddenly broke forth in him, new works of the old friend were the means of furthering and accelerating the creative process and giving it a definite direction. The invention of a plot was, all his life, Stifter's weakest point; but to his aid comes an author who is one of the richest in matter in the world's literature. The representation of a foreign landscape, not unlike that of his home, awoke in him the slumbering remembrance of the impressions of his childhood, and helped him to discover the most precious side of his talent, that of painting nature in words, which he had previously done only in colors. Through Cooper's influence, a mediocre painter becomes an eminent writer. The foreign divining-rod conjures ever new treasures from his native endowment. The literary stimulus unites with his close acquaintance with his own land and with the painful experiences of his own heart. What was foreign and what was individual fused most intimately to form a fresh and worthy literary work, which seemed to spring, as if from a fountain, out of the innermost being of its creator, and which has always counted as his most original production: a noteworthy example of the close and fruitful contact of two authors, two literatures, two hemispheres.

THE PROBLEMS AND METHODS OF MODERN HISTORY OF LITERATURE

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It is one of the youngest sciences on which I have the honor to report at this world-congress. For although its beginnings reach down deeper into the past, it is itself hardly more than a hundred years old. Indeed, the really scholarly treatment of the subject is younger still by half a century. For throughout the eighteenth, and even in the first third of the nineteenth century, the leading ideas emanated from men who did not really belong to the science, but who were firmly established in the literature of their own time. From this standpoint they attempted to throw search-lights into the past, although even the best and greatest of them had only a general idea, conceptions only measurably accurate, regarding this past. Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Humboldt, and the Schlegels, however great their influence for our science, belong very largely to literature, because the main part of their activity and the entire weight of their personality was devoted to its service. From the days of E. J. Koch, literature was thought to be amply provided for by bibliographical compendiums, that contained, in addition to titles of books, meagre biographical sketches and brief statements about material and content. It was called "Literary Biography." Later the science of history took up literature, and erected to it in the work of Gervinus a great monument, which, alas, was intended also as a mausoleum. For its author did not think that our literature would have a future; in his opinion it had spent itself in the "classical period" and it would now at the best lie fallow for some time. There followed after the historians, the philosophers and æstheticists; and what was done by the followers and the opponents of the Hegelian school in our subject is perhaps to-day no longer sufficiently known and appreciated. In the field of the literary-historical monograph, at least, the recently deceased Haym, although his lifework of course extended over the whole of the second half of the nineteenth century, stands unequalled both in extent and depth of attainment.

The philological follows the philosophical period, and although not unchallenged and unshaken, it has stood its ground and will continue

to do so, provided its representatives understand how to avoid narrow, pedantic ideas and the one-sidedness of method that have always been the greatest danger to philology. The philological method was transferred to our science simultaneously from classical philology and from the study of older German literature; for Lachmann and his followers, as you are well aware, had first employed the strict philological method in this latter field. Even in modern literature it at once yielded excellent results, as if as a foretaste of the future: Lachmann's edition of Lessing was the first edition of a modern High German writer planned in accordance with philological principles. Still, it was not until the seventies that W. Scherer tried to carry out strictly the method of the Lachmann school in the field of modern literature. I am speaking of things that I myself saw take root and grow. Yet the development lies far enough in the past to admit the possibility of a critical judgment. The chief advantage that the philological method had at the outset was a hitherto unheard-of accuracy and minuteness in scientific work. The student no longer contented himself with arranging a rich material *en masse* under general aspects or according to leading topics; he tried to work through it even to the smallest detail, and based far-reaching critical results upon the establishment of a single date, or upon the discovery of an obscure personal characteristic, or upon a striking parallel passage. A large amount of ingenuity and acumen was exercised in this way by Scherer and the most talented among his disciples. It was only slowly and gradually that the dangers which beset this, as every other path, dawned upon his followers. Even to-day there is great lack of clearness in regard to these matters, anything but complete agreement, and his attitude towards these questions is one of the chief problems to occupy the mind of every literary historian, perhaps not in his abstract thought, still practically in the concrete cases of his daily work.

I once read a statement of a prominent natural scientist that everything great that was done in the last century in the natural sciences was due to the transference of the method from one science to the other (for example from chemistry to medicine, etc.). I doubt whether this statement would apply with the same definiteness to the mental sciences, for in the case of these it depends, I suppose, less upon typical agreements than upon individual differences. We appear, however, to comprehend the dangers of the principle still less when we are dealing with a transference from the unsafe and uncertain to a field of greater safety and certainty. We shall probably always comprehend less how the people of ancient and medieval times thought and felt, and consequently how they wrote, than how Goethe or Kleist or Grillparzer composed. We shall always determine merely hypothetically how the author of the *Bacchae* regarded as a man the rites of Dionysos. Yet the fact that the poet of the second part of

Faust, in spite of its Catholic mythology, did not profess Catholicism, might easily shed more light upon Euripides than it can receive from him. At the very outset, then, one would think that a safe method would find its firmest basis of support in modern literatures. Indeed, I see the time coming when both classical and medieval philology will no longer despise consulting modern philology. It must surely be admitted that a critical method will be developed most highly and keenly where there is the greatest need, that is, where, compared with the large masses of material of modern literatures, a more meagre and incomplete material requires supplementing. Experience appears to me already to confirm two different facts. In the first place, the correct method, as well as the choice of the cleverest means always depend upon the subject, and any one simply deceives himself if he believes that he can attack huge masses of material of modern literature in exactly the same way as the older philology. And secondly, that the method, which is, after all, only a means to an end, must not unawares become the chief end in itself, so that the work is finally less a matter of investigation of the subject than of clever experimentation with the method. It cannot be denied that in our science opposite the left wing, composed of those that simply rummage about stupidly and thoughtlessly in the masses of paper, there stands a little band descended, for the most part, from the older school of literature, that feels so secure in possession of the one and only method, that it believes it can guess the exact knowledge of a subject. A method, however, without a subject is just as inconceivable as form without content. Every subject demands its own peculiar method of treatment. Accordingly, a method cannot be transferred any more from one subject to another than from a teacher to his pupil, except in so far as it belongs simply to the mechanism of the science or mere technique. It is correctly stated in the ten rules formerly laid down by Lehrs and Ritschl for classical scholars: "Thou shalt not speak the name method vainly." And Feuerbach cried to the Hegelians who had become fossilized in the method of their master: "What is method? Method is genius. Whoever does not possess genius has no method. To have a method means never to let the subject become master, but always be its master, to be in the subject above the subject. What is Hegel's method? Hegel's spirit, Hegel's individuality. To adopt Hegel's method means, strictly speaking, aping Hegel. The true method must be one's innermost, most real self."

One of the chief means of philological criticism is the parallel passage, which in itself always deserves consideration and always proves something. The question is only, what and how much does it prove? If one wishes to read into Schiller's verse, "Das Leben ist der Güter höchstes nicht" (Life is not the highest of possessions), the

fundamental idea of the classical period, the union of antiquity with Christian asceticism, and sees a world-wide gap between Schiller's time, to which this line belongs, and the joy of living of Young Germany, he has overlooked the fact that this same Schiller lets his Mortimer say, "Ist Leben doch des Lebens höchstes Gut" (Life is after all the highest possession of life); and again that this same Mortimer looks upon life as the only possession of the bad man. Or when another refers the sentence from Schiller's *Tell*, "Der Starke ist am mächtigsten allein" (The strong man is mightiest alone), to Friedrich Schlegel's *Alarkos*, "So starke Seelen sind allein am stärksten" (Such mighty souls are mightiest alone), and finds in Schiller's whole conception of *Tell* a product of the romantic tendency of the times, he forgets that Schiller received this isolated, non-political *Tell* from Goethe, who had sketched his plan long before the *Alarkos*, and that even Ibsen's *Enemy of the People* ends with a similar thought, which he certainly borrowed neither from Schiller nor Schlegel. Not blind worship, but sober critical treatment of parallel passages, that are as plentiful as blackberries in modern literature, is one of the most difficult problems of modern philology, and, because of the more easily accessible and richer material, can be heard with profit perhaps even in the *Babel und Bibel* controversy, or if it deals with the latest attempt to explain the Norse *Edda* from ancient models. On the other hand, one must be just as careful in asserting the dependence of, or the derivation from, as in asserting the originality of anything. One puts a finger on a passage and cries out: "Only Goethe can have said that." In a conversation, Scherer once said to me that the verse "Die Winde schwingen leise Flügel" (The winds swing gentle wings) was truly "Goethe-like" because of the powerful endowment of natural phenomena with life expressed in the verb, that no poet except Goethe, or at least, no poet before Goethe, could have written it. Later, however, I read even in old Lichtweh in the fable *Der Wind und der Komet*: "Die Nacht schwang ihre feuchten Flügel" (The night swung its damp wings), and in the *Lied an die Freude* (The Song to Joy) by Uz: "Die Freude schwingt um sie die güld'nen Flügel" (Joy swings about them her golden wings), and, "Die Finsternis schwingt ihre trägen Flügel" (Darkness swings its lazy wings). Even in dealing with such a strikingly original genius as H. von Kleist such mistakes are not uncommon. The beautiful picture of the cherub passing through the night, whom the races of men, lying upon their backs, regard with wonder, in which the clever biographer thought he recognized most vividly, as a favorite picture of the poet, the individualizing concreteness of Kleist, is nevertheless taken from the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. If one also compares with Goethe's statement that Kleist always tried to produce confusion of the feelings, the phrase, "Verwirre mein

Gefühl mir nicht!" (Do not confuse my feelings), one should not forget to add that the same turn of expression is found more often still in the works of the gentle Eichendorff, who does not know feelings of such a nature.

Such experiences have made us more circumspect in daring to jump at uncertain general conclusions because of an isolated parallel passage. We are no longer astonished at such wild flights, nor do we regard them as particularly daring. We believe the words of Goethe: "The mistake of weak minds is that in reflecting they immediately go from the particular to the general, instead of seeking the general in the whole." We should likewise bear well in mind what Goethe said about hypotheses in general: "Hypotheses are scaffoldings that are placed in front of a building, but are taken down after the building is finished. They are indispensable to the laborer, only one must not mistake the scaffolding for the building itself." Yet how often philologists in the last decades have mistaken the scaffolding for the building itself! How often they have fitted together a scaffolding by eliminating or combining elements logically contradictory or homogeneous, and on this they have then undertaken their investigations, the results of which were naturally only valid for this scaffolding but not for the structure itself. Neither the beginning nor the end in philology will be reached by leaps and bounds hypothetical in character. Only the one who starts from the safe mean and goes either forward or backward step by step will approach nearer the goal behind and in front. And even though he himself does not reach it, still, he will have paved the way for others on which they, too, in turn will get a little farther.

We have recently been devoting especial attention again to the art of interpretation. We are no longer so readily contented with the simple logical understanding of the text; we give closer attention to the context and to the situation through which the poet or his character speak. We look more critically to see whether the word is to be taken in a broad or narrow sense, in a real or figurative meaning. The attempt, at one time the fashion, to understand everything in a pregnant sense, or word for word, has greatly misled *Faust* criticism particularly. "Warum musstest du mich an den Schandgesellen schmieden?" (Why fetter me to the felon-scoundrel?) cries Faust to the Earthspirit, and from this, the far-reaching conclusion has been reached that Mephistopheles did not originally appear in Goethe's *Faust*-drama as the devil, but as a servant of the Earthspirit. The fact is, we are really dealing with a form of wrangling with the divinity, current in all languages, in which the human being fixes the blame and responsibility upon higher beings for what he himself has committed under their very eyes.

In our day the auxiliary sciences have reached an astonishing

degree of perfection. Much has been done, especially, in the way of critical editions. It has been shown, however, by the monumental Weimar edition of Goethe, that the adoption of principles applicable to classical and older German philology by no means suffices, that we must seek our own way for our differently constituted tasks. It would be desirable in this field to have greater uniformity in plan, arrangement, and printing, whereby the utility and convenience of our critical editions would be decidedly improved. A great deal of self-sacrificing and unselfish work has been given to bibliographies, reprints, and recently to indexes. This deserves hearty thanks, although we do not believe that the powers of the present generation should be tired out and exhausted, in order to serve and help future investigators. Research and accessory apparatus always accompany each other; they aid each other mutually. Even at the risk of making mistakes, the impulse to carry on research must be kept constantly awake and alive. A generation of mere makers of critical texts, etc., would make such work the end in itself, and only produce more men able to do such work, but not investigators.

The principle of the division of labor holds good in our subject, as well as in all other subjects involving mental activity. Large numbers of people seek work in our province. The German and Austrian universities are filled beyond measure; they put every year hundreds of new and vigorous workers in the field. It is well to raise again the question, with Lichtenberg, whether the making of books is after all the real purpose of study, and whether it is not a nobler task to study in order to know, than to study in order to write. Certainly all the fears with which men like Roscher in their time regarded the growth of seminars at the German universities have not been groundless. They feared from them the nurturing of premature and pretentious book-making, that lowers the students to a mere vehicle of propaganda. It is certainly neither a very healthy nor a normal condition, when, in a subject like ours, which presupposes years of wide reading and deep study, the veriest youngsters take the lead, and write books involving such an astonishing mastery of material that it would require twice the years of the writer to possess any real knowledge of all the books cited and discussed. Less would often mean more here; a question-mark left standing, a little uncertainty, some missing detail, would often be more convincing than the painful neatness that can only be attained by perusing, consulting, collecting, etc. All of us, the older even to a larger degree than the younger, lack the time and leisure for the extensive and collective reading of the great writers and whole literary periods. As a rule, too much is read *ad hoc*, for a definite purpose, and often for a predetermined result. Unbiased first-hand impressions are wanting, impressions that ought to form the

real basis of every profitable research. As a rule, there is also too much investigated, and that too hastily, and there is too little simply described; indeed, the ability to describe, the art of analysis, is in a serious decline among the younger generation. Yet this gift of artistic reproduction will always be counted among the indispensable qualities of the literary historian.

It is also useful simply to realize the limits that are set to the principle of the division of labor in the history of literature. Certainly the natural scientist does not need to repeat all the experiments and calculations that have been made by his predecessors; not even the historian is required to read over all the sources that his predecessors have already exhausted. Still, no disciple of our science can be spared the task of beginning his work with the reading of the chief works of every period of literature, although these have already been read and discussed by countless others. Hence a good part of our time and energy will always be spent in the reading that we share in common with others, and only a relatively smaller portion will be left to us for what we claim as our special field of research. Moreover, we must add to this the fact that even the results attained by others by no means carry with them the same conclusive proof that they do, for example, among natural scientists; for they calculate with uniform weights and measures, which we unfortunately do not possess. For instance, I cannot, for one, accept unreservedly another's investigations of the sources, as the physicist accepts the calculations of another. Our conception and point of view of the subject are widely different.

The theory of our weights and measures should by rights be contained in the study of style, meter, and poetry. But the active inquiry that one would expect does not exist with respect to these fundamental subjects. Our zealous special historical investigation of literature willingly relegates these matters to the more or less happy power of observation, and puts the results, rather unsorted and unarranged, upon the market. Particularly the theory of style lies almost entirely fallow, and no one has undertaken for a long time to reduce the huge collections of material that are scattered in critical editions and monographs to principles such as H. Paul succeeded in formulating for grammatical material. While the highly developed study of grammar has long since been based upon the living language and the dialects, our theory of style still depends upon book-language, although it is particularly in the individual use of the language that the audible, accent and melody, play the decisive rôle. Even to this very day a phrase like "das ist *gut*, das ist *schön*," depending upon mere parallelism and gradation, is explained as an anaphora, although the word "das" is not only unemphasized, but often almost vanishes; while the opposite accentuation, "*das* ist *gut*, *das* ist schön,"

undoubtedly is an anaphora. It is a difference, to be sure, not noticeable to the eye, but only to the ear. The style of a sentence containing a few paltry, absolutely unaccented interjections is still regarded as "excited" because of statistical summarizing, whereas a single strongly accented interjection throws a dozen weaker ones in the shade. Prosody has been far more intensively cultivated, to be sure, but only by a small group of men whose results are not accepted by the large majority of literary historians. In the long run, however, it will not be possible to construct statistical tables about accents before having a clear understanding of what accents mean; to explain questions of quantity from the nature of sounds and syllables, whereas the same word of course is employed by one and the same poet, and in the very same kind of verse, now this way, now that; or to infer directly, because of the various kinds of unstressed syllables, that it must be another poet, or at least another period of the poet, even though it can be seen from the dated manuscript of the *Walpurgisnacht* that Goethe used on one day theses of one syllable, but on the next theses of several syllables, simply because the thought required a more lively movement of the verse; or finally, to shake one's head at the placing of a stressed syllable in an unstressed position, because we not only sing but also read "*Heil dir im Siegeskranz.*" In addition to force we have also learned now to take into account pitch in a verse, and here in America investigations have been begun to determine the melody of language by means of physical instruments. Careful observations of the rhythm and melody of the spoken not the written language of the sentence, and not the separate word, will enable the study of meter in the future to base its observations less upon a lifeless theory of statistics than upon sound, just as the poet composed his verses according to hearing. In this way, the theory and practice of prosody, so long at variance with each other, will become reconciled. Even in the study of poetry attempts have been repeatedly made in the last decades to make use of the inductive instead of the deductive method. Some have wished to reconstruct it upon a scientific, others upon an ethnographic-anthropological, and a third upon a psychological basis. But here also the leap over intermediate terms of hypotheses will hardly lead us back to the origin; only that path will that starts out from the safe mean, by tracing step by step and ordering the rich detailed observations, of which even here there is no lack.

Latterly, the need has been set forth energetically and from different quarters of advancing beyond the limits set to purely philosophical treatment of the history of literature and of coming in contact with other branches of knowledge. Accordingly, much has been said of the comparative study of the history of literature, without, however, the same idea being everywhere associated with the expression,

or anything essentially new coming to light. Surely all scientific study of literature is in the last analysis based upon comparison, and it is not the broader (here international) sphere of activity, but only the unique method that can claim the name of a new science. Others have desired to bring the history of literature into closer relations with psychology than in their opinion the philologists did. Thus far, however, it has not resulted in anything more than a very superficial transference of what is well known to be a very heterogeneous psychological terminology. A more successful attempt was made here in America by our honored chairman in considering German literature from a social-psychological aspect, and of showing the change from subjective and individual to universal phenomena and periods. The youngest, as yet hardly sufficiently investigated phase, is the medical, more accurately stated, the neuro-pathological and the psychiatric treatment of the great literary figures, to which we already owe, alas, the sick Goethe and the healthy Kleist.

You see, we are not in need of means or ways, nor is there any lack of work or workers. And we can make use of them! For a great, broad field only little cultivated lies before us: the whole of the nineteenth century! Our science, it seems to me, has too long restricted itself to a comparatively narrow area, and time and again treated the same periods and the same personalities. Even science requires change of matter for its welfare. There is such a rich material here at hand that the eager and talented workers which America has of late years placed in the field are heartily welcome. So let us offer our hands across the great ocean with the motto — *Viribus unitis!*

SHORT PAPERS

PROFESSOR A. R. HOHLFELD, of the University of Wisconsin, presented a short paper on "Hebbel as a Literary Critic."

PROFESSOR JAMES TAFT HATFIELD, of Northwestern University, read a paper on "More Light on the Text of Goethe."

PROFESSOR M. D. LEARNED, of the University of Pennsylvania, presented a paper on "The German Impulse in American Literature before 1800." In calling attention to the fact of the general recognition of the part which German culture has played in American thought and life during the nineteenth century, it had not been so thoroughly understood that the German influence was a stimulating force in our literature during the eighteenth century: the speaker said that in the last decade of the seventeenth century Boston and Philadelphia each could boast of a great scholar of the universal type of knowledge which was characteristic of the countries of western Europe, — Cotton Mather of the Bay Colony, and Francis Daniel Pastorius of Germantown. An interesting parallel could be traced between the two men. Both were well versed in the learning of the time; both were prolific writers; both possessed that encyclopedic bent which was characteristic of the intellectual life of the old world; both were devoted to the intellectual and moral interests of their respective communities; both had a command of various languages, — Pastorius of as many as seven, and Mather of at least four. The introduction to Mather's *Magnalia* is most strikingly like the title-pages of Pastorius' *Bee-Hive*. It must have been a great "feast of reason and flow of soul," could these two men have come together in personal converse.

At the same time that Cotton Mather was forming the plan of his *Magnalia* for the New-English colonists, Pastorius was writing a vastly larger work for his children and those who should come after him. This book of Pastorius, entitled *Bee-Hive*, is a far more erudite work than that of Cotton Mather, and is the first known attempt at an American encyclopedia. The mammoth size of the *Bee-Hive* with its million words, and the more or less private character and purpose of the work, have prevented it from coming into print to the present day. Although it remains unprinted, it is nevertheless a noteworthy monument not only to the German industry of Pastorius, but to American literature as well.

The following works by Pastorius were printed in English: *Pastorius' Primer*, (published in Philadelphia about 1700: Seidensticker), *Henry Bernhard Koster*, *William Davis*, *Thomas Rutter*, and *Thomas Bowyer*, *four boasting Disputers of this World briefly rebuked*; printed and sold by Wm. Bradford of The Bible in New York, 1697. (The writer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, signed his name on page 15.)

Franklin's travels in Germany in 1766 in company with the distinguished Dr. Pringle, and his direct contact with the great German scholars at Göttingen, must have enriched his knowledge and quickened his interest in the Fatherland of the Germans whom he had left at home in the province of Pennsylvania. That he had an open eye for German conditions is apparent from his later writings, particularly his pseudo-diplomatic documents written during the American Revolution, *The Dialogue between Britain, France, Spain, Holland, Saxony, and America*, and the letter *From the Count de Schaumbergh to Baron Hohendorf commanding the Hessian Troops in America*.

Many other illustrations were given by the speaker of German influence in literature of the eighteenth century and particular attention called to the growing

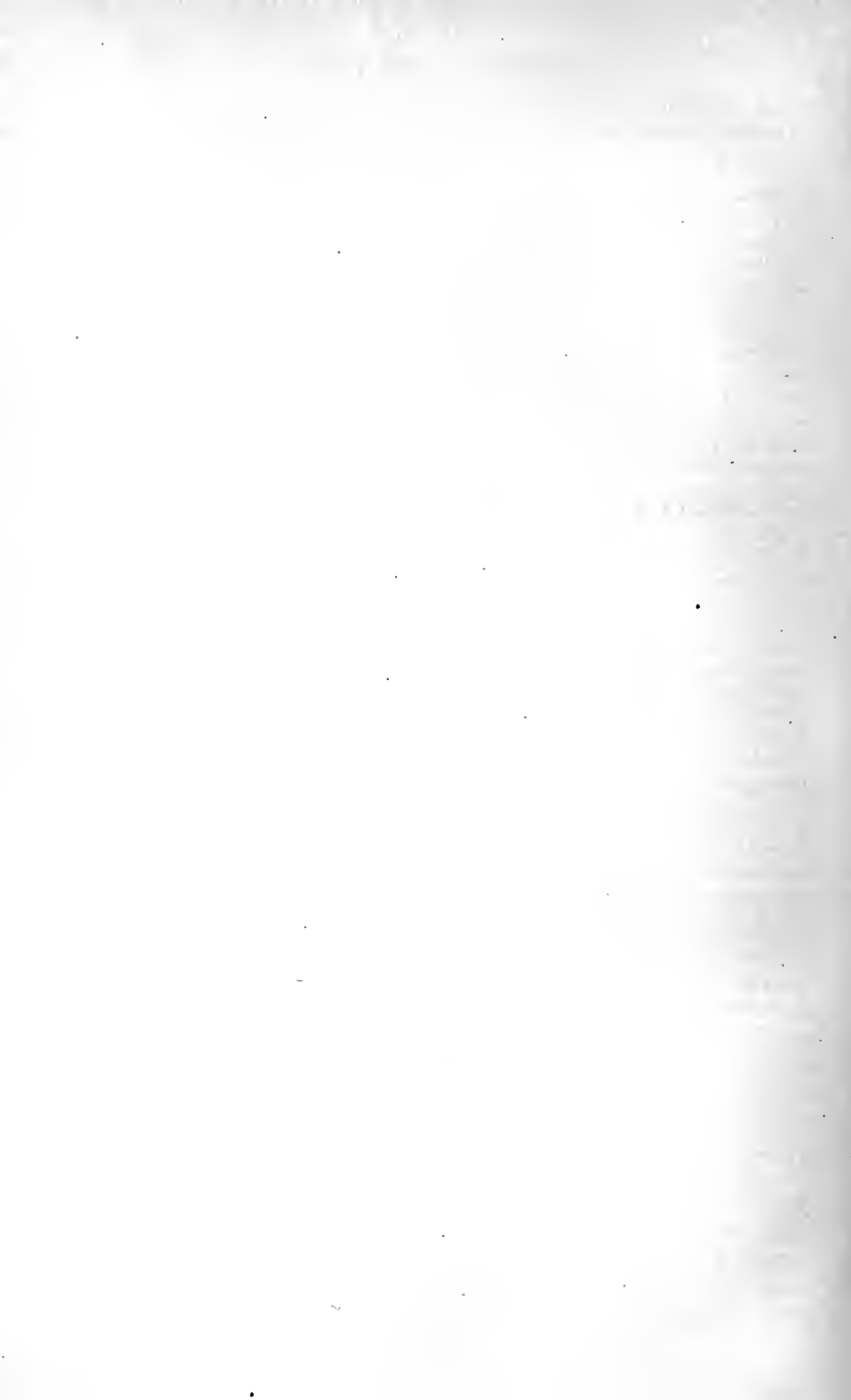
interests in America in things German after the Revolution, as attested by many publications. A short bibliography of works exhibiting the German influence in American literature closed the paper.

A SHORT paper was read before this Section by Professor Otto Heller of Washington University on "Ahasver in der Kunstdichtung." He said in part that there is hardly another literary theme so pregnant with motives, moral, philosophical, romantic and fantastic as the legend of the Wandering Jew. Accordingly it would be difficult to find any theme that poetry and fiction have so often seized upon. The modern versions, so far as they have any claim to be taken seriously, have yielded one and all to the attraction of the story's latent psychological possibilities, and, pressing beyond the crude facts presented in the chap-books, have introduced some adequate reason for the fateful crime of Ahasverus. The probable originator of this variation was Goethe, who imputed to the culprit an originally loyal disposition towards the Saviour and explained the sacrilegious act as the culmination of mistaken patriotism. Among the writers of the nineteenth century there are even those who openly side with Ahasverus as a man innocently punished, or, at any rate, one suffering far beyond his deserts. Some writers mirror in the story of the defiant Jew their own resentment of divine despotism. On the other hand, there are many proofs of a desire to harmonize the cruel judgment with the Christian belief in the infinite mercy of the Son of Man, which pious intent leads to the postulation of an educative purpose in the curse.

On its mythographical side the subject is generally thought to have received exhaustive and final treatment. The speaker called attention, however, to two extremely ancient legends pointed out by a Japanese Orientalist as analogous to the story of the Wandering Jew, which bid fair to overthrow the existing theories as to the origin of the saga. Professor Heller then surveyed the present status of research concerning the evolution of Ahasverus's character in modern literature. He deplored the defectiveness of the bibliography of the subject and showed that no great amount of critical scholarship has as yet been brought to bear on a study of the varied conceptions of the "Evil Wanderer" type.

In the second part of his discourse Professor Heller proceeded to dispel some prevailing errors of opinion regarding the Ahasverus literature. Not in France has the figure of its hero shown the greatest multiformity, but in Germany and England. The surprising number and great importance of English Ahasverus versions have heretofore not been properly appreciated. The poems by the Scotchmen Aytoun and Buchanan for perfection of form and significance of content must be reckoned among the noblest works inspired by the theme. Yet in the existing German treatises they are not even mentioned. The belief that the venerable wanderer is rarely caricatured is contradicted by a sufficiently long list of satirical and humorous versions. In conclusion, the most recent contributions to Wandering Jew literature are enumerated to show that the theme still continues to agitate the poetic imagination.

SECTION F—SLAVIC LITERATURE



SECTION F—SLAVIC LITERATURE

(Hall 8, September 21, 10 a. m.)

CHAIRMAN: MR. CHARLES R. CRANE, Chicago.

SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR LEO WIENER, Harvard University.

PROFESSOR PAUL BOYER, Ecole des Langues Vivantes Orientales,
Paris.

SECRETARY: MR. SAMUEL N. HARPER, University of Chicago.

AMERICAN INFLUENCES IN THE SLAVIC LITERATURES

BY LEO WIENER

[Leo Wiener, Assistant Professor of Slavic Languages and Literature, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. b. July 26, 1862, Byelostok, Russia. Studied at Minsk, University of Warsaw and Berlin. Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, Missouri State University; Teacher of Modern Languages, New England Conservatory of Music, 1895-96; Instructor in Slavic Languages and Literature at Harvard University, 1896-1901. Member, Modern Language Association. Translated Tolstoy's complete works, edited History of Yiddish Literature, etc.]

LIKE all the great nations of the world, the United States has variously exerted an influence upon nineteenth-century thought among the nationalities of Europe, especially upon Russia and Bulgaria. This influence has proceeded from a great number of sources, some of which can be easily traced, while others, though equally or even more effective, naturally escape the investigator's scrutiny. In the second half of the century American literature in its representative authors became known to Europeans, to be translated, and partly even imitated. Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, have palpably influenced, not only German and French, but also Russian, Bohemian, and Hungarian literatures. This source can always be easily discovered, as the translations give evidence of the interest in American literature, and the imitations are generally too obvious to admit of any doubt. Somewhat less apparent are the obligations of the European literatures to American thought as proceeding from scientific works, political, philosophical, sociological treatises and school-books, for the reason that scientific ideas are rapidly disseminated, and cross and recross continually, so that the first source is very soon lost sight of; this effacement is still further aided by the fact that the literary form of such treatises, which more than anything else betrays the borrowing, is of but secondary importance. Thus, though we are positive of the influence of the Unitarian writers, Channing and Parker, upon Hungarian writers as well as upon the Russian Tolstoy; though we

know of translations and discussions of the philosophical writings of William James, of the sociological writings of Henry George, and of many others in several of the Slavic languages, it is by no means so easy to trace their further effects upon the contemporary thought of the nationalities among whom they have appeared.

Still less capable of an exact valuation is the influence exerted by individual Americans who have come in contact with foreigners and have by their personal activities turned people's attention to the intellectual pursuits of the New Continent. Of these champions of Americanism there has been no lack, especially in the second half of the nineteenth century. An energetic consul, or other person in the diplomatic service, may have directed the energies, not only of individuals, but even of whole nationalities, upon what they deemed to be American ideals: such, for example, was the activity of Stillman, whose memory lives among the Cretans and the Greeks, and that of Eugen Schuyler, who, besides his keen interest in Russian affairs, is hailed as the real author of the articles of St. Stefano, by which Bulgaria obtained its independence. Such also is the activity of those missionaries, and Americans in general, who have established schools for natives, from Spain to India, to serve as seminaries of ideas current in the United States. The importance of these schools is still further enhanced by the fact that a certain number of the pupils educated in them have come to America to complete their education, after which they have returned home, still further to increase the influence of American ideals. One of the most potent factors of this kind has been Roberts College in Constantinople, which has trained a whole generation of men from all the countries of the Balkan Peninsula.

This latter activity of the American School Board brings us to another factor, to which, more than to any other, several nationalities owe their incipient literary impetus — the activity of the missionaries abroad. At the present time the missionary work has fallen into the hands of mostly half-educated men who are in search of lucrative positions, and are willing to risk the religious propaganda of their particular denomination in distant lands. By their religious fanaticism or narrow-mindedness they now are gaining a rather unenviable reputation abroad; but in the first half of the nineteenth century the missionaries were for the most part college-bred men and women, whose chief desire was to carry American education abroad. Thus, while Americans surreptitiously aided the Greek Revolution in the first quarter of the century, and Dr. Howe was actively connected with the revolutionists, the missionaries stationed in Greek territory were busy printing pamphlets and gospel extracts in the spoken idiom, and these were at that time almost the only accessible textbooks in the Greek schools. Thus the printing-press at Malta became

of great importance for Greek schooling, and later, when peace was reëstablished in Greece, Capodistria duly acknowledged the important part played by American missionaries in the primary education of Greece.

A certain amount of importance is also to be attached to the ubiquitous American traveler, who since the end of the eighteenth century has visited all lands, invariably seeking the highest places, meeting kings and dignitaries, and never failing to leave behind him some reminder of his native home. Such influence, in the case of Russia, we find in the memoirs of Poinset, who in the beginning of the nineteenth century not only cultivated Alexander I's acquaintance, but also instructed him on American affairs. This tendency of Americans for more than a century to penetrate distant countries has led to an American interest in foreign matters which often is greater than it is at home. Thus we shall soon see that Slavic literature as a whole was made the subject of study in America long before it had gained recognition elsewhere, and thus we sometimes get a native influence which, after having been active in America, has come back to affect the native mind.

Nor do the above-mentioned sources exhaust all the possibilities of American influences upon the thought of European countries. There are also the general subtle influences of the so-called Americanization of Europe, that is, the introduction of social and commercial methods, of sports and school ideas, of newspaper and periodical methods, all of which leave behind them an effect upon literature, which, however, is seldom traceable. The great historical events in America have never passed unnoticed in Europe, and the effect of the American propaganda for the abolition of slavery has been, for example, the creation of a similar anti-slavery literature in Russia, the very liberation of the slaves taking place contemporaneously in Russia and in the United States. Far more powerful has been the influence of the American Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century; the part it played in hastening matters in France has lately been discussed by a French scholar, but the still greater influence upon the affairs in other countries has not yet been investigated.

I have so far indicated the sources that must be consulted in a study of American influences upon the intellectual pursuits of any given nation or set of nations. I shall now try to apply this procedure to the investigation of American influences upon the Slavic literatures.

The most peculiar relation of America to a Slavic country is that to Bohemia, for it is Bohemia of all the Slavic countries that has exerted an important influence upon the American mind. The Hussite movement, itself a reflex of the Wycliffite movement in England, had

led to an interest in Bohemian affairs, which persisted in Great Britain and also in America until the middle of the seventeenth century. Thus the pedagogical work of Komensky was appreciated to such an extent in America that in 1642 Winthrop, the former governor of Massachusetts, who met Komensky in Holland, proposed to him that he should proceed to America and take the rectorship of Harvard College. Nothing came of it, but it is a remarkable fact that the American pictorial school-book, which was first suggested by Komensky, has slowly become the standard of most of the readers of the world. No influence can be directly traced that proceeded from America to Bohemia, though with the large Bohemian immigration into the United States it must be assumed that American ideas are largely responsible for the woman question and other related ideas, which are so prominent there. In literature the direct influence has proceeded from France rather than from the United States, though the poet Sladek has translated Longfellow, and Vrehlicky shows that he has been impressed by Longfellow, with whom he has much in common.

Similarly, none but indirect literary influences may be discovered in the smaller groups of the Slavic languages, the Serbo-Croatian, Slovenian, and Ruthenian; but the Slovak, which has for half a century been separated from the Bohemian, has of late come peculiarly under the influence of America. The emigration from the Slovak districts of the Carpathians to the United States has become so great that the literary activity is now centred in New York, rather than in Turocz St. Marton, and even the literary men at home write mainly for the American market. For this reason the American influence upon Slovak is now quite perceptible. The Polish language, in spite of the traditional relation between Poland and America through Kosciuszko, has never come very much under American influence, though many of the American prose writers and poets exist in a Polish translation. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that Sienkiewicz, soon after his literary career had begun, came to America to join Madame Modjeska in her colony in California. Here his American sketches were written, and the foundation was laid for those larger works upon which his reputation mainly rests.

The two countries which owe most to America are Bulgaria and Russia. Bulgaria, in fact, though now in every way independent of any direct influence, is a foster child of the United States. When Elias Riggs, the American missionary for Greece, found it impossible to continue his work after King Otho prohibited any but Orthodox schools, he repaired to Smyrna in 1838, and here among other things devoted his attention to the printing of Bulgarian tracts and parts of the Bible. Though there existed probably a dozen short tracts in a mixed Bulgarian and Church Slavic dialect, this was the first time

that Bulgaria possessed a printing establishment and that the spoken Bulgarian was regularly used in pamphlets and in the Bible. These works served for a time as the only text-books in the few schools that were then established. A few years later American school-books, such as a geography, were translated into Bulgarian and issued from the same press. These were hailed with delight, and served as a valuable addition to the scanty Bulgarian literature by which to educate the younger generation. At about the same time Fotinov, a school-teacher who came under Riggs's influence and who aided him in some of the translations, started the first native periodical, which was based entirely on a similar Greek periodical—the labors of the American missionaries for the Greeks. It is from this periodical that Bulgaria dates the beginning of its literature proper, and in 1894 the fiftieth anniversary of this periodical was celebrated throughout Bulgaria. It is also interesting to note that in the same year, 1844, Riggs published a brief Bulgarian grammar, the first of the kind.

In the sixties a new activity was developed by the American missionaries in Bulgaria. Schools were established, American school-books were translated, and special text-books, among them a Bulgarian grammar, were written by the missionaries. Meanwhile the Bulgarians emancipated themselves entirely from their foreign tutelage and regained their independence, this time again at the instigation of an American, who, as mentioned before, wrote out the Bulgarian constitution and had it accepted at St. Stefano. The missionary schools now do not exert any appreciable influence in the Balkan Peninsula, since the Government schools have entirely superseded the denominational establishments, but Roberts College still supplies a fair number of educated men to Bulgaria. At the same time a number of young men come every year to the United States to pursue their work in American universities, and these carry a still more powerful American influence back to their native country.

The most significant fact in the history of Slavic studies in the first half of the nineteenth century was the publication, in 1834, in the *Andover Review*, and later in book form, of the *Historical View of the Languages and Literatures of the Slavic Nations*, by "Talvi," the wife of Professor Robinson of Andover. Previous to that time Slavic studies were strictly confined to the Slavic countries, and the outside world knew only something of the Servian folk-songs, with which Grimm and Goethe had become acquainted. Even in the Slavic countries the interest had not gone beyond narrow scientific circles, and a history of Slavic literature was not yet to be thought of. There existed, indeed, something by that name, written by the Bohemian Dobrovsky, but that was merely a bibliographical sketch. It was Professor Robinson, the husband of the gifted scholar who

went under the pseudonym of "Talvi," who saw the importance of such a work, and prevailed on her to write it. This book for a long time remained a standard, and did much to acquaint the world at large with the literatures in the Slavic countries, especially with their folk-lore.

Naturally, the greatest direct influence of America is discovered to be upon Russia, which, more than any other Slavic country, has been thrown into contact with the United States. The prowess of American arms was the first thing to attract Russia's attention to America, in the reign of Catherine II, and Paul Jones, who had done so much for the navy of the United States, was called by the Empress to Russia, to serve as an admiral in her fleet. But also the scientific achievements and the political life of the new country beyond the sea were well known in Russia. It was not Franklin's general reputation alone, but his particular discovery in the electricity of the atmosphere, that attracted attention in St. Petersburg, since contemporaneously with him a similar activity was developed by Lomonosov, who may easily be called the Russian Franklin. In what way exact information reached the enlightened circle of men, of whom Novikov and Radischchev were the most representative, we do not know, but it is quite certain that Radischchev's *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow* is, as regards political and social ideas, to a great extent inspired by his intimate knowledge of American matters. Indeed, he several times refers to the United States. And when this extraordinary literary production, in which an advanced liberalism, including even the liberation of the serfs, fell into the hands of the Empress, she condemned the book, as she deported the author, on the ground that he "praised Franklin," though Franklin's name is not mentioned in the production.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the intercourse between the United States and Russia was at its height. The large importations of Russian raw materials into America brought a number of American vessels, mostly from Salem, to Russian shores, and with them came a long procession of travelers, who constantly importuned Mr. Adams and the other men in the diplomatic service of the United States to be presented to the Emperor. The Emperor was only too willing to meet these men from across the sea, treating them frequently as his equals. We have an excellent picture of Alexander from one such traveler, Poinset, to whom the Emperor offered any commission in the Russian service he would be willing to take. How welcome Americans were at that time, we see also from the fact that Nicholas's aide-de-camp was an American. Emperor Alexander expressed his admiration for the United States to Poinset by saying that if he were not the Emperor of Russia he would like to be a citizen of the United States. He also requested the American consul

to provide him with a draft of the American Constitution, and Jefferson sent him this. It is not unlikely that the American Constitution was well known to Speranski when he drew up a constitution for Russia. This still demands investigation. The Emperor's friendship for the United States caused him in 1812 to offer his mediation between England and America. Meanwhile, too, the enthusiasm for Russia was so great in the United States that Alexander's victory over Napoleon was most elaborately celebrated in Boston, Philadelphia, and Georgetown. This interest, independently of the opposition to Napoleon, had been systematically evoked in the American press by Eustaphieffe, the Russian consul in Boston, who persistently enlightened the public on Russian affairs and even wrote in English an elaborate, though insipid epic, *Demetrius*. This Eustaphieffe played quite an important part in Boston society, and, it seems, became quite Americanized.

There were also other Russians who visited the United States. Among them was one Poletika, who wrote one of the first books on America. This book was written in French and attracted attention even in the United States, where it was translated into English. This man's name does not appear in the list of those who took part in the Decembrist revolt, but as other Poletikas did take part in it, it is fair to assume that this acquaintance with American affairs existed among the Decembrists, and, in all likelihood, was also a determining factor in their revolt.

So scant is the information on American influence at that time that all the inferences must rest on circumstantial evidence alone. Thus it is also difficult to determine the personal influence of the many Americans who apparently stood on a footing of friendship with Russian literary, or at least intellectual, men. Such a man may have been W. D. Lewis, who lived for a long time in St. Petersburg, knew Russian, and was so much interested in Russian literature that he translated some poems of Neledinski-Meletski, Dmitriev, Derzhavin, Pushkin, and Krylov, during the lifetime of these poets, and had them published in America. These are the first translations from the Russian into English, some of them antedating the translations of Sir John Bowring. In the introduction to a small collected volume of his translated poems, *The Bakchesarian Fountain, and Other Poems*, published by him in Philadelphia in 1849, he speaks of his early friendships in Russia, and so it is not unlikely that he, together with other Americans resident in Russia, exercised a personal influence upon the men who in one way or another identified themselves with the literary movement.

A second stage of American influence upon Russian thought began with the abolition literature, which in America culminated in Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and in Russia brought

the peasant to the front in literature, for during the fifties and early sixties, and even later, the peasant is the chief subject of the novels and even of the poems of the time. Turgeniev's *Sketches of a Huntsman* are an example of this class of literature, but it is Grigorovich who with his sketches of peasant life earned for himself the title of the Russian Beecher Stowe, which at once bears witness to the American influence upon the Russian literature of the time.

Since then the best American authors have been translated into Russian, and Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and others are known to every literary man. But not one Russian author, indeed no author of any foreign country, has come so entirely under the influence of American thought as Tolstoy. From his earliest writings until the present he has reproduced the advanced ideas of the United States to his Russian people, and, on account of his great popularity, to the world at large. Tolstoy has been directly and consciously influenced by a great array of American writers, and of these he distinctly mentions Garrison, Parker, Emerson, Ballou, Channing, Whittier, Lowell, Walt Whitman, Henry George, and Alice Stockham. With most of these, however, he became acquainted at a comparatively late date, after his religious ideas of his so-called second period, since 1880, had been formulated by him. But there is sufficient evidence on hand to show that even at a much earlier period he stood, if not under the direct, certainly under the unconscious, influence of individual Americans and American thought. One such influence dates back to the beginning of peasant literature, and Tolstoy's love for the peasant, as shown in his earliest works, was in line with the tendency of the time. It cannot be ascertained at present whether Tolstoy had read any American authors before 1868. For that year we have the explicit statement of Eugen Schuyler in his reminiscences, that Tolstoy received through him a number of American school-books, if nothing else. Schuyler, with his usual perspicacity and interest in Russian matters, went in that year to Yasnaya Polyana, to meet Tolstoy, whose reputation was not fully established at that time even in Russia. Tolstoy had just begun his pedagogical career, and Schuyler procured for him a number of American books, and in the pedagogical articles written by him in the next few years, and in his readers, we find unmistakable influences of American methods. So, too, all his articles on progress and culture, in which he assumes a negative attitude, smack of similar productions in certain periodicals in the United States. The farther he proceeded in his religious and sociological writings, the greater became his indebtedness. If in the *Kreutzer Sonata* we only surmise some American influence, we are certain of it in the epilogue to the same, where it becomes evident that the medical writings of Alice Stockham and others of that character were well known to him.

The indebtedness of certain passages in his *Resurrection* to Henry George, whom he even mentions by name, are too obvious to need any proof. If we know by inference that Tolstoy's religious ideas were to some extent affected by Parker and Channing, we are quite certain that in his *The Kingdom of God is within you* he is directly under obligation to the American non-resistants, Garrison, Ballou, and the Quakers, whom he does not fail to give the credit for their influence upon him. To this may be added his occasional mention of some American author, of whom he seems to cherish Thoreau most. But to none of these, it seems to me, is Tolstoy more akin than to Walt Whitman, with whom, in spite of the vastest difference of temperaments, he shares the broadest conception of the brotherhood of man.

Such, in brief, are the influences that have for a century been exerted by American thought, not merely literature in the narrower sense, upon the literary movement of the Slavic countries, especially upon Russia. Much still remains to be done in this practically untouched field, before the exact indebtedness to the United States can be ascertained. On the other hand, we can now begin to speak also of a Slavic influence upon America, such as, for example, has been exerted by the Russian novel on some of the American writers. This, too, would form an interesting subject for investigation.

RUSSIAN AND STUDIES IN RUSSIAN

BY PAUL BOYER

(Translated from the French by Mr. Samuel N. Harper, University of Chicago)

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IN the programme of this Congress, the comprehensive synthesis of which seems to embrace all contemporary learning constituting the sum of human knowledge, a special place has been reserved for Slavic studies under the head of Slavic Literature. I beg to be permitted (and I ask it particularly of the eminent chairman of this meeting, whose authority is based on so many services rendered to the cause of Slavic studies in this country) to understand this name of Slavic Literature in a slightly special meaning, a meaning it does not ordinarily imply.

Literature, in the proper sense of the word, is the study of the written and oral works through which the spirit of a people manifests itself, and it is also the study of the men who were their authors. I want to speak to you not of these works, nor of their authors, but of the *verbal instrument* which the authors used for their composition, one of the most supple, delicate, and perfect that has ever been wielded by human genius. And since preëminence among the Slavic literatures belongs, if not by right of seniority, at least by right of incontestable superiority, to Russian literature, I wish to talk of Russian, of the language of Pushkin, Gogol, Turgeniev, Dostoievski, and Tolstoi, examining with you the distinctive characteristics of its development in time and in space, indicating its present state, endeavoring to show what can be predicted as to its future, and, at the same time, determining what we have a right to expect from Russian studies.

(1) Limited to the question of origin, the linguistic definition of Russian can be formulated as follows: Russian, under its three aspects of *Great Russian*, or *Russian*, properly speaking, of *Little Russian* in Galicia, Hungarian Russia, Bukovina, and the Ukraine, of *White Russian* in White Russia, is an Indo-European language. It forms the second of the three groups into which the Slavic languages are

divided. The first, or Southern group, comprises Bulgarian and its Macedonian dialects, Serbo-Croatian (Serbia, Old Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, the Serbian colonies of Macedonia, Croatia, and Slavonia, the southern comitats of Hungary, Dalmatia, part of Istria), Slovenish (with Laybach, capital of Carniola, and Sjubljano as centre), and finally Old Slavic, also called Church Slavic because it was the language of the first Slavic translations of the Scriptures. The Old Slavic died out at the end of the eleventh century, and is not, as has been falsely believed at times, the common ancestor of the modern Slavic idioms, but a sister language. It is precious on account of its antiquity, and beyond doubt originated in Saloniki, the city of the two Slavic apostles Cyril and Methodius. It resembles the Old Bulgarian enough to justify excellent linguists in designating it by this name. The third, or Western group, comprises Polish and Kachoubish (dialect spoken to the west and north of Danzig), Czecho-Moravian and Slovakish (Bohemia, Moravia, and the northern comitats of Hungaria), Lusatian, or Serbian of Lusatia, and finally Polabish, or Slavic of the inhabitants of the Baltic coast, a language dead since the seventeenth century.

As for the importance of Russian among the other Slavic languages, it can be measured by the number of people who speak it, that is, by more than eighty millions (for Russian, Little Russian, and White Russian taken together), while the different Southern Slavic languages are spoken by not over thirteen millions, and the Western Slavic languages by hardly more than twenty millions.

But, when the origins of Russian have been explained, when, after examining Russian by itself, there have been noted certain facts of linguistic preservation, which, from the point of view of phonetics or accentuation (movable accentuation) as well as of morphology or syntax, show Russian to be one of the Slavic languages which has persisted most scrupulously faithful to the common Indo-European model, the essential features which contribute to determining its personal character have not been exhausted. One feature particularly deserves to be brought to light, and, because of its persistence through centuries, to arrest the attention. Since the moment when Russians appear in history until the present hour, the continued extension of their language has been assured by the continued progress of their colonization. The history of the Russian language is in measure only one of the aspects of the history of Russia itself; step by step the language has followed the colonist. We will indicate rapidly the principal stages of this progress and examine what were the consequences of this mode of propagation from a strictly linguistic point of view.

In the ninth century, when Russians positively entered into history, the lower valley of the Dnieper was the centre of their dominion.

They came from the west, from the plains that stretch from the foot of the Carpathians to the lower Danube. But neither the sedentary settlements, of which Kiev was the most firmly established, nor their political and commercial bonds of federation, checked the tide. While certain of their tribes pushed on toward the north and northeast, into Finnish territory, others, with an energy just reaching its acme in the ninth century, pointed toward the south. But soon, at the end of the tenth century, the resistance of the Turkish hordes (Pechenegs, Ouzes, and later the Polovzi) obstructed the road toward the south. A backward movement, more powerful each day, began toward the north and northeast, a movement which even the invasion of the Tatar-Mongols, in the thirteenth century, did not completely check. Moscow, destined to become the centre of gravity of Russian dominion, was built in the very midst of Finnish territory. The founding of Nizni-Novgorod established Russian supremacy over all the valley of the middle Volga. This irresistible tide of movement toward the east went on with a remarkable continuity during the entire modern epoch; Kazan and Astrakhan, these two strongholds of the Tatars, fell, the first in 1552, the second in 1554. Then, while the movement toward the south was again taken up and assured by the free *outlaws* of the Cossack countries, the conquest of Siberia continued, a task of centuries, which, in spite of the great work of colonization accomplished in the nineteenth century, is still far from completion. Finally, in the nineteenth century, came the conquest of the Caucasus and the penetration into Central Asia.

Carried on by this irresistible impulse, this *Drang nach Osten* (eastward movement), the Russians, as they gradually became more involved in the great events of which Europe was the theatre, had to turn also toward the west. The empire of the Tsars broke up Lithuania, conquered the Baltic Provinces, divided up Poland, and occupied Finland. But, although an uninterrupted current of immigration always followed the victorious advance of their armies toward the east, the smallest part of this current could not be turned toward the west. The Russification of the kingdom of Poland is only a term; it is in units that the few families of Russian peasants settled in Lithuania and in the Baltic Provinces should be counted. The rigorous measures by means of which the Government of St. Petersburg has lately thought to "assimilate" the Grand-Duchy of Finland seem destined to prove a complete failure.

It is therefore by the continuous movement of conquest and colonization that the Russian language has spread over the vast area in which it is spoken to-day, from the large rivers of the north, tributaries of the Arctic Ocean, to the Black Sea and the Kirgiz Steppe, from the valley of the Dnieper to the Pacific. It is precisely to this particular mode of propagation that Russian owes one of its most

essential characteristics, the one which, at the present epoch, can be considered its distinctive feature: the remarkable unity of its pronunciation, forms, and syntax.

Without doubt, each of the three Russian tongues developed from the single original trunk has preserved its independence. Little Russian, the existence of which is attested as early as the twelfth century, has not become confused with the Great Russian; ostracized in Russia, it has persisted in Galicia and Bukovina. Although the development of White Russian seems to have been more backward (thirteenth to fourteenth centuries), it continues to be the spoken language of the peasants of White Russia. But if one considers Russian in the proper sense of the word, the Russian of which the Moscow form justly passes as the purest model, one cannot but be impressed with the marvelous unity of its pronunciation, forms, and syntax. This does not mean that there are no Russian dialects; indeed, it has been possible to classify them, and that not without valid reasons, in two large series, the dialects of the north and those of the south. But in the complete table of the different Russian *parlers* (specific forms of local speech), nowhere are such numerous and marked oppositions of color to be found as, for example, in French or German *parlers*.

One might be tempted to explain this remarkable unity by the geography of the country. The large plains of eastern Europe and northern Asia, in which there is so little elevation that certain river valleys are confounded, scarcely favor, it would seem, the forming of dialects. This reason is in no wise convincing, and nothing authorizes us to believe that geography has had so decisive an influence in the development of a language. History alone, we have said, suffices to explain this phenomenon of unity in a language spoken throughout such a vast extent of territory. The language is one because it has been spread by conquest and colonization.

Moreover, whenever historical circumstances have been the same, the same linguistic phenomenon has been observed. Romance scholars admit that in the third century of our era, Latin, carried into all the Roman world by conquest and colonization, did not yet present any of the dialectical features, which, developed in the course of time, were to become the essential marks of the different Romance languages. The same Latin was spoken in the Gauls and in Spain, on the Danube and on the Po. Littoral Arabic owed its surprising unity to the Mussulman conquests. Spanish as spoken in America does not know the dialectical differences which class the Spanish of the Iberian Peninsula into various *parlers*. Finally, if it be permitted to add this feature of resemblance to so many others which, with too much readiness sometimes, have been pointed out between Russia and the United States, let one compare the expansion of the English language

over the prairies and through the forests of North America to that of the Russian language over the steppes and through the forests of eastern Europe and Siberia. Certain peculiarities of local pronunciation, certain eccentricities of vocabulary, do not mean that your language is not remarkably one, from New York to San Francisco, from Alaska to Texas.

In its continued march toward the east, a linguistic *Drang nach Osten* which went side by side with the political *Drang nach Osten*, Russian collided with two groups of languages, the Turkish languages spoken by the Turkish hordes of the southern steppes and the Tatar-Mongols who invaded Russia in the thirteenth century, and the Finnish languages spoken by the different Finnish populations which the Russian colonists ousted as they progressed. It is interesting to note the effects of this double contact. They reduce themselves to very little, as we shall see.

From the Turkish languages Russian has borrowed a considerable number of words, almost all substantives, referring either to political and civil life (*žalovanije, jarlyk*, etc.), or to domestic life and in particular to dress (*khalat, sapog, bašmak*, etc.). But these words are not more numerous than those already borrowed or those that have since been borrowed from Germanic and Romance languages. There is nothing comparable, for example, to the afflux of French words into English following the Norman Conquest, or even that of Osmanli words into Bulgarian.

The influence of the Finnish languages, since it exerted itself with more continuity, might have been more profound, and we might be tempted to exaggerate its importance. We might, for instance, not be content with pointing out the incontestable borrowing of words, but presume to explain, by this same influence, certain general facts which, in reality, have their similarities in the Finnish languages: the maintenance of the *y* (a hard and broad *i*) beside *i* (a soft and short *i*) when this distinction between the two qualities of *i* disappeared at an early moment in the Southern Slavic languages; the non-expression of the verb *to be* in the present tense (*on dóma, oná dobrá*); the construction of the instrumental used as a predicate (*on býl naznáčen korolēm*). But if it is true that the sound *y* exists in Finnish languages, it is no less true that it has been maintained in Polish as in Russian, and there could be no question of Finnish influence in Polish. The other two facts alleged are not more convincing. The non-expression of the verb *to be* in the present tense seems to have had its point of departure in the coexistence of the two forms of the adjective, the determinate and the indeterminate form (*nóvyj, nóvaja, nóvoje*, beside *nov, nová, nóvo*). The construction of the instrumental used as a predicate is very clearly explained by con-

structions in which this case is found with one of its proper values: *kírica sidít nasédočkoj*; *on užé dbádat' lét staršinoj*, etc.

The conclusion can therefore be drawn that the Russian language has not been appreciably altered by its contact with Turkish and Finnish tongues. This preservation of the integrity of its own proper form confirms what was said above in regard to its unity as well as to its general fidelity to the Indo-European model definitely abandoned.

(2) This Russian language, which presents to the linguist an interest equal to that of Sanskrit, Greek, or Lithuanian, of which Mérimée said, "It is the most beautiful language of Europe, Greek not excepted," while Turgeniev wishes to see in it the most certain token of the genius of his nation, — are we well acquainted with its present state? Has a complete inventory of its resources been made? Have the treasures of its vocabulary been collected? Have the multiple forms of its morphology been determined? Have the rules of its syntax been analyzed? Without failing to appreciate what has already been accomplished along these lines, it is permitted to express one's surprise that there still remains so much to be done.

A well-known *Manual*, already thirty years old, but, by four successive editions, brought to a point of perfection which seems difficult to surpass, the *Handbuch der Altbulgarischen (Altkirchenslavischen) Sprache* of A. Leskien, has determined, in an extremely epitomized form, the distinctive features of Old Slavic phonetics, morphology, and syntax. The works of A. Vostokov, I. Sreznevski, P. Fortunatov, A. Shakhmatov, and A. Sobolevski permit a faithful reconstruction of the successive stages of the vocabulary and grammar of Old Russian. But the present state of Russian has not been analyzed with any such mastery or minuteness.

If you ask a Russian book-dealer for a dictionary of his language in his language, he will offer you only works that are out of print, and have become rare. The *Dictionary of the Academy* is over half a century old (the edition of 1867 being only a simple reprint of the original edition of 1847). The *Dictionary of Dal* is more modern, the durable testimony of a considerable effort, but little solicitous of accentuation and morphology. The very distribution of the subject-headings, where alphabetical order has been sacrificed to derivation, often makes its handling most difficult.

Or, supposing you to be more interested in "up-to-date" Russian, the book-dealer turns your choice to the more recent unfinished works, the date of completion of which it is still premature to foretell. The new *Dictionary of the Academy* was begun in 1891 under the direction of J. Grot, continued from 1897, on a considerably enlarged plan, too enlarged perhaps, by A. Shakhmatov. The republication of the *Dictionary of Dal* was recently undertaken by J. Baudouin de Courtenay. In other words, the balance-sheet of Russian lexicography

at the present hour presents dictionaries that are old and out of print, and unfinished dictionaries (the *Dictionary of the Academy* does not go beyond the compound words of which *za* is the first element; the new edition of the *Dictionary of Dal* is at the letter *s*).

Phonetics are of no value except in so far as they examine sounds, phonemes, in the course of their successive evolution in time. The principal facts of Russian phonetics therefore found their expression in works dealing with the historical grammar of Russian, the authors of which have been designated above. But the same cannot be said of Russian morphology. The excellent grammar of A. Vostokov, so often reprinted (1st edition, 1831; 12th edition, 1874), of which the classical grammars used in Russian schools are only more or less faithful abridgments, is not sufficient to explain the forms of the present *parler*. When the old Buslaiev, only a few months before his death, presented me with a copy of his *Historical Grammar* (1st edition, 1858; 5th edition, 1881), the first part of which, entitled "Etymology," exposes in three distinct chapters, (1) Sounds and Corresponding Letters; (2) The Formation of Words or Derivation; (3) The Inflection of Words or Morphology, — he added with a charming simplicity: "Above all, do not make use of my chapters on derivation and morphology. They are antiquated, like their author, and are no longer of any value." For want of a comprehensive work it would be useful to consult the notes and corrections added by Roman Brandt to the Russian translation (by Shliakov) of the morphology of the monumental work of F. Miklosich, *Vergleichende Grammatik der Slavischen Sprache* (the morphology of the Little Russian and Russian languages appeared in the third part of the complete Russian translation, Moscow, 1886). The work itself of Miklosich could not be used in its original form, the indications given being, for languages other than the Slovenish and Serbo-Croatian, much too untrustworthy.

Russian syntax has had the advantage of an exposition made in a work that can justly be termed a masterpiece. The *Syntax* of Buslaiev, the second part of his *Historical Grammar* (see above), has deserved, since its appearance, this qualification, and time has not diminished its merit. This book, however, is open to a serious reproach. Its author does not distinguish, in the different facts which he analyzes, between those that properly belong to the regular development of the language, and those that were artificially introduced by way of borrowing and have not even outlived the authors who had given them right of asylum. Too often he persists in justifying a construction for which he seeks, in the history itself of the language, an impossible genesis, when this construction is only one of the varieties of what has been termed *lomonosóvshchina*. An example is the instance of the infinitive construction in Russian.

Buslaiev's book, therefore, is not one that can be used without a certain mistrust. Among the works of A. Potebnia, most profound and ingenious studies, the *Papers on Russian Grammar* (2d ed. Kharkov, 1889) should be mentioned in the first rank. But perhaps they are defective by that very excess which the author considered a merit. It would be better at times to find in them less psychological analysis, less "philosophy of language," and more simple description of facts and their interpretation, their explanation being sought in the history of the language rather than in the general laws of the human mind. Something of this same excess is found in a recent work of one of the best students of this master, the *Syntax of the Russian Language* of Ovsianiko-Kulikovski, an incomplete work, which beside the problems solved gives decidedly too much space to problems to be solved.

The number of problems stated and not solved in Russian syntax is very large. In any page of a contemporary Russian writer it is probable, it is certain, that you will find a construction, a fact of language, the explanation of which, however near it may be, has not yet been given.

Should we mention the dictionaries and grammars written by foreigners for the use of foreigners? The number is large; the quality is seldom more than mediocre. Only two exceptions, perfectly justified, moreover, should be made in the one as in the other field. In the matter of dictionaries, above the level of all others we find the excellent Russian-German dictionary of J. Pawlowsky (3d edition, Riga and Leipzig, 1900), of which one of the merits is that in more than one place it completes Dal; and also the very convenient and original Russian-German pocket-dictionary of Mieskowski (collection Feller, Leipzig, Teubner). There are also two grammars of praiseworthy conciseness, both recommending themselves by the correctness of their doctrine as well as by their practical character: the *Kurze Russische Grammatik* of Professor Oskar Asboth (1st edition, Leipzig, 1888) and the very original *Russische Grammatik* of E. Berneker (collection Göschen).

We see what still remains to be done in the vast field of investigation which the study of the Russian language presents. The tasks are numerous and can be coped with only by the joint effort of Russian and foreign scholars. Russian is a language which prodigious richness of vocabulary, suppleness of inflection, and variety of syntactical forms make one of the most difficult; without doubt it is, of all the principal languages of the globe, Chinese excepted, the least easily accessible. This would present less of a disadvantage if Russian were one of those languages which have, so to speak, only a linguistic interest, if Russian, like the Lithuanian for example, were only interesting on account of the antiquity of its forms, precious

for the reconstruction of the past evolution of one of the aspects of the Indo-European languages. But Russian is other than that. It is from now on, and will remain in the future, one of the most important, one of the cardinal languages of humanity. In the preface of a justly celebrated book Sir Charles Dilke said that the future was for three languages, Chinese, English, and Russian. Arithmetic proves his statement; it is something to have the law of numbers, the weight of mass, on one's side. Some fifty millions speak German; some fifty millions speak French; in a few years the number of those speaking Russian will be double that figure. The future of the development of Russian is immense. The vicissitudes of the present war are only an incident. Of what importance are a few thousand square miles more or less to a state that measures its dimensions by halves of *continents*?

And the same can be said of the Russian language that Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, in the preface of the English translation of his book *l'Empire des Tsars et les Russes*, has written of the Russian power:

"Whatever the future may bring, whatever the results of the Tsar's policy, domestic and foreign, may be, whether Russia is weakened or strengthened thereby, whether the sovereign's authority is shaken or confirmed by it in the end, one thing is certain, and that is that this huge country will remain, in any event, one of the three or four great states of the globe. It will, in our hemisphere, balance the United States in the other."

SECTION G — BELLES-LETTRES



SECTION G — BELLES-LETTRES

(Hall 3, September 24, 10 a. m.)

CHAIRMAN: PROFESSOR ROBERT HERRICK, University of Chicago.
SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD, Harvard University.
PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS, Columbia University.

THE RELATIONS OF BELLES-LETTRES

BY WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD

[William Henry Schofield, Assistant Professor of English, Harvard University, since 1892. b. Brockville, Ontario, April 6, 1870. B.A. Victoria College, University of Toronto, 1889; A.M. Harvard University, 1893; Ph.D. *ibid.* 1895. Ecole des Hautes Etudes, Paris, 1895-96; Universities of Christiania and Copenhagen, 1896-97; Master of Modern Languages, Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ontario, 1889-92; Resident Fellow, Harvard, 1893-95; Traveling Fellow, *ibid.* 1895-97; Instructor, Harvard, 1897-1902. Author of *Studies on the Libeaus Desconus; Essays on Medieval Literature; English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer.* Translator of Sophus Bugge's *Home of the Eddic Poems.*]

BELLES-LETTRES! Perhaps, Ladies and Gentlemen, you know exactly what this term means. If so, you have me straightway at a disadvantage. For when, not long since, I was invited to address this International Congress on "The Relations of Belles-Lettres" (to other manifestations of human thought), I found myself unable to define satisfactorily these the main words of my proffered theme; and much subsequent inquiry has shown me to be not singular in this uncertainty. So great, indeed, is the variety in connotation of belles-lettres in the minds of those who employ it, that one is led to believe that in the interest of precision, for the sake of a clearer understanding of what it but vaguely suggests, the term is one we should do well to abandon.

When the French speak of "les religieux," they usually refer to monks of the Roman Catholic Church; but to most of us "the religious" has no such limited application. It may be that belles-lettres means still in France what it meant in the eighteenth century, — the cult of the classicists, advanced by appropriate ceremonies in the *salon*. But surely it does not mean this to us. Those who arranged the programme of this Congress did not intend to have a section devoted to the consideration of "polite and elegant literature" in the ordinary sense of this dictionary definition, any more than they desired to institute a section of Society to discuss the relations and problems of the "smart sets" in the many countries of the world. By belles-lettres they undoubtedly meant what we are now

disposed to call simply "literature," writings not planned primarily to convey information, but to arouse sensations of beauty, writings whose virtue is to awaken to new life.

The term "belles-lettres" envelops us with the atmosphere of the *beau monde*; it smacks of spice and sweetmeats; it has the aroma of concocted scent; it instills the sentiments of the drawing-room; it suggests curtsies and cushions, snuff and point-device; it demands as concomitants of its being luxury and ease; it is exclusive in its appeal. We prefer the term "literature" because, without restriction, it offers its riches to all in need, because it is the noble helpmeet of democracy. Its fragrance is of the outer air, its graces those of nature herself. Its beauty is not of the sort that merely kindles the fancies of the polite; it rejuvenates the hearts of all mankind. We now speak of literature as of religion in a larger sense than our ancestors: we acknowledge both universal in inspiration, though diversified in creed, found in all lands, in all ages, in all degrees of civilization, alike in essence, varying only in revelation, in understanding. We discover fundamental agreement the universe over in literary standards because of the common human emotions that make the whole world kin.

The spirit of literature, moreover, does not lodge in books alone. It did not arise with print or parchment or rune or hieroglyph. It arose the first time that one human being consciously strove to convey feelings to another in words chosen to create a desired effect. The spirit of literature found expression long before any instrument of record was used to body it forth. By this spirit even the commonest of folk, who strive not to fathom its agency, nay, can hardly spell its name, the simplest of people that tread the earth, are profoundly stirred, for it is the spirit of their poetic tradition, the soul of their imaginative life.

Speaking of the charming songs of Roumania that Mlle. Vacaresco first collected and rewrote, that accomplished lady remarks in her preface: "Avant de m'être révélés ils ont plané sur la vie des générations sans nombre." "Planer sur la vie" — truly an expressive phrase! "Planer" — how can it be rendered in English speech? One must use a sentence in default of a satisfactory single word. This poetry in Roumania, like popular literature in every land that is a permanent power, "fillet all round about and will not easily away."

But you say: "We are not concerned with this primordial force, with what you are pleased to call the spirit of literature. That is as intangible as the electric current that propels our cars and gives us heat and light. Pray, treat the embodied forms in which it appears." A reasonable request, in truth, at which one cannot demur! Yet not now would I attempt to enumerate in systematic order the various literatures of civilization, or to state the conditions of their rise

and flourishing. That were at any time a lordly enterprise and here, plainly unsuitable. Let me but comment briefly on certain aspects of literary study and literary creation that may be viewed among us with too little discernment of their rich significance.

Many of those who would subscribe themselves students of belles-lettres neglect deliberately — whether it be from affectation, or laziness, or from pure ignorance, one cannot always tell, but in any case deliberately neglect — sometimes openly scorn — the writings of their direct progenitors in earlier times. Most lightly they pass over nearly all the centuries of the Christian Era to the time of the Renaissance, as if forsooth the spirit of literature had been absent from the earth this long while, when the people lived simply, and only returned, like an Arthurian knight from the happy Otherworld, at a call to engage in tilt and tournament. “Go back behind the Renaissance!” one often hears students of our literature remark. “What is the need? Well, perhaps for the sake of Dante and Chaucer — but behind them again? There is surely no behind that one who is interested only in ‘art for art’s sake’ need bother about.” And I have marveled at the singular unwisdom of such men’s attitude, at their folly in thus limiting their powers to judge and appreciate adequately the periods of their own special predilection. Do they disdain knowledge of the earlier periods because they have it not themselves, or are they actually blind to the advantage of it? No one who can speak with knowledge but will affirm that he has never found any study of any period of any literature useless in the investigation of any other. The more one learns of ancient and medieval conceptions, the better one seems to understand those of one’s contemporaries. The more familiar one becomes with works written in French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Provençal, — works in German, Scandinavian, Dutch, and Celtic, not to mention the classics, — the more enlightenment one possesses for the elucidation of the best productions in one’s own native tongue. The more definitely conversant one is with the facts determining past phenomena in the history of any literature, the more confidence one may feel in a forecast of its probable future.

Formerly the literature of the so-called Dark Ages was thought to consist merely of a few pedantic treatises in barbarous Latin. Now a happy tendency is becoming manifest to consider as far more valuable than these artificial documents the wealth of embryonic poetry once instinct with the people, and partially preserved in artistic form. In such early indications of the common thought and feeling, we must, I believe, seek the primal quality of each nation’s originality, the determining spirit of its belles-lettres. Students will be more helped to a proper understanding of what literature really is by examining its development in periods of communal effort than in those marked by the sway of great individuals.

The literature of the Middle Ages differentiates itself from that of later eras by certain notable characteristics: it is in the main anonymous, and static in type, impersonal in attitude, and international in scope. A recognition of these attributes should affect not only the method of its study, but the judgment of its merit. It is a mistake to consider the productions of any one country in the Middle Ages apart from those closely connected with it, for the vernacular literature in all lands of Western Europe was then of very similar origin and kind. It is misleading to pick out a few individual writers whose names happen to be preserved, and romance about their personalities, for even had we details about their environment and careers, these would be found comparatively unimportant in determining the real significance of their work. Medieval literature is largely a record of society at large and not of its separate members. It evinces in one form or another the tastes, the sentiments, the needs of the whole nation. Nor yet of one alone, but of the several nations that belonged to the wide province under the control of the Church of Rome. France was then the centre of Western civilization, and at Paris were established the general canons of art, and the acknowledged standards of literary achievement. The fashions of Paris had a predominant influence on the writings of England for several centuries, and under their influence our literary styles were almost wholly transformed from what they had been in Saxon times.

Gaston Paris has convincingly shown that the Middle Ages form an epoch essentially poetic. It had few great poets, but it created or perpetuated a vast supply of poetic thought. Especially in the domain of fiction, — than which no imaginative production has ever exerted greater force, — its achievement remains unsurpassed. Many and fine are the literary conceptions for which the poets and painters and musicians of our own time are indebted to the Middle Ages. In some instances modern writers have ennobled ancient themes by treating them in maturer style. But often it is the charm, the spell of the past that is the power in their works most efficacious still. Only by knowing the facts of development in each separate case can our judgment of poems be fair. When art has alchemized base metal into gold, we should give all credit to the art. But when the foundation of the artist's experiments is gold, as it was with alchemists who of old beguiled many to their own advantage, then this truth should not be kept dark. We rejoice when we see poetic thought heightened in effect by the art of the poet; we see how a single man of genius can remodel old material immensely to the increase of its value. But we shall do well not to forget that he began where others left off; that some, moreover, of the greatest poems of the world are but the exaltation of valuable ideas previously existing in the rough. Therefore I would plead for a study of the elements as essential to

an understanding of the product. The underlying force is the vitality of art.

But pray do not credit me with insufficient appreciation of what we call style in composition. Style, on the contrary, is a virtue to which I am keenly susceptible. It is, I recognize, as manners to men — the outward and visible sign of good breeding. But for all that one may esteem courtesy and gentleness in one's associates, and lament their lack whenever it appears in one's own demeanor, it is clear that the world is better served by virility and earnestness, if a choice must be made. Fine feeling and delicacy are noble attributes of any man, but they are not to be equalized with native vigor and moral might, when it becomes a question of achieving a great task. Thus it is that I regard as just the critics' demand for evidence of strong elemental emotion in a work before they are willing to stamp it as great literature. I dread ever the blighting sway of conventionality, the prevalence of art that is "tongue-tied by authority." I lament the spread of good taste if it means that literature is to become anæmic, colorless, sapped of personality. Admirable is the force of restraint where there is something to hold back, great is the virtue of control when it regulates passion. An earnest writer strives to free himself of prejudice, and to avoid excess; he rids himself as best he can of self-sufficiency, and conceit; he is ready to learn of every one who has before wrought well in the domain of imagination; but all to this end, that his personal powers may be the more effective, that he may clarify his individual vision, and, being true to himself, promote the general good. What we need in literature is character, — more than refinement, more than intellectuality, more than passion, — character, that unifies all three, yet mounts higher to the majesty of wisdom.

Toward what are known as the "fine points" of style, I feel almost as Bacon felt toward "ceremonies and respects": "to attain them it almost sufficeth not to despise them; for so shall a man observe them in others, and let him trust himself with the rest. For if he labour too much to express them, he shall lose their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected. . . . How can a man comprehend great matters, that breaketh his mind too much to small observations?" Few, in fact, are the words required to sum up the law and the prophets of the highest literary creed; and details of command are good only as sign-posts of wise direction to travelers already in the way of truth.

We hear a great deal of empty talk nowadays about "art for art's sake." This once pregnant phrase is now so bandied about by the glib and the facile, so wrenched to suit private inclination, that it has no clear and definite meaning. To some critics it seems to justify petty desire to dismiss as worthless everything that does not accord with their own preference, to minimize the merit of careful study, to cry frantically, "Out! harrow! and weylaway!"

at the bare sight of a specialist near their Chaunticleer's yard; it leads them to be vainglorious in ignorant disdain. Such critics forget that to be merely entertaining is to be hastily dismissed; they forget that, while a superficial knowledge of many things is a strong armor to a man with a profound knowledge of some one of them, he who wears it without individual power may soon be as ridiculously overthrown as the threatening clay-giant Mokkurkalfi whom Thor befooled and, at a single blow of his mighty hammer, tumbled down on the dismal plain. Again, some young poets are persuaded by the phrase to write only to please a select company of congenial spirits, particularly to win applause by the display of cleverness which only the initiated can enjoy, and thus are deluded to their own harm.

"Art for art's sake," otherwise considered, advises the critic to regard the works of which he treats no more as a show-case of rhetorical devices, or as a specimen of metrical structure, than as a *corpus vile* for linguistic dissection, or as an illustrative manual of historical and social conditions. He is admonished by it that a great poem is more than words and phrases and facts and examples, curiously conjoined to test his sensitiveness or erudition; that on the contrary it is a living thing in whose creation was motive, in whose soul is aspiration, in whose heart is feeling, in whose mind is understanding, — a living being with a peculiar character which is its force.

"Art for art's sake" advises the poet to write with purely ideal aim, with eye single to untarnished truth, intent on showing forth the faith that is in him without fawning or fear. By it he is admonished to exalt in his composition whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, and to scorn any compromise with imperfection. It keeps before him the highest standard of a book, that it shall be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

We are agreed that our present concern is only with imaginative literature. This, you remember, De Quincey distinguishes from unimaginative literature, as the "literature of power" — opposed to that of knowledge; and Pater makes clearer the contrast by this addition: "In the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present, or prospective, it may be, as often in oratory." Accepting De Quincey's definition, let us proceed to examine certain of the relations in which literature may exert power.

Had I time I might dwell on the intimate relations of "belles-lettres" with the "beaux-arts," and point out superficially how many beautiful paintings, sculptures, and embroideries, how many monuments of architecture, were inspired by literary conceptions; or, *vice versa*, how often various products of fine art suggested genuine works of literature. More profoundly, I might endeavor to formulate

certain fundamental spiritual laws of "fine" creation in general, from which it would appear that all good achievements of this kind result from one and the same impulse, — to manifest and evoke beauty, — and that the medium is the least significant thing in a consideration of its permanent power. I might dwell upon the influence on one another of men diversely trying to interpret beauty, on the stimulus and restraining value of their intercourse, on the enlightenment that comes to each by understanding his fellow's struggles and triumphs. All this would be worth while — but here we must pass it by.

The relations of literature to philosophy and religion would need a man of much more learning in those fields than I possess to show forth worthily, and he would require, not a few paragraphs in a popular discourse, but a large volume of intricate reasoning, to make the situation clear. Naturally it would not be necessary to determine the service of books that systematize theory, or promulgate dogma; for such works belong not to pure literature, but to that of science. But to inquire into the value of imaginative suggestion and vivid statement as an aid to religious and philosophic contemplation, — the power of words to create an atmosphere in which men become sensitive to exalted impressions, — that would be helpful to every one who recognizes the tremendous influence of some great writing on his own spiritual life.

And how separate literature from education? More and more, education is being encouraged as a factor of social progress. School and college are now receiving in large measure the public patronage that once was the honor of the church. University men are looked to for light on most of the problems of national life. They set the tone of public thought. Fortunately, there is no student but desires acquaintance with great books. No one in the best collegiate circles is more envied than he who can communicate to thought that peculiar transfiguration of expression which is called the literary touch. The general appreciation of his work is like the response of those who, seeing a man act nobly, rise up with instinctive recognition of his superiority, to applaud character so capable of doing good. Virtue of speech is as incommunicable by command as nobility of character, but it can be inculcated by intercourse with those who are eminent for it, and the desire for its possession is common to all who think. Thus men are led to read the best books as they are led to associate with the best of their fellows, for they perceive that virtue goes out of each superior being when he is touched, and that sympathetic association awakens dormant ideals to life.

On the relations of literature to history and nationality I should like to dwell a little longer. In general, history is the record of a nation's deeds, while literature is the outcome of its thoughts. If

one stops to consider the matter, one is surprised to see that a fine literary work has very seldom *made* history, as is sometimes said, except indirectly, and not at the period of its composition. Literature may reflect history, echo it, explain it; it may be the mirror of prevailing sentiment, the sounding-board of contemporary ideas, the key of extant emotion; but it is not the foundation of the feelings it exhibits. Is it, then, without influence on history? Certainly not. If it does not move the present, it establishes it, to move the future. Thus, itself the outgrowth of conditions that were effected by previous writing, it becomes a force for new conditions destined to develop another product, and start it again on a career of influence. While history gradually unfolds itself, literature unifies its evolution. Literature is a mighty power to conserve and perfect a nation's experience. It contributes solidarity to public sentiments and ideals. It procreates patriotism. Through it a people takes cognizance of itself.

Consider, for example, the influence of a notable history of the fourteenth century, — a biography that falls within our domain because the author, we perceive, was not scrupulous to convey fact so much as his peculiar sense of fact: I refer to Barbour's *Bruce*. John Barbour in writing his story of Bruce had clearly before him the lives of the illustrious "Nine Worthies" of the world. He knew in full the romantic tales of Julius Cæsar, Hector, and Alexander, of Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus, of Charlemagne, Arthur, and Godefroy de Bouillon; and he deliberately distorted history to fashion for his hero a career that would make him a suitable associate of these ancient warriors. He represented Bruce as constantly mindful of their exploits, as prompted, encouraged, and kept from mistake by their example, as delivering addresses and exhortations to his troops in their manner, as displaying principles of honor, courtesy, heroic courage, and perseverance in their similitude. He made him the exponent of all the finest qualities of character that his prototypes had displayed. In the tales of the Nine Worthies, — imaginative history for the most part, almost entirely fable, — men of all stations in the Middle Ages found examples of virtue which determined their actual conduct in daily life; and the influence of these medieval narratives is not dead yet. Barbour took advantage of the emotions of his time to ennoble the standards of his countrymen. Magnifying their experience by bringing it into the light of celebrated comparison, he perpetuated as ideals of the Scottish nation those principles of conduct that many generations of literary men had agreed upon as the most worthy of applause.

Somewhat similar is the way in which the fame of William Wallace was established by the minstrel Blind Harry, or by whoever it was that wrote the poem in which he is eloquently exalted. And the

spirit that these poems infused into contemporary Scots remains still the source of their descendants' pride. Centuries after its composition, Robert Burns wrote of the story of Wallace: "It poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins that will boil along there till the flood-gates of life close in eternal rest." Surely no historian can leave such literature out of consideration in estimating the bases of Scottish nationality. Is it not, then, literature of power?

We should do well to seek more in history the influence of popular legends, — old poetic imaginings that have fostered love of country, tightened racial ties. It was no vain appeal that Björnson made to his countrymen when he justified their patriotism by singing of the "saga-night that has spread dreams" over their land. Such dreams in general possession yield the secret of that common social impulse which is a nation's strength. Through literature is often made manifest the halo of a nation, which, representative of its spiritual glory, commands reverence and devotion.

It is, nevertheless, difficult to generalize about the immediate relations of literature to national movements. There seems no fixed rule apparent. With the exception of some orations, the American Revolution was neither precluded nor followed by any literary works of note, while the French Revolution presents a situation exactly the opposite. Wherein lies the difference? What has this country lost by the absence of an oracle of its former spirit? What has France gained by the concern of its writers with the form of its government?

Some historians are disposed to calculate the greatness of a nation by the number of great men it has produced, and the method is not to be wholly blamed. Great men are but the mouthpiece of great spirit, and that is usually the spirit of their time. We are justified in denying unusual uplift to the spirit of a nation when it reaches to no superior heights in gifted individuals. Grant that the originality of a people is not to be measured by its records in letters alone, but in the other arts as well, in social and intellectual progress, in the advancement of civilization variously apparent; yet an age when literature is weak, when it is frivolous, cheap, and insincere, not to say vulgar or depraved, is an age which the future historian will find it hard to call great, no matter how proudly that age may have vaunted itself on a high general level of education, or a prosperous mediocrity of culture.

It is appalling to consider how little direct influence literature has as literature on the multitudes that embrace our civilization. Frankly, if we had any way to discover how many of the eighty million American citizens read books with any concern for them as works of art, with any conception of what makes them good or bad in the eyes of the trained, with any power to discriminate on their own behalf, we should probably be ashamed to state the results of our

research. Nor is it probable that conditions in this regard are much worse here than elsewhere, though undoubtedly in older countries books of polite literature are more sure of an extensive sale. In the whole world the number of people who can and do appreciate literature as such is a very small minority of the population. This, to be sure, does not signify much to those who believe that literature is only for the *élite*, that it is a luxury for the refined, and debases itself when it goes to minister to the lowly of intellect and taste. But there is another view, the view of the democrat, who proclaims all men free and equal in the domain of letters, free to produce, free to enjoy, free to understand. And those who have most at heart the sway of ideals in the world have the greatest eagerness to enlighten the masses to comprehension of what literature means, not by telling them about its charm, but by revealing to them its quickening power, as they can be taught patriotism by the consideration of a patriot, or fair play and uprightness by observing a conspicuously "straight" man, a man of honor. It behooves writers seriously to inquire why their appeal is so limited, to see how far their failure to move many is due to a mistaken vision. I entertain no foolish notions with regard to a large increase of reading among the working classes. There are millions of men who by reason of their occupation, if for no other, will always be deprived of the chance to read at all. But I should like to have every one, if possible, surrounded by an atmosphere of imaginative thought, so pervasive that somehow they must feel it, and, being led to observe those who see and hear more than they, wittingly or unwittingly yield subservience to its power.

Good literature is a wholesome stimulant to the man in private as well as to the citizen in public. Yet now, when it is most needed, in this age of intellectuality, there is a pitiful lack of writings that serve to refresh the heart. While in conversation the other day with an economist, I asked him how much he read books that had no direct bearing on his professional work. "Very little," was the reply. "Nor can I say," he added, "exactly why. I know I need greatly the strength that literature affords, but I do not seem to find anything, in contemporary production, at least, that supplies my need." Now if this man had really sought and not found, if he had read and was unrewarded by increase of courage, not renewed in inner life, then it is a great reproach to present works of literary art. Such a man as he needs props,—Matthew Arnold remarked wisely that all men need props,—and these he had a right to claim that literature should afford him. Formerly the Bible was deemed a sufficient prop for all men in their every spiritual emergency. But more and more the educated are seeking other support in the crises great or small that daily arise. Very different are the books that serve us as

individuals, for very different are our wants. But we have a longing for beauty; we all crave the uplift that comes from contemplation of the ideal.

You will recall how a *chanson de geste* concerning Charlemagne and Roland and Oliver and those who fell at Ronceval stimulated the host of William the Conqueror at the Battle of Hastings. It helped to make them brave. You will recall how Wolfe repeated Gray's *Elegy* beneath the battlements of Quebec the night before the memorable struggle of Abraham's Heights. It helped to make him calm. You will recall how Robert Bruce sat all day long at the difficult pass of Loch Lomond and read aloud to his followers the Old French story of Ferumbras, and how the Lord gave his assailants might in their peril. It helped to hold their courage at the sticking point. You will recall, perhaps, the fascinating picture of the British king Bademagus in his chair of ivory, and how he heard the minstrel harp of Orpheus so sweetly that he was moved with great emotion and no one dared speak a word. It distracted him from his grief. You will recall the scene of the old Norse monarch Sverrir on his deathbed, as he listened with glad eagerness to the heroic sagas of his ancestors and kin, recited one after another to animate his heart. Thus he was strengthened for his approaching end.

There is, in truth, no circumstance in which literature will not serve, whether it be to increase joy or diminish sorrow, to heighten courage or evoke tenderness, to stimulate in action or soothe in repose, to give one in life wisdom and in death serenity. Literature is the consolation as well as the inspiration of humanity, an eternal spring of refreshment which never is far off, the water-brook for which the soul of every life-traveler panteth, like the hart, when he is will-of-his-way.

How, then, will the course of literature be guided aright? What is, or should be, the purpose of literary criticism, the rôle of professors of belles-lettres?

We have at Harvard a chair of belles-lettres, which since the death of James Russell Lowell has had no occupant. Why for these thirteen years past has it remained vacant? Ask this question of the members of the Corporation, and they will probably give as a chief reason that they know of no one quite fitted for the place. And in this opinion they seem to be right. In truth, it is not by learning or fidelity that one can gain the power to occupy suitably any such chair. One does not fit one's self apparently, but is fitted by nature, or fate, or God, or whatever one may term the hidden power that rules our being, to sit in this high seat, this "siege perilous," and not be confounded. For ideally the professor of belles-lettres should be the qualified spokesman of vital literary opinion, as the poet-laureate of Britain should utter in convincing phrase the deep emotions of his

land. Poets-laureate have at times been chosen who were unable to maintain the dignity of their lofty office, but it is a common feeling that a weakling in the post is worse than none at all.

Now Lowell took the Smith Professorship of Belles-Lettres with general commendation of the propriety of his appointment. If some have felt inclined to demur at the fidelity with which he performed the routine of his position, no one has ever denied his fitness, by nature and training, for what he was called upon to do, even as all admit that Tennyson's choice as poet-laureate merited public applause. It is well, then, to inquire what qualities Lowell possessed that led the wise to seal his election with open marks of approval. In the first place, he was not only a gentleman (in the best sense of that fine old word — a man of gentle, courteous instincts, of careful cultivation and dignity)—he was also a scholar, in both the ancient and the modern way.

This point I should like to emphasize. No one can read Lowell's letters or essays without becoming aware of the fact that he had large learning at his command. But if any one desires further confirmation, he will examine the books of Lowell's private collections that are now possessed by the Harvard Library. These are numerous and varied. They are not confined to productions of any one period. The poet himself declares, for example, that he had read every work of Old French literature available to him. And examination of his own texts (for he bought everything) shows that he read them with scrupulous pains, not in the superficial way that Taine might have adopted, but with the conscientiousness of Gaston Paris, to whom every fact had significance, who was not content to generalize on the basis of mere casual knowledge, who left no avenue unapproached to seek out the truth in its fullness.

And Lowell read to make use of the knowledge he thus acquired. He matured his opinions with the intent to set them forth. This fact, too, I would emphasize. I am aware that there is a foolish importance attached to publication nowadays. Every young student is encouraged to get into print, whether he have anything new to say or not. And it is too often forgotten that a man may write reams and not have one tenth the ideas of one who has been absolutely silent to the world at large. But even as music is not music, or poetry poetry, until it is composed, even as a building is not a building before it is erected, so ideas demand publication to be capable of estimate. Publication, of course, can be achieved in other ways than by written books. A professor may most potently publish his ideas by word of mouth. But where there is no evidence of a teacher's influence either by its effect on the personally taught or the impersonally wrought upon, we are justified in believing that it is a thing of nought.

Lowell had good taste, and his phrases please the sensibilities of the refined. He was thorough in research, and his judgments stand the test of careful scrutiny. Yet another quality of his publication is perhaps more notable. It has all-inspiring force. Himself enthusiastic in study, he brought others to understand its charm. Ready to restrain, he was still more eager to encourage. Not content with the consideration of the past, he inquired into the future. This also I believe it was his duty to do as professor of belles-lettres. For of what other use is the acquisition of knowledge than to revivify it and put it to better service? Odin, the wise God, sent out two ravens abroad into the world, and welcomed them back with news. Hugin and Munin, these ravens, symbolize Thought and Memory, coequal, both needed in Odin's mature counsel. But to what end should this counsel serve? Clearly, to anticipate the future for the common good. The ideal professor of belles-lettres is wise in determining tendencies — to this purpose, that the bad may be kept hidden and the good given cheerful countenance. His chief consideration must be coming accomplishment, that it may be rich in fulfillment of apparent promise or possible good chance. He must, by his knowledge of what has been, be keen to perceive the best of what may be, and keep the eyes of others open to dangers likely to overcome the unwary, teach those whom he can influence to discriminate between the meretricious and the honest, between the vulgar and the fine, between the ephemeral and the permanent, between artifice and art.

“Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams,” said the prophet. Here we have, as it were, the creators and the critics of literature. The critic indicates the course of past developments; the creator takes the lead to form the new. The student of literature makes stable standards, which he who is destined to replenish the treasured store of ideal art struggles to fulfill.

Belles-lettres! Yes, beautiful indeed are the letters that reveal nations and individuals to themselves, and stir them to noble endeavor. There will, it is evident, be no great literature worthy of America until its citizens, once again as clearly as of yore, perceive the firm basis of its national life, how and why these States are United. Are they united merely for the advantage of reciprocal trade and mutual protection, only by reason of propinquity, or convenient purchase, or warlike conquest? These are not bonds of much strength. If there is no underlying community of race, or tradition, or history among its members, by what shall they be kept one when factions arise, when local or class interests threaten to disturb the paths of peace? By nothing vital, so far as one can see, except a sympathy of moral life, a sympathy of ideals. And here above all literature has the high privilege to serve. Men of letters have the power to keep clear the vision without which the nation shall perish. Theirs is the

duty to glorify truth and make it worshiped of the people. They can touch the hearts of all fellow citizens to a common response, and surprise them to the full realization of a common love.

We hear of *La douce France* and *Bell' Italia*, of *Gamle Norge* and *Merry England*, of the *Vaterland* and the *Emerald Isle*, and such literary phrases as these suffice to arouse intense patriotic emotion. We are now in a land that preëminently deserves the title "free," and freedom as here newly conceived and enacted may well be the burden of a new nation's song. Let our writers renew the best imaginings of their fathers; but let them also open their eyes and see afar off: let them descry the land of hope.

THE PRESENT PROBLEMS OF BELLES-LETTRES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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It is a characteristic of the arts that their vocabulary must needs be less exact than the terminology of the sciences, because the material of the artist is ever the varying emotion of his fellow man. In the language of the library and of the studio there can be no words like *horse-power* and *foot-ton*, the content of which is precise and rigid. Wit and humor, for example, classic and romantic, the fancy and the imagination, — these are pairs of words that a writer may employ almost as he pleases, but always at his peril, since there is no certainty of their conveying to his hearers the exact meaning with which he himself has charged them. It is in vain that the dictionary-maker seeks to differentiate accurately the one from the other, for he cannot hope to control the personal equation of every user of the language. Indeed, the dictionary-maker is often ready enough to confess his difficulty, and to admit, for instance, that *belles-lettres* has a somewhat indefinite application, synonymous sometimes with the humanities in general, and sometimes with works of the imagination in poetry and the drama, in fiction and in the essay. He tells us also that the term includes chiefly the study and criticism of literature; and that it concerns itself mainly with literature regarded as a fine art.

Here in this Congress of the Arts and Sciences, Sections have been set apart for the discussion of the literatures of each of the leading languages, ancient and modern: and to the Section of Belles-Lettres has been confided the consideration of literature as a whole, — of literature as an art, — of literature pure and simple, distinguished not only from linguistics, but also from literary history and literary biography, — of literature as it transcends the boundaries of any single tongue and as it appears in its comparative and more cosmopolitan aspects.

I

There is no disguising the difficulty of any attempt to survey the whole field of literature as it is disclosed before us now at the opening of a new century; and there is no denying the danger of any effort to declare the outlook in the actual present and the prospect in the immediate future. How is it possible to project our vision? To foresee whither the current is bearing us? To anticipate the rocks ahead and the shallows whereon our bark may be stranded? And if it is not easy to suggest the problems that are pressing for solution, it is harder still to hint at an adequate answer to them.

But one reflection is as obvious as it is helpful. The problems of literature are not often merely literary; and in so far as literature is an honest attempt to express life, — as it always has been at the moments of highest achievement, — the problems of literature must have an intimate relation to the problems which confront us insistently in life. If we turn from the disputations of the schools and look out on the world, we may discover forces at work in society which are exerting also a potent influence upon the future of literature.

Now that the century in which we were born and bred is receding swiftly into the past, we can perceive in the perspective more clearly than ever before its larger movements and its main endeavor. We are at last beginning to be able to estimate the heritage it has left us and to see for ourselves what our portion is, what our possessions are, and what our obligations. While it is for us to make the twentieth century, no doubt, we need always to remember that it was the nineteenth century which made us; and we do not know ourselves if we fail to understand the years in which we were moulded to the work that lies before us. It is for us to single out the salient characteristics of the nineteenth century. It is for us to seize the significance of the striking advance in scientific method, for example, and of the widespread acceptance of the scientific attitude. It is for us again to recognize the meaning of that extension of the democratic movement, which is the most striking characteristic of the past sixscore years. It is for us, once more, to weigh the importance of the intensifying of the national spirit and of the sharpening of racial pride. And finally it is for us to take account also of the growth of what must be called cosmopolitanism, that breaking down of the hostile barriers keeping one people apart from the others, ignorant of them, and often contemptuous.

Here then are four legacies from the nineteenth century to the twentieth: first, the scientific spirit; second, the spread of democracy; third, the assertion of nationality; and fourth, that stepping across the confines of language and race for which we have no more accurate name than cosmopolitanism.

II

“The scientific spirit,” so an acute American critic defined it recently in an essay on Carlyle, — who was devoid of it and detested it, — “the scientific spirit signifies poise between hypothesis and verification, between statement and proof, between appearance and reality. It is inspired by the impulse of investigation, tempered with distrust and edged with curiosity. It is at once avid of certainty and skeptical of seeming. It is enthusiastically patient, nobly literal, candid, tolerant, hospitable.” This is the statement of a man of letters, who had found in science “a tonic force” stimulating to all the arts.

By the side of this it may be well to set also the statement of a man of science. In his address delivered here in St. Louis last December, the President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science — who is also the president of one of the foremost of American universities — declared that “the fundamental characteristic of the scientific method is honesty. . . . The sole object is to learn the truth and to be guided by the truth. Absolute accuracy, absolute fidelity, absolute honesty are the prime conditions of scientific progress.” And then Dr. Remsen went on to make the significant assertion that “the constant use of the scientific method must in the end leave its impress upon him who uses it. A life spent in accord with scientific teaching would be of a high order. It would practically conform to the teachings of the highest type of religion.”

This “use of the scientific method” is as remote as may be from that barren adoption of scientific phrases and that sterile application of scientific formulas, which may be dismissed as an aspect of “science falsely so called.” It is of deeper import also than any mere utilization by art of the discoveries of science, however helpful this may be. The painter has been aided by science to perceive more precisely the effect of the vibrations of light and to analyze more sharply the successive stages of animal movement; and the poet also has found his profit in the wider knowledge brought to us by later investigation. Longfellow, for one, drew upon astronomy for the figure with which he once made plain his moral:

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Already had Wordsworth, a hundred years ago, welcomed “the remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist and mineralogist,”

as "proper objects of the poet's art," declaring that "if the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

Again, the "use of the scientific method" is not equivalent to the application in the arts of scientific theories, although here once more the man of letters is free to take these for his own and to bend them to his purpose. Ibsen has found in the doctrine of heredity a modern analogue of the ancient Greek idea of fate; and although he may not "see life steadily and see it whole," he has been enabled to invest his sombre *Ghosts* with not a little of the inexorable inevitability which we feel to be so appalling in the master work of Sophocles. Criticism, no less than creation, has been stimulated by scientific hypothesis; and for one thing, the conception of literary history has been wholly transformed since the theory of evolution was declared. To M. Brunetière — whom I hoped to have had the honor of following to-day and to whom I am glad here to be able to express my many debts — we owe the application of this doctrine to the development of the drama in his own language. He has shown us most convincingly how the several literary forms — the lyric, the oration, the epic, with its illegitimate descendant the modern novel in prose — may cross-fertilize each other from time to time, and also how the casual hybrids that result are ever struggling to revert each to its own species.

Science is thus seen to be stimulating to art; but the "use of the scientific method" would seem to be more than stimulation only. It leads the practitioners of the several arts to set up an ideal of disinterestedness, inspired by a lofty curiosity, which shall scorn nothing as insignificant and which is ever eager after knowledge ascertained for its own sake. As it abhors the abnormal and the freakish, the superficial and the extravagant, it helps the creative artist to strive for a more classic directness and simplicity; and it guides the critic toward passionless proportion and moderation. Although it tends toward intellectual freedom, it forces us always to recognize the reign of law. It establishes the strength of the social bond; and thereby, for example, it aids us to see that, although romance is ever young and ever true, what is known as neo-romanticism, with its reckless assertion of individual whim, is anti-social, — and therefore probably immoral.

The "use of the scientific method" will surely strengthen the conscience of the novelist and of the dramatist; and it will train them to a sterner veracity in dealing with human character. It will inhibit that pitiful tendency toward a falsification of the facts of life which

asserts the reform of a character in the twinkling of an eye just before the final fall of the curtain. It will lead to a renunciation of the feeble and summary psychology which permits a man of indurated habits of weakness or of wickedness to transform himself by a single and sudden effort of will. And on the other hand, it may tempt certain students of life, subtler than their fellow craftsmen and more inquisitive, to dwell unduly on the mere machinery of human motive and to aim not at a rich portrayal of the actions of men and women, but at an arid analysis of the mechanism of their impulses. More than one novelist of the twentieth century has already yielded to this tendency. No doubt, it is only the negative defect accompanying a positive quality; yet it indicates an imperfect appreciation of the artist's duty. "In every art," so Taine reminded us, "it is necessary to linger long over the true in order to attain the beautiful. The eye, fixing itself on an object, begins by noting details with an excess of precision and fullness; it is only later, when the inventory is complete, that the mind, master of its wealth, rises higher, in order to take or to neglect what suits it."

The attitude of the literary critic will be modified by the constant use of the scientific method, quite as much as the attitude of the literary creator. He will seek to relate a work of art, whether it is an epic or a tragedy, a novel or a play, to its environment, weighing all the circumstances of its creation. He will strive to estimate it as it is, of course, but also as a contribution to the evolution of its species made by a given people at a given period. He will endeavor to keep himself free from lip-service and from ancestor-worship, holding himself derelict to his duty if he should fail to admit frankly that in every masterpiece of the past, however transcendent its merits, there must needs be much that is temporary, admixed with more that is permanent, — many things which pleased its author's countrymen in his own time and which do not appeal to us, even though we can perceive also what is eternal and universal, even though we read into every masterpiece much that the author's contemporaries had not our eyes to perceive. All the works of Shakespeare and of Molière are not of equal value; and even the finest of them is not impeccable; and a literary critic who has a scientific sincerity will not gloss over the minor defects, whatever his desire to concentrate attention on the nobler qualities by which Shakespeare and Molière achieved their mighty fame. Indeed, the scientific spirit will make it plain that an unwavering admiration for all the works of a great writer, unequal as these must be of necessity, is proof in itself of an obvious inability to perceive wherein lies his real greatness.

Whatever the service the scientific spirit is likely to render in the future, we need to be on our guard against the obsession of science itself. There is danger that an exclusive devotion to science may

starve out all interest in the arts, to the impoverishment of the soul. Already are there examples of men who hold science to be all-sufficient and who insist that it has superseded art. Already is it necessary to recall Lowell's setting off of "art, whose concern is with the ideal and the potential, from science which is limited by the actual and the positive." Science bids us go so far and no farther, despite the fact that man longs to peer beyond the confines. Vistas closed to science are opened for us by art. Science fails us, if we ask too much; for it can provide no satisfactory explanation of the enigmas of existence. Above all, it tempts us to a hard and fast acceptance of its own formulas, an acceptance as deadening to progress as it is false to the scientific spirit itself. "History warns us," so Huxley declared, "that it is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies, and to end as superstitions."

III

The growth of the scientific spirit is not more evident in the nineteenth century than the spread of the democratic movement. Democracy in its inner essence means not only the slow broadening down of government until it rests upon the assured foundation of the people as a whole, it signifies also the final disappearance of the feudal organization, of the system of caste, of the privileges which are not founded on justice, of the belief in any superiority conferred by the accident of birth. It starts with the assertion of the equality of all men before the law; and it ends with the right of every man to do his own thinking. Accepting the dignity of human nature, the democratic spirit, in its finer manifestations, is free from intolerance and rich in sympathy, rejoicing to learn how the other half lives. It is increasingly interested in human personality, in spite of the fact that humanity no longer bulks as big in the universe as it did before scientific discovery shattered the ancient assumption that the world had been made for man alone.

Perhaps, indeed, it is the perception of our own insignificance which is making us cling together more closely and seek to understand each other at least, even if we must ever fail to grasp the full import of the cosmic scheme. Whatever the reason, there is no gainsaying the growth of fellow feeling and of a curiosity founded on friendly interest,—both of which are revealed far more abundantly in our later literatures than in the earlier classics. In the austere masterpieces of the Greek drama, for example, we may discover a lack of this warmth of sympathy; and we cannot but suspect a certain aloofness, which is akin to callousness. The cultivated citizens of Athens were supported by slave-labor; but their great dramatic poets cast little light on the life of the slaves or on the sad conditions of their servitude. Something of this narrow chilliness

is to be detected also in the literature of the court of Louis XIV ; Corneille and Racine prefer to ignore not only the peasant but also the burgher; and it is partly because Molière's outlook on life is broader that the master of comedy appears to us now so much greater than his tragic contemporaries. Even of late the Latin races have seemed perhaps a little less susceptible to this appeal than the Teutonic or the Slavonic; and the impassive contempt of Flaubert and of Maupassant toward the creatures of their imaginative observation is more characteristic of the French attitude than the genial compassion of Daudet. In Hawthorne and in George Eliot there is no aristocratic remoteness, and Turgenev and Tolstoi are innocent of haughty condescension. Everywhere now in the new century can we perceive the working of the democratic spirit, making literature more clear-sighted, more tolerant, more pitying.

In his uplifting discussion of democracy Lowell sought to encourage the timid souls who dreaded the danger that it might "reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity" and that it might "lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius"; and he explained that, in fact, democracy meant a career open to talent, an opportunity equal to all, and therefore in reality a larger likelihood that genius would be set free. Here in America we have discovered by more than a century of experience that democracy levels up and not down; and that it is not jealous of a commanding personality even in public life, revealing a swift shrewdness of its own in gauging character, and showing both respect and regard for the independent leaders strong enough to withstand what may seem at the moment to be the popular will.

Nor is democracy hostile to original genius, or slow to recognize it. The people as a whole may throw careless and liberal rewards to the jesters and to the sycophants who are seeking its favor, as their fore-runners sought to gain the ear of the monarch of old; but the authors of substantial popularity are never those who abase themselves or who scheme to cajole. At the beginning of the twentieth century there were only two writers whose new books appeared simultaneously in half a dozen different tongues; and what man has ever been so foolish as to call Ibsen and Tolstoi flatterers of humanity? The sturdy independence of these masters, their sincerity, their obstinate reiteration each of his own message — these are main reasons for the esteem in which they are held. And in our own language, the two writers of widest renown are Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling, known wherever English is spoken, in every remote corner of the seven seas, one an American of the Americans and the other the spokesman of the British Empire. They are not only conscientious craftsmen, each in his own way, but moralists also and even preachers; and they go forward in the path they have marked out, each for

himself, with no swervings aside to curry favor or to avoid unpopularity.

The fear has been expressed freely that the position of literature is made more precarious by the recent immense increase in the reading public, deficient in standards of taste and anxious to be amused. It is in the hope of hitting the fancy of this motley body that there is now a tumultuous multiplication of books of every degree of merit; and amid all this din there must be redoubled difficulty of choice. Yet the selection gets itself made somehow, and not unsatisfactorily. Unworthy books may have vogue for a while, and even adulation, but their fame is fleeting. The books which the last generation transmitted to us were after all the books best worth our consideration; and we may be confident that the books we shall pass along to the next generation will be as wisely selected. Out of the wasteful overproduction only those works emerge which have in them something that the world will not willingly let die.

Those books that survive are always chosen from out the books that have been popular, and never from those that failed to catch the ear of their contemporaries. The poet who scorns the men of his own time and who retires into an ivory tower to inlay rhymes for the sole enjoyment of his fellow mandarins, the poet who writes for posterity, will wait in vain for his audience. Never has posterity reversed the unfavorable verdict of an artist's own century. As Cicero said, — and Cicero was both an aristocrat and an artist in letters, — “given time and opportunity, the recognition of the many is as necessary a test of excellence in an artist as that of the few.” Verse, however exquisite, is almost valueless if its appeal is merely technical and merely academic, if it pleases only the sophisticated palate of the dilettant, if it fails to touch the heart of the plain people. That which vauntingly styles itself the *écriture artiste* must reap its reward promptly in praise from the *précieuses ridicules* of the hour. It may please those who pretend to culture without possessing even education; but this aristocratic affectation has no roots and it is doomed to wither swiftly, as one fad is ever fading away before another, as asianism and euphuism have withered in the past.

Fictitious reputations may be inflated for a little space; but all the while the public is slowly making up its mind; and the judgment of the main body is as trustworthy as it is enduring. *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress* hold their own, generation after generation, although the cultivated class did not discover their merits until long after the plain people had taken them to heart. Cervantes and Shakespeare were widely popular from the start; and appreciative criticism limped lamely after the approval of the mob. *The Jungle-Book* and *Huckleberry Finn* will be found in the hands of countless readers, when many a book now bepraised by newspaper reviewers has

slipped out of sight forever. Whatever blunders in belauding the plain people may make now and again, in time they come unflinching to a hearty appreciation of work that is honest, genuine, and broad in its appeal; and when once they have laid hold of the real thing they hold fast with abiding loyalty.

IV

As significant as the spread of democracy in the nineteenth century is the success with which the abstract idea of nationality has expressed itself in concrete form. Within less than twoscore years Italy has ceased to be only a geographical expression; and Germany has given itself boundaries more sharply defined than those claimed for the fatherland by the martial lyric of a century ago. Hungary has asserted itself against the Austrians, and Norway against the Swedes; and each by the stiffening of racial pride has insisted on the recognition of its national integrity. This is but the accomplishment of an ideal toward which the western world has been tending since it emerged from the Dark Ages into the Renaissance and since it began to suspect that the Holy Roman Empire was only the empty shadow of a disestablished realm. In the long centuries the heptarchy in England had been followed by a monarchy with London for its capital; and in like manner the seven kingdoms of Spain had been united under sovereigns who dwelt in Madrid. Normandy and Gascony, Burgundy and Provence had been incorporated slowly with the France of which the chief city was Paris.

Latin had been the tongue of every man who was entitled to claim benefit of clergy; but slowly the modern languages compacted themselves out of the warring dialects, when race after race came to a consciousness of its unity and when the speech of a capital was set up at last as the standard to which all were expected to conform. In Latin Dante discussed the vulgar tongue, though he wrote the *Divine Comedy* in his provincial Tuscan; yet Petrarch, who came after, was afraid that his poems in Italian were, by that fact, fated to be transitory. Chaucer made choice of the dialect of London, performing for it the service Dante had rendered to the speech of the Florentines; yet Bacon and Newton went back to Latin as the language still common to men of science. Milton practiced his pen in Latin verse, but never hesitated to compose his epic in English. Latin served Descartes and Spinoza, men of science again; and it was not until the nineteenth century that the invading vernaculars finally ousted the language of the learned which had once been in universal use. And even now Latin is retained by the church which still styles itself Catholic.

It was as fortunate as it was necessary that the single language of the learned should give way before the vulgar tongues, the speech of

the people, each in its own region best fitted to phrase the feelings and the aspirations of races dissimilar in their characteristics and in their ideals. No one tongue could voice the opposite desires of the northern peoples and of the southern; and we see the several modern languages revealing by their structure as well as by their vocabularies the essential qualities of the races that fashioned them, each for its own use. Indeed, these racial characteristics are so distinct and so evident to us now that we fancy we can detect them even though they are disguised in the language of Rome; and we find significance in the fact that Seneca, the grandiloquent rhetorician, was by birth a Spaniard, and that Petronius, the robust realist, was probably born in what is now France.

The segregation of nationality has been accompanied by an increasing interest in the several states out of which the nation has made itself, and sometimes even by an effort to raise the dialects of these provinces up to the literary standard of the national language. In this there is no disloyalty to the national ideal, — rather is it to be taken as a tribute to the nation, since it seeks to call attention again to the several strands twined in the single bond. In literature this tendency is reflected in a wider liking for local color and in an intense relish for the flavor of the soil. We find Verga painting the violent passions of the Sicilians, and Reuter depicting the calmer joys of the Platt-Deutsch. We see Maupassant etching the canny and cautious Normans, while Daudet brushed in broadly the expansive exuberance of the Provençals. We delight alike in the Wessex-folk of Mr. Hardy and in the humorous Scots of Mr. Barrie. We extend an equal welcome to the patient figures of New England spinsterhood as drawn by Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, and to the virile Westerners set boldly on their feet by Mr. Wister and Mr. Garland.

What we wish to have explored for us are not only the nooks and corners of our own nation; those of other races appeal also to our sympathetic curiosity. These inquiries help us to understand the larger peoples, of whom the smaller communities are constituent elements. They serve to sharpen our insight into the differences which divide one race from another; and the contrast of Daudet and Maupassant on the one hand with Mark Twain and Kipling on the other brings out the width of the gap that yawns between the Latins (with their solidarity of the family and their reliance on the social instinct) and the Teutons (with their energetic independence and their aggressive individuality). With increase of knowledge there is less likelihood of mutual misunderstandings; and here literature performs a most useful service to the cause of civilization. As Tennyson once said, "It is the authors, more than the diplomats, who make nations love one another." Fortunately no high tariff can keep out the masterpieces of foreign literature which freely cross the frontier,

bearing messages of good will and broadening our understanding of our fellow men.

V

The deeper interest in the expression of national qualities and in the representation of provincial peculiarities is to-day accompanied by an increasing cosmopolitanism which seems to be casting down the barriers of race and of language. More than fourscore years ago Goethe said that even then national literature was "rather an unmeaning term" as "the epoch of world-literature was at hand." With all his wisdom Goethe failed to perceive that cosmopolitanism is a sorry thing when it is not the final expression of patriotism. An artist without a country and with no roots in the soil of his nativity is not likely to bring forth flower and fruit. As an American critic aptly put it, "a true cosmopolitan is at home — even in his own country." A Russian novelist has set forth the same thought; and it is the wisest character in Turgenev's *Dimitri Roudine*, who asserted that the great misfortune of the hero was his ignorance of his native land. "Russia can get along without any of us, but we cannot do without Russia. Woe betide him who does not understand her! and still more him who really forgets the manners and the ideas of his fatherland. Cosmopolitanism is an absurdity and a zero, — less than a zero; outside of nationality, there is no art, no truth, no life possible."

Perhaps it may be feasible to attempt a reconciliation of Turgenev and Goethe, by pointing out that the cosmopolitanism of this growing century is revealed mainly in a similarity of the external forms of literature, while it is the national spirit which supplies the internal inspiration that gives life. For example, it is a fact that the *Demi-Monde* of Dumas, the *Pillars of Society* of Ibsen, the *Magda* of Sudermann, the *Grand Galeoto* of Etxebaray, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* of Pinero, the *Gioconda* of d'Annunzio are all of them cast in the same dramatic mould; but it is also a fact that the metal of which each is made was smelted in the native land of its author. Similar as they are in structure, in their artistic formula, they are radically dissimilar in their essence, in the motives that move the characters, and in their outlook on life; and this dissimilarity is due not alone to the individuality of the several authors, — it is to be credited chiefly to the nationality of each.

Of course, international borrowings have always been profitable to the arts, — not merely the taking over of raw material, but the more stimulating absorption of methods and processes, and even of artistic ideals. The Sicilian Gorgias had for a pupil the Athenian Isocrates; and the style of the Greek was imitated by the Roman Cicero, thus helping to sustain the standard of oratory in every modern language. The *Matron of Ephesus* of Petronius was the great-

grandmother of the *Yvette* of Maupassant; and the dialogues of Herondas and of Theocritus serve as models for many a vignette of modern life. The *Golden Ass* went before *Gil Blas* and made a path for him, and *Gil Blas* pointed the way for *Huckleberry Finn*. It is easy to detect the influence of Richardson on Rousseau, of Rousseau on George Sand, of George Sand on Turgenev, of Turgenev on Mr. Henry James, of Mr. James on M. Paul Bourget, of M. Bourget on Signor d'Annunzio; and yet there is no denying that Richardson is radically British, that Turgenev is thoroughly Russian, and that d'Annunzio is unquestionably Italian.

In like manner we may recognize the striking similarity — but only in so far as the external form is concerned — discoverable in those short stories which are as abundant as they are important in every modern literature; and yet much of our delight in these brief studies from life is due to the pungency of their local flavor, whether they were written by Kjelland or by Sacher-Masoch, by Auerbach or by Daudet, by Barrie or by Bret Harte. "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed"; but the blossoms are rich with the strength of the soil in which each of them is rooted.

This racial individuality is our immediate hope; it is our safeguard against mere craftsmanship, against dilettant dexterity, against cleverness for its own sake, against the danger that our cosmopolitanism may degenerate into Alexandrianism and that our century may come to be like the age of the Antonines, when "a cloud of critics, of compilers, of commentators darkened the face of learning," so Gibbon tells us, and "the decline of genius was soon followed by the corruption of taste." It is the spirit of nationality which will supply needful idealism; it will allow a man of letters to frequent the past without becoming archaic and to travel abroad without becoming exotic, because it will supply him always with a good reason for remaining a citizen of his own country.

VI

Whether it is due to this correction of cosmopolitanism by national ideals, whether it is rather to be credited to the spread of democracy or to the increasing use of the scientific method, — the fact is indisputable that since the slow disintegration of the Holy Roman Empire was followed by the steady compacting of the modern nations with their several tongues (finally forcing the abandonment of Latin as the universal language of the learned), there has been no epoch until the present when all men of education and of culture have been able to consider themselves as citizens of the world. Perhaps it is not fanciful to see in this Congress of the Arts and Sciences satisfactory evidence of the solidarity of the artists and of the scientists of every race. A Congress like this has been possible only within the past score

or two of years. That it has gathered now is a good augury for the future; and that it has gathered here is a lasting benefit for us who are native to this region.

The tale is told that after the statues from the studio of Thorwaldsen had been unpacked in Copenhagen in the courtyard of the museum, there sprang up the next spring certain flowers of the Roman Campagna, never before seen in Denmark, and a few of them were acclimated and have flourished ever since in their new home in the north. Is it too much to hope that a like good fortune may befall some of the seeds of thought which have been brought here from afar?

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(Prepared through the courtesy of Prof. K. D. Jessen of Bryn Mawr College)

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DEPARTMENT VII—HISTORY OF ART



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(Hall 8, September 20, 11.15 a. m.)

CHAIRMAN: PROFESSOR HALSEY C. IVES, Washington University, St. Louis.
SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR RUFUS B. RICHARDSON, New York, N. Y.
PROFESSOR JOHN C. VAN DYKE, Rutgers College.

FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTIONS AND METHODS IN THE STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF ART

BY RUFUS BYAM RICHARDSON

[Rufus Byam Richardson, Director, American School of Classical Studies, Athens, Greece, 1893–1903. b. Westford, Massachusetts, April 18, 1845. Graduate Yale, 1869; Ph.D. *ibid.* 1878; Student of Divinity, Yale, 1869–72; Berlin, 1872–74. Professor of Greek, University of Indiana, 1880–82; *ibid.* Dartmouth College, 1882–93. Member of the American Geographical Society, American Academy of Sciences, British Society for Promotion of Hellenic Studies, German Archæological Society, Austrian Archæological Society, Greek Archæological Society. Editor of *Æschines' Oration against Ctesiphon*; and contributor to several scientific and educational journals.]

THIS is the subject on which I was invited to speak. It is a large subject, almost immense. When it was announced to me it reminded me of the theological student who came to his first pastorate full of enthusiasm, and began to hit out straight from the shoulder at specific evils. After his first sermon on the sin of intemperance the deacons of the church waited upon him and told him that would never do, because one of the richest men in the church was likely to take the sermon as a personal attack. The next Sunday he hit out in another direction, coming down hard on dishonesty in business. This time *one* of the deacons came and told him that the other one had regarded the sermon as a direct attack on him. Again he was advised to be more cautious. The young man, however, having a bent for the specific, found himself getting deeper and deeper into trouble, and at last, to save himself, fell back on the noble but vast subject of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." After that he was held by all the congregation to be a powerful preacher, and a safe man. He had a large subject, and could hammer away on it for a lifetime without hurting anybody's feelings.

"Fundamental Conceptions and Methods in the Study of the History of Art" is also a large subject. I was thankful that with the invitation came the suggestion, "Of course, there is no objection that you emphasize classical art." Better a "pent-up Utica" where one can at least get his back to a wall than "a whole unbounded con-

tinent." The field of classical art is, to be sure, no pent-up Utica; but one has in it at least the comfortable feeling of seeing boundaries. It is also easier to formulate conceptions and methods as to the *study* of the *history* of classical art than as to classical art itself. We have something tangible, an historical study.

A recent writer of a stimulating book entitled *The Spirit and Principles of Greek Sculpture* has filed a mild protest against the historical treatment of Greek sculpture. "All their books," he says, "follow the historic development. They are histories of ancient artists." And yet we find the author himself following in general the same historical development of Greek sculpture as his predecessors, the "scientific archæologists," as he somewhat disparagingly calls them. The natural excuse of these scientific archæologists is that no art was ever so clearly a natural development with a birth, a growth to maturity, and a decline, as Greek sculpture. If we try to give an orderly description of it we naturally make it a history. It is true that about three quarters of Winckelmann's great *History of Ancient Art* is not in the form of history, but is rather a tender, loving rhapsody, ever held in check, over the objects taken singly and in the order of his liking, an order with which one need find no fault; and then follows about one quarter called *The History of Ancient Art in Relation to External Circumstances among the Greeks*, which deals with the subject chronologically. Brunn, on the other hand, wrote a *History of Greek Sculptors* apart from any description and estimate of their works. But in later times, in Germany, France, England, and America, it has become the custom to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood, and treat the works along with the workmen. One will hardly abandon the form of Collignon's *History of Greek Sculpture* to go back to Winckelmann's arrangement.

It is an interesting, one might say a fascinating, study to trace the development of Greek sculpture from the almost formless Nikandra statue to the Lemnian Athena and on to the Niké of Samothrace, from the stiff "Apollos" to the Hermes of Praxiteles and the works of Lysippos represented to us by the apoxyomenos, apportioning as we go, to each great sculptor, as far as we can, his share in the development which came not of itself, but was brought about by men whom we begin to know and honor as elemental forces.

I foresee that the subject will be large enough if I limit it once for all to Greek sculpture, and take as a subject the study of the history of Greek sculpture as the most prominent branch of the history of Greek art. The world has suffered no greater loss in art than the wiping out of Greek painting. One might infer from Pliny that it was almost, if not quite, as important and interesting as Greek sculpture.¹ From his description it is clear that the great painters, Zeuxis,

¹ The Laocoon group and the Pergamon altar frieze did not perhaps fall a whit

Parrhasios, Protogenes, and Apelles gave a freer rein to expression than ever Myron did in sculpture. What the Greek painters could do in the way of expression can be only inadequately brought home to us by late frescoes like those of Pompeii and by the delicate work on red-figured vases. The best of these vase-paintings, however, would probably compare with the paintings in the Stoa Poikile as pastels to the Sistine Madonna. Sculpture is, and probably will always remain, the art which ancient Greece has given us.¹

Before speaking of methods in the study of the history of Greek sculpture we should speak of the conceptions which underlie that art, and differentiate it from modern art, and exercise an influence on our methods of studying it. During the whole period of the greatness of Greece sculpture was *religious*, inasmuch as most of the statues were representatives of divinities or heroes, offerings devoted to them, and adornments of their shrines. It was also *popular*, in the sense that a whole people appreciated and enjoyed it, as they enjoyed the national poetry. This was perhaps more true of Athens than of other parts of the Greek world, but the statement will stand for all Greece.

Modern sculpture as well as painting is neither religious nor popular; and does not seem likely to become so. It has ceased to be religious in large measure from the slackening of religious fervor. It is not in the heart of painters of to-day to produce Madonnas like those of Bellini, and the people do not clamor for them. Sculpture is still further from being religious. In this practical and bustling age the artist who tried anything as august as the Olympian Zeus would find himself behind the times, and out of touch with the public. Nor are the old conditions likely to return.

The artists have become a guild, and are not in and of the people. Their clientèle is limited to a few, mostly wealthy persons, and some others who patronize art often as a mere fad. No one feels this more than the artists themselves, who often have to resort to something striking in order to keep themselves alive. For us who are simply lookers-on, there is something refreshing in the frankness of those who make no pretense of appreciating art, and are as outspoken as the "bourgeois gentilhomme," whose love of music was satisfied with the "trompette marine." In one of the most interesting rooms of the Berlin Museum I heard a man by no means of the lower classes say in a stentorian voice, "Diese Sachen interessiren mich gar nicht." The days seem forever past when a whole city would rise up in arms as

short of painting in this matter of expression. Pliny indeed (36, 37) lets his enthusiasm run away with him, and says that the Laocoon "is worth all the pictures and bronzes in the world."

¹ But what has happened in the case of painting would have happened in sculpture also had not rich Romans of taste demanded copies of masterpieces to adorn their houses and villas.

one man to protest against the removal from it of a beautiful statue. Artists and art-lovers, while they may well despair of bringing back those golden days, may perhaps say with Touchstone, "We that have good wits have much to answer for."

It may seem like beginning history with Adam to go back here to Winckelmann; but back to him we must go if we wish to get a view of the beginnings of the study of the history of Greek sculpture. He is the founder of that study and an example to us all. How far he outran his generation is seen by the fact that his enlightened patron, Count von Bunau, said, "Winckelmann is a fool, and will come to a terrible end." Others were willing to concede that he was an *inspired* fool. Rome was to him Mecca and Jerusalem combined. So absorbed was he in its treasures of art that the question of becoming a Catholic instead of a Protestant seemed to him much like a question between tweedledum and tweedledee. His coming to Rome was an event in the history of the study of art almost as important as the arrival of Greek scholars in Europe which brought on the renaissance.

When he had once become papal antiquary and had charge of the museums of Rome his one thought was the mastery of all the *material*. His contempt of Belesenheit and of "those who excogitate huge books and sicken the understanding"; his saying that "no scribe can penetrate the inmost essence of art," show how proud he was, entrenched in his museums. He could hardly disguise his contempt for a certain "superficial English writer" who formulated theories on the sight of a few statues, and said of him, "such an inference was to be expected only from those who had seen Rome in dreams or like young travelers in one day." He exacted as much from himself as he did from others. Nothing less than an acquaintance with the whole field satisfied him. His principle was comparable to that which Ritschl formulated for the study of the classics, "Lesen, viel Lesen, Möglichst viel Lesen." In his judgment only he who had seen a thousand statues was capable of understanding *one*.

The wonder is that dealing as he did with copies, he still felt the spirit and power of Greek sculpture as perhaps no man since has felt it. No one can ever improve on his defining the essence of Greek art as "noble simplicity and quiet grandeur" (Edle Einfachheit und stille Grösse). Bosanquet, an English writer, offers as a substitute "harmony, regularity, and repose." But this leaves out the prime qualities of "simplicity, greatness, and nobility."

Winckelmann was not so visionary and rhapsodical as to fail to give some practical directions for the study of art, as follows:

(1) "Seek not to detect deficiencies and imperfections in works of art until you have previously learned to recognize and discover beauties."

(2) "Be not governed in your opinion by the judgment of the guild, which generally prefers what is difficult to what is beautiful."

(3) "The observer should discriminate as the ancient artists apparently did between what is essential and what is only accessory (in the drawing)."

He could be, we see, as practical as when he was teaching troublesome boys in Saxony; and yet the fervor of his great work shook Germany, stirred Lessing and Goethe, and made the author recognized as a power wherever there were lovers of art.

Of course, no one could make so many utterances as he did without making some mistakes, "Es irrt der Mensch so long er Strebt." Even with the first publication of his great *History of Ancient Art* came many corrections by the editors and others. But he stands colossal above editors and annotators.

One hundred and thirty-six years have passed since the tragic death of Winckelmann, and we know immensely more of the history of Greek sculpture than it was permitted him to know. A presentation of some of the principal additions to our knowledge will also illustrate some of the fundamental methods of the study of the history of Greek sculpture. We have gone on to larger acquaintance with the field, and have gathered in the fruits ripened by reflection and comparison. It might not be difficult to find twenty such lines of advance. But I will confine myself to three:

(1) *Modern Excavations.*

(2) *The Study and Groupings of Copies of Ancient Statues.*

(3) *The Examination of the Literary Sources of our Knowledge.*

(1) Modern excavations have modified, if not wholly revolutionized, the old notions of Greek sculpture, and rapidly made our handbooks of sculpture antiquated. The excavation of Olympia, the first suggestion of which came from Winckelmann, a suggestion that ripened in the mind of Ernst Curtius, did not, it is true, yield so many fine statues as might have been expected from the statement of Pliny that seventy-three thousand statues remained at Olympia in A. D. 67, after the Romans had been systematically transporting statues from Greece for nearly a century and a quarter. But even apart from the other important discoveries at Olympia the yield in sculpture alone put the stamp of success on the enterprise. For the Hermes of Praxiteles alone, the only Greek statue on which we can put our hand and say "this is an original from the hand of one of the great masters,"¹ probably some rich man could be found who would gladly pay the whole cost of the excavation of Olympia. Having now a sure Praxite-

¹ Pliny (34, 87) speaks of a Hermes of Kephisotodos holding a child. On the strength of this Miss Sellars, in *Pliny's Chapters on the History of Greek Art* (addenda, p. 236), has suggested that Pliny must be preferred to Pausanias, and that we must understand the famous Hermes to be the work of Kephisotodos, father or elder brother of Praxiteles.

lean statue, the obvious method is to judge all material hitherto supposed to be Praxitelean by this standard. By this test, for example, the so-called Eubouleus head is accepted or rejected as a claimant for membership in the Praxitelean group. The sculptures of the great temple of Zeus have taken a very important place in the history of art. The statement of Pausanias that Paionios and Alkamenes made the gable sculptures has generally been rejected on account of their style, which seems to point to a date earlier than that of these two sculptors. It is quite possible that there will never be agreement as to the school that produced these temple adornments; but one thing seems fairly well settled, *viz.*, that both gables and the metopes bear the stamp of a single style. Since the metopes were surely made at the time of the building of the temple, the gables also must have been made at about the same time; and their style fits well enough to the reported date of their execution, about 460 B. C., long before Phidias had appeared to make his Olympian Zeus.

The excavation of Delphi has at present raised more questions than it has settled. Of the miscellaneous cargo of statues found in the sea at Antikythera the same may be said.

But the excavations on the Athenian Acropolis have thrown a wonderful light on the history of sculpture. They made Mrs. Mitchell's carefully prepared *History of Greek Sculpture* antiquated almost as soon as it was printed. Luckily in their case we had a *terminus ante quem* to fix the date of the objects. The debris left by the Persians came forth, and lo! it silenced all doubts as to the painting of statues. Not only did the old statues of soft limestone here show a coating of most brilliant colors, red and blue, thickly laid on, but the somewhat later archaic *marble* statues showed garments with painted borders, hair, diadems, and eyes painted with discretion if not with taste. That the nude parts also had a toning of less strong color could hardly be doubted. Where color was lacking it might in some cases be seen that it was simply because it had worn away. The garment of the Moschophoros could be properly understood only by the supposition that it was painted. The notion of chaste, white marble as the material of Greek sculpture vanished at a touch of truth. The question became, not whether the Greeks painted their statues, but *how* they painted them. One simply surrendered to the evidence, which was compelling. That this practice did not cease with the archaic period, but was continued as long as Greece practiced the art is absolutely certain. That this was true of Praxiteles might have been well enough known from the statement of Pliny, so much neglected, that Praxiteles valued most his statues that had been touched up by the painter Nikias.¹

Now applying the proper method of study, one sees traces of

¹ Pliny, 35, 133.

paint everywhere, even where it was least expected. One finds them especially on the backgrounds of reliefs. On metopes of temples it is best recognized by the fact that strong colors, especially blue, were there used, although red was not uncommon.¹ Even on a statue clearly of Roman times, found at Corinth in the recent excavations, the folds of the outer garment carried large patches of vermilion color.

How little Winckelmann knew of the marked difference between local schools! What would he have said if he had seen the Ægina statues with their lean stiff style and the full forms of the gable groups of both the Old and the Oldest Athena temple on the Athenian Acropolis? It is wonderful that two schools some ten or twelve miles apart should have been producing at the same time sculpture of such distinctively opposite character.

(2) *The study and grouping of copies.* How little did Ulrichs know of Skopas when over forty years ago he wrote his book *Skopas, sein Leben und seine Werke!* One smiles now at the list of works there ascribed to Skopas. But twenty-five years ago two male heads were found on the site of ancient Tegea which evidently belonged to a gable. They were left unwrought on one side, and the top of each was cut off a little to fit the slope of an ascending cornice. Since the head of a boar was found near by, the conclusion was at once drawn that the pieces, one or all, came from the east gable of the temple of Athena Alea which Pausanias described as containing the Hunting of the Caledonian Boar. Skopas was the architect of the temple, and since he was a sculptor it was natural to suppose that these sculptures were as much influenced by him as the sculptures of the Parthenon were influenced by Phidias. Luckily they had a very marked character. The heads were distinctively different from the Praxitelean type. Their greatest dimension was from front to rear, while the Praxitelean head is extended upward in a dome. The under jaw and cheek were strongly marked, giving an impression of intense energy. The peculiar feature, however, was the eyes, which being deepset in their sockets, with the inner corner depressed, had a pad of flesh drawn down over their outer corner so that the upper lid entirely disappears in a profile view. The gaze directed upward and onward expressed an intensity of emotion contrasted with the dreamy look of the Hermes of Praxiteles. For the first time we seemed to catch the characteristics of Skopas.

In spite, however, of the admirable discussion of these sculptures by Treu,² the connection with Skopas was not regarded as absolutely fixed. But eight years later, Botho Gräf³ was struck by the similarity

¹ On the Zeus Temple at Olympia the metopes, it is said, were alternately red and blue.

² *Ath. Mitt.*, 1881, p. 393 ff.

³ *Röm. Mitt.*, 1889, p. 189 ff.

of two heads of a youthful Herakles crowned with poplar wreaths, in Roman museums, to the heads from Tegea. He then enlarged his list materially with copies poorer or more remote from the presumed original. It was evident that some famous original had led to this multiplication of copies. Pausanias records that a youthful Herakles made by Skopas was set up in the gymnasium at Sikyon. Coins of Sikyon of a rather late date show a beardless Herakles with the tænia of a wreath, a fact that makes it certain that the statue was highly esteemed at Sikyon. That, then, was probably the famous original which evoked so many copies. This series combined with the Tegea heads made a base both broad and firm, and other statues were invited to come and stand on it, and form a Skopasian group. A Meleager in Rome and a female head from the south slope of the Athenian Acropolis, supposed by some to be an original, were invited by acclamation. The test was then applied to the sculptures of the Mausoleum of Helicarnassus with the result that while many heads there appeared to bear the Skopasian features they were not confined to the east side, as we ought to expect if we trust Pliny's already incredible report that each one of four sculptors executed the sculpture on each of the four sides, Skopas, as the elder, receiving the front.¹ And if any single frieze does not seem to be more Skopasian in character than some of the others the safest inference to be drawn is that Skopas as the master mind left the Skopasian stamp upon the work as a whole.

Pliny also records that Skopas sculptured one of the drums of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus; and the British Museum possesses such a drum from that temple, which represents probably Alcestis between Thanatos and Hermes, who has the Skopasian eye. By the method thus established several other candidates were severely scrutinized and some admitted and some rejected. The Ludovisi Ares receives a majority of the suffrages. But it fares hard with some of the old claimants. The Niobe group is rejected. Furtwängler has invited in the Aphrodite of Melos (Venus of Milo) as a descendant, through the Aphrodite of Capua, of the famous but lost Aphrodite of Knidos. She ought to be received with shouts and almost with tears of joy if her title can be made clear.

The resurrection of Skopas's Herakles was a single application of a method which in the hands of a master has produced great results. Eleven years ago appeared an epoch-making book, *Meisterwerke der Griechischen Skulptur*, by Adolf Furtwängler.² The book is full

¹ It seems more reasonable, inasmuch as there were several friezes going around all four sides of the building, that a given sculptor should execute a given frieze rather than parts of several friezes.

² Translated in the following year into English by Miss E. Sellars. Eighteen plates and nearly two hundred figures in the English edition represent by no means all the statues that are cited.

of illustrations, that the reader may not grope in darkness when comparisons are made. The first impression made upon many people by the book was that Furtwängler had inaugurated a boom in second-class sculpture, and brought to honor many trifles. But let any one pay careful attention to the method by which the first section of the book brings before us the Lemnian Athena, a perfect flower of Phidias's work, and he will realize that it is a method with no *madness* in it.

Whether every one of the heads which the author puts into a certain group is there to stay remains, of course, yet to be seen. Let it be conceded that half the groupings are open to contention, the method is still the method of the future. The only danger is that tyros will try their hand at constructing groups and proclaim or assume their success. But this is a field where the tyro ought to realize that he must proceed with caution or he will find that he has let loose the Geister and to lay them he must call in the "alte Meister."

To continue a work such as Furtwängler has inaugurated is not Jedermann's Ding, but there lies the path of progress even if it is the path of danger. Every few years somebody tries to construct a Pythagoras group, generally out of some outlying part of Myron's preserves. Much as we may desire to construct such a group we do not appear to have the materials for it yet. For whipping back into the Myronian corral certain waifs that sometimes threaten to make a group by themselves, we get a sort of sanction from Furtwängler, who allows that a great sculptor cannot always be credited with only one shape of head. In speaking of the Discobolos, Ince Blundell, and Riccardi heads, he says, "the strikingly different individuality of these three heads need not perplex us, for from what artist should we expect such variety as from Myron who *multiplicasse veritatem videtur*." He also gives the reminder that "copyists allow themselves great freedom in the execution of details, especially in the case of the hair." In fact, to the casual observer there is in some of the bearded heads which Furtwängler calls Myronian very little superficial resemblance to the head of the youthful Discobolos.

(3) *The study of ancient authorities.* It may be profitable to confine ourselves to two cases, Pausanias and Pliny. Pausanias, the traveler, has long been suspected, and sometimes unjustly suspected, of making great mistakes in his descriptions of ancient sculpture. It has long been customary to regard the two corner figures in the west gable of the Parthenon as representing the Kephisos and the Ilissos, and writers on sculpture have recognized and admired forsooth the "liquid flow" in the form of the Ilissos. The great master, Brunn, went on to the natural conclusion that the other figures of the gable must be interpreted in like fashion; and he accordingly made this gable into a sort of animated map of Attica.

The starting-point of this manner of interpreting such corner figures seems to be that when Pausanias was at Olympia some local guide told him that the two reclining figures of the east gable of the Zeus temple represented the river Alphaios and the brook Kladeos. It is more than likely that Pausanias, who belonged to an age when this sort of personification was current, more than half extorted this statement from his guides, who may well have told him what he wanted to have them tell. At any rate Furtwängler is authority for the statement that "in the artistic products of the fifth century there are no instances of any figures serving merely as indications of locality."

It is pretty generally believed that Pausanias's statement that Paionios and Alkamenes were the sculptors of the gables of the Zeus temple at Olympia was based on information of about the same character. It was quite likely unknown to the ciceroni of that time in Olympia, more than six hundred years after the erection of the temple, who did execute these gable figures. The ciceroni might fall upon almost any known sculptor rather than say that they did not know. The name of Paionios was right at hand, cut on the pedestal of his Niké, famous and admired, adjacent to the east front of the temple.

The other so-called authority is Pliny the Elder, who wrote more than a century before Pausanias. We know from his nephew something as to how he wrote. He allowed himself little sleep. He had readers read to him all the time that was left to him after his onerous official duties were attended to, even when he was being rubbed after the bath, through his dinner, and far on into the night. He never read a book without making copious extracts. "My thirty-six volumes," he says, "contain twenty thousand matters worthy of attention, gathered from some two thousand books." Well, we have his wonderful book, called *Natural History*, which corresponds pretty closely to what one would expect as result of such omnivorous reading. Books 34, 35, and 36 are concerned with the history of art; and this is all that interests us here. Inasmuch as it was known in advance that these were a patchwork from older writers, some of whom are casually mentioned, here was a grand chance for *Quellen-Studien* offered as a challenge. Perhaps never was such study more successful. It has been continued down to the present time with unabated interest, in many lands and by many hands. One rises from a reading of these studies with admiration for the acumen which has arrived at a fair understanding of what Pliny himself did, and at what some of the main contributors furnished. If we could ever find a copy of Pliny with quotation marks and footnotes we could go somewhat, but not very much, beyond what we now know as to the sources of the art-historical part of Pliny's compilation.

It has been made clear that very little except a few outbursts of enthusiasm are the thoughts of Pliny himself. The greater part was soon traced to Varro, who, though he had been swallowed by Pliny, was already fat with what he had swallowed from others. The interest really began when it was made out that Varro's work was largely taken from Xenocrates of Sikyon, who lived in the first part of the third century B. C.

To Xenocrates may be ascribed the praise of his townsman Lysippos as the head of an ascending scale, who, guided by another Sikyonian, Eupompos the painter, took nature as his teacher. Phidias, Polykleitos, Myron, and Pythagoras¹ had made each his own advances in art, but Lysippos gained the summit. To Xenocrates also is usually ascribed the ascending scale of painters, ending in Apelles.

Antigonos of Karystos, a contemporary of Xenocrates, also prepared a history of art, adding to his work many of the things which pleased him from Xenocrates' works. Features that are supposed to be characteristic of him are passages with epigrammatical and art-historical points. He probably set the proud Zeuxis and Parrhasios over against the mild Apelles and Protogenes; the poor Protogenes against the rich Apelles; Polygnotos taking no pay for his painting in the Stoa Poikile while Mikon took it. He is also supposed to be the contributor of the criticism of the story that Hipponax's satire drove the sculptors Bupalos and Athenis to suicide, adducing inscriptions later than the time of the alleged suicide which showed that they were still producing works which were the pride of Chios.

Duris of Samos, who lived in the fourth century B. C., was the most prominent citizen of Samos in his time, being the tyrant and at the same time the historian of the island. He was a literary personality. Xenocrates and Antigonos of Carystos drew so strongly on him that if we had the books of all three we should probably see that these two later writers indulged in one of the most gigantic literary thefts that was ever practiced. In Pliny 34, 61, we read that Duris declared that Lysippos was nobody's pupil. Much of the anecdotal element of Pliny may probably be traced to him. An example is the story of the money-box into which it was Lysippos's custom to drop a gold-piece every time that he made one of the fifteen hundred statues that are ascribed to him, and the astonishment of the heir when he came to break open the box. It was the contrast between the poor worker in bronze and the famous and rich sculptor that tickled Duris's fancy.

¹ It has been thought that Pythagoras, and perhaps Myron also, were chronologically misplaced in order to create this climax; but it appears from the recently discovered table of Olympic victors, discussed by Robert (Hermes, 1900), that in all probability no such violence need be assumed. Polykleitos was active in 460 B. C., Myron in 448, Pythagoras also in 448. The table also shows that Polykleitos and Myron could have been pupils of Ageladas as well as Phidias.

He delighted to represent the poor ship-painter Protogenes as living to decorate the Propylæa at Athens, and Erigonos, the slave who ground colors for his master, as becoming a great master himself. That such contrasts especially pleased Duris appears from Plutarch's citing him as recording that Eumenes of Kardia rose by the kindness of Philip from the son of a poor porter to wealth and power.

The whirl of fortune's wheel was a pleasing subject of reflection to him. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted them of low degree." The story of Apelles telling Alexander when he began to indulge in art-criticism that he had better stop because the servants who were grinding colors were laughing at him is supposed to be one of the best of Duris's anecdotes.

It may perhaps seem to one who has not looked into this matter that it is precarious to try to dissect Pliny in this way. But a legion of the best minds in Germany have devoted their best efforts to the understanding of the genesis of his work: and they are pretty well agreed except in some small details. We may take it for an established fact that hardly anything in his work was original with him. He was willing, however, as practically all ancient authors, to palm off other people's ideas as his own.

By the studies here briefly sketched, Pliny, instead of being despised, has grown in value because we understand him better. Both he and Pausanias are invaluable, partly because we have lost the literature from which they so freely drew, and partly because we have read their riddle.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ART

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE

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GENTLEMEN, — I have been asked by the officers of this Congress to speak to you to-day on the "Development of the History of Art" — not of art itself, nor of its history, but of the men who write the history and of the methods which they use in its construction. In other words, I am to speak of the science of the history of art. There has been strict injunction laid upon me that I talk not more than forty-five minutes, so you will pardon me if I plunge into the subject without preface or apology.

Some months ago, in conversation with one of our most distinguished critics, I chanced to remark that the art-books of to-day were so much better than those of twenty years ago. "Yes," he answered, "the books are better than the art." By which caustic extravagance he probably meant that the art was not so very bad nor the writing so very good, but merely that both had improved. Certainly there has been a great advance since the days when our fathers wrote expansive essays upon sculpture and painting, guessing at both their facts and their feelings, with a charming commingling of frankness and ignorance. The standard has been raised. Something more is now required of the writer than a miscellaneous "taste for art." He must have knowledge gained at first hand, knowledge not only of the work of art whereof he writes, but knowledge of materials, methods, mediums, schools, guilds, peoples, languages, countries, climates, skies — all things that may even remotely relate to the production of the artist or his art. He must have discernment, judgment, and above all sympathy, or that intuitive feeling which enables him to grasp the spirit and quality of a work without perhaps knowing just why or how. And finally he must have the ability to tell what he knows in a readable manner — in a language that may be understood by the common people.

Happily much of this equipment is now our possession. The writers

of the newer art-criticism are certainly far ahead of all predecessors in knowledge. As for their writing, it is so good that one wonders it is not better. By that I mean more convincing, more satisfying, more acceptable as the final word. "But there is no final word," you say. Pray, why not? "Because history has to be rewritten every ten years." And again I ask, Why? You may retort about "a new point of view," "more perspective," "a broader outlook," and all that; which is perhaps only another way of saying that we of the present do not see truly or estimate truly, or report truly. If we did, history would not have to be rewritten "every ten years." Either the system or the operator is at fault, and we shall not go far astray if we entertain suspicions of both. At any rate, let us look into the matter for a moment. I am not here to combat the higher criticism in art, nor am I here to accept it with an unthinking gulp as one would a dose of medicine. It has been of immense value and is not to be sneered at; but if it were quite perfect, quite acceptable, there would be no need of revised editions; and the art-historian of the next generation would lack an occupation. Instead of something tentative we should have a finality.

Now it is frequently said — and often with a little smile as though conscious of some absurdity — that the archæologist or historian is lost if he have not imagination. He must have a mind for the plausible and the possible, a mind to discern a mountain in a mole-hill, perceive Praxiteles in a Roman garden sculpture, or a forgotten masterpiece by Giorgione in a panel signed Cariani. And that as a general proposition is perhaps sound enough. It would be a strangely deficient intelligence that could not put signs and characteristics together and conclude that Cariani and Giorgione were of the same school and period. That Cariani painted certain alleged Giorgiones or Correggios is a much longer step, a much larger imagining, and one that may very easily lead us into error unless guarded at every point. Let me illustrate that.

When Mr. Charles Waldstein saw a water-worn marble head among a group of broken fragments in the Louvre he felt almost instantly, as he tells us, "that this was a work not Roman, but Greek, and moreover of the great period of Greek art." That, to begin with, is a perfectly proper exercise of the archæologist's imagination. He tells us further that "the conviction soon forced itself upon him that here was a piece of Attic workmanship of the period corresponding to the earlier works of Phidias and, though reserving the final verification for the time when it would be possible to make a detailed examination and comparison with the metopes, he was morally convinced that this was the head of a Lapith belonging to one of the metopes of the Parthenon." So far, so good; but had Mr. Waldstein stopped there and claimed a newly discovered fact in art-history by virtue of his

intuition or imagination he would not have been writing art-history, but arrant assumption. It was a mere conjecture and not a demonstration — not a fact proved. But in this instance at least, he did not stop there. He ran down the history of that head and found in it confirmation. He compared the kind of stone, the exact measurements, the treatment of frontal bone, flesh, and hair, the frown of the brow and the protrusion of the lip, the passion, spirit, and whole quality of the head with the Parthenon metopes. Finally he took a cast of the head to London, fitted it on the shoulders of one of the Lapiths in the British Museum, and had the satisfaction of seeing that it fitted exactly even to the lines of the fracture in the neck. That I should say was a proper exercise of the combining imagination — nay, more, a stroke of real genius. And that is art-history properly constructed, authoritative, and final in its conclusion. That chapter at least will not have to be rewritten in ten years or in this century.

But it is not such imagination as this that satisfies some of our more advanced thinkers. They mean by "imagination" only too often the ability to construct "a working hypothesis" — a scheme of cause and effect into which the facts can be somehow squeezed and made to do service even though the machinery creaks a bit in the working. Professor Furtwängler, for example, in his learned volume on the *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture* has no hesitation whatever in pointing out to us the exact style of Phidias, something about which we had thought our information a trifle hazy. But Professor Furtwängler explains it by supposing a case. He has an hypothesis and the hypothesis is the thing. Whether it wrecks probability, or for that matter Phidias himself, is of small consequence. He tells us that there were countless copies of Greek marbles made *in Rome and for Rome*, and that the works of Phidias must certainly have been among the copied. Assumption number one. All that is necessary then to understand his style, method, and spirit is to read him in the Latin translation, study him in the Roman copies. Assumption number two, resting upon assumption number one. Some people might have difficulty in picking out these copies, but Professor Furtwängler, who knows about copies, variants, and replicas, has no trouble in laying his hand upon these various marbles in European galleries. Assumption number three, or rather a substitution of Professor Furtwängler's judgment for the fact. He begins with the Lemnian Venus and ends with the coins and vases, and there you have the style of Phidias, proved to an eye-lash. If you protest that this is a mere hypothesis, that if one link in the chain is faulty or lacking, the whole falls to the ground, and that no logical proof, not even hearsay evidence, is offered, you are somehow scouted as old fogey, and not in sympathy with the modern movement.

The evil of this theorizing is two-fold. First, the hypothesis is accepted as proven fact by the rank and file, and is written down finally as history. It is the kind of history, to be sure, that has to be rewritten every ten years — a kind that could not live ten minutes by virtue of its own strength;—but nevertheless it is accepted, and confuses for a time. Secondly, the learning and research put into such a theory is not placed to the best advantage, and does not count for as much as it should because used to uphold a questionable structure. That is such a pity, particularly in the case of Professor Furtwängler, whose knowledge cannot be gainsaid.

One feels some regret of this kind in reading the works of so cautious an archæologist as Professor George Perrot. His histories of ancient art are monumental, marvels of patient research and shrewd perception; and yet when he comes to Greece, his final goal, and opens with his volumes on Mykenæan art he shakes our faith in his judgment somewhat. For instance, he accepts the Schliemann conclusion about Troy. Schliemann, it will be remembered, dreamed as a boy of finding Troy and Agamemnon's Tomb, and when as a man he started out in search of them he naturally found them in the first mound he unearthed. Had he been seeking Aladdin's lamp he would have found it in the first junk-shop on the Mouski. Professor Perrot, strangely enough, accepts this hypothesis, and couples it with the theory of the sequential development of the Greek race. Of course this combined theory is not impossible, not improbable. Indeed, it is made quite plausible; and yet one may question whether it is the archæologist's or the historian's affair to theorize and argue to such an extent. Imagination may, in the end, remain imagination, and the argument may be true enough and yet point to a false conclusion. The facts are these. The mound which Schliemann discovered and called Troy was found to contain three strata, each one reflective of a different stage of civilization. Professor Perrot's conclusion is that the so-called Stone-Age man of the first stratum was the lineal ancestor of the Bronze-Age Trojan of the third stratum. And so the links in a chain are forged to show you how the Greek finally came to power and splendor, in life as in art.

But now let us see how it might have been; let us imagine something not a whit less improbable. Suppose this city of St. Louis destroyed by an earthquake, buried deep, forgotten. Two thousand years hence it is dug up by scientific historians. They find in the ruins three strata representing three stages of civilization. They first dig out the remains of a twenty-story "sky-scraper," then the remains of a log hut, and under all they find mounds and mound-builders' pottery. The conclusion according to Professor Perrot would be most obvious. The present people of St. Louis must have evolved from their ancestors, the Mound-Builders! It is all very

plausible. There is nothing wrong with the argument. But the conclusion is somewhat beside the truth. The imagination has imagined entirely too much.

It is not different with the reconstructors of the history of painting. The higher criticism is more rampant there perhaps than elsewhere. Painters long dead and forgotten are resurrected, galvanized into life, or reconstructed on scientific principles; and panels and altar-pieces are tossed about from painter to painter like balls in a tennis-court. If an ichthyologist can reconstruct a fish from a single bone, what prevents an archaeologist from writing the biography of Rembrandt from his pictures. There are only two or three bones in Rembrandt's life, but when put together by the aid of the life-giving imagination they may produce something startling. We know nothing of importance about Rembrandt's youth, family, or bringing-up; but here is a picture by him out of which we may be able to distort some evidence. It was evidently painted when he was a young man. It shows the portrait of a woman past middle life. Rembrandt being a poor young man could not afford to hire sitters or models and therefore it is probable that he painted the members of his own family. This is doubtless his mother. She holds a book in her hand. It is no doubt the Bible, because other books were scarce in those days. From the fact that it is a Bible we may infer that Rembrandt's mother was a religious woman. *Ergo*: she must have brought Rembrandt up in the faith! And that, you see, accounts for Rembrandt painting so many religious pictures!

I do not think I am here exaggerating very much the line of argument followed in the most recent and the most important life of Rembrandt. It is a very interesting way of building up a life, or a house of cards, as you please. All you need to do is to keep on with your inferences and you will surely arrive. And the result is what? Why, the acceptance of the hypothesis as proven fact. On what other ground can one explain the Vienna Gallery Catalogue naming one of its portraits by Rembrandt, "Rembrandt's Mother," or, the Berlin Gallery Catalogue writing down "Hendrickje Stoffels" as the subject of another Rembrandt portrait. There is not a scrap of evidence that would be accepted in a police court for either title. We have no facts about the looks of either Rembrandt's mother or his mistress; but the imagination of the critic can supply the vacancy. And this is sometimes called scientific art-history, when it would hardly pass muster as historical romance!

And there is my friend, Mr. Berenson, who knows more, I believe, about Italian painting than any one living, confusing history with some of his conclusions while illuminating it with others. That imagination, without which no historian's equipment is complete, seems to be leading so many of them, like a will-o'-the-wisp, into

strange morasses. Perhaps Mr. Berenson is less blinded by it than others because he frankly says that: "Method interests me more than results, the functioning of the mind much more than the ephemeral object of functioning." He is more interested in whether his hypothesis will work out than in the facts which constitute history. He has "long cherished the conviction that the world's art can be, nay, should be, studied as independently of all documents as the world's fauna or the world's flora."

Now let me cite just one instance of the way this principle has worked in the hands of Mr. Berenson. He notes, as many of us have noted, that there are a number of fifteenth-century Florentine pictures, variously attributed in the European galleries to Botticelli, Filippo Lippi, and Filippino, which are obviously by one hand. He rightly assumes that these pictures may be by a painter now unknown and forgotten. He brings them together and shows their points of resemblance quite conclusively. It is really a fine clearing up of a dubious lot of pictures, done skillfully and with great knowledge. Had he rested there, with the statement that this painter was unknown, no one could have found the least fault with his mental functioning. But he goes a step further. He ventures, half in jest and half in earnest, to give this unknown painter a name, a manufactured name — Amico di Sandro — that is the friend or companion in art of Sandro Botticelli. He not only constructs and names this painter but he actually makes him influence Filippino in order to account for a something in Filippino's work not traceable to his reputed master Botticelli!

I submit that, however clever, audacious, or inspired this method of Mr. Berenson's may seem, it is not productive of art-history; and if you ask me what harm it does I answer that I have seen since that essay was written, more than once, the name of Amico di Sandro recorded in art-histories as a fact and not a figment. It will take many years before that man of straw is finally removed from the pathway, and meantime it is a stumbling-block to those who are seeking the truth of history. I cannot but feel that the creation of such an homunculus does not exemplify the science of the history of art at all. The method is not scientific in the true sense but wildly speculative; though I admit it is interesting and in its incidental information most instructive.

The worst or the best, if you please, of all these modern critics and historians is that they are not to be ignored. They are very learned, very keen seers, very appreciative students. And in the main they are on the right track. I myself was committed to the Morellian theory over twenty years ago, and I am still a student of it and a believer in it. It is an invaluable aid in establishing the authenticity of works of art; but it is not the whole truth, not the only truth, not

finality in itself. It needs support from without, and every scrap of evidence that corroborates should be brought to bear.

As for evidence itself and its weight I sometimes sigh for a good book on the "Value of Human Testimony," and a companion volume on "What is Logic?" They should be in the hands of every historian of art. It is necessary, of course, that the connoisseur should know what is a copy, what a variant, what an original; but it is also necessary that he should know what is common sense. It is not, for instance, common sense to cast out all documents about pictures or marbles simply because some of them have been misleading or erroneous. A Raphael contract or agreement to paint a Hercules and the Nemean Lion may be worthless because the agreement was never carried out; but a Raphael agreement for a "School of Athens" would be excellent evidence because the agreement *was* carried out. To be sure, a document may point to a certain altar-piece which was afterward stolen and a copy quietly put in its place, and in such a case criticism is justified in saying that the copy is a copy and not the original; but the agreement of Correggio to paint the "Holy Night" now in the Dresden Gallery is extant and is good corroborative proof of the Dresden picture having been painted by Correggio. True enough documents have been forged and so also have signatures — forged galore — but there are true documents as there are true signatures, and either or both may be trustworthy evidence. The question of probability comes in just here. There is nothing inherently improbable about the inscription on the St. Bavon altar-piece to the effect that Hubert van Eyck began it and Jan van Eyck finished it. If it were a lie, it would not have been tolerated there in the first place. It has always been accepted as a true statement until the recent exhibition of early Flemish art at Bruges gave the critics a chance to spin theories and formulate doubts. The St. Bavon altar-piece failed to fit the theories and, of course, the theories could not be in error. The altar-piece was wrong. Then followed slur and innuendo, the glance askance, and the "I could an I would," all because the critics wanted to reconstruct the lost personality of Hubert van Eyck by taking away from the established personality of Jan van Eyck. In fact the defects of the newer criticism have been exemplified in the most extravagant form in the recent attempts at rewriting the history of the early Flemings. The writers have put down a long series of unsupported guesses and asked their acceptance as facts, ignoring all papers, past histories and traditions as mere "petty documentation."

Without doubt a signature or inscription needs support by the internal evidence of the work itself, but where one confirms the other both should be accepted. And every one knows that written history, such as that of Lucian or Vasari, is not to be trusted implicitly. It

needs confirmation, but is not the less in itself a positive aid to conviction. It cannot be tossed aside as worthless, nor yet again used as a skeleton key to unlock any door. That Pliny records the making of a Venus by Skopas is no proof whatever that a Venus found in the ruins of Rome is a copy or a variant of the Skopas marble. At that rate you could make documents prove anything you pleased. If, on the contrary, Vasari says that Giorgione was a pupil of Bellini it is to be believed, even though Giorgione does not show traces of the Bellini shop in his work. Bastien-Lepage did not show Cabanel nor did Whistler in his late work show Gleyre, but each was a pupil of each as stated.

There is, to be sure, plenty of old woman's gossip retailed by the old chroniclers that may not be believed at all. The threadbare stories about Dædalus, the first sculptor of Greece, who carved the gods so true to life that they had to be bound with ropes to keep them from walking away, about Zeuxis deceiving the birds with painted grapes, and Parrhasios deceiving Zeuxis with a painted curtain, are merely pleasant nonsense. Quite useless as well as improbable are many tales of Vasari — that story, for instance, retold from Ghiberti, of Giotto the sheep-boy being discovered by Cimabue drawing sheep on a stone and the old painter standing aghast at the excellence of the drawing. The story is of small importance, whether fact or fiction; but we have a strong inducement to doubt it because we have Giotto's sheep preserved to us on the wall of the Arena Chapel in Padua. They are miserable little wooden sheep out of a toy Noah's-Ark and not even a Byzantine-trained painter like Cimabue could have been staggered by them. On the contrary, had the story read that Giotto was a donkey-boy, and was discovered by Cimabue drawing his donkey, it would be equally unimportant perhaps, but certainly more believable, for we have Giotto's donkey in the "Flight into Egypt" in that same Arena Chapel, and a very excellent donkey it is, too. It might easily enough have astonished Cimabue, for it is astonishing to artists of greater learning even to this day.

Tradition — tradition handed down from mouth to mouth — is not a thing to be lightly set aside. It is often the very basis of history. Traditional accounts of Goethe, Shakespeare, Reynolds, or Frans Hals, their methods of work, their conversation or personal appearance may all be acceptable. Just so with traditions about art works. If all the history of the Sistine Chapel were lost, the tradition that Michael Angelo painted the ceiling would still be believable — more believable perhaps than the tale of Benvenuto's escape from the neighboring castle of St. Angelo. The frescoes themselves would corroborate it. Again, the "Madonna of the Rocks" in the Louvre is said not to be by Leonardo da Vinci. But it came to the Louvre from the

collection of Francis I, in whose service Leonardo worked and died. In the king's lifetime it was considered a Leonardo; and it is not probable that Francis would be deceived about it. The tradition has come on down to the present time and is believable. Unfortunately, however, the "Madonna of the Rocks" is not in Leonardo's best manner: *ergo*, he did not do it at all. That, on the principle that the king can do no wrong, and that Homer never nods, whereas we know that all Homers do nod occasionally, and that the greatest painters sometimes do poor work.

However, the inferior work does militate against the tradition of this Madonna picture, just as Giotto's sheep discredit Ghiberti's story about Giotto. For it cannot be denied that the internal evidence of the work of art itself is the best evidence of all. There the newer criticism is well based and deserving of all praise. Yet because the analysis of a picture or a marble is the safest of all methods, it is perhaps the one that is the most often put in peril. It is so easy to determine, almost at a glance, the national and provincial characteristics of a work — so easy to locate an unknown marble or picture in its century, school, town, and almost workshop — that the attribution to a certain artist is often jumped at with equal ease and haste. But the difficulty is enormously increased as the hunt draws to a close. When the style, spirit, *technique*, type, mannerisms, and characteristics of, say, an altar-piece are so marked that you locate it in the workshop of Bellini or Perugino or Costa, your search has but begun. You are now brought to consider the possibilities of pupils, imitators, copyists, even forgers. And the last are not so despicable. There was a clever rascal recently at work in Siena, who has deceived the very elect with his forgeries of old Sienese pictures; and we all know how forgeries of Corot and Dupré have led astray the Paris experts for many years. But forgeries aside, there are the genuine pictures of pupils and imitators that show the master's mannerisms and characteristics to the very life. No one is too cunning to be deceived by them. Botticini is sometimes read into Botticelli, and I have no doubt that sometimes Botticelli is back of the label Botticini. Great caution is necessary, and in the end the final test is hardly scientific at all. It is brought about by an appeal to the quality of the picture — the quality of drawing, contour, light-and-shade, color. The questions are formulated, "Is the line of that firm quality, that lightness of touch here and emphasis there, worthy of Raphael?" "Has that light-and-shade a subtlety and depth and gradation worthy of Leonardo?" "Does that color-note ring true to Titian?" In other words, it is by its quality that one should say whether he has in hand a piece of silk or a piece of gingham, and by a similar test he should be able to tell a work of a master from that of an imitator, a copyist, or a forger. But this brings in the person-

ality of the artist and the spirit and feeling of his work which is last century's method of criticism — a method now somewhat obsolescent because regarded as unscientific.

So you see that with all the newer and higher criticism has taught us, there is still cause for doubt and room for caution. And these must inevitably centre about extravagant theories and unproved hypotheses. That very quality of imagination, which has been esteemed a virtue in the historian, has by continuous abuse become little short of a vice. By its employment art-history has become less of a fact and more of a fiction, until now people scarcely know what to believe about, let us say, Giorgione, Lotto, the van Eycks, or Phidias, Mino, and Jean Goujon. Skepticism is bred of this, and I know of no more discouraging state of mind. When a person does not know what to believe and doubts everything, he sometimes thinks that at least he is scientific, but in reality he is only unhappy.

If I were asked the remedy for this ailment of historical criticism I should certainly suggest that there be less of this twisting and warping of facts to fit a preconceived theory — less of subjective imagination and mental functioning and more of objective fact. Why not state the facts as they are and let the reader draw his own conclusions? It is the business of the historian or the critic to get at the truth; it is not a part of his business to be forever putting the other fellow in the wrong. He is not, or should not be, a partisan advocate trying, by contorted statement and specious argument, to win the case for his client, whether rightfully or otherwise; he should be an investigator trying to establish the truth, though the finding of it should shake his idol from its pedestal.

If I mistake not, impartial investigation, with the truth only as a goal, is to be the spirit of the very newest criticism, and is to be the ruling factor in the science of art-history for the next decade. Some little volumes recently published — *Michael Angelo*, by Sir Charles Holroyd, and *Donatello*, by Lord Balcarres — will point my meaning. In them one feels the disposition to get at the truth without partisan bias; and in the *Donatello* book you have an assembling of the facts without dogmatic utterances and fine-spun theories. That, it seems to me, is as it should be. If there is anything very obvious or noteworthy about the man or his work or the period, the facts will all point toward it; if there is not, all the argument in the world will fail to convince. There is something radically wrong with the theory that has to be argued through five hundred pages. It doth protest too much.

Now I would not have it thought for a moment that I am out of sympathy with this higher criticism in art-history, or that I think it might better never have been. On the contrary, it has done great

good, and though many of its hypotheses will pass away, its discoveries and its learning will be the bases of a truer development hereafter. The theory of descent, which was so widely accepted twenty-five years ago, is now almost discarded, but evolution as a principle still exists, and it would be a strange mind that could not see wonderful development in the sciences as the direct result of that theory. Suppose we admit the hypothesis to be false, the immense information gained in its pursuit is by no means without its compensation. The art-criticism of the past fifteen years, though it may unsettle rather than convince, has nevertheless been wonderfully informing. The patient research, the collection of materials, the comparison of works, the publication of reproductions have gone far to establish a criticism that is scientifically based. The old guesswork, the hiding of ignorance by a burst of emotional enthusiasm, the trusting to impressions, the reliance upon tradition only, have rather passed into the background. We are certainly upon safer ground with a surer foundation under foot.

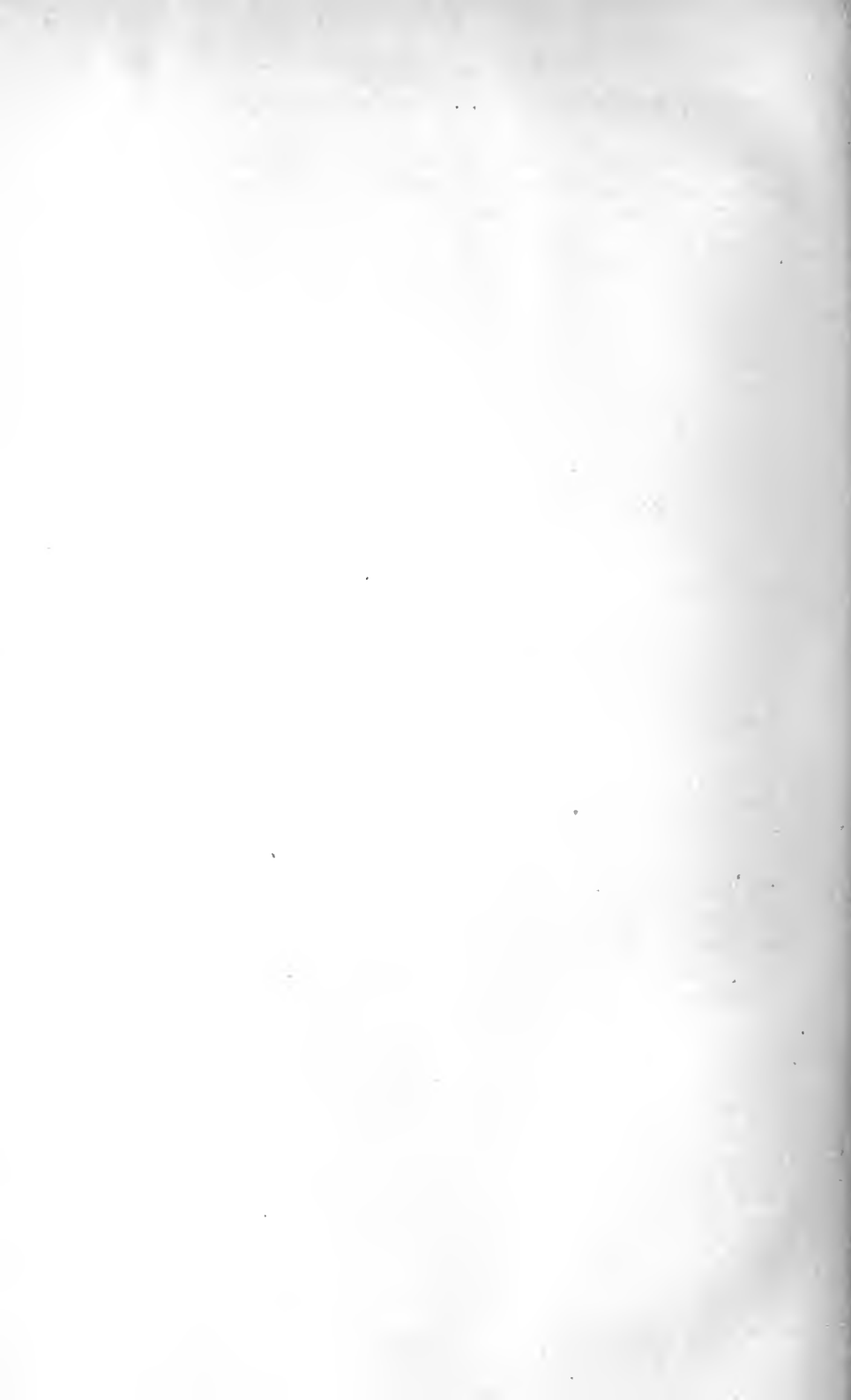
And what is perhaps of more moment to the people at large, we are nearer to a true understanding and appreciation of art. All this criticism that is being written, scientific or otherwise, is of no avail unless it touches and informs and influences the public. Art is meant for the public. Praxiteles carved and Giotto built and Paolo Veronese painted, not for any little group of artists, but for the mob in the street. The orator, the novelist, the critic, the historian, what use for them to talk unless they have an audience? The painter and sculptor, why should they labor if no one sees or cares? Let us have no nonsense about art being exclusively for the artist or criticism for the critic. If the arrow fly no further than that, it might better not be shot at all.

Art is for the public, but the public not being too intelligent has always needed some guidance from its better-informed members, and still needs to be told what is good and what is bad, what is to be admired, and what is to be shunned. That gives about the only reason for the existence of art-criticism. Such being the case, it is gratifying to note that present-day criticism deals with the art-product in the light of the producer's intention. Art may not be for the artists exclusively, but the artist knows his aim in his work, and it is that aim rather than his interpreter's imagination that is to be explained to the public. The day of reading literary and romantic meanings into pictures and marbles is past. We are too firmly based in materials and know the *technique* of all the arts far too well for that. In its place we are to-day appreciating the beauties of things purely decorative as well as expressive, and realizing with the artists that ideas are good or bad as they reveal or are revealed by the particular medium in which they are cast. The public is being taught to look

at art from the artist's point of view. And, once more, that is as it should be.

I trust all this means progress, expansion, enlightenment. And I certainly believe in the future of art-history, though I have devoted the most of this hurried paper to stating my unbeliefs. If I have deprecated certain tendencies it is not that the work itself is so bad. On the contrary, it is so good that I could wish it might be better, more enduring, more authoritative.

SECTION A — CLASSICAL ART



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(Hall 12, September 22, 10 a. m.)

CHAIRMAN: PROFESSOR RUFUS B. RICHARDSON, New York City.

SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR ADOLPH FURTWAENGLER, University of Munich.

PROFESSOR FRANK B. TARBELL, University of Chicago.

SECRETARY: DR. P. BAUR, Yale University.

CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE ALLIED SCIENCES

BY ADOLPH FURTWAENGLER

(Translated from the German by Miss Ethel D. Puffer, Cambridge, Mass.)

[Adolph Furtwängler, Professor of Archaeology, University of Munich, since 1894; Director of Glyptotheca, since 1894; Conservator of the collection of Vases and of the Gypsum Museum. b. Freiburg, Germany, June 30, 1853. Ph.D. Munich, 1874. Bursar, Imperial German Archaeological Institute, 1876-78; Manager of the Excavations at Olympia, 1878-79; Privat-docent, University of Bonn, 1879-80; *ibid.* University of Berlin, 1880-84; Professor of Archaeology, Berlin, 1884-94. Member of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, London, Archaeologic Society of Athens, Imperial German Archaeological Institute. Author of numerous books and memoirs on Archaeology.]

BEFORE we inquire what classical archaeology is to-day, and what it aims at, let us cast a quick glance over what it was formerly.

In the period of the Renaissance and the succeeding time up to the rise of Winckelmann, the study of the monuments of ancient art was either purely artistic or purely antiquarian, but always absolutely unhistorical. Artists made collections of drawings of antique works, some of which collections are still extant; many objects were also engraved and published. People rejoiced in and admired the antique, but they did not perceive that in its fashioning it was very different from contemporary art; for those drawings and engravings translated the ancient works of art completely in the stylistic forms of their own time; of an historical understanding of them there was as yet no trace. And the learned antiquarians of that period busied themselves with ancient iconography and all sorts of minor matters, while the elucidation of ancient works of art was sought mostly in Roman history, which was most familiar to them; here, too, the historical understanding of the antique is yet entirely wanting.

With Winckelmann a new epoch begins. In his *History of Ancient Art* (1763) the attempt is made for the first time to portray the antique as an evolution, as an historically conditioned product of different styles, organically unfolding one from another. Here was it first

acknowledged that the Greek is the basis of the Roman style, and that the plastic works which have been preserved to us in Italy are mostly only copies of lost Greek originals, and that the understanding of most of the works of art must be reached through Greek legends and poetry.

But Winckelmann did not carry through to fulfillment his demand for historical appreciation. In opposition to it stood his own and his time's conviction that the antique was the canon of all beauty, the model and ideal in which all laws of the beautiful were exemplified, and which modern art was bidden to imitate directly. This idea was in complete contradiction to the historical view, which saw in antique art not a rigid norm, but a play of organically developing style-forms. These two fundamentally opposed tendencies cross each other continually in Winckelmann's works; he was himself never conscious of the logical conclusions of his own new historical conception; he speaks as if there were only one antique ideal form, holding as model for all time, and forgets his own great achievement, the establishment of the demand that the antique shall be understood in its evolution.

This contradiction was not resolved for a long time afterward; indeed, it persists into modern times, inasmuch as, for instance, Overbeck's treatment of the so-called mythology of art still suffered from it.

It is the merit of that intellectual tendency — really opposed to Winckelmann's — which was manifested first in Herder, then in the circle of the so-called Romanticists, that a truly historical method in the science of antiquity came to full formulation and conquest in all fields. Men became able to put themselves sympathetically into the alien feeling of long-vanished times. They applied no longer the absolute measure of fixed concepts, but learned to use relative historical judgments. The seemingly humble and hitherto disdained now, too, attained to consideration. The religion, the folk-belief and the whole mass of legend, as it appears in poetry, or as embalmed only in local tradition, was recognized as the source, as the nourishing soil, from which even the humblest of the works of ancient art drew their intimate meaning and power.

This really new and — for the whole field of mental sciences — most blessed transformation, which this historical feeling, heretofore unattained by any epoch, brought about, had nevertheless untoward results for classical archaeology. Attention was turned from the really artistic element, the essential form of the work of art, for only the content and significance and the position of the work in the whole cultural development was inquired into, and the problems of the aesthetic form were ignored. It is a fact that very many aesthetically important examples of the antique were recognized and appreciated

by Winckelmann and his immediate disciples, but were later forgotten until in most recent times the threads were again picked up where these last had let them fall.

Another important circumstance tended to the same result, namely, to the suppression of the artistic element in the archaeological research of the nineteenth century: the extraordinary accumulation of actual material which this very period saw; what the excavations, the travels and discoveries of all kinds brought to light had to be first of all sifted and ordered, before it was possible to press on to the deeper problems. Great tracts in the archaeological production of the second half of the nineteenth century — and much work belonging to state-subsidized institutions falls into this class — are characterized by a completely sterile aridity. While aforesaid scarcely any but gifted spirits had devoted themselves to the study of antique art, now the necessary work on the abundance of new material attracted also many mediocre minds; and mediocrity, here as elsewhere, understood but too well how to fix and socially establish itself with the aid of state provision. Whoever had other and higher aims found the mighty phalanx of unproductive Philistinism against him.

But in spite of this retarding element, classical archaeology has made progress, and, if we now ask what is the present status of this science and what its aims, we must answer, that it is in truth everywhere in its beginnings, but that it has at least learned to see what is most important for it, what it lacks and what it has to do.

Its problem is, in brief, to envisage and to interpret the history of ancient art from its remains — just that task in which Winckelmann had made the first start. To interpret the history means to display the continuity of organic development in the totality of phenomena in the entire extant material of antique art, to understand and to value everything as a link in a chain, to recognize the conditions from which any given form issued, but beyond all to penetrate into the individuality of just this given form, to grasp its content as well as its artistic form, and finally to weigh in judgment what is, as history, fully understood.

These broad general requirements embrace an endless amount, and if we apply them to the special case, we are at once aware how far we are yet, for the most part, from our goal. First of all, the material, even, is by no means yet complete; it happily has daily accessions still, and the new is always a help in understanding the old. And even this understanding has ever new aspects; what the student formerly believed himself to have understood and disposed of appears now in fresh light, and this will continue, it is to be hoped, for a long time.

To be more exactly cognizant of the ultimate aim of archaeology

it will be well to determine its place relatively to the allied provinces of knowledge.

Classical archaeology is that part of the science of classical antiquity which has for its especial object antique fine art. It is therefore a part of the so-called Philology, if we dedicate this word to the whole of the scientific study of the culture of ancient Hellas and Rome; it is a twin sister of Philology if we, as is usual, confine this name to the scientific study of the antique literature.

It lies in the nature of mankind, that scientific activity should have everywhere applied itself, not to bygone art, but to bygone literature, not to the image, but to the word, of vanished times. We can to-day, in fact, observe that a simple person has deep respect for an ancient monument of language, and quite well understands the scientific preoccupation with it, while he does not make out at all what the study of a piece of ancient fine art is for. The student of epigraphy, who collects inscriptions, meets everywhere among the peasants in the classic lands understanding and reverence for his occupation; not so the archaeologist. And in truth, one can note that the higher the type of the old work of art, the harder to comprehend is a scientific occupation with it. That men find it beautiful, and collect it, every one understands; but that it can be object-matter of a science is hard to conceive; one at least sees the picture, it is said, and any one can catch the idea; old and foreign writings must be explained by the scholar, but a beautiful work of art—that explains itself. Scientific interest in the examples of a lower type is sooner understood,—in tools, utensils, pottery, and the like, whose meaning and use have to be explained,—in short, the antiquarian element in archaeology; further, the need of scholarly elucidation of the content of antique fine art is perceived; but not that the art-work as such can be material for a science.

This psychological circumstance, which moreover is to be traced not only in simple, uneducated persons, but deep in our culture itself, explains why the science of written words had to develop so much earlier than that of fine art, and why archaeology had to begin with the study of antiquarian objects and then with the explication of the meaning of ancient representative art,—and often to stick fast at that point, so that still to-day many a scholar knows no other aim.

Archaeology has its own field of research, representative art; but of course, granted the close connection of all expressions of a given epoch of culture, its special function, to accomplish the complete historical understanding of the art-work, cannot be fulfilled without the knowledge of what has found utterance in the literature of the ancients. Archaeology must build on the foundation which philology as the science of literary remains, together with its inseparable com-

panion, epigraphy, has laid. With this science archaeology stands throughout in the closest connection.

In truth, as a good part of the material of the history of ancient art is in literary form,—consists, that is, in facts from ancient writers and inscriptions,—the archaeologist must be also philologist, or at least well schooled in philology. The methods of work and the problems of modern philology must be his, too. He may no more, as earlier,—even still in H. Brunn's *History of Artists*,—make use of the various literary traditions without seeking their source, without investigating whence the authority has his information, what sort of a man he is anyway, what he could have known, and what credibility is to be ascribed to him on the basis of his personality. And the putting to use of the evidence from inscriptions naturally requires complete familiarity with that branch of philology which is commonly designated as epigraphy.

Nevertheless archaeology is no longer, as could once be maintained, a mere appendage and accessory of philology; it was that, so long as its aim was in mere antiquarianism or simply in illustrating some passages of ancient literature by means of fine art or in expounding the objective content of examples of fine art through passages of literature. Many notable scholars of the nineteenth century, who have attained a considerable name, like Otto Jahn, have yet in reality scarcely emerged from this conception of archaeology. In opposition to these, Heinrich Brunn, unquestionably the greatest archaeologist of the epoch just passed, defended the independence of archaeology on the basis of the special character of its subject-matter; yet in his works he has not drawn the full practical conclusions from this view, and he has not entirely freed himself from that tradition which the antiquario-exegetical subordination of archaeology had created. He, too, was interested in a Greek vase, for instance, only to the point of finding whether it gave a picture which illustrated a poetical passage; the vase itself he did not yet grasp as the real object of his study,—the vase as it is in itself, as an aesthetic whole, a work of decorative art. That it was possible for Brunn so to misjudge the whole aesthetic and historical significance of the Greek vase as appears in his theory of the late origin thereof, was only a consequence of that very tradition.

Archaeology must certainly, therefore, work in closest connection with philology, and with as complete as possible a mastery of the ancient literature and inscriptions; but it must also be fully conscious of its own characteristic quality and independent position, and must vindicate these last in aiming to understand the work of fine art as what it is in itself, and not merely to make use of it to elucidate something else.

A field of study also which stands very near to archaeology is that

of ancient history. The monuments of art are completely to be understood only on the basis of general history, and on the other hand the development of fine art makes an important part of the total historical development of the ancients. Moreover, a still closer bond between the two subjects is given in the fact that many examples of representative art also offer important direct material for the reconstruction of ancient political and commercial history. For the early period of Greek as of Roman history, the archaeological monuments, together with the legendary remains, are in fact the only material that we possess. The ancient historian is therefore frequently referred to the archaeologists. But also many relics of earlier times, like the distantly exported Greek vases, are of direct use for the history of the Greek states, their foreign relations and their trade. The most important objects of this kind are, however, the coins. As to deal with these requires a vast amount of special information, a special branch of science, numismatics, was early developed. This division had indeed the advantage that the immediate primary need, of sifting and classifying the immense material, was provided for relatively early and well by the work of assiduous specialists; but the separation was none the less, just as that of epigraphy from philology, disadvantageous to numismatics even as to archaeology. The former was too one-sided and narrow, and set its aim too low; the numismatist was wont to take his function as fulfilled when a coin was classified and identified, and to overlook that only then was the most important matter in order, — the elucidation and appreciation of the coin as work of art. On the other side, archaeology, through this separation, suffered the drawback that the coins, which were only too willingly left to the numismatist, were far too little made use of, and material extraordinarily valuable for the history of art, much neglected. Germany in particular was long backward in this matter, at a time when numismatics in England had already begun to deal with coins from a wider point of view.

Here should be mentioned a wider field of study, which is closely affiliated with archaeology, — ancient geography and topography, which treat, as Ernst Curtius expressed it, “the subsoil of the historical life.” The exploration of the classic lands as to their geography and topography made an extraordinary advance in the past century, and that, too, always in close touch with archaeology. All civilized nations have had a part in it; in Germany in particular Otfried Müller, and, following his footsteps, Ernst Curtius, have the credit of having recognized the importance of the ground on which ancient civilization grew up. To the suggestion and stimulus of the latter scholar is due the ideally exact survey of the Attic country which the German Archaeological Institute secured. It would certainly have been more important and beneficial for archaeology,

if instead they had mapped, say, all the architectural remains in Attica, which, like everything of this kind, are subject to sudden alteration and disintegration, while the folds of mountain and valley will long outlast our day. In all classic lands one is moved to clamor for, first of all, a fixation through scientific maps of the perishable relics which still remain. None the less was the before-mentioned survey of the country most certainly a useful achievement. Even should the significance of the soil for civilization be overestimated, certainly this does no harm, and archaeology will do well always to support whatever is destined to further the knowledge of the geography and topography of classic lands. Indeed, so far as topography includes the existing monuments, so far is it but a branch of archaeology itself.

Another close neighbor of classical archaeology is to be noted in Oriental philology, and especially in Egyptian and early Asiatic research. These branches of science are still young, and have therefore not yet so fully divided off into specialties as the earlier science of classical antiquity. Linguistic study is here still one with that of history, culture, and art. Naturally here, too, the word was the first object of inquiry, and the image was for long by many only regarded if it had historical content, and only for the sake of that. Only very lately do the Oriental remains begin to be dealt with as works of art — and to this end classical archaeology has helped much; but all too often still must one deplore in the case of Orientalists, even of those engaged in excavation, that their eye is not yet sufficiently trained to see artistic forms.

The late discoveries in regard to primitive culture in Greece, when Crete was the centre of authority and fashion, have had especial influence in closely linking classical and Oriental archaeology. That civilization of 2000 years B. C. is only to be understood on the basis of a knowledge of Egypt and the Orient. We recognize the close connection with Egypt especially, but at the same time the full independence and characteristic quality of that so-called Cretan-Mycenaean culture. On the other hand we find in the Archaic-Greek epoch of the eighth and seventh centuries an Oriental tendency in art, emanating from Ionia, which is directly dependent on its models, even if it soon freely moulds them to its own fashion. The time is past when the postulate of Oriental influence on Grecian territory was regarded as a sacrilege against Hellas. Classical archaeology can solve its problem only in close connection and in constant sympathy with that of the Orient; and no mere operating with the vague word "Oriental," as was formerly so much the favorite practice, but instead a thorough-going intimacy with the rich, complex art-development of Asia Minor and Egypt, must be required even of the classical archaeologist.

A complete contrast to Oriental science is given in another subject, not less closely related to classical archaeology, — that of the so-called prehistory. While in the preceding the written monument predominates, here it is completely lacking; study of the prehistoric period is turned merely to finds without writing, and must seek to trace out the historic development from these alone. This science, too, is young, and strictly scientific treatment therein extremely recent; as its subject-matter is relatively accessible and possesses a certain charm for every one, it has given occupation to many dilettantes, whose work, however, was often of the greatest use as regards the collection of material. Through just such a dilettante, the Homeric enthusiast and fortunate treasure-seeker, Heinrich Schliemann, was classical archaeology forced, in spite of its reluctance, to affiliate itself to the heretofore disdained prehistoric study. Since then classical archaeology has learned from the method of exact observation elaborated in prehistoric study to make use even of the humblest finds, and to bring the discoveries of classic soil into a wider relation, and very often thereby to attain for the first time to a real historical understanding of them. Thus, for instance, the bronzes from the ancient treasure-strata of Olympia can only be understood by aid of the finds which have been made and studied in the prehistoric field, and the recognition of the close relation between a great part of that Olympic treasure and those of the so-called Hallstatt period in the north and the northwest of the Greek country, is important for the whole conception of early Greek history. The early period of Italy, further, is for the first time at all comprehensible, since classical archaeology has joined hands with prehistoric study. It is a matter of course that, for this last, in turn, the alliance has also had the happiest results. The two sciences will in the future seek to come into ever closer touch with one another. The science of prehistoric times must strive to make its material historical, that is, to link it with groups of finds which can be historically fixed, just as classical and Oriental archaeology deal with theirs. And the latter had learned from the former, on the other hand, to work up with care not only the literary and the aesthetically beautiful specimen, but also the quite insignificant ones, the humble potsherds and small remains of metal utensils, and to apply them to the building-up of the history of ancient culture and art. Classical archaeology, too, was first turned through its connection with prehistoric science to exact observation of the details of the finds of minor antiquities, whereby the most important conclusions were reached. In Italy Wolfgang Helbig was the first of the classical archaeologists who followed this method, and he was able forthwith, by simply proving authentic the material found in the Etruscan tombs, to refute the thesis of the late origin of the Greek vases, which Brunn had laid down.

The attention, once directed upon the relations of the so-called classical peoples with others without writing or literature, was bound to bring classical archaeology in general into closer touch with general ethnology. It was a long time, and there was, particularly in Germany, strong opposition to overcome — which is in places very active still — before the sciences of classical antiquity began to recognize and admit that the Greeks and Romans were men as other men are, and that, in spite of the high grade of their culture, they shared the basis of it with other peoples, and that for an understanding thereof an acquaintance with these other peoples was essential. This acknowledgment, which became fruitful for the most various branches of the science of antiquity, has taught archaeology in especial the better understanding of the beginnings of art on classic soil.

It is, however, especially the history of religion which has gained most from ethnology, and has undergone through its influence a complete revolution. The religion and mythology of the Greeks and Romans are to-day also dealt with by all intelligent students entirely on the basis of the teachings of ethnology; a few only, German scholars in particular, still cling in narrow one-sidedness to the old standpoint, according to which Greeks and Romans might be explained only from themselves, that is, in reality, only from the incomplete, circumscribed ideas of modern mankind. As the greatest and most important part of the content of classical art comes from religion and mythology, the history of religion becomes one of the sciences most closely related to archaeology. In particular, the understanding of that infinitely rich abundance of antique remains which are connected in any way with the ideas about departed spirits, could have been won by archaeology only by frank dependence on modern ethnological studies in the history of religion.

As it is the content or subject of antique art which leads to the alliance with the above-mentioned field of science, so it is the formal side which binds archaeology to the modern history of art. Archaeology is, as we saw, nothing else than antique art-history and a part of general art-history. But the descent of archaeology from philology has brought it about that in practice a sharp separation obtains between it and the modern history of art — so much so that, according to the dominant view, as it appears in our university instruction and in the organization of scientific congresses, the so-called "History of Art" begins with the Christian Era. This separation is greatly to be deplored, and redounds to the harm of both branches of science. That there are real scientific congresses which use the name of history of art, and at the same time shut out antique art, is an extraordinary fact, only to be explained by the historical development of that branch of science. Inasmuch as the whole art

of Christian times is founded on the antique, it can be understood only by those who know the antique; no one who aims to work in the modern history of art dare be ignorant of it; knowledge of it is simply indispensable for him. And on the other hand, the archaeologist will enlarge and illumine his view, and better understand and appreciate the antique through comparison with the much more completely and richly preserved works of modern art, if he has made himself quite familiar with the modern art-development.

A more intimate coöperation of antique and modern art-history would in any case be of the greatest value to both sides. Their separation was for a long time favored by the fact that archaeology seemed to be forgetting her chief function and to be going off into antiquarian pedantry and mere exegesis of works of antique art, while the modern history of art aimed from the first at tracing the development of style in great art and penetrating into the personalities of the great masters, — an aim which was, indeed, incomparably easier on the working basis of an abundance of well-preserved originals, than for archaeology, which has at its disposal mostly only poor, and at that mutilated, copies. This last difference had still another result: inasmuch as the material of the history of modern art is so much more accessible and can be at once utilized by every one, there were not wanting many unprepared intruders who, more than in other fields, put forth amateurish work; and this helped in its turn to deepen the cleft between the sister-sciences.

The field which is now designated as modern art-history is, moreover, a very wide one, and specialization is therefore already beginning within it, which is, indeed, very necessary. So much the more, however, must the mutual relations of the special groups, and in particular the bond with archaeology, be watched and tended. The modern science of art has for the most part followed much too exclusively the development of style, and has too little sought to exhaust the content of the work of art as a whole; it has had hitherto too much to do even in getting the material once sifted and classified according to style. Still, just in this direction it has already accomplished a vast deal, and can serve as a model to archaeology, which has long been backward in this respect, and is, for instance, just at the point of admitting that its most immediate need is to make the many scattered remains of antique sculpture accessible through photographs. In this point the modern science of art has gone to its goal much more quickly and directly; but in complete and impartial treatment of the single fact it could yet learn much from archaeology.

On the boundary between archaeology and the history of modern art stands the so-called Christian archaeology. Here, too, the actual present division of subjects finds itself in contradiction to the logic

of things. Christian archaeology is counted as a subject belonging to theology, while it is really nothing else than a part of the history of art. So far as it deals with ancient Christian art, its subject-matter can be historically grasped only by one who can survey the whole later antique art, and who is able to connect that special art-group which draws its content from Christian belief with all the other contemporary art-forms. The alliance with theology, which is divided on the basis of creed into Catholic and Protestant, can naturally not be advantageous to an historical treatment of ancient Christian research. Christian archaeology ought to be set off as a special branch of classical archaeology, which would certainly be for its gain. At present the historical understanding of the content of ancient Christian religious imagination is on the point of experiencing a tremendous furtherance not from theology, but from philology, which is treating those ideas in connection with the rest of the later antique religious concepts.

Finally, we have still to consider the relation of classical archaeology to philosophy, especially to aesthetics. In earlier time the Greek art-forms were taken to be, as a matter of course, the canons of taste, the forms in which the Idea of Beauty comes to its purest expression. Aesthetics, as the doctrine of the beautiful, was then most closely linked with archaeology. So was it, too, with Winckelmann and his disciples. Later, when the historical viewpoint in archaeology was fully dominant, aesthetics and archaeology drifted apart more and more; and at present they are quite far asunder. But aesthetics, too, is another thing to-day; it hardly believes any longer in the possibility of determining absolute beauty from itself, but limits itself more and more to the psychological problem of what appears beautiful to us, and why it does so. Now it must be emphasized that for the understanding of a work of art, in the sense of archaeology, it is by no means enough to have determined the relative position within the circle of other works of art; the question must also be put, how far it can be determined why such and such forms were chosen by the artist,—whereby one has to put himself to the extent of his power into the mind of the ancient artist — and the further question, why those forms produce such and such an effect upon me — for only of my own emotions can I give an exact account. Now if one is prepared to accept the solution of these questions as the function of the psychologically grounded aesthetics, then is aesthetics also a necessary part of the science of art. Then, however, the professional philosopher in the hitherto current sense will certainly be less fitted to pursue aesthetics; for he usually fails entirely of that full knowledge of the substratum of his inquiry, art, which is indispensable for the solution of those problems. For, in fact, even those aesthetic laws hitherto concocted by the philosophers, which were put forth without a thorough

knowledge of art itself, seem to us more as the plays of fancy than as real additions to our knowledge. To cite an instance: it has been, and even most recently, set down as an aesthetic law of plastic art, that the work must show a qualitative homogeneity of material, a law that could never be set up by any one who is familiar with actual sculpture as the greatest artists of all times have practiced it; the oneness of the material is the most unimportant of matters for sculpture, which has instead to strive only for unity of appearance. In other fields it is taken for granted that laws are deduced only from material that is exactly known; with the aestheticians, however, the opposite has frequently been the case. We believe that here real furtherance of knowledge can proceed only from those who are completely at home in the field of art; as thus in our own time an important addition to our aesthetic understanding is to be credited to a keen-thinking sculptor (Adolf Hildebrand). We should be glad, if a wish is permitted here, to hope, as a development for the future, that every special science, and in especial the natural sciences, might as it were steep themselves in philosophy, that is, might put their own philosophical questions and seek to answer them themselves. In any case, however, we hope that aesthetics, so far as it relates to fine art, may consent to be matter of art-study; certainly, however, in a quite different sense from that existing in Winckelmann's time.

Supposing us to be now clear as to the position which classical archaeology holds with reference to the other sciences, let us, before bringing these reflections to an end, say a word on the characteristic quality of this branch of knowledge and the method which it requires.

In the higher sense there can be but a single scientific method, which is fixed by the general laws of thought; but the special character of the various subject-matters of the individual sciences brings about special variations of that one method.

The primary principle of the study of ancient art is that the work of fine art shall be treated and comprehended as what it is in itself. This sounds like a complete truism, yet no requirement is wont to be so often forgotten as this. To comprehend the real aesthetic nature of a work of fine art, it is not enough to have philological, literary, historical knowledge, taste and appreciation for poetry and other arts, but there is needed also a special insight into the nature of fine art and familiarity with the problems peculiar to that art. But this, on the contrary, has evidently often been wanting, and not to petty students but to talented scholars, since so much that is alien has been read into the ancient works of art, and their true content and meaning mistaken. Thus students have construed poetic thoughts into many a Greek vase-drawing, which have a simply corrupting effect on appreciation, instead of understanding them out of the aesthetic conditions

of unfolding artistic impulses. And how much that is inartistic have they interpreted into antique statues!—beginning with Winckelmann, who saw in the Apollo Belvedere the picture of the moment after the slaying of the python — up to the scholars of our day.

Another principle of the method of our science is that every type of specimen shall be dealt with according to its characteristic quality, that its peculiar conditions shall first be known before the elucidation of a particular object is begun. Against this principle too many have sinned. The Greek vase-pictures, for instance, and the Greek votive reliefs, the tomb-sculpture, the coins and gems, are such unlike types of objects that for each one of them the standard is given by another point of view:

An especial difficulty, however, is presented by the existing works in statuary. For these are only to a slight extent original works, and unfortunately the less important part, the greater number being copies of late periods of the antique. Here the same conditions hold as for the literary works of the ancients which exist in transcripts. First all extant copies must be assembled, and out of these it must be determined what has really come down to us. That is the same thing which in philology is called the "recension" of manuscripts. Then follows what is there designated as "emendation"; the reconstruction of the lost model, which can come only through conjecture and hypothesis with the help of imagination. As in philology his conjecture is the best who has most perfect mastery of the language and grammar, just so in archaeology he can most unerringly and correctly reconstruct a lost plastic model from the extant copies who has the profoundest knowledge of the plastic forms of the antique and their "grammar." To the superficial view all conjectures seem alike hypothetical; in reality they are tremendously different in value, according to the powers of the originators.

Archaeology has only lately recognized and begun to fulfill her function with respect to the existing copies of the lost masterpieces of ancient sculpture. She was encouraged thereto by the progress of modern technique, which first furnished, in photography, the means to compare with exactness the various existing but scattered copies, and thereby to establish the tradition. Earlier students had no adequate idea of this work, and contented themselves with assembling the examples which were fairly alike, without deciding whether they were copies or more or less free remodelings. In passing judgment on these it was usual to settle on a chance-selected copy, — and on its errors, — and, with the still undeveloped knowledge of the evolution of style of the special forms, the mistakes of the copyist were ascribed to the original. We have now, no doubt, made progress in these matters; we are aware for instance, how mistaken it was of Brunn to base his analysis of the type of the Giustiniani Apollo only on the

Giustiniani exemplar, without citing at all the replica from the Baths of Caracalla; the former exemplar is one quite arbitrarily made over by the copyist, such as the thick eyelids, and it was just on those faulty traits, inserted by the copyist, that Brunn had based his analysis of the form, the result of which could not be otherwise than wrong. We now easily see further how the same Brunn erred when he wished to see a characteristic of the glance of Hera in the eyes of that head of the so-called Farnese Hera, while we now see in the modeling simply a copy of that way of treating the eye which belonged to the period of the original. But this whole field, the reconstruction of the lost plastic masterpieces of the antique from the copies which have been preserved, is an excessively difficult one, and we know well that our study is here but in its beginnings.

In general it appears to us that a thorough-going understanding of Greek art as it really was, is now for the first time dawning upon us, and we believe firmly in the future of our science and in its coming important development. The absolute worth of Greek art within the totality of the creations of the human mind comes more clearly and more strikingly to view, the interest and the joy in this unique beauty of the past are ever increasing, and still the eagerly pursued excavations bring daily fresh material. We may well describe classical archaeology as a scion of the great tree of human knowledge, youthful indeed, but lusty and full of the promise of sturdy growth.

SOME PRESENT PROBLEMS IN THE HISTORY OF GREEK SCULPTURE

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By the term "classical art," as used in the language of this Congress, I understand Greek art and what is commonly called Roman art, which is mainly late Greek art on Roman soil. The history of each great branch of this art — architecture, painting, and sculpture — presents problems which might profitably be here discussed. Thus in the field of architecture we might take up the origins of the Doric and Ionic orders, or the question as to how much of what we are accustomed to think of as characteristic of Roman architecture — its use of arches, vaults, and domes, its combination of the arch with the decorative column and entablature, its treatment of architectural details and ornaments — was borrowed from Greek architecture as it existed in Alexandria, in Antioch, and in other flourishing centres of late Greek civilization. In the field of painting an attempt might be made to explain on what evidence and by what methods may be conjured up some shadowy semblance of the works of the great painters of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C.; or, under the stimulus of a recent essay,¹ to consider the extent of the originality in design and in technique displayed by the extant frescoes of the Roman imperial period.

Clearly, however, it would be unwise, within the limits of a single address, to include matters so various, and I have therefore chosen to confine myself to a single branch of Greek art, namely, sculpture.

What would an ideal history of Greek sculpture be? Suppose that a man equipped with the highest native capacity for the task and with the best training attainable at the present day had sources of knowledge as complete for the Greek period as for the nineteenth century of our era, what manner of history would he produce? Whatever else his work might contain, — and that might be much, — it would set forth clearly and unquestionably the general qualities characteristic of Greek sculpture in each successive phase of its development, the distinctive features of each great local school, and

¹ Wickhoff, *Roman Art* (translated by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong).

the individual styles of numerous artists great and small. The reader would learn to know Myron, Phidias and Polyclitus, Scopas, Praxiteles and Lysippus, more fully and certainly than we can know Donatello and Michelangelo. The influence of each of these great masters upon his fellow sculptors, his pupils and successors, would be disclosed. And scores of other sculptors of varying degrees of genius would receive adequate treatment. All this of course would be done with the help of illustrations, which would present to the eye a long gallery of statues and reliefs, each piece complete in form and color as when it left the master's hand.

How far we are from possessing any such history of Greek sculpture as this every beginner knows. Of the necessary materials for such a work only a small fraction exists. Instead of full and authoritative literary documents we have the brief and unintelligent summary compiled by the elder Pliny, the scattered notices in Pausanias and other writers, chiefly of Roman imperial date, — notices often vague, and only in the rarest cases penetrating and precise, — and finally some hundreds of inscriptions giving names of sculptors, occasionally with one or two additional particulars, but mostly referring to works of which not a vestige remains. However, as literary documents are of only minor importance to the historian of art, our poverty in this matter could be made light of, were the works themselves preserved to tell their story to one skilled to decipher it. But in truth the actual remains of the finest Greek sculpture are exceedingly scanty. Of grave reliefs and votive reliefs and sculptures used as decorations for temples and mausoleums we have, to be sure, a great many, though in a mutilated condition. But of independent sculptures in the round, such as statues of divinities, of athletes, statesmen, and men of letters, we have from the best period very few. The masterpieces on which the fame of the greatest sculptors rested are without exception lost, and we are fortunate when one of them can be identified in a copy or copies of Roman date. Copies, in fact, executed during the century preceding and the two centuries following the beginning of the Christian Era, constitute a large part of our monumental testimony to the history of Greek sculpture. That we have them is the chief reason why we know the art of Polyclitus or Praxiteles more fully than we may hope to know the art of Polygnotus or Apelles.

The historian of Greek sculpture, having these materials at his disposal, ought to base his views as to the artistic style or styles of a given time and place primarily upon extant original works of that time and place, including every class of artistic remains, — sculptures, paintings, coins, gems, — in short, all surviving products of the graphic and plastic arts. Into the framework thus obtained he must fit those lost works which he re-creates in imagination from copies. Where trustworthy evidence fails, as it often does, he must perforce

make large use of hypothesis, and, however cautious his temperament, he can hardly fail at times to confound plausible hypothesis with well-established fact.

If this meant that we are doomed to endless, unprogressive guesswork, it would be discouraging indeed. Fortunately nothing of the sort is true. The advance which during the last hundred years has been made in the understanding of the history of Greek sculpture has been enormous, and is going on at the present day with accelerated speed. This advance comes about in part through the constant accession of new materials. Even literary documents come to light, like the fragment of a list of Olympian victors¹ found in Egypt and first published in 1899, which has supplied us with valuable dates in the careers of Pythagoras, Myron, and Polyclitus. New sculptors' inscriptions continue to be discovered. And above all, the stock of known sculptures is augmented each year by pieces which had been hidden underground or sometimes even at the bottom of the sea. Herein is one of the great, exciting compensations to the student of Greek art. Every fresh discovery makes a problem. The new thing must be studied and assigned to its proper place. It may become the starting-point for a new set of hypotheses, and so lead to an extensive readjustment of views previously entertained as to the history of Greek art.

To this accession of new material there must come an end, and that end cannot be very far off. But the study of old material is only less fruitful than the acquisition of new, and it is hard to foresee a time when discoveries can no longer be made with the materials in hand.

Something has already been said of the part which the study of copies plays in our reconstruction of the history of Greek sculpture. Your attention is now invited to some of the more general questions which that study involves. I realize as fully as any one that art-criticism, to be profitable, must be exercised on the actual object. Abstract discussions are likely not only to be dull, but also to miss the essential point. Yet I venture to hope that a few considerations may be worth putting forward, even without the help of visible illustrations.

To begin with, we need a working theory as to how these copies were made. We know that in the Roman imperial period, to which they chiefly belong, the practice of taking casts from statues, or at least from bronze statues, was in use. Casts are easily multiplied and easily transported, and from a cast or casts a workman or workmen, in the same or different parts of the empire, could make any number of copies in bronze or marble, agreeing with the original in dimensions and in all principal features. But the opinion has recently

¹ Grenfell and Hunt, *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*, part II, no. cccxii.

been urged ¹ with great force that the taking of casts from marble sculptures was impracticable, for the simple reason that Greek marble sculptures were always more or less painted, and the process of making a mould would have injured the coloring. Hence it is inferred that we must draw a sharp line of distinction between two classes of reproductions. On the one hand, from originals of bronze we have copies, in which a high degree of fidelity may be presumed; on the other hand, from originals of marble, and, it may be added, of gold and ivory, we have imitations, whose trustworthiness is much less. Thus, — so the inference runs, — while we may form a fair idea of the bronze Discus-thrower of Myron or the bronze Doryphorus of Polyclitus, we cannot know, except vaguely, the gold and ivory Hera of Polyclitus or the marble Cnidian Aphrodite of Praxiteles.

Here is a matter deserving serious consideration. Yet the distinction is perhaps not so important as it at first appears. We have no assurance that the copies of bronze statues were always or even usually made from casts, although that is possible. And even if they were, it must be remembered that the possession of a cast, while it made fidelity in the copy possible, did not by any means necessitate fidelity. On the other hand, Greek marble sculptures may in some instances by the Roman period have so far lost their coloring that no objection would be felt to taking casts from them. And when this was not the case, it must often have been possible to make an accurate model in clay of a marble work, and from this model to make casts, as has recently been done for one of the archaic female figures of the Athenian acropolis. It is conceivable also that a copy was sometimes based upon drawings made in the presence of the original and perhaps accompanied by measurements. However it was done, it is certain that copies much too faithful to have been executed from memory were often made from marble originals. Thus in a caryatid of the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican we have a Roman copy of one of the caryatids of the south porch of the Erechtheum, in fact, of the particular one which was removed by Lord Elgin and which now stands in the British Museum. Again, there are numerous cases where a work of relief sculpture in marble exists in two or more copies. Take for example the relief representing Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes. Whether the Naples example is the actual original or not, the original, as of all such works, was certainly of marble. And in spite of the great inferiority of the Villa Albani example, and the still greater inferiority of the Louvre example, to that in Naples, the differences are not greater than we often find between different copies of a bronze statue. Now it is true that no amount of resemblance between copies affords absolute proof of their resemblance to a lost original. It may conceivably be that all derive from a single copy, and that an inexact

¹ S. Reinach, *Revue archéologique*, 1900, II, p. 384 ff.

one. Yet on the whole a high degree of resemblance, especially between copies in marble from marble, is reassuring. It shows that fairly faithful reproductions were possible and were worth while. And, to conclude this matter, it does not seem necessary to regard with much more distrust the copies made from marble than those made from bronze.

Another question may be introduced at this point, although logically it belongs rather at the end than at the beginning of the discussion. The practice of copying Greek sculptures of the fifth, fourth, and third centuries B. C., is abundantly attested for the Roman imperial period. May we then assume that *all* Roman copies go back to Greek originals of good period, or must we consider the possibility that some of them represent originals created at Rome in the first century B. C., or later? Certainly we must consider the possibility. In a copying age there is no reason why the new should not be copied as well as the old, provided the new is in demand. Such demand did exist for portraits of the Roman emperors, and we accordingly find actual duplicates, though hardly so often as one would expect, in our stock of imperial portraits. Thus the famous head of the young Augustus in the Vatican agrees in all essentials with one less well known in the British Museum, and a repulsive but powerful portrait of Caracalla is preserved in several substantially identical copies. But there is no clear case of an ideal creation of Roman date attaining to the honors of reproduction. To be sure, this statement may not pass unchallenged. A few years ago numbers of statues existing in two or more repetitions, such as the marble Artemis from Pompeii, the bronze Apollo with the lyre from the same place, the "Venus Genetrix," so-called, and the nude youth made by Stephanus, were commonly regarded as works of an archaistic school, whose founder was supposed to be Pasiteles, a Greek sculptor working in Rome in the earlier half of the first century B. C. This hypothesis of a Pasitelean school, which has been compared to the group of the "Nazarenes" in Germany and to that of the pre-Raphaelites in England, and whose productions have been supposed to be works of considerable originality and popularity, has now been generally abandoned. Yet it still has adherents in England. Thus our best English handbook of Greek sculpture¹ defends the name of Venus Genetrix, regarding the statue so called in the Louvre and its replicas as copied from the cult-image made by Arcesilaus for the temple of Venus erected by Julius Cæsar. But as the same authority holds that "the type, in its general character, dates from an earlier age," the difference between this view and that which regards the statues in question as copied directly from a fifth-century original is not, after all, very great. Similarly with regard to the athlete of Stephanus. According

¹ E. A. Gardner, *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, sect. 78.

to one view this is simply one of several copies of an early fifth-century bronze statue. It is not the best copy, and its singular proportions may be due to arbitrary modification of the original. According to the other view, this work, while greatly influenced by the style of the fifth century, is essentially a new creation, not necessarily of Stephanus himself, but perhaps of Pasiteles, or at any rate of about his time. Under all the circumstances of the case the former hypothesis appears to me far more probable. But the side which we choose to take in the controversy does not greatly affect our conception of fifth-century art, though it does make considerable difference in our estimate of the artistic conditions in Rome in the first century B. C. And even if we allow an exception or two, it will still remain true that in dealing with copies, excepting portraits of Roman emperors and one or two other Roman personages, we are dealing in the vast majority of cases with reproductions of much earlier originals.

Let us now suppose that we are studying a piece of sculpture which we suspect of being a copy and which we wish to assign to its proper historical place. If we are equipped for the task, that is to say, if we are endowed with good powers of observation and are extensively acquainted with the monuments of Greek art, we shall of course inevitably form a theory on the subject at the outset. But realizing the fallibility of any copy, we shall search through the existing stock of antiques for duplicates of the work under consideration. If there are any, they must all be taken into account, just as all the manuscripts of an ancient author must be taken into account in the attempt to reconstitute his original text. Let us suppose, to begin with, that we find one or more such duplicates, agreeing with the first piece in all principal features. Obviously either one of the number is the original and the others are copies from it, or all are alike copies of a lost original. The former alternative is possible enough in the abstract, and there are some cases where it is actually held, more or less confidently, by one or more archaeologists. The cases, however, where it may be considered practically certain are extremely few. In general no one of the duplicates has any claim to being regarded as the original. All are alike copies. But copies are given to varying among themselves according to the varying skill and conscientiousness of the copyists. No one of them, even though artistically it outrank the others, can be safely trusted to reproduce more faithfully than they every detail of the original. Hence they must all be diligently compared, in the hope of divining from their collective testimony the prototype. In this undertaking a merely mechanical procedure, such as deciding by a majority vote of the witnesses, will not do. There must be a divinatory instinct. But alas! the faculty of divination, however sure it may be of itself, cannot always impose its results upon others. Its operation often seems arbitrary, and carries

no conviction save to docile disciples. And if this is the case when we are comparing two or more slightly varying copies, how much greater is the danger when our search for duplicates proves unsuccessful and we are left with but the single representative! Yet in spite of all difficulties and perils the serious student cannot shirk the problem. He must form his mental picture of the lost original as best he may, and reveal it to others as clearly as possible. If he succeeds in winning the approval of expert opinion, his view has attained to as much certainty as the nature of the subject admits.

Thus far we have been supposed to be dealing either with a single copy or with two or more substantially identical copies. But the case is by no means always so simple. Often we find, besides a number of copies essentially similar to one another, one or more variants, or in other words pieces so far like the agreeing copies that they cannot be wholly independent, yet so far unlike that they cannot in any strict sense be identified with them. The most obvious explanation of such a variant is that the sculptor who executed it was simply modifying the same Greek original which is represented also by more exact reproductions. In one case he may have worked from memory and his divergences from the original may not have been intentional. In another case he may have had an exact copy before him and may have deliberately adapted it to some purpose of his own. No one doubts that this explanation, in one or other of its forms, is often applicable. Every one makes free use of it. Yet a different explanation is sometimes possible and is sometimes preferred. What I have called a variant may itself be a faithful copy of a lost Greek original, so that we are led back to two closely related Greek originals, produced by the same sculptor or by two different sculptors, one of whom in some way influenced the other. For example, there is at Mantua a coarsely executed marble figure of a Muse, holding in her right hand a tragic mask. This statue, while it has no known duplicates, is closely similar in pose and drapery to the caryatids of the Erechtheum. In view of this similarity it was seriously proposed ¹ a few years ago to treat the Mantuan figure as a copy of a Greek work of about 400 B. C. But really it seems most improbable that a Greek sculptor in the flourishing period of artistic activity, in seeking to create a Muse, should have imitated so closely figures used as architectural supports, however admirable, or *vice versa*. And I am glad to say that the author of the suggestion retracted it ² not long after in favor of the common-sense view that the Mantuan Muse is nothing but an adaptation of one of the caryatid figures by a late and clumsy sculptor.

A better example is afforded by the Farnese Diadumenus in the British Museum. Of this statue again there are no duplicates; in

¹ Arndt, *Photographische Einzelaufnahmen antiker Sculpturen*, Text, no. 9.

² Arndt, *op. cit.*, no. 257.

sense it stands alone. Yet it can hardly be dissociated altogether from those other Diadumenus figures which are believed on good grounds to be copied from a work of Polyclitus. The similarity in motive goes so far as to make probable some close interdependence. How then are the facts to be interpreted? Two theories are possible, as in the previous case: either the Farnese Diadumenus is the work of a sculptor of Roman date, a work based upon the famous statue of Polyclitus, but so far modified as to attest considerable originality on the sculptor's part; or it is a copy of a Greek work of about Polyclitus's time, perhaps an Attic work which Polyclitus saw and whose motive he borrowed and adapted. The question, it will be seen, like that of a Pasitelean archaizing school, is chiefly a question of the amount and kind of originality which may be assumed for the sculptors of the Roman imperial period. Certainly an age which produced works of such merit as the reliefs of the Ara Pacis, of the Arch of Titus, and of the Beneventine Arch of Trajan, was not wholly deficient in artistic originality. But it must be admitted that for the precise kind of originality which would be implied by the creation of the Farnese Diadumenus out of Polyclitean and other fifth-century suggestions our knowledge of the Roman period does not afford irrefutable evidence. The question is one on which serious students must for the present agree to differ.

The most ambitious historians of Greek sculpture are not content with placing a lost original, divined from a copy or copies, in its proper place and period. They would fain go farther and assign each work, or at least each important work, to the individual master who produced it, whether known to us by name or not. As slight external helps in this task, they have the scanty literary notices referred to at the outset of this address, but in the main they are obliged to rely upon the qualities of the works themselves. Here there is a temptation to apply the method pursued with so much zeal and confidence by Morelli and his followers in the field of Italian painting, the method which in discriminating artist from artist makes large use of little-noticed details, such as conformation of eye or ear. But the data presented to the student of Greek art are hardly comparable to those presented to the student of the Italian art of the Renaissance. In the latter field we have sufficiently well authenticated original works upon which to base our knowledge of the personal styles of the different masters, and from this sure foundation we may proceed to recognize other creations of theirs. But in the former field this sure foundation is almost everywhere lacking. With the fewest exceptions we are limited to mere copies. Now the broad features of a work of art, such as pose, proportions, disposition of drapery, survive in the better sort of copies; but the minutiae upon which we are tempted to rely in the effort to distin-

guish master from master — form of tear-duct, of ear-lobule, or whatever it be — may be due to the copyists and therefore valueless for the purpose desired. Indeed, the subjection of these inconspicuous details to the law of habit, which makes them useful as identifying marks, renders it unlikely that they would be reproduced save in copies of superlative accuracy; and copies of superlative accuracy are unfortunately very rare. Hence that method of connoisseurship which examines, as one means toward recognizing the individual master, the treatment of inconspicuous details must be regarded as largely inapplicable in dealing with Roman copies, or at least as of dubious probative force.

Again, the problem of recognizing, whether in originals or copies, the works of a single master is not merely the problem of recognizing decisive similarities. An artist's productions may vary greatly in different periods of his career, or even in one and the same period. If we are trying with our bits of evidence to make out the achievements and so the personal style of a great Greek sculptor, we need a theory as to the limits of the variation which we may in reason attribute to him. How are we to form such a theory? Judgments on this point commonly have an air of *a priori* dogmatism. Some one proposes to attribute two works to the same artist. The objector says, "No. The differences between the two are too great." No proof is offered, but such a verdict, in spite of its air of intuitive certainty, is doubtless derived more or less consciously from one's knowledge of art and artists generally in the past and in the present. Now I think that what is needed is a more thorough-going study directed to this very point. The work of artists of modern times lends itself to the purpose. Only when we have satisfied ourselves as to the widest limits of variation shown by any one of them are we in a position to form so much as a legitimate guess as to whether two Greek works are too unlike to have been conceived by a single brain and executed by a single hand.

Let me illustrate. There exist in Dresden two closely similar Athena figures, one headless, the other with head partially preserved. By combining, on the strength of convincing proof, a head in Bologna with the headless Dresden figure, and by supplying what else is missing in one from the other, two complete and substantially identical statues have been won.¹ It is argued that in these we possess copies of the Athena Lemnia of Phidias. Certainly the original must have been a work of extraordinary merit and one of the Phidiac age and school. There is some literary evidence, based chiefly upon the absence of a helmet from the head, for believing it to be by Phidias himself. While this external evidence is far from satisfactory, it appears to me to establish a considerable probability that the

¹ Furtwängler, *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*, p. 4 ff.

work, whether it be the Lemnia or not, — a point I would waive as of little consequence, — is at any rate by Phidias. But the objection is raised ¹ that the type of face is so different from the type of face of the Athena Parthenos of Phidias, known to us from unquestionable, though poor, copies, as to throw the gravest doubt on the proposed attribution. The difference does seem great: in the Parthenos a broad face with full cheeks and cheerful look, in the other a narrow oval face with sober, even severe expression. Can we suppose that one artist conceived and presented to his countrymen the same goddess in two aspects so unlike? Casting about for guidance here, I can think of nothing better than to examine the sculptured Madonnas of Michelangelo to see how far they agree among themselves in type of face. As a result I find between the circular relief in the Bargello, with its comparatively broad face and untroubled look, and the Bruges Madonna, with its narrow face and solemn expression, both of them productions of Michelangelo's early period, a difference which to me seems as great as we are obliged to suppose between the original Athena Parthenos and the original of the Bologna head under discussion. If my estimate be just, then there is surely no insuperable difficulty on this score in accepting the original of the Dresden statues as the work of Phidias.

Take another specific problem of a similar nature to the last, — a problem which has only recently come into the forefront of interest and which for this reason deserves to be treated somewhat more fully. For fifty years and more until the other day, a marble statue in the Vatican representing an apoxyomenus, that is, an athlete scraping himself with a strigil, has been universally regarded as an excellent copy of a bronze statue by Lysippus and as giving us our most trustworthy knowledge of that sculptor's style. This supposed knowledge has come to be a corner-stone in the history of Greek art. With our proneness to accept "what is believed always, everywhere, and by all," many of us had probably until lately not taken the trouble to scrutinize critically the evidence on which the identification depends. Let us look at it. Lysippus made an apoxyomenus, which was carried to Rome, was set up by Marcus Agrippa in front of his Thermæ, and was there much admired. These facts do not carry us far, for the subject was no uncommon one and we possess no detailed description of the treatment of it by Lysippus. But the marble statue in question exhibits a system of bodily proportions radically different from that of Polyclitus and agreeing with the valuable, though inadequate, indications afforded by Pliny regarding the innovations introduced by Lysippus. On reflection, however, we see that the agreement does not really clinch the matter. At most

¹ Robinson, *Catalogue of Casts of Greek and Roman Sculpture in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*, p. 89.

it only proves that the original of the apoxyomenus of the Vatican is not earlier than Lysippus; it does not prove that it is not later. But here other considerations come in, more difficult to weigh in the balances, but perhaps more influential in determining our opinion. We have copies, one of them certified by an inscription, of another work of Lysippus, a Heracles leaning upon his club, and it seems as if the apoxyomenus fitted in very well with that. Moreover it has been thought that in pose and in details of modeling this statue is such as might be expected from the greatest sculptor of the age of Alexander, a sculptor whom it is permissible, if not obligatory, to regard as at least twenty years younger than Praxiteles. It has been thought that what we know or guess of other sculptures of the age of Alexander and later can be brought into intelligible relation to the apoxyomenus, considered as Lysippean. And as not the least potent argument, there has been the feeling that this statue is too fine to be the work of some nameless or obscure sculptor of post-Lysippean date.

These considerations would probably still continue to seem sufficient to every one, had not a new claimant for Lysippean authorship made its appearance, with credentials which have carried conviction far and wide. I refer to the marble statue of Agias¹ found some ten years ago at Delphi. This is one of a group or rather a row of eight statues, representing eight members of a Pharsalian family, the family of one Daochus, tetrarch of Thessaly, who set them up soon after the battle of Chæroneia (338 B. C.). The pedestal bore inscriptions, mostly metrical, giving the names of the persons represented, but no sculptors' signatures. Some of the statues, and above all the Agias, appeared from the first to the fortunate discoverer to exhibit the style of Lysippus. The matter entered a new stage in 1900, with the publication,² accompanied by an acute commentary, of a fragmentary inscription from Pharsalus, all but identical with the one engraved at Delphi below the statue of Agias, but with the important addition of the name of Lysippus as sculptor. There was then a statue of Agias by Lysippus at Pharsalus. Of this statue, presumably of bronze, nothing further is directly known, but it is inferred on reasonable grounds that it was one of a series identical in subjects with the series at Delphi and probably set up a little earlier. So far, so good. The next step is to infer that the unsigned marble Agias at Delphi is a contemporary and trustworthy copy of the bronze Agias by Lysippus at Pharsalus, and this inference has been promptly accepted by leading archaeologists, German, French, and English, without a murmur of doubt or protest, so far as I know, from any quarter. But whereas some who speak with authority have regarded

¹ *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique*, 1899, pls. 10, 11.

² Preuner, *Ein delphisches Weihgeschenk*.

the Agias and the apoxyomenus as harmonious productions of a single artist, and as in fact confirming each other's claims to Lysippean authorship, another view is that the apoxyomenus shows such fundamental differences from the Agias and from other undisputedly fourth-century works that it must not only be denied to Lysippus, but be assigned to a post-Lysippean date. The argument is summed up in these sentences: "The feet are in the case of the apoxyomenus a feature which can scarcely be reconciled with a fourth-century origin. If we compare them with the foot of the Hermes of Praxiteles we shall find not merely a difference of school, but a difference so deep that it must show a different date. And can another work of the fourth century be found which shows the mastery of anatomy, and the precision in the rendering of detail, which we find in the apoxyomenus?"¹

But, after all, why should we regard the Agias of Delphi as Lysippean? The Thessalian tetrarch resident in Pharsalus decides to set up in his own city bronze statues representing earlier members of his family and himself, and for this series he engages the talent of the foremost sculptor in bronze of the day, and perhaps that of others. At the same time or later he decides to set up at Delphi marble statues representing the same persons. That he should use the same metrical epigrams for the two series is natural and appropriate. But is there any reason why the two sets of figures should look exactly alike? None, that I can see. The earlier members of the series, including the Agias, must probably be imaginary portraits, and I cannot suppose that any Greek would compare two sets of imaginary portraits in places separated by a journey of several days to see whether they agreed, or that he would be in the least surprised or disconcerted if he should happen to notice discrepancies. If it were a common practice of the time to make exact copies of statues, then, indeed, it would be the most economical and might be the most natural thing to have the bronze statues copied in marble. But in spite of what Pliny says about the invention by Lysistratus, brother of Lysippus, of the art of making casts from statues, there is no good reason to think that exact copying was common in Lysippus's day; indeed, some would go so far as to say that it was not practiced at all. Therefore, I think that Daochus would give the commission for the Delphian series, not to Lysippus and his associates, but to a sculptor or sculptors who habitually worked in marble, not hampering them with restrictions as to the relationship of their work to the other series. Whether they would be likely or not to be dominated by the influence of Lysippus, it is impossible to say *a priori*; perhaps not, as his work seems to have been exclusively in bronze. At all events, it is clearly unsafe to

¹ P. Gardner, *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1903, p. 130.

make the Agias our basis for determining the personal style of Lysippus.

What is certain, then, is that, in the Agias of Delphi we have a marble statue contemporary with Lysippus, and the question recurs whether, in view of its qualities and those of other works of the time known to us in originals or in copies, we are forced to assign the apoxyomenus to a post-Lysippean date. As in the case of Phidias we faced the question, how wide a range of variation is possible to a single artist, so here we face the question, how wide a range of variation is possible to different artists living at the same time and under the same general conditions. For my own part, I am disposed to think that there is no fatal objection to believing that Lysippus, whom I regard as belonging to a younger generation than Praxiteles, was himself the creator of those innovations which mark the apoxyomenus off from the Agias. And I am confirmed in this opinion when it is pointed out to me how far Leonardo da Vinci was in advance of Lorenzo di Credi, who was actually by seven years Leonardo's junior.

Finally, some one may ask, "Is all this painful balancing of probabilities worth while? Why pursue this difficult path toward a dubious end? Why not take each remnant of classic art for just what it is in itself, enjoying it according to its merits, and not tormenting ourselves with trying to establish its relations to other existent or non-existent things?" Perhaps these questions take us beyond the proper bounds of the subject prescribed for this address. Nevertheless, I beg leave to say in answer that I have a good deal of sympathy with the point of view which prompts such questions. For the great multitude of cultivated people the important thing is to know and appreciate works of art, rather than to understand their history. A knowledge of the history of Greek sculpture is no more necessary to an enjoyment of the Elgin marbles than a knowledge of the history of music is necessary to an enjoyment of a symphony by Beethoven. There is reason to fear that in academic teaching the historical side of the study of art is disproportionately emphasized. But that detailed and comparative scrutiny upon which a knowledge of the history of art rests ought not to stifle the power of enjoyment. Rather it ought to make enjoyment richer and deeper. Moreover the intellect has its rights, as well as the æsthetic faculty. It is a legitimate, yes, with some an imperative, desire to know what can be known of the conditions, material and spiritual, that gave birth to immortal works of art. But let us not forget that what gives dignity to this study is the power of the work of art to stir the emotions, to divert, console, inspire. If we forget that, our study is barren of its chief reward.

SECTION B — MODERN ARCHITECTURE

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(Hall 7, September 22, 3 p. m.)

CHAIRMAN: MR. CHARLES F. MCKIM, New York City.

SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR C. ENLART, University of Paris.

PROFESSOR ALFRED D. F. HAMLIN, Columbia University.

SECRETARY: MR. GUY LOWELL, Boston, Mass.

THE Chairman of the Section of Modern Architecture, Mr. Charles F. McKim, of New York City, spoke as follows:

“The unexampled opportunity offered our profession by this international congress to meet and hear a great number of eminent men of learning from all parts of the world, and to do honor to our distinguished guests, has drawn us together to-day. The tribute you make by your presence is abundant proof of your interest, at a time when the demands of professional practice are both numerous and imperative. It is eminently fit and proper that one of the divisions of this great congress should be devoted to architecture; not only is this true, but we are highly fortunate to be assembled here in a community whose splendid spirit of progress in recent years has placed it in the front rank of cities in the march of public improvement.

“Under these circumstances, I deem it a high privilege and pleasure to be permitted to welcome you to this session on ‘Modern Architecture.’ Architecture is the oldest of the arts. Its principles were developed early in the history of the race. Its laws were formulated long before the Christian Era, and its most exquisite flowers bloomed under the skies that fostered the production of beauty. An era of unequalled material and industrial prosperity throughout the country, together with a better understanding on the part of our builders, has brought to us great opportunities. But we should realize that great opportunities demand thorough training, that confidence comes not from inspiration, but from knowledge, that the architect who would build for the ages to come must have training of the ages that are gone. He must be faithful to the present, mindful of the future, and yet *not* separated from the past. I think we may say of our Muse what, in his recent tribute to Columbia, Bishop Greer said on the occasion of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that university:

“She journeys on, o’er that lonely steep, the hinder foot still firmer.”

RELATIONS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE TO THE STUDY OF OTHER PERIODS OF THE ART

BY CAMILLE ENLART

(Translated from the French by Mr. F. P. Keppel, of Columbia University)

[Camille Enlart, Professor of Comparative History of Architecture, University of Paris; and Director of the Collection of the Trocadéro.]

I SHALL endeavor to present a rapid review of the evolution of the study of the architectural history of the Middle Ages and of the present condition of this study, so far as it relates to France. It is essentially a modern science. Nothing, however, is so modern as not to have its roots in the past, and from the sixteenth century on, there were those who were interested in the monuments of the Middle Ages: in particular, their beauties had appealed to two scholarly architects, Philibert de l'Orme, who recommended the work of the old masters in architecture as models of construction; and Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, who made a collection of *relevés* "of the most excellent buildings of France." However, the whole point of view of the artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries rendered the Middle Ages utterly unintelligible to them: the historians alone studied the period, and in their study, so far as the records show us, the fine arts played but a small part. Two celebrated scholars, Peiresc, who died in 1637, and Gauguieres, who died in 1715, made collections of drawings of those monuments which relate to the history of France; and from 1729 to 1733 the Benedictine Convent of Montfaucon published a series of engravings of the same kind of subjects under the title, *Monuments of the French Monarchy*. This work is, however, very imperfect.

It would seem that the Abbé Le Boeuf, the historian of the Diocese of Paris, who died in 1760, regarded our monuments with less scorn and with more just appreciation than did his contemporaries. His opinions regarding them were sufficiently definite to warrant him in assigning exact dates to the buildings, but no one took the trouble to gather together his lectures or his manuscript notes.

To this unjust neglect of the art of the Middle Ages the Revolution added actual hate. Until then the buildings had been spared because of religious associations or out of respect for the ancient territorial families, but now these memories became odious, and acts of vandalism became matters of principle. However, there were two men, more thoughtful than their contemporaries, who interested themselves in the monuments at this period: Alexandre Lenoir obtained permission from the Convention to create a museum of French

architecture from *débris* gathered from all the edifices that had been sacked, and Millin went about through France, in order to sketch the most curious examples and to learn something about their history. He published his *National Antiquities* from 1790 to 1798, and in 1792, an Englishman named Ducarel came over to study the subject, and published in England a book on the Norman edifices of France.

The first really critical work was written in 1816 by a member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, Emeric David. His *History of French Sculpture* shows a point of view astonishingly in advance of his time; and his work is so accurate and his references so clear that to-day one can hardly do more than change a few lines here and there. It must be added that this work could find no publisher during the lifetime of its author. It did not appear until forty years after it was written; and while the great *History of Art through its Architectural Monuments* by Seroux d'Agincourt, published in 1827, is a trustworthy effort, it is a work that in comparison to that of David seems very immature. The men who in 1795 had overturned the throne and the altar were in all matters of art most fervent believers, indeed, almost Ultramontanes. The doctrine of the infallibility of the Roman ideas in art in their eyes did not admit of the slightest discussion; the Restoration hardly modified their ideas. Châteaubriand, however, discovered the poetry of the Gothic churches; and in general it was through the men of letters that the Middle Ages were already on the way toward being understood and appreciated, when, about 1830, the Romantic movement brought about freedom of thought in matters relating to art.

Like all revolutions, the Romantic movement went too far, and it misunderstood the true nature of those principles whose beauty it had discovered; but it is not often that public opinion is conquered by just and well-balanced ideas. Public opinion was brought to appreciate the architecture of the Middle Ages by Victor Hugo and his school, and the official sanction of this worthy *renaissance* was the creation of the Commission on Historical Monuments in 1838, and, in 1847, the establishment of *l'Ecole des Chartes*, where a course in national archaeology was offered by the director, J. Quicherat. Through these institutions there has come about a logical and scholarly procedure in restorations and in the study of our edifices from the historical point of view.

With regard to restorations: Just at this time the restoration of St. Denis had made it clear that a more serious study was absolutely necessary. The idea of restoring the glories of an edifice which summed up the annals of the French monarchy had been dear alike to Napoleon, to Louis XVIII, to Charles X, and to Louis Philippe. But each one of the three régimes had ignominiously failed to carry it out. The chief architect, Debret, made himself famous by his

mistakes. It was still believed with all seriousness that all that was necessary to do in order to imitate the Middle Ages was to make mistakes in composition and in drawing, just as children think that they imitate a strange language when they make a jargon of discordant sounds. Never was so much money so maladroitly expended. All the ornaments of the façades were robbed of their character. The great bell-tower was in bad condition; the result of its rebuilding was its immediate collapse.

To the architect J. B. Antoine de Lassus belongs the honor of having rediscovered the rules and the real spirit of Gothic art, and of applying them in the restoration of the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, which was completed by Viollet-le-Duc, and which is a real masterpiece. At the same time Lassus published the *Album of Villard de Honnecourt*. It is a matter of great regret that this learned and artistic man should have worked so slowly and that his life was so short. Viollet-le-Duc, who was his collaborator and afterwards his successor, has eclipsed him; but although much more brilliant as a writer and much more productive, his restorations were not always so satisfactory as those of Lassus.

While Victor Hugo was inflaming all imaginations with the art of the Middle Ages, of which he himself had, by the way, a most uncritical conception, there were other writers who were rendering serious services to its history.

In 1828 Baron Taylor and Charles Nodier joined forces to publish the immense collection of the *Voyages Pittoresques et Romantiques dans l'ancienne France*, which contains some valuable information and a great number of beautiful and often very accurate lithographic drawings, precious to-day as witnesses of the condition of the great works at that time.

A very useful and reliable work was that of the Count Léon de Labord. In his researches relating to the history of the dukes of Burgundy published in 1849-50, he has set an excellent example — the first of its kind — by showing what may be done for the history of art by a careful study of the earliest records.

It was for two men, Viollet-le-Duc and Quicherat, respectively, to establish standards of taste and intelligence with regard to the art of the Middle Ages, and accurate ideas as to its history and a scholarly method for its study. Quicherat delivered erudite professorial lectures at l'Ecole des Chartes to a picked body of experts. Viollet-le-Duc, on the other hand, won the favor of the entire public by the magic of his expositions and deductions and the charm with which he was able to present his ideas. He maintained with inimitable eloquence that, however different might be Greek art, Gothic art is in no way inferior, either in structure or in beauty, and that it is far superior to Roman art, which is neither original nor delicate.

Viollet-le-Duc's mind was too keen and too active for him not to pass on from this conclusion to theories for the reform of modern art. He proclaimed the necessity of a new style which should be as original and as logical as the Greek or the Gothic. It is, however, from the point of view of the archaeologist that one must judge him here, and one is compelled to admit two defects: in the first place he undertook too much to be able always to go back to the original sources in order to verify his data. In his admirable encyclopaedia of French architecture are many errors as to details, corrected by M. Anthyme Saint-Paul in 1880. Happily these inaccuracies do not militate against the clarity and the justice of his admirable general ideas on the subject. In his restorations the same haste brings about the same defects, and here they are more serious; his confidence in the architectural principles which he deduced too often urged him to make his restorations in a spirit that is dogmatic rather than historical: he rebuilt edifices as they should have been, instead of restoring them to what they actually had been. His disciples were beguiled by his example, with results that the historical student must deplore. Even worse, charmed as they were by the beauties of unity and logic, Viollet-le-Duc and his disciples often obliterated from buildings early repairs which might have been heterogeneous, but which had their own beauty, and which in any case were of historic value.

Quicherat, on the contrary, was the apostle of truth rather than of beauty. He was too much of a skeptic to carry his preferences to the point of enthusiasm; too little a friend of the human race to permit himself to become a popularizer and proselyter; his spirit was not that of the artist, but that of the savant. Disregarding popular approval, he devoted his labor and his zeal to the attainment of historical accuracy. He was a patient analyzer, one who put all documents to the test of a most careful scrutiny, and who never generalized beyond the limits of prudence. He was the creator of an admirable school and method, both of them exerting a beneficent influence that is still felt.

Possibly the essential difference in character of these two men, to whom we owe the education of the scholar and that of the artist in France, has had something to do with the antagonism which still exists between archaeologists and architects.

Contemporary with these two masters, but much less important than they, one must place the well-known name of M. de Caumont, the popularizer *par excellence* of the archaeology of the Middle Ages. From 1830 to 1870, from the depths of his retreat in Normandy, he continued to exercise a most mischievous influence. May I be permitted to say that the reason that he succeeded in popularizing the subject is that his conception of it, in contrast to that of Viollet-le-Duc and Quicherat, was essentially a commonplace one? Thanks

to his *Alphabet of Archaeology*, constantly reissued and revised from 1830 to 1870, the archaeology of the Middle Ages had no longer any mysteries for the French curé or the chemist of the provincial town. It became the harmless pastime of the college student on his vacation; and, thanks to the foundation of the French Society of Archaeology, with its organ, the *Bulletin Monumental*, with its annual congresses and the reports presented at them, all the readers of the *Alphabet* came into touch with each other and were enabled to receive constantly, more or less regular instruction. Thus they learned to examine and pass judgment upon the architectural monuments in their neighborhood. When the congress came to them, caretakers and curés were happy and proud to appear for the occasion as learned men and to do the honors of their manor-houses or their churches; the buildings glittering with stained glass and coats of arms recently renovated and considerably embellished in the process. The work of De Caumont spread over a considerable surface, because it had practically no depth; his book is essentially the work of a provincial, it was made from a study of the Norman monuments; and his horizon is limited in every direction. Never in all his life did a general idea, a philosophical conception, or a logical train of reasoning come to him. His work consists of a series of statements, sufficiently great in number to make possible the formulating of chronological rules.

The matter was spread out with great regularity, and was then cut up just as one makes caramels. The divisions follow regular lines, the arbitrary limits of the centuries; as in geology, each period has a name. The definitions, like the names, are based upon accidents of form without real bearing, and not upon principles, or upon forms that are really generic and essential.

Another popularizer, more intelligent than De Caumont, but an illogical thinker, was Didron. This man accomplished a great deal of work, and, in his *Archaeological Annals*, has left a monument of permanent value. He was an artist of taste, a painter on glass and a designer of bronzes; a merchant who was not averse to advertisement, but, at the same time, a man of considerable scholarship. His temperament was ardent and controversial; he was an eloquent denunciator of vandalism and a militant Catholic. While rendering great services to medieval archaeology, he made three serious mistakes. Justly indignant as he was at certain restorations, but immoderate in his criticisms and not entirely free from prejudice, he did his share in bringing about the antagonism between archaeologists and architects, an antagonism which is still a misfortune to both, and, above all, a misfortune to the monuments themselves.

Didron was right in seeing in the art of the Middle Ages the expression of Christian civilization, but he exaggerated this point of view to the extent of seeing nothing but heresy in the art of the Renaissance

and that of modern times. Lastly, it was through his influence that medieval art became closely interwoven with clericalism in the minds of very many people, with two very unfortunate results: the creation of a nondescript neo-Gothic art, exaggerated by mysticism (of this, the work of Didron himself furnishes some of the earliest models) and, secondly, a distrust of medieval art on the part of the non-clerical public.

Along with these influential men Mérimée, a delicate *littérateur* and excellent archaeologist, should have an honorable place. In archaeology, as in literature, he had a keen eye and a refined taste, and that sense of proportion which Didron lacked. He was able to bring to light in the French provinces numberless treasures of art which, upon his recommendation, have been rescued from oblivion by the Commission on Historical Monuments.

At this time, Révoil, an eminent archaeologist and ardent Southerner, was a distinguished member of this Commission. We owe to him a number of restorations of unequal merit and a sumptuous work upon the Romanesque architecture of the Midi, which contains beautiful illustrations of more permanent value than the text.

Two other scholars, MM. Vitet and Daniel Ramée, should be mentioned as among the best of the archaeologists of the middle of the nineteenth century. Vitet was the first to prepare an elaborate and richly illustrated monograph upon a French cathedral. He chose Noyon, and his work is still the only one that contains adequate drawings of this edifice; the text is now no longer up to the standard of our present scientific knowledge, but it has formed a valuable basis for later researches. The same may be said of Ramée's archaeological studies and his short essay upon the history of architecture.

Two conscientious archaeologists of keen insight and skilled as draughtsmen were Léo Drouyn, of Bordeaux, whose *Military History of Guienne* is a complete and accurate monograph, with illustrations which were destined to form the most valuable part of the books of M. de Caumont, and Félix de Verneilh, of Périgord, known to fame for his theory that Byzantine art came into France in the tenth century from the Venetians, a most ingenious theory, but one which later documentary discoveries have exploded.

While these masters were making known the history of our architecture, that of our industrial arts was being defined by such men as Dusommerard, Paul Lacroix, known as "Bibliophile Jacob," Dareel, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, who wrote on the arts of the goldsmith and the painter upon glass, and, above all, Charles de Linas, whose researches in gold-work and enameling leave nothing more to be done. An immense work on the *History of the Industrial Arts* by Labarte, written too early, unfortunately, is still the only body of knowledge

which we have on this subject. We are, however, expecting its replacement by the work of M. E. Molimer.

The fact that the Gothic style had been carried into foreign lands by French monks had been noted about 1857 by Félix de Verneilh; about 1860, Palestine and Syria were explored by the Marquis de Vogüé and Baron Rey. The first studied the churches of the Crusaders and the second their castles. In addition, M. de Vogüé brought to light the Christian architecture of Central Syria during the period from the fourth to the eighth century, the period which forms the connecting link between medieval and classic art, and discovered there the prototypes of our medieval architecture. The period of Early Christian art in Gaul was illumined by Le Blant's fine volumes upon Christian sarcophagi.

To the labor of these men, who did so much for the history of the art of their country, should be added that of foreign scholars. In England, about 1792, Ducarel made a study of Norman architecture; later, about the middle of the nineteenth century, Willis published an edition of the *Album of Villard de Honnecourt*; Parker made a comparison of the French edifices with those of England; Street, in studying the architecture of Spain and Northern Italy, recognized very definite French influences. In Germany, Hübsch, Schnaase, Sulpice Boisserée, threw considerable light upon the history of our art.

The results obtained by this first generation of scholars are now distanced and have had, in many instances, to be corrected; but they were none the less of value.

Medieval architecture, a dead letter for the men of the eighteenth century, who, with the sole exception of Le Boeuf, could not assign a date within a thousand years, had, in 1830, its definite limits, and, in 1880, at the time of the death of Viollet-le-Duc and Quicherat, the entire body of its history was made the property of the French people. The different epochs, Merovingian, Carolingian, and Romanesque (with its two divisions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries and its many schools), were recognized, but were not clearly defined. In the Gothic style three periods were clearly distinguished. The history of each cathedral and abbey was known and, to some extent, the history of the influences of French art upon foreign schools.

But, together with much truth, several errors were being propagated. For the most tenacious we must thank M. de Caumont, who, taking the opposite view from that of Millin, interpreted the term *croisée d'ogives* as equivalent to "pointed arched window." Caumont called the pointed arch the *ogive*, whereas ogives are in reality the salient ribs forming the groins at the intersection of two vaults (*arcus ogivus* = *arc de renfort*). A more serious error, for it lies in a fact and not in a word, was that which made him choose

the pointed arch as the characteristic of the Gothic style, which, for this reason, he christened "ogival." He would by this classification have brought into Gothic architecture practically all the Romanesque buildings of Burgundy and Provence and half of those of the Isle de France; all those of the North, of Central France, and of the Southwest.

Félix de Verneilh made another blunder; having no knowledge of the destruction of Saint Front de Périgueux in 1120 by a fire, of which a complete account appears in the chronicles of the bishops, he thought that he saw in the famous present church with its domes the edifice of 1040. He believed it to have been derived from Saint Mark's at Venice, which was also attributed to the tenth century, and he saw in it the prototype of the domed churches of Périgord; whereas, as a matter of fact, many of these latter are much more ancient, and none of them come down farther than the year 1100.

Révoil, in studying the art of Provence, believed that he could assign definite dates to very ancient foundations through certain epigraphic characteristics and certain architectural forms imitated from the antique. He believed in an unbroken persistence of these influences in Provence, whereas there was only a renaissance of it in the twelfth century, as is shown, on the one hand, by the late date of the buildings that approach nearest to Roman art, Saint Gilles and Saint Trophime of Arles; and, on the other hand, the crudeness of those relics that are known to be connected with the Merovingian or Carolingian periods, as, for instance, the crypts of Saint Victor of Marseilles, of Montmajour and of Digne.

From 1880 until the present time the schism between the disciples of Viollet-le-Duc and those of Quicherat has become more clearly defined. This is due to the divergent paths along which their masters led and which they followed. The pupils of Quicherat lived in the speculative domain of history; those of Viollet-le-Duc in the practical domain of art. Without relinquishing the study of the evolution of the medieval styles, the architects of the school of Viollet-le-Duc have more and more come to neglect historical researches in order to give their attention to the architectural forms, both in the interests of restoration and of original construction. With regard to restoration, M. Lucien Magne has come to the point of announcing as a principle that all attempts to imitate closely the ancient form should be abandoned, and that the monuments of the past should rather be completed in a modern style that will be harmonious with the ancient parts of the building. This principle he has applied very happily in the church of Bougival.

This whole point of view has met with much opposition in Belgium from the pupils of Baron Béthune, a rival of Viollet-le-Duc, and by the professors of l'Ecole Saint Luc, especially the architect Cloquet.

These men are most particular as to the question of the imitation of the Gothic style, even in new buildings, and, as a matter of principle, restore the old buildings without the slightest divergence from the original style.

In France, the most eloquent and the most learned of the pupils of Viollet-le-Duc, M. de Baudot, has exerted an excellent influence and has offered a well-attended course in the Museum of the Trocadéro. He has made the study of the styles of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance serve ends that are not speculative, but practical. In other words, his results are not copies, but logical deductions. The Rationalist school, of which he is the head, studies the principles of the masters of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance and modifies them in so far as the modern problems have become modified by new building-materials, better facilities for transportation, more practical mechanical devices, and changes in customs and needs.

Unfortunately the Rationalist School meets great difficulty in the fixed habits of contractors and workmen, who have become accustomed to work and to set their prices in accordance with the prevailing usage. Furthermore, the results obtained by mechanical appliances give a monotony that is not in the spirit of an architecture that is really carefully studied out in its details.

Still, M. de Baudot has, in the new church of Montmartre, succeeded in creating entirely new forms adapted to iron and cement construction; and another artist, M. Plumet, has carried on higher and higher the art of adapting from the Gothic forms a modern architecture that is at the same time thoroughly logical and thoroughly satisfactory.

The Middle Ages have come to exert so strong an influence on our study that, for the last fifteen years, l'Ecole des Beaux Arts itself has maintained a course by M. Paul Boeswilwald which acquaints young architects with the artistic history of their country; and, shortly after this course began, one was opened by M. Lucien Magne upon decorative art, in which the principles of M. Viollet-le-Duc were openly approved.

One idea of Viollet-le-Duc's, which was realized only after his death, has become very fruitful in its results. This was the establishment, in 1882, of the Museum of Sculpture and Architecture at the Trocadéro. The Museum has developed in an astonishing way, and it has been literally a revelation to the public. It contains casts of carefully selected examples from the architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and makes them still better known to the public by sale of copies.

Architectural work in France is to-day improving, and no one can question that the present advance in style and accuracy is the result

of the general propagation by those who have come under the influence of the instruction of Quicherat and of the methods of l'Ecole des Chartes.

The influence of the successor and the chief disciple of Quicherat, M. de Lasteyrie, is predominant among the present historians of French art. He had many pupils, and the results of his teaching have been more immediately felt than those of M. de Baudot, as the publication of books does not offer the same practical difficulties as the construction of buildings. M. de Lasteyrie and his pupils, of whom I have the honor to be one, give their attention as much to the careful study of historical records as to that of architectural forms, and their methods of research are equally rigorous in both. Thanks to their efforts, the history of medieval architecture has achieved an extraordinary precision as to dates and general conclusions. The desire to be able to settle everything exactly has, however, sometimes tempted some of us too far. By crediting certain vague texts with an accuracy which they do not possess, we have made serious blunders. In his last work, M. de Lasteyrie gives a rather dangerous example, when, having noticed with regard to the cathedral of Chartres that *introitur ecclesie* cannot possibly have reference to the doorway, he affirms that the portal of Saint Gilles was completed in 1170 because an act was passed in that year *ante fores ecclesie*. A similar case is that in which he affirms that the southern tower of Chartres is more ancient than the porch because a tower is a more necessary architectural feature than a porch. Some of the errors resulting from the too eager scrutiny of the texts are not less dangerous than the too absolute judgments of Viollet-le-Duc. M. Lefèvre Pontalis makes an error of more than a quarter-century as to the date of the church of Bellefontaine from having believed that a formal permission to build in 1124 must have immediately been followed by actual construction, and he has multiplied the error through assigning dates to a number of other churches as the result of his conclusions as to Bellefontaine. A disregard for historical accuracy threatens to make very difficult the establishment of a geographical chart for the Romanesque schools of architecture. For the last twenty years, the pupils of M. de Lasteyrie have devoted themselves to the study of these schools, taking as a framework the ecclesiastical boundary lines, although, as indeed would be the case to-day, the influence that held certain groups of artists within certain territories could not have been other than political,—the influence of vassalage. The frontiers of the spiritual jurisdiction were entirely different.

It was from l'Ecole des Chartes that there came an authority whose too early death occurred only a few years ago, Louis Courajod. He established a course on the history of French art at l'Ecole du Louvre, for which a worthy successor has been found in the

person of André Michel. While taking a most scrupulous account of the texts, their teaching rests much more on the æsthetic point of view than did that of Quicherat and his successors, and it certainly does not seem to be less fruitful in results than that of l'Ecole des Chartes. Courajod indeed erred, from time to time, by reason of his too vivid imagination. His theory, basing the origin of the Gothic style upon the necessities of construction in wood, which has been contradicted by the actual facts, has been abandoned. One of his pupils, M. Albert Marignan, has shown himself to be a distinguished architect of unquestioned originality. Through his undertaking to prove that they were of much more recent date than had been believed, he has to his credit the bringing about of a general reconsideration of the dates of the most celebrated monuments. The buildings lend themselves only in a small degree to Marignan's attempt; for instance, his opinions with regard to the great doorway of Chartres and the tapestries of Bayeux have provoked most interesting replies from M. de Lasteyrie as to Chartres and M. Lanore as to Bayeux.

An authority who is a teacher only by his writings, M. Anthyme Saint-Paul, has a wide and most salutary influence in pointing out the historical errors of Viollet-le-Duc and in editing with modern scholarship and critical insight the archaeological sections of the *Guides Joanne*. He has brought an immense mass of accurate information within the reach of the public, and has corrected a number of erroneous theories.

Another independent authority, the ingenious M. Auguste Choisy, has published monographs that are masterly in their technical analysis of Roman and Byzantine architecture, exhibiting a penetration and a power of synthesis that are beyond all praise. Here and there only, in points of detail, is there a lack of information or an erroneous historical deduction.

One must also say a word with reference to the interesting labors of the Count de Dion upon two branches of medieval architecture that have been too much neglected, the châteaux and the monasteries, and also the valuable research of the lamented Palustre upon the French Renaissance. One cannot say too much in praise of the work of M. Emile Mâle upon the *Religious Art of the Thirteenth Century*, — too comprehensive a title, by the way, — of which two editions have appeared within the last three years. The author has traced with astonishing success the literary sources from which have come the paintings and sculptures that decorate our churches.

In addition to the publication by provincial societies of architectural statistics, along various lines and of most unequal merit, — and in general distinctly inferior to those published in Germany, — researches have been made into the different schools of art of the

French provinces, and particularly as to the art of the Romanesque school. Révoil studied in Provence, and Ruprich Robert, the elder, worked later in Normandy. Their labors are important, but incomplete, and their conclusions can be accepted only in part. We owe to M. Brutaills a masterly study on religious art in Roussillon. Finally the lamented M. Rochemonteix studied the Romanesque art of the altar. The greater part of this research appears in the form of theses by the students of l'Ecole des Chartes. Among eleven theses of this character only four have been published, those of MM. Lefèvre Pontalis, Jean Virey, Thiollier, and my own. The French school at Rome has now taken up researches into the history of art on its own account. From 1889 to 1894 I studied in Rome the French origins of Gothic art, and this year M. Bertaux published there the first volume of a most important study on the art of Southern Italy. Other works are in preparation. The students of the school at the Louvre, unwilling to be left behind by their rivals, have been doing their share in this work. Up to the present time they have occupied themselves mainly with the Renaissance, M. Vitry in a beautiful book upon Michel Colombe, and MM. Marquet de Vasselot and Raymond Koechlin in the study of the sixteenth-century sculpture at Troyes. M. Salomon Reinach has carried on to the period of the Middle Ages the course of lectures upon national antiquities delivered by M. Bertrand. Two experts, who were friends of the lamented Courajod, MM. André Michel and Lemonnier, faithfully gathered together his lecture-notes, and have published them. Finally, I myself have been able to bring out, within the last two years, two volumes of a manual of French archaeology, in which I think has been gathered together the present knowledge of our national architecture from the sixth to the sixteenth century.

For the past one hundred years foreign archaeologists have constantly been making important contributions to the history of French architecture. In 1792 the Englishman Ducarel led his French confrères in the study of the Norman architectural monuments. In our own time, an American and two Germans have, similarly, led in the study of certain historical questions.

The French archaeologists have confined themselves too closely to their own country, and the superiority of several of these foreign works lies in the fact that their authors were able to see French architecture in the light of their knowledge of that of other countries. It is these comparisons that give its great value to Professor Dehio's exhaustive work on Occidental Ecclesiastical Architecture, the publication of which began in 1885. This is a colossal work, which combines much personal research with a *résumé* of many hundreds of other books, the whole being unified by his personal point of view, just as all the drawings in the work are upon the same scale. For the future

this publication must be regarded as an indispensable tool for all who wish to make a serious study of medieval art.

The first man to publish a complete book upon Gothic architecture, and to show that the beginnings and the culmination of this architecture were in France, was Professor Charles Moore of Harvard University. This excellent book, published first in 1889, had a great success and was republished, with many improvements, in 1900. It is one of the most original and most logical works that have been written upon the subject. Mr. Moore admits as "Gothic architecture" only the purest types, all very rare, and practically limited to the Isle de France: the imperfect Gothic he calls "pointed architecture." This system of classification is a little radical, and the expression "pointed" seems unsatisfactory, because the pointed arch was a frequent element in Romanesque architecture.

Finally, among the most important foreign works must be mentioned the book of Dr. Wilhelm Vogë on *The Beginnings of the Monumental Styles of the Middle Ages*. It is a history of the origins of monumental sculpture in France, and is precious on account of the range of its researches, the accuracy of its statements, and its richness in comparisons. The general conclusions, however, appear in the light of our present information to be capable of refutation.

An Italian, Commandatore Rivoira, has made a very important study of the Lombard influences in France, and an Englishman, John Bilson, has just produced most disturbing but most convincing documents with reference to the origin of the Gothic style.

In conclusion, I should like to outline the questions that have to-day been settled, and those that are still debatable.

The chronology of the buildings and the method of their study have reached the maximum of accuracy. Nowadays, indeed, we have more than one example of too great accuracy. The history of our art in the Middle Ages has been written and many errors have been rectified. The history of our Merovingian and Carolingian epochs remains obscure. In 1891 M. de Lasteyrie pointed out Quicherat's errors in the restoration of the Basilica of St. Martin, of Tours. M. Brutails and M. Maitre are still discussing the date of St. Philibert de Grandlieu. Since 1882, Daniel Ramée has been demonstrating how uncertain are all the attributions of dates to those buildings that are regarded as earlier than the year 1000. The question of Oriental origins enters into the study of the work of this period. MM. Lasteyrie and Brutails are not prepared to go as far upon this point as are M. de Vogüé and Dieulafoy and Choisy. M. Grell, however, has come to the conclusion from his study of the Basilicas of Algeria and Tunis that these developed along with those of the Occident, and notes curious likenesses between the two. Commandatore Rivoira, on the other hand, in his fine work on the origins of Lombard art, makes clear that from the

fifth to the ninth century Italy had nothing to do with the Orient, and created on her own behalf an analogous art, whose monuments are anterior to those of the Byzantine Empire. As to the Romanesque epoch, M. Anthyme Saint-Paul, in opposition to the opinions of Verneilh and Corroyer, has just demonstrated that the school of Périgord does not go back as far as the tenth century, but only about as far as the year 1100, and that Saint Front of Périgueux, rebuilt later than 1120, is not its most ancient edifice.

The Byzantine origin of this French school is denied by M. Brutails, but I hope to be able to show that its models are probably Cypriote edifices of from the ninth to the twelfth century. The geography and the classification of the Romanesque and Gothic schools has not yet been entirely cleared up, but it is in the way of being so.

That the Gothic style originated in France is to-day universally recognized. The history of its diffusion into other lands is known in a general way, and has been studied in detail with regard to France, Spain, Scandinavia, and the Island of Cyprus. I have recognized the English origin of the "flamboyant" style, which was developed in France, but whose elements found their origin in England one or two centuries before their adoption with us.

One question, however, remains in great obscurity, — the origin of the groined ribbed vault (*croisée d'ogives*). Contrary to the opinion of Quicherat, Max van Berchem has shown that the Romans did not know this feature of architectural construction, and that the "caneri" of the lighthouse at Alexandria were "crabs," analogous to those bronze crabs of the Cleopatra's Needle now in New York in the care of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The most ancient groined ribbed vaults may well be those of Saint Ambrose of Milan. M. Dirteni, in his fine book on Lombard art, attributes these to the ninth century. Cattaneo refuted him in 1889, but MM. Dehio, Rivoira, and Moore still believe them to be of the eleventh century. In support of this theory, M. Rivoira has cited a church at Montefiascone which at the same time has this element, and bears a *commemorative* inscription placing its construction in the eleventh century. Unhappily, this inscription, embedded in a façade which was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, might, and probably did, belong to an earlier church of which no other trace remains to-day. This church, therefore, proves nothing. On the other hand, I have demonstrated that the most ancient examples of Gothic art in Italy date from the end of the twelfth and from the thirteenth century, and were introduced from Burgundy by the monks of Citeaux, a fact which Mr. A. L. Frothingham, Jr., announced at the same time that I did, and one about which no one is any longer in doubt. The attribution of the Ambrosian vaults to the eleventh century does not exactly accord with this point of view.

Mr. John Bilson has shown that Durham Cathedral in England had groined ribbed vaults between 1093 and 1104, and M. de Lasteyrie has not been able to bring any convincing arguments against this. The groined ribbed vault must then have been of Anglo-Norman origin, for M. Lefèvre Pontalis has not succeeded in maintaining against the arguments of M. Anthyme Saint-Paul the attribution of the groined ribbed vaults of Morienvall to an earlier date than 1120, and no other French example can with certainty be assigned to an earlier period.

As to the Gothic style itself, MM. de Lasteyrie, Moore, Gonse, and Lefèvre Pontalis believe it to have originated in the Isle de France. M. Dehio alone believes it was due to the collaboration of the master builders of France, Picardy, Burgundy, Lombardy, and Anjou, an hypothesis that neither M. Saint-Paul nor I myself regard as inadmissible.

M. de Lasteyrie has shown, as has M. Marignan, that, contrary to the opinion of M. de Vogüé, the statued portals of Saint Denis and of Chartres are earlier than those of Saint Gilles and of Arles. They were all built in the second half of the twelfth century, but the typical model came from the North and not from the South. This fact is definitely decided, and there is no longer any discussion except as to differences of a few years with regard to the dates of Chartres and Le Mans.

An error in terminology with reference to the end of the Middle Ages was started when Courajod gave the name of Burgundian School to the work of Flemish sculptors who worked at Dijon at the end of the fourteenth and during the fifteenth century. It is interesting to see that Belgium itself, following this classification, displays its national sculpture under the title of Burgundian School. I found recently in Flanders at Douai fragments that are contemporary with the famous tombs at Dijon, and identical in style. The Flemish art of Dijon was not in any way different from that of its native land. The origins of this Flemish art, however, were French, as Mr. Koechlin has now demonstrated. Finally, there is still discussion as to how great was the Italian influence in the French Renaissance. The lamented Eugène Müntz, in a clear exposition of the character of this influence, while restating the story of Laurana and his works, does not throw into sufficient light the personal character that the French architects and sculptors succeeded in giving to their imitations of Italian art. On the other hand, the late Léon Palustre showed himself most illogical in exaggerating this originality and in minimizing the influence of the Italians in France. M. Vachon has taken up in this spirit the parts played respectively by Boccador and Chambiges in the building of the Hotel de Ville of Paris. His arguments rest, however, on engravings and tapestries of doubtful

authenticity. This question will be settled not only in this particular case, but for the whole period, by the study which Baron Geymüller has just published in Germany on the French Renaissance, and which will be translated. He makes most interesting revelations as to the lack of originality of such buildings as the Château de Blois, where imperfections have been servilely copied from the Italian models. This work apparently is to be the final word upon the question.

I will conclude this rapid review, ladies and gentlemen, by saying that nothing is more fruitful than the comparative study of art and that nothing can be of greater value than such a gathering as I have just had the honor of addressing. This honor will always be one of the happiest memories of my career as a scholar, and I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind reception and for the courteous attention with which you have heard me.

THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE

BY ALFRED DWIGHT FOSTER HAMLIN

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It is not easy to estimate correctly the significance and true proportions of present-day movements. We are so near them, that by the laws of historical perspective — as inexorable as those of linear perspective — the relative importance and true dimensions of things are distorted into false aspects. If the observer would not be misled by mere appearances, he must seek to divest himself of the traditional prejudices of his present-day environment, and survey the scene from heights whence he may command broader horizons and discover the larger aspects of the view. If we cannot reach the mountain summits of detached and impartial criticism, we can at least attain the nearer heights, and find profit in the survey from even so modest an elevation.

We are asked to consider the Problems of Modern Architecture. This title may be interpreted in various ways; but for the purposes of this discussion I shall take it to refer to those great questions of tendency which have become insistent with the progress and the changes of modern civilization: the questions of the whence and the whither of modern architecture. How have modern conditions come about, and how shall we deal with them? How shall the art be vitalized? What influences are impinging upon it, and how under these influences may it be guided in the direction of progress? It is these broad problems of present drift and future development which I have chosen to discuss, rather than the technical details of modern office practice. If it is important for the critic and the theorist to acquaint themselves with the practical aspects of the art, it may also be profitable for the active practitioner to look up and away from his drawing-board and take account for a brief space of these larger questions of his art.

Let us first briefly note the way we have come during the past century, so that by observing the force and direction of the influences that have brought us to our present station we may the better take

our bearings and judge of our future course. So widely do the developments of the nineteenth century in architecture seem to differ from anything we observe in its previous history that we might almost imagine that the laws which have controlled the progress of the arts in earlier ages had ceased to operate. In the matter of style, for instance, the apparent confusion of the present day stands in striking contrast with the unity of Greek or of Gothic art. But this contrast is not due to the failure of the laws which have governed the evolution of styles in the past, but to new conditions producing new results under the same laws. These laws are not enactments, but simply the observed ways of working of the human mind in matters of art: the outward expression in practice of principles which are fundamental and immutable. If the stock formulæ of historic criticism fail to fit our modern art, the fault lies in the form of their statement, not in the laws they express; and the defect of statement comes from their being framed upon the experience of ages in which the conditions were widely different from those of to-day. We must devise new forms for their expression, in terms of present-day experience. If, for instance, we cease to define architectural styles in terms of profiles and features and details of design, and apply as criteria of style the broader considerations of spirit, feeling, structure, mass, and composition, we may discover underlying the apparent confusion of modern styles certain unities of spirit and method upon which we can build new definitions of modern styles. If the critic of future days shall find, as I believe he will find, no great difficulty in recognizing the architecture of our time by these controlling characteristics, then he will with perfect justice predicate the style of this period as defined by these characteristics. The confusion of details borrowed from past ages will trouble him no more than we are troubled by the appearance of Doric and Ionic columns together in the Propylæa at Athens, or by finding in Greek architecture elements of both Egyptian and Asiatic origin. And when he notes the prevalent use, as a decorative dress for steel-frame buildings, of forms originally belonging to lithic architecture, he will see therein the working of the same law of style-evolution by which the Greek perpetuated in stone many details originating in wooden construction, and by which the Roman incorporated into his architecture of vaults and arches, of brick and concrete, the columnar details which he had learned from the Greeks.

Let us now briefly review the origin of the changed conditions which so sharply mark off the nineteenth century from all previous periods in the history of art.

The nineteenth century was ushered in by profound political and social disturbances following the great democratic revolutions in America and France, and lasting through the whole first half of the

century. Society was adjusting itself to new conceptions of government and new political boundaries. The interests of art were crowded out of the thoughts of men. There was at the same time in progress a profound intellectual revolution. Modern philosophy, modern physical science, modern archaeology, were taking scientific shape, giving rise to new conceptions of the universe. The dethronement of the intellectual authority of hieratic religion, begun by the humanists in the fifteenth century, became complete with the establishment of the theory of evolution. Religion has become so largely a matter of the individual conscience that it has ceased to be an important factor in influencing architectural development in general.

More directly, though not more profoundly influential in the transformation of architectural conditions, were the industrial changes of the same half-century. Steam power and the rise of mechanical manufacture, with its concentration of industry in special localities, and its system of specialized activity which we call the division of labor, completely revolutionized the world's work, substituting the operative for the artist-artisan, and machine-reproduction for individual design and hand-craft. The rapid growth of international commerce was meanwhile breaking down the boundaries of national and local styles, making every region familiar with the work and taste of all others. The growth of archaeological science, greatly favored by the invention of photography and its application to engraving, was in like manner breaking down the barriers of time, making the works of past ages as familiar to our generation as those of its own time. Thus, while artistic taste and feeling were becoming atrophied from disuse, the strongest temptation was supplied to substitute archaeological imitation for original design. Out of this condition arose successively the Greek and Gothic revivals, each hailed in its turn as the sure panacea for the artistic anæmia of architecture in that day. The beauty of not a few of the individual works which resulted stands in conspicuous contrast with the general artistic destitution of the time. It testifies to the fact that the spark of art is inextinguishable, and that good architecture is good in whatever language of style it is expressed.

As if further to confuse the problem of architecture in the middle period of the nineteenth century, the development of iron introduced into construction an entirely new element. The architects, avoiding it, as intractable for Greek or Gothic or Roman design, allowed it to fall into the hands of the engineers, and the magnificent opportunity it offered for the creation of a new, living, rational, and artistic type of building-design, by the vast spans and airy construction it made possible, — this opportunity passed by unimproved. The Romans taught the world the majesty of spacious vaulted halls; the medieval builders the solemn grandeur of long and lofty vistas;

modern engineers and architects taught us how utterly forbidding and ugly a great, wide, and lofty roof can be made. Now that men have learned the fallacy of the historic revivals, and have begun to seek out more rational ways of handling these resources, they have to contend with traditions established by seventy years of inartistic engineering. The French alone have, during these years, given the world the benefit of repeated efforts to lift iron construction out of the slough of artistic despond, — as in the Halles Centrales, the Church of Saint Augustine, and the exhibitions of 1878 and 1889, particularly the Salle des Machines of the latter exhibition.

Architecture, thus, on the threshold of the twentieth century, finds itself in a condition which it has never before experienced. Its resources, both for construction and design, are richer than ever before in history. The phenomenal activity and inventiveness of the technical industries, and the interchanges of commerce, have placed at the architects' disposal a marvelous variety of building-materials and processes, which they are constantly increasing by new additions. Iron, steel, bronze, and aluminum; concrete and artificial stones; bricks of endless variety of form and color; terra-cottas, faïence and tiles without end; roofing-materials of ingenious design; paints and cements and plasters of every sort; lumber and timber from the ends of the earth, prepared in marvelously elaborate fashion; new systems of construction of extraordinary ingenuity and efficiency — all these the architect of to-day finds spread before him. Machinery lightens the physical task of those who labor to produce the results he seeks in his design. On the artistic side he has the advantage of choosing, from the endless catalogue of building-forms and materials offered him in open market, whatever shade, color, texture, quality, and effect he desires, in wood or metal, stone, glass, tile, brick, terra-cotta, plaster, or textile hangings.

But along with this marvelous increase in its resources, architecture has had laid upon it tasks at least proportionately more varied, complex, and difficult than those of earlier ages.

Greek architecture reached its perfection of refinement not only because the Greeks were endowed with a marvelous artistic instinct, but also because artistic effort was for centuries concentrated upon a few simple problems. Every feature of the place, construction, and detail of these could be and was worked out to final perfection because for three centuries at least the requirements — the programme — of the temple and propylæa and stoa remained substantially unchanged. The problems of Roman architecture were far more varied and complex, and Roman architecture, although in part the work of Greek artificers, is marked in consequence of this complexity by flexibility of adaptation and grandeur of scale rather than by extreme refinement of detail. In medieval architecture, again, a single type — that

of the three-aisled, cruciform, vaulted church — quite dominated the evolution of architectural form. All the methods of Gothic construction were established by empirical processes, through the cumulative experience of repeated experiments upon an identical problem; and the same is largely true of its decorative design. Such long-continued concentration of effort upon a single problem is out of the question in modern times. We have too many kinds of buildings to erect,—for religious, educational, administrative, commercial, social, penal, charitable, and decorative purposes; churches, colleges, and schools, railway-stations, armories, laboratories, exhibition buildings, warehouses, museums, theatres, hospitals, hotels, capitols, city halls, theatres, office-buildings, and houses large and small. Moreover, — a more serious difficulty by far, — the requirements of any given class of buildings never remain long the same. Experience can be cumulative only in small degree; the experience of a few years back may profit us, but that of twenty-five years ago is utterly out of date. No sooner does a type develop into something like final shape than new requirements or new methods of construction suddenly appear, and the whole problem must be studied anew. No style can therefore develop to-day into the unity and finality of some of the historic styles. There is never any opportunity to perfect the details of a single type.

To these difficulties must be further added the complexity of design required by our modern civilization. Even an ordinary city dwelling is a maze of intricate provisions for convenience and comfort beside which the most elaborate palace of earlier days was, in the matter of practical details, a problem of lucid simplicity. The designing, specifying, and superintending of a modern structure, with all its engineering complexities of installation, wiring-ducts, flues, and fixtures, absorb a large part of the scanty time allowed by our systems of building by contract for the elaboration of the complete design. Under these conditions the architect must design or control a range of work which covers all manner of trades, industries, and sciences. It is impossible that one person should master them all, or any considerable portion of them, in a truly satisfactory way.

Thus while the modern architect has been supplied with resources of extraordinary richness and variety, he has also been assigned a task of at least equally increased complexity. But this does not adequately express the situation. For there are in modern architectural practice two factors unknown to the great ages of the art in the past, which render it still more difficult to work out a characteristic and dignified expression of the spirit and ideals of the age. These are, in brief, the contract system, and the decline of artistic artisanship. The contract system, which has grown up with modern methods of business and has entered into the fabric of modern life, compels the archi-

tect to devote a large part of his time, before the first spadeful of earth can be turned in the excavations, to perfecting details which, in other ages, were largely given to artisans to work out, each an expert in his line, or were at most left to be elaborated during the slow progress of the work. The whole time allotted to the study of the problem is cut down to the narrow limits between the preliminary sketch and the signing of the contract; and since the greater part of this is spent in the elaboration of details, the fraction left for the legitimate artistic work of the architect — the work of study and experimentation and revision of the plan, the masses, voids, and solids of his design — is reduced to a pitiable insufficiency. How rarely, in modern work, does the designer of an important edifice have adequate time allowed him for a truly satisfactory study and discussion of his problem! And the further bane of the contract system lies in this, that, the contract once signed, further correction and amendment of the design are impossible. No amount of "happy thoughts," resulting from the experience acquired as the work progresses, can avail to improve its artistic quality. The ghost of "extras" stalks abroad, haunts the chambers of the architect's consciousness, and, indeed, is too often materialized without help from spiritualistic mediums. This spectre effectually blocks the way for those happy afterthoughts which are really the ripest artistic fruit of the architect's brain.

Artistic artisanship has been stifled between the two irresistible forces of modern industrialism and modern education. The machine and the factory have taken over the work of the hand-craftsman; and modern democratic education has opened to the young man born in the ranks of the trades a hundred gates of employment where in olden times there was but one. The execution of architectural and decorative detail has become a matter wholly apart from its design; a matter of accurate reproduction of office-drawings rather than of the artistic interpretation of suggestive sketches by the architect. Thus the design of every detail has been thrown back upon the architect, an added task and responsibility which in the older days he did not have to be burdened with.

But no statement of the actual conditions of modern architecture would be complete which omitted to mention the commercialism of our age. We must admit, I think, that the really controlling interests of our time are the commercial. These make, on the whole, for peace and for the brotherhood of man; but they can never replace, though they have largely usurped, the controlling influence of religion upon art. Office-buildings and railway-stations are more characteristic expressions of our modern culture than cathedrals. To this ascendancy of commercial interests must be ascribed the growth of public and private luxury. This may or may not be of advantage artistically; that depends upon the way in which this luxury chooses to express

itself. But there can be no doubt regarding the pernicious influence of another phase of modern commercialism, — that which imposes upon everything a valuation by dollars and cents; an influence always disastrous in art, and in no art more disastrous than in architecture. The financial criterion is fundamentally hostile to the artistic. Applied to buildings, it wipes out massive supports and deep shadows by paring down the walls to the last extreme of thinness; it excludes sculpture and mural painting from a building in order to pile an extra story upon it; it demands pretentious luxury in the place of artistic beauty. With this spirit every architect has to contend, in large works as well as small.

These, then, are the peculiar conditions of modern architecture, briefly and broadly stated. What are the really vital problems of modern architecture to which they have given or must give rise?

The fundamental problem of all architecture is to harmonize the demands of utility and beauty in structural design; in other words, to express utilitarian functions in terms of plastic art. It is this problem which differentiates architecture from engineering, in which utilitarian functions are expressed solely in terms of scientific exactitude. This problem is as truly the problem of to-day as it was of the Middle Ages or of antiquity. The utilitarian requirements of architecture have multiplied enormously in the past hundred years, but so have also the artistic resources at the architect's disposal. There is no excuse for ugly buildings to-day; if the conditions of design are more difficult, what is this but a call to forsake deep-worn ruts, to bring ourselves into harmony with our environment, to recognize our conditions instead of trying to evade them — to triumph over difficulties and obstacles by making them the very occasion of new successes, as did the medieval architects who extracted such consummate beauty out of the very limitations under which they worked? There seems to me to be no counsel demanding more urgent repetition and more earnest heeding, in this time of intense intellectual and social activity, than to make beauty the supreme aim of architectural effort.

Tradition and the archaeological spirit clamor for the reproduction of obsolete forms; commercialism seeks to suppress whatever does not appear readily convertible into cash dividends; literary critics cry out for originality at all costs as the crowning virtue; multiplying utilitarian requirements insist upon recognition by the architect, and threaten to deprive architecture of its place among the fine arts. Amid this din the architect who is a true artist keeps his eye and heart fixed upon the pole-star of pure beauty, which has guided the course of true art by its clear and steady ray through all the ages. Beauty in architecture is above and beyond all questions of tradition and historic style and passing fashion; it is a question of mass and

proportion, of balance and rhythm, of line and light-and-shade; of variety in unity, of appropriateness and common sense. The beauty which consists in the realization of the highest attainment in these qualities is the fundamental beauty which underlies all the varied forms of expression it has received in different ages from different hands; which we recognize in Greek temple and Gothic minster, in the mosques and tombs of India, the palaces and domed churches of Italy, and the masterpieces of all times, ancient and modern. How futile, in comparison with the securing of this fundamental beauty, appears all preoccupation with minor questions of style and fashion; how useless the setting forth of this or that formula of design as the sure recipe for architectural reform! It must be the study of modern architects to rid their profession and its practice of every burden which embarrasses them in their quest of artistic perfection, in their pursuit of the ideal beauty. Many, in spite of obstacles, are faithful to their ideals; the spirit of the artist lives in them and breathes in their work, but we need more of such men. The greatest of dangers confronting modern architecture is that which threatens to change it from an art into a business — a pursuit — an activity controlled by other than artistic ideals — a side issue of engineering.

As subdivisions of this great general problem, we must, I think, recognize five special problems or groups of problems as pressing for solution in the architecture of the twentieth century. The first is the problem of the artistic handling of modern structural devices and materials.

The second is the problem of the right division of labor and responsibility, in the production of modern buildings, between the architect, the engineer, and the craftsman.

The third — related to the second — is the problem of the relation of architecture to the arts and crafts, and the recovery for the craftsman of activities that have fallen wholly under the control of the factory system.

The fourth is the problem raised by the contract system: the question as to how far the burdens imposed by that system can be lightened, and the largest measure of artistic progress secured under such as cannot be thus lightened.

The fifth is the great problem of the education of the architect.

I have stated what I believe to be the problems which most seriously confront the architecture of the coming years. Their solution lies not with any one person, but with the profession as a whole, both here and abroad. There is no seer gifted with the power to forecast that solution; but every thoughtful man who reflects upon them may reach individual convictions, the free discussion of which can be made helpful and stimulating to those who take part in it. This is my excuse for the further observations I have to offer.

In no period of history have new systems and materials of construction been so multiplied or so rapidly developed as in recent years. I need only instance the remarkable rise of steel-frame or skeleton construction, and the increasing use of reënforced concrete, as examples. In the United States the growing scarcity of timber will soon eliminate wood as a cheap material for houses and temporary structures and thus create a new problem in cheap building. Here, then, are three problems demanding serious study, and which, unless our architects are active and watchful, will fall so completely into the hands of the engineers, and receive from them so purely utilitarian a treatment, that it will take a half-century or a century of ugly experiments to convert these to the service of true art. How shall we approach the task? Do we not here need most of all the spirit of devotion to pure beauty, under the guidance of common sense, leaving the resulting style to be what it will? Let us not be concerned either to perpetuate or to cast aside the language, the forms and details of the traditional styles: our real concern must be to produce beautiful buildings, using these new resources of the art as means to that end, and employing or discarding, as this controlling end may demand, the forms we have already learned by heart in the schools and offices. When to lay bare and when to conceal, when to emphasize and when to mask the structural framework, how to make new materials count for beauty; when, where, and how to apply decoration, and how far this shall be structural and how far applied, — these are the questions to be solved, and not the question whether the forms we use shall be classic, Romanesque, Gothic, Oriental, or the product of pure fancy.

But this artistic adaptation of new materials and systems of construction may, and doubtless will, proceed further than the mere invention of new decorative details and combinations. Already the elevator, the hollow-brick arch, and the steel skeleton have begotten a new type of building, — the American tall office-building, or “skyscraper.” The artistic handling of this monstrous problem is still a subject of earnest study. It seems not unlikely that if our architects pursue a progressive course, other wholly new types of edifice will arise, under the pressure of new requirements and the development of new methods of building, in which broad spans, vast trusses, deep underground apartments, and the like, will be important factors. Not merely the old details, but the old mass-forms may disappear — as has been the case, for example, in ship-building. The traditional maxims of structural art, based on masonry construction, will relax their hold, and practices be adopted in design which we of to-day consider unorthodox: precisely as Gothic design threw over the classic practice as to formal symmetry and emphasis of horizontal divisions. It behooves our architects now upon the threshold of the

century to see to it that they themselves be the inaugurators of such changes, holding them under the control of high artistic principles, instead of allowing them to be forced upon the art from the outside and to be dominated by wholly utilitarian and philistine influences.

The next three problems are problems of professional relations and practice. The architect and the engineer, the architect and the craftsman, the architect and the contractor, — how shall these stand related in their joint task of realizing in permanent form the artistic dreams, the structural conceptions, which the architect delineates on the drawing-board? It is of course clear that their labors must be pursued in a spirit of collaboration; the problem is to secure greater cordiality, and above all a greater predominance of the artistic feeling and sympathy in this collaboration. The precise measure of relative independence, and hence of relative subordination of one to the other, must be differently adjusted, the labor differently divided, from what is now customary. There is too much engineering exacted of the architect to-day for the best results, from either the artistic or engineering point of view. He should not be required to know less of engineering than he commonly knows under present conditions, but to do less of it. If it were exacted of him only that he should design *constructible* edifices, the specific engineering of which should be turned over to experts working in collaboration with him, making universal the procedure now possible only in the largest offices, he would be freer to devote himself to this proper and special work of artistic design. In like manner the artisan should have a freer hand, and artisanship be encouraged as the handmaid of architecture. Something of this mingling of freedom and collaboration exists in the relations of architecture to the sister arts of painting and sculpture. It is a healthy and stimulating relation when the responsibility is rightly apportioned. To determine the right balance of apportionment is a serious but not an insoluble problem. To this problem both individuals and organized bodies will no doubt devote their best thought in the years to come. There is less promise of successful coping with the inherent difficulties of the contract system, which is not likely soon to be displaced. Both its vices and its virtues are too strongly entrenched for easy dislodgment. Only the years can decide whether the vices can be extirpated or must be endured. It is not easy to forecast any line of action for the future in this field of endeavor.

The fifth of our problems is that of the education of the architect. The nineteenth century has witnessed the disappearance of professional training by apprenticeship in law, medicine, theology, and engineering, and the substitute in its place of the modern system of analytical and theoretical studies in the class-room with practical applications in the laboratory and office. Business and journalism

are tending more and more in the same direction. How far is this system applicable to architecture, which has taken on more and more the character of a liberal profession? In France, Germany, and Austria architecture is now taught according to this theory in great schools of art, but with a strong surviving element of the apprenticeship system in the methods of the *atelier*. In America the methods of the university and technological school prevail more completely; in Great Britain they have only lately begun to be introduced to any noticeable degree. Which is nearest right? How far should the schools attempt, and how far forbear, to teach the practical practice of the profession, and how far leave this to the offices? What should be the requirements for admission to the schools? What should be the place in these schools of studies of pure culture or liberal discipline, and what the relative proportion of time assigned to the actual training in design? What should be the relative importance and the proportion of time assigned to abstract drawing and to distinctively architectural draughtsmanship? In teaching design, should the emphasis be placed on abstract design-problems, to cultivate the powers of imagination and invention, or upon more practical problems, in order to give anticipatory experience? These and other like questions press for an answer. Different schools, in different environments, will give different answers. As time goes on, changing conditions will bring about different answers in the same school, and there will always be a place also for men trained in no school but the school of office experience. Of course we can make here and now no final answer to these questions. One or two things are, however, clear. The increasingly exacting and complex duties of the modern architect have made what was once a fine art, and only an art, a profession of exceeding difficulty and importance, requiring for its worthy practice a training which is almost a liberal education in itself. The architect needs the broad view, the generous grasp of a wide range of ideas, good sense and varied knowledge, as well as artistic training and office experience. His education must lay foundations of discipline, taste, and knowledge broad enough to enable him to meet all the varied exigencies of changing methods and conditions.

I would fain enlarge upon these considerations, and discuss at greater length the relative claims of technical and artistic training, the relative share of the school and office in preparing the architect for his work, and the question of general or specific discipline in design; but I am warned that my time is spent, and I must draw to a speedy close. I have said little about the problem of style, because I believe in any age in which architecture is a vital art, — as I believe it is with us, in spite of the influences that tend to stifle the breath of its artistic life, — this problem settles itself, as I believe it is doing

and will more completely do in the years to come. It will do this not by developing any fixed and narrow range of forms which can be labeled "style of the twentieth century" and catalogued in a dozen lines, like the historic styles of the past; but by such a straightforward, rational, and artistic treatment, both structural and decorative, of modern architectural problems, as shall speak clearly of the age and time which produced them, through an endless variety of forms and details, derived no matter whence, no matter how, so long as they fit the requirements of the building and endow it with an expressive beauty and grace. When school and office cease to apply the meaningless shibboleths of particular style-formulæ, and when we cease to judge designs, or to make designs, by the rules of obsolete styles, while, on the other hand, we refuse with equal consistency to turn our backs on the past and exalt eccentricity into the throne that belongs to beauty, insisting always on fundamental beauty and good taste, our architecture will be a truly free and living art, possessed of the only qualities of style worth possessing, whether ancient labels fit or not. We must cease blind imitation as well as blind innovation, and make the highest attainable beauty the object of our pursuit.

And what of inspiration? Whence shall we draw the breath that shall kindle within us the flame of artistic enthusiasm? Religion cannot give it, because religion is no longer mistress of architecture; her throne is in the heart of the individual. Commerce cannot give it, for commerce is predominantly selfish. The collective passions of the future must supply it; but what are they to be? Intellectual culture, human brotherhood, patriotism, the worship of the past, altruism? Who can tell? The finest architectural works of recent years in this country are libraries, college buildings, museums, and expositions. This fact surely has some significance. And yet we must admit that modern architecture lacks enthusiasm. To raise it to the level of the great ages of architecture requires more than brains and money: both of these it has in greater abundance than ever before. It needs the fire of a burning passion, a great enthusiasm, an overwhelming emotion, a soaring imagination. Whence these are to come it is not for us to say. We can only hope the future will be less materialistic and selfish than the recent past, and that every one who enters upon this noble profession may cultivate within his own heart the warming fire of enthusiasm, kindling it at whatever artistic shrine gives forth the purest and the brightest flame.

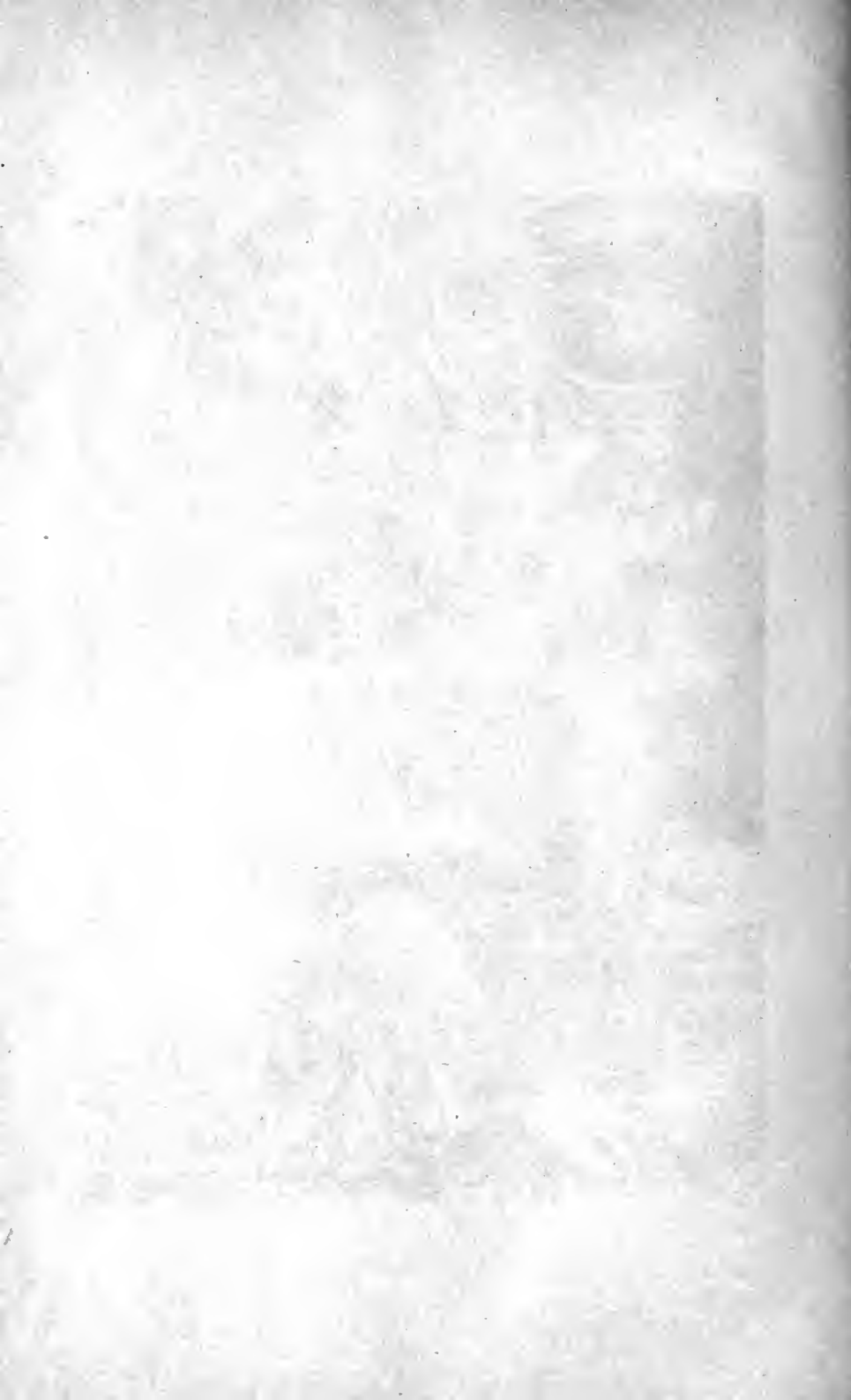


PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE FRONT BY EDWARD BROWN
A LOUING MODEL

A POUTING MODEL

Photogravure from the Painting by Edmund Blume.





SECTION C — MODERN PAINTING



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(Hall 4, September 24, 3 p. m.)

SPEAKERS: PROFESSOR RICHARD MUTHER, University of Breslau.
MR. OKAKURA KAKUZO, Tokio, Japan.

PROBLEMS OF THE STUDY OF MODERN PAINTING

BY RICHARD MUTHER

(Translated from the German by Dr. George Kriehn, New York)

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OF the several works treating the painting of the century just passed which have recently appeared, we shall first consider the *Geschichte der modernen Malerei*, by Richard Muther (1893). This work for the first time attempted to give a general view of the entire activity in Europe during the nineteenth century. All painters were treated who had created works of real artistic value in France, England, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, and Spain. If, in spite of such wealth of detail, the book has not quite solved the problem of presenting a clear picture of the artistic development of the century, this is to be attributed to the circumstance that it endeavored to unite incompatible things, and to be, at the same time, an historical and a controversial work. In the years in which it was written, modern art was fighting for its very existence. The author was enthusiastic and wished to take part in the struggle. The new ideals appeared to him so victorious, that a misguided enthusiasm for them led him to consider the earlier ideas more or less false. In reading the book one has the feeling of having climbed a high mountain, from which classicism, romanticism, and historical painting seemed gloomy ravines, through which it was necessary to pass in order to ascend. Only after reaching the summit one could breathe freely; for here all is bright, illumined by the rays of the sun of impressionism..

An artist defending his principles is, indeed, justified in such partiality, but not an historian. For he whose ideals we no longer accept is not, therefore, to be dismissed as antiquated and worthless. The actual is not necessarily the eternal, nor are present tendencies

the only truth. Every artistic movement which has ever existed is justified within the bounds of the time of its existence, and, like other organisms, when its time has come, it will die a natural death. The historian should not battle for a cause, either as accuser or defender; his proper position is rather that of a mere recorder.

In this spirit Cornelius Gurlitt approached the great theme in his work, *Die deutsche Kunst des 19 Jahrhunderts* (1890). He never blames or condemns, but, effacing the personal element, he enters into the spirit of the past, not in order to glorify our present achievements, but to mete out justice to every sincere and inspired effort. For objectivity and impersonal appreciation, Gurlitt's history cannot be surpassed. If, notwithstanding, the reader, after the perusal of the book, has the feeling that the artistic development of the present is to-day less clear than that of the past, this must be ascribed to another reason. The author takes his phenomena as he finds them; and although he analyzes and weighs them, he never inquires after the causes. He neglects to examine the soil from which the art of every age springs, which after all is the first and most important thing in historical writing. For history is not a storehouse of accidental occurrences, but the result of inevitable laws which affect each other in all directions. The problem is to find the point of view which commands the whole stream of tendency, and from which its component parts may be arranged into comprehensive groups. As we rightly explain the works of Giotto, Botticelli, and Raphael from the time and circumstances under which they arose, we must also treat modern art as a natural problem, by deducing the character of its works and the changes of style from the historical changes in culture during the nineteenth century.

It will first be necessary to cast a glance at the eighteenth. For this love-crazed and blood-shedding, this trifling and fighting century is the mighty period in which the old world passed away, and the foundation was laid upon which we are to-day building. With what seven-league boots did the spirit of the age then sweep over the nations, and with what dreadful harshness did the opposing forces crash into each other! "Vive la joie!" Such was the device at the beginning of the eighteenth century. With what feverish joy the old aristocratic families of the *ancien régime* celebrated their rococo! The whole world seemed to have become an Isle of Cythera, where nothing of the sorrow of life could enter. But while the distinguished gentlemen and ladies, disguised as Pierrots and Columbines, celebrated their gallant shepherd masquerades, rough voices suddenly sounded in the midst of their cooing and whispering. Threatening symptoms announced that the long and beautiful day of the aristocratic order must end, and that the plebeian also demanded a seat at the table of pleasure. The great writers of all countries were the bold heralds

of the battle. In proclaiming their thoughts of a new religious and social progress, they sowed the seed which ripened at the end of the century. In 1789 the die was cast, and the Revolution completed what literature had begun. "Après nous le déluge," so lightly expressed by the Marquise de Pompadour, became an awful truth.

Naturally the events which at that time shattered the old world into ruins also exercised a deep influence on art. Glancing for a moment at the days of the Renaissance, we find art supported in the main by two powers, the church and royalty. Raphael and Michelangelo, Correggio and Titian, Velasquez and Rubens, — they all created their most magnificent and monumental works either for the church or for the princes of their country. With the close of the eighteenth century these two powers ceased to be factors which determined the character of art. In Germany Kant wrote his *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, showing that God, who, according to the teaching of the Bible, had created man, was in the light of philosophy a mere idea created by man. In France also the Almighty was dethroned; and the Goddess of Reason was raised in his place. The church thus lost the inspiring power which it formerly exercised upon art, and, although during the nineteenth century religious pictures were still painted, their very small number serves to show how far an age of investigation in the natural sciences has deserted the cycle of ideas in which human thought formerly moved. The close of the eighteenth century was no less fatal to the kingly power which ruled by divine right. A constitutional king no longer has the means to be a Mæceñas in a grand style, as was Louis XIV, and even if he could command them, his commissions could be of no avail to art, because they would contradict the modern view of life. The painting of our own days can no longer permit itself to be made a herald of royalistic ideas.

Now it is a characteristic of art that it can only flourish upon the basis of a quiet, clarified culture. But this clarified culture of the past had been destroyed by the Revolution, and modern culture was still in a state of formation, so incomplete and full of contradictions that it could not yet serve as a basis of a new art. Only when the spirit of an age has been clearly formed can art incorporate it in tangible form. Such was not yet the case at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and this explains what seems at first sight the remarkable circumstance, that painting, which had previously been an expression of its own epoch, now placed itself in opposition to this epoch. The eye of artists was fixed not upon their own time, but upon the past. They thought to produce better art by glorifying the beautiful culture of former centuries.

The painting of the first half of the nineteenth century was, therefore, in the main retrospective. At first the subjects were taken from the old Hellenic world, and later artists became absorbed

in the fables and legends of the Middle Age. Then, in further course of the development, they proceeded to modern times, and there came a period of historical painting which found its chief aim in glorifying, in large paintings, rich in figures, the principles and political actions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The painters of *genre* and of landscape also accommodated themselves to this point of view; for the latter did not paint nature as it existed before their eyes, but sought rather, in a reconstructive manner, to revive the vision of the earth as it appeared in the days of ancient Hellas or of the Middle Ages. The *genre* painters did not exhibit the people of the present; rather, in their peaceful painting of peasants, they depicted an idyllic world, which, like an immovable piece of the past, had survived in modern life. Paintings were not conceived as representations of the present, but as hymns of praise of the good old times. The windows of the studios were hung with heavy curtains to avoid seeing anything of the ugly world without.

Yet events were gradually taking place which caused the artist, instead of lingering in the past, to turn his eyes to the present, and to paint not only the world of long ago, but the world of his own day. The most important of these events were certainly the great changes in transportation which have taken place since the forties. Until that time the coach had lumbered heavily from village to village; now the steamship and the locomotive established rapid connection between the most distant parts of the earth. The world came under the influence of this traffic, and it would have been strange, indeed, if painters had not made use of the possibilities of travel thus made so easy. They took up the wanderer's staff and became globe-trotters, traversing in every direction the Orient, Scandinavia, and even America. In numerous *genre* paintings they recounted the manners and customs of strange people, and in numerous landscape pictures they exhibited the sights of the Universe, —

Wenn jemand eine Reise tut,
So kan ner was erzählen;

such is the content of these pictures.

While artists were thus wandering in distant countries in order to depict an exotic nature, there occurred contemporaneously another event which caused them to occupy themselves with what was going on in their own home and their immediate neighborhood. The great social problem of the nineteenth century arose after the revolution of 1789, which had been a struggle of the people against feudal despotism; the fruits of these struggles fell into the lap of the bourgeoisie. The feudal knights had been followed by knights of fortune, and a chasm yawned between bourgeoisie and proletariat, between the possessors of property and the poor. The year 1848 passed like a threatening storm over Europe. When the workmen were fighting

behind barricades, many of the painters felt the need of taking part in these struggles. Searching in the slums and tenements, they made their brush a weapon with which they entered the lists for the rights of the disinherited. "The lot of the poor is pitiful," such is the refrain that runs through their paintings. The fame of having been warm-hearted friends of mankind cannot be denied these artists. They proved that art cannot be joyful when life is serious, and they fought for noble aims with worthy intentions. Unfortunately, however, their paintings can no longer afford us a pure, æsthetic pleasure, because the intention is better than the execution. Occupied only with the thoughts they wished to express, all these tribunes of the people neglected beyond measure the purely technical side of their art.

With these tendencies we approach a difficult question, but one of great importance for the future development of modern painting. For what is true of these apostles of humanity is more or less true of all who wielded the brush in the first half of the nineteenth century. They were less painters than disguised *litterati*. The value of their paintings consisted more in what they studied than the manner in which they rendered it. It is easy to explain the literary spirit which at that time dominated painting. With the close of the eighteenth century, the bourgeoisie became the principal purchaser and the most important patron of art. In these circles purely æsthetic needs did not yet exist. They could only understand art in so far as it served culture, and therefore demanded of pictures the representation, in epic breadth, of interesting things which could be read from them. It was not thus in former centuries. During the rococo period men surrounded themselves with works of art only in order to enjoy their beauty. They knew that a picture could play upon the filaments of the soul through the noble language of line and the power of color to awaken feelings akin to those caused by music. But in the nineteenth century this purely sensuous joy in the beautiful had to be awakened again. It had to be brought home to the general consciousness that painting was not an appendix of literary culture, but an independent art which ruled a mighty realm, that of beautiful form and beautiful color.

The painters of the succeeding generations felt the need of treading this path. They desired to show by their works that it was not the function of the artist to relate, amuse, or teach, but only to paint in the best manner possible. But how and where should they begin? Under the tutelage of the literary, the purely artistic taste had greatly suffered. The prerequisite of artistic production, therefore, was to refine this taste; and this could be best accomplished by seeking advice from the classic painters of the past. With the middle of the century, modern painting, accordingly, entered upon the second

phase of its development. Artists began now to examine, technically and æsthetically, the works of classic painters, and sought to paint pictures which, in technical excellence, should not be inferior to theirs. This originated a systematic study of the colors used by the old masters.

These painters, also, may be classified in accordance with the models they chose. There were some who preferred the rugged and angular masters of the *quattrocento*; others who endeavored to acquire the light and shade of the Venetians of the sixteenth century; others, again, who became absorbed in the works of the little masters of Holland during the seventeenth century; and, finally, others who delighted in the bold brush-work and the dark tones of the Neapolitans of the baroque period. The result of these studies was an exceedingly important one. A whole generation of painters in all countries of Europe had made it a lifework to discover the secret of color possessed by the old masters; and they consequently commanded in virtuoso fashion all the technical means of the past. All of their works are pleasing on account of their cultivated, distinguished beauty, reminding us of the old masters.

But was the goal actually reached when the power was gained to imitate the old masters to the extent of actual illusion? Had these old masters themselves been in their turn imitators, or is not the wealth of varied beauty created in former centuries to be explained rather by the circumstance that every artist dared to trust his own eye and his own feelings? This independence had not yet been attained by the moderns. There existed a contradiction between the modern subjects which they represented and the style of the old masters in which they represented them. Examining their paintings, we may well ask whether the movements of modern man are actually represented, or whether they are not a slavish repetition of the positions and gestures which are found in the old masters. Does the arrangement actually express the surging activity of modern life, or is not everything forced into a scheme of composition prescribed long ago? The color deserves a special attention. The old masters observed carefully the conditions of lights under which they labored. They painted their pictures in studios into which the light penetrated through small bull's-eye panes, and their paintings were destined partly for gloomy chapels in great churches, partly for narrow rooms paneled in brown wood, into which the light of heaven fell softly through stained glasses.

In the nineteenth century life has become brighter. Through large panes of glass the light streams full into our rooms. Furthermore, the great physical achievements of the nineteenth century have brought wonders of light before which an old master would have stood speechless. When they, or even when our grandparents lived, there

were only candles and oil lamps; to-day we have gas and electricity. It is magical to see the gas-lamps throwing their flickering rays through bluish twilight; to observe the light of electricity flood a salon and mingle with the soft rays of a lamp. From all these wonders of light of the new age, painters had heretofore kept fearfully at a distance. They labored in the regular transom light of their studios, and even softened this by means of curtains and draperies, in order that it might most nearly approach the conditions known to the old masters.

The succeeding generation of painting, therefore, saw itself confronted by three great problems. Whereas formerly modern men had received a pose studied from old painters and ancient statues, the problem now was to seize upon the movements of actual life. Whereas formerly the works had been composed in accordance with a rigid scheme, it was now proposed to present real life in a picture, without doing violence to it or forcing it into the narrow prison of traditional rules. Where formerly the dark color-schemes of the old masters had been projected upon subjects of modern life, it was now proposed to substitute for this "brown sauce" the fresh brightness of nature, and to record all the wonders of artificial light which the age of electricity and gas had produced.

From two sides the painters were strengthened in this tendency. In the first place, an event of great consequence occurred in the discovery of Velasquez, on the occasion of an exhibition of his work in private possession held at Paris in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of his death. While artists had until now been only familiar with the dark masters, they here made the acquaintance of a light one. For the tone of his pictures is not a brown, but a cool pearl gray. An old master, therefore, had already painted nature as they were now beginning to see her, and it is always important for new truths to find classical verification. Of no less importance was the influence of the art of Japan upon the course of the development of European painting. At the beginning of the sixties there had been a heavy importation into Europe of colored prints, the study of which acted like a revelation. Here, too, everything that painters sought was expressed in classical perfection. They marveled at the spirited and lively arrangement of leaves, in which all architectonic balance was lacking, but which, just because of this asymmetry, had an effect as realistic as if nature itself had improvised them. They were impressed by the surety with which the Japanese seized upon the most rapid motion; things which the European had learned to see only by means of instantaneous photographs were here presented with boldest directness. Finally, they marveled at the color-effects. What fresh brightness, and at the same time what beauty of tone, was possessed by these magical prints; red and green trees, glowing

lanterns, the yellow sickle of the moon, twinkling stars, — everything was represented, and nowhere a false note; everything held together by that wonderful harmony which had formerly been attempted by a false tuning to brown. Thus did Velasquez and the Japanese contribute to the origin of modern impressionism.

Freedom from the great dead have been thus won, an independent representation of entirely new impressions became the aim of painters. Especially did they try to solve all the problems of life which had formerly been so timidly avoided. After they had been so long painting in brown, they found the wonders of *plein air* so attractive that for several years only scenes in the open air were painted. Rays of sunlight which flutter blinkingly through the treetops, great green meadows bathed in sunlight, the glimmer of glowing air, the play of a spot of light on the water and on yellow sand — such were the most popular subjects. After they had learned to paint sunlight, other problems received their turn. They attempted to depict the foggy freshness of morning and the sultry vapor of the storm, the mysterious night scenes and gray twilight. Upon open air pictures followed others representing the movements of light indoors with a delicacy previously not thought of. Lastly came the wonders of artificial light, those phenomena which the last quarter of the nineteenth century, with its unheard-of improvements in the entire lighting system, has brought about. It may, indeed, be said that never before have light-effects of such subtilty been recorded in pictures.

And to-day? Well, every art suffers from the defects of its qualities. The impressionists had discovered air: for it they neglected line, since in atmosphere the outline disappears. They had discovered light: for it they had, in a certain sense, neglected color, since color is disintegrated by light, and the colored surface is dissolved into a conglomeration of differently colored luminous points. The impressionist delighted also in the most subtle nuances of tones dissolved in light; but in eliminating from their works all pregnant lines and all pronounced colors, they destroyed, in many respects, the decorative effect of their pictures, which, from a distance, often had the effect of indistinct violet and yellow chaos. And so towards the end of the century, another new problem appeared, how to progress from the purely artistic to the decorative.

Modern painting had concerned itself very little with this problem. In reviewing the products of classical art, it will always be found that the old masters carefully weighed the relations of the picture to the space it was destined to occupy. The mosaics of Ravenna and the frescoes of Giotto were intended to fill the whole church with solemn harmonies and to be effective from every point of view, even from the greatest distance. Therefore, purely decorative artists like

Giotto used only great, impressive lines, and arranged mighty complexes of color in accordance with simple decorative laws. All naturalistic effects are avoided; all belittling detail, as well in the fall of the drapery as in the structure of the landscape, is eliminated; only the clear silhouette speaks. The pictures must be visible from a distance, and at the same time correspond, in all their lines, with the lines of the building.

Quite a different sort of painting arose in the Netherlands at a later period. In abrupt contrast to the monumental work of the Italians, the small pictures of Jan van Eyck are painted stroke by stroke, with minute exactness; the stubble of the beard, every vein of the hand, every ornament of clothing, is rendered with naturalistic accuracy. Jan van Eyck could indulge himself in such fine brushwork, because his pictures made no pretense of effect at a distance, but, like the miniatures of the prayer-books, were destined to be inspected at close quarters. They were altar-pieces for domestic use, before which the observer, after he had drawn away the curtain, knelt or stood. In like manner we may explain the style of later Dutch cabinet pictures. Placed for the most part upon easels, they hinted to the spectator that their delicacies could best be seen by close inspection. Even when they served as decoration for a wall, the delicate work of a Dou or a Mieris was calculated in accordance with the proportions of the small Dutch rooms. If any of these Dutchmen, as, for example, Koning, exceptionally received a commission in Flemish palaces, he immediately changed his style; for he knew that a picture for a large room must be differently treated, not only in style, but also in composition, from his accustomed work.

The weakness of the nineteenth century was most clearly revealed in the circumstance that it had lost every feeling for the relation of the picture to space. What awful performances did not mural painters perpetrate in our public buildings! In accordance with the literary trend of painting of the first half of the century there was no thought of beauty in form and color, but only of the didactic value of the works. Instead of proceeding on the supposition that a picture should really adorn, they endeavored to give historical instruction to the public, and tacked historical *genre* paintings on the walls. As to art in the home, we have not yet forgotten the time when small photographs and line engravings, instead of being kept in portfolios, were fastened to the walls, where they naturally had the effect of dead white and black spots. Museums and exhibitions also contributed to confuse public taste by juxtaposing the most heterogeneous things on the walls: little cabinet pieces of Brouwer and Ostade alongside of a great altar-piece by Rubens, and a mighty Delacroix flanked by dainty Meissoniers. In this way the feeling for the decorative importance of art was more and more lost. The pur-

chaser was not astonished when a picture, which he had admired at the exhibition, looked like a hole in the wall or like a monotonous dirty brown spot, when seen from a distance in a large room of his home.

The change for the better was first seen in the domain of mural painting. Almost contemporaneously in all countries, tendencies appeared, the object of which was, by means of the clear arrangement of the complexes of color and line, to restore the mural picture to its place as a decorative element. But the panel picture was also reminded of its decorative purpose. Our rooms are not only brighter but more spacious than were the small and dimly lighted Dutch rooms; and it was only a sign of a lack of originality in modern painters, notwithstanding the changed conditions of light and space, to hold fast to the manner of the old masters. Impressionism first brought the colors into harmony with the brighter light-effects of our rooms, and neo-impressionism supplemented this by paying the greatest possible attention to distant effects. It is, indeed, astonishing how impressive these dotted paintings are. The little dots, at close view a gaudy chaos, when seen from a distance shape themselves into such plastic forms, that neo-impressionistic paintings overlook the widest rooms. Pointillism (in which the surface of the picture is not smooth, but composed of little elevations and depressions) contributes further to this effect; for, by reason of their rough surface, the paintings, like the old mosaics, are effective from every point of view. Numerous masters have sought to reach the same goal of monumental decorative effect by other means, such as the simplification of form by the effect of harmonious spots of color, and by the subordination of color to decorative purposes.

But it cannot be denied that this latest art, in so far as it is good, still stands in intimate connection with impressionism. After impressionism had taught painters how to catch the finest nuances of motion and expression, an entirely new language of line was the result of their reversion to the principle of style, and of the reduction of the thousand details which they had learned to see anew to their simple and significant original forms. In observing with scientific accuracy the effect of light on color, impressionism also discovered a wealth of new shades of color. We now distinguish a hundred values where formerly we only saw one. Expressions like red, green, and brown have become meaningless for the manifold infinitely differentiated values of color. Consequently, when artists proceeded from the realistic rendering of their impressions of nature to free symphonic composition in the colors which impressionism had discovered, there arose wealth, harmony, and softness of color, not hitherto achieved. Such, in its principal stages, is the course which painting has traversed from the beginning of the nineteenth to the dawn of the twentieth century.

MODERN PROBLEMS IN PAINTING

BY OKAKURO KAKUZO

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MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — In thanking you for the honor you have conferred on me in inviting me to address you on the "Modern Problems in Painting," I cannot but acknowledge that I approach you with great trepidation. It is barely a half-century ago that we children of Japan were admitted into the comity of nations at the gracious instance of your first Embassy under Commodore Perry. Since that time the name of America has been for us associated with the best of Western culture. We have been so accustomed to sit at your feet and listen while you discoursed that it seems strange, indeed, that one should ever stand and face your learned audience. My only reason for nerving myself to this heroic effort is because of my belief in your time-honored courtesy and the sympathy shown by you for all that pertains to my country. My address shall chiefly concern the problems as seen from the standpoint of Japan. It is to be a confession, therefore an appeal, — an appeal, therefore a protest. Protests are more or less wearisome. It is needless to say that my imperfect command of your language will further tax your patience.

Perhaps there is some shade of humor in the situation if we consider that the present difficulties of Japanese painting are partly due to your introducing us to the lights and shadows of a modern national existence. It may be that a cruel retribution has come over you in being asked to lend your ears to my incompetent presentation of the very problems of which you yourselves are the remote and innocent cause. For I must warn you beforehand that there is nothing new or instructive in what I am going to submit to your consideration. So much has been already voiced by the illustrious thinkers of America and Europe that my utterance can have no special value except that it comes out of the Far East.

I hope, however, that the Eastern point of view may not be altogether devoid of interest to you. Your modern painting, and the circumstances under which it is created, are still seen by us against the background of our own ancient traditions. Our criterions may not be orthodox in your eyes, but they at least represent the stand-

ards of taste which had guided the æsthetic attempts of India, China, Corea, and Japan through these hoary centuries. If, perchance, in the course of this paper, my comments on the state of painting in the West should sound impertinent, I beg you to recall that I am speaking as one from the Orient.

I wish you further to remember that my criticisms are not dictated by my want of respect for Western art, compelling as it does in all its phases the unconscious homage of wonder, if not always of admiration. Our reverential attitude toward all true expressions of art can be explained by our old axiom to approach a picture as one would enter into the presence of a great prince. We have been taught to prostrate ourselves even to a vase of flowers before examining the beauty of its arrangement.

In the first place, I wish to distinguish between the problems which concern the individual painter and those which concern society. To our Eastern conception of art the questions of technique belong to the painter himself. The public has no right to determine what it shall be in the present or the future. The individuality of the artistic effort forbids that an outsider should meddle with its methods. The painter himself is but half-cognizant of the secret which makes him a master, for each new idea imposes its own modes and laws. The moment when he formulates his secrets is the moment when he enters on his old age and death. For beauty is the joy of the eternal youthfulness of the creative mind. And it is the sharing the gladness of the artist in his discovery of a reawakened life in the universe that constitutes the love of art to us. One of our monk-painters of the Ashikaga period in the fourteenth century claims that art is the *Samadhi* of the playfulness of the human soul. Indeed, it is the magnificent innocence of the playful genius which is too selfish to be exclusive that makes all great art so unapproachable and so inviting to all.

Art is nothing if not the expression of the individual mind. A Chinese painter in the sixth century defined painting as the movement of his spirit in the rhythm of things. Another Chinese of the Sung Dynasty (the eleventh century), in the epigrammatic style characteristic of his age, has called it the mind on the point of the brush. Art-appreciation is always a communion of minds. The value of a picture is in the man that speaks to you behind his pigments. It is in the quality of his intonation that we respond to his personality, not in the pitch of the key nor in the range of his voice. What an intense personality lies in the silk and canvas of the old masters whose names we do not know, whose date even is a matter of archaeological controversy? Who of the recognized great painters either in the West or the East has not directly appealed to us despite the distance of time and race? Their language is necessarily different.

Some may be in the Confucian sequence of the white, some in the Italian sequence of the brown; others again in the French sequence of the blue, but behind the veil is the mind, always eager to tell its own story. The trade of the connoisseur is founded on the fact of this great individuality of the master which distinguishes him from the forger or the copyist.

The common weakness of humanity is to offer advice when it is not asked. Society has been ever ready to invade the sanctuary of art. Patronage, with its accustomed superciliousness, has often imposed its authority on a realm where gold could not reach. Public criticism with the best intentions in the world has made itself only ridiculous by trying to interfere in questions where the painter must be the sole judge. Why enchain the dragon-spirit of art? It is evanescent and always alive, and is godlike in its transformations. Was it a Greek who said that he defined certain limits in art by what he had done? The Napoleonic geniuses of the brush are constantly winning victories mindless of the dogmatic strategy of the academicians. The foremost critic of modern England has been ironically censured for his undue depreciation of Whistler, as one who was to be remembered by what he failed to understand. The fate of æsthetic discussions is to hang on the Achillean heel of art, and therein to find the vulnerable point of attack. We can Ruskinize only on the past.

If I may stretch a point, the masters themselves may be said to be responsible for allowing society to frustrate the spontaneous play of later artists. Their personality has been so great as to leave a lasting impression on the canons of beauty so that any deviation from the accepted notions is certain to be regarded with suspicion. Society has been taken into the confidence of art, and, like all confidences, it was either too little or too much. The world has become disrespectful toward art on account of the proffered familiarity. It feels at liberty to dictate where it ought to worship, to criticise where it ought to comprehend. It is not that the public should not talk, but that it should know better. It is not that society should not be amused, but that it should enjoy more. We are sorry to realize how much of real æsthetic sympathy is lost in the jargon of studio-talks.

The very individuality of art which makes its problem so subjective to the artist at the same time makes it defy classification in time. It is a matter of doubt whether we can speak of the "modern problems" in painting as such with any amount of accuracy or with profit. The problem which confronts the painter to-day has been always with him since the days he first traced the mastodon on bone-fragments in the primeval dens of the cave lions.

Of course the history of painting means the constant accretion of the problems of lines, light, and color, until nowadays the complex machinery requires a gigantic intellect to set it successfully in

motion. The step from the symbolic outlines of the early Nara painters to the depth and intensity of the concentrated ink-poems of the fifteenth century, the change from the archaic drawings on the Etruscan vases to the mystery of color-equations as conceived by your living master, John LaFarge, presents such a contrast as to make them seem totally different. Yet the agony and the joy of the later workers have been equally shared by the primitive artists. They all belong to the common brotherhood of the brush who with infinite patience devoted themselves to the adjustment of styles and materials in order to create and appease the craving for beauty. It must not be supposed that the task of an earlier age was lighter because it was simpler. The burden of artistic effort must have been proportionately the same, for the desire of its real votaries is to carry all that it can bear. Life is eternal, and so is art. The ancient and the modern meet within ourselves on the hazy borderland where yesterday parts from to-morrow.

In this age of classification we often forget that the eternal flow of life joins us with our predecessors. Classification is after all a convenience to arrange our thoughts, and, like all objects of convenience, becomes in the end troublesome. The modern scientific mind is apt to consider itself to have conquered matter by simply labeling it. But definitions are limitations, and thus the barriers to our insight. A seventeenth century Japanese poet has written that we feel the coldness of things on our lips like a blast of autumn whenever we begin to speak. Laotze, in his supreme adoration of the Unspeakable, has pointed out that the reality of a house is not in the roof nor the walls, but in the spaces which it creates. So the reality of painting consists in its innate beauty, not in the names of the schools or periods in which we love to arrange it on the shelves of our historical consciousness.

The demarcations into the classical, romantic, or the realistic schools, are meaningfully applied to the great masters, for they meant to represent one and all of those modes. They are in a sense anachronisms, for they transcend all time. They are each a separate world in themselves, reflecting the universal formulas with the particular phases of the life around them. The age belongs to them as much as they themselves belong to the age.

It has been said that romanticism is the distinctive characteristic of modern art. But which of the so-called classic masters have not been romanticists? If the term means individualism, the expression of the self instead of impersonal ideals, it must be the common property, nay, the very essence, of all creative efforts. If the term means the emotional side of the art-impulse, in contradistinction to the intellectual, or the sensuous, which respectively represent the classic or the realistic, it is again a name for art itself, because art is emotion.

A painting is the whole man, with his infinite susceptibilities to the thoughts of other men and nature around him. It is his essay on the world, whether it be a protest or an acquiescence. Delacroix has been considered the acme of modern romanticism. But do we not see in him the all-roundness of a great artistic mind? He is an artist. He is a Delacroix.

Again, people are wont to claim that realism is the insignia of modern painting. There is no realism in art in the strict sense of the word, for art is a suggestion through nature, not a presentation of nature itself. We may notice that a vast amount of conventionality exists even in the French impressionists, who are said to have given the last word of realism. Their best productions command respect, not on account of their power of painting sunlight, but in the value of the new poetry they are enabled to express through their outdoor technique. The idea of division of color was extant long before the modern impressionism — am I correctly informed? — already found in Titian.

Realism could not be the special characteristic of modern painting. What painting of all times and all nations has not evinced the desire for being true to nature? The relation of the artist to nature has been defined ever since art was born. The climate of the land in which he worked, the amount of light, the landscape, the occupations of men, his hereditary memories, the moral and the scientific ideas of the age, which were intended to give him confidence in the universe, have determined the character of his representation. His instinct was always to record what he saw or imagined that he saw around him. We must remember that what appears symbolic to us in the archaic forms of painting was considered highly representative in their own age. The earliest annals of painting both in the East and the West reflect the admiration for realism. We have stories which I think you also have of the wondrous depiction of fruits which the birds came to peck, of horses so true to life that they neighed at night and often ran away from the walls.

Although the development of painting in different countries has created different methods of approaching nature, the original relation to it has never been broken. For nature is a part of art as the body is a part of the soul. A Sung writer has called attention to the interrelation when he remarked that one admires a landscape for being like a picture and a picture because it is like a real landscape. Art is no less an interpretation of nature than nature is a commentary on art. The types of physical beauty in man or woman which have been the source of inspiration to great masters are in their turn determined by the ideal which they set for the succeeding generations. The waves have become Korin to us as shadows have grown to be Rembrandt to you.

I do not know that I have made my meaning clear to you. I have tried to say that the problems of the painter are individual and subjective, that the method of expressing his personality lies entirely with each artist and forbids any interference from the outside. I hope that I have conveyed to you the idea that the questions which we may discuss profitably regarding painting are not whether it shall be more idealistic or less realistic, whether the artist should create in this scheme of color, or that tone of light. These belong to the painter exclusively, and he is well able to take care of himself.

Then what is the objective side of the question? What are the modern problems of painting which society can fitly discuss at all? I reply that it is the relation of painting to society itself. Society regulates the conditions under which art is produced. If it cannot claim the artist, it can claim the man. If it cannot dictate his technique, it can furnish his theme, and to a certain extent his ideals. It is in the secret understanding between the performer and the audience that delight both. It is the humanity that reverberates alike through the chord of art and the hearts of the people. The more human the call, the more universal and deep the response.

Sociological conditions have not, however, always been favorable to the free development of art and have often threatened to crush its existence, and sometimes succeeded in doing so. It is owing to this that the great masters are so rare. Indeed, it is a tribute to the virility of the art-instinct that we should have even the few. Their lives both in the East and West have shown remarkable instances of struggle and victory over circumstances. Hosts have suffered and have succumbed to social tyranny. Hosts are suffering and succumbing to their destiny.

Nothing touches us more than the weary lines on a great painter's face, for they are the traces, not of his contest with his art but with the world. One is a joy and a solace, the other is an eternal torment. The antagonism between the two lies in the laws of their existence. Art is the sphere of freedom, society that of conventions. The vulgar ever resents the ideal. Society is somehow always afraid of the living artist. It begins to offer applause when his ears are deaf,—flowers when he is safely laid in his grave. The success and popularity of a living painter in many cases are signs of lowness of spiritual level. For the higher the artistic mind soars the greater becomes the possibility of local or contemporary miscomprehension. Even in the perfection of Raphael or the princely ease of Rubens we are tempted to miss the sublimity of the tormented soul of Michael Angelo.

Society has not only been inimical to individual masters but has at times indulged in wholesale destruction of schools. Political changes have often enacted tragedies. War has devastated many a garden of beauty. With due respect to the interesting qualities

of German art we cannot help contemplating the enormous ravages inflicted upon it during the long religious wars of the Reformation. After Dürer there seems to be no painter of that calibre, and the Teutonic race has come to be characterized as "ear-minded" by other more fortunate nations. The Flemish, the Dutch, the Italian, the Spanish, all have had their share of the disastrous consequences of national convulsions. The French Revolution, despite its far-reaching beneficence, gave a severe blow to traditional excellence. In these we are but alluding to a few instances of the constant persecutions of European art which society has perpetrated on art since the days of the Greeks.

Eastern art has had also its ample measure of such catastrophes. To give an example, — the conquest of China by the Mongols in the thirteenth century brought about a sudden downfall of Chinese art from which it has never since been able to recover. As you are doubtless aware, the time at which this calamity occurred was the brightest age of Chinese painting. It was in the Sung dynasty, so rich in poetical and philosophical inspirations. It was the age when Confucianism had evolved a new meaning by the synthesis of Taoist and Buddhist ideals. It was the age when China was breaking through the crust of her ancient formalism, when political and economical experiments were tried on a vast scale. You will remember that the wonderful porcelain of China was the special product of this period of universal activity.

Painting was the art of the Sung. It is to their masters that the later Chinese, and we, Japanese, owe the higher conception of the quality of the line, or the manipulation of light and atmosphere within the condensed area of ink treatment. Before them Chinese painting was beautiful in its repose, with the stately completeness of style which we see in the remains of early Indian or Graeco-Roman painting. The Sung artists emancipated Asiatic art from this classicism to turn its gaze on the poetry of movement and seek new meanings of life in the intimate aspects of nature.

It is always fatal to generalize on art-epochs, but never more than on this Sung period when each artist is a school by himself. I shall but tire you with the enumeration of illustrious names like Ririomin, Beigensho, Bayen, Riokai, Choshikio, or Mokkei, for they may signify very little to you. I shall only draw your attention to the series of paintings of Buddhist saints owned by the Boston Museum, which, though not by any recognized master, are fair specimens of the later Sung work. There you will find the expression of an artistic mind of a high order which can hold its own beside the early Italians.

Alas! all these brilliant achievements of the Sung "Illumination" were stopped in their full career by the advent of the Mongol

conquerors. Their barbarous rule crushed the vitality of the native civilization, and painting had barely a chance to survive. Thenceforward it is a decadence relieved here and there by few exceptional geniuses. It was not the Mongols alone who inflicted such disaster on Chinese art. The Manchus have come again from the North to impose another alien government. Wars and disturbances never ceased to harass the Chinese painter. What one regards to-day as representative of Chinese art is but a dismal shadow compared with what it was in the glorious age of the Tang or Sung masters.

In Japan, owing to our insular position, we were saved from the Mongol disaster which beset Chinese art. Yet there are instances when a civil war was the cause of destroying local centres of art. One on the largest scale, which affected the whole of Japan, was the war of the Ashikaga-Shogunate, which raged with few breaks for nearly a century following the fifteenth. It ravaged Kioto and Nara, the ancient capitals where the arts and crafts had clustered from early days. The school of portraiture which culminated with Nobuzane, the virile representations of contemporary life which are seen in the Tosa makimonos, were a vital force before this sanguinary period. The vigor of Buddhist painters had then but slightly abated, for the splendid kakemonos, commonly attributed to Kanoaka, are mostly produced within two centuries of this crisis. But in the incessant turmoil of the late Ashikaga period the artist had no place to pursue his vocation. The monasteries, which were the nurseries of painting, were burned or their occupants were dispersed. The function of the hereditary court painters ceased, for the court itself was suffering through the misfortune of continuous war. Any one conversant with the history of Japanese art will notice how our art wears an entirely new aspect after the restoration of peace. It has evolved new and interesting phases; but the ancient traditions of the Kasugas and Tosas were lost forever.

The calamities imposed upon art by the social conditions do not end here. Even in the days of peace we shall find that the so-called encouragement was by no means a boon to art. The self-complacency of society is apt to make itself believe that patronage is everything. On the contrary, the word "patronage" is in itself an insult. We want sympathy, not condescension. If society really cared for good art, it should approach it with the respect due to all the noble functions of life. As it is, painting has been often called to the degrading service of society. It was this that made the great Tang painter Yenrippon tell his children that he would disown them if they ever learned to paint.

Maeterlinck has said that if the flowers had wings they would fly away at the approach of man. I would not blame them if they ever flew away from the cruelties of floriculture. Art, the flower

of thought, has also no wings. Its roots are bound to humanity. It is painful to think how it has been trimmed, cut, and tortured by unfeeling hands to be confined in a vessel for temporary admiration. Sotoba, a Sung poet, has remarked, "Men are not ashamed to wear flowers, but what of the flowers?" If the Buddhist idea of retribution is to be believed in, the flowers must have committed terrible crimes in their former lives! Let us hope for the painters a better incarnation in their next.

Religion has been supposed to be the greatest inspiration of art. It is often claimed that the loss of religious zeal caused the decadence of art. But art is a religion in itself. The mere fact of painting a holy subject does not constitute the holiness of the picture. The inherent nobleness and devotional attitude of the artist's mind toward the cosmos alone stamps him as the religious painter. It has been remarked that in the picture of the bamboo by Sankoku lay the whole mystery of Taoism. The stereotyped representations of Christian or Buddhist subjects, of which, we are sorry to say, there are so many, are not only a parody on religion but a caricature of art itself. Here we see another instance of the effects of misplaced patronage, where even religion made a handmaiden of art, and thus diverted it from its legitimate expression.

Again, the ambitions of kings and potentates have led them to use art for their own glorification. Their monumental works were not the patronage of art, but patronage of themselves. The same spirit of self-importance moved them as that which led to the encouragement of portrait-painting by the modern bourgeoisie. The instinct is natural, but not favorable to the elevation of art-ideals. In the hundred golden screens of Momoyama, we find the magnificent tediousness that characterizes the work of Kano Yeitoku, painter-in-ordinary to the Japanese Napoleon. On the walls of Versailles we feel the elaborate insipidity of Horace Vernet, the historian of the Taiko Hideyoshi of Europe.

Society, in posing as the patron, forgets that its true function is that of the mother. Art was rarely allowed a place to nestle on its bosom. The waywardness of art, born of her innate individuality, has caused her to be treated as a stepchild. The palmy days of painting were only when the painters had a recognized place in the social scheme. In old times painting was either a trade or an occupation of the religious. The great masters belonged to the guild if not to the cloister. They were Bellinis, or Fra Angelicos.

In the East, where hereditary profession is an important factor of society, the family took the place of the guild. Our old master was either a scion of the Tosas, or a monk, a Yeshin-Sodzu, or a Chodensu. Monasticism itself later on gave protection to the brotherhood of painters, for, in the strict formalism of Oriental life, the

Buddhist gown afforded the means of liberation from social trammels. You may notice that the Kanos always held ecclesiastical titles, that Hokusai had a shaven head.

It must not be implied that the conditions in the past which gave to both the Italian and the Japanese painters a recognized place in society are to be considered ideal or perfect. I am simply pointing to the fact that the position of art was not at least anomalous, as it is nowadays. The difficulty at the present time is that society has broken the ancient harmony, and offers nothing to replace it. The academy and the institute are poor substitutes for the medieval guilds or the Japanese monasticism, — the groups which kept up the traditions and furnished a home for art.

The modern spirit, in emancipating the man, exiles the artist. The painter of to-day has no recognized function in the social scheme. He may be nearer nature, but is further from humanity. Have we not noticed how intensely human are the pictures of all the great masters? Do we not notice how distant and cold are the modern productions? Art for art's sake is a wail of Bohemia.

If we look on the surface of things, it would appear as if there were no time in history when art was so honored as it is to-day in Europe or in America. The highest social distinctions are conferred on the successful painter, and the amount of his remuneration is incomparably greater than that given the old master. Yet it is a matter of doubt whether he enjoys the fostering care and the stimulating influences which the community and brother-workers accorded him in the past. The very lack of finish and refinement in their work shows the difference between the new and the old. It is significant that in France, where the relation between the artist and the community is better kept than elsewhere in the West, where traditions are still adhered to by its "Institute," we find the most vital of contemporary achievements.

Modern art-education is not altogether the blessing that it is generally supposed to be. It is true that the academies and the museum have opened up to all what was once a secret of the trade. It is also true that systematic instruction has enabled one to overcome the apparently unnecessary hardship of apprenticeship. But the art academies cannot impart the benefits of the older method. The grinding of colors and the attendance on the master, however irksome it might have been, were the means of developing the moral fibre of the artistic mind. The constant contact with the master-worker, and the participation in the details of his work, were the best means of obtaining insight into the entire complexity of production. It is the home-life of art, which no school-life can replace. Art-education, as it is generally conducted, is destructive to individuality. Its systematic nature enforces a uniform rule on all. Again, the very

facility of modern methods robs the student of that severe training which gave the finish to the work of old masters. Even the universal use of photographs, which have come to be an important factor of art-work in these days, saves the artists from the necessity of the arduous copying of masterpieces which was the essential point of traditional teaching. Who is not a painter nowadays? We have so many amateurs that there are no great masters. We have made so much of ourselves that there is very little left in others.

We of the East often wonder whether your society cares for art. You seem not to want art, but decoration, — decoration in the sense of subjugating beauty for the sake of display. In the rush for wealth there is no time for lingering before a picture. In the competition of luxury, the criterion is not that the thing should be more interesting, but that it should be more expensive. The paintings that cover the walls are not of *your* choice, but those dictated by fashion. What sympathy can you expect from art when you offer none? Under such conditions art is apt to retaliate either with incipient flattery or with brutal sarcasm. Meanwhile the true art weeps. Do not let my expressions offend you. Japan is eager to follow in your footsteps, and is fast learning not to care for art.

The social conditions of modern Japan have laid grave problems on her art. Indeed, it is with a feeling of sadness that I approach the subject, for at the present moment Japanese painting is threatened with entire destruction. The danger is due to the effects of the series of wars that have continually disturbed us since the middle of the last century, and also the occidentalization of the national life. The advent of the American Embassy in 1853 precipitated the revolution which was to end in the Restoration, the restoration of the classic rule of the Mikado in 1868. This movement was the outcome of the Japanese Renaissance which began in the eighteenth century to recall us to a consciousness of the age preceding the Shogunates. The whole energy of our scholarship was then concentrated on the research and reconstruction of the literature and arts of the Nara and early Kioto period which had so long been obscured during the feudal age, — especially during the long wars of the Ashikagas which we have already mentioned. The early half of the last century is marked by the rise of a classic school of painting as a resultant of this revival of ancient knowledge. The age was rich in artistic activity in all branches. Even the old-fashioned school of Kano caught new inspiration by a return to Sessiu and a renewed study of the Sung masters. The Bunjin school in the style of the later Ming and early Manchu dynasty were in full swing. Kioto was famous through the names of Okio, Goshun, and Ganku. Hokusai was living until 1848. But the political agitations which then came over the nation turned our energies into other channels beside that of art. The

threat of foreign complications was coupled with the actual struggle of overthrowing the Tokugawa Shogunate. The gleam of the sword and the flash of gunpowder were before the people's eyes by the year 1860. Kioto and Yeddo became the main centres of commotion, and unrest was over all the country. Uprisings in various provinces culminated in the general civil war which began in the vicinity of Kioto, and convulsed the nation from Kiushiu to Yesso. It was in those days that the art-treasures of the daimios were scattered to form the ornaments of Western museums, when Buddhist painting and sculpture in the monasteries were wantonly destroyed in the mistaken zeal of Shinto converts.

It is heart-rending to hear of the burning of wonderful lacquer boxes to collect their gold, for nobody could afford what was considered a luxury in that moment of universal calamity. Painters had to abandon their profession. Those who did not follow the wars had to eke out a hard subsistence by rude hand-work.

The Restoration was accomplished in 1868, which marks the year when the last remnant of the army of the Shogunate was defeated and submitted to the authority of the imperialists. It was in that year that his Majesty the present Mikado ascended the throne and inaugurated the enlightened policy which was to give Japan a place in the family of nations. But the necessary friction attending the adjustment of the old to the new social and economic conditions was a source of constant disturbance. We had riots and rebellions, — the last of which, the Satsuma Rebellion of 1878, was of quite a serious nature. After that, peace was assured, and art had a chance to survive. In 1882 we had our first national exhibition of painting. But the community was too deeply involved in solving the problems of modern industrialism to show any deep sympathy for the revival of art. The best energies of the leading men were devoted to the framing and application of constitutional government, and the revoking of the ex-territorial jurisdiction inflicted upon us by the foreign powers.

Another great drain on our resources and intellect was the organization of the army and navy to secure our independence; for our national existence was threatened by the continental aggression on our legitimate line of defense. We must try to live before we could paint. In 1894-95 we had the Chinese War. At the present moment we are in a death-grapple with one of the mightiest military nations of Europe.

The ravages of war are bad enough, but in Japan we have the hard task of facing the antagonistic forces which peace itself had brought to bear upon us. I refer to the onslaught of Western art on our national painting. A great battle is raging among us in the contest for supremacy between Eastern and Western ideals. With what

results time alone can determine. I am aware that sincere lovers of art in the West have always emphatically urged us to the preservation of our national style. I have heard many wonder why we should have tried to imitate you in painting, as in everything else. You should remember, however, that our wholesale adoption of your methods of life and culture was not purely a matter of choice but of necessity. The word "modernization" means the occidentalization of the world. The map of Asia will reveal the dismal fate of the ancient civilizations that have succumbed to the spell of industrialism, commercialism, imperialism, and what not, which the modern spirit has cast over them. It seems almost imperative that one should mount the car of Juggernaut unless one would be crushed under its wheels. Socially, our sympathy towards painting, as towards all other questions of life, is divided into two camps, — the so-called progressive, and the conservative. The former believes in the acceptance of Western culture in its entirety, the latter with a qualification. To the advocates of the wholesale westernization of Japan, Eastern civilization seems a lower development compared to the Western. The more we assimilate the foreign methods the higher we mount in the scale of humanity. They point out the state of Asiatic nations and the success of Japan in maintaining a national existence by the very fact of recognizing the supremacy of the West. They claim that civilization is a homogeneous development that defies eclecticism in any of its phases. To them Japanese painting appears at one with the bows and arrows of our primitive warfare, — not to be tolerated in these days of explosives and ironclads.

The conservatives, on the other hand, assert that Asiatic civilization is not to be despised; that its conception of the harmony of life is as precious as the scientific spirit and the organizing ability of the West. To them, Western society is not necessarily the paragon which all mankind should imitate. They believe in the homogeneity of civilization, but that true homogeneity must be the result of a realization from within, not an accumulation of outside matter. To them, Japanese paintings are by no means the simple weapons to which they are likened, but a potent machine invented to carry on a special kind of æsthetic warfare.

I would like to say in this connection that Japanese art has not yet been presented in its true light to outside nations. Except to the few who have made a special study of it, or to those whose real insight into beauty has made it possible to enter into its spirit, the real meaning of our national painting seems not to have been grasped by the general Western public. Our painting is still known to you through the color-prints of the popular school, and the flower and bird pictures which represent the prettiness, not the seriousness of our artistic efforts. I beg you to know that in the works of our

masters lies as deep a philosophy of life and a religion of beauty as those which animated the creations of your own. The mode of expression is different, but the intensity of the emotion is the same.

There is a certain phase of Japanese painting which is difficult for Western comprehension on account of its very Eastern nature. The monistic trend of the Eastern thought has led to concentration where it became expansive in yours. The microcosmic notion of our later philosophy has even accentuated the tendency to express with simplest means the most complex ideas. In some cases, color and shading have been discarded in the eagerness of preserving the purity of the idea. It is not symbolism but infinite suggestiveness. It is not the simplicity of the child but the directness of the master-mind. An ink-landscape of Kakei or Sessiu is a world in itself, replete with the meaning of life. Without actual examples before us it is hard to make myself understood. To take an analogy, the self-completeness of those masters is in its own way the self-completeness you find in the Mona Lisa of Leonardo or The Gilder of Rembrandt.

The fact that these concentrated poems were enjoyed by our society was the proof of its culture. It showed the ability of the public to sympathize and fill out the background which the artist has purposely left unfilled. The public was as much the painter as the painter himself, for both were required to complete an idea. It belonged to the age when the tea-ceremony was universally practiced, as a serious attempt to perfect the art of sympathy. You are doubtless aware that the tea-ceremony is called a ceremony because it is not a ceremony. It was a vital method of realizing the harmonious appreciation of the facts of mundane life. The guest and the host were alike called upon to create the unity of the room, and the rhythm of the conversation.

I do not assert that Japanese painting has been always able to keep up to this high standard. Like the tea-ceremony, it has often become formal and meaningless. We feel the fatigue of the art-impulse instead of its virility. But the worship of the suggestive has been an integral part of our art-consciousness. The ideal was always there, however we may have failed to approach it.

The conservative thinks that it is a great pity these ancient ideals should be lost. I, for one, who belong to the humble ranks of the conservatives, find it deplorable that the traditions of Chinese and Japanese painting should be entirely ignored. I do not mean to say that we should not study the Western methods, for thereby we may add to our own method of expression. Nor do I desire that we should not assimilate the wealth of ideas which your civilization has amassed. On the contrary, the mental equipment of Japanese painting needs strengthening through the accretion of the world's ideals. We can only become more human by becoming more uni-

versal. The value of a suggestion is in the depth of the thought that it conveys. What I wish to protest against is the attitude of imitation which is so destructive of individuality.

Disastrous as have been the consequences of the sweeping inundations of Western ideals, its ravages on Japanese painting might have been comparatively slight had it not been accompanied with modern industrialism. It may be that Western art is also suffering from the effects of industrialism, but to us its menace is more direful as we hear it beating against the bulwarks of our old economic life. To us it seems that industrialism is making a handmaiden of art, as religion and personal glorification have made of it in the past. Competition imposes the monotony of fashion instead of the variety of life. *Cheapness* is the goal, not *Beauty*. The democratic indifference of the market stamps everything with the mark of vulgar equality. In place of the hand-works, where we feel the warmth of the human touch of even the humblest worker, we are confronted with the cold-blooded touch of the machine. The mechanical habit of the age seizes the artist and makes him forget that his only reason for existence is to be the one, not the many. He is impelled not to create but to multiply. Painting is becoming more and more an affair of the hand rather than of the mind.

The task of preserving Japanese painting against all these antagonistic influences is not easy. It is a matter of no small wonder that we should have produced within recent years a new school of national painting. Our hope in the future lies in the tenacity of the Japanese race which has kept its individuality intact since the dawn of its history. Two generations cannot change the idiosyncrasies of twenty centuries. The bulk of our traditions still remains practically unharmed. Of late years there has been a marked tendency to a deeper recognition of the best in our ancient culture. We are glad to see in the heroic sacrifices of our people in the present war that the spirit of old Japan is not dead. Our greatest hope is in the very vitality of art itself which enabled it to thrive in spite of the various adversities which it had encountered in the past. A grim pride animates us in facing the enormous odds which modern society has raised against us. At the present day we feel ourselves to be the sole guardians of the art-inheritance of Asia. The battle must be one fought out to the last.

Perhaps it may have seemed to you that I have painted in too dark a color the modern problems of art. There is a brighter side of the question. Western society itself is awakening to a better understanding of the problem. The suspense of art-activities at the present moment has aroused the anxious inquiry of serious thinkers into the cause of the universal decadence. It is time, indeed, that we should begin to work for the true adjustment of society to art.

I shall be only too grateful if my words have been of service in drawing your attention to the grave nature of the situation in the East. In the name of humanity, I call on the brotherhood of artists and art-lovers to a solution of these world-wide problems.

SHORT PAPER

MR. CHARLES H. COFFIN presented a paper on "Some Considerations of our System of Instruction in Painting."

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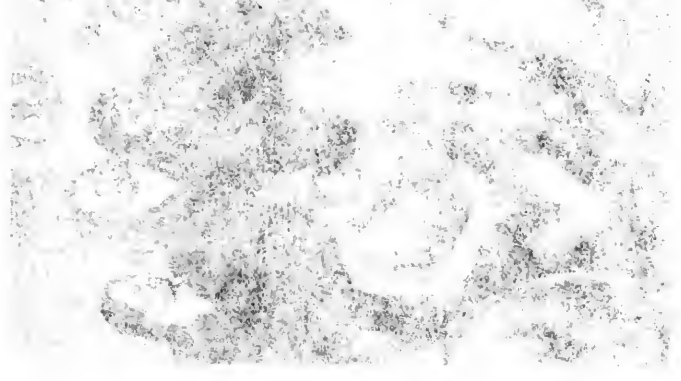
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GOETHE AND HIS FRIENDS

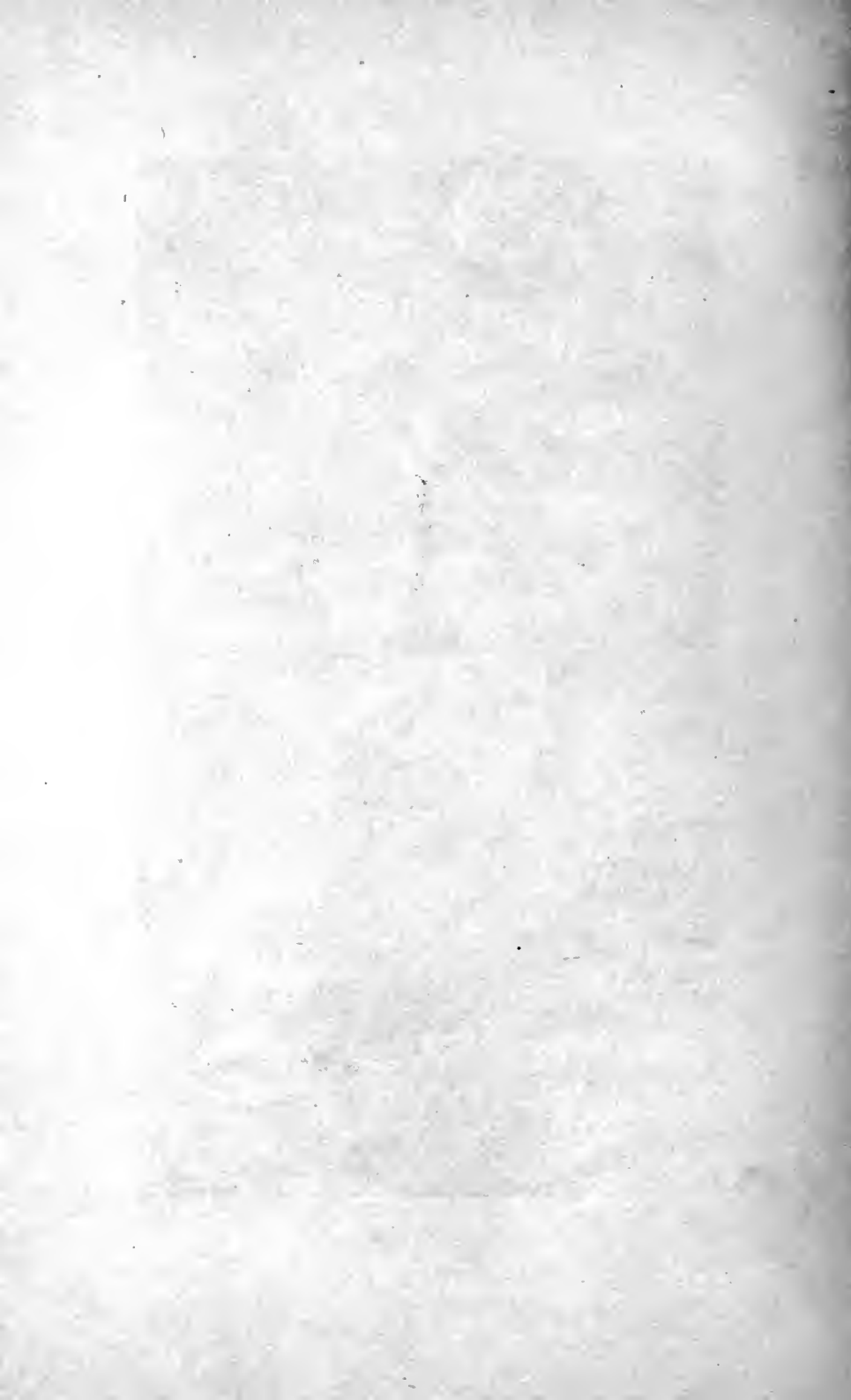
(Weimar, 1803)

Photogravure from the Painting by Otto Knille

This is a section of one of the friezes which Otto Knille painted for the escalier of the Library of the University of Berlin. It presents some of the chief German representatives of modern culture, and is one of the four animated groups for which Knille was awarded the great gold medal at the Berlin Exhibition of 1886.

Here we see Goethe, the foremost representative of self-culture, in the centre, surrounded by poets, savants, authors, and artists. To Goethe's left are the famous brothers Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt. Wieland, wearing a skull cap, is sitting alongside of Niebuhr and Herder, with Schleiermacher in the background. To the right of Goethe sits the Muse of Poetry, and standing in a row are Tieck, Jean Paul, and Fichte, with Pestalozzi seated in front, leaning forward in a meditative mood.





POETRY



POETRY

THE IDEA OF LAW IN POETRY.¹

BY WILLIAM J. COURTHOPE

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PART I.—FRENCH POETRY.

FINE art is the imitation, by the poets, painters, sculptors, and musicians of any people, of the idea of the Universal in Nature. This idea springs out of the character of the race, the course of its history, the common perceptions of its men of genius. As the life of a nation develops, the practice of its various artists instinctively falls in with the growth of society, advances with it to maturity, and languishes in its decline. Sometimes, as in ancient Greece, the history of art seems to manifest itself with almost as much certainty and regularity as the life of a flower, or a tree, or a human body. The Greek poet discovered by a kind of spontaneous instinct how to express the idea of greatness in his race in the divine simplicity of hexameter verse; the Greek musician learned at a very early stage how to imitate human passions in dance and song. With the remarkable development of civic life that followed the Persian invasion the Greek architect and sculptor co-operated to embody in marble the loftiest ideas of religion. Instinctively, in the same age, the dramatist combined, from the epic minstrelsy and the religious hymn, a mode of imitation fitted to express the profounder ideas of society about life and nature. With rare and delicate taste, Æschylus and his two great successors made the drama, in its progressive development, a mirror for all the changes of moral and religious feeling that transformed the Athenian mind between the battle of Marathon and the Sicilian Expedition.

¹ Three lectures delivered originally in Oxford. They are presented here to supplement the lectures originally prepared for the International Congress of Arts and Science.

And when, after the battle of Chæronea, the Greek enthusiasm for liberty and the old Hellenic belief in the gods died away together, the loss of imaginative energy in society reflected itself in the purely prosaic imitation of the New Comedy. In all directions the law of Greek art was embodied in the works of great artists, and, as I said in my last lecture, Aristotle's best criticism in the *Poetics* is not new legislation, but the declaration of the law of Nature already existing in art.

Had it been the destiny of Aristotle to declare the æsthetic law of any modern European nation, his task would have been far more difficult. In no Christian society has the artist shown the same spontaneous faculty for imitating Nature as in Greece. Many obstacles stand between Nature and the imagination of the modern artist. To begin with, he has been cut off from the fountainhead of his primæval instincts by the conversion of his ancestors to Christianity. Moreover, the nation in modern Europe is not constituted simply, as in the small Greek states, but is vast and complex, composed of antagonistic classes, each with its own perceptions and ideals, which often baffle the attempt of the artist to divine the ideas common to the whole society. Lastly, the modern imagination and judgment are bewildered by the presence of surviving models of Hellenic art, which constantly oppose themselves to the ideas derived from Christian education. Nevertheless, a historic examination of art will hardly leave room for doubt, that the varieties of ideal imitation in the different countries of Europe have been as much the product of national character, as was the case in the City States of Greece; and I propose in this lecture to illustrate, as clearly as I can in the time at my disposal, how national forces have combined to give a dominant bias to the genius of French poetry.

Experience shows how closely the master qualities of the French character still correspond with Cæsar's description of them. The assimilation of Visigothic and Frankish elements have not materially altered in the Gaul either the brilliant and fickle temperament, vividly colored by transient emotions, the rapid logical perception of things, or the sense of artistic form and proportion common to all races that have felt the influence of the Latin mind. As this national character expands in the course of French history, there passes before the imagination a long drama of something like civil war between two mutually irreconcilable factions — the bourgeoisie and the feudal aristocracy. The landmarks of the struggle stand forth prominently; the long agonizing conflict of the early ages between the Crown, as the representative of civil law and order, and the great vassals, as the representatives of feudal privilege; the victory of the Crown, allied with the bourgeoisie, under Louis XI.; the religious wars between Catholics and Huguenots; the accession of Henry IV. and

the elimination of the Huguenots as a political power; the wars of the Fronde and the annihilation of the political power of the feudal aristocracy; the absorption of all the powers of the State by the Crown in the reign of Louis XIV.; the decay of the Monarchy in the eighteenth century; the French Revolution.

As illustrating the working of the Law of National Character in literature, nothing can be more remarkable than the vivid reflection of this course of political development in the various stages of French poetry. There in the very infancy of society, may be observed the trenchant antithesis between the genius of the two opposing classes in the contrasted styles of the Provençal lyric and the *fabliau* of the Trouvère; the one the poetical vehicle of the inhabitants of the Castle, the other of the inhabitants of the town. We see the two types brought into deliberately satiric contrast in the famous *Romance of the Rose*, in the latter part of which the bourgeois John de Meung mocks at the ideals of his chivalric predecessor William de Lorris. The alliance between the Court and the bourgeoisie is symbolized in the poems of Marot, who set himself to refine the character of the old French poetry to suit the more fastidious taste of Francis I. On the other hand, the poetry of Ronsard, the representative, with the Pleiad, of the party of the aristocracy, reflects in a new form the old tendency of the castled nobility to mark out for themselves a manner of conception and expression sharply separated from that of the vulgar. Ronsard's movement, in spite of his real genius, is seen from the first to be against the inevitable tendency of things, and is therefore doomed to failure; and in the same way D'Aubigné's Huguenot ideals, unable to make head against the Catholic tendency in the French nation, find utterance, like a lonely "Vox Clamantis," in the lofty strains of *Les Tragiques*. Henry IV: ascends the throne; and with Malherbe, as the dictator of poetical taste, the victory of the Monarchical over the feudal principle in French politics, the victory of reason over imagination in French poetry, is practically decided.

If, turning from this general historic view, we ask how these two parties respectively manifested their character in French literature, it is clear, in the first place, that the qualities in the French nation which the aristocracy communicated to the language were of the feminine order, both in their virtue and their defect. How remarkable is the long array of brilliant women who have left a name in French literature — the Countess of Champagne, Christine de Pisan, the Marquise de Rambouillet, Madame du Sablé, Madame de Sévigné! How powerful an influence on the course of refined taste was exercised by the Cours d'Amour, the Hôtel Rambouillet, the Salons of the Précieuses! From the noble ladies of France, and the men who, according to the laws of chivalry, declared themselves their servants, the French idiom acquired that exquisite vein of irony and innuendo

which made French conversation for so long the standard of manners in European society, and French prose the finest instrument of criticism, letter-writing, and diplomacy. But the masculine qualities of imagination are conspicuous by their absence. What the French aristocracy wanted in their literary style was substance, sincerity, a sense of the reality of things. Weigh the names of their representative men, Charles of Orleans, Ronsard, Voiture, Chapelain, St. Amant, against such names as Rabelais, La Fontaine, Molière, and Voltaire, representatives of the bourgeoisie; observe the triviality of matter in the lyrics of the Troubadours, in the poetry written for the Hôtel Rambouillet, in the romance of the Grand Cyrus; and you will see the defeat of the French aristocracy in the conflict of History explained in the conflict of Ideas.

The bourgeois element in French poetry is of an evidently opposite kind. It has none of the romance, delicacy, or spiritual imagination, which distinguish the work of the chivalric party; its qualities are, above all, good sense, shrewd observation, keen logic, a penetrating appreciation of hypocrisy and unreality, an unerring sense of the ridiculous, an Epicurean enjoyment of life. Deprive this bourgeois genius of its native tendency to vulgarity, by putting it under the patronage of the Court, give it subjects for imitation suitable to its knowledge and powers, find it an instrument of expression analogous to its favorite *fabliau*; and the flower of the French imagination will in time unfold itself in the Comedies of Molière and the Fables of La Fontaine. It is in the works of these two writers, perhaps above all others, that we may observe the operation of what it is not improper to call the idea of Natural Law in French Poetry.

Molière has been severely censured by the more austere critics of France as a careless and slovenly writer. He is blamed for want of polish in his style, for his incorrect selection of metaphors, for his audacious plagiarisms; and all these reproaches he has to some extent justly incurred. But his defects are almost the inevitable accompaniment of his splendid qualities as a comic creator. Molière imitated the ridiculous in Nature wherever he found it. When he thought that Spanish or Italian phrases, or the vulgarisms of French idiom, were expressive of character, he used them without any regard to the delicate nerves of the French Academy. With as little hesitation he drew on the inventions of the classic and Italian dramatists or the *fabliaux* of Boccaccio, if they furnished him with convenient plots for framing his observation of what was deserving of ridicule in his own society. But all his creations are eminently original. Nowhere else than in France could such universal types of human nature as M. Jourdain Tartruff, and Alceste have been conceived and embodied. No one but Molière could have observed with such nice precision, and have expressed in dialogue so sparkling and lifelike, the

essence of absurdity in the manners of *Les Précieuses* or *Les Femmes Savantes*. As a mirror for such universal truths of Nature the refined literary language of the Academy, and the conventional standard of manners in the Hôtel Rambouillet, were equally inadequate. Molière in his Comedies doubtless leans to farce; but he does so because the old popular French farces furnished him with the ideal atmosphere required to give poetical truth to the observed realities of Nature. Nor do his bourgeois instincts carry him into excess. His seemingly buffoon extravagance of conception and spontaneous exuberance of expression were kept within due limits by the sense that his plays were to be performed before the most fastidious of monarchs, who would never have tolerated the exhibition of vulgarity beyond what was necessary for the purposes of art. Hence, in spite of its negligence, the composition and language of Molière are in the highest sense well-bred, harmonious, and classic.

Exactly analogous to the dramatic practice of Molière is the literary practice of La Fontaine, except that, as the poems of the latter were intended to be read, no one has ever blamed him for incorrectness of style. La Fontaine makes no more effort than Molière to raise himself into a consciously ideal atmosphere. He cares no more than Molière did for the praise of absolute originality; his fables, like the plots of Molière, are borrowed from the inventions of predecessors, fabulists such as Phædrus, Babrius, Horace, and a hundred others. But through all this borrowing and adaptation, the unmistakable character of the old French *fabliau*, and the individuality of La Fontaine, make themselves felt. His verses breathe the easy Epicurean air characteristic of his class. His peasants and citizens are types of the men and women whom he saw in the farms and markets; his beasts use the average human language of prudence and good sense. In the flow of his verse we listen to the natural idiom of the conversation of his time. Nevertheless, the ideal atmosphere, required for the imitation of the Universal, is never absent from his creations, and knowing as he did that he was writing for refined society, his poetry, with all its apparent ease, is in reality the result of the most careful selection of words and harmonies.

The dominant bias of French taste, however, discloses itself not merely in works in which the artist is felt to be dealing with materials akin to his own nature, but in the abstract reasoning by which men of genius have endeavored to regulate practice in the higher spheres of poetic invention. For example, the French idea of law in art is strikingly exhibited in the approved rules of composition for the tragic drama. Unlike the dramas of Athens and of England, the tradition of the theatre in France is not of popular origin, but is the late creation of a few great poets, accommodating their practice to the taste of comparatively refined audiences. There was, indeed, a time

when the itinerant stage of the Middle Ages found a welcome among the French, as among the English people, but these exhibitions had so dwindled during the miserable period of the Hundred Years' War, that, at the close of the sixteenth century, one company of actors, in the Hôtel Bourgogne, was sufficient to satisfy the dramatic requirements of the whole country. When the taste for the stage began to revive the poet was free to invent for himself, and he naturally turned for his models to the tragedies of Seneca, never meant for acting, in which an abstract situation is worked out by means of rhetorical harangues and sharply pointed dialogue. The form thus adopted proved so acceptable to French taste, that, in spite of the efforts of Voltaire and Diderot, it kept possession of the stage for nearly 200 years.

Having thus grounded the practice of the drama on the authority of Seneca, the French poets proceeded to regulate it by the supposed theory of Aristotle. Corneille was the first to define the law of the stage in his *Discourse on the Three Unities of Action, Time, and Place*. He assumed that the external form of the Greek drama was something immutable; that Aristotle had defined its changeless rules in the *Poetics*; and that these rules had been faithfully observed in his own tragedies. Now the only unity on which Aristotle really insists is Unity of Action; and in his *Discourse* Corneille plainly shows that he does not know what Aristotle meant by Unity of Action. Unity of Action in the *Poetics* means simply the representation on the stage of a fictitious story, with a proportioned beginning, middle, and end, involving a display of human passion, character, and misfortune, in such a form as to appear probable and lifelike to the spectators.

Shakespeare and the Greek poets perfectly understood the working of this fundamental law. So vividly does Shakespeare conceive his ideal situations as a whole, that he even realizes in his imagination the state of the climate and temperature, as when Hamlet says to Horatio: "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold;" or when Duncan praises the amenity of Macbeth's Castle:

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty, friese,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

So again, in *As You Like It*, when Oliver asks the way to Rosalind's cottage, with what particular details the poet brings the scene before us! —

Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if you know,
 Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
 A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

To which Celia replies :

West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom :
 The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
 Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

The fact is, that both the Greek and English dramatists were the natural successors of the minstrels — the former of Homer and the cyclic poets, the latter of the mediæval *trouvères* — and their imaginations were accustomed to live in the ideal action of the story-tellers. Now for a story in itself Corneille cared nothing. What he meant by unity of action was the unity of abstract idea in a drama. He understood very well the nature of the stage effects required to produce emotion in an audience; and he constructed his plays logically and scientifically with a view to securing these effects. I imagine that the way in which he composed a tragedy was something like this: First, he searched for a situation in which he might exhibit a conflict between the will and the passions; then, when he had found the subject, he filled in the situation with the characters, and determined their relations to each other in successive scenes; after that, he thought out the emotions and sentiments proper to each scene; lastly, he colored the whole of the dialogue with impassioned rhetoric and epigrammatic points.

Composing on this principle, Corneille was able to exclude from the structure of his drama every external incident that was not necessary to the evolution of his abstract idea, but he was far from attaining unity of action. He strove to imitate, as far as possible, the outward form of Greek tragedy, and took note of Aristotle's saying, that it is not necessary to represent on the stage the whole of a recorded action. But he did not observe that the reason of this was that, in the Athenian theatre, the audience were all familiar with the whole story represented, and so were able to supply from their imagination the necessary gaps in the action. But this is not the case in *The Cid*. Corneille, in this play, merely selects from the story of the Spanish hero such episodes as he deemed necessary for the treatment of his own idea. We are plunged at the opening of the play *in medias res*. We do not know, except from the table of *dramatis personae*, who Don Rodrigue and Chiemène are; Don Diegue and Don Gomes are, or what were the events which led to the quarrel causing the complication of the whole drama. The dramatic situation resembles a chess-board after the game has been developed according to one of the conventional openings. The love of Rodrigue for Chimène is held in check by Rodrigue's filial obligation to avenge the insult of-

ferred to *his* father; the love of Chimène for Rodrigue is checked by the duty imposed on her to avenge the death of *her* father; the dramatic interest depends on the solution of the psychological puzzle.

It is extremely interesting and instructive to observe how carefully Corneille applies the Law of the Three Unities to a tragedy thought out on this completely abstract principle. He wished to make the play appear logical to the audience *on the stage*; he did not care about making it appear real to *the universal imagination*. Accordingly, he pleads apologetically, in his *Discourse on the Three Unities*, that he has not departed from the rule of Unity of Place further than he was absolutely obliged by the nature of his subject. And as to the Unity of Time, since the action of the play is restricted by the supposed law to twenty-four hours, the dramatist is obliged by the course of events to make Don Rodrigue first kill Don Gomes, then conquer the Moors, then come back to fight a second duel with Don Sanche; and that he may do all this within the prescribed time limits, his father, Don Diegue, opposes the desire of the king to give *The Cid* an interval for rest and refreshment, observing that it is nothing for a man of his son's heroic valor to come from a battle to a duel without making a pause!

And yet, though Corneille is so anxious to satisfy the demands of a dramatic law which has no existence in truth or nature, he sees no improbability in representing Chimène making long speeches to her lady-in-waiting in order to show the audience the state of her mind in the struggle between her inclination and her duty; no improbability in bringing Don Rodrigue to his mistress, after he has killed her father, to entreat her to plunge the same sword into his own heart; no improbability in causing the king to decide that Chimène's plea for vengeance against the man who has killed her father shall be satisfied by a duel between Rodrigue and Chimène's selected champion, the prize of victory being the hand of Chimène herself; no improbability in leading us to suppose, at the close of the play, that Chimène marries her father's slayer and lives happily for ever after! Such improbabilities could never have been conceived by any poet who understood the meaning of Aristotle's principle of Unity of Action in the imitation of Nature; but they proved no obstacle to the appreciation of the tragedy by an audience which accepted the artificial hypothesis with which the poet started, and mainly desired to have their own love of antithesis and rhetoric satisfied in a dramatic form of representation.

Far be it from me, as an Englishman, to speak with disrespect of the great dramatists of France. Viewed in their relation to the taste of French society, plays like *Horace*, *Cinna*, *Phèdre*, and *Athalie* seem to be marvels of dramatic skill and invention. My argument is that a society like that of France was incapable of conceiving tragic

action like that found in the plays of Æschylus and Shakespeare. The action of the poetic drama in Greece and England was a reflection of widespread popular energy, of freedom of thought, speech, and deed, of national greatness and patriotism, exalted by an inward sense of power and by the defeat of such foreign enemies as Xerxes and Philip II. No such inspiring air of liberty stirred the imagination of France in the seventeenth century. With what feelings would Louis XIV., retaining in his memory his youthful experiences of the Frondest wars, have witnessed on the stage the sufferings of legitimate kings, deprived, as in *Richard II.* and *Macbeth*, of their thrones and lives by the usurpation of ambitious subjects? How would his monarchical pride have revolted against such a spectacle as King Lear, stripped of his last shred of authority, the sport of the elements, the companion in adversity of fools and madmen! What would the Jesuits have said to the daring doubts and speculations of Hamlet's conscience? Absolutism and centralization called for another order of dramatic exhibition in France. Driven from her free range in external Nature, the Muse of Tragedy retired into the recesses of the human soul, whose inner conflicts she might represent without rousing the political suspicion of king or cardinal. Yet even here she was haunted by the phantoms of her own self-consciousness. The overpowering sense of the authority of Aristotle, the anticipation of the verdict of the associated critics of the Academy, the oppressive idea of a dramatic standard formed by ancient models of unrivalled excellence, all these influences co-operated to make the French dramatist voluntarily fetter himself in his imitation of nature. The Law of the Three Unities is an illustration of the tendency in the French character, as developed by the history of France, to repress the liberties of imagination by the analysis of Logic.

As the French law of the stage is defined by Corneille in his *Discourse on the Unities*, so the law of French literary taste is expounded by Boileau in the *Art Poétique*. Critics are apt to undervalue poems of the class of Horace's *Ars Poetica* and Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, because they regard them as abstract treatises on taste, containing cold and commonplace maxims of composition; whereas their real interest and importance lie in the fact that they are declarations of law by a victorious literary party. The *Ars Poetica* and the *Epistle to Augustus* were manifestoes of the Hellenising party in Roman literature, directed against those who favored the rude facility of poets like Lucilius and Plautus. The *Essay on Criticism* is an argument in verse against the taste represented by the Metaphysical Poets of the seventeenth century in England. More suggestive than either of these poems, because more relentless and uncompromising, the *Art Poétique* stands out prominently as the final declaration of Law, by the literary representatives of the French bourgeoisie, in alliance with

the Crown on the one hand, and with the Classical Humanists on the other, against the aristocratic literary party represented in the coteries of the *Précieuses*. The artistic value of the apparently abstract rules formulated in the poem consists in their oblique way of reflecting on the practice of the Seudèrys, St. Amant and Pradon. The *Art Poétique* is the formulated expression of the law of French poetry, first recognized nearly a century before in the verses of Malherbe, whose praises Boileau so enthusiastically sounds. "Lastly," he says, "came Malherbe, the first in France to give an example of just cadence in verse, to show the power of a word in its right place, and to restrict the Muse to the laws of duty. Restored by this wise writer, our language no longer offered any rude shock to the refined ear. Stanzas learned how to close gracefully; one verse no longer ventured to overlap another. Everything approves the justice of his laws, and this faithful guide still serves as a model to the authors of our time. Walk in his steps; love his purity; imitate the clearness of his happy style."

What, then, was the ideal which Boileau, by his reasoning and illustrations, set before the French poet? The expression of Truth, Reason, Logic. The aim was not wanting in life and vigor. Genius, says the critic, at the opening of the *Art Poétique*, is indispensable, but the medium in which genius must work is good sense. "Tout doit tendre au bon sens." And again, "Good sense must prevail even in song." Hardly so deeply laid as the foundation of Horace, "Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons," the rule implies that the standard of the correct imitation of nature is the lucid perception and logic of the bourgeois mind, aided by the refined manners of the court. "Étudiez la cour, connaissez-vous la ville." Above all, whatever subject is chosen, the poet must go to its essence, and not be satisfied till he has found the exact and perfect form of words required for the expression of the thought. Not a word about Beauty, Liberty, Imagination, Fancy. In every phrase we hear the voice of the stern proscriber, the Sulla of poetry, on the watch to put on the list for massacre some dangerous partisan of the Hôtel Rambouillet, who has managed to escape critical notice.

Boileau was well aware that Poetry could not dispense with the aristocratic element in language; and being at war with the principle favored by the social aristocracy, he sought to fill the void in his critical system by allying himself with the literary aristocracy of the Renaissance, and exalting the authority of the Greek and Roman classics. The principle was excellent so long as it meant no more than self-criticism by the highest standard of antiquity. But Boileau was almost inevitably carried into error by his logic. He regarded all the types of verse composition met with in the history of French literature as immutable moulds of thought; and he fancied that the classic pro-

priety of each could be determined by settled rules. "Every poem," he says, "shines with its proper beauty. The *rondeau*, Gallic by birth, has the artlessness of nature, the ballad, strictly subject to its old maxims, often owes a lustre to the caprice of its rhymes. The madrigal, more simple and more noble in its style, breathes gentleness, tenderness, and love." Thus, in opposition to his own and Horace's teaching, that the form of poetry must necessarily adapt itself to the thought, he speaks as if poetry lay in stereotyped forms of versification. In spite of his foundation of sound reasoning, he came insensibly to identify the imitation of Nature, under the guidance of good sense, with the mere external imitation of Greek and Roman poets.

Two examples will show the inconsistencies into which his logic betrayed him. Among the various types of poetry which he found himself obliged to define was the *Eclogue*. According to the dictates of good sense this form of poem must, he says, avoid the two extremes of pompous elevation on the one hand, and of rustic meanness on the other. An easy abstract rule; but what does it practically mean? "Between these two excesses," says Boileau, "the path is difficult. In order to find it, follow Theocritus and Virgil. Let their feeling compositions, dictated by the Graces, never quit your hands; turn them over by night and day. They alone in their learned verse will be able to teach you by what art an author may without meanness lower his style; how to sing of Flora and the fields, of Pomona and the woods; how to animate two shepherds to contend on the flute, to celebrate the allurements of love's pleasures; to transform Narcissus into a flower; to cover Daphne with bark; and by what art at times the *eclogue* invests the country and the woods with consular dignity." Would a poet who in Louis XIV.'s time acted obediently on these instructions have been imitating Nature according to the law of Good Sense?

Again, Boileau found himself much perplexed how to apply the principle of Good Sense to his idea of an epic poem. The epic, he says, sustains itself by faith and lives by fiction; therefore you cannot dispense in a poem of this kind with the machinery of pagan mythology. Hence it is impossible to write a Christian epic. "In vain," he says, alluding to the attempts in this direction of poets in the anti-classic camp; "in vain do our deluded authors, banishing from their verse these traditional ornaments, strive to make God, the saints, and the prophets act like the deities sprung out of the poets' imagination, take the reader into Hell at every step, and introduce him to Ashtaroth, Beelzebub, and Lucifer alone. The awful mysteries of the Christian faith are incapable of gay and brilliant ornament. On every side the Gospel presents to the mind the spectacle only of Repentance and Judgment, and the inexcusable mixture of fiction gives to its truths an air of fable. What an object to offer

to the eye, the devil blaspheming against heaven — the devil, whose aim it is to abase the glory of your Hero, and who often disputes the victory with God!”

True enough in its application to the feeble invention of Scudéry and his companions, a criticism like this only proves that the French were incapable of producing a great epic poem. It does not prove that there was anything fundamentally wrong in the conception of *Paradise Lost*. And the same rigid restrictive logic characterizes all Boileau's devices with regard to diction and versification — the exclusive use of the Alexandrine, the cæsura always in the middle of the line, the avoidance of the *hiatus* and the “enjambement,” the choice of words to harmonize exactly with the movement of the rhythm, — all which are only the final declaration by the Academic dictator of the laws first promulgated by Malherbe. For the time the victory of Boileau and the ideas of the cultivated bourgeoisie over the party of mediæval Romance was complete. Nor was it a mere transient fashion of taste. For about one hundred and fifty years the Law of Classicism, as defined in the *Art Poétique*, exerted an irresistible authority. In spite alike of the half-hearted efforts of Voltaire to enlarge the liberties of dramatic action, and of the experiments of Diderot in sentimental comedy, the classic style, founded on the Law of the Three Unities, reigned supreme upon the French stage through the eighteenth century. But it was a party triumph, a Pyrrhic victory, won by the vigor of a certain element in society, and liable to be reversed when the class from which the movement sprang lost its vitality. Undermined by the growth of natural science, by the philosophy of the encyclopædists, and by the sentimentalism of Rousseau, the imposing structure of French classicism fell almost at the first discharge of artillery brought against it by the Romantic party after the restoration of the Bourbons.

It is not to be denied that it deserved its fate. But at the same time it would be well for us Englishmen to examine very carefully the true lesson to be learned from the triumph of French Romanticism. The Law of Classic Taste in France could not have remained paramount for so long a period; its authority could not have been instinctively recognized by so many great creative intellects, or so clearly defined by a succession of able critics, if it had not represented something real and positive in the constitution of the French character. And looking at the matter historically, when we see that the idea of the manner in which Nature ought to be imitated in Poetry, as expressed in the *Art Poétique*, is actually embodied in the poems of La Fontaine and Molière, and that the idea of the structure and versification proper to the drama is the same in the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire as in the criticism of Boileau, then candid minds will allow that, however narrow may have been the sphere of imitation,

and however restricted the perception of harmony, both adapted themselves to an irresistible tendency of things in the development of French society. The great error of the Romanticists was that they ignored the existence of this historic law. As a revolt in the sphere of art and imagination their movement was fully justified, and nothing would have been easier for them than to show that a law of taste, which might have been suitable for the times of Louis XIV., was quite unsuitable for the times of Charles X.

What the Romanticists wanted, however, was not a revolt but a Revolution. The rules, distinctions, practices, and traditions, which had been the result of so much ingenious thought and labor, were to be swept away, and Poetry was to find for herself a basis in first principles, supposed to be entirely modern. What were they? The manifesto of the victorious Romanticists is to be found in the Preface to Victor Hugo's *Cromwell*, which founds its reasoning on this colossal generalization: "To sum up the facts we have just observed, Poetry has three Ages, each of which corresponds with an epoch of society: Ode, Epic, Drama. Primitive times are lyric, ancient times are epic, modern times are dramatic. The Ode sings eternity; the Epic solemnizes history; the Drama paints life. The character of the first kind of poetry is *naïveté*; the character of the second simplicity; the character of the third truth. The rhapsodists mark the transition of the lyric poets to the epic poets, as the romance-writers from the epic poets to the dramatic poets. Historians arise in the second epoch; chroniclers and critics in the third. The personages of the Ode are Colossi: Adam, Cain, Noah; those of the Epic are giants: Achilles, Atreus, Orestes; those of the Drama are men: Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello. The Ode derives its life from the ideal, the Epic from the grandiose, the Drama from the real. In a word, this threefold Poetry springs from three great sources — the Bible, Homer, Shakespeare."

The upshot of this reasoning is, that the end of the modern or romantic drama is to paint real character, and Victor Hugo tells us very naïvely how this was done in the case of *Cromwell*. He had for a long time accepted the portrait of the regicide, painted by Bossuet, as true to life; but, happening to come across an old document of the seventeenth century, he discovered that the portrait did not resemble the original. The idea must therefore be corrected, and the proper place for correcting it was the Drama. Accordingly he read a vast number of books, from which he generalized the character of the man and his times, chose a dramatic moment in the life of his hero which would enable him to exhibit his real motives to the reader, surrounded him with more than sixty other *dramatis personae*, and finally completed the portrait of the character in a play which extended itself to about 12,000 lines. It seems, indeed, to have struck Victor Hugo that there was something paradoxical in the fact that a composition founded

on æsthetic principles, in an epoch of the world in which the drama was the natural vehicle of imaginative thought, could not possibly be acted, and he made a half promise that, at some future time, he would adapt *Cromwell* for the stage. I am not aware, however, that he ever reduced his ideas to practice.

But what Victor Hugo did not perceive was that, while he professed to be sweeping away all French dramatic tradition, while he imagined himself to be imitating Shakespeare, and to be creating in a spirit of unfettered liberty, he was showing a complete ignorance of the principle on which Shakespeare's plays are constructed, and was unconsciously following, though with a variation, the stage principles of his predecessors. As I have already said, Shakespeare's method of dramatic creations, like that of the Greeks, is to reduce what was originally a well-known epic story into such a form as will please the imagination of spectators in a theatre; the method of the French playwright is to analyze an idea in his own mind and then to reproduce it in a dramatic shape. It matters not that the idea which Hugo analyzed was that of a single man's character, while that which Corneille analyzed was a psychological situation; that, in *The Cid*, the spectacle to be contemplated is a conflict between Love and Honor, and, in *Cromwell*, the conflict of motives in the mind of a regicide; in both cases the imaginative process is the same, the logical combination of abstract ideas; in both cases the artistic result is fundamentally the same, a play depending for its effect on rhetorical speeches and epigrammatic points. This is the method of Seneca, not the method of Shakespeare.

Examine, again, the motto of another great standard-bearer of Romanticism, Théophile Gautier. His principle, "Art for Art's sake," seems to promise the artist unlimited liberty in imitating Nature, provided he is possessed of adequate skill. When illustrated by Gautier's own practice, however, his maxim evidently implies a determination to identify the methods of poetry with the methods of painting. Gautier endeavored to imitate Nature in words, exactly in the same way as the painter imitated her in form and color. Now, in a lecture on "Poetical Decadence" I fully admitted that the art of poetry included an element analogous to the art of painting, as may be plainly seen in the descriptions and similes of great poets like Homer, Virgil, Milton, Spenser, and Ariosto. Nor do I deny that Gautier's poetry abounds in admirable pictorial *tours de force*, such as the humorous picture, in his *Émaux et Camées*, of Winter as an old violinist. "With red nose and pale face, and with a desk of icicles, he executes his theme in the quartet of the Seasons. He sings with an uncertain voice old-world quavering airs: his frozen foot warms itself while it marks the time. And like Handel, whose wig lost its

powder when he shivered, he makes the white sprinkling of snow fly from the nape of his neck."

But to confine the function of poetry, as Gautier did, to word-painting is surely, in the first place, to form a meagre conception of the art, and in the second place, this supposed invention of the Romantists is really nothing more than an application of the old classic law of Boileau, that the poet is bound to find for his verse the word exactly corresponding with the image in his mind. Turn to the *Lutrin*, and Boileau's picture of the Treasurer of La Chapelle in bed will furnish you with a brilliant sample of the word-painting which was Gautier's whole poetical stock-in-trade. "In the dark retirement of a deep alcove is piled a costly feather-bed. Four pompous curtains in a double circle defend it from the light of day. There, amid the calm and peaceful silence, reigns over the swan-down a happy indolence, and there the prelate, fortified by breakfast, and sleeping a light sleep, waited for dinner. Youth in full flower beams in his countenance; his chin descends by two storeys on to his breast, and his body, thick-set in its short stature, makes the bed groan beneath its lazy weight."

Do not the instances I have given furnish in themselves an answer to the reasoning of the Romantists? Had these children of the Revolution possessed real self-knowledge they would have perceived that their most successful work was conceived in accordance with the old classical law, and they would have aimed only at such an amplification of that law as would give free play to their own gifts and genius. Unfortunately they were animated by a spirit not of comprehension but exclusion. The party of the Romantists had gained the upper hand, and they were determined to proscribe and massacre the party of the Classicists as ruthlessly as the Classicists of the seventeenth century had proscribed and massacred the party of the *Précieuses*. Romantism under Louis XIV. and under Louis Philippe was equally the protest of a faction against the inevitable tendency of things; but in the one case it was the struggle of a social caste against the principle of Absolutism, in the other of a literary coterie against the principle of Equality. Just as Mlle. de Rambouillet and her friends sought to separate themselves from the vulgar world by the nicety of their manners and language, so did Théophile Gautier and his followers seek to shock the instincts of the bourgeoisie by their red waistcoats and outrageous verses. "For us," says Gautier, in his account of the Romantic movement, "the world divided itself into 'Flamboyants' and 'Neutral Tints,' the one the object of our love, the other of our aversion. We wanted life, light, movement; audacity of thought and execution, a return to the fair period of the Renaissance and true antiquity; we rejected the tame coloring, the thin and dry design,

the compositions resembling groups of dwarfs, that the Empire had bequeathed to the Restoration."

To the foreign critic it seems that, as in French politics the centralizing principle has overpowered local liberty, so in French art the native tendency is for logic to prevail over imagination. Whatever literary party has been dominant in the taste of French society has sought to establish its supremacy by imaginative Analysis. The result has been to develop in the art of our neighbors great beauty of abstract Form, a splendid capacity of lucid expression, but more and more to turn away the creative impulse of the artist from the imitation of universal ideas of life and action. In the rival theories and practice of the modern French Naturalists and Impressionists I seem to detect, under a changed form, the old party struggle between the Classicists and the Romanticists. In one direction, I see the disciples of Gustave Flaubert, by a new application of the precepts of Boileau, employing all the resources of precise and artistic language to decorate the sordid commonplace of bourgeois life; in another, M. Anatole France, as the successor of Renan, arresting the transient impressions of his own mind in a succession of delicate phrases, which would have been the delight of the Hôtel Rambouillet. But, in both directions, Analysis undermines the conscience with the suggestion of subjects and ideas which lie at the very foundation of the Family and the State.

Must these things be? Is it impossible for the French novelist to contemplate Man under any aspect except that which involves some relation to his neighbor's wife? impossible for him to transport the imagination into the world of ideal action? Perhaps it may be answered, that all the energies of the nation are concentrated in Paris, where lies its brain, and that Analysis alone can penetrate to the principle of life underlying the wild excitement of the Parisian Bourse, the gossip of the Parisian journal, the intrigues of the Parisian drawing-room. But Paris is not France: the poetry of the people, its historic soul and character, lies elsewhere. Turn away from the dissolving scene of life in the capital, with its superficial reflection of vulgar materialism, to the bypaths of rural France, where Nature pursues her ancient round in the midst of silent labor and elemental pieties. Pause in imagination, for example, in the valley of the Loire, as that noble river flows peacefully amidst historic battle-grounds; through walled towns, where every stone seems to recall some national memory — Orleans, Tours, Angers; through fields in which, here and there, peasants may still be seen, as Millet saw them, listening with bent heads to the voice of the Angelus; under gray châteaux, which perhaps, no longer tenanted by the descendants of their former lords, look down, at fixed seasons, on popular festivals celebrated around them since the Middle Ages — will any man of taste and imagination,

viewing scenes like these in the light not of romance but of history, and thinking of all the movement and animation of the present in its relation to the past, venture to say that Molière and La Fontaine would have found nothing worthy of imitation in the France of this century? Would they not have been able to show us in an ideal form, though it were but in comedy, how much of the historic character of their country has survived the conflict of thirty generations; how many of the primæval springs of national life combine to preserve the unity of French society; to what extent the ancient religion is still a moving power in the hearts of the people? Let it be granted that it is no longer the drama or the poem, but the novel, which is the vehicle of imaginative expression. Yet the novel also can be made the mirror of the ideal imitation of Nature, and the novelist who is able to give a reflection of the true morals and manners of France in the classic language inherited from Pascal and Mme. de Sévigné, will command an European audience as wide and appreciative as in the days of Louis Quatorze.

PART II.—GERMAN POETRY.

THE same inevitable forces out of which arose the character of French Poetry are seen to be working, though under very different circumstances, to determine the character of German Poetry; and it is this law, or idea of law, in Germany which I propose to make the subject of my present lecture. First of all, let us consider precisely the nature of the facts with which we have to deal. It cannot be said that Germany has expressed the idea of the Universal, either in the creative departments of Poetry or in the plastic Arts, with as much character as Italy, England, France, or even Spain. The Germans have produced no romantic epic of universal European fame like the *Orlando Furioso*, no classic epic that can be named with *Paradise Lost*; no romance like *Don Quixote*; no tragic drama comparable, I do not say with the tragedies of Shakespeare, but even with those of Corneille and Racine; no comic drama approaching within visible distance of that of Molière. In painting, two German names alone are household words, Holbein and Albert Dürer. To compensate for these deficiencies, the Germans are supreme in Music: Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven form a triumvirate whom the united musicians of the rest of Europe would challenge in vain. From Germany have come the great men of contemplation in Religion, Philosophy, and Criticism—Luther, Kant, Lessing. And in lyric poetry—that department of the art which is most akin to Music—their compositions (I am thinking of the ballads of Schiller and Uhland, of *Faust*, and of Heine's Songs) have roused emotions in the hearts of men untouched by the lyric poetry of any other nation, with the possible exception of the poetry of Byron.

I think that these facts are precisely the results that might be expected to follow from the genius of the German character, and the course of German history. German genius, at least as manifested outwardly up to quite modern times, has been rather contemplative than practical. The German has—or had two generations ago—the same strange contrasts in his character as are noted by Tacitus: the love of arms joined with the tendency to domestic indolence; the passion for intellectual liberty, accompanying the neglect of the arts of society; energy in war, followed by reverie in peace. In peace, says the practical Roman historian, “*ipsi hebent, mira naturae diversitate, cum idem sic ament inertiam et oderint quietem.*” Something of this

contradictory combination of qualities is visible in the characters of many of the greatest Germans; they are content that their bodies shall never travel out of sight of their own hearth-smoke, if their souls have freedom to soar through the Infinite. Luther, shaking the world from his monastery, with his doctrine of Justification by Faith; Kant revolutionizing philosophy in his little provincial town, beyond whose walls he rarely stirred; both were true Germans. And hence it seems to me quite natural that, when the Germans strive to express their idea of the Universal in the sphere of creative imagination, they should turn with the readiest sympathy to that one of the Fine Arts which at once exerts the widest sway over the pure emotions, and is least under the direction of Reason, least subject to the limitations of plastic form; in other words, the German genius has closer affinities with the Art of Music than with the Arts of Poetry and Painting.

If, however, we look at the creative departments of Poetry, as actually developed in Germany, we shall see how faithfully the practice of the poets reflects the ideas of action proper to the history of the German people. The political history of Germany is the exact antithesis of the history of France, for while the prominent feature of French history is an excessive centralization leading to Absolutism, the character of German history is an excess of Individualism resulting in Anarchy. Until recently the Germans had no political ideal of united action which could be reduced to practice. At a time when Spain, France, and England were all nations with clearly defined interests and policies, Germany was a loose aggregation of States, in which the old feudal, semi-tribal order was still predominant; the Emperor being its impotent head, and against that head all the other members, each in conflict with the other, being in rebellion — the Princes at war with their Sovereign, the Cities and Knights with the Princes, the Peasantry with the Knights and the Cities. From the midst of this caldron of chaos rose the Reformation, and from the Reformation the Thirty Years' War, with its political and spiritual divisions of Catholic against Protestant, and its fruits of desolation, poverty, despair. When the wars were over, each petty exhausted state settled down within its own limits, and began to cultivate civil arts in its own way, having cut itself off from the mediæval ideals of the Christian Republic, without having been able to assimilate the ideals of the modern Nation.

Such was the state of politics in Germany at the time when the foundations of modern German literature were laid. The most characteristic period of German Poetry is the century between the Seven Years' War and the French Revolution of 1848; and during that period the most common complaint of German writers of genius is the want of great central ideas of action to form a basis of national art. Goethe, in his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, describes the prevailing condi-

tion of things in the middle of the eighteenth century: "Because in peace patriotism really consists only in this, that every one sweeps his own doorstep, minds his own business, learns his own lesson, that it may go well with his house, so did the feeling for Fatherland excited by Klopstock find no object on which it could exercise itself." Germany was full of men of imagination; they were all anxious to write great epics and great dramas; unfortunately they had to make their poetical bricks without straw, having neither characteristic ideas of political unity, nor any continuous tradition of rude art out of which they might consciously develop more perfect forms. Hence each poet was forced to think out the first principles of composition for himself; and one of the characteristics of German poetry, that, in the higher walks of the Art, Criticism precedes Creation.

Now if we apply the twofold law of Fine Art to Klopstock's *Messiah*, the most celebrated epic that Germany has produced, we shall see how its form was affected by the imaginative conditions I have just described. The matter may be best illustrated by the method of comparison, and Klopstock's idea of poetical law be inferred by contrasting the mode of composition followed in the *Messiah* with that of *Paradise Lost*. Both Milton and Klopstock agree in the selection of a subject of universal interest; in both of them the matter which is the foundation of their conception is derived from the Bible. But Milton has obtained for himself perfect freedom of poetical creation by laying his action in the prehistoric period described in the first chapters of Genesis, whereby he is enabled to treat the story of the Fall in the epic form consecrated by the usage of such great poets as Homer and Virgil. He has shown equal judgment in limiting the action of *Paradise Regained* to the single episode of the Temptation, which he can treat in epic style without any departure from Scripture authority. Klopstock, on the other hand, has formed no central conception of the action which he proposes to relate. He begins his epic with the events immediately preceding the Crucifixion, but he transports his action, as he pleases, from the sphere of the real to the supernatural, embellishing it with episodes of angels and demons which have no basis in the Scripture narrative. This attempt to fuse what is historical with what is purely poetical betrays a fatal want of judgment in view of the nature of the subject, and would never have been made if Klopstock, before beginning to write, had realized the truth of what Aristotle says as to the difference between Poetry and History.

Observe again the remarkable contrast in the vehicles of language which Milton and Klopstock respectively employ for the expression of their ideas. The English of Milton is a fusion of the Saxon and Latin elements in our tongue, the one stream bearing on its face all the spiritual character derived from its Teutonic source, the other

colored with the rich hues of traditional Latin civilization and philosophy. The language of Klopstock is that pure German which he himself thus describes: "Let no living tongue venture to enter the lists with the German. As it was in the oldest times when Tacitus describes it, so it still remains, solitary, unmixed, incomparable." A true description, however boastful, but not one that recommends the German language as the vehicle for a subject into which have flowed all the ideas of the late Alexandrian philosophy, the mediæval science of the Schoolmen, the civil conceptions of Roman Law, and the mystical theology of the Jewish Talmud. A similar difference is visible in the metrical form of the two poems. The blank verse of Milton is essentially a national metre, refined with the highest art from the usage of three earlier generations of English poets; the metre of the *Messiah* is an exotic imitation of the classic hexameter, invented by Klopstock, and having no root in the German language. In these essential respects, therefore, the *Messiah* must be pronounced to want the *national character* required to make a first-class German epic poem.

Again, let us apply the two-fold law of Fine Art to the German drama. What is meant by the Universal in dramatic poetry is a situation of general interest such as we find in *Macbeth* or the *Œdipus Rex*; characters animated by motives common to humanity; love, jealousy, revenge, as we see them exhibited in men like Othello and Orestes; sentiments of general human application, "To be, or not to be," or "The quality of mercy is not strained," etc., etc. In order that the dramatist may produce these universal effects, it is practically necessary, first, that the subject or idea of the action shall be common both to his audience and to himself, and, secondly, that the form or character of his drama shall have been the product of long stage experience, as was the case both in Athens under Pericles and in England under Elizabeth. Now neither of these conditions was satisfied when Lessing founded the modern German drama in the eighteenth century; Germany had then neither a national idea of action, nor a national dramatic tradition. Lessing himself says in his *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*: "Out on the good-natured idea to procure for the Germans a national theatre, when we Germans are not yet a nation! I do not speak of our political constitution but of our social character. It might almost be said that this consists in not desiring to have an individual one. We are still the sworn copyists of all that is foreign; especially are we still the obedient admirers of the never enough to be admired French."

In spite of these unfavorable circumstances, three men of eminent genius — Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe — determined to lay the foundations of a national theatre. How did they set to work? Lessing, as he confesses, formed his dramatic conceptions in the spirit not of

a poet but of a critic. He based his idea of the Universal on the *Poetics* of Aristotle, of which he says: "I do not hesitate to acknowledge (even if I should therefore be laughed to scorn in these enlightened times) that I consider this work as infallible as the *Elements* of Euclid." His first impulse towards dramatic creation was accordingly to prove that the French dramatists did not rightly understand Aristotle's meaning in the *Poetics*, and then to build his own theatrical edifice on what he conceived to be Aristotle's first principles. But this procedure was a violation of the Law of Character in Fine Art, for, as I have said in a lecture on Aristotle, the rules for composition in the *Poetics* were generalized only from Greek examples, and in many respects were not applicable to the circumstances which necessarily determined the form of the modern drama. True, Lessing had no traditional forms on which to model his creations, because the mediæval drama had died out without having developed any German stage. But the forms which he himself evolved *à priori* from his critical imagination were devoid of national life and character. This is particularly noticeable in what is perhaps his greatest dramatic effort, *Emilia Galotti*. His aim in this tragedy was to exhibit, in a dramatic form, the moral effects of corrupt aristocratic manners such as then prevailed in the Courts of the German princes. He thought that he might effect his aim by allegorizing the story of *Appius and Virginia*, for he hoped that the fame of that legend would enlist on his behalf the sympathies of his audience. But he never considered whether the action of a father stabbing his daughter to preserve her chastity was characteristic of modern manners, or in accordance with what Aristotle calls the law of ideal probability. Though Corneille as a critic is not to be compared with Lessing, he shows himself in *Horace* to have a more practical understanding of the fundamental laws of the drama, for he takes care in that play not to offend against the appearance of probability, by modernizing the facts of the story, while at the same time he flatters the prejudices of his audience, by pretending that the Romans felt and spoke like Frenchmen.

Schiller's dramas have far more life than Lessing's, because he wrote as a poet, not primarily as a critic, and so breathed his own genius and ardor into his ideal creations; but he had as little conception as Lessing of the essential law of the stage. Hear what he says in his preface to the *Robbers*: "This play is to be regarded merely as a dramatic narrative, in which, for the purpose of working out the innermost operations of the soul, advantage has been taken of the dramatic method, without otherwise conforming to the stringent rules of theatrical composition, or seeking the dubious advantage of stage adaptation." In other words, Schiller wrote for the reflective reader, not for spectators in the theatre absorbed by the ideal reality of action; with him the audience is left out of account. And what is true of his

Robbers is more or less true of all his plays; seek for the element of poetry in them, and you will find it to be rather lyrical than dramatic; the best passages in *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and even *William Tell*, are those in which he pours out his own emotions, not those in which it is necessary for him to carry the audience out of themselves into the action and passion of the imaginary situation.

As for the plays of Goethe, with the exception of *Faust*, of which I shall speak presently, they breathe the spirit of sculpture, the most remote of all the arts from the genius of action. Heine describes them with cruel justice; he likens them to the statues of the gods in the Louvre, "with their white expressionless eyes, a mysterious melancholy in their stony smiles." "How strange," he continues, "that these antique statues should remind me of the Goethian creations, which are likewise so perfect, so beautiful, so motionless! and which also seem oppressed with a dumb grieving that their rigidity and coldness separate them from our present warm, restless life, that they cannot speak and rejoice with us, and that they are not human beings, but unhappy mixtures of divinity and stone." No more in the drama than in the epic did the Germans find that ideal matter and form which needed to blend congenially with their imaginations before it could assume the character of Fine Art.

How different is the case with German lyric poetry! The German song-writers began to be celebrated in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, just at the period when the mind of Europe was agitated with the apprehended approach of a great change in the structure of society, the more mysteriously alarming that its nature could not be divined. All felt it, but most of all the Germans. Cut off from the outlets of expression in political life, the ardent minds of Germany sought with the more vehemence to give utterance to this universal feeling in the sphere of imagination and emotion. In the German language they had an instrument admirably adapted to their purpose. As Klopstock said of it, it had remained since the days of Tacitus "solitary, unmixed, incomparable." With its ancient inflections, its homely words, its abstract terms, its extraordinary powers of compounding itself, this venerable parent language was capable of touching primitive chords of emotion in all who possessed a strain of Teutonic blood—that is to say, in every nation north of the Alps. But it was not possible to strike out at one heat the essential character of national art, and German philosophers, as well as German poets, made many experiments before they hit upon the true form. The failure of the Holy Roman Empire to produce any working ideal of life and action had left the German mind in a position of contemplative isolation, and with a strong tendency to regard all human affairs from a cosmopolitan point of view. Such an abstract mode of conception was foreign to the genius of Fine Art, which

deals either with concrete images or positive emotions, and will not come to the artist at the bidding of analytical philosophy.

Hence the critical advice of Herder, a truly representative German, to his young countrymen in the eighteenth century was barren and futile. Herder said: "National literature is of little importance; the age of world literature is at hand, and every one ought to work in order to accelerate the coming of the new era. What we want is a poetry in harmony with the voices of the peoples and with the whole heart of mankind. Our studies must be cosmopolitan, and must include the popular poetry of the Hebrews, the Arabs, the Franks, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and even the songs and ballads of half-savage races." That is the opinion of a man who understands the necessity of expressing the Universal in poetry, but who has not the least conception of the meaning of the characteristic. It is needless to say that nothing in the shape of Poetry ever came in Germany, or could come anywhere, out of such a horrible witches' cauldron as Herder proposed to mix.

Not less contrary to the true law of character in art was the attempt made by the patriotic party in Germany to express in the lyric poetry of their native language ideas of a civil or political order. If ideas of this kind be embodied in lyric verse, the style adopted must be lofty and severe, but of what was needed for such a style the Germans, with their want of political training, had no conception. How far they were from attaining it may be imagined from a comparison of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* with Frederick Schubart's once famous poem, *Die Fürstengruft*, or *The Vault of the Princes*. Both poets have here selected a subject of universal interest, and both seek to draw out its essential character by a series of contrasted images. Gray hits the mark. How solemn and heroic is the march of the verse in which he represents the compensations in the respective lots of prince and peasant that make them equal in the grave!

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrines of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Schubart's poem, on the contrary, is a rhetorical invective against the princes of Germany, whom he reproaches as the tyrants of their

race. It proceeds to its climax by a succession of contrasts, glaring, violent, theatrical, though not wanting in force and power, describing the coffins of the princes rotting in the glimmering light of the vault, with silver shields hanging over them, and grinning skulls, emblems of vanity. There is no flesh now — so the poet reflects — on the hands which once, by a stroke of the pen, consigned good and wise men to prison; the stars and orders shine like comets on the breasts of skeletons. The ear can hear no more the voice of flattery or lascivious music, or the cry of hounds and horses, with which they sought to still the voice of conscience. Let the hoarse croak of the raven be far from the vault, and every rural sound, as well as the voice of mourning, lest they should awake those who in their day were deaf to the prayers of the peasant whose fields they ravaged, and to the sobs of children and the sighs of soldiers, made orphans and cripples in their wars.

In a poem like this we feel the characteristic imagination of the German people endeavoring in an uncongenial subject — for the presence of death demands solemnity and humbleness — to express its sense of the infinite, the terrible, the grotesque, the spectral, without ever arriving at the desired effect. A nearer approach to perfection is made by Bürger, whose imitations of the old ballad style woke an answering chord in the imagination of Walter Scott, and helped to hasten the romantic revival in England. In his *Leonora*, Bürger expressed the wild unrest of the European imagination during the revolutionary epoch in a highly characteristic manner, by associating it with the images of demons and spectres still surviving among the people of Germany.

It was not, however, till Goethe produced *Faust* that the German lyric poets discovered the form of art qualified to give expression to the universal revolutionary emotion. In *Faust* everything is as it should be in art. The varied characters of Faust himself, Mephistopheles, and Gretchen, together form the full complement of spiritual human feeling which manifested itself in an outward form during the epoch of the French Revolution; the picturesque scenes of local life which are scattered through the drama — Auerbach's wine-cellar, the Brocken, the town fountain, the cathedral — are all necessary to the general effect; the little touches of sentiment — Gretchen's song of the King of Thule, the flower divination, the peasants' holiday enjoyment — if one of these had been away, the poem would have lacked something of its complete perfection.

And yet the form of *Faust* is not essentially dramatic but lyrical; it could never be satisfactorily acted on the stage like a play of Shakespeare; in its theatrical aspect it is only suitable for opera. Why then has it achieved its undisputed place as one of the great representative poems of the world? The answer is because, while its form

is exactly suited to the universal nature of the subject, the character of that form is specifically German. *Faust* is German in its subject. The legend of Faustus grew up in Germany itself during the sixteenth century, and had therefore for generations been in the minds of the people. Goethe assimilated it, brooded over it during his youth, and poured into this mould all his own individual characteristics, as well as the national characteristics of his race. Again *Faust* is German in its dramatic form. Faust himself, with his vast intellectual energy and his sense of *ennui*, represents the philosophic mind of Europe in the eighteenth century, but, above all, the mind of Germany, deprived of the opportunities of action, and recalling the description of Tacitus: "Ipsi hebent: idem homines inertiam amant, quietem oderunt." Mephistopheles is but the reflection of the ironic, scoffing spirit which is the natural product of such a soil in the cultivated portion of society; Gretchen, on the other hand, with her simple domestic instincts and her trusting piety, typifies the unsophisticated elements in the German people. Finally, *Faust* is German in its style: there is in it none of that uneasy artificial sense of experiment which we find in earlier German poets of the eighteenth century; the versification is easy and flowing, suited alike to the nature of the subject and to the genius of the language.

It is precisely these qualities that give color and character to the songs of Heinrich Heine, Goethe's lineal successor in German poetry. I believe that it was Thiers who described Heine as the wittiest *Frenchman* since Voltaire, one of those epigrams in which the superficial cleverness is a symptom of internal falsehood. Heine no doubt imitated Voltaire in the raillery with which he assailed established beliefs and institutions; but his raillery is quite devoid of the logical analysis which characterizes the work of the author of *Candide*. It would be equally true to say that Heine was the wittiest *Englishman* since Byron, whom he also imitates in his combination of the cynical with the pathetic; but Heine's irony is not less remote from Byron's aristocratic scorn than from Voltaire's philosophic mockery.

Heine was a representative German, though no doubt the hatred of the Jew for the country, with all its institutions and rulers, that oppressed the Jewish race, was also strongly developed in his character. In one of his most characteristic songs he imagines a girl in a foreign land struck with compassion for him and inquiring who he is. He answers:

I am a German poet,
 In the German land well known;
 When men count the best names in it,
 They will count with these my own.

And what I feel, little maiden,
 Men feel in the German land;
 When they reckon its fiercest sorrows,
 My sorrows with those will stand.

What were the German sorrows? Heine unites in himself the characters of Faust, Mephistopheles, and Gretchen, despair, scoffing, tenderness; and he expresses the agony caused by this conflict of emotions under the image of the lover who has lost his love. The image he employs is both universal and nationally characteristic; universal in its ordinary application, as well as in giving utterance to the yearning of the human heart for the infinite —

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow —

characteristic in its expression of the sense of vanity in the German mind, caused by the contrast between their own energy in metaphysical speculation and their impotence in political action. But of the essential elements in his poetry I venture to say that the least congenial to his imagination was the scoffing wit of Mephistopheles, and that the chief ingredient in his art was the domestic tenderness of Gretchen.

We may see this from the prevailing features in Heine's lyrical style. Matthew Arnold and other critics have spoken with just appreciation of the perfection of Heine's lyrical form, but it is worth while to note more precisely the essential character of that form. Its character lies, I think, in the use of images, which are at once perfect in expression, and which yet suggest something beyond what is expressed, of metrical words which set in motion an infinite train of thoughts and emotions. Let me attempt by a single example, which will speak for itself, to show you what I mean. Here is a very inadequate rendering in English of a little poem complete in three stanzas about the three kings of Cologne:

The three holy Kings from the Eastland came;
Each asks wherever he passes,
"Which way is the way to Bethlehem,
My lovely lads and lasses?"

The young and the old, they could not say;
The Kings fared onward featly,
And followed a golden star away,
That shone full high and sweetly.

The star over Joseph's house abode;
They passed 'neath the roof-tree lowly;
The Baby cried, the Oxen lowed;
Then sang those three Kings holy.

Imagine Voltaire, or indeed any one but a German, writing anything like that. It strikes exactly the same note as Goethe's "There was a King of Thule" in Faust. And this note was possible to the German poet, and to no other, because the German people were nearer than

any other nation to the Middle Ages, because, with their Christianity, they had retained in their imagination something of their old primeval beliefs about Nature, and because their pure unmixed language was qualified to give expression to this ancient unconscious association of ideas. To a certain extent their poetic faculty was shared by other branches of the Teutonic and Celtic races, and Wordsworth notices the mysterious effect in his stanza describing the unconscious song of the Highland Maiden :

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
 Perhaps the mournful numbers flow
 For old forgotten, far-off things,
 And battles long ago.

But as the folk-lore of Germany is far richer and wilder than that of England, in proportion as it has kept clearer of the stream of Hellenic civilization, so is it better adapted, by the simple domesticity of its imagery, to touch what may be called the universal Gothic heart of modern Europe.

It is in this spiritual elfin region that Goethe and Heine find the largest freedom for their imagination. In their verse we listen to mysterious voices from the pine-trees rustling outside the windows of the lonely cottage in the mountains, or to strange primeval colloquies between plants and animals; the white gleam of the Siren's body is perceived in the whirlpool; small armies of dwarfs and kobolds creep out of the bowels of the earth. Not in the bitter Mephistophelian cynicism with which Heine often thinks it fine, in Byronic fashion, to close his pathetic lyrics, not there do we feel the genuine heart of the poet, but in those self-forgetful reveries, tender and mysterious as the folk-songs of Marguerite, in which he talks in their own language to the peasants of the Harz mountains. Witness that unequalled cottage scene, where the little maiden whispers her beliefs with pleasing trepidation to her lover by the sinking fire :

Little folk and tiny people
 Bread and bacon leave us none;
 Late at night 'tis in the cupboard,
 In the morning it is gone.

Little people to the cream-bowl
 Come by night and take the best;
 And they leave the bowl uncovered,
 And the cat laps up the rest.

And the cat's an old witch-woman
 Who, at midnight's stormiest hour,
 Often in the haunted mountains
 Crawls on the old ruined tower,

There in old time stood a castle,
 Feasts were held and arms would glance;
 Knights, and squires, and noble ladies
 Used to thread the torchlight dance.

But it chanced a wicked sorceress
 Cast her spell on tower and guest;
 Now there's nothing left but ruins,
 Where the owlets build their nest.

Aunt, who's now in heaven, told me
 That the proper word of doom,
 At the proper hour of midnight,
 Spoken in the proper room,

It will turn those ancient ruins
 Into castle halls once more;
 Knights, and squires, and noble ladies
 Dance as gaily as of yore.

And who'er he be that speaks it,
 Tower and people at that word,
 With the sound of drum and trumpet,
 Shall proclaim their youthful lord.

Not only in Goethe and Heine do you hear this note of genuine lyric inspiration. It is of the essence of the poems of Uhland and many another less known singer who has taken the rough diamonds of suggestion from the Volks-Lied and polished them into gems of art. Let me venture to give you one more specimen from the songs of Wilhelm Müller, father of the eminent Professor of Comparative Philology, which will show you, even in the imperfect mirror of our own language, with what exquisite skill the German lyric poets link universal sentiments with images drawn from the traditions of the people. The subject of the poem is Vineta, an old town said by German legend to lie buried beneath the Baltic:

Often on the evening silence stealing
 From the sea-depths, fathoms, fathoms down,
 Bells sound faintly wondrous tidings pealing
 Of the old-world, ocean-buried, town.

There it stands for ever, ruins hoary,
 Undecaying in their billowy grave;
 From the bulwarks flakes of golden glory
 Rise, and paint the mirror of the wave.

And the fisher who, at red of even,
 Once has seen that vision near the shore,
 Heedless of dark cliff and frowning heaven,
 Haunts the enchanted spot for evermore.

Often from the heart's deep places stealing
 Upward, upward, to the world above,
 Come to me, like far bells faintly pealing,
 Voices of the days of vanished love.

Yes! a faëry world is sunk thereunder,
 From whose hoary ruins still, meseems,
 Visions, full of heaven's own light and wonder,
 Rise, and paint the mirror of my dreams.

And whene'er I hear those faint bells ringing,
 Through the magic waves I sink, ah me!
 Sink, and seem to hear the angels singing,
 In that old-world town beneath the sea.

I cannot impress too strongly upon those who hear me that a knowledge of the way in which the law of Fine Art operates will not enable us to produce works of Fine Art. That can be accomplished by Genius alone. But, on the other hand, Genius can achieve nothing of permanent value without obedience to Law; and the knowledge of the operation of Law is of service to Genius because it strengthens the judgment; it shows the artist how he must obey nature in order to command it; it teaches him to judge himself; to recognize the limits within which he can enjoy artistic and individual freedom; to test the quality of his own art by comparing it with what is permanent in the characteristic art of his country.

Hence all that I have attempted to do in this lecture is to estimate the law or character of German Poetry historically. I do not for a moment presume to assert that German Poetry in the future will inevitably move in the same grooves and channels as in the past. Character is modified by circumstances to an almost unlimited extent, and during the present generation the history of Germany has undergone something like a revolution. The idea of German Unity, which floated with incorporeal ghostliness before the men of the eighteenth century, has in our times taken a positive external shape; the German State, the German Empire exists; what we want to know, before we can foresee how far this change in history will modify the character of German art, is just what no foreigner can at present know, namely, whether the structure of German Unity has been imposed upon the nation, by the genius of great rulers, statesmen, and soldiers, or whether it is the natural product of the mind and character of the people. In the former case it may be destroyed, as it has been created, from without; in the latter the ideas of action it excites will be reflected in the sphere of spiritual imagination. We can see that, in the material aspect of things, Germany, as a state, has freed herself from the reproach which, from the days of Tacitus, has clung to her, of being wanting in practical aim. It can no longer be said of her rulers: "*Ipsi hebent: inertiam amant, quietem oderunt.*" The full

powers of the State are devoted to perfecting the splendid scientific faculties of the German mind, so as to make it irresistible in the operations of war and the enterprise of commerce, and to render the influence of Germany paramount in the councils of Europe.

But after all, the question as regards Fine Art is, What effect has this great historical change made in the elementary German character, or how far has that character caused the change, because the source of all Poetry, of all ideal creation, is the mind of the People itself? How will the intense passion of the German mind for free thought and speculation reconcile itself with the rule of the military Absolutism, which seems to be the necessary instrument for realizing the ambitions of the new German State? And again, in what poetic form will these imperial ideals express themselves without destroying that domestic sensibility and that spirit of romance and reverie which have been in the past the parents of German song and German music?

It is certainly a striking fact that the establishment of the German Empire has not been followed by a period of characteristic creation in German Fine Art, at least in the arts of Painting and Poetry. There have been characteristic movements of art in other nations. The movement of the Poetical Preraphaelites of England, and that of the Poetical Symbolists in France, may not fulfil the requirements of the Universal, but certainly neither of them is wanting in distinct character. Nor is characteristic movement wanting in that one of the Fine Arts in which the Germans specially excel, for a German of remarkable genius has, within our own generation, endeavored to extend the functions of Music, by making it into a vehicle for the expression of intellectual ideas. Of the wisdom of his aims I do not venture to speak, since the question, whether this particular art is justified in appropriating the principles of another, is one that belongs to the Chair of Music rather than to that of Poetry. But of what is passing in the poetical imagination of the German people, as distinct from the mind of the German State, we know nothing — for in poetry the German soul is at present silent.

I do not wonder that it should be so. To find out the form of Poetry fitted to reflect the conflict of ideas between Feudalism and Socialism, Catholicism and Rationalism, as well as the forces that attract the centrifugal units of German nationality to the Imperial Crown, is a task that requires meditation both long and deep. Yet the problem will doubtless be faced. And when the Muse of Germany speaks again through the genius of a great poet, it is to be expected that her utterances will not simply take the old lyrical form, but that she will also employ those forms of drama or romance which are needed to express universal ideas of life and action. In the sphere of Poetry, as in that of Politics, the Germans will perhaps awake the sleeping Barbarossa.

PART III.—ENGLISH POETRY

As illustrating the subject of my present lecture, I find a passage in Pope's *Essay on Criticism* which is well deserving of examination. It is this:

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased
The banished Muse her ancient boundaries passed.
Through all the northern world the arts advance,
But critic learning flourished most in France.
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we brave Britons foreign laws despised,
And lived unconquered and uncivilized :
Fierce for the liberties of art, and bold,
We still defied the Romans as of old.

In these lines the poet is describing the progress from Italy to the north of Europe of the great movement known as the Classical Renaissance. Considering that the description is in verse, the history in the first six lines is surprisingly accurate. It is, of course, not true that the storming of Rome by the Constable Bourbon, the feat of "impious arms" to which Pope is alluding, was the cause of the spread of the movement northwards; but it is an undoubted fact that soon after that event the effects of the Renaissance begin to show themselves in the poetry of the courts, both of Francis I. and of Henry VIII. Though the sun of Italian poetry was then far declined, the "critic learning" grounded on the supposed authority of Aristotle, and fostered in the Academies of Italy, was very influential in preparing the way for the later Academic criticism of France. Pope is fully justified in saying that the doctrines, ascribed by this tradition of culture to Aristotle, "flourished most in France"; and he is also right in explaining the fact by the tendency in the French character to submit to absolute authority. It is no wonder that, taking the tradition at second hand from the French critics, who themselves echoed the opinions of Scaliger and Castelvetro, imagining too that the science of the Greeks had been transmitted through Horace's *Ars Poetica* to the poetical treatises of Vida and Boileau, he should have believed that the "rules" he looked upon as the source of true culture were derived straight from the imperial head of ancient philosophy.

When, however, he comes to describe the attitude of the English mind towards these "rules," his history becomes superficial and

incorrect. At no time was it true, in the broad sense of the word, that English artists "despised foreign laws": on the contrary, one of the most noticeable features in the history, alike of English painting and of English poetry, has been the influence exercised on the course of our artistic development by foreign models. Of the careful study bestowed from the middle of the last century by our painters on the work of the Italian, Dutch, and French masters, I need say nothing. Confining my attention to the history of poetry with which Pope is dealing, it will be sufficient to disprove his assertion by reference, in the infancy of our poetry, to the work of Chaucer, who not only translated the *Roman de la Rose*, but derived much of his philosophy of life from that poem; who also in his *House of Fame* constantly kept in view *The Divine Comedy* of Dante; and who drew the scheme of *The Canterbury Tales* from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. After Chaucer we pass on to the practice of Wyatt, Surrey, and their followers imitated from Petrarch; after that, on the one hand, to the poetry of Milton, so profoundly influenced by the Italian writers, both in Latin and vernacular verse, and, on the other, to Beaumont and Fletcher, who, under the influence of the style and structure of the Spanish play, altered the whole tradition of the English romantic drama.

Even if we examine Pope's history within the limits to which he intended to confine it, it cannot be said that the English, as a nation, ever set themselves deliberately to oppose the authority of the supposed Aristotelian "rules." On the contrary, the first elaborate treatise of criticism in the English language, Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetry*, is confessedly grounded upon them. Half a century before Corneille, Sidney had advocated with ardour the principle of the Unities, as expounded by the critics of Italy; and he censured Spenser for using dialect in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, on the ground that the experiment was an innovation on classical example. Ben Jonson, in the next generation, constantly sneers at his contemporaries for their barbarous neglect of the Unities. Dryden, though he never ventures to deviate from the practice of the English stage into the paths of critical orthodoxy, always speaks with superstitious reverence of the authority of French critical law. And, if any further proof were required to indicate the gathering volume of opinion in this direction, it would be furnished by the drift of thought in Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, and by Addison's dramatic criticisms in the *Spectator*, which vividly reflect the movement of taste in the reign of Queen Anne.

In any case, supposing it had been true that the English had defied the critical tradition of the Humanists, passed on to France from Italy, this would not have proved them to be uncivilized. For, in the first place, the laws in question were not the laws of Aristotle. The

rule of the Unities of Time and Place is not to be found in the *Poetics* of that philosopher; the only Unity, on the necessity of which Aristotle insists as a law of dramatic poetry, is Unity of Action. The first mention of the law of Unity of Time is in the commentary of Scaliger on the *Poetics*, published in 1561, where the principle is deduced by mere inference from casual expressions of Aristotle; the law of Unity of Place is in like manner inferred quite arbitrarily and for the first time by Castelvetro, in his edition of the *Poetics*, published in 1571; Aristotle nowhere lays down such a rule in his treatise, nor did the Greek dramatists observe it in practice. Corneille was the first dramatist to proclaim his submission to rules dictated to him by the two Italian critics; he defended his practice by reasoning, but he only succeeded in establishing it, because it fell in with the taste of the logical, and rather prosaic, French genius, which completely misinterpreted Aristotle's use of the term Imitation.

Once more: let us even suppose Aristotle to have been the author of "the rules," as Pope imagined; this fact would not have obliged English dramatists, on any rational theory of authority, to obey his particular edicts. The Law of the Three Unities could at most have been classed with Aristotle's by-laws, such as his requirements for the form of the perfect tragedy, or for the character of the ideal tragic hero; and these, as I have before urged, being derived from his observation solely of the practice of the Greek stage, have no application whatever to the form and structure of the drama in other nations, which is based on conceptions of the Universal in Nature in many respects fundamentally different from the ideas of the Greeks.

Had Pope been better acquainted with the meaning of Aristotle, he would have perceived that, provided his countrymen conformed to the philosopher's grand principle of imitating the Universal in Nature, they were quite right to imitate it according to the law imposed upon them by their national character and history. So long as they obeyed in a philosophic spirit their own municipal law of art, they might despise foreign laws without incurring the reproach of insular barbarism. The application of the French "rules" to a play like *Hamlet* which caused Voltaire to call Shakespeare a drunken savage, shows an ignorance of the methods of art actually employed by the English poet which recoils on the head of the French critic; and though Boileau pronounced dictatorially that it was impossible to write an epic upon a Scripture subject, yet the logical impossibility of the critic was overcome, without any violation of the true laws of Poetry, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. To attempt to confine the liberties of the poet by any *a priori* system of critical legislation is, as I have said more than once, worse than useless. Genius must be left to find out the law for itself.

Not that this implies that there is no law beyond the will of genius.

“Fierce” as the English poets were, and rightly were, for the liberties of wit, the best and most representative of them knew that these liberties must be confined within certain limits and directed to a definite end. The end they had in view was the imitation of the Universal, but the aspect of the Universal that manifests itself to the English artist is modified and colored by a character peculiar to his own society, so that the poetical forms in which he reflects his ideas are necessarily different from the forms in use among the artists of other nations. It is for the artist to decide in what way he can turn to his purpose the principles, instincts, and institutions, which go to make up national character; how far he may successfully extend his individual liberties within the law can only be determined by the force of his genius. All that the critic can usefully do is to collect the law of art, by observing what are the elements common to the work of a nation’s greatest artists, and to note the working of the law of national character in art, by comparing the manner of imitating the Universal prevailing in one nation with that prevailing in another.

It was for this reason that, before attempting to discover what is the predominant idea of law in English Poetry, I examined in previous lectures how the law of national character has manifested itself in the poetry both of France and of Germany. For it is plain that in their elements, the French, German, and English minds have much in common with each other; we all originally spring from one race; we were all converted from heathenism to the Christian religion; we all inherited the institutions of Teutonic chivalry; the English language is made up of words mainly derived from German and French sources. It may, therefore, be concluded that Nature has put us all in the way of taking the same view of the Universal; and that the very divergent views of it, which are, as a matter of fact, disclosed in the art and poetry of the three nations, are due to peculiarities in the character and history of each people.

Comparing the English character then either with the French or the German, the first thing that strikes every inquirer is the great multiplicity of elements which the English exhibits, in contrast with the simplicity of the other two. The German race has remained completely unmixed, and many features, noted in their character by an accurate observer like Tacitus, have survived in it with very little change. Again, much of what Cæsar says of the character of the ancient Gauls is obviously applicable to the character of the modern Frenchman. At first sight this seems somewhat strange, when we remember that the conquering Franks were of pure Teutonic descent; but when we see how completely, in the French language, the German element has been merged in the Romance it is easy to understand that the genius of the barbarous victors was subdued by the civilization of the Romanized Celt.

No ancient historian has attempted to analyze the character of the English nation. It is made up of British, Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and Norman elements, each of which has been fused in the organic whole without entirely losing its individual existence. How much influence the British element has exercised on our whole character may be doubted; if we are to judge from language, very little, for the number of Celtic words we use may be easily reckoned. Nor do I think that Matthew Arnold is anything but fanciful when he ascribes certain features in the style of English poetry to the Celtic strain in our blood, though of course I should be the last to deny the influence of the Celtic genius as one of the sources of mediæval English Romance. The love of constitutional liberty, which is so dominant a feature in the English character, may fairly be ascribed to our German ancestry; but the somewhat sluggish and stationary temper of the Saxons must, after they were once insularized, have sunk into torpor and decay, if it had not been quickened by the life and movement of the adventurous Scandinavian immigrants; on the other hand, the directing genius of the Normans runs in unbroken continuity through the entire history of the English nation.

If we turn our inquiry from race to language, we find the same principle of simplicity in the elements prevailing in German and French as compared with English. I quoted in my last lecture Klopstock's description of the purity of the German language, the structure of which he boasts to have remained unchanged since the days of Arminius. French, on the contrary, exhibits the growth of fresh organic forms out of the structural decay of Latin, and reflects in its history a regular process of transformation and development. English derives its vocabulary both from French and German, showing a curious drama of give and take between the two opposing elements. Physically, the dominant character of the German in our language is indicated by the imposition of the Saxon mode of accentuation on immigrant words. Thus the words *Saturn*, *beauty*, *fortune*, *nature*, in which the accent is now thrown back according to the Saxon principle, on to the first syllable, were in the time of Chaucer and his contemporaries accentuated, according to the French principle, on what would have been the penultimate syllable of the Latin word *Saturn*, *beauté*, *fortune*, *nature*. But, by way of compensation, the superior power of the French, in all matters relating to art and culture, manifests itself in the disappearance of the Saxon alliterative verse before the invasion of French metres determined by accent and rhyme.

Passing from the elements of character in themselves to the war of the elements in action, we may observe, in the sphere of politics, how very differently each of the three nations has proceeded in its attempt to reconcile the conflicting principles of which its life is com-

posed. Our primitive ancestors, besides bequeathing to each of us certain universal ideas of the duties of man to God, to the Family, and to the State, handed down also certain common institutions — Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Popular Control — representing various interests and tendencies in society, by means of which it has been our destiny to develop, according to our several circumstances, the course of our national life. The history of France and Germany shows us the spectacle of one or other of these principles growing to such power that, like Aaron's serpent, it swallows up the rest. On the other hand, though the dominant feature in the political history of England is undoubtedly

Freedom slowly broadening down
From precedent to precedent,

the growing movement of liberty thus described does not, as Tennyson's verses seem to imply, arise from the inward expansion of a single principle; it is the total result of the conflict between the equally balanced forces of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy. There is no trace in the history of England of the centralizing tendency of things in France, absorbing all the functions and color of local liberty into an omnivorous Absolutism. There is visible none of the anarchical rivalry of Orders that prevailed in the Holy Roman Empire, reducing the power of the Imperial throne to impotence and inaction. At one time in our history the Monarchical principle was predominant, at another the Aristocratic; forward movement and fresh equilibrium were attained by the People throwing its weight into one scale or the other, as circumstances required. Centuries of conflict, sometimes ending in civil war, were needed to develop the principle of hereditary liberty, contained in such documents as Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, into the complex fabric of the British Empire. The leading feature in the character of the English Constitution is its power of reconciling contrary impulses of action.

As it has been with us in the external sphere of politics, so it is in the sphere of faith and imagination. From the very early days of our religion we can see that a universal conflict has been proceeding in the mind of Christendom, between the principle of authority, represented by Councils defining the dogmas of the Church, the principle of individual liberty, represented by the constant succession of heresies and schisms, and the naturally opposed principles of Paganism and Revealed Religion. But during the last six centuries the making of organic thought in the great national communities of Europe has been the result of the fusion, in different proportions, of certain antagonistic elements,— Catholicism, Feudalism, Humanism, and Reform, — and each nation has striven to settle the struggle proceeding in its midst in the way most consistent with its own character.

France, in which the principle of kingly authority showed from the first a tendency to be predominant, found little difficulty in reconciling, at least superficially, the principle of Catholicism with the principle of the Renaissance. A Concordat with the Pope enabled Francis I. to repress the inconvenient aspirations of the Gallican Church; and the Pagan splendor of the late painting and sculpture of Italy was welcomed at the Court of a monarch who boasted the title of the Most Christian King. But the spirit of the Reformation never gained a foothold in the French imagination. Though Clement Marot translated the Psalms, and though Rabelais, in the early editions of his Romances, introduced ideas favorable to the Humanist reformers of religion, the general character of Marot's poetry is not devotional, and Rabelais made haste to suppress his liberalism as soon as he found it was disapproved by authority. The genius of D'Aubigné, the greatest of the Huguenot writers of mediæval France, is hardly representative of his nation, and perhaps the only attempt to treat the subject of revealed religion spiritually in French poetry is Boileau's aridly Jansenist Epistle on the Love of God.

Germany, in the sphere of spiritual thought, has been as unreservedly on the side of individual liberty as France on the side of central authority. She it was, above all other countries, who nourished the genius of the Reformation. In the persons of Luther and Kant she led the revolt against what is established both in Religion and Philosophy. But then Germany, owing to the unmitigated feudalism of her institutions, was incapable of assimilating the intellectual movement of the Renaissance at the same time as the great nations of Western Europe. The Classical Revival was essentially civic in its origin, and there was in Germany in the sixteenth century no recognized civic centre round which art and literature could organize themselves to the same extent as in France and England. When the different States of the Empire, at the close of the Thirty Years' War, settled down into exhausted quietude, the Renaissance began to make its influence felt in the Courts of the Princes; but its operation was entirely opposed to the experience of the European nations of the West. Winckelmann, Lessing, and Goethe had no doubt a far clearer insight into the nature of Greek art than the French and Italian critics, who followed the pseudo-Aristotelian tradition, but they viewed it in the abstract, as critics and philosophers, and not in its relation to the life of their own country.

England has marked out for herself a path of Culture between that of France and Germany. The bent of her historical character has been to blend the principles of liberty and authority. She has studied how to accommodate the necessities of innovation with the traditions of old experience. Into our Universities, the cradles of the

ancient Scholasticism, we received the teaching of Erasmus and his fellow Humanists, so that when Luther, with all his violent Tertullian-like hatred of Greek poetry and philosophy, poured himself forth in a flood of rebellion against the old régime, carrying on the tide of his enthusiasm all that Germanic element in the English nation which, nearly two centuries before, had been stirred by the preaching of Wycliffe, we were saved by the strength of our dykes from the submerging of invaluable elements in our life and history. Yet this did not prevent the spirit of the Reformation from penetrating the inmost recesses of the national character, or from finding vivid forms of expression in the greatest works of English poetry. I need say nothing, for the fact is obvious, of its influence on the composition of *Paradise Lost*; but its presence in the plays of Shakespeare, though more subtly disguised, is equally unmistakable. I do not think that any one can read with attention either *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or *Measure for Measure*, without perceiving how powerful was the conflict in England between the selfish, egotistic, material principle of life, deliberately advocated by such an illustrious representative of the Italian Renaissance as Machiavelli, and the principle of Conscience, which was the prime spiritual cause of the Reformation.

From all this it seems to follow, first, that the "rules," or "foreign laws," of which Pope speaks with respect in the *Essay on Criticism*, are only one of many elements that have combined to determine the course of our national art and culture; and that, if English poetry, like the poetry of other nations, is a mirror of our national character and history, then the great fundamental law under which the genius of the English poet must act, in order to produce any lasting work, is the knowledge both of what may be called the Balance of Power between the constituent elements of our imagination, and also of the method of fusing these contrary principles into a harmonious whole.

In practice we find this to have been the aim of all the most representative English masters, not alone in the art of poetry but in the art of painting. "The summit of excellence," says Sir Joshua Reynolds in his *Fifth Discourse*, "seems to be an assemblage of contrary qualities, but mixed in such proportion that no one part is found to counteract the others. How hard this is to be attained in every art, those only know who have made the greatest progress in their respective professions." So hard, indeed, is it, that one notices throughout Sir Joshua's teaching a perhaps excessive tendency to insist on the necessity of often suppressing elements of life, valuable in themselves, for the sake of harmonious effect. For example he says: "A statue in which you endeavor to unite stately dignity, youthful elegance, and stern valor, must surely possess none of these to an eminent degree. Hence it appears that there is much difficulty

as well as danger in an endeavor to concentrate in a single subject those various powers which, rising from different points, naturally move in different directions." But genius is genius precisely because it knows how to overcome apparently insuperable difficulties. If it had not been for the authority of Sir Joshua, apparently on the other side, I should have ventured to suggest that the particular combination of qualities he supposes was to be found in the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, and I am at least confident that it is well within the reach of poetry, which of all the arts is the one with most capacity for the imitation of contrary qualities in action.

It is not too much to say that in English Poetry the reconciliation of contraries is the character impressed on the works of a long succession of great poets, who have been so conscious of the strife of principles in their own sphere, and of the dominant tendencies in the spirit of their age, that they have each known how to imitate in an ideal form the movement of life in Nature and Society. We see, for example, the principle at work in the *Vision of Piers the Plowman*, in which the poet's powerful but confused attempt to work out an ideal scheme of harmony between Church and State so strikingly anticipates the actual course of events at the Reformation. We see it, too, in the brilliant, vivacious, squabbling company of Chaucer's pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the representatives of so many opposing interests and so many distinct orders in society, yet all united by the sense of a common religious duty to be performed, and already so far advanced in the art of self-government as to be willing to compose their quarrels under the general and moderating guidance of the host of The Tabard. The most profound and comprehensive conception of the mingled tragedy and comedy of life ever expressed in poetry is to be found in the dramas of Shakespeare, in whose genius the elements are so mixed that it is difficult to say whether the spirit of the ancient Church, of the Reformation, or of Humanism, is the stronger. The *Satires* of Pope, faithfully reflecting in this respect the genius of the eighteenth century, seem almost to eliminate the mediæval element from the national imagination, in a purely civic development of the principle of the Renaissance; but in Byron and Tennyson the spirit of individual liberty returns on the top of the tide, seeking, under the guise of mediæval forms, to express its revolt against the classic and aristocratic conventions of the eighteenth century, without, however, losing sight of the historic conflict of principles in English Poetry.

In future lectures I shall hope to illustrate the working of this law of national character more fully and particularly from the practice of our most representative poets. Meantime, let me say a few concluding words about the kind of test we ought to apply, to see whether the law is fulfilled in any work of contemporary English poetry that

we may be called upon to judge. In the first place, I would repeat what I have said in an earlier lecture, that the presence of the Universal in a work of art cannot always be inferred from the popularity of that work. Tempting no doubt it is to decide in this way, for never was there an age in which Fame travelled with such lightning speed as our own. There is something dazzling and impressive in the sale of tens of thousands of copies of a poem or a romance, nor is it for a moment to be denied that any book which succeeds in pleasing the imagination of so many human beings must possess in itself some striking qualities of art, though not necessarily, or even probably, of fine art. For the people judge by their emotions, sensations, and instincts, not by their reason; and it is almost as impossible to divine the effect which a work of imagination will produce on the popular mind as to forecast the temper in which public opinion will act in the sphere of politics. All that we can be sure of is that the quality in a work of art which fascinates the imagination of the people will be, like the considerations that sway them in politics, simple, obvious, akin to their superficial sentiments, and as unlike as possible to that mysterious struggle of opposite forces, the sum of which eventually determines the national action and character. A novel like *The Sorrows of Werther* will always be, in the beginning, more popular and famous than a poem like *Faust*.

Looking at the matter from the opposite side, while a work of genius will necessarily have in it an element strongly appealing to the universal, and therefore to the popular, imagination, we know by abundant evidence that the kind of imitation which arrests general attention is not that in which the essential motive thought of a great poet resides. For example, a number of contemporary allusions to *Hamlet* prove beyond question that what most impressed the audience in the Elizabethan theatre was by no means the general plot of the play or the character of the Prince of Denmark, but the appearance of the ghost. It is equally certain, from the title attached to the early acting copies of *King Lear*, that the imaginative pleasure experienced by the spectators arose much less from the sublime representation of the madness of the old king, than from Edgar's realistic assumption of the character of poor Tom of Bedlam.

Equally fallacious is it to look for the character, which is the mark of all Fine Art, in singularity of expression. There is a very strong tendency in our times to adopt this standard of judgment. Whether it be disdain for the judgment of the multitude, or an instinctive perception that singularity is eventually the surest means of attracting the attention of the crowd, every observer must have noticed the growing inclination of men of genius to invent forms which reflect not so much the universal character of the nation, as their own personal peculiarities. At first this studied pursuit of unpopular ends

meets with coldness and contempt in the public at large, but it is noted and even approved by the intellectual few, who appreciate more intensely eccentricity in an author, in proportion as they value in themselves the sagacity which enables them to interpret it. By degrees an ever-increasing circle of admirers imposes its own thoughtfulness on the unreflecting public, which, though still unable to understand, is no longer bold enough to ridicule. "Those who come to mock remain to pray." Surrounded by a powerful body-guard, the once neglected inventor of singularities tramples with impunity on the traditions of art, and the coterie invests with a species of temporary authority an eccentric practice which may have its primary roots in Mannerism and Affectation.

The just mean of a true work of Fine Art lies between Popularity and Singularity; such a work is the expression of Universal truth bearing the stamp of national character. The critic in judging a new poem will do well to ask certain questions about its qualities. First as regards its conception. Does it strike the imagination, in its general effect, as imitating the idea of Nature as a whole? Does it reflect in itself the strife of opposing principles which make up the sum of our civilization, our Christian faith, our hereditary institutions, the long tradition of European culture? Are these conflicting ideas fused in it in the same way as we see them fused in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, in Pope's *Essay on Man*, in Gray's *Elegy*, in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*? So too in respect of expression, every English poem, which is really a work of fine art, will combine in itself the universal with the particular. If it is justly conceived, if it holds the mirror truly up to nature, then the expression also will seem natural, the art will be concealed, and the effect left on the mind will be Repose and not Violence or Singularity. Close examination alone will reveal what thought and labor have often been given to arrive at this result; the selection and rejection of ideas; the choice of words characteristic yet not forced; the variation of periods; the combination of harmonies; in a word, all that subtle mixture of elements which gives life and soul and movement to an individual style. And as a style of this kind is generalized by the poet from a wide acquaintance with the practice of the best poets in our literature, so it can be rightly judged only by those who have a knowledge of the historic development of our language. In criticising the language of a modern poet, look in his verse to see if it possesses the hereditary national quality of condensing thought in an epigrammatic form — see if you can find a family likeness in it to lines like these:

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. — SHAKESPEARE.

They also serve who only stand and wait. — MILTON.

A man so various that he seemed to be

Not one, but all mankind's epitome. — DRYDEN.

Man never is, but always to be, blest. — POPE.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. — GRAY.

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow. — BYRON.

In all these lines the total effect of the idea expressed is simple, natural, universal, and yet the individual character is strongly marked, and the means adopted to produce the effect are very complex. Such a reconciliation of opposing qualities is the universal condition of all Fine Art.

PASSION AND IMAGINATION IN POETRY.¹

BY HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

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The unsatisfactoriness of definitions of poetry arises usually from one or other of two causes. If the definition is that of a critic, it is the resultant of a long analytical process, and therefore not very intelligible apart from the process by which it has been arrived at; if it is the definition of a poet, it is certain to contain that element of poetry which it professes to explain. Nevertheless, the most helpful *aperçus* into poetry are those which the poets themselves have given us, and of them all none is more helpful than that inspired parenthesis in which Milton one day summed up its characteristics as "simple, sensuous and passionate."

We may presume that by his first epithet Milton intended that simplicity which is another name for sincerity. He meant that a poet must look at the world frankly and with open eyes; with the spirit, though with more than the wisdom, of a child. We sometimes express another side of the same truth by saying that poetry is "universal," meaning that it cares nothing for superficial and transient fashions, but is interested only "in man, in nature, and in human life," in their permanent elements. This first epithet seems to fix beyond dispute an indispensable quality of all poetry. If a writer is insincere, or if he is conventional and fashionable, we are sure, whatever his airs and graces, that he is no poet. By "sensuous" it is probable that Milton meant what, in more technical language, we should describe as "concrete." Poetry deals with things, and it deals with people; it sings of birds and flowers and stars; it sings of the wrath of Achilles, the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas, the woes of King Œdipus, the problems of Brutus and Hamlet; whatever be the thought or the emotion it is concerned with, it is concerned with them as operating on a particular occasion; it has no concern with the intellect or the emotions or the will in abstraction from this or that wise or passionate or

¹Lecture, originally delivered in Cambridge, presented here to supplement the lectures originally prepared for the International Congress of Arts and Science.

wilful person.² By his third epithet Milton, as most will agree, touched or almost touched the heart of the matter. We all conceive prose to be an adequate vehicle for our level feelings, but as soon as we are deeply moved and wish to express our emotion we instinctively turn to the poets. Wordsworth is at one with Milton in fixing upon passion as of the essence of poetry, which he in one place defines as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." It does not matter for poetry what the emotion is that overflows; it may be love or hate, pity or fear, awe or indignation, joy or sorrow; what matters for poetry is that some passion there should be, for some particular object, and that it should be sincerely and deeply felt.

Essential, however, as passion is, so that where there is no passion there can be no poetry, in saying passion we have not said the last word. Any one may prove this to himself by a simple reminiscence. He may at some time have been in love, for, according to Patmore, "Love wakes men once a lifetime each;" and, perhaps, in a mood of exaltation he may have taken pen and paper for a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow; but the poetry did not come; or, if something came, in a calmer mood he recognized that it was not poetry. Or we may illustrate from other passions. At the Queen's Jubilee a few years since we were all passionately loyal, and the morning newspapers vied with each other in producing odes; but no one could mistake any one of them for poetry. Or, the other day, again, when the Rennes verdict was announced, the intelligence of England was roused to a passion of indignation. I took up my weekly gazette the next Saturday morning and found that indignation had made a good many verses, in none of which was there a tincture of poetry. There was much cursing and swearing, and appealing to Heaven for vengeance; but the point of view was merely that of the man in the street.

These simple examples will suffice to show that poetry requires a manner of viewing things which is not that of the average man, but is individual to the poet; it requires, in a word, genius. One could hardly expect Milton to point this out; having genius himself he would assume that every one else had genius; he would assume that we all had the power of looking at the world not only *frankly* but *freshly*, because he would not understand any other

² The tradition of this concreteness was not lost even in the eighteenth century. Poets, living in a time of abstract thought, and feeling under the necessity of handling abstractions which they mistook for universals, hit upon the device of personifying them, with the result that from the pages of Dodsley's Miscellany every faculty of the mind and every operation of every science looks out at one with a capital letter, a fashion happily parodied in the famous line:

"Inoculation, heavenly maid, descend."

Gray is not untouched with the malady, though, on the whole, he represents a reaction back to the richness of the concrete, the "pomp and prodigality" of Shakespeare and Milton.

way of looking at it. Now, it is this fresh outlook and insight, this power of viewing things and people out of the associations in which the rest of mankind habitually view them, that is the root of the whole matter. In the world of nature we find the poets moved even to passion by objects that we hardly notice, or from long familiarity have come to ignore. Their strong emotion arises from their fresh vision. By means of that fresh vision the world never ceases to be an interesting place to them.

By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustling,
 By a daisy whose leaves spread
 Shut when Titan goes to bed,
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.

So sang Wither of the Poetic Muse; and Blake expresses the same truth in his inspired doggerel:

What to others a trifle appears
 Fills me full of smiles and tears.

The converse of the proposition also holds true: what to others may appear facts of the highest importance, may to the poet appear trifles. Similarly in the world of men we find the poets as much interested in the least as in the greatest, and we find them unconcerned by many of the distinctions which to mankind in general appear vital. We find, for example, Andrew Marvell introducing into his panegyric of Oliver Protector a picture of King Charles at his execution, which embalms the secret of all the cavalier loyalty, and is to-day the oftenest quoted passage of his poem.

The poet's subjects, then, are borrowed from any quarter in the whole range of nature and human experience; "the world is all before him where to choose;" anything that excites any deep emotion in him is a fit topic for his verse, and it is our privilege for the moment, so far as that one experience is concerned, to look through his eyes. In this way the poets interpret the world to us. They also interpret us to ourselves. They make adventurous voyages into hitherto unsounded seas of the human spirit, and bring us word of their discoveries. And what they thus win becomes an inalienable possession to the race; the boundaries of humanity are pushed back. This power of interpreting the world and human life is sometimes spoken of as an idealizing faculty, and no exception can be taken to the term so long as it is not explained to mean that the poet tricks up what he sees in false lights in order to please us. For any one who considers the best poetry,

whether about the universe or man's heart, — and it is only the best that must determine the genus — will admit that, so far as he has trusted himself to it, it has convinced him of its entire veracity. It is idealized only in the sense that a landscape is idealized by the removal of the accidental and commonplace details, which sufficed to blind others to the beauty that the painter distinguished. The artist, poet or painter, sees the light that never was on sea or land until he saw it; but when he has once seen it and shown it us, we can all see that it is there, and is not merely a figment of his fancy. This mode of viewing things, which by its freshness reveals, or interprets, or idealizes, is what is meant by Poetical Imagination.

But now that that most terrifying of technical terms has been mentioned, it may be well to make a short summary of the various senses in which the word is habitually employed, in order to observe what all, or any, of them have in common, and how they connect one with another.

(a.) When a psychologist speaks of imagination he is not thinking of poetry; he means by the word the power of summoning again before the mind's eye vivid images of what has been once seen. He bids us look carefully at our breakfast-table, and then, closing our eyes, notice how much of it we can recall, how clear or dim an image. Whether skill in this memory-picturing has any link with poetical imagination it would be hard to say; certainly to no one would a power of vividly recalling images be of greater service. The faculty seems to be entirely distinct from the power of attention and close observation.

(b.) A more familiar usage of the word is that which makes it almost a synonym for sympathy — the power of projecting self into the circumstances of others. We know to our cost that many men and women are sadly to seek in this faculty, and it seems to be no especial prerogative of poets, though Shelley thought so. He speaks of the poet as —

A nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of the earth.

And in his prose essay he says: "A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own;" and he continues, "The great instrument of moral good is imagination, and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause." (*Essays*, i, 16.)

Shelley in this passage is no doubt theorizing too much from his own personal feelings; for it has often been remarked that poets have been singularly lacking in imagination of this moral sort, and have been conspicuous for an intense selfishness in their domestic relations

(c.) But the word is also used not of moral, but of intellectual sympathy; a power of appreciating, by an act of intuition, the characteristic qualities of things and people, so as to be able to set out a train of consequences. A celebrated novelist was once congratulated upon the admirable drawing in one of her books of a particular school of Dissenters, and she was asked what opportunities she had enjoyed of studying them. Her reply was that she had once caught sight of a group of them through a half-opened door as she mounted a staircase. That is no doubt an extreme case, but it is all the more useful as an illustration. It helps us to realize how potent a faculty is the endowment of the dramatist, which can pierce through human appearance to its essential qualities, can conceive by a sure instinct how, in given circumstances, the given character must act, and can represent it to us, because it is vivid to him, in all the versimilitude of essential detail. Such imagination is plainly one large and special side of the faculty of seeing things out of their commonplace associations. As a branch of the same head would rank the still rarer power of conceiving types of character, that for certain reasons have no actual existence in the world we know, such types as Shakespeare's Ariel and Caliban and Puck.

(d.) The word imagination is also used of a faculty which may at first sight seem the opposite of this — a faculty of seeing people and objects not as they are in themselves, but colored by the atmosphere of joy or gloom through which they are seen. The truth, however, probably is that nothing at all is, or ever can be, seen out of some atmosphere, a thing in itself being merely an abstraction; but the greater a poet is, the more various are his moods, while with lesser men a particular mood may cover all the objects in their poetical world.

(e.) Again, the word has a narrower and more technical sense; namely, the power of detecting resemblances in nature for the purpose of poetical illustration. This use of the term is not merely freakish, but connects with that broader and more fundamental sense to which I have so many times referred, the power and habit of seeing the "common things that round us lie" out of their commonplace associations, of seeing them in more subtle and original associations. For it is the power of bringing together two objects or events that the ordinary person would never dream of connecting, but in which the poet's eye has detected similarity, and which he therefore places side by side so that one may throw light upon the other. Our thinking, it will be admitted, is largely associational; one thing recalls another; but it is the prerogative of poets that the tracks between idea and idea in their minds are not those of common trade. Recur for a moment to Wither's reference to a daisy. We know beforehand what a daisy will suggest to a child, what to a gardener, what to a botanist; we do not

know beforehand what it will suggest to a poet. It may be, as it was to Chaucer, a crowned queen:—

A fret of gold she haddë next her hair,
 And upon that a white corown she bare
 With flourouns smallë, and (I shall not lie)
 For all the world right as a daisÿ
 Yerowned is with whitë leaves light,
 So were the flourouns of her corown white.

How utterly different from this is the feeling of Burns! To him the daisy is the type of humble cheerfulness, sweet neighbor and meet companion of the humble and cheerful lark. How different, again, was that feeling it inspired in Wordsworth! The point to strike home to him was the touch of kinship between the simplest flower and man in the fact that both are alive:

Sweet silent creature
 That *breathest* with me in sun and air.

Imagination, used in this restricted sense of the interpretation of phenomena by comparison, is often contrasted with a weaker form of itself to which the name of Fancy is given. The distinction was introduced into these islands by Coleridge, who endeavored to teach it to Wordsworth; it was then popularized by Leigh Hunt and afterwards by Ruskin. It has played in the last half century so prominent a part in the criticism of poetry, that it is perhaps worth while to look it for once fairly in the face. Coleridge was always promising to give a disquisition upon Poetical Imagination but he never kept his word; he did, however, what was almost better; in the "Biographia Literaria" he illustrated his meaning from some passages in his friend's poems; and we gather from his comments that he did not at all mean Imagination to be distinguished from Fancy as the perception of deeper from that of more superficial resemblances; he wished the term Fancy to be kept for the use of poetical imagery of all kinds, and the term Imagination to be used of the poet's faculty as a creative artist. He speaks of it as a unifying power, bringing together whatever will help his purpose, and rejecting all that is impertinent and unessential. He speaks of it also as a vivifying power, turning "bodies to spirits by sublimation strange." That is to say he uses Imagination not so much of a quality of the poet's mind as of an artistic power which he exercises, the power of imposing living form upon dead matter, — he calls it in the "Ode to Dejection" "my *shaping* spirit of imagination;" — but it is not hard to see that this unifying and vitalizing power depends upon what is the characteristic essence of imagination, the unanalyzable power of seeing things freshly and in new and harmonious associations. The idea must pre-

cede the execution, and it is a small matter whether the term *Imagination* be employed of the idea or the embodiment. Between *Imagination* and *Fancy*, therefore, as Coleridge conceived them, there could be no confusion.

The trouble began with Wordsworth. By *Imagination*, as by *Fancy*, Wordsworth practically means the use of poetical imagery; but he ascribes to the higher faculty the images which occur to the poet, not in his superficial moods, but under the influence of deeper emotion.¹ Leigh Hunt preserved and illustrated this distinction from a wide range of poets. Mr. Ruskin, in the second volume of "*Modern Painters*" (p. 163), turned aside from an elaborate disquisition upon *Imagination* in painting to speak of poetry. "The *Fancy*," he says, "sees the outside, and so is able to give a portrait of the outside, clear, brilliant, and full of detail; the *Imagination* sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt, but it is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted in its giving of outer detail. And then follows a remarkable parallel between the flower passage in "*Lycidas*" and that in the "*Winter's Tale*," greatly to the disadvantage of the former.

It will be remembered that the passage from "*Lycidas*" is printed with marginal notes, as follows:—

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,	<i>Imagination.</i>
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,	<i>Nugatory.</i>
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,	<i>Fancy.</i>
The glowing violet,	<i>Imagination.</i>
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,	<i>Fancy and vulgar.</i>
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,	<i>Imagination.</i>
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.	<i>Mixed.</i>

Then follows the passage from the "*Winter's Tale*":—

O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids.

¹ Characteristically Wordsworth, in his celebrated preface, illustrated what he meant by *Imagination*, not from his friend's poetry, but his own. Upon the line "Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods," he thus comments: "The stock-dove is said to coo, a sound well imitating the note of the bird; but by the intervention of the metaphor broods, the affections are called in by the imagination to assist in marking the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs her soft note, as if herself delighting to listen to it, and participatory of a still and quiet satisfaction, like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation."

And then comes this criticism :

Observe how the imagination in these last lines goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, after having touched them all at first with that heavenly timidness, the shadow of Proserpine's, and gilded them with celestial gathering, and never stops on their spots or their bodily shape; while Milton sticks in the stains upon them and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in the very flower that, without this bit of paper-staining, would have been the most precious to us of all. "There is pansies, that's for thoughts."

I do not know whether this comparison has ever been the subject of adverse comment: I have often heard it praised. To me, I confess it seems a compendium of all the faults that a critic of poetry should avoid: waywardness, preciosity, inattention, and the uncritical use of critical labels. In the first place the critic has ignored what is of the first consequence, the motive of the two pieces, and has treated them as parallel flower-passages from a volume of elegant extracts; whereas no criticism can be to the point that does not recognize that Milton's flowers are being gathered for a funeral, and Shakespeare's are not to be gathered at all; they are visionary spring flowers, seen in glory through the autumn haze. Without going at length through each passage it is worth noticing that Shakespeare's lines about the primrose are open to precisely the same censure, no more and no less, as Mr. Ruskin accords to Milton's pansy. The epithet "pale" is very far from "going into the very inmost soul" of the primrose, which is a hardy flower, and not in the least anæmic; it "sticks in the stains" upon the surface as much as the "freaked with jet;" and this, again, so far from being "unhappy," gives the reason why the pansy was chosen for the hearse among the flowers that "sad embroidery wear." A second point to notice concerns the lines that are marked "nugatory." Both Shakespeare and Milton had the instinct to see that just as, on the one hand, a flower passage must not be a mere catalogue, so, on the other, each item must not be unduly emphasized. And so we find that, while Milton has his "tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine," and his "well-attir'd woodbine" to make up the bunch, Shakespeare also has his

Bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial, lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one !

a "nugatory" passage which Mr. Ruskin omits from his quotation. So much, then, for the contrast of Imagination and Fancy.

In resuming what has been said about the two great characteristics of the poetical mind, its passion and its imagination, it may be useful to illustrate from the picture that our great dramatist has drawn of the poetical character in the person of Macbeth. Macbeth,

indeed, was a poet without a conscience; but that circumstance is to the advantage of our illustration, since we shall not be able to confuse his morality with his poetry. There are several points that may be noticed.

1. First, though on this much stress must not be laid, we observe Macbeth's power of summoning up, and vividly objectifying impressions of sense. He sees an air-drawn dagger. He hears a voice say, "Sleep no more."

2. Secondly, and this is fundamental, we remark the passionate intensity with which he realizes whatever comes before him, his own states of mind, or events that happen, and sees them in all their attendant circumstances and consequences. No fact that at all interests him remains a barren fact to him, and most facts do interest him. When he is contemplating the death of Duncan he appreciates thoroughly and entirely all that is involved in that death:—

He's here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.

So he goes from point to point, realizing as he goes. Even more striking is the way in which he is moved after the murder by Duncan's untroubled condition, thoroughly appreciating it:—

Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Or consider the passage, at the end of the play, where he is contemplating his own deserted state:—

I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

Especially characteristic here of the poet seems to me the pause on the idea of curses, to realize them, before going further, "curses, not loud, but deep."

3. In the third place, we remark that, as Macbeth realizes with such vividness and such emotion the qualities of everything that appeals to him, so one thing is always suggesting another with similar qualities:—

Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect;
 Whole as the *marble*, founded as the *rock*,
 As broad and general as the casing *air*;
 But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined.

When the ghostly voice that he hears, the echo of his own imaginative mind, suggests to him the terrible thought that he has murdered not the king only, but Sleep, the greatest friend of man, he is at once absorbed in the thought of all the wonder and mystery of sleep, which he draws out into a long string of images; forgetting all about the business he had been engaged in, and the bloody dagger in his hand, until his practical wife in blank amazement breaks in with, "What do you mean?" No one, again, is likely to forget the desolate images under which he sums up his idea of the worthlessness and meaninglessness of human life:

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is seen no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

4. I would point out, further, as a frequent trait of the poetic nature, Macbeth's simplicity; shown partly by his interest in his own moods; for example, in such sayings as "False face must hide what the false heart doth know;" more curiously in his speculation why he could not say "Amen" when the groom he was about to murder said, "God bless us;" most curiously in his irritation at ghost-walking:—

The times have been
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end; but now they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools; this is more strange
 Than such a murder is.

5. Finally, though in this I am trespassing on a subject which I hope to discuss in a second paper, we cannot but observe Macbeth's extraordinary talent for expression. I will give but one instance. Shakespeare, whether by design or chance, has reserved for him, perhaps, the most remarkable presentment in literature of the phenomenon of falling night—

Light thickens,

an expression which gives not only the fact of growing darkness, but also its qualities.

The picture of the poetical nature that Shakespeare has given us in Macbeth is considerably heightened if by the side of it we add for contrast his Richard II. Without working out the parallel in any detail, it will be enough to call attention to two points. In the first place, Richard has no imagination in the sense which we have seen reason to give to that term; he has no intuition into the scope and meaning and consequences of events. Compare, for instance, with Macbeth's picture of old age, Richard's picture of a dethroned king:—

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown;
 My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
 My sceptre for a farmer's walking staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
 And my large kingdom for a little grave, etc.

The points in the picture which rouse Richard's emotion, and which he sets out before us, are all merely superficial; never once does he touch the real heart of the matter. The other noticeable thing is that Richard is much less interested in persons or events than in his feelings about them, and then only in such as are lamentable; and perhaps, it would be true to add, less in the lamentable feelings than in the pathetic language in which they can be expressed. He "hammers out" a simile as though it was an end in itself, and is moved by a curious phrase so as almost to forget his troubles. In the coronation scene, after Richard has cast down the looking-glass with the words,—

How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face,

Bolingbroke, with all a practical man's contempt of play-acting and rhetoric, satirically replies:—

The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
 The shadow of your face,

whereupon Richard is at once arrested:—

Say that again!
 The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see!

Could there be a truer portrait of the "minor poet" or sentimentalist?

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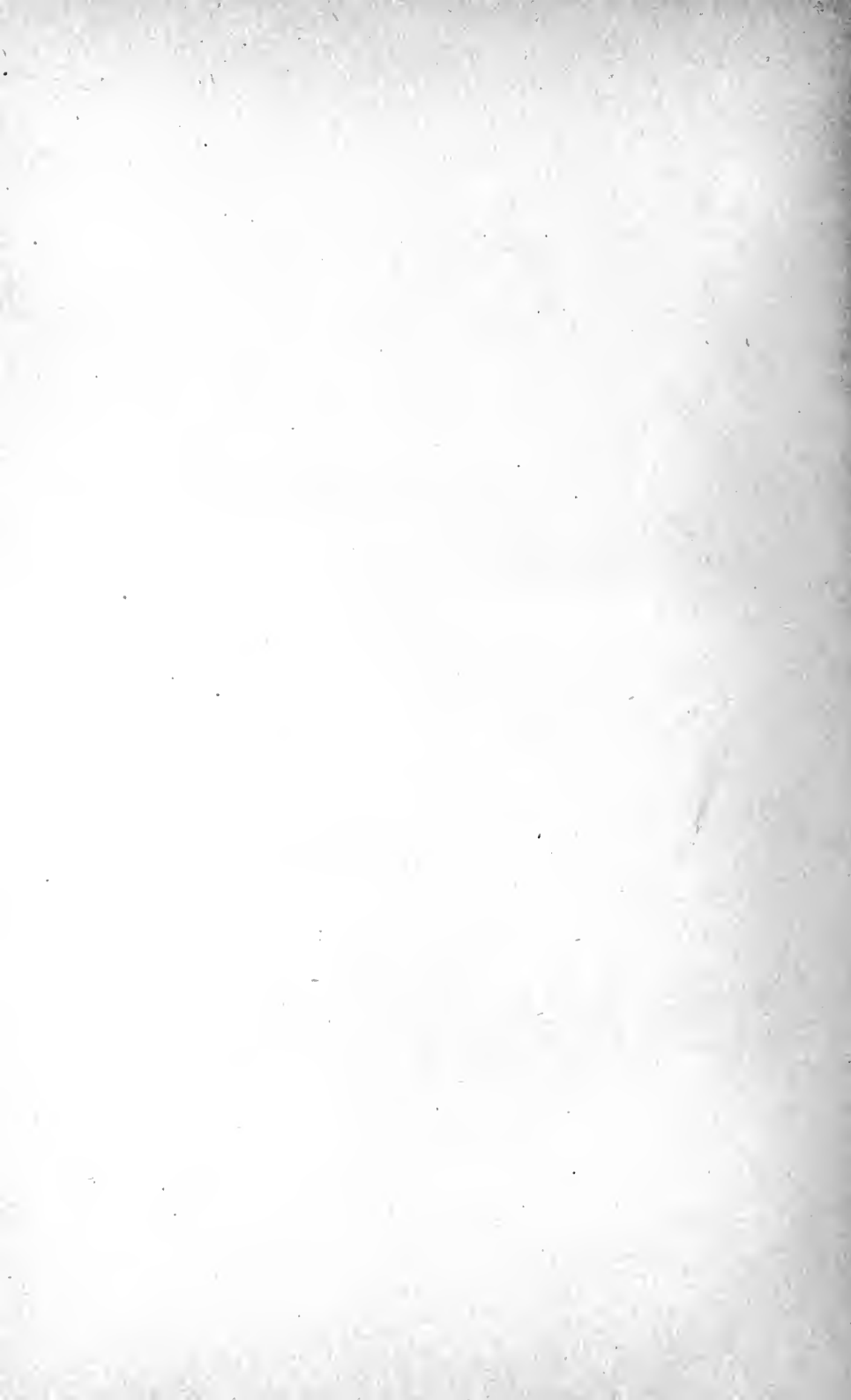
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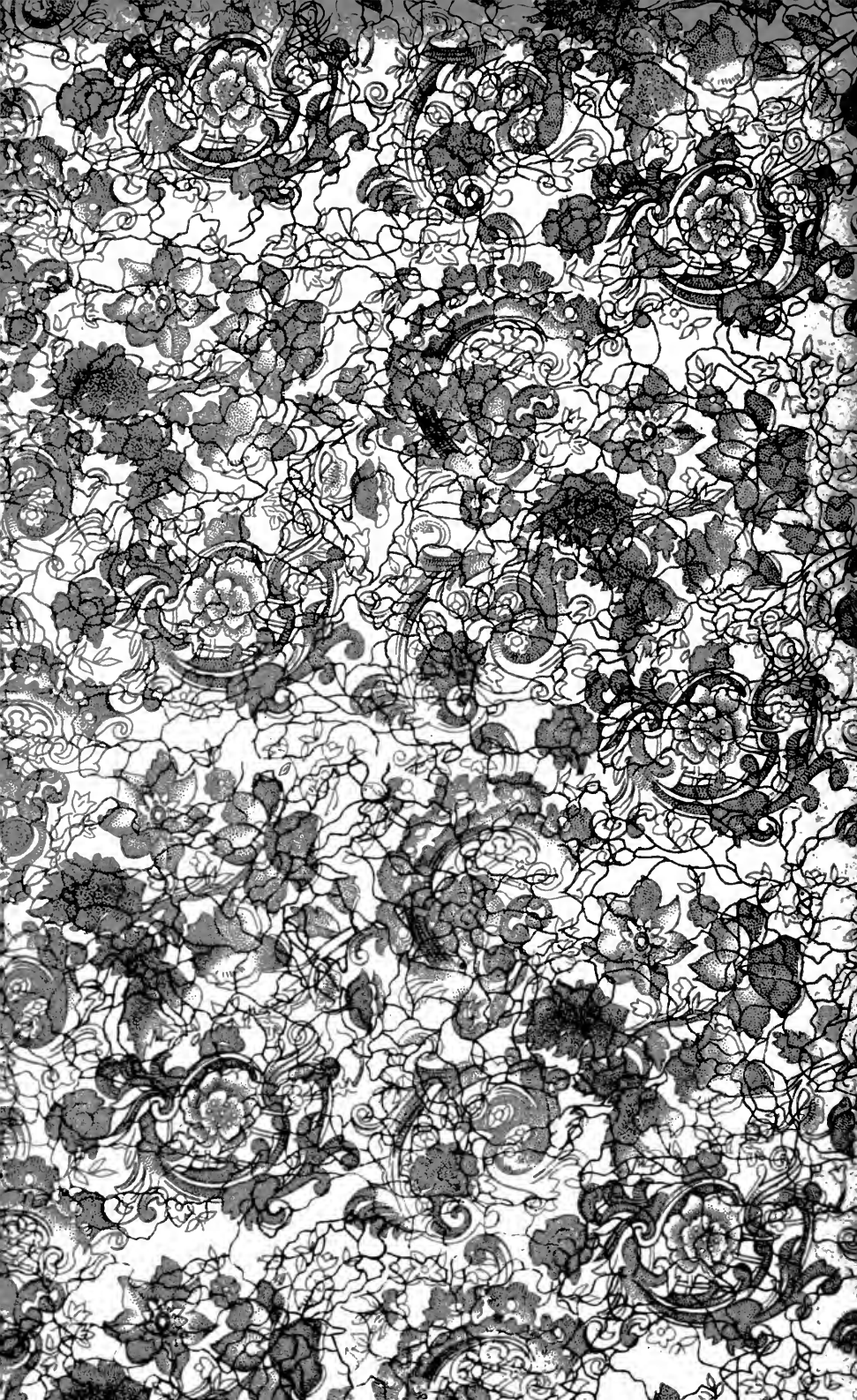
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