AN
(GREENOUGH)
TUCKERMAN

Memorial

of

Horatio Greenough

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CONSISTING OF A MEMOIR SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS
AND TRIBUTES TO HIS GENIUS

BY

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NEW YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM & CO., 10 PARK PLACE.

1853.

R. Craighead, Printer,
53 *Vesey Street.*

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Memorial

MEMOIR.

Although the creations of the artist are his best monument, when the spirit in which he works transcends the limits of a special vocation, and associates him with the progress of society, and the happiness of his friends, a catalogue *raisonné* of what he has left in marble or colors, we feel to be an incomplete record of his life. The recent death of our earliest sculptor has caused so wide and sincere a grief that it becomes not less a sacred duty than a melancholy pleasure to trace his career, gather up the tributes to his genius, and endeavor to delineate the features of his character; and it is at the request of those more dear to him, as well as from a vivid sentiment of affection and regret, that I have prepared this inadequate memorial of

> A life that all the muses decked
> With gifts of grace that might express
> All-comprehensive tenderness,
> All subtilizing intellect:

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw through all the Muses' walk:

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs or dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.*

HORATIO GREENOUGH was born in Boston, Massachusetts, September 6, 1805. His father belonged to that respected class of merchants whose integrity, enterprise, and intelligence, half a century ago, justly gave them a degree of consideration which is almost unknown at the present day. Comparatively few in number, and active in the political and social life of the town, they almost created public opinion, and were remarkable for individuality of character not less than a tone of mind above and beyond the mere spirit of trade. This was evinced in the careful manner in which their children were brought up, and the intellectual privileges afforded them, the sacred interest attached to home, and the superiority of the local schools. The mother of Greenough is a native of Massachusetts, endowed with the conscientious affection and vigorous intellect that are so honorable a distinction of the genuine New England matron. He was one of several children, and shared with them the educa-

* Tennyson's In Memoriam.

tion both of public and private seminaries, and of the domestic circle.

The instinct of genius discovers amid circumstances apparently inauspicious, the means and incentives for its development. In the community where Greenough was born and passed his early years, there existed a prevalent taste and more than one noble example to encourage the votary of letters; Stuart's masterpieces, family portraits by Copley, a few choice originals and many fine copies from the old masters, as well as the presence of native artists of more or less skill and fame, offered a stimulus to the cultivation of drawing and painting; the system of popular education, and the intellectual tone of society, were also highly favorable to individual culture in its general relations; but the art of modelling in clay was rarely if ever practised, the specimens of sculpture were few, and only a strong natural bias could have so early directed Greenough's aspirations towards the art. Having a decided sense of form, a love of imitating it, and a mechanical aptitude which kept his knife, pencil, and scissors continually active, he employed hours in carving, drawing, and moulding toys, faces, and weapons, by way of amusing himself and his comrades. I have seen a head evidently taken from an old Roman coin, executed upon a bit of compact plaster about the size of a penny, admirably cut by Greenough with a penknife and common nail, while a schoolboy, seated upon the door-step of one of his neighbors. The lady who observed this achievement, preserved the little medal with religious care; and was the first to

give the young sculptor a commission. It was for her that he executed the beautiful ideal bust of the Genius of Love. This propensity soon took a higher range. It was encouraged by the mechanics and professional men around him, whose good-will his agreeable manners and obvious genius propitiated. One kind artisan taught him the use of fine tools; a stone-cutter, of more than ordinary taste, instructed him to wield a chisel; benevolent librarians allowed him the use of plates, casts, and manuals; a physician gave him access to anatomical designs and illustrations; and Binon, a French artist, known by his bust of John Adams in Faneuil Hall, Boston, encouraged him to model at his side. Thus, as a mere schoolboy, did Greenough glean the rudiments of an artistic education without formal initiation. With eclectic wisdom he sought and found the aid he required, while exploring the streets of his native town; one day he might be seen poring over a folio, or contemplating a plaster copy of a famous statue; and, on another, exercising his mechanical ingenuity at the office of Solomon Willard, whose family name yet stamps, with traditional value, many an old dial-plate in New England; now he eagerly watches Alpheus Cary as he puts the finishing touch to a cherub's head on a tombstone; and, again, he stands a respectful devotee before Shaw or Coggswell, waiting for some treasured volume on the process or the results of his favorite art, from the shelves of Harvard and the Athenæum. Some of his juvenile triumphs are still remembered by his playmates—especially a pistol ornamented

with relievo flowers in lead, a series of carriages moulded in bee's-wax, scores of wooden daggers tastefully carved, a lion couchant, modelled with a spoon from a pound of butter, to astonish his mother's guests at tea, elaborate card-paper plans for estates, and, as a climax to these childish yet graceful experiments, a little figure of Penn cut in chalk from an engraving of his statue in the Port-Folio.

There is no truth more sustained by the facts of consciousness, than that the mind assimilates only its legitimate nutriment. The artist, the hero, and the lover seem hardly conscious of any element of life, save that which ministers to their idiosyncrasy; and it is in these laws of character, and not in any external appliances, that we must seek a true philosophy of life. The real-estate broker, as he passed the home of the young sculptor, saw but a certain number of feet of ground, and perchance speculated on its value; but the ardent gaze of the boy was only conscious of a statue of Phocion that stood in the garden. The mystery of that figure, the process of its creation, the law of its design, were the great problems of his dawning intelligence; he was sensible of a relation to the sphere of human activity represented by that image. It was more to him than the animated forms in the street, more than the printed characters of his hornbook, more than an academic degree. It was a nucleus for his reveries, a hint to his ingenuity, a prophecy of his life. It kept bright and palpable to his young imagination the idea of being a sculptor, and though the language of State St. Long Wharf, and even the old South Church gave no

confirmation to the oracle,—to him its silent eloquence was none the less impressive, for his nature had an element of the Greek as well as the Puritan, which asserted itself in spite of time and place.

This strong tendency for art did not, however, alone characterize his mind. The graces of scholarship were equally native. At school and college he excelled in the classics, and exhibited a command of language and perception of the beauties of expression, such as usually indicate the future orator and poet. It is recorded that no classmate excelled him in verbal memory; and when quite a boy, he used to recite a thousand lines of English verse, at a time, without error or hesitation. Fortunately, too, his physical development kept pace with his mental activity. He was a proficient in all manly exercises. Indeed, that peculiar zest of action which belongs to organizations at once nervous and muscular, never ceased to inspire him. A good horseman, swimmer, pedestrian —he seemed to enjoy his sensitive and athletic, not less than his mental being; and when, at the age of sixteen, he entered Harvard University, in appearance and intellectual promise, he was the ideal of a gifted youth. It is remarkable that while his family had given no direct encouragement to his artistic plans, and made it a condition of their future realization, that he should pass through the usual academic training, he found at Cambridge, the highest and most valuable inspiration as a votary of art, yet experienced. There, at the house of Mr. Dana, he became acquainted with Washington Allston, who

soon, and, as it were, by the law of nature, became his master; not that there was any recognised connexion of the kind between them, but an affinity of genius, a mutual worship of the beautiful, and an earnest purpose quite apart from and above those around them,—bound together in the highest sympathy, the mature, religious artist, and the enthusiastic youth. Long afterwards when applied to for some biographical data, he answered; "A note to Allston's life might tell all of me that is essential." In one of his letters from Italy, at a later period, he declares—"Allston was to me a father in what concerned my progress of every kind. He taught me first how to discriminate, how to think, how to feel. Before I knew him I felt strongly but blindly, and if I should never pass mediocrity, I should attribute it to my absence from him, so adapted did he seem to kindle and enlighten me, making me no longer myself, but, as it were, an emanation from his own soul;" and on his last return to America, he said with great emotion to a friend, that the only thought which cast a shadow over his heart, was that Allston was no more.

A classmate, with whom he was intimate, intended to become a physician, and, while an undergraduate, began his medical inquiries. The two young men, one for a professional, and the other for an artistic object, engaged with zeal in anatomical investigations. The sister of this college friend of Greenough, remembers the ardor and mutual interest with which they carried on this pursuit,—often bringing anatomical preparations to the house, and always impatient to return to Cambridge

before the evening of their weekly holiday, in order to hear Allston's conversation. It was a habit with him to visit his friend Edmund Dana on Saturdays; the two students occupied rooms in the house of the latter gentleman, whom they always called "the master," on account of his serene wisdom and fine perception in art and letters; and to hear the two men, whom they most deeply reverenced, talk, was to them at once inspiration and knowledge beyond the teachings of the University—the invaluable episode of their academic life.

It was rare in those early days and in that latitude to find a genuine lover of art; as a career the practical and commercial spirit of the people repudiated it; and among the educated, professional life combined with the honors of literature and statesmanship, yielded almost the only prizes of ambition. Artists were therefore comparatively isolated; and we can readily imagine the pleasure with which a painter at once so benign and highly endowed as Allston would welcome to his own sphere another with a mind so finely tempered and prophetic of excellence as Greenough. Accordingly the best hours of the latter's college-life were those passed with Allston; from him he caught the most elevated ideal of art, a sense of its dignity, a courage to face its inevitable discipline, and a faith in its great rewards. This intercourse gave consistency to Greenough's aims and new vigor to his resolution; it was also a source of the highest immediate enjoyment. A few perhaps of the friends of either yet recall the scene presented, on a moonlight evening of summer, when they were the central figures of a charmed group

on the piazza,—around them the glimmering foliage, dark sward, and bright firmament;—the spiritual countenance and long silvery hair of Allston, wearing the semblance of a bard or prophet, and the tall agile figure and radiant face of his young disciple, both intent upon a genial theme. Those hours were memorable to the casual auditors; and to Greenough they were fraught with destiny. His nature was essentially sympathetic; example and personal communion taught him infinitely more than books. He required heat as well as light to inform and mould his mind, and the friendship and conversation of such an artist as our great painter, at this most susceptible epoch of his life, could not but give a new impetus and a sanction to his genius.

There was an exuberance and variety in his youthful mind that charmed elder companions, and awoke in them a prophetic interest. The routine of college life was, indeed, subordinate, in his estimation, to the practice of art and the enjoyment of gifted society; and yet, by virtue of a natural aptitude and an honorable spirit, he fulfilled the allotted tasks with eminent fidelity, and excelled in all branches save mathematics, for which he had an instinctive dislike. In the intervals of these studies he cultivated his private tastes with an assiduity that surprised his most intimate associates. One of these, now a venerable man, has told me, with a glow of affectionate pride, of a landscape that Greenough painted while an under-graduate, of some beautiful sonnets he then composed, and of an excellent fac-simile he wrought of a bust of

Napoleon. While such evidences of genius won for him the high regard of his own, a handsome person, animated conversation, and graceful manners, rendered him a favorite with the other sex; yet amid the calls upon his time, and the constant exercise of his powers, incident to such a position, the primary direction of his mind never wavered. Sculpture was the art to which he had long since resolved to dedicate his life; and to this were given the hours not absorbed by his college duties and his friends. He modelled, at this period, a bust of Washington, from Stuart's portrait, and others of his own contemporaries, from life. A proposal for designs for the monument on Bunker Hill having been issued, Greenough constructed a model in wood which was at once selected by the committee, although the prize they offered the successful competitor was never bestowed upon him who was fully entitled to it. The interior arrangement of the work was planned by another, but the form, proportions, and style of the monument were adopted from Greenough's model; and the simple, majestic, and noble structure that designates the early battle field of the American Revolution, is thus indissolubly associated with his name. His preference for the obelisk seems to have been confirmed by subsequent observation; and the reasons he assigns for this choice, in one of his papers on art, are certainly not less forcible than just. In anticipation of his residence abroad, he also began, while at college, the study of the Italian language, and could speak it with considerable fluency months before he embarked for Europe. Another instance of this facility in

acquiring a foreign tongue occurred many years later, when, on the occasion of a visit to Graefenburg for the health of his family, he became an excellent German scholar. Italian, however, continued to be his favorite language, and during the last few days of his life, only its soft vowels escaped his fevered lips.

From diffidence he wished to avoid the delivery of his part, which had not only been awarded but written; and towards the close of his senior year, with the approbation of the college government, he availed himself of a favorable opportunity and embarked for Marseilles. Thence he proceeded to Rome. It was at that period uncommon for an American student of art to take up his residence there; and Greenough was the pioneer of his country's sculptors. He engaged with zeal in the usual course of observation and practice, drawing and modelling from life at the Academy and from the antique at the Vatican. His habits of self-denial and simple tastes were confirmed by this systematic discipline. "I began to study art in Rome," he observes; "until then I had rather amused myself with clay and marble than studied. When I say that those materials were familiar to my touch, I say all that I profited by my boyish efforts. It was not until I had run through all the galleries and studios of Rome, and had under my eye the genial forms of Italy, that I began to feel Nature's value. I had before adored her, but as a Persian does the sun, with my face to the ground." Here he enjoyed the friendship of Thorwaldsen, and his companion at this time was R. W. Weir, the painter; they occupied rooms in the house known as Claude's,

on the Pincian Hill. After long and severe application, a severe illness induced by the malaria, so prostrated Greenough as to induce his return home; and his faithful brother artist not only watched over him abroad, but accompanied him to the United States. The voyage completely restored his health, and a visit of several months among his friends was not unprofitably occupied in executing several busts of his distinguished countrymen. At Paris, also, he remained awhile to execute a bust of Lafayette. "The bust of David," says Cooper, in allusion to this work, "is like, it cannot be mistaken, but it is in his ordinary manner—heroic or poetical; on the other hand, the bust of Greenough is the very man, and should be dear to us in proportion as it is faithful. As Lafayette himself expressed it, 'one is a French bust, the other an American.'" On his return to Italy, Greenough passed many weeks at the quarries of Carrara, a fine school for the practical details of statuary; and then proceeded to Florence, where he took up his abode. It was here, in the autumn of 1833, that I first met him, and I quote from impressions soon after recorded:

"On one of the last afternoons preceding my embarkation, I had sat a long hour opposite a striking, though by no means faithful portrait of Greenough, while one of the fairest of his kindred spoke fondly of him, and charged me with many a message of love for the gifted absentee. On a table beneath the picture stood one of the earliest products of his chisel. I glanced from the countenance of the young sculptor, to the evidence of his dawning genius; I listened to the story of his

exile; and thenceforth he was enshrined high and brightly among the ideals of my memory. With rapid steps, therefore, the morning after my arrival in Florence, I threaded the narrow thoroughfare, passed the gigantic cathedral, nor turned aside until, from the end of a long and quiet street, I discerned the archway which led to the domicile of my countryman. Associations arose within me, such as the time-hallowed and novel objects around failed to inspire. There was a peculiar charm in the idea of visiting the foreign studio of a countryman devoted to the art of sculpture, to one who was fresh from the stirring atmosphere of his native metropolis. Traversing the court and stairway, I could but scan the huge fragments of marble that lined them, ere entering a side door, I found myself in the presence of the artist. He was seated beside a platform, contemplating an unfinished model, which bore the impress of recent moulding. In an adjoining apartment was the group of the Guardian Angel and Child—the countenances already radiant with distinctive and touching loveliness, and the limbs exhibiting their perfect contour, although the more graceful and delicate lines were as yet undeveloped. One by one I recognised the various plaster casts about the room—mementos of his former labors. My eye fell on a bust which awakened sea and forest pictures—the spars of an elegant craft, the lofty figure of a hunter, the dignified bearing of a mysterious pilot. It was the physiognomy of Cooper. And yon original, arch-looking gentleman? Ah! that can be no other than Francis Alexander. Surely those Adonis-like ringlets, so daintily carved,

belong to one whom it is most pleasing to remember as the writer of some exquisite verses under the signature of Roy. No one can mistake the benevolent features of Lafayette, or the expressive image of the noble pilgrim-bard; or fail to linger in the corridor, over the embodiment of one of his fairest creations—the figure of the dead Medora. In other studios of the land I beheld a more numerous and imposing array; but in none could I discover more of that individuality of design and execution which characterizes native intellectual results.

"Coleridge's favorite prescription for youthful atheism was love; on the same principle would we commend to the admiration of the scoffer at a spiritual philosophy, the unwavering and martyr-like progress of genius towards its legitimate end. In this characteristic, the course of all gifted beings agrees. They have a mission to fulfil; and lured betimes, as they may be, by the flowers of the wayside, and baffled awhile, as is the destiny of man, by vicissitude—from first to last the native impulse, the true direction, is everywhere discernible. In the case of Greenough, this definiteness of aim, this solemnity of determination, if we may so call it, is remarkably evident. Often did he incur the penalty of tardiness, by lingering to gaze at a wooden eagle which surmounted the gateway of an old edifice he daily passed—thinking, as he told me, how beautiful it must be to carve such a one.

"When he arrived in Genoa he was yet in his minority. He entered a church. A statue, more perfect than he had ever beheld, met his eye. With wonder he saw hundreds pass it

by, without bestowing even a glance. He gazed in admiration on the work of art, and marked the careless crowd, till a new and painful train of thoughts was suggested. 'What!' he soliloquized, 'are the multitude so accustomed to beautiful statues that even this fails to excite their passing notice? How presumptuous, then, in me, to hope to accomplish anything worthy of the art!' He was deeply moved, as the distance between himself and the goal he had fondly hoped to reach, widened to his view; and concealing himself among the rubbish of a palace-yard, the young and ardent exile sought relief in tears. 'O genius!' I mused, going forth with this anecdote fresh from his lips, 'how mysterious thou art! And yet how identical are the characteristics of thy children! Susceptible and self-distrusting, and yet vividly conscious of high endowments—slow to execute and quick to feel—pressing on amid the winning voices of human allurements, or the wailing cry of human weakness and want—as pilgrims bent on an errand of more than earthly import, through a night of dimness and trial, and yet ever beholding the star, hearing the angel-choir, and hastening on to worship!'

"On one of the most beautiful evenings of my visit, I accompanied Greenough to the studio where he proposed to erect his statue of Washington. It was a neat edifice; which had formerly been used as a chapel; and from its commodious size and retired situation, seemed admirably adapted to his purpose. The softened effulgence of an Italian twilight glimmered through the high windows, and the quiet of the place was

invaded only by distant rural sounds and the murmur of the nearest foliage in the evening breeze. There was that in the scene and its suggestions, which gratified my imagination. I thought of the long and soothing days of approaching summer, which my companion would devote, in this solitary and pleasant retreat, to his noble enterprise. I silently rejoiced that the blessed ministry of nature would be around him, to solace, cheer, and inspire, when his energies were bending to their glorious task:—that when weariness fell upon his spirit, he could step at once into the luxurious air, and look up to the deep green cypresses of Fiesole, or bare his brow to the mountain wind, and find refreshment;—that when doubt and perplexity baffled his zeal, he might turn his gaze towards the palace roofs and church domes of Florence, and recall the trophies of art wrought out by travail, misgivings, and care, that are garnered beneath them; that when his hope of success should grow faint, he might suspend the chisel's movement, raise his eye to the western horizon, and remember the land for which he toiled."*

Greenough then occupied the wing of a somewhat dreary *palazzo* near the Porto Pinti; the window of his studio, however, commanded views of an extensive garden; and one of the rooms was fitted up in the American style. Here, beside a wood fire, on winter evenings, it was his delight to greet two or three friends around the tea-table, speculate on the news

* Italian Sketch Book.

from home, criticise works of art, and tell stories. I recall, with melancholy pleasure, many of these occasions. He would often occupy himself with pen or crayon while thus enjoying a social hour; sometimes covering a sheet of paper with the remembered faces of the absent and the loved; and, at others, making elaborate and carefully wrought designs for a basso-relievo or statue. He had studies enough for twenty years' use, partially sketched at the time of his death. A fine specimen of his facility and precision as a draughtsman is before me as I write—his parting gift when I left Florence. It represents Orestes tormented by the Furies; the clear, fine outline and statuesque effect, as well as the relief of the figures, are given with the finish of an excellent engraving. Not less pleasant in the retrospect, are the walks we used to take, some years later, during a remarkably fine autumn. He beguiled the way with humorous anecdotes, descriptions of men and places, and remarks on art and letters. There was a vivacious, liberal, and often brilliant tone in those by-way conversations that indicated a mental affluence in the highest degree winsome and satisfactory. We were usually accompanied by a remarkably fine English greyhound, a great pet of Greenough's, called Arno, whose intelligent gambols always amused him; this favorite dog lived to a green old age, and his marble effigy, in an attitude peculiar to him, from the chisel of his master, now ornaments the library of the Hon. Edward Everett.

Comparatively isolated however in the pursuit of his art, at

a distance from home, and destitute of that encouragement which the natives of Europe bestow upon their artistic countrymen, Greenough's first years in Florence were passed with little but dreams of hope, and the consciousness of improvement to sustain him. There were periods, at this time, when the young sculptor was depressed and nervous;—as month after month flitted by and brought him no commissions. The Americans who visited Italy, delighted in his society and respected his self-devotion; but few had the means, and very few the taste and liberality to give him substantial aid. He occupied himself upon busts, designs, and studies; and realized that in art, as in life, "they also serve who only stand in wait."

It was about this period, however, that his heart was cheered by the reception of anonymous pecuniary aid. He never discovered the source of this kindly benefaction; but circumstances justified him in the conviction, that it was sent from his native city. To evidence his gratitude he had recourse to an artistic device worthy of his genius. He sent to a friend in Boston a *basso-relievo* in marble, representing a student intent upon his book; a lamp burns before him, and a hand mysteriously thrust from the cloud above, is feeding it with oil. The design is well executed; and the unknown benefactor must have thrilled with pleasure at so graceful an acknowledgment. He always referred with grateful emotion, also, to the gleam of sunshine which encouraged him, at this crisis, in the friendship of our late renowned novelist—Cooper. The American sympathies of this distinguished man, as well as his personal affec-

tion, were excited by Greenough. One day they paused in one of the saloons of the Pitti palace, before a *capo d'opera* of Raphael, and the artist pointed out to his companion the fine drawing exhibited in two little angelic figures in the foreground, in the act of holding an open book, and singing. Cooper inquired if a subject like this was not well adapted to sculpture; afterwards one of his daughters copied the figures; and the result of their mutual interest in the design, was an order from Cooper for a group, which in a few months Greenough executed in marble. It was afterwards exhibited in America, under the name of the "Chanting Cherubs;" and not only proved a most acceptable immediate encouragement, but served to introduce the artist to his countrymen. In allusion to this subject, the artist observes in a letter written some years after; "Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair after my return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed; and up to this moment has been as a father to me."

This was the first group in marble executed by an American. The scope of the work is obviously limited. It consists merely of two nude cherubs. Yet a careful scrutiny will reveal those niceties of execution which proclaim the true artist. One of the figures is planted on its little feet, and its position is upright; his bosom heaves with a gentle exultation as if inspired by the song; his companion, quite as beautiful, is slightly awed; one has ringlets that suggest more strength than the smooth flowing hair of his brother, whose face is also longer and more spiritual and subdued; he is more up-looking, less self-sustain-

ed. A most true and delicate principle of contrast is thus unfolded in the two forms and faces. The celestial and the child-like are blended; we realize, as we gaze, the holiness of infant beauty; a peaceful, blessed charm seems wafted from the infantile forms, whose contour and expression are alive with innocent, sacred, and, as it were, magnetic joy. Here we have the poetry of childhood, as in the Medora the poetry of Death.

The grace, truth to nature, and infantile beauty of the Cherubs were at once and warmly recognised. It was an incidental result of this labor of love that Greenough obtained the government order to execute his statue of Washington. The pledge he had thus given of ability, and the earnest representations of Allston, Cooper, and Everett, were the means of this important enterprise. To the sculptor's honor these timely services were never forgotten. His last work was a bust of his illustrious friend, the American novelist, which he proposed to cast in bronze, at his own expense, and place in the field where stands the old mill in Newport—one of the scenes of his novel of the "Red Rover." He also took frequent counsel with the friends of the departed author in regard to erecting a suitable monument to his name, and among his papers is an elaborate design for the work. The example of recognition thus commenced was soon followed, and numerous orders reached the now prosperous exile. Among the beautiful ideal works he executed within the few succeeding years was Medora—illustrative of Byron's memorable description of the

Corsair's bride after death; of which the greatest praise is to say that the marble embodies the verse:

In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
As if she scarcely felt but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep;
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurked below;
Oh! on the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long lost eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around the lips—
Yet, yet they seemed as they forbore to smile,
And wished repose—but only for a while;
But the white shroud and each extended tress,
Long, fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind:
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?*

There is a mingled pathos and delicacy in the shape and attitude of this figure which touches the heart and awes the imagination. The lines of the face have that inflexible repose which indicates the sleep of death; the neck and bosom are

* The Corsair. Canto iii.

eloquent of feminine grace; the peculiar grasp of the hand which still retains the flowers, and the manner in which the drapery folds over the limbs, are in exquisite harmony with the subject. A chaste beauty, entire proportion, and affecting interest characterize the Medora. The "Angel and Child" is another favorite work. Its conception is singularly beautiful, and it is realized to the life. The artist's idea was to represent a child received and guided by its angel companion into the mysterious glories of heaven. The difference between the human and the spiritual is exhibited in the baby outline of the child, rounded, natural, and real—and the mature celestial grace of the angel—his look of holy courage and his attitude of cheer, while the reverence and timidity of his newly-arrived brother are equally obvious. In these subjects the high imagination and native sentiment of the sculptor are evident. His taste for English poetry caused him to select with discrimination and indicate with facility the most apt illustrations both with pen and chisel. With the latter he imaged the most vague yet effective of Pope's female portraits—Heloise:

> "Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
> Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed;
> Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
> Where, joined with God's, his loved idea lies."

In the portraits of children, whether from actual life or his own fancy, Greenough excelled. Two boys playing with a squirrel, and two others engaged in a game of battledore, we

recall as remarkable specimens both of spirited portraiture and felicitous action. His earliest ideal work was a statue of Abel, modelled during his first visit to Rome—and his last, "the Rescue." It was executed at Florence for the government, designed in 1837, and completed in 1851. It represents the conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and aboriginal races. The chief figure is an American settler, an athletic man, in a hunting shirt and cap, rescuing a female and her infant from a savage who has just raised his tomahawk to murder them; the effect is wonderfully fine and noble. The hunter has approached his enemy unexpectedly from behind, and grasped both his arms, holding them back, and in such a manner that he has no command of his muscles, even for the purpose of freeing himself. It is nearly two years since this admirable work was completed. The government ordered that one of the vessels of our squadron in the Mediterranean, when on its return to the United States, should take it on board. Greenough came to this country with the view of superintending its erection. After long delay, a vessel was sent to Leghorn, but on account of the hatchway being too small to admit the group, it was left behind; but is now understood to be on its way in a merchant vessel.

In the meantime his statue of Washington had been finished. Of the merits of this work the criticisms of two of its most intelligent admirers, reprinted in this volume, afford the best evidence. It was undertaken with a painful sense of responsibility, designed with great study, and after long delibe-

ration; it occupied the best part of eight years, and was erected under circumstances unfavorable to its immediate appreciation. The just complaints of the artist, in one of the selected papers, as to its present condition, should meet with respectful notice from those in authority.

"Among the most charming creations of Mr. Greenough's chisel," says Edward Everett, in a letter from Italy in 1841, "is the statue of a child of three years old, the daughter of Count Revicksky, the Austrian Minister at Florence. The little girl is represented as seated on a bank of flowers contemplating a butterfly, which has just lighted on her raised forearm. The intentness with which she regards the symbol of the immortal soul, happily indicates the awakening of an infant understanding. So entirely absorbed is she in contemplation of the object which has attracted her attention, and so complete is her repose, that a lizard creeps fearlessly from his hole in the bank of flowers. The gaze of the child is full of that mixture of simplicity and thought, with which children sometimes give us such startling assurance of the unfathomed mystery of our being." In the same letter he adds, "I regard Mr. Greenough's Washington as one of the greatest works of sculpture of modern times. I do not know the work which can justly be preferred to it, whether we consider the purity of the taste, the loftiness of the conception, the truth of the character, or, what we must own we feel less able to judge of, accuracy of anatomical study and mechanical skill." The *rationale* of this work is admirably set forth in the artist's letter to the govern-

ment explaining the principles of the design. Another work that amply fulfils all the requirements of a severe taste, and is yet crowned with an ideal beauty, is a head of Our Saviour. It is just enough larger than life to derive from the contour and features a sublimity of effect. The expression is profoundly calm, but the serenity is that of conscious power tempered with a touching benignity. Its characteristic point is an infinitely suggestive charm, at once holy, pure, and majestic. The bust is fixed upon a coiled serpent whose head is bowed in front; and the whole conception is eloquent with the highest moral significance. It invites contemplation, and is instinct with devout sentiment. The beautiful simplicity of the idea is only equalled by the chaste and noble execution. Greenough entertained, indeed, the highest view of the function of religious art, but, at the same time, recognised its true use. In a letter referring to this work he says, "I am not aware that any American has, until now, risked the placing before his countrymen a representation of Our Saviour. The strong prejudice, or rather conviction of the Protestant mind has, perhaps, deterred many. Not behind the most jealous in deprecating the abuse of images in places of public worship, I think, nevertheless, that the person and face of Our Saviour is a legitimate subject of art, because, although our conception must fall short of what the heart of the Christian looks for, yet you will allow that we may offer to many an imperfect instead of a mean or grovelling idea which they have drawn from other sources. The prayers and hymns of the most pious are as far unworthy

the perfection to which they are addressed, as the lights and shadows of the artist; yet both may be accepted as fervent aspirations after the good and beautiful. It is a mistake to suppose that the artist, because he stops working, thinks his task perfect; he says only—behold the subject proposed to me as the art which is in me can give it."

My next meeting with Greenough was in the autumn of 1837. On a bright cool day in October, the Cascine of Florence was thronged. Lines of open carriages extended along the park; under the chestnuts groups of pedestrians sauntered; the dead leaves flew along the turf; the Arno gleamed in the sun. The scene was at once rural and festive. In every barouche were gaily-dressed ladies, and the cheerful hum of conversation was suddenly quieted as all hastened to the inclosed open space between the trees, to witness a race. This was a rare entertainment originated by the English residents of Florence. The bright tints of the jockeys' costumes, the sleek, elegant, and spirited horses, and the hilarity of the company, accorded with the bracing air and cheerful sunshine. In the midst of the crowd I met Greenough. It was a few days after his marriage with Miss Louisa Gore of Boston. In a subsequent conversation we referred to the prosperous termination of those days of suspense and anxiety which, on my first visit, had shadowed his career. In the brief interval he had received many commissions, achieved a reputation, and was now settled happily in a congenial home. The auspicious change in my friend's prospects identified itself with the gay scene in which

our intercourse was resumed; and it struck my fancy as symbolic of the happiness that crowned his life.

Florence continued to be his residence until his final return to this country. In the meantime he frequently visited Germany, Paris, and other parts of Europe, and came home to superintend the erection of his statue of Washington. His house at Florence soon became the favorite resort of Americans; and all who enjoyed the hospitality of the *Palazzo Baciocchi*, now recall the delightful hours spent there with grateful yet melancholy interest. The *habitués*, indeed, must feel with one of his neighbors who, in a recent letter, alluding to Greenough's death, says, "He was a true, high-spirited, and independent man, and I feel, in losing him, that something is permanently deducted from my life."

Here were passed the happiest years of his life; and any one who shared, even for a time, his existence in the Tuscan capital, soon realized how just was his partiality for that adopted home. If less rich in the trophies of art than Rome, there is more unity of effect in the architecture, galleries, and scenery. In his daily walks for many years, Greenough here became familiar with the noble relics of the middle ages, sombre but massive; the grand simplicity of the Strozzi and Pitti palaces, the beautiful cornice of the Ricardi, Bruneleschi's gigantic dome and airy tower, the graceful bridges that span the Arno, and the lovely gates of San Lorenzo; objects ever fresh and charming to an artist's eye. The memorials of individual genius, too, always suggestive to his cultivated mind, of epochs

in the history of art, of long and patient study, and of the loftiest aspirations, were constant themes to him of encouraging meditation and eloquent discourse. In Florence are gathered the most characteristic legacies of Angelo and Cellini, and the city and its environs are intimately associated with Dante, Galileo, Boccacio, Vespucci, Macchiavelli, and Milton. A promenade along the river in view of the unrivalled sunsets that bathe the distant Apennine range with gold and purple, an hour's gossip at the *café*, visits to the galleries and studios, and an occasional evening at the opera, are constant and available recreations.

A few years since a new square was laid out in Florence, on the Fiesole side of the Arno, between the Porta San Gallo and the Porta al Prato. It is called the Piazza Maria Antonia, in honor of the present Grand Duchess. The corner lot was purchased by Greenough, and upon it he erected a studio which is a model of its kind, and unsurpassed in Europe. All the rooms are on one floor, built with great strength and a fine ornamental stone work on the exterior, having in the centre the cypher G. Attached to the structure is a beautiful garden; within is a spacious and admirably lighted exhibition-room—near by the sculptor's private studio, a large apartment for the workmen, a gallery of plaster casts, a vestibule hung with pictures, a noble rotunda, leading by a short flight of steps to the garden, and a charming library. This *studio* is a monument of Greenough's intelligent taste and æsthetic culture; and it is deeply to be regretted that it cannot be preserved as an artistic temple to his memory.

In the Autumn of 1851 Greenough returned to the United States with his family. He came ostensibly to erect his group of "The Rescue," now completed and packed for exportation; but his departure from Florence was hastened by the political state of Europe; the myrmidons of Austria thronged the streets of that beautiful capital; the press was under strict censorship, and a system of *espionage* interfered with all freedom of speech, domestic privacy, and social activity—a contrast, at once sad and humiliating to the hopeful era which had so recently closed. Upon returning to his residence one day, Greenough found several cavalry soldiers quartered on his premises. He instantly wrote to the American Consul at Leghorn, and obtained a diplomatic office of sufficient consideration to relieve him of this annoyance; but so many instances of despotic injustice daily came under his notice, that they, in a measure, destroyed the charms of a hitherto genial home, and he longed once more to breathe the free air, and hold communion with the free minds of his native country. He believed also that he could now be more useful at home, and that circumstances there were more favorable to the artist.

There are certain peculiarities noticeable on returning to this country after a long absence, by all observant minds, which Greenough not only opposed in conversation but practically repudiated. He wondered at the extreme deference to public opinion, at the absurd extravagance in living, and the prevalent want of moral courage. The true artist's simplicity in the externals of life was visible in him always; his individuality

was not set aside in conformity to fashion; he manifested reverence for age; he was impatient of the substitutes for comfort, fellowship, and truth invented by what is called society; he contemned that habitual view of general questions and human welfare through the contracting lens of self-interest which pervades a mercantile community; and it was the essential in character, experience, and social economy, and not the temporary and artificial, which he recognised.

I was agreeably surprised to perceive the confidence with which he unfolded his plans, and the generous zeal that led him, at once and earnestly, to advocate so many projects of taste and utility. It was remarkable to what an extent his personal influence acted even upon our most utilitarian and busy citizens. He took me aside one morning in Broadway, and whispered the result of his visit among the leading commercial men of New York, in behalf of a statue of Washington designed to ornament Union Square. The sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was subscribed in sums of five hundred. It may be safely asserted that no other man but Greenough could, in so brief a space, have won the sympathy and "material aid" of so many stern votaries of commerce.

I was interested also in the change produced in him by domestic ties. As he had once talked of art he now talked of life. His affections had led him to reflect upon human destiny; and I found him as eloquent and as ingenious in the discussion of the religious sentiment and educational theories as he was wont to be when intent upon the vocation of the

artist. However imaginative in some of these speculations, he was remarkably in earnest and reverent of nature as the true mother, whose laws were to be devoutly studied and implicitly obeyed; in her statutes as well as handiwork he beheld the finger of God; and justly ascribed no small degree of existent evil to the system of intervention by which this divine light is obscured or perverted.

His intimate acquaintance with the state of parties, and the course of governments abroad, as well as his decided liberal sentiments, constantly impelled him, at this time, to political discussion; and whoever engaged with him in these colloquies, whether convinced by his arguments or not, was informed by the array of facts he cited, and charmed by his graphic powers of description and brilliant analysis. He was inspired also by that spirit of enterprise which marks even the speculative opinions and social life of our country. Looking around him with the eye of an artist and the heart of a patriot, he was conscious of a new scope and motive, both for his genius and sympathies. He had matured a system of architecture founded on the idea of the appropriate, and adapted to the climate and exigencies of the country. He was prepared to suggest and illustate the adornment of our cities with national statuary. In many of the details of social economy he was the advocate of wise and practical reforms; and had much to say that was fresh and noble, if not available, upon education, hygiene, society, art, literature, and manners. There was a remarkable communicative instinct in Greenough; and the results of his

studies and experience were the property of his friends. A disinterested mental activity was the distinctive and invaluable trait of his character. There is no doubt that if his life had been preserved, he would have proved a most attractive and useful teacher through the rostrum and the press, in departments of thought and action comparatively neglected among us. The principles of art he could unfold with the highest intelligence; and, without an harmonious and complete system, he had attained to many just conceptions of the philosophy of life.

Greenough's temperament was both sanguine and nervous—a combination more favorable to a receptive and sympathetic, than a self-possessed and tranquil character. Accordingly he was of an excitable nature, and required for the healthful exercise of his mind and wise enjoyment of life, at once a genial, free, and harmonious sphere. Artist-life in Italy, so calm, absorbing, and undisturbed, was fitted to his nature. The amenities of a domestic circle, the pleasant stimulus of intellectual companionship, the wholesome occupation of body and mind, were to him a peculiar necessity. The restless, bustling, ever changeful existence that infects the very atmosphere of this country were sometimes oppressive and irritating. He felt the absence of that equability and routine, that keeps brain and heart so well balanced in the old cities of Europe. He missed the gradations by which the temperature seems to adapt itself to the sensitive frame. In the climate, the society, the mode of life, he found it almost impossible to escape the hurried, alternating, fitful spirit of the land. It seemed as if

the genius of enterprise around had infected his mind with a tendency to action at once impulsive and uncertain. He constantly broached new plans; and sought to attach others to his own aims. The transition from a serene to an excitable social atmosphere, from a conservative to a progressive country, was too abrupt for a nature both sensitive and aspiring. He caught the spirit of the times, and was eager to throw his energies into the stream of popular activity. There was soon obvious not so much an inconsistency of thought as a want of correspondence between his avowed sentiments and purposes and his actions. It was evident that his mind had become unduly excited, as is so often the case with the novice in American life. But in this instance the physical result was unusual and inexpressibly sad. A brain fever terminated, after a few days' illness, the life of Greenough. It may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance, that the attack occurred at his house in Newport, and while he was surrounded by those most near and dear to him. He was subsequently removed to the vicinity of Boston for the benefit of medical treatment. While the life-struggle was going on, we can imagine the agony of suspense that brooded over his household at Newport, where severe illness kept his dearest companion. The fatal issue was anticipated by the Italian servants—two Tuscan women who had accompanied the family on their return. With that passionate grief characteristic of the race, they burst forth one wintry afternoon with the declaration, that the *Padrone* would surely die, because a large owl had

descended the chimney and was found in the parlor; the incident awakened their latent superstition, and the bird of ill-omen was deemed the certain precursor of death. A few hours afterwards came the sad tidings, but they were mitigated, as far as such desolation can be, by the fact that his sufferings were inconsiderable, and the delusions incident to his malady, of a gay rather than a despairing nature. His strength gradually yielded to the cerebral excitement, and he expired on Saturday morning, the 18th of December, 1852.

He had been naturally impatient, on his return to America, to settle himself in an agreeable locality with his studio arranged to his taste, a fine subject in the process of execution, and his family and household gods around him. But owing to the unjustifiable delay of the government in sending for his group at Leghorn, to the uncertainty which obtained in regard to the two or three important works he proposed to execute, and his unavoidable indecision as to a permanent residence,—the year which intervened between his arrival in the United States, and his death, was passed in various places and occupations, and attended with much care and discomfort. He enjoyed, however, by this very state of things, many opportunities of social intercourse; and the intervals spent with his family at Newport, during the last summer, were periods of unalloyed enjoyment.

It was at this time and, as it were, with a prophetic sentiment that he wrote:—"I am arrived at that '*mezzo del cammin*,' that half-way house, where a man sees, or thinks he sees, both

ways. If my head is not ripe it is whitening—I begin to love to sit alone—to look upon the skies, the water and the soft green—the face of the mighty mother! I feel that she thus sweetly smiles on me, more sweetly than formerly, because she means to call me home to her own bosom. I would not pass away and not leave a sign that I, for one, born by the grace of God in this land, found life a cheerful thing, and not that sad and dreadful task with whose prospect they scared my youth."

It was here, on the beautiful sea-shore, that I once more renewed an association commenced so many years ago in Italy; and never, since the hour of our first acquaintance, did Greenough appear more full of noble aims, more kindled by the inspiration of nature and society, and more abounding in intellectual sympathy. It is difficult to realize that the agile and well-developed form that sported with such grace amid the billows, is now lifeless; that the nervous frame so delicately strung no more responds to vital influences; and that the voice attuned to a key so sympathetic, and freighted with such wealth of mind, is hushed for ever! By a singular coincidence the last time I saw Greenough, he took me home to pass a rainy evening, and as he sat at work upon a crayon head, we revived together the memories of those happy days in Italy. It was early in autumn. The gay visitors at Newport had nearly all returned to the cities, and the ties of friendship were drawn closer from the more frequent and uninterrupted opportunities of association. Imperceptibly the hours flitted away;

and I was surprised to find it near midnight when I rose to depart. I remember, during my homeward walk, to have mused of Greenough's versatility and prolific ideas during that interview,—which I so little imagined would be the last. He had, in those few hours, run through every phase of conversation. With the skill of a consummate *improvvisatore* he had told a story in the dramatic and artistic way peculiar to him, painting the scene to the eye, giving the very sensation of the experience; he had analysed, with tact and discrimination, several characters of our mutual acquaintance; he had ably discussed a question of public concern, and he had evolved several *bon-mots*. In a word, his talk was argumentative, picturesque, anecdotical, earnest, philosophic, and humorous; and this without the least effort or formality, but through the natural suggestions of the moment. He made me realize anew his varied knowledge and his independent mind. I felt that he was capable of the greatest social and artistic usefulness. I recalled the consistency of his friendship, his kind leave-taking, and cheerful anticipation of "another such evening soon;" and these vivid recollections deepened the sorrow with which, a few weeks later and in a foreign land, I was startled with the news of his death.

The outline I have given of Greenough's career as an artist, affords but an inadequate idea of his genius and character. It is the distinction of the latter, where they possess originality and power, always to suggest more than they actualize. As a sculptor his executive ability fell short of his conceptions; and

as a man his influence was quite as individual and extensive as his artistic fame. Indeed he was endeared to his friends and useful to the world by virtue of larger gifts than belong exclusively to the practical artist. In respect to personal efficiency —that charm and gift that diffuses itself by the magnetism of association and the attrition of mind, Greenough held a memorable place in the estimation not only of a vast number but of widely different minds. He combined public spirit with the qualities that insure good fellowship, and the facility of the man of the world with the attainments of a liberal scholar, to a degree and in a manner altogether rare even in this age of generalization. His original endowments and his wide experience equally contributed to this result. He went forth in early manhood from a cultivated but formal society, where he had received an excellent domestic and intellectual training, urged by a natural love of art in a special form; but, by virtue of his broad intelligence and generous sympathies, while mainly devoted to his profession, he became an intellectual cosmopolite.

The classical education he had received, and his early advantages, made him familiar with the historical relations of his art. He could fully realize its indirect value and its characteristic development. As a national language he understood its significance—grand and inscrutable in Egypt, unrivalled in Grecian beauty, primitive in Central America. The fables of mythology, the monumental glory, the poetry and the truth which sculpture embodied in different eras and countries, he

knew as a scholar and appreciated as an artist. Contrary to the usual effect of extensive knowledge, this acquaintance with the facts and meaning of sculpture did not make him a devotee of any school; he thoroughly enjoyed the masterpieces of the chisel, and expatiated, with earnest intelligence, upon each separate trophy of the sculptor, however different in kind. I have heard him alike eloquent over the radiant Apollo of the Vatican and the brooding Lorenzo of the Medici chapel, the Lions of Canova and the Perseus of Cellini, a Bacchante by Bartolini, a group of Gibson's, one of Flaxman's linear wonders, an apostle of Thorwaldsen, and a bust of Powers. It was in the variety of his comparisons and the richness of his illustrations that he evinced the extent of his culture. The majority of our artists have been self-taught men, chiefly dependent upon a special talent. Greenough's general knowledge proved a valuable and attractive facility in his expositions of art. The remarkable absence of extravagance in all his artistic productions was another result of his disciplined taste. The simplicity that belongs to true superiority had become with him a principle both of judgment and action. During his early studies in Italy, Homer was frequently in his hands. In literature, art, and life, his taste was singularly just; not a trace of affectation or fantasy is visible in any of his designs or statues. The classical standard he thoroughly appreciated, while, at the same time, the details of expression in nature were his constant study.

He was also a student of art in general as well as a proficient

in sculpture. He had enjoyed a very wide range of observation and a large acquaintance with artists. There was no subject upon which he had thought more earnestly or could discourse with more zest and eloquence than the philosophy of art. The principles of architecture, modes of living, arrangements of society—in a word, the wise organization of the means provided by nature for the ends desirable for man, was to him a theme of the deepest significance. With a truly fraternal sympathy for his race, instead of regarding his pursuit as exclusive and chiefly intended to gratify individual taste, he advocated art as an element of humanity, a universal benefit, and a source both of high social utility and poetic faith. Accordingly, with his pen and his speech, he urged the claims of art upon his countrymen, not as a professor but as a brother, striving always to make apparent the essential interest and the national dignity of the subject, and this course he pursued with the intelligent mechanic not less than the fashionable circle.

Few authors by profession are better equipped for literary art than was Greenough; had not sculpture been his chosen pursuit, he would have doubtless adventured in the field of letters. By education, verbal memory, and remarkable power of expression, he was admirably fitted to excel as a writer. In Europe, he had acquired entire facility in the use of the modern languages. He had a natural love and discriminating taste for poetry; and, as has been truly said by one of his friends, was an artist in the telling of a story. Occasionally he contributed to the journals of the day, usually in order to dis-

sent from some popular but unphilosophical criticism on art, or to invoke public attention in favor of a neglected work of genius; it was thus usually an impulse of generosity or a dictate of justice that led him to take up the pen. His friends, however, were desirous to see it wielded with a more elaborate and definite purpose by a hand so skilful; and during the last year of his life he was frequently occupied in writing. His thoughts were not cast in a formal shape, but jotted down as occasion and mood suggested. Many of these desultory efforts he submitted to his literary acquaintances, and they united in admiration of their freshness, beauty, and acumen. They were subsequently in part arranged in a book form, but in consequence of the various suggestions he received and the modifications he intended, the plan was never wholly completed. It is chiefly from these fragments of a work that I have gleaned the specimens contained in this volume. They are mainly essays which indicate an unfinished achievement; but they are none the less precious and interesting as a record of his opinions and sentiments, and illustrations of his style.

The strictures upon art as it actually exists in, and is essentially related to our republic, are bold, honest, and wise; they have a practical value, and are often expressed with earnestness and grace. A busy yet cheerful spirit of utility, a genuine patriotism and love of beauty characterize them; and the lectures and correspondence should be now gathered up not only as appropriate memorials but as the endeared legacy of their author. "His conversation," observes an experienced and

gifted author, in a recent letter, "was both brilliant and deep; and his writing so remarkable for its realism and its occasional splendor, that I conceived the highest hope of what he should do, and cause others to do, by his speech and pen as well as by his chisel."

Greenough was a consistent republican. His alternate residence in Europe and America, only confirmed his sympathy with the people and his faith in their claims. His steadfast, ardent loyalty to the principles of his own conntry, is the more remarkable in a man whose tastes were refined, and whose associations fully exposed him to the blandishments of rank and fortune. A spectator of, and to some extent, a participa tor in the remarkable events of 1848, his trust and hope were never subdued by the subsequent re-action. His "faith was large in time." A witness of the siege of Vienna, and an actor in the popular demonstration that celebrated the advent of liberty in Florence, he was entirely cognizant both of the condition of the masses, and the power of the conservative party; but he also had the discrimination and the love of his race which induces a calm and earnest trust in the ultimate triumph of freedom. To hear an American defend the encroachments of European rulers upon popular rights, or discredit the national impulse,—excited in Greenough warm indignation. He used to startle, and perhaps offend the complacent members of what he called the "Tory party" in his own country, by the vigor of his animadversion or the sting of his wit. And yet no advocate of republican sentiment was ever more

free from prejudice. It was on the wide ground of humanity that he took his position; and an aristocratic table was often the scene of his most eloquent protest.

Another rare and precious trait was his nobility of mind. The most attractive phase of genius is its coincidence with magnanimity. So genuine was his love of art that it made him self-oblivious. When a brother artist, his superior in executive ability for the most profitable department of sculpture, became his neighbor, he not only gave him a fraternal welcome, but cheerfully yielded his best workmen, and choicest marble, as well as his advice and encouragement, to facilitate and cheer the stranger. When he planned a monumental trophy, it was almost invariably based on the idea of a division of labor that included the services of others. To discover and proclaim merit was his delight; the glowing terms in which he advocated the claims of unappreciated or modest talent, seldom failed to kindle sympathy; from the rank of our native artists no one could have been less spared in this regard. His recognition was not limited to achievement, but extended to latent powers. He was one of that invaluable minority whose perception goes beneath the surface of character and the accidents of expression; and perhaps of all his friends he valued chiefly "the poet who never wrote."

The partiality of artists and men of letters for Greenough's society was a natural result of his fine social qualities. He came at once into relation with those who aspired to high culture or lived for intellectual ends. The frank hospitality with

which he received another's thought, and expressed his own, rendered companionship with him easy and genial. It was not requisite to accept his theory or coincide in his opinions in order either to enjoy or profit by his society. Like Montaigne he seemed rather to prefer a brisk encounter to an assimilation of minds; and among those most warmly attached to him there was the greatest diversity of character and sentiment. It was enough for him that an individual possessed courteous, brave, intelligent, or generous qualities, to awaken respect or sympathy. With the independent thinker, the lover of beauty, the student of art, he was always at home, and oblivious of those considerations of nationality, creed, or party that limit and chill the associations of less Catholic minds. He entered with the same relish into the by-way vagaries of Cole, Morse, or any of his brother artists as they roamed over the Roman campagna or the valley of the Arno, as he discussed a literary question with the classic Landor in his Villa garden, sympathized with Nicollini in his deep patriotic regrets, contributed to the table-talk of the Marquis Capponi, listened to memorable reminiscences as he moulded the benign features of Lafayette, discussed American character with Dr. Francis, or social reform with Emerson.

Among his friends were a Hungarian nobleman, a Franciscan friar, an American Presbyterian divine, and an Italian poet. His genius was eminently social. As we retrace the path of his life, it appears crowded with endeared and venerated forms; and we feel that the highest privilege won by his talents and

character, was that of free intercourse with superior minds. These select intelligences quickened without interfering with his nature. He was keenly appreciative, and quick to detect the promise as well as the fruition of excellence. I remember accompanying him on a visit to a sculptor who had just completed an equestrian statue, and desired his frank opinion. The faults of the work were so apparent and predominant that as he critically surveyed it, I began to wonder what single encouraging trait he could, without violence to truth, recognise. His first words were—"*cé molto vita*," and the vitality and spirit of the conception alone redeemed it. The zeal with which he welcomed and befriended Powers on his first arrival in Italy was delightful to contemplate; and few of his countrymen who have gone abroad to follow art as a vocation, have failed to experience his cheerful sympathy. Perhaps this readiness to acknowledge and foster talent, the spontaneous interest which a marked character or a gift of intellect excited in Greenough, was the secret of his power to elicit and refresh the thought of his companion.

By this contact with leading minds in various countries, by habitual observation of nature and art, and especially through the exercise of genuine mental independence, he disciplined and enriched his intellect in every sphere. True to his American principles, he recognised no aristocracy but that of nature; broad in his views of life, he rose superior to all jealousy or narrowness; bold and free in opinion, he uttered his honest sentiments with candor and enthusiasm; and thus, in the cha-

racter of an artist, he brought an ever fresh accession of information, wit, and geniality to the social circle, and shed abroad the light and glow of a noble, kindly, and intelligent man. It is in this view that we feel the void occasioned by his death, and realize the loss his country has sustained; for art, though a grand and beautiful, is not a universal language, and when her gifted votaries are also priests at the altar of humanity, they are doubly mourned and honored.

CATALOGUE OF GREENOUGH'S WORKS.

1. A statue of Abel, modelled in Rome, in 1826, but never executed in marble.

2. Statue of Byron's Medora. For R. Gilmore, of Baltimore.

3. Group. The Chanting Cherubs. For J. Fenimore Cooper.

4. The Ascension of the Infant Spirit. A group of an Infant and Cherub.

5. Group. Portraits of two Children of David Sears, playing with a squirrel.

6. Statuette. The Genius of America. For J. Hoyt, of New York.

7. Portrait statue of Miss Grinnell.

8. Portrait Statues of two Youths, sons of J. Thompson, of New York.

9. Monument to Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs. For Miss Gibbs of Newport.

10. Statue of Washington, by order of Congress, for the Capitol.

The sum, twenty thousand dollars, voted by Congress, was intended to be an honest compensation for this work. The amount was the same as that paid by Massachusetts to Chantry for his statue of Washington, the size of life. Greenough, determined to spare neither time nor expense to make his work worthy of the country and himself, made it colossal (twice the size of life), involving an expense threefold beyond what it would have cost of the natural size.

The embellishments of the chair have a significance which often escape observation. The statuettes of Columbus, and an Indian Chief, supporting the arms of the chair, and the trident, have found favor as being obviously illustrative of our country's history. But the bas-reliefs of the Rising Sun on Apollo's chariot on the one side, and the infant Hercules strangling a serpent on the other, are, by many, looked upon as mere "classical" embellishments, independent of the subject. Were they no more than this, they would be disfigurements instead of adornments. The artist originally designed to have inscribed two lines from an ode of Virgil;—under the Apollo, *Nunc nascitur lucidus ordo;* and under the Hercules, *Incipe, parve puer, cui non risere parentes.* These verses would have interpreted the bas-reliefs. Greenough finally omitted them, because sculpture should speak its own language so distinctly as to need no aid from letters.

11. Child seated on a bank, intently gazing at a butterfly that has just lighted on the back of its hand. For a Hungarian nobleman.

12. Statuette of Venus Victrix. For John Lowell, and presented by him to the Boston Athenæum.

13. Colossal Group, for the Capitol, by order of Congress.

This work, which was finished in July, 1851, occupied the artist eight years, besides a delay of four years occasioned by his not being able in all that time to obtain a block of Serravezza marble suitable to his purpose. It consists of four figures, a mother and child, an American Indian and the father. This group illustrates a phasis in the progress of American civilization, viz., the unavoidable conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and aboriginal savage races. The figures of the mother and child were entirely remodelled in the years 1846 and '47.

14. Statue of the Angel Abdiel retiring from the assemblage of rebellious Angels; from Milton's Paradise Lost.

15. Monument to his friend Giusti, the Italian poet; erected at Pescia, Tuscany.

16. Bas-relief, representing an artist whose labors are suspended by the failure of the light by which he is working. He is seated in an attitude of pensive dejection, while a hand from a cloud supplies oil to the lamp.

17. Bas-relief of Castor and Pollux.

18. Venus, contending for the golden apple. It is of heroic size, that of the Venus of Milo. This statue was much admired in Florence, and Browning, the English poet, urged Greenough to send it to the World's Fair, in London.

It was modelled entirely in plaster of Paris (as was also the

second group of the mother and child) by a new process. "The merit of this invention seems to be shared between Greenough and Powers. They commenced about the same time to make trials in this material, and by interchange of experiences and views the method was perfected. The gain to artists by this invention is two-fold; plaster of Paris does not expand like clay, and there is no need of the precarious and expensive process of casting."

19. Ideal Bust. Our Saviour crucified.
20. Two Ideal Busts of Heloise.
21. Ideal Bust of Lucifer.
22. Ideal Bust of the Graces.
23. Ideal Bust. The Genius of Love.

Besides the above enumerated statues and bas-relief, he executed a large number of busts; among these were portraits of John Adams and of John Q. Adams, Henry Clay, Mrs. R. Gilmor, Josiah Quincy, Sen., S. Appleton, Jonathan Mason, Thos. Cole, the late celebrated landscape-painter, N. P. Willis, the Marquess Gino Capponi, for many years a personal friend of Greenough, and latterly Prime Minister of Tuscany, John Jacob Astor, Cooper, and others.

ESSAYS

BY

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

[GREENOUGH commenced a series of Lectures on Art during the last months of his life; two of these had been written and delivered, and copious notes for others were found among his papers; while abroad he also wrote several essays on this and kindred subjects; and many of his letters are valuable and interesting; these it is proposed to collect in a subsequent volume. The selections now published will indicate the scope of his inquiries, and the originality of his views, and serve as a foretaste of more elaborate specimens.]

ÆSTHETICS AT WASHINGTON.

An American citizen, who has gone abroad to study a refined art, presents himself before his fellow-countrymen at disadvantage. To the uninitiated, his very departure from these shores is an accusation of the fatherland. If he sail away to strike the whale on the Pacific, or load his hold with the precious teeth, and gums, and sands of Africa, it is well; but to live for years among Italians, Frenchmen, and Germans, for the sake of breathing the air of high art, ancient and modern, this is shrewdly thought by many to show a lack of genius, whose boast it is to create, and we are often asked triumphantly if nature is not to be found here on this continent. They who thus reason and thus feel, are not aware of the peculiar position of the aspirant to artistic activity in these States. They see that lawyers and statesmen, divines, physicians, mechanics, all are here developed, are said to be home grown, nay, often also self-made. They forget that all the elements of our civilization have been imported. They forget that our schools and colleges, our libraries and churches, are filled with the most mate-

rial proof, that Greek and Roman thought is even now modifying and guiding our intellectual development. A moment's attention will enable them to perceive that the American student of art only seeks to effect for his own department of knowledge a like transfer of rudimental science, and at this late day, make the form of our culture harmonious with its essential and distinctive character.

We are still imbued, deeply imbued, with the stern disregard of everything not materially indispensable, which was generated by ages of colonial, and border, and semi-savage life. We have imported writings on art in abundance, and there is scarcely a scholar in the land who cannot wield the terms of dilettantism as glibly as a European professor; but unfortunately for us, the appreciation of an æsthetical theory without substantial art, is as difficult as to follow a geometric demonstration without a diagram. It is sterile and impotent, as is all faith without works.

If the arts of design could have simply remained in a negative state, like seeds buried in autumn, to await the action of a more genial season, we should be justified in postponing, even now, their cultivation. But like the *Bourgeois gentilhomme*, who talked prose from his boyhood without being aware of it, we have been compelled both to design and to adorn, and our efforts, from their nature, must remain monuments of chaotic disorder in all that relates to Æsthetics. In a word, we have negative quantities to deal with, before we can rise to zero. I do not mean to say that the beautiful has not been sought and

found amongst us. I wish, and I hope to show, that we have done more, in a right direction, than has been appreciated; much in a wrong direction, that must be examined and repudiated.

I am sensible of the disadvantage under which I labor, in speaking of matters to which I have devoted my attention for many years. I regret that I have no such right to sympathy and to support as that set forth by the author of a recent work when he says, "I have no qualifications for a critic in art, and make no pretensions to the character. I write only for the great multitude, as ill instructed in this sphere as I cheerfully admit myself." When the writer of that profession shall have learned what the main qualifications for a critic on art really are, I cannot believe that he will cheerfully renounce them; and far as I am from a personal acquaintance with the great multitude, I cannot believe that one "as ill instructed as themselves" is the exact person whom they would depute to deal with matters which, to say the least of them, require some training.

It is the great multitude that has decided the rank of the statesmen, the poets, and the artists of the world. It is the great multitude for whom all really great things are done, and said, and suffered. The great multitude desires the best of everything, and in the long run is the best judge of it. I have said this much in relation to the æsthetical observations of this writer, because, though I generally sympathize with his views, and often admire the expression of them, I look upon the

ground he here takes, as one too often taken—in itself untenable, and apt to mislead by an exaggerated expression of modesty. Substantially, it is analogous to the conduct of one who should commence by declaring that all men are free and equal, and go on to give orders to the right and left as to valets. Fain would I also lay claim to the title of self made man; indeed, I graduated at Harvard, in 182–, which they who knew the school will allow was near enough self-making to satisfy any reasonable ambition. But since then I have been indebted to very many for light as for assistance.

If there were in our character or in our institutions, aught that is at war with art in the abstract, I for one would be silent, preferring the humblest labor, if any labor deserve the name of humble, to the development of an influence adverse to American freedom. I speak of art now, because I think I see that it is a want—a want widely felt, deeply felt—an intellectual want, a social want, an economical want—and that to a degree which few seem to suspect. I believe that these states need art as a visible exponent of their civilization.* They call for it as a sal-

* In the speech of Mr. Smith, of Alabama, in explanation of a resolution offered by him in relation to Kossuth, I find the following passage: "I will make another observation, and that is in reference to the idea of establishing republican governments in Europe. New governments there are constantly rising and falling, and they have been trying to establish republican governments for the last thousand years; have they ever succeeded? and why not? Because of their antiquities and their monuments, breathing, smacking, and smelling of nobility and royalty, and because half of the people are magnates."

I take note of this remark, because I believe there is good, solid truth

vation from merely material luxury and sensual enjoyment, they require it as the guide and ornament of inevitable structure and manufacture.

Joyfully have the governing men of England, France, and Germany beheld in the United States that policy which has denied all national education, except for the purpose of war and trade. Joyfully have they seen the individual States equally blind to the swift coming requirements of this people; and they have founded and perfected schools of design, of which the abler pupils are employed in illustrating the national history; the lower talents fill the factory, the foundry, and the *atelier*, to fashion fabrics for ourselves. From Boston to New Orleans no house, no tavern, no bar-room, I had almost said, that does not give proof, by the tawdry spawn of European manufacture, of our tribute to their *savoir faire*, and their appreciation of our

in it. "Quoi si je pourrai fripponner quelque chose pour étayer mon pauvre petit livre!" I should have placed the magnates first in the list of obstacles to republican progress, but I will not quarrel about precedence. The statesmen may be allowed to settle this matter.

I rejoice to find that American legislators have found out the value and significance of monuments, and of antiquities in their political influence. May we not expect that our civilization and our institutions will obtain this support from Congress? I hope, in a subsequent paper, to urge this matter more fully. I will now merely state that there stands in the studio of Mr. Powers, at Florence, a statue of America, which is not only a beautiful work of art, but which "breathes, smacks, and smells" of Republicanism and Union. If placed conspicuously, by Mr. Walter, in one of the new wings of the Capitol, it would be a monument of Union. The sooner it is done, the sooner it will become an "antiquity."

taste. But what, it will be asked, has the development of art to do with manufactures? High art stands in relation to manufactures and all the so-called lower trades, where high literature stands in relation to social and to civil life. Ask how much of the fruit of high culture and mental training reaches the public through the forum, the pulpit, and the diurnal press, and you will have the measure of the influence of pure art on structure and manufacture in all their branches. Who in England urged this matter upon the attention of Parliament, until the best models of Greece and Italy were placed within reach of every manufacturing population? The Board of Trade. That body caused to be translated from foreign languages, and illustrated by elaborate drawings, the most approved works of Munich, Berlin, and Paris. They have ransacked, at great cost, the mediæval magnificence of Italy, to find new forms, and add a grace to the products of their looms, their potteries, and their foundries. Does any statesman fancy that these governments have been invaded by a sudden love of the sublime and beautiful? I believe that they who watch our markets and our remittances, will agree with me, that their object is to keep the national mints of America at work for themselves; and that the beautiful must, to some extent, be cultivated here, if we would avoid a chronic and sometimes an acute tightness of the money market. The statistics of our annual importation of wares, which owe their preference solely to design, will throw a light on this question that will command the attention of the most thrifty and parsimonious of our legislators.

In founding a school of art, we have an obstacle to surmount, viz. a puritanical intolerance thereof. The first work of sculpture by an American hand exhibited in this country, executed for the illustrious Cooper, was a group of children. The artist was rebuked and mortified by loud complaints of their nudity. Those infantine forms roused an outcry of censure, which seemed to have exhausted the source whence it sprang, since all the harlot dancers who have found an El Dorado in these Atlantic cities, have failed to reawaken it. I say seemed to have exhausted it—but only seemed—for the same purblind squeamishness which gazed without alarm at the lascivious Fandango, awoke with a roar at the colossal nakedness of Washington's manly breast. This fact will show how easy it is to condemn what is intrinsically pure and innocent, to say the least; how difficult to repress what is clearly bad and vicious. They who speculate upon the corrupt tastes of a public, when they have learned that genteel comedy is neglected, that tragedy is unattractive, that galleries of painting and statuary are unknown in a large and wealthy community, such speculators take their Bayaderes thither as to a sure market. They know that a certain duration of abstinence, voluntary or forced, makes garbage tolerable, and ditch water a luxury. I do not venture to hope that even high art will abolish "cakes and ale," but I trust before many years are elapsed no *usée* Terpsichore of Paris or Vienna will be able to show half a million as a measure of our appetite for the meretricious.

I wish not to be misunderstood for a moment as recommend-

ing a Smithsonian school, with a hierarchy of dignitaries in art. I have elsewhere stated my conviction that such a system is hostile to artistic progress. I desire to see working Normal schools of structure and ornament, organized simply but effectively, and constantly occupied in designing for the manufacturers, and for all mechanics who need æsthetical guidance in their operations—schools where emulation shall be kindled by well considered stimuli, and where all that is vitally important in building or ornament shall be thoroughly taught and constantly practised. I know not how far the limit of congressional action may admit the founding of such schools by the central government. Should it be impossible to interest Congress in the matter, I am not without hope that some, at least, of the State legislatures may effect it; and, failing this resource, I hope that associated individuals will combine for this object. I cannot but believe that a report, called for by Congress, on the amount of goods imported, which owe the favor they find here, to design, would show the importance of such schools in an economical point of view. I believe that such a report would show that the schools which we refuse to support here, we support abroad, and that we are heavily taxed for them.

It surely cannot be asking too much that the seat of Government, where the national structures rise, and are yearly increasing in number and importance, should present a specimen of what the country can afford in material and workmanship, in design and ornament. If this were resolved on, a stimulus

would be given to exertion, while the constant experience here acquired would soon perfect a school of architectural design.

The defects of the stone of which the Capitol was built, could have been no secret to Mr. Bulfinch. Had there existed a board, or a school, or any other responsible depository of architectural experience, we should not have witnessed the deplorable recurrence to the same quarries for the construction of the Patent Office and the Treasury buildings. The outlay in paint alone, to which recourse has been had in order to sheathe this friable material, would have maintained a school which would have saved us from the blunder, not to mention the great advantage we should have derived from its designs and its pupils. Had the amount expended in white lead been invested, a fund would have now accumulated sufficient to reface them all with marble. I am convinced that true economy would at this moment order the Potomac stone, wherever it has been used, to be immediately replaced by a better material.

Setting aside, however, the question of economy, and looking at the question of propriety, can anything be more absurd than to expend millions upon noble pieces of masonry, and then to smear them with lead—thereby reducing them to a level with the meanest shingle palace? Stone among building materials, standing where gold stands among metals, to paint stone is like covering gold with tin-foil. So far has this been carried, that even in the Rotunda, where no conceivable motive could exist for the vandalism, the entire masonry has

been painted, and that too of various tints, so that I will venture to affirm that many carry away the idea, that the whole is but a piece of carpenter's work. The treatment of the Treasury buildings, where the granite basement has been painted of one color, the columns of a second, and the wall behind them of a third, where even the lamp-posts have been daubed with divers tints, like a barber's pole, is noticed with priceless *naiveté* in an important public document as a *neat* piece of work. What shall we say of the balustrades, where massive iron bars have been driven bodily into the columns, as though a column in a first class building might be treated like a blind wall in the basest structure, and that, too, without a shadow of need? What shall we say of the iron railings that obtrude upon the eye about the blockings of the Patent Office, and veil, with their inharmonious blackness, the organization of that building? What of the one slender chimney of red brick, which peers over the broken profile of the marble Post Office? Will any adept in the science of construction explain why the gas light which is seen at the eastern entrance of the Capitol, was made to hang with so many feet of tiny pipe, and then secured by shabby wires driven into the columns? Would any person conversant with the proprieties of building tolerate such a slovenly arrangement in a private house, or in a private stable, if columns formed a feature of that stable? Do not such absurd and ignorant malpractices look as if a barbarous race had undertaken to enjoy the magnificence of a conquered people, and not known how to set

about it? Does any one fancy that the uninstructed multitude does not feel these incongruities? It is not so. As well may you hope to sin against grammar in your speeches, and against decency and self-respect in your dress or deportment, and expect that it will pass unobserved.

The effect produced by the grounds and shrubbery in the neighborhood of the Capitol deserve a moment's attention. There is somewhat in flower beds and fancy gardening, with corbeilles of ephemeral plants, so out of all keeping with the character and functions of this edifice, as to give the spectator a painful sense that the idea of the adaptation of grounds to buildings has never recurred to those whose duty it was to look after these matters. Trees and verdure are beautiful, and flowers still more so, but they are impertinent adjuncts to the Capitol of the United States, and where they veil and obstruct the view of the façade, as at the Post Office, are insufferable. The creeping vines that have been led over the arches which support the platform in rear of the Naval monument, are a grosser instance of misguided search after the picturesque. If these arches are properly constructed, the vines are impertinent, for they hide their articulation. Whether well or ill built, the proximity of these vines is a destructive element, uselessly added to the inevitable wear of the weather. Further, if the principle which guided their introduction here be a sound one, logical sequence and harmony call for their appearance in other like situations.

The recent appointment of a gentleman of approved taste to

superintend the arrangement of the public grounds, gives well founded reasons to hope that these, and the like unsightly anomalies, will disappear; and that all, at least within his department, will be made in harmony with the character and purposes of the chief edifice of the country.

The position of the group of Columbus and the Indian girl is anomalous and absurd; anomalous, because it invades the front view of the portico, chokes the façade, and hides another statue by the same artist; absurd, because it treats the building as somewhat on which to mount into conspicuous view, not as a noble and important vase which it is called humbly to adorn and illustrate. The statue of Washington is surrounded by dwarf cypress and clumps of rose bush. These are impertinent and ridiculous—impertinent because they hide the pedestal and obstruct the view of the inscription, thus overlaying the intention of the monument, and that for the mere display of ephemeral vegetation, a phenomenon, however attractive, not here in place—ridiculous, because they seem as if intended in some way to help and eke out the sculpture; which, when a statue of this class requires it, must be done by replacing it with something worthy to stand alone. The grass within the railing, if cut close, destroys the monumental effect, by the exhibition of frequent care; if neglected, offends by its rank growth and decay. The railings which have been placed about the statues of the Capitol accuse a want of respect for the public property. They accuse it without remedying it; for in spite of their protection, perhaps because of it, the statues of Colum-

bus and of Washington have received more injury in the few years that they have been so guarded, than many figures wrought before the birth of Christ have suffered in coming to us through the so-called dark ages. I have several times seen boys at play on the portico of the Capitol; which, if right, makes it wrong there to place costly sculptures. If I protest against iron railings around statuary, it is because I believe they avail not for their object. I trust to the intelligence of the many to do justice to the artistic efforts made for their sake. In the end, I believe the people will be the best guardians of public works here, as they have proved themselves elsewhere. Four lamps have been placed around the statue of Washington; by night they light only the feet of the figure, by day they exactly obstruct two of the principal views of it. I doubt not that the person who so placed these lights meant to do the statue a service. He probably never heard of "the eight views" of a statue. These ever-jarring principles of magnificence and economy—laying out millions for dignity, and denying the thousands necessary to insure care, intelligence, and taste, in their conservation and exposition—produce a certain compound of pretension and meanness of effect, highly to be deprecated in great public works. I say highly to be deprecated, for, however they who have given no attention to art and its influences may be surprised at the assertion—such a chaos cannot be daily seen with impunity. What at first shocked soon becomes familiar, and the susceptibility to healthy impressions from the display of order, harmony, logical depend-

ence, and adaptation, are weakened, if not destroyed in the observer.

I have mentioned some flagrant instances of the want of care or of knowledge on the part of those to whom the national buildings have been intrusted. This strain of remark might be continued until we had passed in review almost every detail of the structure and ornaments of the public works. It is an ungrateful task. Enough has been said to show that the evident intention of Congress to render these buildings and grounds worthy of the nation, both in their construction and maintenance, has thus far been very imperfectly effected. I will now state what I believe to be the reason why so much outlay has produced so unsatisfactory a result. First: I believe that the absence of any clear and distinct ideas of what is becoming, dignified, and proper in the premises, lies at the root of the evil. For this no one is to blame. The wants of this people have called—imperatively called—the active and able men of the country to pursuits far removed from an investigation of the beautiful, either in theory or in practice. These minds have been engaged in laying the foundations, broad and deep, of a mighty empire. They have reared the walls—they have distributed the blessed light and blessing air throughout the vast structure. They have tamed the forest, subdued the wilderness, and spread the benign influence of the gospel and of education from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. They have left to later days and men of other mould the task of throwing around the pillars of the State the garlands of a fine artistic

culture. Had they been men intent upon the questions that occupy us now, they had been as unfit for the task imposed on them, as the land was unprepared for their labors. But untutored as they were in the mysteries of art, an instinct, great, noble, and unerring, guided their decision in respect to the visible attributes of this Metropolis. The selection of this site, the ground plan of this city, show the outline of a master; and years must elapse ere any school which we can found will be capable of worthily filling it. Secondly: I believe that the heterogeneous and chaotic character of these buildings and grounds arises from an ill-judged interference with technical design and arrangement on the part of men in authority, whether in the legislative or executive branches of government. Since our institutions carry with them, as a necessary consequence, a frequent change in the *personnel* of government, it is clear that if each succeeding wave of deputed authority is to leave the impress of its taste and its will upon the public structures, these must, ere long, be but a patchwork of as many whims, fancies, and artistic dogmas, as have found favor in the eyes of the temporary occupants of place, unless some standard can be established which all will recognise—a consummation not now to be hoped for. I believe that this country is alone in referring matters of art to legislative committees. In England committees supervise and report, and Parliament criticises and condemns, but the artist is not interfered with, in his own province. The law maxim is held good in that case. I have been told that the invention of the *alto relievo* upon the tym-

panum, was due to Mr. Adams. If so, it was an unhappy exertion of his great powers. Sculpture, when it adorns buildings, is subordinate to them; and when the sculptor invades the tympanum, he must fill it, or he produces a meagre and mean effect. Mr. Adams knew all of art that books and much observation could teach him, but he could not, of course, be aware of the many proprieties violated in that invention. The work has another defect as sculpture. It is the translation of rhetoric into stone—a feat often fatal to the rhetoric, always fatal to the stone.

As a most honorable contrast to ever conflicting claims of private taste and whim to obtain utterance in the public works, I feel pleasure and pride in observing the course adopted by the architect who has been honored with the task of adding the wings of the Capitol. That architect, trained in the severest school of ancient art, had he been called on for a new building, would surely have attempted something very different from the actual Capitol. Called to enlarge it, he has sought to divest himself of every prepossession that would interfere with its harmony as a whole. He has approached his task with reverence. He has sought to keep company with his predecessor. This is not only honorable and just as regards Latrobe, but can take nothing from his own well earned reputation. Speaking now and in view of the mere model, I doubt if it be even in his power so widely to extend the façade, without painfully isolating the cupola, and leaving the present edifice too low, too wanting in mass and weight, to characterize a

centre. Avoiding this defect, he will triumph over a great obstacle. What the architect has here decided in reference to the original design of the Capitol, seems worthy of all emulation on the part of such as, by the vicissitudes of office, may have charge of the national buildings.

In all remarks upon important public edifices, there is a two-fold subject under contemplation. First: The organic structure of the works. Second: Their monumental character. To plant a building firmly on the ground—to give it the light that may, the air that must, be needed—to apportion the spaces for convenience—decide their size—and model their shapes for their functions—these acts organize a building. No college of architects is a quorum to judge this part of the task. The occupants alone can say if they have been well served; time alone can stamp any building as solid. The monumental character of a building has reference to its site—to its adaptation in size and form to that site. It has reference also to the external expression of the inward functions of the building—to adaptation of its features and their gradation to its dignity and importance, and it relates, moreover, to that just distinction which taste always requires between external breadth and interior detail.

To ascertain what the organic requirements of a building like the Capitol are, is, in itself, a most laborious task. To meet them requires all the science we possess. Have we not seen the House of Lords, in spite of all the experience and the knowledge brought to bear upon the vast outlay that reared it,

pronounced a gewgaw by the men who were obliged to work therein? Discomfort and annoyance soon find utterance. Decoration and magnificence in such cases, like the velvet and gilding of a ship's cabin, seen with sea-sick eyes, aggravate our discontent. Nor is a defective arrangement merely uncomfortable; it may prove costly beyond all belief. I have been assured by one of the chief officers of a department, that one-half of the employés of his section of the administration, were required only by the blundering and ignorant arrangement of the edifice. To say that such oversights are inevitable, is an unjust accusation of the art. When those who are called to the task of lodging one of the departments of the Government, shall make organization the basis of their design, instead of a predetermined front, which often deserves to have the inverted commas of quotation affixed to it, we shall hear no such complaints as I have above related.

The men who have reduced locomotion to its simplest elements, in the trotting wagon and the yacht America, are nearer to Athens at this moment than they who would bend the Greek temple to every use. I contend for Greek principles, not Greek things. If a flat sail goes nearest wind, a bellying sail, though picturesque, must be given up. The slender harness and tall gaunt wheels are not only effective, they are beautiful—for they respect the beauty of a horse, and do not uselessly task him. The English span is a good one, but they lug along more pretension than beauty; they are stopped in their way to claim respect for wealth and station; they are stopped for this, and,

therefore, easily passed by those who care not to seem, but are. To prefer housings to horseflesh, and trappings to men, is alike worthy of a SAVAGE.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A national monument to Washington has been designed, and is in process of construction. A lithographic print of this design is before the public. It represents an obelisk, rising out of a low, circular building, whose exterior presents a Greek colonnade of the Doric order. A fac-simile of the endorsement of some of our most distinguished citizens recommends this design to their fellow countrymen. I propose to examine the invention.

The prominent peculiarity of the design before us is the intermarriage of an Egyptian monument—whether astronomical, as I believe, or Phallic, as contended by a Boston critic, matters not very much—with a Greek structure, or one of Greek elements. I do not think it is in the power of art to effect such an amalgamation, without corrupting and destroying the special beauties and characters of the two elements. The one, simple even to monotony, may be defined a gigantic expression of unity. The other a combination of organized parts, assembled for a common object. The very perfection of their forms, as exponents of so distinct characters, makes them protest against juxtaposition.

If the union of Egyptian mass and weight with Greek combination and harmony be heterodox, the order in which they are here displayed is even more strikingly a violation of propriety. The complex, subdivided, comparatively light Greek structure, is placed as a basis, a foundation. The Egyptian mass of stone rises above it. When this arrangement is stated, I must think that its palpable absurdity is demonstrated. It may be urged that those weaker and more slender columns veil a massive foundation within them. We had guessed this already, because a miracle alone could otherwise sustain the weight. The *pillars* hide the *strength* of the structure, hence their impertinence, as an architectural feature. It is incumbent upon edifices, first to be strong; secondly, TO LOOK STRONG. We have read of a colossus of brass, with feet of clay, and the image is striking. To an architect, Egyptian weight sustained, in appearance, by Greek pillars, is not less so. That buildings, in rising from the earth, be broad and simple at their bases, that they grow lighter not only in fact but in expression, as they ascend, is a principle established. The laws of gravitation are at the root of this axiom. The spire obeys it. The obelisk is its simplest expression.

Waiving the impropriety of a Doric colonnade as a basis for an obelisk, I object to that order for a circular structure. The Doric capital, in its upper member, echoes and parallels the entablature. In a circular structure, this is impossible, without maiming the order. Your capital protests against its entablature. For circular structures, in the temple of Vesta, and that

beautiful ruin at Tivoli for instance, the Corinthian capital has been adopted; but the Corinthian is too manifestly absurd a basis for a plain shaft of stone.

This obelisk is made to differ essentially from the most admired specimens of that kind of monument. The differences are, first, in the relative diameters at the summit and base; second, in the relative height of the pyramidion which forms the apex. In Cleopatra's needle, the base is a full diagonal of the summit of the prism. In this the base is less than that diagonal. By this departure from example, topheaviness has been obtained. The altitude of the pyramidion, in Cleopatra's needle, is equal to the width of the base, and is, of course, a very acute angle, terminating gradually the lofty shaft. In this, the pyramidion forms an obtuse angle, its altitude is so small that a little distance will obliterate it altogether, and the obelisk must assume a truncated, and of course unfinished appearance.

When Michael Angelo was wending his way from Florence to Rome, to assume the charge of finishing St. Peter's Church, his servant related that, on reaching the summit of the Apennine, near Poggibonsi, he turned his horse and sat gazing long and intently upon the dome of Bruneleschi, the giant cupola of the Florentine cathedral. After some time he was heard to growl, "Better than thee, I cannot; like thee, I will not." The result was the dome of St. Peter's. Michael Angelo "took the responsibility," as such men always will. He did it at his peril, as all men must. Implicit conformity to precedent obli-

terates and annihilates the individual; violation of it, not justified by theory, or by practical result, sets the individual on no enviable pedestal. A throne may become a pillory.

The obelisk has to my eye a singular aptitude, in its form and character, to call attention to a spot memorable in history. It says but one word, but it speaks loud. If I understand its voice, it says, Here! It says no more. For this reason it was that I designed an obelisk for Bunker Hill, and urged arguments that appeared to me unanswerable against a column standing alone.* If this be the expression of the obelisk, I object to the site of the proposed monument.

* The column used as a form of monument has two advantages. First, it is a beautiful object—confessedly so. Secondly, it requires no study or thought; the formula being ready made to our hands.

I object, as regards the first of these advantages, that the beauty of a column, perfect as it is, is a relative beauty, and arises from its adaptation to the foundation on which it rests, and to the entablature which it is organized to sustain. The spread of the upper member of the capital calls for the entablature, cries aloud for it. The absence of that burden is expressive either of incompleteness, if the object be fresh and new, or of ruin if it bear the marks of age. The column is, therefore, essentially fractional—a capital defect in a monument, which should always be independent. I object to the second advantage as being one only to the ignorant and incapable. I hold the chief value of a monument to be this, that it affords opportunity for feeling, thought, and study, and that it not only occasions these in the architect, but also in the beholder.

I have urged these arguments in conversation, and have sometimes been met by the declaration that my hearer did not *feel* their force as against what he liked in itself. I may state here that such a feeling places him in the same category with those to whom it is indifferent

I protest also against the enormous dimensions of this structure. It is another example of the arithmetical sublime—an attempt to realize in art the physical truth that many little things united form one great one; which *in art is not true.* A monolithe, a single shaft of granite, has a value like that of the diamond—a value which increases in a geometric ratio with its weight. Why? Because its extraction from the quarry, its elaboration and safe erection show not only wealth, but *science.* The temple of Minerva, at Athens—the marvel of ancient as of modern critics—was scarce larger than one of our schoolhouses. It was great, but not large. It was a jewel, both of design and structure. It was an embodiment of thought.

To be impressive, a monument must contain thought and feeling. *Flendum est primum ipsi tibi!* Your five hundred

whether a book be held with the right or with the wrong side up. It accuses want of vision or want of instruction.

But ancient Rome possessed two of these monuments, London has two, and Paris has two. To this I will only answer that London and Paris have confessedly followed Rome in this matter, and Rome was more eager to seize upon and appropriate the Greek magnificence than capable of digesting and assimilating it. But the attempting now to argue against columns, so universally admired as monuments, is presumptuous. I object to this objection that it is not American.

The column used as an integral monument, however its fractional character may be disguised by urns, statues, or other objects placed upon it, belongs to the numerous and respectable family of makeshifts —taking a form or object designed for one purpose, and applying it to another—which is a violation of the first sublime law of creation. Creation supposes that neither material nor power is wanting.

feet of granite built as chimneys are, stone upon stone, is a failure. It shows how much you are willing to spend to have done with it. "*Il faut payer de sa peau!*"

A structure which rises five hundred feet from the ground and bears the name of Washington, must form a unique feature in this metropolis. It must command the attention of every one, be he American or foreigner, who sees its lofty shaft towering into the blue, and holding the sunshine after twilight is grey below. What will be its effect artistically speaking? Kneading into incongruous contact elements hitherto only jumbled by conquest and ruin—truncated—bare—without gradation and without *finale*—standing upon crumbling detail—heavy above and light below—it will be a symbol of huge aspiration and chaotic impotence.

Monuments to really great men are opportunities on which to hang the proofs of the development of art. The great need them not. We need them. The tombs of the Medici embody the theory of Buonarotti. The statue of Frederic is the apotheosis of Prussian sculpture.

The obelisk which stands at the entrance of the Champs Elysées is typical of African conquest. Like the captive elephants led in a Roman show, its exotic form gives significance to the triumph that placed it there. The monolithes that tower before the Roman Basilicas have also a certain propriety in the residence of an absolute temporal prince, who is at the same time assumed to be the vicar of Christ. All forms may be collected without, as all tongues are spoken within.

I am aware that there is scarce an architect in the country that could not have demonstrated the absurdity of the monument I have examined, and have thus prevented its consummation. Why were they all silent?

THE EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS.

The general aspect of this picture is striking. The idea of representing these heroes of our history, engaged in prayer on the deck of the good ship that was to waft them to these shores, was an ingenious and a happy one. The composition of lines is worthy of Mr. Weir, and shows a profound study of that very difficult branch of his art. There is no clap-trap or vulgar effect in the arrangement—all are in their places, and a pleasing variety has been created without any theatrical make-shift. The subject has been treated with due reverence—conscientiously. It is a work of good omen.

The arrangement of the chiaro-scuro is a puzzle to my understanding. I see a circle of light inclosing a broad mass of half shadow. In this half shadow lies the pith and marrow of the subject matter of this composition. He who prays—he who holds the sacred volume—the mother with her ailing child—all these are in twilight, while the evidence and flash of day are reserved for figures half averted—piebald silks, and gleaming armor, with other objects essentially accessory.

If any deep-laid train be here to rouse the attention and chain it to the important features of this page, it has missed its object with me. I long to haul a sail aside, if sail it be that makes this mischief, and let in a shaft of light upon that prayerful face. I am out of humor with that dress, so real, which mocks my desire to see men. The armor is true Milan steel. The men are foggy. The sail is real—the maker would swear to his stitches. The hobnailed shoes are so new and actual that I smell leather as I stand there. To balance the execution, the hair should be less conventional—the flesh, too, more transparent and life-like. I see no gleam from any eye in all that company; but the iron ring in yonder foot of the sail twinkles ambitiously. This inversion of the true law of emphasis is unaccountable to me in this master. Had I any hope of influencing him, I would beg of him, while yet it is day, to modify the effect of this work. If I despaired of bringing the heads and hands up to the still-life, I would put the latter down, not only in light but in elaboration and illusion, until it kept its place.

Light in a composition is like sound and emphasis in delivery. You may make a figure or a group tell darkly amid a glare for certain purposes; not when the *nuances* of physiognomy and emotion are essential. Awfully have I seen in a broad, illuminated group, a cloud darken Judas as he gave the traitor kiss to our Lord. The masters of Venice have more than once succeeded in giving to figures in shadow all the roundness, glow, and reality, admitted in the highest light;

where that power of pencil is, who could deny the right *quidlibet audendi?* To my sense, here are figures more important than these on the foreground, which are flat, and cold, and dim.

Who can doubt that Mr. Weir, had he lived in an age and country where art was prized, would have wrought many great, instead of this one very respectable picture? I mean for the government.

As I have ventured to complain of the Flemish illusion and microscopic finish of the accessories in this picture, contrasted as they are by an execution rather dim and vague in the chief figures, I will further explain my meaning by a contrary example in a master-piece of ancient art. In the group of Laocoon we never weary of admiring the palpitating agony of the father, the helpless struggles of the sons. The serpents, which are the causes of this pain and despair, are scarce noticed; why? because the artist wished to chain our attention upon the *human* portion of the spectacle. He had no means of veiling the snakes in shadow; but he has veiled them in the mode of treatment. There is more imitation, undercutting, illusion, in one of the grey locks of the old man, than in the serpents' whole form. Even their heads, as they strike, are made vague and indistinct. Do we suppose that the sculptor who made those limbs throb, and that marble mouth hot with pain, was blind to the beauty of the bossed hide and abdominal rings of a snake? This is impossible. He gave only enough of the snakes to tell the story, because the snakes were not the sub-

jects of his chisel, but the men. This is art; nay, this is pure art.

The same rule, or a rule analogous to this, decides the treatment of drapery in the higher works of Greece. In decorative statuary, the Greek showed his feeling for all the minutest graces, and the most accidental effects of varied stuffs; and his hand echoed his eye, and mirrored the whole in stone. But in his great works, the stuff is one, and all the folds are wrought broad and simple. He avoids *small facts*, that he may fasten your eye upon *great truth*. To be true to fact, the figure of Laocoon should be clothed in a priest's dress—clothe him thus, and the subject is for a painter. The first postulate of sculpture in its essence is, that the veil of convention be rent. Dress the fighting gladiator, and you might as well sculpture a house, and tell me that a fighting hero is inside thereof; or say, as Michael Angelo playfully said, that perfection lies in every rock that rolls from a quarry. True it is, that perfect beauty is in every rock; the art lies in stripping therefrom the dress of chips that disguise it.

There is one law of painting, as of sculpture, which he alone can fully understand and obey who is conversant with both arts. This law commands, to lay the stress of study there where the art is strong, and avoid, as far as may be, the occasion of showing its impotence. For instance, when in the fifteenth century they attempted perspective in bas-relief, they blundered; because the success is partial, and unable to keep company with painted perspective, where it is perfect. The

flying hair and waving draperies of Bernini, are similar proofs of ill-judged toil. They are a conquest of mechanical difficulty, and so is the Chinese ivory ball within ball—both belong to the same family, characterized by Reynolds as laborious effects of idleness; both are curious and amusing, and so is a juggler—but not in the Senate.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

I was wandering, the evening of my arrival in Washington, after a nine years' absence; musing as I walked, I found myself on the banks of the Potomac. I was reflecting upon the singular contrast between the non-committal, negative nomenclature of these avenues and streets, and the sagacious policy which, in Europe, makes every name a monument, every square enforce the creed, every bridge echo an historical fact, or record a triumph of principle. Nature, in the moral world, still abhors a vacuum, and I felt that A, B, C street were temporary names—squatters, waiting till the rightful lords of the domain shall appear.

I pondered in my mind the structure of a monument which should record the labors, sufferings, and triumph of the champions of freedom;—of free thought and belief, of free speech and free action. The moon was rising, half veiled by long straight bars of heavy cloud. She rose out of them, and her light fell broad and bright on the distant Capitol, with triple

dome and stately columns. My eagerness to rear the pile I had been dreaming of was hushed. I thought I saw it there before me! Those pillars were no more mere shafts of stone; Luther and Melancthon, Russell, Hampden, Galileo, Savonarola, Sarpi, and a host besides, united in spectral majesty with the worthies of our own land to uphold the roof! The whole was cemented with the blood of martyrs. No man that had cast fear behind him, and done battle for the right, but had given his grain to form that temple. It stirred me, for I am not used to the sight. A few weeks earlier I had been seated beside a pale Dominican friar in the cell where Savonarola dwelt, and where hung a picture of the Puritan of the Arno, burning on the great square, and steadied amid the flames, by masked monks, as he reeled amid the choking heat; I thought how different is the fire that here burns. As a mere unit of humanity I felt consoled. Suddenly, as I walked, the dark form of the Smithsonian palace rose between me and the white Capitol, and I stopped. Tower and battlement, and all that mediæval confusion, stamped itself on the halls of Congress, as ink on paper! Dark on that whiteness—complication on that simplicity! It scared me. Was it a spectre, or was not I another Rip Van Winkle who had slept too long? It seemed to threaten. It seemed to say, I bide my time! Oh, it was indeed monastic at that hour!

I never was of those who hold that there is a covered way from the Vatican to Avernus, on the one hand, corresponding to that which leads to the Fort of St. Angelo, on the other. I

have seen the Italian clergy nearly—sometimes intimately—from the prelate to the begging friar; I have admired their scholars, and have loved their men. I revere the bridge over which our faith has been borne to us. I am not so ignorant of history as to repudiate the sagacious preservers of the old Latin civilization. Still, I have brought from that land a fear of their doctrine, and a hatred of their politics. I fear their doctrine, because it seems to lull and to benumb the general, the average mind, while it rouses and spurs the few. I fear it the more because others do not fear it. I hate their politics because they are hostile to ours.

This it was that made me shudder at that dark pile—that castle of authority—that outwork of prescription. On walking round to the south, I was much relieved; I could see through and through the building. This was a departure from all that I had seen in the real, old turreted fortresses of theology. It was of good omen.

I am not about to criticize the edifice. I have not quite recovered from my alarm. There is still a certain mystery about those towers and steep belfries that makes me uneasy. This is a practical land. They must be for something. Is no *coup d'état* lurking there? Can they be merely ornaments, like the tassels to a University cap? Perhaps they are an allopathic dose adminstered to that parsimony which so long denied to science where to lay her head—*contraria contrariis curantur!* They must have cost much money.

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees," the Smithsonian College

must, in itself, be hereafter a most picturesque object—the models, whence it has been imitated, are both "rich and rare" —the connoisseurs may well "wonder how the devil it got *there*."

I propose to examine the building hereafter, with reference to its organization for a distinct purpose.

THE DESECRATION OF THE FLAG.

An American citizen, standing here upon the pavement of the principal avenue of the Metropolis, sees five ensigns of the United States flying within sight of each other. Two of these flags float over the halls of Congress, and announce a session of both branches of the legislature; a third adorns the roof of an omnibus as a gala decoration; a fourth appears on the roof-tree of a new hotel as a sign, or perhaps puff extraordinary; a fifth marks the site of an engine-house. I cannot but think that several of these flags are misplaced. Their use at the Capitol has always struck my eye as appropriate and beautiful. The other instances of their appearance which I have mentioned seem an abuse, a desecration of the national symbol of Union.

There is always a tendency in every community to seize upon and make use of that which is public, or of general influence and widely recognised significance. The same holy symbol which surmounts the cupola of all Roman Catholic

cathedrals, is made in Italy to answer the end which in England is effected by a bit of board, bearing the words "commit no nuisance." When the position which it is desired to protect is particularly exposed, the cross is repeated ten, twenty, fifty times, and is even reinforced by verses in honor of saints, martyrs, and the Holy Virgin. A foreigner is much shocked by such a practice. The natives smile at his squeamishness—they are used to it; yet they all quote "*nec Deus intersit, etc.*," readily enough upon other occasions.

It is very clear that the national flag, however some persons may smile at the assertion, has a deep and noble significance, one which we should hold sacred and do nothing to impair. Were it a mere "bit of bunting," as the British Foreign Secretary thoughtlessly or artfully styled it, why should we see it universally paraded?

I believe no one will deny that the colors of the Union hoisted at the dockyards and arsenals assert the national possession—that they proclaim the nationality of our merchant ships in foreign parts, and sanction the display of our naval power. These and the like occasions call for them, and their appearance has a value and expression of a peculiar kind. Is it doubtful that the dragging them through the streets by whosoever chooses so to do, the parading them upon taverns, and raree-shows, and other like trivial occasions, tends to degrade and weaken their special meaning and value? I may be told that the abuse, if such it be, is rather within the region of taste than of legal observance. I regret that it is so, because the

whole matter has assumed its present aspect, because it is "nobody's business" to interfere. It is merely as a question of taste that I speak of it, and as such, I believe that a little reflection will show, that accustomed as we are to see the flag hung out "*à-propos de bottes*," and sometimes hanging downwards too, so as almost to touch the heads of the horses as they pass, our indifference to the desecration is merely a measure of use, and wont, and analogous, though not equal to the obtuseness of the Catholic, who uses the cross of the Redeemer in lieu of a by-law or police regulation.

I have heard the right of each citizen to use the national flag stoutly maintained. I cannot see why the consular seal, or the gardens of the White House, are not equally at his mercy. There is another argument which may be called the *argumentum ad Buncombe*, and which might easily be resorted to to defend this and the like abuses, viz., That it is peculiarly American and democratic. The English long asserted a right to be coarse and uncourteous as a proof of sincerity and frankness. John Bull, they contended, was too honest to be civil. There is much nonsense of this sort in the old books. Excessive beer-drinking and other gluttonies were upheld as having some mysterious virtue in them. Sailors used to swear and blaspheme in a similar way. It was expected of them, and required no apology. When such notions yielded, as they must, to reflection and cultivation, it was seen at once that they had been only abuses or barbarisms ingeniously hitched on to other qualities, and identified with self-love.

SOCIAL THEORIES.

The plant of civilization, like other plants, springs from God's ground; it has its roots in the business and bosoms of men, throws into the sunshine and the air the stem and branches of its toil and its culture, blossoms in poetry and heroism, and bears at length the fruit of science, which is a forbidden fruit only in its pulp and rind—its seeds are wisdom—not all wisdom, for of the seed itself the germ is small part, since there, too, is a rind and a pulp, even the divine embryo of future improvement therein wrapped and conserved cannot quicken unless it die, for this is not a world for Eureka! and exultation, but for courage, toil, and brotherly love.

Herein do I find the mischiefs of the older world that they have sought to establish, check, and stop the rolling ball that circles round the sun; and truly they were giants, for though they could not stop they have shaken it, which is enough, when you consider who made it and set it going.

The higher development of each civilization is a self-criticism, and along with the condemnation of the past, neatly packed in silken integument, lies a promise of better things. But this divine verdict, towering at the top of the plant, can only wither by staying there; it must be blown, or shaken, or

plucked thence, and consigned to that earth which we all despise so truly—the hearts and heads of common men. There must it find the soil and moisture, blood and tears, which burst its rind and evolve the godhead within.

The philosophy of Aristotle, the method of Bacon, the politics of Machiavelli, the social contract of Rousseau, the Tirannide of Alfieri, and the philanthropy of Wilberforce, have by turns entered into the brains and arms of men who knew not how to write, else had they been mere figments of the brain.

The rhetorical beauty and elaborate putting out of hand of these gentlemen's performances mark their position in the career of culture; not roots, but lordly seed cups are they. They have no filaments that pierce the solid earth with a diameter of a spider's web, yet absorb. Not cushioned in cool halls, sacred to stillness and fragrant with Russia binding, do men found dynasties. The sign-manual of the Grand Turk hath a blood relationship with these cunning fruits of the human mind, these theories incarnate in rhetoric. It also is symmetrical, elaborate, pleasing to the eye, but if you will mark well its contour and features, you shall yet see the bloody hand laid down on the sheepskin—which was its prototype.

Study thou thy botanies; it is well; but still shalt thou make the good Scotch gardener smile at thy shortcomings; study thou thy anatomies; it is well; still shall a Silesian peasant cure, while thy utmost book only sufficeth to kill; study thou thy electricities and chemistry in thy institute and Royal College, yet shall one American painter alone report thee to

the antipodes, another row thee thither; study thou thy mechanics, and forces, and mathematics, build thy practical navies and thy yachts made by scientific norma to outstrip the world; yet shall the shrewd eye and rule of thumb suffice to leave thee seven miles to leeward, while thy queen sees the discomfiture through her tears.

The voyage of discovery and improvement hath been made with a captain who came in through the cabin windows, but there were good dumb boatswains on board, who managed to say yes and no.

We who cut stone, temper our tools and choose our blocks by rules that are not in the Encyclopædia or Conversations-Lexicon. We are jealous of these knowledges, many of them are vague, dim guess-work to appearance. When the book-maker doth cross-question us to extract the kernel of our toil, we hang the lip and look silly; under the garb of inarticulate stupidity lies a grim determination that the idler enter not into our rest.

When the great monolithe was erected, by Fontana, if I remember, in the square of St. Peter's, it was determined to make that job an incarnation of the means and knowledge of Rome. This was noble and truly human. They arranged their tackle, *spotted* their hands, and a papal edict promised death to any man who should utter a word, until the engineer gave the signal that all risk was past. The square was full of admiring eyes and beating hearts; slowly that huge crystallization of Egyptian sweat rose on its basis—five degrees, ten,

fifteen, twenty, alas! There be signs of faltering; no matter! twenty-five, thirty, forty, forty-three—there is trouble! Lo! the hempen cables that, like faithful servants, have thus far obeyed the mathematician, have suddenly lugged out an order from God not to hold that base steady any longer on those terms. The engineer, who knew the hand-writing, trembled; the obedient masons and *fachini* looked down, then eyed the threatening mass. The question was, which way it would fall. Among the crowd, silence! The sun poured down on the stillness and the despair. Suddenly from out that breathless mass of men there came a voice, clear as the archangel's trumpet, *Wet the ropes!* The crowd turned. Tiptoe on a post stood a fellow in a jacket of humble homespun, his eye full of fire, and his hair rising with the sense of his responsibility; from engineer to humblest *fachino* that order had instant obedience; the cables, which only wanted the water cure, bit fiercely into the granite; the windlasses were manned once more, the obelisk rose to its post and took its stand for centuries. It is well that there is order and discipline and even the pain of death for their sake, because the divine man is not stopped by the latter, in that he bears eternal life, and the sense thereof in his own bosom.

Thou whose "Lectures and Miscellanies" do fill my mind with a certain sense of roundness, finish, and courtly presentableness, I pray thee, in the fervor of thy faith, to read them in a German beerhouse, and amid throngs of low-browed and big-jawed Hibernians, stepping here on shore with vast appetite, a

faith that removes mountains, and imperfect, insufficient knowledge of Paley and Chesterfield. There, in the eye that lights all that bone and muscle, shalt thou see, as in a glass, darkly, no dearth of hard knocks and bloody noses, standing in dread array between thy silk stocking theory and any practical, bearable system of living together based thereon. I do not mean to deny that thou hast found a sibylline leaf and deciphered it well, but there were other sibylline leaves, which were burned before pride took the alarm, and the secret of making men learn *lovingly*—was in those that were burned!

Humbly do I recognise in thy hand the divine hammer that fashions me, as with resolute grip thou holdest me upon the anvil; but the anvil below strikes as hard as thou above, and is steadier, for it stands on that which talk cannot reach. Not from Pliny's Page or Buffon's elaborations did man learn the mystery of tiger's tooth or fangs of deadly rattlesnake. The nightshade "never told her love" to the eye; 'twas in the writhing stomach of experiment that she talked the true, Catholic tongue, English to Englishmen, French to Frenchmen, and they who saw believed.

Well do I know that God's truth is a two-edged sword, even such of it as man may wield; but it is a sword whose handle burns as fiercely as its edge doth cut, and knowing men pass it more quickly than the bottle.

Let us make, then, a grand experiment, let us unite as one man from Maine to Georgia, we who have read and have seen, and let us seek to change the Anglo-Saxon hat, or wrench one

button from the empire of Brummagem fashion and transatlantic dictation, let us see "*quid valeant quid recusent humeri*," let us test our influence with the masses, by a garb made according to the demonstrable requirement of climate and convenience. Verily, I say to thee, that Wall street will greet us with a guffaw, the maids will titter at us through the blinds, the rowdies will hustle us in the thoroughfare, and even the good quiet man will see these things through the plate glass of his chariot, and say *debaxo de su manto*.—"Served them right." While thou warmest in the promise of order, quiet, content, and cheerful toil, lo! the Catholic priest hath already occupied their hearts with the "promise to pay," whose Biddle has yet to find his Andrew, and whose god-like defenders and constitutional expounders mean to fight for it at last, and not "obsolete" it. Not by rushing madly at the differential calculus, or wielding algebraic signs or logarithmic compend, is the traffic of the world done, because then there would be too hard a pressure of Sir Isaac Newtons, and Lacroix would lose his balance; Cocker alone will carry you to millions, and then you may maintain those that teach the higher law of calculation—and make trouble therewith.

Let us seek rather the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us; let us throw off our coats, and leaving the question of the Trinity an open one, teach the poor and the lowly that cleanliness is next to godliness; let us try to save and cleanse what of womanhood is left in "poor and common," and seek out little wrongs

as a hidden treasure, that we may put a little right in their places; let us frown down waste, for God has only made enough of each thing; let us honor toil, for toil is the sunshine's brother; let us seek the *heart* of man, for there is eternal life, and not ask too much of his head, for that fruit is not yet ripe.

I cannot as yet adopt thy broad humanity—I will put up with less breadth, much less—only give me more depth therewith. I love the concrete, my brother, and I can look Sir Isaac Newton in the eye without flinching; I kneel to William Shakspeare, who guessed to a drop how much oil goes to a Lombard's salad.

Give me the man who, seated in that fog bank betwixt the North Sea and the Irish Channel, held horses at the play-house and found it in his head to teach kings how to wear a crown! the man who, living amid theatre wenches and pot-house degradation, found it in his heart to paint the purple dawn of virgin womanhood in the far away south, and made a Moor to burn with more than Afric's passion. That's the mind that I will follow, not only because he is genial, warm, and real, not only because he is substantial, hath *avoirdupois*, a perfume, and a taste, but because he is multiform, elastic, not procrustean, not monomaniacal. I hate thy straight lines, and thy arrangements for the elbows, and thy lid that fits over all, with the screws ready in thy hand. I will none of it. If thou insist, fun shall come of it, but it shall be of that fun which all men make who forget that it takes two to conclude a bargain.

The measure which thou hast scientifically taken of me is my measure now, perhaps! but now I am young, dormant, not come to my full height or my adult strength. I feel that I am destined to outgrow thy feet and inches hereafter; whole degrees of latitude shall I require for my morning walk—what do I say? I will spurn the great globe itself, and the solar system shall hold me in base "circumscription and confine." The utmost measure of thy extended arms, my brother, is thy own measure, not mine, still less that of collective manhood. If thou be truly great, then shalt thou add one grain of sand to the ant-hill, and that shall suffice thee, as it hath sufficed thy brother insect however great, until now!

Remember how Mahomet learned that he was sent of God, even by making two or three dunderheads take him at that rate. This is the mountain that the fate of all prophets must begin by removing. Ever so little a spark of this, even as a grain of mustard seed, will answer for a beginning, and then comes by degrees a flame that covers a large portion of Asia, Africa, and Europe, with turbans, circumcision, and slaughter.

I object to these transcendental theories of life, because of their genesis. I object to them, because of the experience of them that hath been made. I object to them, more than all, because they threaten to pare down and clip the tendrils by which I cling to the concrete.

They are, one and all, the offspring of negative propositions, and are imaginary eliminations of existing evils, and what men regard as such. Fourier's disgust at French corruption,

passion, and discord, was a good motive for his going to England, or Switzerland, or America. He might have found his quietus in the concrete. This disgust was no generative power to create a new civilization, because generation is not effected through disgust, never was, and never will be. It is the crystallization of love and worship in the average mind that foundeth new systems, dissatisfaction operates with the torch, the mine, and the guillotine, it ploughs, harrows and prepares the ground, love seeds it. *Love*, and *Hope*, and *Faith*.

Dost thou speak to me of the large promise of these people, of quiet, and joy, and universal satisfaction, and offer this as a proof of love? I cannot accept it as such. They offer it to man on the condition of his being no more what he hath ever been—a belligerent. They ask him to lay down his fangs and claws, and taking him into the high mountain of their theory, promise him the kingdom of the world. *Retro Satanas!*

I shall not enter into any contract to wash my Ethiopian skin or eradicate my leopard's spots. I shall seek to be clean and to make my neighbor clean, but if he will not be clean, "let him be filthy still."

The experience that hath been made of ultra doctrines does not charm my mind. I like not to contemplate the rites of Buddha, or the Thebaid, or the monomania of La Trappe. Even Quakerism leaves a burning spot of my heart unwatered; this, thou of the Society of Friends, this thou sayest is a proof of my corrupt nature. Let us pray!

We are all convinced of our own unworthiness, monsters of

guilt are we, but yet have we a clear perception of the right, we think. Did God, then, make our conscience, and the devil make our wills? If so, we are held by a double ownership, and must abide the consequence.

We are conscious that there is an up and a down in space, but if we analyse this idea we shall find that "down" is but another name for that which is in the direction of gravitation; "up," that which is against gravitation. To the Infinite Mind in infinite space can there be neither up nor down, I think. In the moral world self is the centre of gravitation, what tends uniquely thither we call selfish—down; what tends against that—generous—up. Now the highest flight of eagle vitality must tire, for the gravitation is perennial, the vitality limited, brief, feeble. We build our church up into the sky against the gravitation, but 'tis only the *downward tendency* that holds it *fast*. This is true materially, and it is true morally, for there are not two Gods, but one God, I believe! Therefore do civilizations begin with heroism, self-sacrifice, and love! These, like the fusee of the rocket, conquer the suction of earth, and the stick soars. The fusee lessens by combustion, the stick remains ever of the original avoirdupois. The stick goes up with so many ounces of unwillingness, and by degrees there comes a balance of power—momentary; for the downward will gets the better of the fire, and the stick comes *home*. The first Christians were crucified with their heads downwards; the later Christians hold largely in the funds, and seek Rothschild's countenance. This suction self-ward is so inherent and inevi-

table, that the sacrifice of self hath ever, until now, been bought —for a consideration—which, to my mind, seems not unlike going in at the same hole at which we came out—sailing westward until we find ourselves in the orient.

For these reasons do I mistrust the theorist. Nine times in ten hath he no wholesome, working, organic relation with God's ground or with his fellow-men. Nine times in ten is his position in life exceptional and not normal. Nine times in ten doth he sit perched upon an income which is a dead branch of the living tree of industry, and with his belly distended by the east wind, and his heart sour with the ambition that hath struck inward, doth he spout generalities more or less outside of the real needs of to-day. He hath said in his heart, that God's world, till now, hath been but rough draft on slate, and saith that he hath a sponge. Not so, brother! This is a fight; come down, and take thy side, and do battle for the most right of the two combatants. Thy "virtue" is an elevation on paper; to build it on the ground, we must have "cakes and ale."

Lock up thy head, which would fain teach us that one man is more than all men; open thy heart, where there be treasures yet untold; let thy hand do with its might whatever it findeth to do, not because of perfection, which is out of reach, but because idleness is the root of much evil.

When, in the plenitude of thy ingenuity, thou canst fashion a stick with only one end, a solid body with only one side, a

magnet with only one pole, a light not dogged by shadow, a harmony with only one part, a marriage with only a bridegroom, then wilt thou be prepared to begin thy Millennium.

AMERICAN ART.

The susceptibility, the tastes, and the genius which enable a people to enjoy the Fine Arts, and to excel in them, have been denied to the Anglo-Americans, not only by European talkers, but by European thinkers. The assertion of our obtuseness and inefficiency in this respect, has been ignorantly and presumptuously set forth by some persons, merely to fill up the measure of our condemnation. Others have arrived at the same conclusion, after examining our political and social character, after investigating our exploits, and testing our capacities. They admit that we trade with enterprise and skill; that we build ships cunningly, and sail them well; that we have a quick and far-sighted apprehension of the value of a territory; that we make wholesome homespun laws for its government, and that we fight hard when molested in any of these homely exercises of our ability; but they assert that there is a stubborn, antipoetical tendency in all that we do, or say, or think; they attribute our very excellence, in the ordinary business of life, to causes which must prevent our development as artists.

Enjoying the accumulated result of the thought and labor of centuries, Europe has witnessed our struggles with the hard-

ships of an untamed continent, and the disadvantages of colonial relations, with but a partial appreciation of what we aim at, with but an imperfect knowledge of what we have done. Seeing us intently occupied, during several generations, in felling forests, in building towns, and constructing roads, she thence formed a theory that we are good for nothing except these pioneer efforts. She taunted us, because there were no statues or frescoes in our log-cabins; she pronounced us unmusical, because we did not sit down in the swamp, with an Indian on one side and a rattlesnake on the other, to play the violin. That she should triumph over the deficiencies of a people who had set the example of revolt and republicanism, was natural; but the reason which she assigned for those deficiencies was not the true reason. She argued with the depth and the sagacity of a philosopher who should conclude, from seeing an infant imbibe with eagerness its first aliment, that its whole life would be occupied in similar absorption.

Sir Walter Scott, rank tory as he was, showed more good sense, when, in recommending an American book to Miss Edgeworth, he accounted for such a phenomenon, by saying, "that people once possessed of a three-legged stool, soon contrive to make an easy-chair." Humble as the phrase is, we here perceive an expectation on his part, that the energies now exercised in laying the foundations of a mighty empire, would, in due time, rear the stately columns of civilization, and crown the edifice with the entablature of letters and of arts. Remembering that one leg of the American stool was planted in Maine, a

second in Florida, and the third at the base of the Rocky Mountains, he could scarce expect that the chair would become an easy one in a half-century.

It is true, that before the Declaration of Independence, Copley had in Boston formed a style of portrait which filled Sir Joshua Reynolds with astonishment; and that West, breaking through the bar of Quaker prohibition, and conquering the prejudice against a provincial aspirant, had taken a high rank in the highest walk of art in London. Stuart, Trumbull, Allston, Morse, Leslie, and Newton, followed in quick succession, while Vanderlyn won golden opinions at Rome, and bore away high honors at Paris. So far were the citizens of the Republic from showing a want of capacity for art, that we may safely affirm the bent of their genius was rather peculiarly in that direction, since the first burins of Europe were employed in the service of the American pencil, before Irving had written, and while Cooper was yet a child. That England, with these facts before her, should have accused us of obtuseness in regard to art, and that we should have pleaded guilty to the charge, furnishes the strongest proof of her disposition to underrate our intellectual powers, and of our own ultra docility and want of self-reliance.

Not many years since, one of the illustrious and good men of America exclaimed, in addressing the nation:

> "Excudent alii mollius spirantia æra,
> Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore vultus!"

Since that period, art has received a new impulse among us. Artists have arisen in numbers; the public gives its attention to their productions; their labors are liberally rewarded. It seems now admitted that wealth and cultivation are destined to yield, in America, the same fruits that they have given in Italy, in Spain, in France, Germany, and England. It seems now admitted that there is no anomalous defect in our mental endowments; that the same powers displayed in clearing the forest, and tilling the farm, will trim the garden. It seems clear that we are destined to have a school of art. It becomes a matter of importance to decide how the youth who devote themselves to these studies are to acquire the rudiments of imitation, and what influences are to be made to act upon them. This question seemed, at one time, to have been decided. The friends of art in America looked to Europe for an example; and with the natural assumption that experience had made the old world wise, in what relates to the fine arts, determined upon forming Academies, as the more refined nations of the continent have ended by doing. We might as well have proposed a national church establishment. That the youth must be taught is clear—but in framing an institution for that object, if we look to countries grown old in European systems, it must be for warning rather than for example. We speak from long experience and much observation of European Academies. We entertain the highest respect for the professional ability and for the personal character of the gentlemen who preside over those institutions. Nay, it is our conviction of their capacity and of

their individual willingness to impart knowledge, which forces upon us the opinion of the rottenness of the systems of which they are the instruments.

De Tocqueville remarks upon the British aristocracy, that, notwithstanding their sagacity as a body, and their integrity and high-toned character as individuals, they have gradually absorbed everything, and left the people nothing; while he declares the American *employés*, though they are sometimes defaulters and dishonest, yet, after all, get little beyond their dues, and are obliged to sacrifice both reputation and self-respect in order to obtain that little. Those who direct the Academies of Fine Arts in Europe, are prone to take an advantage of their position analogous to that enjoyed by the aforesaid aristocracy. As the latter come to regard the mass as a flock to be fed, and defended, and cherished, for the sake of their wool and mutton, so the former are not slow to make a band of educandi the basis of a hierarchy. Systems and manner soon usurp the place of sound precept. Faith is insisted on rather than works. The pupils are required to be not only docile but submissive. They are not free.

To minds once opened to the light of knowledge, an adept may speak in masses, and the seed will fall on good ground; but to awaken a dormant soul, to impart first principles, to watch the budding of the germ of rare talent, requires a contact and relations such as no professor can have with a class, such as few men can have with any boy. If Europe must furnish a model of artistical tuition, let us go at once to the records of

the great age of art in Italy, and we shall there learn that Michael Angelo and Raphael, and their teachers also, were formed without any of the cumbrous machinery and mill-horse discipline of a modern Academy. They were instructed, it is true; they were apprenticed to painters. Instead of passively listening to an experienced proficient merely, they discussed with their fellow students the merits of different works, the advantages of rival methods, the choice between contradictory authorities. They formed one another. Sympathy warmed them, opposition strengthened, and emulation spurred them on. In these latter days, classes of boys toil through the rudiments under the eye of men who are themselves aspirants for the public favor, and who, deriving no benefit, as masters from their apprentices, from the proficiency of the lads, look upon every clever graduate as a stumbling-block in their own way. Hence their system of stupefying discipline, their tying down the pupil to mere manual execution, their silence in regard to principles, their cold reception of all attempts to invent. To chill in others the effort to acquire, is in them the instinctive action of a wish to retain. Well do we remember the expression of face and the tone of voice with which one of these bashaws of an European Academy once received our praise of the labors of a man grown grey in the practice of his art, but who, though his works were known and admired at Naples and St. Petersburgh, at London and Vienna, had not yet won from the powers that were his *exequatur*—"Yes, sir, yes! clever boy, sir! *promises well!*"

The president and the professors of an Academy are regarded by the public as, of course, at the head of their respective professions. Their works are models, their opinions give the law. The youth are awed and dazzled by their titles and their fame; the man of genius finds them arrayed in solid phalanx to combat his claim. In those countries where a court bestows all encouragement, it is found easy to keep from those in power all knowledge of a dangerous upstart talent. How far this mischievous influence can be carried, may be gathered from the position in which Sir Joshua Reynolds and *his court* managed to keep men like Wilson and Gainsborough. He who sees the productions of these men in company with those of their contemporaries, and who remembers the impression which Sir Joshua's writings had conveyed of their standing as artists, will perceive with surprise that they were not the victims of any overt act of misrepresentation, but that they were quietly and gently praised out of the rank due to them into an inferior one, by a union of real talent, constituted influence, and a sly, cool, consistent management.

Many of the ablest painters and sculptors of Europe have expressed to us, directly and frankly, the opinion that Academies, furnished though they be with all the means to form the eye, the hand, and the mind of the pupil, are positively hindrances instead of helps to art.

The great element of execution, whether in painting or in sculpture, is imitation. This is the language of art. Almost all clever boys can learn this to a degree far beyond what is

supposed. That objects should be placed before them calculated to attract their attention, and teach them the rules of proportion, while they educate the eye to form and color, no one will dispute; but the insisting upon a routine, the depriving them of all choice or volition, the giving a false preference to readiness of hand over power of thought, all these are great evils, and we fully believe that they fall with a withering force on those minds especially whose nourishment and guidance they were intended to secure—we mean on those minds which are filled with a strong yearning after excellence, warm sympathies, quick, delicate, and nice perceptions, strong will, and a proud consciousness of creative power of mind, joined to diffidence of their capacity to bring into action the energies they feel within them. The paltry prizes offered for the best performances seldom rouse men of this order; they may create in such souls an unamiable contempt for their unsuccessful competitors; they may give to successful mediocrity, inflated hopes, and a false estimate of its own powers. As a substantial help they are worthless even to the tyro who wins them.

Leonardo da Vinci coiled a rope in his studio, and drew from it, with the subtlest outline, and the most elaborate study of light and shade. "Behold!" said he, "my academy!" He meant to show that the elements of art can be learned without the pompous array of the antique school, or the lectures of the professor. Few will be tempted to follow his example; but even that were far better than a routine of instruction which, after years of drudgery and labor, sends forth the genius and

the blockhead so nearly on a level with each other, the one manacled with precepts, the other armed with them at all points.

The above reflections have been drawn from us by the oft-repeated expression of regret which we have listened to, "that from the constitution of our society, and the nature of our institutions, no influences can be brought to bear upon art with the vivifying power of court patronage." We fully and firmly believe that these institutions are more favorable to a natural, healthful growth of art than any hot-bed culture whatever. We cannot—(as did Napoleon)—make, by a few imperial edicts, an army of battle painters, a hierarchy of drum-and-fife glorifiers. Nor can we, in the life-time of an individual, so stimulate this branch of culture, so unduly and disproportionately endow it, as to make a Walhalla start from a republican soil. The monuments, the pictures, the statues of the republic will represent what the people love and wish for,—not what they can be made to accept, not how much taxation they will bear. We hope, by such slow growth, to avoid the reaction resulting from a morbid development; a reaction like that which attended the building of St. Peter's; a reaction like that consequent upon the outlay which gave birth to the royal mushroom at Versailles; a reaction like that which we anticipate in Bavaria, unless the people of that country are constituted differently from the rest of mankind.

If there be any youth toiling through the rudiments of art, at the forms of the simple and efficient school at New York

(whose title is the only pompous thing about it), with a chilling belief that, elsewhere, the difficulties he struggles with are removed or modified, we call upon him to be of good cheer, and to believe—what from our hearts we are convinced of—that there is at present no country where the development and growth of an artist is more free, healthful, and happy than it is in these United States. It is not until the tyro becomes a proficient—nay, an adept—that his fortitude and his temper are put to tests more severe than elsewhere—tests of which we propose to speak more at large on a future occasion.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

We have heard the learned in matters relating to art, express the opinion that these United States are destined to form a new style of architecture. Remembering that a vast population, rich in material and guided by the experience, the precepts, and the models of the old world, was about to erect durable structures for every function of civilized life, we also cherished the hope that such a combination would speedily be formed.

We forgot that though the country was young, yet the people were old, that as Americans we have no childhood, no half-fabulous, legendary wealth, no misty, cloud-enveloped back-ground. We forgot that we had not unity of religious belief, nor unity of origin; that our territory, extending from the white bear to the alligator, made our occupations dissimilar, our character and tastes various. We forgot that the Republic had leaped full-grown and armed to the teeth from the brain of her parent, and that a hammer had been the instrument of delivery. We forgot that reason had been the dry nurse of the giant offspring, and had fed her from the beginning with the strong bread and meat of fact; that every wry

face the bantling ever made had been daguerreotyped, and all her words and deeds printed and labelled away in the pigeon-holes of official bureaux.

Reason can dissect, but cannot originate; she can adopt, but cannot create; she can modify, but cannot find. Give her but a cock-boat, and she will elaborate a line-of-battle ship; give her but a beam, with its wooden tooth, and she turns out the patent plough. She is not young; and when her friends insist upon the phenomena of youth, then is she least attractive. She can imitate the flush of the young cheek, but where is the flash of the young eye? She buys the teeth—alas! she cannot buy the breath of childhood. The puny cathedral of Broadway, like an elephant dwindled to the size of a dog, measures her yearning for Gothic sublimity, while the roar of the Astor-house, and the mammoth vase of the great reservoir, show how she works when she feels at home, and is in earnest.

The mind of this country has never been seriously applied to the subject of building. Intently engaged in matters of more pressing importance, we have been content to receive our notions of architecture as we have received the fashion of our garments, and the form of our entertainments, from Europe. In our eagerness to appropriate, we have neglected to adapt, to distinguish,—nay, to understand. We have built small Gothic temples of wood, and have omitted all ornaments for economy, unmindful that size, material, and ornament are the elements of effect in that style of building. Captivated by the classic symmetry of the Athenian models

we have sought to bring the Parthenon into our streets, to make the temple of Theseus work in our towns. We have shorn them of their lateral colonnades, let them down from their dignified platform, pierced their walls for light, and, instead of the storied relief and the eloquent statue which enriched the frieze, and graced the pediment, we have made our chimney tops to peer over the broken profile, and tell, by their rising smoke, of the traffic and desecration of the interior. Still the model may be recognised, some of the architectural features are entire; like the captive king, stripped alike of arms and purple, and drudging amid the Helots of a capital, the Greek temple, as seen among us, claims pity for its degraded majesty, and attests the barbarian force which has abused its nature, and been blind to its qualities.

If we trace Architecture from its perfection, in the days of Pericles, to its manifest decay in the reign of Constantine, we shall find that one of the surest symptoms of decline was the adoption of admired forms and models for purposes not contemplated in their invention. The forum became a temple; the tribunal became a temple; the theatre was turned into a church; nay, the column, that organized member, that subordinate part, set up for itself, usurped unity, and was a monument! The great principles of Architecture being once abandoned, correctness gave way to novelty, economy and vain-glory associated produced meanness and pretension. Sculpture, too, had waned. The degenerate workmen could no longer match the fragments they sought to mingle, nor

copy the originals they only hoped to repeat. The mouldering remains of better days frowned contempt upon such impotent efforts, till, in the gradual coming of darkness, ignorance became contempt, and insensibility ceased to compare.

We say that the mind of this country has never been seriously applied to architecture. True it is, that the commonwealth, with that desire of public magnificence which has ever been a leading feature of democracy, has called from the vasty deep of the past the spirits of the Greek, the Roman, and the Gothic styles; but they would not come when she did call to them! The vast cathedral, with its ever open portals, towering high above the courts of kings, inviting all men to its cool and fragrant twilight, where the voice of the organ stirs the blood, and the dim-seen visions of saints and martyrs bleed and die upon the canvas amid the echoes of hymning voices and the clouds of frankincense, this architectural embodying of the divine and blessed words, "Come to me, ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" demands a sacrifice of what we hold dearest. Its corner-stone must be laid upon the right, to judge the claims of the church. The style of Greek architecture, as seen in the Greek temple, demands the aid of sculpture, insists upon every feature of its original organization, loses its harmony if a note be dropped in the execution, and when so modified as to serve for a custom-house or a bank, departs from its original beauty and propriety as widely as the crippled gelding of a hackney coach differs from the bounding and neighing wild horse of the desert.

Even where, in the fervor of our faith in shapes, we have sternly adhered to the dictum of another age, and have actually succeeded in securing the entire exterior which echoes the forms of Athens, the pile stands a stranger among us, and receives a respect akin to what we should feel for a fellow-citizen in the garb of Greece. It is a make-believe. It is not the real thing. We see the marble capitals; we trace the acanthus leaves of a celebrated model—incredulous; it is not a temple.

The number and variety of our experiments in building show the dissatisfaction of the public taste with what has been hitherto achieved; the expense at which they have been made proves how strong is the yearning after excellence; the talents and acquirements of the artists whose services have been engaged in them are such as to convince us that the fault lies in the system, not in the men. Is it possible that out of this chaos order can arise?—that of these conflicting dialects and jargons a language can be born? When shall we have done with experiments? What refuge is there from the absurdities that have successively usurped the name and functions of architecture? Is it not better to go on with consistency and uniformity, in imitation of an admired model, than incur the disgrace of other failures? In answering these questions let us remember with humility that all salutary changes are the work of many and of time; but let us encourage experiment at the risk of license, rather than submit to an iron rule that begins by sacrificing reason, dignity, and comfort. Let us consult nature, and, in the assurance that she will disclose a mine,

richer than was ever dreamed of by the Greeks, in art as well as in philosophy. Let us regard as ingratitude to the author of nature the despondent idleness that sits down while one want is unprovided for, one worthy object unattained.

If, as the first step in our search after the great principles of construction, we but observe the skeletons and skins of animals, through all the varieties of beast and bird, of fish and insect, are we not as forcibly struck by their variety as by their beauty? There is no arbitrary law of proportion, no unbending model of form. There is scarce a part of the animal organization which we do not find elongated or shortened, increased, diminished, or suppressed, as the wants of the genus or species dictate, as their exposure or their work may require. The neck of the swan and that of the eagle, however different in character and proportion, equally charm the eye and satisfy the reason. We approve the length of the same member in grazing animals, its shortness in beasts of prey. The horse's shanks are thin, and we admire them; the greyhound's chest is deep, and we cry, beautiful! It is neither the presence nor the absence of this or that part, or shape, or color, that wins our eye in natural objects; it is the consistency and harmony of the parts juxtaposed, the subordination of details to masses, and of masses to the whole.

The law of adaptation is the fundamental law of nature in all structure. So unflinchingly does she modify a type in accordance with a new position, that some philosophers have declared a variety of appearance to be the object aimed at; so

entirely does she limit the modification to the demands of necessity, that adherence to one original plan seems, to limited intelligence, to be carried to the very verge of caprice. The domination of arbitrary rules of taste has produced the very counterpart of the wisdom thus displayed in every object around us; we tie up the cameleopard to the rack; we shave the lion, and call him a dog; we strive to bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow, and to make him harrow the valleys after us!

When the savage of the South Sea islands shapes his war club, his first thought is of its use. His first efforts pare the long shaft, and mould the convenient handle; then the heavier end takes gradually the edge that cuts, while it retains the weight that stuns. His idler hour divides its surface by lines and curves, or embosses it with figures that have pleased his eye, or are linked with his superstition. We admire its effective shape, its Etruscan-like quaintness, its graceful form and subtle outline, yet we neglect the lesson it might teach. If we compare the form of a newly invented machine with the perfected type of the same instrument, we observe, as we trace it through the phases of improvement, how weight is shaken off where strength is less needed, how functions are made to approach without impeding each other, how the straight becomes curved, and the curve is straightened, till the straggling and cumbersome machine becomes the compact, effective, and beautiful engine.

So instinctive is the perception of organic beauty in the

human eye, that we cannot withhold our admiration even from the organs of destruction. There is majesty in the royal paw of the lion, music in the motion of the brindled tiger; we accord our praise to the sword and the dagger, and shudder our approval of the frightful aptitude of the ghastly guillotine.

Conceiving destruction to be a normal element of the system of nature equally with production, we have used the word beauty in connexion with it. We have no objection to exchange it for the word character, as indicating the mere adaptation of forms to functions, and would gladly substitute the actual pretensions of our architecture to the former, could we hope to secure the latter.

Let us now turn to a structure of our own, one which, from its nature and uses, commands us to reject authority, and we shall find the result of the manly use of plain good sense, so like that of taste and genius too, as scarce to require a distinctive title. Observe a ship at sea! Mark the majestic form of her hull as she rushes through the water, observe the graceful bend of her body, the gentle transition from round to flat, the grasp of her keel, the leap of her bows, the symmetry and rich tracery of her spars and rigging, and those grand wind muscles, her sails. Behold an organization second only to that of an animal, obedient as the horse, swift as the stag, and bearing the burden of a thousand camels from pole to pole! What Academy of Design, what research of connoisseurship, what imitation of the Greeks produced this marvel of construction? Here is the result of the study of man upon the great deep,

where Nature spake of the laws of building, not in the feather and in the flower, but in winds and waves, and he bent all his mind to hear and to obey. Could we carry into our civil architecture the responsibilities that weigh upon our ship-building, we should ere long have edifices as superior to the Parthenon, for the purposes that we require, as the Constitution or the Pennsylvania is to the galley of the Argonauts. Could our blunders on *terra firma* be put to the same dread test that those of shipbuilders are, little would be now left to say on this subject.

Instead of forcing the functions of every sort of building into one general form, adopting an outward shape for the sake of the eye or of association, without reference to the inner distribution, let us begin from the heart as a nucleus, and work outwards. The most convenient size and arrangement of the rooms that are to constitute the building being fixed, the access of the light that may, of the air that must be wanted, being provided for, we have the skeleton of our building. Nay, we have all excepting the dress. The connexion and order of parts, juxtaposed for convenience, cannot fail to speak of their relation and uses. As a group of idlers on the quay, if they grasp a rope to haul a vessel to the pier, are united in harmonious action by the cord they seize, as the slowly yielding mass forms a thorough-bass to their livelier movement, so the unflinching adaptation of a building to its position and use gives, as a sure product of that adaptation, character and expression.

What a field of study would be opened by the adoption in

civil architecture of those laws of apportionment, distribution, and connexion, which we have thus hinted at? No longer could the mere tyro huddle together a crowd of ill-arranged, ill-lighted, and stifled rooms, and masking the chaos with the sneaking copy of a Greek façade, usurp the name of architect. If this anatomic connexion and proportion has been attained in ships, in machines, and, in spite of false principles, in such buildings as make a departure from it fatal, as in bridges and in scaffolding, why should we fear its immediate use in all construction? As its first result, the bank would have the physiognomy of a bank, the church would be recognised as such, nor would the billiard-room and the chapel wear the same uniform of columns and pediment. The African king, standing in mock majesty with his legs and feet bare, and his body clothed in a cast coat of the Prince Regent, is an object whose ridiculous effect defies all power of face. Is not the Greek temple jammed in between the brick shops of Wall street or Cornhill, covered with lettered signs, and occupied by groups of money-changers and apple women, a parallel even for his African majesty?

We have before us a letter in which Mr. Jefferson recommends the model of the *Maison Carrée* for the State House at Richmond. Was he aware that the *Maison Carrée* is but a fragment, and that too, of a Roman temple? He was; it is beautiful—is the answer. An English society erected in Hyde Park a cast in bronze of the colossal Achilles of the Quirinal, and, changing the head, transformed it into a monument to

Wellington. But where is the distinction between the personal prowess, the invulnerable body, the heaven-shielded safety of the hero of the Iliad, and the complex of qualities which makes the modern general? The statue is beautiful,—is the answer. If such reasoning is to hold, why not translate one of Pindar's odes in memory of Washington, or set up in Carolina a colossal Osiris in honor of General Greene?

The monuments of Egypt and of Greece are sublime as expressions of their power and their feeling. The modern nation that appropriates them displays only wealth in so doing. The possession of means, not accompanied by the sense of propriety or feeling for the true, can do no more for a nation than it can do for an individual. The want of an illustrious ancestry may be compensated, fully compensated; but the purloining of the coat-of-arms of a defunct family is intolerable. That such a monument as we have described should have been erected in London while Chantry flourished, when Flaxman's fame was cherished by the few, and Bailey and Behnes were already known, is an instructive fact. That the illustrator of the Greek poets, and of the Lord's Prayer, should, in the meanwhile, have been preparing designs for George the Fourth's silversmiths, is not less so.

The edifices, in whose construction the principles of architecture are developed, may be classed as organic, formed to meet the wants of their occupants, or monumental, addressed to the sympathies, the faith, or the taste of a people. These two great classes of buildings, embracing almost every variety of

structure, though occasionally joined and mixed in the same edifice, have their separate rules, as they have a distinct abstract nature. In the former class, the laws of structure and apportionment, depending on definite wants, obey a demonstrable rule. They may be called machines, each individual of which must be formed with reference to the abstract type of its species. The individuals of the latter class, bound by no other laws than those of the sentiment which inspires them, and the sympathies to which they are addressed, occupy the positions and assume the forms best calculated to render their parent feeling. No limits can be put to their variety; their size and richness have always been proportioned to the means of the people who have erected them.

If, from what has been thus far said, it shall have appeared that we regard the Greek masters as aught less than the true apostles of correct taste in building, we have been misunderstood. We believe firmly and fully that they can teach us; but let us learn principles, not copy shapes; let us imitate them like men, and not ape them like monkeys. Remembering what a school of art it was that perfected their system of ornament, let us rather adhere to that system in enriching what we invent than substitute novelty for propriety. After observing the innovations of the ancient Romans, and of the modern Italian masters in this department, we cannot but recur to the Horatian precept—

"exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna!"

To conclude: The fundamental laws of building, found at the basis of every style of architecture, must be the basis of ours. The adaptation of the forms and magnitude of structures to the climate they are exposed to, and the offices for which they are intended, teaches us to study our own varied wants in these respects. The harmony of their ornaments with the nature that they embellished, and the institutions from which they sprang, calls on us to do the like justice to our country, our government, and our faith. As a Christian preacher may give weight to truth, and add persuasion to proof, by studying the models of pagan writers, so the American builder, by a truly philosophic investigation of ancient art, will learn of the Greeks to be American.

The system of building we have hinted at cannot be formed in a day. It requires all the science of any country to ascertain and fix the proportions and arrangements of the members of a great building, to plant it safely on the soil, to defend it from the elements, to add the grace and poetry of ornament to its frame. Each of these requisites to a good building requires a special study and a life-time. Whether we are destined soon to see so noble a fruit, may be doubted; but we can, at least, break the ground and throw in the seed.

We are fully aware that many regard all matters of taste as matters of pure caprice and fashion. We are aware that many think our architecture already perfect; but we have chosen, during this sultry weather, to exercise a truly American right—the right of talking. This privilege, thank God,

is unquestioned,—from Miller, who, robbing Béranger, translates into fanatical prose, "Finissons en! le monde est assez vieux!" to Brisbane, who declares that the same world has yet to begin, and waits a subscription of two hundred thousand dollars in order to start. Each man is free to present his notions on any subject. We have also talked, firm in the belief that the development of a nation's taste in art depends on a thousand deep-seated influences, beyond the ken of the ignorant present; firm in the belief that freedom and knowledge will bear the fruit of refinement and beauty, we have yet dared to utter a few words of discontent, a few crude thoughts of what might be, and we feel the better for it. We promised ourselves nothing more than that satisfaction which Major Downing attributes to every man "who has had his say, and then cleared out," and we already have a pleasant consciousness of what he meant by it.

RELATIVE AND INDEPENDENT BEAUTY.

THERE are threads of relation which lead me from my specialty to the specialties of other men. Following this *commune quoddam vinculum*, I lay my artistic dogma at the feet of science; I test it by the traditional lore of handicraft; I seek a confirmation of these my inductions, or a contradiction and refutation of them; I utter these inductions as they occur to myself; I illustrate them by what they spontaneously suggest; I let them lead me as a child.

Persons whose light I have sought, have been worried and fretted at the form, the body of my utterance. Since this soul, if soul it be, took the form of this body, I have received it as it came. If I seek another form, another dress than that with which my thought was born, shall I not disjoin that which is one? Shall I not disguise what I seek to decorate? I have seen that there is in the body and the dress an indication of the quantum and quality of the mind, and therefore doth it seem honest that I seek no other dress than mine own. I also know by heart some lines and proportions of the work of able penmen. The *lucidus ordo* of another mind is not displayed

before me as pearls before swine. I love to bear in my bosom a nosegay plucked in classic ground: it sweetens me to myself. I respect too much the glory of Schiller and Winkelman, of Goethe and Hegel, to dare purloin their vesture for my crudities. The partial development of my mind makes the dress and garb of imperfection proper for me. My notion of art is not a somewhat set forth for sale, that I should show it to advantage, or a soldier in uniform, anxious to pass muster, but rather a poor babe, whom I strip before the faculty, that they may council and advise—peradventure bid me despair.

Bodies are so varied by climate, and so changed by work, that it is rash to condemn them until impotence is demonstrated. The camelopard was long declared a monster, born of fancy, a nightmare of traveller's brain; but when the giraffe stood browsing in the tree-tops before us, we felt that we had been hasty. God's law is as far away from our taste as his ways are beyond our ways. I know full well that, without dress and ornament, there are places whence one is expelled. I am too proud to seek admittance in disguise. I had rather remain in the street, than get in by virtue of a borrowed coat. That which is partial and fractional may yet be sound and good as far as it goes.

In the hope that some persons, studious of art, may be curious to see how I develope the formula I have set up, I proceed. When I define Beauty as the promise of Function; Action as the presence of Function; Character as the record of Function, I arbitrarily divide that which is essentially one. I consider

the phases through which organized intention passes to completeness, as if they were distinct entities. Beauty being the promise of function, must be mainly present before the phase of action ; but so long as there is yet a promise of function there is beauty, proportioned to its relation with action or with character. There is somewhat of character at the close of the first epoch of the organic life, as there is somewhat of beauty at the commencement of the last, but they are less apparent, and present rather to the reason than to sensuous tests.

If the normal development of organized life be from beauty to action, from action to character, the progress is a progress upwards as well as forwards; and action will be higher than beauty, even as the summer is higher than the spring; and character will be higher than action, even as autumn is the resumé and result of spring and summer. If this be true, the attempt to prolong the phase of beauty into the epoch of action can only be made through non-performance; and false beauty or embellishment must be the result.

Why is the promise of function made sensuously pleasing? Because the inchoate organic life needs a care and protection beyond its present means of payment. In order that we may respect instinctive action, which is divine, are our eyes charmed by the aspect of infancy, and our hearts obedient to the command of a visible yet impotent volition.

The sensuous charm of promise is so great that the unripe reason seeks to make life a perennial promise; but promise, in

the phase of action, receives a new name—that of non-performance, and is visited with contempt.

The dignity of character is so great that the unripe reason seeks to mark the phase of action with the sensuous livery of character. The ivy is trained up the green wall, and while the promise is still fresh on every line of the building, its function is invaded by the ambition *to seem* to have lived.

Not to promise for ever, or to boast at the outset, not to shine and to seem, but to be and to act, is the glory of any coördination of parts for an object.

I have spoken of embellishment as false beauty. I will briefly develope this view of embellishment. Man is an ideal being; standing, himself inchoate and incomplete, amid the concrete manifestations of Nature, his first observation recognises defect; his first action is an effort to complete his being. Not gifted, as the brutes, with an instinctive sense of completeness, he stands alone as capable of conative action. He studies himself; he disciplines himself. Now, his best efforts at organization falling short of the need that is in his heart, and therefore infinite, he has sought to compensate for the defect in his plan by a charm of execution. Tasting sensuously the effect of a rhythm and harmony in God's world, beyond any adaptation of means to ends that his reason could measure and approve, he has sought to perfect his own approximation to the essential by crowning it with a wreath of measured and musical, yet non-demonstrable, adjunct. Now, I affirm that, from the ground

whereon I stand and whence I think I see him operate, he thus mirrors, but darkly, God's world. By the sense of incompleteness in his plan, he shows the divine yearning that is in him; by the effort to compensate for defect in plan by any make-shift whatever, he forbids, or at least checks, further effort. I understand, therefore, by embellishment, THE INSTINCTIVE EFFORT OF INFANT CIVILIZATION TO DISGUISE ITS INCOMPLETENESS, EVEN AS GOD'S COMPLETENESS IS TO INFANT SCIENCE DISGUISED. The many-sided and full and rich harmony of nature is a many-sided response to the call for many functions; not an æsthetical utterance of the Godhead. In the tree and in the bird, in the shell and in the insect, we see the utterance of him who sayeth YEA, YEA, and NAY, NAY; and, therefore, whatever is assumed as neutral ground, or margin around the essential, will be found to come of evil, or, in other words, to be incomplete.

I base my opinion of embellishment upon the hypothesis that there is not one truth in religion, another in the mathematics, and a third in physics and in art; but that there is one truth, even as one God, and that organization is his utterance. Now, organization obeys his law. It obeys his law by an approximation to the essential, and then there is what we term life; or it obeys his law by falling short of the essential, and then there is disorganization. I have not seen the inorganic attached to the organized but as a symptom of imperfect plan, or of impeded function, or of extinct action.

The normal development of beauty is through action to

completeness. The invariable development of embellishment and decoration is more embellishment and more decoration. The *reductio ad absurdum* is palpable enough at last; but where was the first downward step? I maintain that the first downward step was *the introduction of the first inorganic, non-functional element, whether of shape or color.* If I be told that such a system as mine would produce *nakedness*, I accept the omen. In nakedness I behold the majesty of the essential, instead of the trappings of pretension. The agendum is not diminished; it is infinitely extended. We shall have grasped with tiny hands the standard of Christ, and borne it into the academy, when we shall call upon the architect, and sculptor, and painter to seek to be perfect even as our father is perfect. The assertion that the human body is other than a fit exponent and symbol of the human being, is a falsehood, I believe. I believe it to be false on account of the numerous palpable falsehoods which have been necessary in order to clinch it.

Beauty is the promise of Function. Solomon, in all his glory, is, therefore, not arrayed as the lily of the field. Solomon's array is the result of the instinctive effort of incompleteness to pass itself for complete. It is pretension. When Solomon shall have appreciated nature and himself, he will reduce his household, and adapt his harness, not for pretension, but for performance. The lily is arrayed in heavenly beauty, because it is organized both in shape and color, to dose the germ of future lilies with atmospheric and solar influence.

We now approach the grand conservative trap, the basis

of independent beauty. Finding in God's world a sensuous beauty, not organically demonstrated to us, the hierarchies call on us to shut our eyes, and kneel to an æsthetical utterance of the divinity. I refuse. Finding here an apparent embellishment, I consider the appearance of embellishment an accusation of ignorance and incompleteness in my science. I confirm my refusal after recalling the fact that science has, thus far, done nothing else than resolve the lovely on the one hand, the hateful on the other, into utterances of the Godhead —the former being yea, the latter nay. As the good citizen obeys the good law because it is good, and the bad law that its incompleteness be manifest, so does every wrong result from divine elements, accuse the organization, and by pain and woe represent X, or the desired solution. To assert that this or that form or color is beautiful *per se*, is to formulate prematurely; it is to arrogate godship; and once that false step is taken, human-godship or tyranny is inevitable without a change of creed.

The first lispings of science declared that nature abhors a vacuum; there we see humanity expressing its ignorance, by transferring a dark passion to the Godhead which is light and love. This formula could not outlive experiment, which has demonstrated that God's care upholds us with so many pounds to the square inch of pressure on every side, and that the support is variable.

The ancients knew somewhat of steam. They formulated steam as a devil. The vessels at Pompeii all speak one language

—look out for steam! The moderns have looked into steam, and, by wrestling with him, have forced him to own himself an angel—an utterance of love and care.

We are told that we shall know trees by their fruits: even because of the fruits of refusing to kneel, and of worshipping with the eyes open, do I proceed to seek that I may find.

Mr. Garbett, in his learned and able treatise on the principles of Design in Architecture, has dissected the English house, and found with the light of two words, fallen from Mr. Emerson, the secret of the inherent ugliness of that structure. It is the *cruelty* and *selfishness* of a London house, he says (and I think he proves it, too), which affects us so disagreeably as we look upon it. Now, these qualities in a house, like the blear-eyed stolidity of an habitual sot, are symptoms, not diseases. Mr. Garbett should see herein the marvellous expression of which bricks and mortar can be made the vehicles. In vain will he attempt to get by embellishment a denial of selfishness, so long as selfishness reigns. To medicate symptoms, will never, at best, do more than effect a metastasis—suppress an eruption; let us believe, rather, that the Englishman's love of home has expelled the selfishness from the boudoir, the kitchen, and the parlor, nobler organs, and thrown it out on the skin, the exterior, where it less threatens life, and stands only for X, or a desired solution. If I have been clear in what I have said, it will be apparent that the intention, the soul of an organization, will get utterance in the organization in proportion to the means at its disposal: in

vain shall you drill the most supple body of him that hates me, into a manifestation of love for me; while my blind and deaf cousin will soon make me feel, and pleasingly feel, that I was the man in all the world that he wished to meet.

In seeking, through artistic analysis, a confirmation of my belief in one God, I offend such hierarchies as maintain that there be two Gods: the one good and *all* powerful, the other evil, and somewhat powerful. It is only necessary, in order to demolish the entire structure I have raised, that some advocate of independent beauty and believer in the devil—for they go and come together—demonstrate embellishment for the sake of beauty in a work of the divine hand. Let me be understood; I cannot accept as a demonstration of embellishment a sensuous beauty not yet organically explained. I throw the *onus probandi* on him who commands me to kneel. I learned this trick in Italy, where the disappointed picture-dealer often defied me, denying his daub to be a Raphael, to say, then, what it was. No, my friend, I care not whose it is; when I say certainly not a Raphael, I merely mean that I will none of it.

If there be in religion any truth, in morals any beauty, in art any charm, but through fruits, then let them be demonstrated; and the demonstration, in regard to morals and faith, will work backward and enlighten art.

I have diligently sought, with scalpel and pencil, an embellishment for the sake of beauty, a sacrifice of function to other than destruction. I have not found it. When I, therefore,

defy the believer in the devil to show me such an embellishment, I do so humbly. I want help.

It seems to me that a word of caution is necessary before seeking independent beauty. Beauty may be present, yet not be recognised as such. If we lack the sense of the promise of function, beauty for us will not exist. The inhabitants of certain Swiss valleys regard a goître as ornamental. It is a somewhat superadded to the essential, and they see it under the charm of association. The courtiers of Louis XIV. admired the *talon rouge*, and the enormous *perruque*. They were somewhat superadded to the essential, and they saw them under the charm of association; but the educated anatomist in Switzerland sees the goître as we see it. The educated artist of Louis XIV.'s time saw the maiming pretension of his dress as we see it.

The aim of the artist, therefore, should be first to seek the essential; when the essential hath been found, then, if ever, will be the time to commence embellishment. I will venture to predict that the essential, when found, will be complete. I will venture to predict that completeness will instantly throw off all that is not itself, and will thus command, "Thou shalt have no other Gods beside me." In a word, completeness is the absolute utterance of the Godhead; not the completeness of the Catholic bigot, or of the Quaker, which is a pretended one, obtained by negation of God-given tendencies; but the completeness of the sea, which hath a smile as unspeakable as the

darkness of its wrath; the completeness of earth, whose every atom is a microcosm; the completeness of the human body, where all relations are resumed at once and dominated. As the monarch rises out of savage manhood a plumed Czar, embellishing his short-comings with the sensuous livery of promise, yet, entering the phase of developed thought and conscious vigor, stands the eagle-eyed and grey-coated Bonaparte, so will every development of real humanity pass through the phase of non-demonstrable embellishment, which is a false completeness, to the multiform organization which responds to every call.

I hold the human body, therefore, to be a multiform command. Its capacities are the law and gauge of manhood as connected with earth. I hold the blessings attendant upon obedience to this command, to be the yea, yea; the woe consequent upon disobedience, the nay, nay, of the Godhead. These God daily speaketh to him whose eyes and ears are open. Other than these I have not heard. When, therefore, the life of man shall have been made to respond to the command which is in his being, giving the catholic result of a sound collective mind in a sound aggregate body, he will organize his human instrument or art for its human purpose, even as he shall have adapted his human life to the divine instrument which was given him. I wish to be clear; the instrument or body being of divine origin, we formulate rashly when we forego it, before thoroughly responding to its requirement. That it is in itself

no final or complete entity is herein manifest, that it changes. The significance of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, is this, that we are in a state of development. Now, the idea of development necessarily supposes incompleteness; now, completeness can know no change. The instrument of body is no haphazard *datum*, given as an approximation, whose short-comings we are to correct by convention, *arbitrium*, and whim, but an absolute requirement, and only then responding to the divine intention when its higher nature shall be unfolded by high function, even as the completeness of the brute responds to the requirement of his lower nature.

Internecine war is the law of brute existence. War! The lion lives not by food alone. Behold, how he pines and dwindles as he growls over his butcher's meat! It is in the stealthy march, the ferocious bound, and deadly grapple, tearing palpitating flesh from writhing bone—a halo of red rain around his head—that he finds the completion of his being, in obedience to a word that proceeded out of the mouth of God. Now, the law of brute life is the law of human life, in so far as the brute man is undeveloped in his higher tendencies. They, therefore, who, having formulated a *credo* for infant intelligence, and finding domination thereby secured, proceed to organize a *perennial infancy*, that they may enjoy an eternal dominion, will sooner or later see their sheep transformed to tigers; for the law of development being a divine law, can only be withstood by perishing. If what I have said be true, collective manhood

will never allow exceptional development to slumber at the helm or to abuse the whip. Collective manhood calls for development. If exceptional development answer—Lo! ye are but wolves, manhood will reply,—Then, have at you! He who cannot guide, must come down. We feel that we cannot remain where we are.

I have followed this train of remark whither it led me. Let us resume. Organization being the passage of intention through function to completeness, the expressions of its phases are symptoms only. The same philosophy which has cloaked, and crippled, and smothered the human body as rebelling against its Creator, yet always in vain, because the human body, like the Greek hero, says, Strike! but learn, that philosophy has set up a theory of beauty by authority, of beauty independent of other things than its own mysterious harmony with the human soul. Thus, we remark that the human soul, so inclined to evil in the moral world, according to the same philosophy, is sovereign arbiter of beauty in the æsthetical world. The Creator, who formed man's soul with a thirst for sin, and his body as a temple of shame, has, therefore, made his taste infallible! Let us seek through the whole history of arbitrary embellishment to find a resting-place. We shall look in vain; for the introduction of the inorganic into the organized is destruction; its development has ever been a *reductio ad absurdum*.

There is no conceivable function which does not obey an

absolute law. The approximation to that law in material, in parts, in their form, color, and relations, is the measure of freedom or obedience to God, in life. The attempt to stamp the green fruit, the dawning science, the inchoate life, as final, by such exceptional minds and social achievements as have produced a wish to remain here, and a call for a tabernacle, *these are attempts to divide manhood, which is one;* they are attempts to swim away from brute man, sinking in the sea of fate. They will ever be put to shame; for the ignorance of the ignorant confounds the wise; for the filth of the filthy befouls the clean; for the poverty of the poor poisons the quiet of the possessor. The brute man clings to the higher man; he loves him even as himself; he cannot be shaken off; he must be assimilated and absorbed.

I call, therefore, upon science, in all its branches, to arrest the tide of sensuous and arbitrary embellishment, so far as it can do it, not negatively by criticism thereof alone, but positively, by making the instrument a many-sided response to the multiform demands of life. The craving for completeness will then obtain its normal food in results, not the opiate and deadening stimulus of decoration. Then will structure and its dependent sister arts emerge from the stand-still of *ipse dixit*, and, like the ship, the team, the steam-engine, proceed through phases of development towards a response to need.

The truth of such doctrine, if truth be in it, must share the fate of other truth, and offend him whose creed is identified

with the false; it must meet the indifference of the many who believe that a new truth is born every week for him who can afford to advertise. But it must earn a place in the heart of him who has sought partial truths with success; for truths are all related.

THE TRUMBULL GALLERY.

In passing through New Haven, a few days since, I visited the Trumbull gallery, and was sincerely gratified to find the works of my venerable friend collected, cared for, and in the keeping of a dignified and permanent corporation.

I remarked with regret that the building, where these works of Col. Trumbull are kept, was in part of combustible material, and warmed in a manner which must always be injurious to pictures. I am not aware of the wants which placed the gallery on the second story, with a wooden floor and a wooden staircase so near the pictures. Whatever ends may have been gained by this arrangement, much has been sacrificed to them. Had this gallery been located on a ground floor, in a building of one story, lighted as at present, with a stone or painted brick floor resting upon ventilated cobble stones, I must believe that the expense would have been no greater, and the security perfect.

I noted a most interesting object in this gallery, a sketch of Major Andrè made by himself on the day of his execution. This sketch, which is made with a pen, is not of artistic value

beyond what may be looked for in similar efforts of any educated engineer; but it has a historic and personal interest of a high order, and I would venture to hint that it is not properly framed considering its value, nor safely kept, if any one consider its high interest elsewhere. It should form an inseparable part of some larger fixture. This suggestion would be both uncalled for and ungracious, but for the fact that much larger works have in Europe been abstracted from places of public resort, and that, too, in spite of a jealous supervision of the authorities interested in their preservation.

It was truly interesting to observe in this collection the small studies of Col. Trumbull's pictures for the Rotunda; and since I have mentioned these, I cannot refrain from saying a few words in relation to the Declaration of Independence, which I regard as by far the ablest of these pictures, a work selected by John Randolph as the butt of his unscrupulous sarcasm, stigmatized by him as the Shin Piece, and almost universally known, even now, and mentioned by that ludicrous cognomen.

I believe I shall be speaking the sense of the artistical body, and of *cognoscenti* in the United States, when I say that the "Declaration of Independence" has earned the respect of all, the warm interest of such as watch the development of American Art, and the admiration of those who have tried their own hand in wielding a weighty and difficult subject.

I admire in this composition the skill with which Trumbull has collected so many portraits in formal session, without theatrical effort, in order to enliven it, and without falling into bald

insipidity by adherence to trivial fact. These men are earnest, yet full of dignity; they are firm yet cheerful; they are gentlemen; and you see at a glance that they meant something very serious in pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors.

The left hand of the figure of Adams is awkwardly pushed forwards. The left arm of Mr. Jefferson is singularly incorrect for so careful a draughtsman as Col. Trumbull. One could wish that the lower limbs of Hancock had been made more distinct; perhaps a slight enlargement and extension of the light upon his chair, uniting with the mass of light, would have effected this object. Would not the chair itself, in such case, be less a spot than it now is in the composition?

Those who have seen only the sortie of Gibraltar and the battle of Bunker Hill, would scarcely believe that these larger works of the Capitol are of the same hand, from their inferiority in color and effect. They have a chalky distemper-like tone, which is very unpleasing.

In calling this picture the *Shin Piece*, Mr. Randolph accused a defect of composition. If I understand the gibe, it meant that there was an undue prominence and exhibition of legs in the work. Now, in point of fact, this is the last charge which he should have made; nay, if Mr. Randolph had any special aversion for legs, he owed a tribute of praise to the artist for sparing him in that regard, since, of more than forty persons who are there assembled, ten only show their legs. The gibe, however, took with the house, because the house was, by its

tedium, prepared for a laugh, and not prepared to do justice to the painter.

The veteran artist, whose feelings were thus wounded, was but a few feet distant from the shameless orator. He afterwards assured me, with tears in his eyes, that up to that moment he had always believed Randolph his personal friend. If those who echoed and still echo that paltry jest, will look carefully at the Declaration of Independence, they will see that the fact of those legs appearing in small-clothes, no longer familiar to the eye, calls attention to them in an undue manner, and they will rather pity the spirit and the intelligence which overlooked this difficulty, than blame the painter for an inevitable consequence of the change of fashion.

BURKE ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

BURKE has developed, at length, the negative examination of beauty. He arrives at no result by this course, because negative analysis can only attain its object by exhausting negation; which is not possible in this vast field of inquiry.

When, at last, he affirms, he says roundly that Beauty is a positive entity, cognizable by the sense. He proceeds to enumerate the qualities which, he thinks, constitute beauty in visible objects. He states these as follows: Smallness, Smoothness, Gradual Variation, Delicacy, Color.

Smallness.—One may well be startled at the list of positive entities which commences with size, for which, even in trade, we have only an approximative standard. The pendulum which beats seconds in a given latitude must share the imperfection of the measure of time; it must feel, more or less, the variation of temperature in its dimension. The bare element of size explains to me the grandeur of the Alp and the Elephant, the endearing dependence of the babe, and the attraction of the humming-bird; but the significance of dimension in all these cases, and in every case that I conceive, is a relative sig-

nificance. When Burke found the sense of the sublime to result alike from the contemplation of the orbs that roll in space, and the idea of beings that elude the test of the microscope, I must think that he should have concluded that the sublime is no quality in things, having a positive existence, but a *mental perception* of *relation*.

Smoothness.—This, again, is a relative quality. The smoothness of the teeth, and of a marble or porphyry table, is one; the smoothness of the eye-ball, the brow, the cheek is another. If any one doubt the organic significance of smoothness, let him imagine the smoothness of the teeth transferred to the lip, that of the eye-ball to the eye-lid, that of the varnished bud of April to the petal of the rose in June, that of the billiard-ball to the hand of the maiden. Smoothness is mere negation, The smoothness of the eye-ball is on the one hand a ball and socket smoothness, like that of the head of the femur and the acetabulum, a lubricated smoothness. It is on the other hand a crystalline smoothness, related to the function of transmitting light and color. The smoothness of cutlery, as it comes from the hand of the artisan, is an organic smoothness. The perfection of the polish proclaims the entireness of the promise. It begins to lose that polish as soon as its action commences, and at last retains mainly the beauty of form. If any one doubt that the perception of smoothness is a relative perception, let him, for one minute, rub the palms of his hands upon sandstone, and then rub them together.

Gradual Variation.—Variation is characteristic of organic

rhythm, whether in the works of nature or those of man; but the perception of gradation is the perception of relation, whether the gradation be one of size, or of form, or of tint. To prove gradation a positive element of beauty, it would be necessary to show that the greater the gradation, or the greater the variety of gradation, the greater would be the beauty, an assertion to be easily estimated after a glance at the human eye.

Delicacy.—By delicacy, as an element of beauty, Burke is careful to tell us that he does not mean weakness, or any modification in the direction of weakness, but only the absence of roughness and excessive robustness. Now, it is not apparent that he means anything more, by this quality, than a normal and healthy apportionment of means to ends; if he does, then has he foisted into the academy the taste of the boudoir and the drawing-room, which can only earn respect *there* as a pupil. His delicacy in such case must share the fate of Hogarth's "*grandeur* of the *periwig*," and be the creature of convention—ridiculous, except in the time, place, and circumstances that gave its value.

If you can establish the opinion that ladies should hobble about with difficulty, the crippled foot would please our eyes, as it is said to charm those of the Mandarin. If you can prove that the human hand was intended as a proclamation of idleness and effeminacy, the nauseous claws seen in the east, and sometimes cultivated by persons in civilized countries, will have a suggestive charm.

Color.—That the modifications of light have an organic

significance and are not positive elements of beauty, results to my mind from the fact that there is a degree of light which surfeits, a want of it which starves the visual organ. The absence of color in the teeth is as beautiful as its presence in the lips. The contrast of the two heightens each, and exemplifies a charm where gradual variation has no place. Now its absence in the one case and the presence in the other has an organic and functional import and meaning. The dark polish of ice and the pure white of snow are alike mechanical defences of the permanence of these forms of water.

I think it of the highest importance that we continue the investigation of the functional significance of color, rather than close the school with an anodyne formula, because whether the eye be adapted to objects in nature, or these to the eye, true it is that the relation is a vital one. I will be rash enough to confess, that I have an instinctive belief, that the eye is, under God, the creature of the sun; for I find it made in his own image, and I seek it in vain in such fishes, for instance, as know him not.

In order to prove that beauty consists of positive elements, cognizable by the sense, I think it must be shown, that the beauty is *in proportion* to the *presence* of the elements, and that where these elements are *diminished* or suppressed for the sake of function, beauty shall be diminished in proportion to their *absence*. Now this may be done to the satisfaction of the milliner or the "*petite maitresse*," but never to the satisfaction of the philosopher or the artist.

Burke was bold when he invited the world to a feast of beauty, with so meagre a bill of fare. With the exception of delicacy, by which I know not what he means, in philosophy, I believe that all the other elements he has mentioned can be exemplified and even combined into the most sickening manifestation of morbid action. Skin disease and imposthume will display them all, and force the student to go farther for the secret of beauty, even at the risk of faring worse.

It is natural to suppose that the soul of any civilization will find utterance in its statement of what its *love* is and should be. Have not theories of beauty been invented to fit "spoon fashion" certain systems of politics and morals? Is it not from an unconscious desire to *constitute* and *limit* the *good* that we seek the good with such starveling formulas? I believe the Beautiful to be the promise and announcement of the good; to seek the semblance thereof, rather than the true, has been, is, and must be the occupation of such as seek the beautiful only in pursuit of the good.

He who seeks the beautiful in the stupendous system of nature, will seek in vain for a positive entity, whose elements, cognizable by sense, can be set down like the ingredients of a dish, or the inventory of a portmanteau. I doubt if he ever find anything more tangible than the human soul; if he does I will venture to predict that it will be somewhat more than small, smooth, gradually varied, delicate, and of pleasing color.

To the generality of men the sight of a skull, whether of man or beast, is rather painful. They view it in relation to

disorganization, of which we all have an instinctive horror. Why, then, to the anatomist and the artist is the skull a beautiful, a sublime object? Because they have minutely investigated its relation to *life*. All its forms, surfaces, and dimensions speak of its former contents, vesture, and capacities. That pale spheroidal dome is a model of the globe, those lack-lustre eyeless holes beneath, speak of the heavens; they echo the distant sun.

Why, in the crowded thoroughfare, do we pass nine men in ten without emotion, and as if they were not? Why are we so patiently incurious respecting the myriads of human beings who have laid the basis of our actual being? Why in the first sight of a foreign city, whose language is as unknown to us as its streets, does the heart shrink back on itself? Why, in such position, does the coin in our pockets assume an importance unfelt before? In all cases because of relation. This it is that makes the Austrian prince* spurn, as less than man, all beneath the barons. This it is which melts the divine Saviour into tenderness at the sight of sin and sorrow. The positive sound of cannon is not much; it is relation that makes the growl of the morning gun at Gibraltar the voice of the British lion, and, therefore, does the responsive thunder of Ceuta sound a good morrow from the African shore. When, in the breathless court, the word "guilty" drops from the lips of the foreman, why does it ring satisfaction to the ear of the

* Der Mensch fængt mit dem Baron an.—Dictum of Windischgrätz.

stern attorney, and for the prisoner at the bar strike the larum of despair? It is the relative import of things that characterizes their perception, and that with which we have no relation, for us is not.

With what positive result do we, then, close this review of Mr. Burke's position? With a conviction which, if it be well grounded, is not only of artistic but of general importance. In a world of dependence and of relation to a being like man, whose isolated mind collapses to idiocy, whose isolated body is the slave of its lower want, that which is fitted to one relation is therefore *unfitted* for another and different relation. That which is beautiful in one connexion is *therefore* deformed in another and different connexion. To deal with relative elements, as if they were positive, is to insure discord and disorganization—for as the charm of rhyme resides not in "dove" or "love," but in the perception of the dependence of sound,—as the charm of verse lies not in its positive structure, but in the relation it bears to the thought, and the breath that makes it heard, so has all that sways the mind, the heart, the sense of man, only a relative and dependent being.

The entire gamut of visual qualities in objects, is, therefore, a language, a tongue, whose vocabulary must be learned, word by word, and which has already been mastered to an extent that justifies the surmise, that its elements have force from their relation, and not from positive existence; since God alone truly is.

CRITICISM IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY.

To many minds the definition of Beauty as the promise of function, must appear an excessive generalization. To many minds such expanse dilutes all substance, and leaves but their air as a result. Yet is this generalization but an effort to grasp a wider collection of phenomena, and, if developed, it is not certain that it will prove other than a step to a wider and a higher generalization.

Hogarth's ingenious plea for his line of beauty, holds good with regard to the spinal column and the necks of long necked birds and beasts. It is the line of moving water, of flowing draperies, and of many pleasing vegetable forms, but if we drop from the flank of the horse where we find it, to the shank which is thin, straight, and hard, we get a new sense of beauty, and not a sacrifice thereof. With Hogarth's formula in hand we must accept the vagaries of Bernini, and condemn the Greek peristyle and pediment. This famed line is truly indicative of motion, of the double element of inertia or resistance on the one hand, and of a moving power on the other. From its inevitable significance and uniformity of expression, it

becomes monotonous by repetition, incongruous and impertinent wherever such double action is out of place. Transfer the waving line of a horse's flank to his metatarsal bone, and you have a cripple. Transfer the double curve of a swan's neck to his bill, and you have an impotent and therefore ridiculous arrangement.

The right line is perhaps susceptible of more various significance than any other line whatever. The right line vertical, as seen in the pendent chain, is indicative of utter flexibility; in the staff whose base is buried, of stark rigidity. Horizontal, it proclaims equal support throughout its length, whether from its own consistence or from extraneous prop. Inclined, it declares a double thrust in opposite directions. Observe the folds of linen that drop, like organ pipes, from the girdle of Pallas; transfer your eye to yonder spear on which Adonis leans; remark how nearly identical are the forms, how directly reversed is the expression of these cylindrical shapes! Such forms have therefore a *force* and a *speech* analogous to the virtues of the vocabulary. Their significance is relative and dependent. They may not be safely used as positive entities.

Let us dwell, for a moment, upon one of the chief means of embellishment, the adoption of the sequence and rhythm of organization, as an æsthetical element of positive import, apart from all requirement, *save the craving of the eye.* The leaf, the flower, the chain—the contorted spiral of the cable, the alternations of the woven withe of the basket, have, among other similar functional arrangements, been pressed into the

service of the decorator, to fill that vacuum which the heart of man abhors. The eye responds inevitably to the sensuous charm, and the associated expression of these forms; but, if we reflect deeply on the source of this gratification, we shall detect their real character. Thus enjoyed, this rhythm is never truly generative;—for, if the organizations they were intended to complete, had *no requirement* of their *own*, whose spaces and means have been *usurped* by their quotations, then I affirm that these extraneous and irrelevant forms invade that *silence* which alone is worthy of man, when there is nothing to be said. To my sense, therefore, these forms only accuse a vacuum. They accuse it credibly, and the eye assents to them; but though they *accuse* they do not *fill* it, since the more we get of them the more we ask, until performance reels and slavery dies, under the requirement. Such is the result of dealing with the relative and finite, as if it were a positive, a divine being.

What is the real meaning of that vast aggregation of marble and gilding—of silks and jewels, of glass and metal, of carved and painted embellishment which is called St. Peter's church? Throwing and holding aloft the gilded symbol of self-sacrifice and love to man, whose glimmer flashes on the one hand to the gulf of Geneva, on the other to the waves of the Adriatic, is it not a giant's attempt to scale the heavens? —the affirmation of the positive in the relative—a mechanical assertion of spirit—an attempt at arithmetical demonstration that Christ's kingdom *is* of this world? When, amid the gorgeous retinue of bedizened prelates, the triple crowned

Pontiff, crippled by weight of frippery, is borne on subject shoulders to that balcony, when the peacocks' tails are waved about his head, and he utters his presumptuous blessing, "Urbi et Orbi,"—while kneeling troops clash their weapons as they go down, and trumpets laugh and cannons thunder from the fortress of the Holy Angel;—when the sense and the imagination is thus appealed to in base assertion, what is the practical result? What are the *fruits*, by which alone this tree must at last be judged? The perfumed sweetness of that vast pile hath cured no yellow and swollen victim of Pontine miasma. The weight of that expenditure hath crushed to earth the denizens of the patrimony of St. Peter; since Mary must bring daily the precious ointment for a Christ who is always with us; and whose worldly pomp outvies the arrogance of kings. For each effeminate warbling of soprano Latin praise to God in the temple, there go up a thousand curses of tyrants, in the vernacular, from the thoroughfare, the hovel, and the dungeon. When was the absolute other than the paramour of the expedient? Would the papal cross at this moment stand but for the piled dollars of the Israelite where it has been pawned?

To what, at length, is the size of St. Peter's church related? Is it a lodging for prayer? Christ has recommended a closet. Is it to receive the laity of the earth? All earth is a temple to him who looks upward, and naught less will suffice for man. The size of St. Peter's church is, therefore, a pretension. It affirms of the tree its [illegible] its soil, and its branches; and

these it measures. As a result of nearly two thousand years, preaching of the doctrine of self-sacrifice and the laying up of treasure in Heaven, it is a *reductio ad absurdum.*

Criticism has shaped another theory of Beauty. The beautiful has been defined as a result of the combination of *Uniformity* with *Variety.* This combination is indeed universally found in organization, whether in the works of nature or of man; but the theory asserts too much, since, if true, beauty can be produced by mere mechanical means, and England would make it with steam power, and flood the globe therewith. This theory is sustained in the hope of divorcing the beautiful and the good. It is sustained in the hope of giving the former and receiving the latter. The sensuous adjunct of intention, when divorced from that intention, loses at once its virtue, and retains its charm only so long as its emptiness is unsuspected. The smile of benevolence may be assumed also, and may pass currently with the world, but if too many practise this beautiful art, frowns will at last come to be in fashion.

When Homer would give us the idea of womanly charm in Helen, he seeks no positive ingredients to wake our enthusiasm. He makes the princess to pass through a crowd of aged men, who are reviling her as the cause of their woe, and at her aspect they are hushed in mute admiration. When she has passed away, they swear with one accord that such a vision is worth the ten years' war, and the burning of the ships and the slaughter of the men. Achilles, who remains in every scholar's mind

the type of manly beauty, is painted as swift of foot, and the most beautiful of all the Greeks who went to Troy. These beauties, then, have been created by relation in our own minds, and we have done the work with the bard; and it is because that work is a delight that we love him. If criticism had other than a negative power we might reproduce the phenomena of a Shakspeare or a Dante. It is because the speech of these men is inalienably *theirs*, related more to themselves than to the positive, that we may hope to approach the latter rather than to repeat them.

The creation of beauty in art, as in other forms of poetry, is a welling up from the depths of the soul, not a scientific synthesis. There has been in England, since 1815, more discussion of æsthetical doctrine, more analysis, experiment, and dogged determination to effect somewhat in art, than attended the birth of the Florentine school; but always in the main impotent, because the governing intellect of England has held art to be a *thing*, a plant growing by human knowledge with gold for its nutriment. Art is not a thing, but a form, a development of man—"*La vostra Arte quasi di Dio e nipote.*" The artistic power, whatever it be, has no positive existence. Like the organ in our churches, on week-days, it stands dumb and dead till the constituency drive through its pipes the health of life, and minister to its requirement.

I will seek to make clearer what I have said by a rapid glance at the career of pictorial art. In the great works of the Roman and Florentine schools we behold the highest develop-

ment of thought and feeling in the pictorial form. These great masters always based their creations upon tangible, palpable, every-day truth. The mother bears her babe, the Saviour embraces his cross. The heavens, as they open, reflect earth, and worship the Deity with words of human speech. Titian, in his color, is not less true to the concrete. As art declined, we find the process to be one of separating the sensuously pleasing from its organic relation; till, in Luca Giordano and Boucher, we find a chaos of bombast, falsehood, and clogging sensuality. This farrago corrupted still further the appetite that demanded it, and Boucher had for a successor a worse than Boucher, till utter impotence gave at length silence and repose.

There is a sensation analogous to the sense of beauty, which is effected somewhat independent of function, nay running oftentimes counter to the requirement of function. This is the offspring of the fashion, the mode, omnipotent for an hour, contemptible when that hour is passed. I have yet to see any solid reason for receiving nine-tenths of the architectural features of our actual structures as other than a servile obeisance to this despotic requirement from abroad. He whose eye is tickled by the play of light and shadow, and the merely picturesque projections of the present fashion, will be inclined to flout me when I hint that these are a jargon and no tongue. Their features, which seem of such significance, will, however, inevitably turn out, at last, like the cant phrases of the rabble, to mean whatever you please, merely because they mean nothing. Once adopt the principles by which alone they can

be defended, and there is no bar between you and the prolific silliness of Borromini, excepting the want of funds. These feats have effected what I once believed impossible; they have made the sober and the true enamored of the old, bald, neutral-toned, Yankee farm house which seems to belong to the ground whereon it stands, as the caterpillar to the leaf that feeds him.

The expression of life, which is what we all crave, can only be obtained by *living*. I have seen a clergyman of the established church, who long appeared to me an overgrown automaton, in which the digestive apparatus was exaggerated. He was an incarnation of vicarious being. He seemed to have been taken into the world and *done for*. Inoffensive was he—well-begotten and respectable; for he had been educated among scholars—dressed by a tailor, and dressed well—shaved by a barber, and well shorn—insured by a solvent company here below—saved by his Saviour in the world to come, so that one saw no obstacle to his translation to another sphere except his weight. Yet was all this only apparent, for no sooner was a trout stream mentioned than the kaleidoscope revolved, the fog rolled from before his eyes, and he became animated and alert. There was after all an agendum. Now it is clear that this man was a crushed individuality, born out of time or place. Like the potato which has sprouted in the crypt, this poor soul had sent its pale elongated shoot through darkness and prohibition, till it found the light and air of freedom at a cranny, when it instantly assumed its color, threw out its leaves and *was*—a human otter.

If it were true that the sense of beauty in nature and in art finds its nourishment in the *pleasing*, independent of other than its *own relation* to the innate craving of man; if it were true that beauty is a *tertium quid* thrown into ingredients in themselves indifferent, to fill a psychological vacuum,—as salt and sugar are added to compounds which offend through acid or pall by insipidity, then should we behold professors of beauty, who would translate into the vulgar tongue what Mahomet meant by his houris, what the Northmen meant by drinking beer in skulls, what the Indian meant by his happy hunting grounds, what the Christian preacher means by that which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard?" The man possessed of this catholicon would be able to adorn and sanctify the humblest, the most repulsive details of life. These details are, in fact, adorned and sanctified to man—not by any combination of uniformity with variety, or waving line, or other like futile mechanical grasp at the unspeakable, but by their RELATION to "*things hoped for.*"

The men who, in Greece and Italy, earned a remembrance as creators of the beautiful, were most untiring students of organization, of the relations of antecedence and consequence. More has been said about the *art of pleasing* by ingenious Englishmen and Frenchmen than can be found in all the disquisitions of Leonardo, or Leon Batista, Alberti, or Raffaello. How does he of Urbino, who has held the world captive, define the beautiful which was his magic sceptre? He says, in plain words,

that it was a "certa idea che ho nella mente," a certain idea that I have in my mind.

The skilful analysis of the relations of color and sound in their modifications, to the rhythm of organization, tending without doubt to assist our conception of all related things, is but the servant and never the master of creative mind. Dealing with such elements only as the reason has incarnated in propositions, they have in that incarnation dropped all divinity which is unspeakable, and have taken their humble place among things. Such results are but the *record* of a mental, as the foot-print of man is the record of a physical function, proclaiming, it is true, the beauty of the related parts which achieved the step, but impotent as a creative power. As well may you hope to beget eloquence of pure grammar, as music of science, or beauty of things.

Organization and dissolution; these are the two poles of the divine magnet, and to the pure intelligence the one is as harmonious a speech as the other, since it is its correlative. That the sense revolts at the phenomena of disorganization proves only the relation of the body to things; but that relation being a divine datum, the marriage of the sensuous phenomena of life to the action of decay, cannot be other than poisonous and suicidal.

Is the display which has lantern-led princes and people other than a rhythm of disorganization sensuously enjoyed because its functional significance was not apparent? If the moral and political phenomena attendant upon vigorous

attempts after beauty, independent of function, had not been constant and unvarying, I should doubt any mental induction that accused such import in adornment. Luxury and decay have not been separated, and the only terms on which both can be long kept up, is to regard the crucified *homo* as a symbol of collective man made the grovelling basis of exceptional development and well-being.

Whence is derived the attraction of the play-house and the opera? I believe that these fruits of civilization are pleasing, but, to the mass, sensuous special pleadings against the dogma which, condemning the body, commands us to perish. Feeling a void in our hearts, amid the negative requirements of the law-giver and the priest, we ask the spectacle at least of untrammelled life, and hire the dancing girl to give a vicarious grace and joy, driven from among us by a sour and one-sided dogma. Now, it will be apparent to reflection and to the heart, that the dancing girl is degraded by representing a fraction of humanity. The greater her beauty, the more perfect the response of her limbs and the vivacity of her foot to the joyous notes of the composer, the greater the degradation. That divine instrument before us *is* the representative of womanhood, and *is* degraded by aught less than true woman's life. Not with impunity, therefore, shall we gaze upon her in that monstrous relation, for, though we may forget it, yet is she nevertheless our sister. There is here a sin, and a grievous sin—not in the light of that eye that flashes, not in the music of that frame that takes captive the sense, not in the panting of that, perhaps,

virgin bosom, but in the hireling divorce of these phenomena from their normal and organic sequence in human life. *There* lies the prostitution—there the selfishness and the vice, and therefore the destruction.

The East Indian bigot who seeks to please God by maintaining one posture till the articulations have stiffened him to a monument of monomania and the paid exponent of youthful joy and desire—these are extreme expressions of a prohibition to live. As the one kills by checking function, so the other destroys by the inculcation of vicarious life. I will close this statement by an affirmation which formerly could not have been spoken without perishing in the flames; and which, even now, cannot perhaps be spoken with impunity. That which the human being was made to bear, the human being was not made to bear the want of.

To follow blindly the dictates of sense and instinctive craving—that is, to be a brute and not a man; to deny the promptings of sense and instinctive craving, that is to perish. Behold the absolute. Between these lies human life—an existence for which no revelation will ever afford a mechanical rule or absolute dogma, without its immediate translation from time to eternity; for to seek the true—this is truly to live in time which only is through succession of phenomena to find it—this will be to repose in the bosom of omniscience, for where all is absolutely right nothing can change. Since truth is not a series of approximations, but an arrival and a result.

Therefore do I feel that this American people is the advanced

guard of humanity. Because it is one vast interrogation. Never affirming but when there is need of action; in its affirmation conceding that the minority represents a sacred human want not yet articulate to the aggregate ear; it gives peace and good will in proportion to the universality of the wants to which it ministers. If the passion displayed in the alternation of hope and fear fright the timid and skeptical, the lull of the storm, when the sovereignty has spoken, is full of hope for a distant futurity, for it proves that our political constitution, like the human frame, is not less wonderfully than fearfully made.

STRUCTURE AND ORGANIZATION.

It is useless to regret that discussions of principle involve, to a certain extent, persons also. If this were not, on the whole, a good arrangement, principles would have been furnished with a better lodging. I take it, that passions and interests are the great movers and steadiers of the social world, and that principles, like the bread on Sir John Falstaff's score, are an unconscionably small item.

The working forces and restraints are, like the furnaces and engines, the lock up and lock out of the mint at Philadelphia, all very effective for their objects. A showy front masks all these things, and adorns Chesnut street by the maimed quotation of a passage of Greek eloquence, relating to something else. A huge brick chimney rising in the rear, talks English, and warns you that the façade is to be taken with some grains of allowance.

The domain of Taste is eminently one of free discussion. In most civilized countries, the individual is restrained by the magistracy from offending the public eye, by unsightly or ill-timed exhibitions of any very peculiar dogma of his own,

because it is thought that the harm thus done to the public is not compensated by the gratification of the unit. Still, he is allowed to maintain his theory by any means short of an invasion of the public sense of propriety.

One unaccustomed to trace the influence of associated ideas, of example, and of authority, would naturally suppose that each climate, each creed and form of Government, would stamp its character readily and indelibly upon the structures of a thinking population. It is not so. It is only by degrees that leisure and wealth find means to adapt forms, elsewhere invented, to new situations and new wants.

When civilization gradually developes an indigenous type, the complex result still carries the visible germ whence it sprang. The harmony of the Chinese structures indicates a oneness of origin and modification. The sign-manual of the Sultan is but the old mark pompously flourished. There is a blood-relationship between the pipe of the North American savage and the temples of Central America.

In the architecture of Greece, of Italy, and of the more recent civilizations on the other hand, we remark a struggle between an indigenous type, born of the soil and of the earlier wants of a people, and an imported theory which, standing upon a higher artistic ground, captivates the eye and wins the approval of dawning taste. If my limits permitted, it were not amiss to trace this conquest of refinement, and to follow it out also, in relation to literature, and to dress, and amusements. The least effort of memory will suggest numerous invasions of artistic

theory upon primitive expedients, conflicts between the home-grown habit which has possession, and exotic theory which seeks it.

There is one feature in all the great developments of architecture which is worthy to occupy us for a moment. They are all fruits of a dominating creed. If we consider how vast was the outlay they required, we shall not wonder that religion alone has thus far been able to unite, in a manner to wield them, the motives and the means for grand and consistent systems of structure. The magnificence of the Romans, the splendor of Venice and Genoa, like the ambitious efforts of France, England, and Germany in more recent days, had a certain taint of dilettantism in their origin, which, aiming to combine inconsistent qualities, and that for a comparatively low motive, carried through all their happiest combinations the original sin of impotence, and gave as a result, bombast instead of eloquence, fritter instead of richness, boldness for simplicity, carving in lieu of sculpture. The laws of expression are such that the various combinations which have sought to lodge modern functions in buildings composed of ancient elements, developed and perfected for other objects, betray, in spite of all the skill that has been brought to bear upon them, their bastard origin. In literature, the same struggle between the ancient form so dear to scholars, and the modern thought which was out-growing it, was long and obstinate. In literature the battle has been won by the modern thought. The models of Greece are not less prized for this. We seek them diligently, we

ponder them with delight and instruction. We assimilate all of their principles that is true and beautiful, and we learn of them to belong to our day and to our nation, as they to theirs.

In all structure that from its nature is purely scientific, in fortifications, in bridges, in ship-building, we have been emancipated from authority by the stern organic requirements of the works. The modern wants spurned the traditional formula in these structures, as the modern life outgrew the literary moulds of Athens. In all these structures, character has taken the place of dilettantism, and if we have yet to fight for sound doctrine in all structure, it is only because a doctrine which has possession must be expelled, inch by inch, however unsound its foundation.

The developments of structure, in the animal kingdom, are worthy of all our attention, if we would arrive at sound principles in building. The most striking feature in the higher animal organizations is, the adherence to one abstract type. The forms of the fish and the lizard, the shape of the horse, and the lion, and the camelopard, are so nearly framed after one type, that the adherence thereto seems carried to the verge of risk. The next most striking feature is the modification of the parts, which, if contemplated independently of the exposure and the functions whose demands are thus met, seems carried to the verge of caprice. I believe few persons not conversant with natural history, ever looked through a collection of birds, or fish, or insects, without feeling that they were the result of Omnipotence at play, for mere variety's sake.

If there be any principle of structure more plainly inculcated in the works of the Creator than all others, it is the principle of unflinching adaptation of forms to functions. I believe that colors also, so far as we have discovered their chemical causes and affinities, are not less organic in relation to the forms they invest than are those forms themselves.

If I find the length of the vertebræ of the neck in grazing quadrupeds increased, so as to bring the incisors to the grass; if I find the vertebræ shortened in beasts of prey, in order to enable the brute to bear away his victim; if I find the wading birds on stilts, the strictly aquatic birds with paddles; if, in pushing still further the investigation, I find color arrayed either for disguise or aggression, I feel justified in taking the ground that organization is the primal law of structure, and I suppose it, even where my imperfect light cannot trace it, unless embellishment can be demonstrated. Since the tints as well as the forms of plants and flowers, are shown to have an organic significance and value, I take it for granted that tints have a like character in the mysteriously clouded and pearly shell, where they mock my ken. I cannot believe that the myriads are furnished at the depths of the ocean, with the complicated glands and absorbents, to nourish those dyes, in order that the hundreds may charm my idle eye as they are tossed in disorganized ruin upon the beach.

Let us dwell for a moment upon the forms of several of the higher types of animal structure. Behold the eagle, as he sits on the lonely cliff, towering high in the air; carry in your mind

the proportions and lines of the dove, and mark how the finger of God has, by the mere variation of diameters, converted the type of meekness into the most expressive symbol of majesty. His eye, instead of rushing as it were out of his head, to see the danger behind him, looks steadfastly forward from its deep cavern, knowing no danger but that which it pilots. The structure of his brow allows him to fly upwards with his eyes in shade. In his beak and his talons we see at once the belligerent, in the vast expanse of his sailing pinions the patent of his prerogative. *Dei Gratia Raptor!* Whence the beauty and majesty of the bird? It is the oneness of his function that gives him his grandeur, it is transcendental mechanism alone that begets his beauty. Observe the lion as he stands! Mark the ponderous predominance of his anterior extremities—his lithe loins, the lever of his hock—the awful breadth of his jaws, and the depth of his chest. His mane is a cuirass, and when the thunder of his voice is added to the glitter of his snarling jaws, man alone with all his means of defence stands self-possessed before him. In this structure again are beheld, as in that of the eagle, the most terrible expression of power and dominion, and we find that it is here also the result of transcendental mechanism. The form of the hare might well be the type of swiftness for him who never saw the greyhound. The greyhound overtakes him, and it is not possible in organization that this result should obtain, without the promise and announcement of it, in the lengths and diameters of this breed of dogs.

Let us now turn to the human frame—the most beautiful

organization of earth, the exponent and minister of the highest being we immediately know. This stupendous form, towering as a light-house, commanding by its posture a wide horizon, standing in relation to the brutes where the spire stands in relation to the lowly colonnades of Greece and Egypt, touching earth with only one half the soles of its feet—it tells of majesty and dominion by that upreared spine, of duty by those unencumbered hands. Where is the ornament of this frame? It is all beauty, its motion is grace, no combination of harmony ever equalled, for expression and variety, its poised and stately gait; its voice is music, no cunning mixture of wood and metal ever did more than feebly imitate its tone of command or its warble of love. The savage who envies or admires the special attributes of beasts, maims unconsciously his own perfection, to assume their tints, their feathers, or their claws; we turn from him with horror, and gaze with joy on the naked Apollo.

I have dwelt a moment on these examples of expression and of beauty, that I may draw from them a principle in Art, a principle which, if it has been often illustrated by brilliant results, we constantly see neglected, overlooked, forgotten—a principle which I hope the examples I have given have prepared you to accept at once, and unhesitatingly. It is this—in Art, as in nature, the soul, the purpose of a work will never fail to be proclaimed in that work in proportion to the subordination of the parts to the whole, of the whole to the function. If you will trace the ship through its various stages of improvement, from the dug-out canoe and the old galley, to the latest

type of the sloop-of-war, you will remark that every advance in performance has been an advance in expression, in grace, in beauty, or grandeur, according to the functions of the craft. This artistic gain, effected by pure science in some respects, in others by mere empirical watching of functions where the elements of the structure were put to severe tests, calls loudly upon the artist to keenly watch traditional dogmas, and to see how far analogous rules may guide his own operations. You will remark, also, that after mechanical power had triumphed over the earlier obstacles, embellishment began to encumber and hamper ships, and that their actual approximation to beauty has been effected first, by strict adaptation of forms to functions; second, by the gradual elimination of all that is irrelevant and impertinent. The old chairs were formidable by their weight, puzzled you by their carving, and often contained too much else to contain convenience and comfort. The most beautiful chairs invite you by a promise of ease, and they keep that promise; they bear neither flowers nor dragons, nor idle displays of the turner's caprice. By keeping within their province they are able to fill it well. Organization has a language of its own, and so expressive is that language, that a make-shift or make-believe can scarce fail of detection. The swan, the goose, the duck, when they walk towards the water are awkward, when they hasten towards it are ludicrous. Their feet are paddles, and their legs are organized mainly to move those paddles in the water; they, therefore, paddle on land, or as we say, waddle. It is only when their breasts are launched into

the pond that their necks assume the expression of ease and grace. A serpent, upon a smooth hard road, has a similar awkward expression of impotence; the grass, or pebbles, or water, as he meets either, afford him his *sine quâ non*, and he is instantly confident, alert, effective.

If I err not, we should learn from these and the like examples, which will meet us wherever we look for them, that God's world has a distinct formula for every function, and that we shall seek in vain to borrow shapes; we must make the shapes, and can only effect this by mastering the principles.

It is a confirmation of the doctrine of strict adaptation that I find in the purer Doric temple. The sculptures which adorned certain spaces in those temples had an organic relation to the functions of the edifice; they took possession of the worshipper as he approached, lifted him out of every-day life, and prepared him for the presence of the divinity within. The world has never seen plastic art developed so highly as by the men who translated into marble in the tympanum and the metope; the theogony and the exploits of the heroes. Why, then, those columns uncarved? Why, then, those lines of cornice unbroken by foliages, unadorned by flowers? Why, that matchless symmetry of every member, that music of gradation, without the tracery of the gothic detail, without the endless caprices of arabesque? Because those sculptures *spake*, and speech asks a groundwork of silence and not of babble, though it were of green fields.

I am not about to deny the special beauties and value of any

of the great types of building. Each has its meaning and expression. I am desirous now of analysing that majestic and eloquent simplicity of the Greek temple, because, though I truly believe that it is hopeless to transplant its forms with any other result than an expression of impotent dilettantism, still I believe that its principles will be found to be those of all structures of the highest order.

When I gaze upon the stately and beautiful Parthenon, I do not wonder at the greediness of the moderns to appropriate it. I do wonder at the obtuseness which allowed them to persevere in trying to make it work in the towns. It seems like the enthusiasm of him who should squander much money to transfer an Arabian stallion from his desert home, that, as a blindfolded gelding, he might turn his mill. The lines in which Byron paints the fate of the butterfly that has fallen into the clutches of its childish admirer, would apply not inaptly to the Greek temple, at the mercy of a sensible building committee, wisely determined to have their money's worth.

When high art declined, carving and embellishment invaded the simple organization. As the South Sea Islanders have added a variety to the human form by tattooing, so the cunning artisans of Greece undertook to go beyond perfection. Many rhetoricians and skilled grammarians refined upon the elements of the language of structure. They all spake: and demigods, and heroes, and the gods themselves, went away and were silent.

If we compare the simpler form of the Greek temple with the

ornate and carved specimens which followed it, we shall be convinced, whatever the subtlety, however exquisite the taste that long presided over those refinements, that they were the beginning of the end, and that the turning point was the first introduction of a fanciful, not demonstrable, embellishment, and for this simple reason, that embellishment being arbitrary, there is no check upon it; you begin with acanthus leaves, but the appetite for sauces, or rather the need of them, increases as the palate gets jaded. You want jasper, and porphyry, and serpentine, and giallo antico, at last. Nay, you are tired of Aristides the Just, and of straight columns; they must be spiral, and by degrees you find yourself in the midst of a barbaric pomp, whose means must be slavery, nothing less will supply its waste, whose enjoyment is satiety, whose result is corruption.

It was a day of danger for the development of taste in this land, the day when Englishmen perceived that France was laying them under contribution by her artistic skill in manufacture. They organized reprisals upon ourselves, and, in lieu of truly artistic combinations, they have overwhelmed us with embellishment, arbitrary, capricious, setting at defiance all principle, meretricious dyes and tints, catch-penny novelties of form, steam-woven fineries and plastic ornaments, struck with the die or pressed into moulds. In even an ordinary house we look around in vain for a quiet and sober resting-place for the eye; we see naught but flowers, flourishes—the renaissance of Louis Quatorze gingerbread embellishment. We seek

in vain for aught else. Our own manufacturers have caught the furor, and our foundries pour forth a mass of ill-digested and crowded embellishment, which one would suppose addressed to the sympathies of savages or of the colored population, if the utter absence of all else in the market were not too striking to allow such a conclusion.

I do not suppose it is possible to check such a tide as that which sets all this corruption towards our shores. I am aware of the economical sagacity of the English, and how fully they understand the market; but I hope that we are not so throughly asphyxiated by the atmosphere they have created, as to follow their lead in our own creation of a higher order. I remark with joy, that almost all the more important efforts of this land tend, with an instinct and a vigor born of the institutions, towards simple and effective organization; and they never fail whenever they toss overboard the English dictum, and work from their own inspirations, to surpass the British, and there, too, where the world thought them safe from competition.

I would fain beg any architect who allows fashion to invade the domain of principles, to compare the American vehicles and ships with those of England, and he will see that the mechanics of the United States have already outstripped the artists, and have, by the results of their bold and unflinching adaptation, entered the true track, and hold up the light for all who operate for American wants, be they what they will.

In the American trotting waggon I see the old-fashioned and

pompous coach dealt with as the old-fashioned palatial display must yet be dealt with in this land. In vain shall we endeavor to hug the associations connected with the old form. The redundant must be pared down, the superfluous dropped, the necessary itself reduced to its simplest expression, and then we shall find, whatever the organization may be, that beauty was waiting for us, though perhaps veiled, until our task was fully accomplished.

Far be it from me to pretend that the style pointed out by our mechanics is what is sometimes miscalled an economical, a cheap style. No! It is the dearest of all styles! It costs the thought of men, much, very much thought, untiring investigation, ceaseless experiment. Its simplicity is not the simplicity of emptiness or of poverty, its simplicity is that of justness, I had almost said, of justice. Your steam artisan would fill your town with crude plagiarisms, *calqués* upon the thefts from Pompeii or modern Venice, while the true student is determining the form and proportions of one article.

Far be it from me to promise any man that when he has perfected the type of any artistic product, he shall reap the fruit of his labor in fame or money. He must not hope it. Fame and money are to be had in plenty; not in going against the current, but in going with it. It is not difficult to conceive that the same state of the popular taste which makes the corrupted style please, will render the reformed style tasteless. It is not possible to put artistic products to a test analogous to

that which tries the ship and the carriage, but by a lapse of time. True it is, that society always reserves a certain number of minds and of eyes unpoisoned by the vogue of the hour, and in the sympathy of these must the artist often find his chief reward in life.

THE COOPER MONUMENT.

It is with great reluctance, nay, with grief, that I have undertaken to speak of this monument to Cooper. Accustomed to express my conception in the language of form, and addressing the mind and the imagination of the constituency by means of substantial art, I feel painfully the impotence of my language to express my feeling as well as my meaning. * * *

I propose for this monument a parallelogram of twenty-four by forty-eight feet, inclosing a room of about twenty feet high, equally lighted throughout from above. I propose to raise this building upon three high steps which will quite surround it. At the corners of these steps I propose to erect, on pedestals, four figures illustrating four of Cooper's most striking creations of character. The external frieze I propose to decorate with designs embodying national traits described by the poet, and, in the interior, I propose to call upon four of the ablest painters of the country to make visible a certain number of his most effective descriptions. The colossal bronze portrait of Cooper will ornament the extremity of this room opposite the entrance. I propose that, in form, this building shall be an example of symmetry and effective masonry, and that all its parts shall be

specimens of what can be afforded by the country now. I propose to exclude from the entire work all ornament, except the graceful modification of the necessary elements, and the pictorial and sculptural illustrations I have enumerated.

I count upon the soul of this building to impress itself on the body, and if, as I believe, its purpose is great and noble, let no man fear that greatness and nobility will not get utterance through the hands of those who rear and illustrate it, even as the leaden types arrange themselves now at the command of the long buried Shakspeare.

I propose that a large and thoroughly digested model of the entire work be prepared before anything farther be attempted.

I do not deny that, for the sum of money which this work will absorb, a vast pile of Gothic fritter or other European clap-trap could be erected, which would fill all the papers of the land with hyperbolical eulogium and self-gratulation.

I do not deny that, when all is effected that I propose to attempt, the spectator must bring to the view of the work a warm love of the first American Novelist, a keen relish for the simple, the fervid, the true, or he will go away as they go, who, enticed by the hope of a feast, only get a sermon.

I believe, notwithstanding, that this work would have several desirable results. It could scarce fail to develope and improve highly the artists employed on it, who, unless this or other similar works be commanded, must continue the expectants of private patronage or caprice; and, as such, too often accept tasks calculated rather to belittle than to expand and develope

their faculties. In art, swimming is only learned in the water.

I believe that, as a type of structure, this work could scarce fail to influence, in the most wholesome manner, the structures of the country, by showing in practice what a few sound and pure maxims will do for any building.

I feel confident that, as a homage to a man who has been a great national benefactor and a literary hero, it would command the respect of all beholders. By degrees the public would learn to understand its language, and when that has been accomplished a great step will have been taken in this branch of culture.

I have stated my views in regard to this monument in a general manner; to go farther into detail it would be necessary to have elaborated the design, and to have performed all but the material execution thereof: a labor of many months, and requiring somewhat of expense in experiment.

I cannot close without expressing my regret that a building has not already been prepared, and does not already preserve a public testimonial to other illustrious sons of New York, to which this monument of Cooper would have been a noble addition. I believe that, since the fire which destroyed the old Exchange and annihilated the statue of Hamilton, nothing worthy of the State or the man remains to record visibly his fame. Fulton's statue, or even bust, if it exist, has not been seen by me. The fate of the statue of Hamilton, that of Washington's statue at Raleigh, the destruction of the library at Washington

of the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, of the antiquities of Central America at New York, and the burning of the Panorama of Athens at Cambridge, are all examples of our habitual reliance upon combustible material, against all principles of true and wise economy, and warnings not to be slighted in the face of the statistics of conflagration, and the new, saddening element of voluntary and malicious incendiarism now beginning to be developed in these States.

I am fully aware that the great calls made upon the means of citizens by amusements of an expensive character, by feasts and dances that vie with the royal follies of the old world, and embellishments, domestic and personal, which, like the triumphs of Rome, represent the achievements and the whims of the known world, leave but scanty resources available for purposes like that I propose; but I have still thought it best to speak of what might be, believing that such an object would be a decoration of the city, a stimulus to youth, a subject of pleasing study and instruction for the leisure of the citizens, and as permanent and connected with the national glory, a commencement of that fund of artistic wealth by which we measure the minds of nations whose conquests are passed, and whose policy has suffered the fate of all things here below.

FASHION.

FASHION has lived too long, and exercised an influence too potent for us either to deny or to escape it. I wish to analyse it briefly. The fact that it runs counter to functional requirement oft-times; that it is imperative for its hour, and that it loses all claim even to respect or gratitude after that hour is passed, brings it into the same category with certain British Sovereigns, who are stamped as the first gentlemen and ladies of Christendom, as long as they sit upon the throne, and who are found, by subsequent analysis, to require a new definition of decency or propriety to bring them within the class of reputable men.

I regard the Fashion as the instinctive effort of the stationary to pass itself off for progress: its embellishment exhibits the rhythm of organization, without the capacity for action; so the fashion boasts the sensuous phenomena of progress without any real advance. The one and the other are, I believe, opiates, intended to quell and lull the wholesome demands of nature, and of the author of nature. I believe both are better than nothing; for a false homage to the good has more of hope in it than a conscious and hearty adherence to wrong.

Wherever the student of modern life turns his eye, he sees, among other apparently more substantial and serious obstacles to advancement and reform, a phantom-like opponent who, though no man may say whence he comes, or who is his sire, assumes the purple, and rules with a rod of iron. I mean the Fashion. I mean the essential *mode!* I do not mean to reflect upon the victims and subjects of this despot. I believe we all bow the neck to him, more or less; nor do I mean to assert that he has no right of any sort to our regard, for he has might, and might always means something very serious. I wish to put him to the test of analysis, and find an intelligible definition of him, that I may know at least where and how far we may lazily submit, when and how we may rebel with a chance of freedom.

The Fashion is not coëval with the race—he was not a younger brother of the sun and stars, a second-born of Heaven. The great civilizations of antiquity never saw him, till the epoch of their decline. The Iliad and the Greek tragedies have no trace of him. Even the modern man, in his hour of travail and of woe, wots not of him; he is a flutterer in the sunshine of superfluity. He is protean, elusive, he is here and gone; and when we had believed him dead, is here again in the twinkling of an eye! We had hoped that his change was a search after the good, until we felt that he gloried in the no logic of his shifting. We had hoped that he was seeking a wise folly, and that when the circle of folly was run, he

would turn to wisdom in despair. But again and again he flies to the old folly, and gilds with his sanction the exploded silliness of a few years since.

The Fashion is no respecter of persons. He has apparently no preferences of a distinct and reliable nature. He gives no premonitory symptoms of his approach. He expires in full vigor, and like Tadur, reappears in the form of some other impotent, dumb, and voiceless form.

His essential characteristic is change; he is a dodger, an ever new countersign, a Bramah lock, which, when Mr. Hobbs has made his key, instantly becomes a common padlock, and so puts him to shame.

I understand by the Fashion the instinctive effort of pretension to give by mere change, the sensuous semblance of progress. I look upon it as a *pis aller* of the stationary to pass itself off for locomotion. I regard it as a uniform, with which thinking humanity cripples its gait, in the vain hope that the unthinking may keep up with itself. It is a result of the desperate effort to make a distinction out of nothing, and is only driven from change to change, because nothing is a fruit that grows within the reach of all.

Still, Fashion denotes a hope of better things. It betrays a lurking want not clearly expressed, and it gives stones and serpents to stop our craving, only because it has neither bread nor fishes to bestow. Fashion is no positive evil, and has been often a relative good. As etiquette, though a poor make-shift,

still confesses the existence of propriety, its superstition, with all its darkness, would prove a twilight to the godless; so Fashion may be allowed to protest against finality, and be the symbol of yearning yet impotent aspiration.

AN ARTIST'S CREED.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his very able and scholar-like Discourses on the Art of Painting, adhered to "sound believing," and though in his work-room he was chiefly occupied with lords and ladies, at two, three, and five hundred pounds a head, yet in his doctrine was he a firm maintainer of the *gusto grande*, and its concomitant short-commons. He thus served the god of art and the mammon of society alternately—led Barrys and Haydons into the temptation of "entusimusy," and kept his royal siege and extensive custom safe alike from rivalry and neglect.

He has recorded the boast that his were no "unfledged opinions," he had gained them all from the Italian eagles' mountain home, after they had left the parent nest. Was he not in error here? Were they not chiefly eggs which he distributed at Somerset house? Were not most of the male eggs addled?

The master-pieces that I saw in London last summer, were dogs, with an epigraph more or less witty or far-fetched, the Houses of Parliament, a sort of *parvenu* nightmare, caused by the middle ages not being yet thoroughly digested by the British

stomach, and an unsightly column, with an unsightly statue on its summit, which made me feel that one man, at least, had failed "to do his duty."

I doubt if the world can accept these *spolia opima* as any fair remuneration for so many years of successful sway by sea and land.

I wish to give forth an artist's creed which I have prepared for my own child. I have followed Winkelman through the labyrinth of his dogma, and it has seemed to me that he hath rather imposed his own feeling and taste than struck and laid bare the foundations of truth. I have followed Schiller and Goethe to the top of their high mountain, and found the air thin and cold, and often so foggy that I could see no trace of the kingdoms of the world they told me were at my feet.

I dare not deny the mastery of these men of the ideas they handled. I must, however, make shift to get along without understanding them at present. I have not the antecedent training necessary to follow them, and find my way back to practice. I remark, likewise, that the light of their sun hath not prevented many princes and peoples from running into palpable artistical absurdity, and this is my only safe reason for doubting them. An isolated spider throws out a web and pulls upon it to see if its other end hath caught somewhat; if it be floating in space he withdraws it, and throws out, another much longer: if he have no better success than before, he waits a long time after withdrawing this second web, and then throwing out a thread of incredible fineness and length, he runs upon it, not

caring whether it have any hold at the other end, and trusting to its hold *upon the air*, to take him at all events *out of that*. I believe the symmetrical and brilliant theories which are not incarnate in practical result, have a certain analogy with this third web of the isolated spider; for though it require an exceptional brain to demonstrate a new truth, your average man can generally adapt it, and work it into the result with heat and vigor and even new application* not foreseen by the original discerner thereof.

I sat in the fresh morning within my garden; the sun was rising, and the sea and sky responded to his eternal smile. A gentle wind crept over me, and wrapped me in a paradise of new-mown hay and wild flowers. The sweetbrier that canopied my head poured forth her breath of praise till the sense ached at her. I was still and cheerful. Suddenly my own blue-eyed boy stood by me; he leaned his elbows on my knees, looked wistfully up to my face, and, with bewildered smile asked, "Papa, what is God? Since "the boy's the father of the man," I commanded my voice and my smile; I bade him call his mother

*Some of the ablest Daguerrian operators are, without doubt, the very men who would have laughed Daguerre to scorn had they seen him trying to fix the image upon his silver retina. You may know the practicians by this sign, they are great laughers. They stand in relation to the inventors where the fist stands in relation to the brain, and are as necessary to it as it to them.

that we might speak together of this; he bounded away. My breast was shaken, and I wept. That question, thus asked then and there, was too much for me. It was as if the new-born litter had lifted their mewling muzzles from the teat, and yelped for the day that was burning on their closed lids.

Ere long I heard his laughing voice; he was at play; I went to him. "Papa. God is my father which is in heaven!" "Ay, my child! 'hallowed be his name!' "I say it every night—Thy kingdom come! thy will be done!" and, leaning on his Lilliputian rake, he recited the divine petition. Is it right thus to make the infant brain a *romba* of words that come, at last, to be associated *only* with bed-time? I know not there be honest men that were thus tutored. Because of my fear that my child may come at last not to taste the quality of the Lord's prayer, until he can compare it with the prayers of the hierarchies, do I now seek to prepare for him an artist's creed, that he may learn somewhat of man made in God's image, and thence climb from nature to nature's author and finisher.

Three things, my child, have I seen in man worthy of thy love and thought. Three proofs do I find in man that he was made only a little lower than the angels—Beauty—Action—Character.

By beauty I mean the promise of function.

By action I mean the presence of function.

By character I mean the record of function.

The glory of beauty is the faith of future action.

The honor of action is the hope of future character.

The divinity of character is the charity that giveth itself to God, in sacrificing self to humanity.

These three do I find, and the greatest of these is charity. Go thou, my child, into the thoroughfare, test these my words, and if they be clever statements of a lie, say to them *retro, Satane!* But if they be feeble lines of truth, come to me once more, and we will pull these threads and seek to know where their other end is fastened.

The April leaf bursts its integument at the call of the coming sun. Its stem is feeble, but its pulp is also tender, obedient to the breeze, coy of the rain, it shines and thinks not of August, still less of November. The eye of man sees here the beauty of the leaf, the promise of midsummer function; not that function hath not begun—it began ere the sharded husk fell to earth. But it is light, easy gentle work. He hangs upon the breast of the young year, and answers the flow of her milk with the light of his eye, and his heavenly, toothless laugh. The eye of man foresees the dog-days and hears afar the hail-storm and the thunder. Not for ever will that mother watch—she only prepares thee!

In July we visit once more the leaf, and we find him a little dusty generally, his stem tougher, he sways where he once fluttered, and his gloss is gone; he takes his dose of sun and rain when he can get it, but not with the frolic of May; his outline hath been somewhat shrivelled by the heat, his integrity

a little damaged by grub, or moth. In the long drought we think we hear him cry, "How long! Oh Lord, how long?" He is now in full action, and though he seem less buoyant, this is his life of life. There is still beauty in him, for there is still a promise of function, but there is chiefly action, performance, which is more than promise. Character is now developing, the record of his function is now seen, he is beginning to get a receipt in full from the Maker of all things.

The eye of man now sees, in the expanded and towering trunk, the treasure, that these little busy ones have laid up of solid wood.

In November we seek the leaf once more—it hangs by a filament; beauty is there yet, for yet is there a promise of function; but how small! The thready fibre that sustains the shrivelled lung still promises, the filament still acts, character is here; and at last, with sudden puff of north-wester, comes the receipt in full, and the rustling fall is answered with greeting rustle by such as fell before.

The ear of man hears audibly the words "Well done! good and faithful servant."

The heathen saw in spring one deity, in the summer another, in the fall another; and when the winter came they sorrowed as without hope. The eye of man now sees one God, the God of spring, of summer, of fall and of winter, and in whom, through all these aspects, is there no shadow of turning.

Thou who dost not grope as I, but seest; who art not dumb as I, who have dabbled in jargons till I have lost my vernacu-

lar and gained no tongue,—but speakest; say of man, say of nations, say of creeds, say of every juxtaposition of parts for an end what I have tried to say of the leaf, what thou feelest that I struggle after, even as the drowning man clutches, vainly; and if it be not true, there must be more Gods than one.

FRAGMENTS.

The man of genius is pre-eminently the servant of a God whose service is perfect freedom. The so called terror—the delirium tremens of responsibility belongs, I believe, rather to what is called talent, especially when conjoined with a fierce desire to *parvenir*, as the French say,—to succeed.

Your man of genius goes about looking for responsibility; and when he finds it, he takes it joyfully, often telling you, somewhat frankly, that he is the man for it, and forgetting, in the fervor of his volition, that modesty which the copy-books have conjoined inseparably with merit. He not only promises largely, magnificently, but he tells you that his performance is not to be despised—*Exegi monumentum ære perennius! Regalique situ pyramidum altius.* That's the way he talks when he is communicative and in good humor with himself.

I believe it is Ovid who shows his conviction of the immortality of the soul, by loudly defying old "*tempus edax rerum*" to strike one leaf from his laurelled brow.

Dante says, that he writes from a harmony that is *suona dentro*

—inside of him. He accuses no terrible pressure from without, except political tyranny and want of bread. *L'altrui pane*—eating the crust of charity—that is his complaint. Shakspeare's "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," rolled from the fulness of the God within, not from fear of outward lash or black mark.

I am afraid that some of our critics, with their stern claims and terrible law, have swallowed more of the east wind than is good for the liver. They may do harm with this reign of terror. Boys of genius are sprouting in every direction, by all accounts. Why scare them in this way?

Look at Robert Burns! When he brought forward his little specimens of the utterance of genius, the dominant intellect of Britain said, "It is naught!" So they set him to gauge whiskey; yet, when he had gone his way, "straightway they rejoiced," built him a huge monument, and bemoaned him. So far from making any stern claim upon this mind, now known as the very jewel of Scotland, the dunderheads never found out what he was good for until he was gone. Burns hankered and cankered—he confessed it—but it was not for fear of not getting utterance: it was, he says, "to see their cursed pride." They made stern claims of some kind or other, and he protested against them. There is little doubt that the man saw in the distance the big marble monument that was to shelter his image. He would gladly have exchanged some tithe of its future outlay and splendor, and have received there-

for a cottage for his wife and bread for his bairns. What terror inspired his song? If I mistake not, he says, roundly, "I rhyme for fun."

I believe it is now settled, that to interlard one's talk or written language with French phrases and scraps of Latin or other foreign tongues, is essentially vulgar and affected—still I have not tried to break myself of it, partly because I am one of those men who do not easily learn new habits, and partly to repel—shake off—and trip up the self-made critics, who are my especial aversion. When I say self-made, I do not mean such men as having perceived that there were "more things in heaven than on earth," &c., have seriously set themselves to supply the deficiency. I mean the truly self-made man, who is not only ignorant, but is cheerfully so, who has kept constantly within that narrow circle where the accident of birth placed him, and where strong lungs and an iron stomach have made him the cock of the walk. I have generally found that this sort of man, in making himself, never forgets the important item of self-appreciation—nay, it is often the only part of the god-like task that does not seem to me to have been hurried, botched, and made a mess of. I had hoped to have increased these citations in number and value, with assistance of the Congressional library, but that, alas! is gone, having been quite burned up, in consequence of the economy that filled its halls with some forty or fifty cords of painted pine, and that too, in

a building where the soda-water merchants and applewomen have royal vaults, over head and under foot, and where even the crypts and outhouses are worthy of Genoa, Venice, or Rome.

Stopping here and there, among men of different races, creeds, and forms of civilization, I have become inoculated, to some extent, with the various ways of thinking of those about me, always retaining nearly the same proportion of original Yankee conviction to after-thought, that you will find of matrix to pebbles in the pudding-stone of Roxbury, Massachusetts.

The habit of working in stone has spoiled me for debate. I never can discuss with a vigorous and resolute antagonist. When I work a bit of clay it will, to a certain extent, *stay put*, as the saying is. Stone also is, after all, a soft material. If I strike off a bit with my chisel, it stays off through all time; but when I answer an objection in politics or morals, the rogues state it over again in another shape and grow personal—just as the wolf, when he tried the lamb at the brook-side assizes, kept making new indictments and drawing nearer to him all the while.

This impossibility of getting the better of a disputant is the real secret, I take it, of the *ultima ratio* of fire, sword, and torture. Hercules cut off the Hydra's heads, but he was obliged to burn the stumps to prevent their sprouting, and all opinion

is a Hydra's head. Uniformity of creed is only to be realized by mechanical means. If you would have men's faith as reliable as stone you must petrify them. But when they be of stone, other men may throw them at you (see the history of the French Revolution). Perhaps it is wiser to agree to differ, and to set up our men in society as the shipwrights do their masts, with somewhat of space and play, lest they snap and come down about our ears if put to too strong a test. Shrouds and stays are good, but neither sun nor rain respects them. What is all right and tight to-day will be rickety to-morrow!

Serpens nisi Serpentem comedit non fit Draco.—The brutes in their war, as in their truce, obey a divine law. Men also obey a divine law in their war with brutes, as in their truce. Now the hierarchies and higher-law men declare that another God is necessary to explain the battle between man and man. To this I would answer, that men do not fight about arithmetical questions; they do not fight about that which both understand. When men fight, therefore, one of the belligerents at least is brutal, perhaps both; in either case there is a brutal belligerent. I see no necessity for inventing a new God to preside over brutal men; for, though man may manage to be *thierischer als jedes their*, he can scarce surpass them all. Let us then paraphrase the Horatian precept and proclaim,—"*Nec Diabolus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderit.*"

English writers, even of a high class, speak complacently of the *bull-dog* courage of their masses. They parade it *in terrorem*. Now, bull-dogs are terrible to curs and mastiffs, but when they see men they see their lord.

John Bull, in his Quarterly Review, after bellowing triumphantly over the ten carcases of Frenchmen he once "knocked over" (Sic) with old fashioned smooth-bore, and saying pithy things of the capability of the rifle and bayonet, squeals about the *cruel* invention of a French officer for throwing into his ships a flame inevitable and inextinguishable. Doth he think it diabolical? Let him pray! Perhaps the Frenchman thought his bull-dogs diabolical, and has prayed first.

At Vienna, I heard an Austrian say, boastingly, that in the next war with France, the imperial troops would be found to be a wall of granite. A Yankee who stood there, said, quietly, "The imperial troops, sir, were always such a wall; it will never be an impassable barrier to Frenchmen, unless you garnish it with—men."

Perhaps the old symbol of the serpent with his tail in his mouth, means man seeking self-knowledge after having subjugated sea and land; if so, perhaps a better type of eternity could not have been invented. I thank the prophetic seers of

Egypt that they made the circle by putting the tail between the teeth; by this arrangement, the brain overlooks the fun from two eyes. The circle is sometimes sought by giving the tail a double turn round the neck; thanks to God! the tail loses its power when the brain is isolated by the hug.

When Jove made the anaconda's head, he saw the eyes fixed upon a bullock, and asked, "Dost thou wish a tail?" "Yea, papa, a big one." "Dost thou wish a fine pair of legs?" "No, papa, they would only be in my way; why askest thou?" "Merely to test thy head, my boy. Behold, thou art finished!" "Alas, I am small." "But unencumbered." "I am very hungry." "Go ahead!"

Jove humored the ambition of the hog, and made him a monumental elephant. The hypercritical quadruped surveyed himself in a pool, and came back shaking his ears in much disgust. "How now, thou ponderous one?" "Pater andronte theonte! Did I not ask for dignity, that I might stand a monument of thy own greatness and wisdom? Behold, thou hast given me two tails instead of one, and I am a laughing-stock!" "My child," said the pitying God, "this is no common tail, but a marvellous proboscis! Why let it hang thus pendulous and forlorn? Throw it aloft! Hold it vertical and rigid! Blow! Behold, thou hast a spire and belfry all in one!"

"Truly thou art great, my father; I will sing thy praises evermore." The elephant now repaired to the hill-top, took his stand, and tossing his snout into the sky, commenced his hymn to Jove. He was the glory and wonder of all hogdom. When hunger came, between strophe and antistrophe, he managed to trumpet for dinner. "My child," said Jove with laughter, "I cannot afford so much one-sided magnificence. Thy nose must come down and attend upon thy belly. Behold, thou standest in thine own ordure! Such a monument as thou requires two tails; the one to strike the flies from thy flank, the other to purvey for thy maw. Thou shalt find it supple as a snake; prehensile as monkey's hand. Fall not, my son, into monomania. So much grandeur and immobility can only exist by a mobile, flexible, sensitive jack-of-all-trades adjunct. Know that thy snout is my master-piece. The rest of thee I made to please thy foolish self; but for this snout thy dignity would soon starve."

The Egyptian immortality lost in flavor and color what it gained in duration. Their architecture was as expressive of impotent aspiration as their mummy. They exemplify with their conserved carcases and perennial clumsiness, that fear of death which, mistrusting God or believing in more than one, is all its lifetime subject to bondage.

The Egyptians sought immortality by passing their lives in

hewing stone cases for their carcases, not altogether in vain, for after three thousand years, the faithful granite yields us the eternal grin. The Greeks put their bodies in the fire; and their lives upon papyrus or marble, where it still breathes and glows.

There be dilettanti who think that art can utter no more, because they have not heard aright one word of all that art hath uttered. If any man studying books at night, conclude that the day of poetry is past, let him rise before the sun and see the day born, and he will feel with joy that God still liveth.

Having lived all my life in lands where people looked over their shoulders before asking what's o'clock, for fear that they might wake the suspicion of a spy, and having, from time to time, read books published here at home, in which it seemed to me that speech took a high, wide, and deep range, going indeed so far as to call in question the constitution of these States, and the creed of a majority of our fellow-citizens, I promised myself the satisfaction of blowing off the steam accumulated by years of malcontent silence, without let or hindrance. I felt all the safer in this my proposed talk, because I am a sincere and hearty adherent to the distinctive political opinions of my country; and though I cannot, of course, think on matters

of faith like everybody, I allow that in all such matters "much may be said on both sides."

The real, hidden, not outspoken meaning of these checks upon the freedom of speech, would seem to be a regret that he who uses it, hath ever been born, or, being born and developed, that he doth not make sufficient haste to die.

Whoever will compare the remarks made upon Fenimore Cooper, during his life and after his demise, both at home and abroad, will scarce escape the conclusion that when laid in his coffin and screwed down, he was just where many wished to have him. Had he followed the prudential advice of some well-wishers, his admirers would have been merely less grieved, his foes less gratified, when he at length put on that extreme quietness of manner which the English preach, and whose glory is that from it there is nothing to hope or to fear. To assume this quietness in life, would for him have been suicide —for "quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

I understand by this continual order to keep one's feet close together, one's elbows close to the side, and one's voice below the breath, simply a denial of the right to live. Surely, there is yet room enough on this continent for an individual to walk and talk, and even to shout and run, without breaking any one's rest or endangering public rights.

The main advantage of intercourse and society has always appeared to me to consist herein, that by uttering one's thought, feeling, whim if you will, one could show his hand, and obtain perhaps sympathy, perhaps instruction, or peradventure the

knowledge that neither was to be hoped for. In Europe we talk much about the opera, the fashion, the weather, and the delicacies of the season. We talk of topics which unite as many as possible of a mixed company, and which expose no one to the attention of the police. In such societies, to broach political subjects, to speak of creeds, or to mention Washington, would be a breach of manners; because these are not safe topics. Some of the best bred and most refined circles in Europe use all this caution. Let no one fancy, however, that he can win his *entrée* into such company by tattle about music, and gastronomy. He gets no entrance there without having been tested and stamped elsewhere.

I regard it as no more than common honesty in an individual who enters any society, that he speak his thought and feeling, lest he be called to join a procession to glorify a cause he despises, or to eat abolition bread and salt, with a secret southern leaning.

The great charm of a hospitable entertainment and friendly greeting lies herein, that they be extended to ourselves, by which I mean, *because* of our special *ism*, or in *spite of it.* If I keep back my opinion, and get invited to dine thereby, is it not a trick that I play upon Abraham? Besides, how can I be sure that the warmth and friction of talk will not rouse the voice of Jacob, and so give the lie to the hide of Esau? Now, the meanest attitude conceivable by me, is that of one who stands convicted of the desire to cheat, and of the impotence to deceive.

I write my opinions more willingly than I speak them; because, being many of them not strictly demonstrable, they tend to rouse the individual feeling of him who uttereth them. Mathematical and physical truths are proven, explained, and developed by a tide of talk which, like a placid sea, rolls its deep waters gently but irresistibly shorewards. Moral, political, and economical truths are defended by language which, like the roller of the beach, meeting resistance from below, gets up with sudden vivacity, and combs and breaks with foam and roar. A man is never so well prepared to do justice to Euclid as in the morning, and with empty stomach; he talks politics and religion with vigor, when the ladies are withdrawn and the cloth is removed.

It is often necessary to try one's opinions on several hearers, in order to see what sort of interests and aspirations are offended by them. I should be ashamed to utter twice what were once condemned by good men and true of opposite politics and different creeds; but a one-sided condemnation hath no terrors for me.

There is a form of speech which aspires, by breadth of sympathy, to live peaceably with all men. In certain states of society, this temper is ornamental and useful; but if persevered in through thick and thin, it is apt to incur the charge of a fondness for the "mess," and an aversion for the "watch."

I have always heard Thorwaldsen, Eastlake, Gerard, De la

Roche, Gibson, Rauch, Teneranni, Bienaimé, speak with a certain reserve and caution of a new work by an able hand. They seem to have an instinctive sense that new works, though they be works of a Dante or a Shakspeare, do not always find their level with the "ignorant present;" they get it often when, as Lord Bacon says, "some time be passed away." Even when sure that a "miss" has been made, they beget a softness that doth give a smoothness to their sorrow. When Dante speaks of Homer as the poet, "*che sovra ogni altro come aquila vola*," one would suppose that he had no room for other idols, yet in the presence of Virgil's moonlight beauty doth he kneel outright, call him his "master," and say that from his golden page came the fair style that shed honor on his own Tuscan town. Lo! he hath found another eagle! This is not exactly Shylock justice, or New England logic perhaps, but it is true to the heart of man nevertheless.

Fra Beato Angelico was unknown and unappreciated by whole schools of able modern painters. Read all that Englishmen have written on art, up to Flaxman's time, and you will find no trace of his deathless fame. Read all that French criticism has uttered (and French criticism is not to be despised), and you will see that Fra Beato's paradise is to them a *terra incognita.* Read the shallow babble about the *hardness* of Perugino in the old English works. It is wrong to be so *fast* in our verdicts.

Genius would seem to make immense efforts almost unconsciously, and to keep a large reserve out of the fight altogether. Shakspeare went into the country and remained still. He has told us that he knew his name would have a life where life is most active, "even in the mouths of men." Lord Bacon, too, pointed out his future station in the world's opinion, adding, mournfully, that it must be withheld "until some time be passed away." This disposition on the part of mediocrity to harry, and scourge, and flout men of creative power, looks more like the result of a terrible law than anything else in the annals of genius. Still, it is too general not to be an ordinance of God. Like loves like, and it requires the collective heart of man to make a quorum to judge the broad, the deep, the genial soul. The man of vast power of mind is like the fortress full of armed hosts, with spears glittering over the turret, with pointed artillery and burning match. We sit down to sketch it and glorify it more cordially, when the portcullis chain is broken, the guns are spiked, and the ivy and the owl have possession of its towers.

TRIBUTES.

GREENOUGH'S

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

BY THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

GREENOUGH'S great work has surpassed my expectations, high as they were. It is truly sublime. The statue is of colossal grandeur; about twice the size of life. The hero is represented in a sitting posture. A loose drapery covers the lower part of the figure, and is carried up over the right arm, which is extended, with the elbow bent, and the forefinger of the hand pointed upwards. The left arm is stretched out a little above the thigh; and the hand holds a Roman sword reversed. The design of the artist was, of course, to indicate the ascendency of the civic and humane over the military virtues, which distinguished the whole career of Washington, and which form the great glory of his character. It was not intended to bring before the eye the precise circumstance under which he resigned his commission as commander-in-chief. This would have required a standing posture and a modern military costume; and, without an accompanying group of members of Congress, would have been an incomplete work. The sword reversed,

and the finger pointed upwards, indicate the moral sentiment, of which the resignation of his commission, as commander-in-chief, was the strongest evidence, without the details, which were inconsistent with the general plan. The face is that of Stuart's portraits modified so as to exhibit the highest point of manly vigor and maturity. Though not corresponding exactly with any of the existing portraits, it is one of the aspects which the countenance of Washington must necessarily have worn in the course of his progress through life, and is obviously the proper one for the purpose. In expression, the countenance is admirably adjusted to the character of the subject and the intention of the work. It is stamped with dignity, and radiant with benevolence and moral beauty. The execution is finished to the extreme point of perfection, as well in the accessories as in the statue itself. The seat is a massy arm-chair, of antique form and large dimensions, the sides of which are covered with exquisitely wrought bas-reliefs. The subject of one is the infant Hercules strangling the serpent in his cradle; that of the other, Apollo guiding the four steeds that draw the chariot of the sun. The back of the chair is of open work. At the left corner is placed a small statue of Columbus, holding in his hand a sphere, which he is examining with fixed attention: at the right corner is a similar small statue of an Indian chief. The effect of these comparatively diminutive images is to heighten by contrast the impression of grandeur, which is made by the principal figure. The work stands upon a square block of granite, which bears upon its front and two sides, as an

inscription, the well known language of the resolution, adopted in Congress upon the receipt of the intelligence of Washington's death: "First in war: first in peace: first in the hearts of his countrymen." On the back of the statue, just above the top of the chair, is placed another inscription in Latin, which is as follows:

Simulacrum istud
Ad magnum Libertatis exemplum
Nec sine ipsa duraturum
Horatius Greenough
Faciebat.

This inscription is not very felicitous. Independently of the objections that have been made to the grammar of the *faciebat*, which, though defended on classical authority, does not strike me as the natural form, the ideas are hardly expressed with sufficient distinctness, and, so far as they can be gathered, are not particularly appropriate. It is not easy to see in what precise or correct understanding of the terms Washington can be called an "example of liberty;" and admitting that, by a rather latitudinous construction, this phrase may be supposed to mean that his conduct is a proper example for the imitation of the friends of liberty, it is still more difficult to imagine why a statue of Washington may not be preserved though liberty should perish. Two thousand years have elapsed since the fall of Grecian and Roman liberty, but Demosthenes and Cicero still survive in their "all but living busts," as well as in their "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The precise

object of this description would, perhaps, have been sufficiently provided for by a simple indication of the name of the sculptor and of the circumstances under which the work was ordered and executed. The statue was originally placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol; but the light being found unfavorable, it was removed to a temporary building in the garden, where it now stands. The light is better than before, but the meanness of the building forms an unpleasant contrast with the grandeur of the work, and it is much to be desired that a more suitable place of deposit may soon be found for a monument so worthy of the great subject, and so honorable to the artist and the country.

This magnificent product of genius does not seem to be appreciated at its full value in this metropolis of "the freest and most enlightened people on the globe." I have met with few persons here who have spoken of it in terms of strong or even moderate satisfaction. Every one has some fault to point out, that appears to withdraw his attention entirely from the grandeur and beauty of the whole, which, when they are pressed upon him, he is compelled to acknowledge. One is dissatisfied that the figure is colossal; another that the face is not an exact copy of Stuart's portrait; a third, that the posture is sitting and not standing; a fourth, that there is a want of repose in the general expression; a fifth, that one of the ankles is incorrectly modelled; and so of the rest. Most of these objections proceed, as I have heard them stated, from persons who would think themselves wronged if their sensibility to the

grand and beautiful in nature and art were called in question. But how feeble must this quality be in one who can see nothing in so splendid a monument but some trifling real or imaginary fault! I should not blame any one for indicating and insisting on what he might consider as blemishes, if he were also to exhibit a proper feeling for the acknowledged merits of the work: but I almost lose patience when I hear a person, not without some pretensions to good taste, after a visit of an hour to the statue, making no other remark than that one of the ankles is incorrectly modelled; an error which, after a careful examination for the express purpose, I have been wholly unable to discover. This remark is nearly a repetition of the one made by the Athenian cobbler, upon the first exhibition of one of the celebrated Venuses of antiquity—that there was a wrong stitch in one of her sandals. It affords a curious, though not very agreeable proof, how exactly human nature repeats itself under similar circumstances, even to the slightest and apparently most accidental particulars.

The most satisfactory expression of feeling that I have met with here, in regard to the statue, was prompted by the finer and truer sensibility inherent in the heart of woman. It proceeded from a company of ladies whom I happened to encounter on my first visit to the building that contains this great national monument. They were strangers to me, and had not the air of persons belonging to the fashionable coteries of our large cities; but they evidently possessed—what is much more important—cultivated minds, and a keen susceptibility to the

influence of natural and moral beauty. They appeared to have been travelling extensively, and one of them had under her arm a large sketch-book. They expressed in various forms the highest admiration of the statue, and one of them finally remarked, as a sort of summary of the whole, that it produced upon her mind a stronger impression of sublimity and grandeur than she had received from the cataract of Niagara.

The objections above mentioned to the size, attitude, and costume of the statue, and to the character of the features, proceed upon the supposition, that it was the interest of the artist to make the nearest possible approach to the person and countenance of Washington, as represented in the most authentic portraits and statues; and in costume, to the dress that he actually wore. This supposition is obviously an erroneous one. These are matters which have their importance as points of historical information—especially in connexion with a character of so much interest. But the object of the artist, in a work of this kind, is much older than that of satisfying curiosity upon these particulars. It was, as it should have been, his purpose to call forth, in the highest possible degree, the sentiment of the moral sublime, which the contemplation of the character of Washington is fitted to excite. This purpose required such a representation of his person, for instance, as, consistently with truth to nature, would tend most strongly to produce this result. A servile adherence to the existing portraits is not essential to the accomplishment of such a purpose, and might even be directly opposed to it; as, for example, if these had

been executed in the early youth or extreme old age of the subject. Still less would it be necessary to preserve the costume of the period, which is already out of fashion, and for every subject, except the satisfaction of antiquarian curiosity, entirely unsuitable for effect in sculpture. The colossal size—the antique costume—the more youthful air of the face—are circumstances which, without materially impairing the truth to nature, increase very much the moral impression, and, instead of furnishing grounds for objection, are positive merits of high importance.

The question betwen a sitting and a standing posture is substantially the same as whether the subject was to be presented under a civil or a military aspect. In the latter case, a standing posture would undoubtedly have been preferable. But if the ascendency, given by Washington through his whole career to the virtues of the patriot citizen over the talents of the military chieftain, was the noblest trait in his character, and if it was the duty of the artist to exhibit him, on this occasion, under the circumstances in which he appeared, in real life, to the greatest advantage, then the civil aspect of the subject, and with it the sitting posture, like the other particulars that have been mentioned, instead of being a ground of objection, is a high positive merit.

It has been mentioned in private, as an objection made by a person whose judgment in some respects would be considered as entitled to respect, that there is a want of repose in the attitude. The arms are extended in a way in which they could

not be placed for any length of time without producing fatigue; and we feel, it is said, the same sort of uneasiness on witnessing this attitude in a statue that we should if it were maintained permanently by a living person in our presence.

It is rather difficult to comprehend the precise meaning of this objection as applied to the statue of Washington. When it is the intention of the artist to express repose, the indications of activity, of any kind, are, of course, out of place. Where it is intended to express activity, the indications of repose would, for the same reason, be incongruous with the subject. It is no more an objection to the statue of Washington that the arms are placed in an attitude which, after a short time, would become fatiguing to a living person, than it is an objection to the antique group of Laocoon that the muscles of a living man could not remain more than a few minutes in the state of extreme tension, indicated in that celebrated work, without convulsions, or to the Apollo Belvidere, that he stands, with foot drawn back and arm extended, in the position of an archer who has just discharged an arrow from his bow. In the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, the horse is rearing on his hinder legs, while the fore legs remain suspended in the air at some distance from the ground. This is an attitude which could not be maintained by a living horse for more than two or three seconds; but, far from being made a ground of objection to the work, it has been regarded as its greatest merit, and as the precise quality which has given it the character of being the finest equestrian statue in Europe.

It was not the design of the artist to represent his subject in a state of repose. On the contrary, the obvious intention is to exhibit the noblest trait in his intellectual and moral character. I mean his habitual control over all the irregular propensities of his nature, at the point of time when it reached its fullest active development. In his practical career, this point was indicated by the resignation of his commission, as commander-in-chief, into the hands of the President of Congress. But that was a scene which comes within the province of painting rather than sculpture. A group so vast is beyond the reach of the chisel. It was the difficult duty of the artist to embody the sentiment which governed the conduct of Washington on that occasion, in a single figure. His success in conquering this difficulty, and producing, by a single figure, a moral emotion, superior, probably, to any that could be called forth by the finest painting of the scene before Congress, is one of the noblest triumphs of his noble art. To say that the work indicates activity and not repose, is only saying, in other words, that it was executed in conformity to the leading point in a plan, which was suggested, or rather imperiously dictated, by the nature of the subject.

It is rather unpleasant to be compelled, in commenting on this splendid effort of genius, to meet such objections as these, instead of joining in the general expression of mingled admiration and delight which it ought to elicit from the whole public. I make no pretensions to connoisseurship in the art of sculpture, and judge of the merit of the work merely by the impres-

sion which it makes upon my own mind; but I can say for myself, that after seeing the most celebrated specimens o ancient and modern sculpture to be found in Europe, including the Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere, with the finest productions of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Sergell, and Chantry, I consider the Washington of Greenough as superior to any of them, and as the master-piece of the art. The hint seems to have been taken from the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias, who said himself that he had caught the inspiration under which he conceived the plan of that great glory of ancient sculpture, from a passage in the Iliad. In this way the noble work of Greenough connects itself, by the legitimate filiation of kindred genius, transmitting its magnetic impulses through the long lines of intervening centuries, with the poetry of Homer. The vast dimensions of the Jupiter of Phidias may have made it to the eye a more imposing and majestic monument; but if the voluntary submission of transcendent power to the moral law of duty be, as it certainly is, a more sublime spectacle than any positive exercise of the same power over inferior natures, then the subject of the American sculptor is more truly divine than that of his illustrious prototype in Greece. When Jupiter shakes Olympus with his nod, the imagination is affected by a grand display of energy, but the heart remains untouched. When Washington, with an empire in his grasp, resigns his sword to the President of Congress, admiration of his great intellectual power is mingled with the deepest emotions of delightful sympathy, and we involuntarily exclaim with one of the characters

in a scene of much less importance, as depicted by an elegant female writer: "There spoke the true thing; now my own heart is satisfied."

The present location of the statue is, of course, merely provisional. It is much to be regretted that the light in the Rotunda was found to be unfavorable, as there is no other hall in any of the buildings belonging to the Union sufficiently lofty and extensive to become a suitable, permanent place of deposit for this monument. How, when, and where, such a one shall be provided is a problem of rather difficult solution. If, as has sometimes been suggested, the patrimonial estate of Washington, at Mount Vernon, should ever be purchased by the country, and a public building erected there to serve as a sort of National Mausoleum, or Western Westminster Abbey, the statue would become, of course, its principal ornament. But the execution of this plan, should it ever be realized, is probably reserved for the good taste and liberality of some future generation. In the meanwhile, the noblest achievement of the art of sculpture, dedicated to the memory of the greatest man that ever lived in the tide of time, will be permitted by a country which received from his hands gifts no less precious than Independence and Liberty, to take up its abode in a paltry barrack.

A VISIT TO GREENOUGH'S STUDIO.

[FROM "SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN EUROPE."]

AMONG the studios of living Artists, the most attractive naturally to an American, are those of his fellow countrymen. Nor do they need national partiality to make them attractive. The first American who gained a reputation in the severest of the Fine Arts was GREENOUGH. For some years he was the only sculptor we had, and worthily did he lead the van in a field where triumphs awaited us. I happened, five or six years ago, to travel from Boston southward with him and Powers, and heard Greenough then warmly second Powers' inclination, and urge him to hasten to Italy. Powers was soon followed by Clevenger, who, in turn, received from him encouraging words. The three are now working here harmoniously together.

Artists of merit have seldom much to show at their rooms; for their works are either made to order, and sent to their destinations as fast as finished, or they are sold almost as soon as seen. Sculptors have an advantage over painters, inasmuch as they retain the plaster casts after which each work is chiselled in marble. As Greenough does not always finish

the clay model up to the full design in his mind, but leaves the final touches to the chisel itself, he is not forward to exhibit his casts taken from the clay, the prototypes of the forms that have been distributed to different quarters of the world. He has just now in his studio, recently finished in marble for a Hungarian nobleman, an exquisite figure of a child, seated on a bank gazing at a butterfly, that has just lighted on the back of its upraised hand. In the conception there is that union of simplicity and significance, so requisite to make a work of plastic Art, especially of sculpture, effective, and which denotes the genial Artist. The attitude of the figure has the pliable grace of unconscious childhood; the limbs are nicely wrought; and the intelligence, curiosity, delight, implied and expressed, in its gaze at the beautiful little winged wonder before it, impart vividly to the work the moral element; wanting the which, a production, otherwise commendable, is not lifted up to one of the high platforms of Art. The mind of the spectator is drawn into that of the beautiful child, whose inmost faculties are visibly budding in the effort to take in the phenomenon before it. The perfect bodily stillness of the little flexible figure, under the control of its mental intentness, is denoted by the coming forth of a lizard from the side of the bank. This is one of those delicate touches whereby the artist knows how to beautify and heighten the chief effect.

Another work of high character, which Greenough is just about to finish in marble, is a head of Lucifer, of colossal size. The countenance has the beauty of an archangel, with the

hard, uncertain look of an archangel fallen. Here is a noble mould not filled up with the expression commensurate to it. There is no exaggeration to impress the beholder at once with the malevolence of the original which the sculptor had in his imagination. The sinister nature lies concealed, as it were, in the features, and comes out gradually, after they have been some time contemplated. The beauty of the countenance is not yet blasted by the deformity of the mind.

Greenough's Washington had left Italy before my arrival in Florence. By those best qualified to judge, it was here esteemed a fine work. Let me say a few words about the nudity of this statue, for which it has been much censured in America.

Washington exemplifies the might of principle. He was a great man without ambition, and the absence of ambition was a chief source of his greatness. The grandeur of his character is infinitely amplified by its abstract quality; that is, by its cleanness from all personality. Patriotism, resting on integrity of soul and broad massive intellect, is in him uniquely embodied. The purity and elevation of his nature were the basis of his success. Had his rare military and civil genius been united to the selfishness of a Cromwell, they would have lost much of their effectiveness upon a generation warring for the rights of man. Not these, but the unexampled union of these with uprightness, with stainless disinterestedness, made him Washington. If the Artist clothes him with the toga of civil authority, he represents the great statesman; if with uni-

form and spurs, the great General. Representing him in either of these characters, he gives preference to the one over the other, and his image of Washington is incomplete, for he was both. But he was more than either or both; he was a truly great man, in whom statesmanship and generalship were subordinate to supreme nobleness of mind and moral power. The majesty of his nature, the immortality of his name, as of one combining the morally sublime with commanding practical genius, demand the purest form of artistic representation,—the nude. To invest the colossal marble image of so towering, so everlasting a man, with the insignia of temporary office, is to fail in presenting a complete image of him. Washington, to be best seen, ought to be beheld, not as he came from the hand of the tailor, but as he came from the hand of God. Thus, the image of him will be at once real and ideal.

That Greenough's fellow-countrymen, by whose order this statue was made, would have preferred it draped, ought to be of no weight, even if such a wish had accompanied the order. To the true Artist, the laws of Art are supreme against all wishes or commands. He is the servant of Art only. If, bending to the uninformed will of his employers, he executes commissions in a way that is counter to the requirements of Art, he sinks from the Artist into the artisan. Nor can he, by stooping to uncultivated tastes, popularize Art; he deadens it, and so makes it ineffective. But by presenting it to the general gaze in its severe simplicity, and thus, through grandeur and beauty of form, lifting the beholder up into the ideal

region of Art,—by this means he can popularize it. He gradually awakens and creates a love for it, and thus he gains a wide substantial support to Art in the sympathy for it engendered, the which is the only true furtherance from without that the Artist can receive.

A statue, which is a genuine work of Art, cannot be appreciated,—nay, cannot be seen without thought. The imagination must be active in the beholder, must work with the perception. Otherwise, what he looks at, is to him only a superficial piece of handicraft. The form before him should breed in him conjecture of its inward nature and capacity, and by its beauty or stamp of intellect and soul, lead him up into the domain of human possibilities. The majestic head and figure of Washington will reveal and confirm the greatness of his character, for the body is the physiognomy of the mind. That broad mould of limbs, that stern calmness, that dignity of brow, will carry the mind beyond the scenes of the revolution, and swell the heart with thoughts and hopes of the nobleness and destiny of man. Let the beholder contemplate this great statue calmly and thoughtfully; let him, by dint of contemplation, raise himself up to the point of view of the artist, and it will have on him something of this high effect. He will forget that Washington ever wore a coat, and will turn away from this noble colossal form in a mood that will be wholesome to his mental state.

This attempt to justify Greenough's work by no means implies a condemnation of other conceptions for a statue of

Washington. A colossal figure,—but partially draped,—seated, the posture of repose and authority,—Greenough's conception, seems to me the most elevated and appropriate. Artists have still scope for a figure, entirely draped in military or civil costume, on horseback or standing. Only this representation of Washington will not be so high and complete as the other.

MEETING OF ARTISTS AT ROME.

On the reception in Rome of the intelligence of the death of Horatio Greenough, Esq., a meeting of the American artists and of his personal friends, was held on Saturday, January 15th, 1853, at the residence of our eminent sculptor, Thomas Crawford.

The American artists, without exception, were present, and the distinguished English sculptor, John Gibson, R. A., also attended, as well as many other friends of the deceased.

The meeting was called to order by the Hon. Lewis Cass, Jr., Chargé d' Affaires of the United States, at Rome,—who, after stating its object, made a few just and appropriate remarks on the eminent qualities of Mr. Greenough. Mr. Crawford having been elected President, Mr. Chapman Vice-President, and Mr. Freeman, Secretary;

On taking the Chair, Mr. Crawford addressed the meeting as follows:—

Gentlemen: I shall not detain you longer upon this melancholy occasion, than is requisite to place before you the object of our meeting, and to pass a few resolutions in connexion with it. You are all, I presume, aware of the recent in-

telligence we have received in Rome, of the death of our eminent sculptor, Horatio Greenough, the announcement of which has been so unexpected, and so mournful, that I, who knew him well, have become, if I may use the words, quite overpowered.

Never in the course of my life have I been influenced by a greater desire to express in language appropriate to this solemn event, my own feelings. My inability to do this at present, gives me much pain. Therefore, I shall only say that by the death of our brother artist, we have lost not only a man in whom all the virtues which make life a glorious preparation for the future, were so truly evident; but we have also lost a friend whose devotion to his profession united with respect and affection for the artists of all countries, were combined in a manner so striking as to call forth, upon many occasions, our applause and our enduring admiration.

Gentlemen, Horatio Greenough arrived in Rome twenty-seven years ago, at a time when, with us at home, sculpture may be said to have been truly in its infancy. He came here prompted by a most enthusiastic desire to become an artist. He brought with him rare learning, ardent ambition, and a determination to succeed in a profession the difficulties of which are almost insurmountable. We can all of us appreciate his attachment to our noble art, because we know how many sacrifices are required, how many home-ties are broken, and how much neglect often falls to the lot of those who are determined to accomplish a course of study, so far removed from home. More I need

not say regarding this. Your sympathies do not require to be roused by referring to the incidents of artist-life. Those incidents most frequently come and go, leaving behind them more shadow than sunshine. It is sufficient to say that a truer, a more noble, or a more affectionate heart never existed, than the one now so silent, in the grave of Horatio Greenough. It is a sad duty for us to be here this night, and know, Gentlemen, that the honor he attained not only belongs to the history of our country, but also to us; and we can fully appreciate the importance of the heritage, and are determined to cherish it.

It is for this purpose you have been called together. The willingness you have shown to be present proves that your respect for the deceased is of the most earnest character. Therefore, in conclusion, allow me to express a hope that by the resolutions we shall pass this evening, we may perhaps cause one ray of light to fall, with its mild and cheering influence, upon the mournful affliction of the widow and children of our lamented brother artist, who in the vigor of life, with a long vista of years, and works, and honors before him, has been called suddenly away to that far off land, where the aspirations of his soul will find, in the presence of its God, the full and beatific realization of its devotion while on earth to the purity of goodness and the beauty of art.

Mr. Wm. W. Story then addressed the meeting, eloquently alluding to the rank Mr. Greenough held among living artists,

and to his noble qualities as a man. Mr Story then proposed the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have heard with deep regret of the death of our fellow countryman and brother artist, Horatio Greenough, Esq.

Resolved, That by his early and ardent devotion to sculpture, at a period when this department of art was scarcely known or practised in our country, he is fairly entitled to be considered as the Pioneer of American Sculpture. By careful culture, he trained and developed original powers of a high order, and attained a public fame of which we, in common with all Americans, are justly proud. His works are marked by purity of conception, correctness of taste, graceful design, and rare delicacy of sentiment. He brought to his profession the accomplishments of scholarship, and he pursued it with liberality of spirit and elevation of purpose; he lived and shone not merely for success, but to elevate Art, and no personal spirit of rivalry or jealousy dwarfed the loftiness of his aim. He was eminently a gentleman in whom refinement of feeling ever prompted courtesy of manner. He also won the friendship and regard of all who knew him. We feel, therefore, that in him we have lost not only an able and educated artist, but an honorable and high-minded man.

Resolved, That in manifestation of our regard for the memory of the deceased, we will wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the wife and

family of the deceased, in the bereavement which they have sustained; and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to them, as a tribute of our unfeigned respect for his genius, character, and works.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE GROUP OF

THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

I STOOD alone; nor word nor other sound,
Broke the mute solitude that closed me round;
As when the air doth take her midnight sleep,
Leaving the wintry stars her watch to keep,
So slept she now at noon. But not alone
My spirit then: a light within me shone
That was not mine; and feelings undefined,
And thoughts flowed in upon me not my own.
'Twas that deep mystery—for aye unknown—
The living presence of another's mind.

Another mind was there—the gift of few—
That by its own strong will can all that's *true*
In its own nature unto others give,
And mingling life with life, seem there to live.
I felt it now in mine; and oh! how fair,
How beautiful the thoughts that met me there—
Visions of Love, and Purity, and Truth!
Though form distinct had each, they seemed, as 'twere,
Embodied all of one celestial air—
To beam for ever in coequal youth.

And thus I learned—as in the mind they moved—
These stranger Thoughts the one the other loved;
That Purity loved Truth, because 'twas true,
And Truth, because 'twas pure, the first did woo;
While Love, as pure and true, did love the twain;
Then Love was loved of them, for that sweet chain
That bound them all. Thus sure, as passionless,
Their love did grow, till one harmonious strain
Of melting sounds they seemed; then, changed again,
One angel form they took—Self-Happiness.

This angel form the gifted Artist saw,
That held me in his spell. 'Twas his to draw
The veil of sense, and see the immortal race,
The Forms spiritual, that know not place.
He saw it in the quarry, deep in earth,
And stayed it by his will, and gave it birth
E'en to the world of sense; bidding its cell,
The cold, hard marble, thus in plastic girth
The shape ethereal fix, and body forth
A being of the skies—with man to dwell.

And then another form beside it stood;
'Twas one of this our earth—though the warm blood
Had from it passed exhaled as in a breath,
Drawn from its lips by the cold kiss of Death.
Its little "dream of human life" had fled;
And yet it seemed not numbered with the dead,
But one emerging to a life so bright
That, as the wondrous nature o'er it spread,
Its very consciousness did seem to shed
Rays from within, and clothe it all in light.

Now touched the Angel Form its little hand,
Turning upon it with a look so bland,
And yet so full of majesty, as less
Than holy nature never may impress—
And more than proudest guilt unmoved may brook.
The Creature of the Earth now felt that look,
And stood in blissful awe—as one above
Who saw his name in the Eternal Book,
And Him that opened it; e'en Him that took
The Little Child, and blessed it in his love.

TO THE SAME.

My little ones, welcome! in memory's dream
I've fondly beheld you full long,
Your bright snowy forms as dear messengers seem,
From the radiant land of song.

How could you depart from that balmy clime,
Where your glorious kindred are?
The sculptured children of olden time,
Your elder brothers are there!

Sweet Babe! wouldst thou speak of that gem of earth,
With your gaze of wondering fear?
And you, fair cherub, of him who gave birth
To your smile of holy cheer?

Oh, we feel how eloquent silence may be,
When before us—all breathing of love—
Is the embodied spirit of infancy,
And its angel guide above!

THE CHANTING CHERUBS.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

WHENCE come ye, Cherubs? from the moon?
Or from a shining star?
Ye, sure, are sent a blessed boon,
From kinder worlds afar;
For while I look, my heart is all delight:
Earth has no creatures half so pure and bright.

From moon nor star we hither flew;
The moon doth wane away,—
The stars, they pale at morning dew;
We're children of the day;
Nor change, nor night, was ever ours to bear;
Eternal light, and love, and joy we share.

Then sons of light, from Heaven above,
Some blessed news ye bring.
Come ye to chant eternal love,
And tell how angels sing,
And in your breathing, conscious forms to show,
How purer forms above live, breathe, and glow?

Our parent is a human mind;
His winged thoughts are we;
To sun nor stars are we confined:
We pierce the deepest sea.
Moved by a brother's call, our Father bade
Us light on earth: and here our flight is stayed.

THE STATUE OF MEDORA.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

Medora, wake!—nay do not wake!
I would not stir that placid brow,
Nor lift those lids, though light should break
Warm from the twin blue heavens that lie below.

Sleep falls on thee, as on the streams
The summer moon. Touched by its might,
The soul comes out in loving dreams,
And wraps thy delicate form in living light.

Thou art not dead!—These flowers say
That thou, though more thou heed'st them not,
Didst rear them once for him away,
Then loose them in thy hold like things forgot,

And lay thee here where thou might'st weep,—
That Death but hushed thee to repose,
As mothers tend their infants' sleep,
And watch their eyelids falter, open, close,—

That here thy heart hath found release,
Thy sorrows all are gone away,
Or touched by something almost peace,
Like night's last shadows by the gleaming day.

When he who gave thee form is gone,
And I within the earth shall lie,
Thou still shalt slumber softly on,
Too fair to live, too beautiful to die.

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

The quarry whence thy form majestic sprung,
Has peopled earth with grace,
Heroes and Gods that elder bards have sung—
A bright and peerless race;

But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose before
A shape of loftier name
Than his who Glory's wreath with meekness wore,—
The noblest son of Fame!

Sheathed is the sword that passion never stained:
His gaze around is cast,
As if the joys of Freedom, newly-gained,
Before his vision passed:—

As if a nation's shout of love and pride
With music filled the air,
And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
Of deep and grateful prayer;—

As if the crystal mirror of his life
To fancy sweetly came,
With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
Undimmed by doubt or shame;—

As if the lofty purpose of his soul
Expression would betray—
The high resolve ambition to control,
And thrust her crown away!

Oh, it was well in marble firm and white,
To carve our hero's form,
Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
Our star amid the storm!

Whose matchless truth has made his name divine,
And human freedom sure,—
His country great, his tomb earth's dearest shrine,
While man and time endure!

And it is well to place his image there
Upon the soil he blest;
Let meaner spirits who its counsels share,
Revere that silent guest!

Let us go up with high and sacred love
To look on his pure brow;
And, as with solemn grace, he points above,
Renew the patriot's vow!

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF HORATIO GREENOUGH.

BY GEORGE H. CALVERT.

THE generous hopes of youth
Are firstlings of our procreant being;
Born while the heart is newly seeing
Great visions of the truth.

Life's morning glows with fires,
Reddening the soul with lusty flashes,
That, ere its noon, are silent ashes
Of dead dreams and desires.

He is the highest man,
Whose dreams die not;—in whom the ideal,
Surging for ever, makes life real,
Ending where it began,

In visionary deeds;—
By plastic will deserted never,
His life-long joy and sweet endeavor
To prosper Beauty's seeds.

'Tis he helps Nature's might,
Echoing her soul, whether it crieth,
Or silent speaks; and when he dieth,
On Earth there is less light.

Then mourn, my country! Shed
Deep tears from thy great lids, and borrow
Night's gorgeous gloom to deck thy sorrow;
Greenough, thy son, is dead.

A crownéd son of Art
And thee; lifted by love and duty
To his high work of marble beauty,
Coining thereon his heart.

Quick is grief's shadow sped
Across the seas to Tuscan mountains,
Darkening the depths of living fountains
By Art and Friendship fed.

That peopled solitude,
The Studio, where, amid his creatures,
Broodeth the God, his busy features
Irradiant with his mood,

Is orphaned now; and pale,
Each sculptured child seems sadly listening
For the warm look, that came in glistening
With a fresh morning hail.

These are his inmost heirs;
In them still pulse his heart's best beatings,
Of soul and thought deep nuptial greetings:
What most was his, is theirs.

And they are ours. Our sight
Grows strong, as, compassing this gifted
Enmarbled life, we are uplifted:—
On Earth there is more light.