

oil on water. He also intimates that children about one's table are called 'olive plants,' as being peacemakers in conjugal storms, or at least adapted to be."

—Mr. Thomas Sinclair, whose numerous contributions to imaginative literature have been for the most part either ignored or damned without even faint praise by English critics, has found for his last work a German translator who likes him. Toward the close of 1885, Mr. Sinclair published a collection of miscellanies under the name of 'Humanities,' and a part of this book now lies before us in a German version bearing the title 'Humanitätsstudien.' The original was published by Trübner & Co. of London, and the translation bears the imprint of Karl J. Trübner of Straßburg. The translator, Hans Schifffert Müller by name, explains that he was drawn to his author by the "worth of the man, by his [Sinclair's] pure love of beauty, and by the hope of regenerating the nations through the agency of a *neu sich bildende Kunst*," that is, we suppose, through a new Renaissance. This may be a pretty enough programme, but we greatly fear that Mr. Sinclair and his translator combined have accomplished but little toward carrying it out. The former gentleman has as a writer two unfortunate characteristics which will interfere with the success of his doctrine. The first is a lack of lucidity—a literary virtue which may not be absolutely necessary to a crier in the wilderness as such, but is quite indispensable to an evangelist who expects to move the world by an appeal to the æsthetic instinct. The other is a radicalism of view, or at least a violence of statement, which will repel the very people who need to be persuaded. The essay on Humanism, the only really readable portion of the volume before us, has as its burden the now familiar idea that Christianity destroyed a better civilization than it has yet given birth to. Nerva, Trajan, Antoninus, represent higher types of character than the world since their time has produced. "Judaising Christianity," with its hostility to the beautiful, has been a long calamity to mankind. One of the saddest sights in modern Rome is to see old classical temples, in all their wholesomeness and purity, employed for the barbarous cult of Christianity, and so forth. We have heard all this before, from Heine, from Mlle. de Maupin, from Mr. Swinburne, and others. It is a gospel which offends not only the religious mind (its promulgators of course glory in that), but the scientific mind also. It proceeds upon a one-sided and false view of antiquity, a view very different from that reached by sober and careful scholarship. But how in these days is a great reform to make its way with both religion and science against it?

—A very exciting debate took place at an extra session of the Municipal Council of Milan, on the 29th of December last, upon a proposal to erect a statue to Louis Napoleon in the new square to be opened in the old parade-ground surrounding the arch of triumph built by Napoleon I. In the end the resolution was passed by the large majority of sixty-eight votes to six of the assembled councilmen. The history of this statue is very curious. One of the most memorable events in the progress of the Italian regeneration was when Victor Emanuel and Napoleon III., after having defeated the Austrians in Lombardy, entered, as liberators, the city of Milan, at the head of the allied armies of France and Italy. The enthusiasm of the Milanese for the patriot King and the French Emperor was unbounded. There was nothing they would not have done to testify their joy and gratitude. Almost, had anybody proposed to erect altars and worship the King and the Emperor as divinities, they would have voted it unanimously,

as their ancestors the Romans had done to their Emperors. But with regard to Napoleon III. this enthusiasm soon waned away, for, after the victory of Solferino, on his own authority, and without consulting his ally, he signed a treaty of peace at Villafranca, in which, though liberating Lombardy from Austria, he allowed this Power to retain Venice and the fortresses of the quadrilateral. Moreover, he inserted in the treaty a provision that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena, who had been expelled from their States, should be restored, and that Bologna, which had rebelled against the power of the Pope, should return to its allegiance; and, further, that a confederacy of all the Italian States should be formed under the "honorary" presidency of the Pope. The news of this treaty caused a painful dismay throughout Italy; Victor Emanuel signed it reluctantly, and Cavour was so indignant that he immediately resigned his premiership, and the King had some difficulty in calming his anger against what he considered the Emperor's duplicity. Louis Napoleon skulked back into France, passing hastily through Milan and Turin under very different auspices from those of his arrival.

—It is no wonder that even the Milanese cooled down considerably in their enthusiasm for Louis Napoleon. Their revulsion of feeling was intensified by his continued occupation of the Roman State to uphold the Pope, and by the defeat of the Garibaldians at Mentana, brought about by his French troops. But when his misfortunes came, with his terrible defeat at Sedan in 1870, a feeling of pity arose in many hearts in Italy, especially in Milan, where the people who had been oppressed by a foreign tyranny for nearly half a century could not forget the debt which they owed to the Emperor and the French army; and when, three years after, came the news of his death, the Milanese felt the old enthusiasm and sense of gratitude revive. A committee of citizens was formed for a public subscription to raise a statue to him, as to one who had contributed to liberate Lombardy from the Austrians. It was soon collected, and many eminent names appeared in the list of contributors, even among those whom one would have supposed hostile to it—for example, Gen. Sirtori, who had been Garibaldi's chief of staff in most of his campaigns. In a letter in which he defended his action against the attacks of some Radicals who accused him of inconsistency in his political principles, he stated that his act had no political meaning whatever; that it was merely one of gratitude—gratitude towards a man who might be reproached with many grave errors and wrongdoings, but to whom gratitude was certainly due for the part he took on that special occasion. The statue was ordered and finished, and is said to be a superb work of art; but when the question arose as to its being accepted by the city and erected in some public square, such strong opposition was manifested by the Radicals and *irredenti* that the Committee decided to let it remain where it had been exhibited, and where it still is. In this last session, however, most of the city Councilmen were known to be in favor of its acceptance and erection in a public place. The Mayor, who was a strong partisan of the project, brought the matter up, taking advantage of the improvements about to be made in the old parade-ground, and the proposition was voted by the large majority stated above.

—The new volume of 'Ersch and Gruber's Encyclopädie' is the thirty-ninth of the second section, and extends from Koeppen to Kriegk, being the eighth devoted to the letter K. Like its predecessors, it contains many titles which will be looked for in vain in any other encyclopædia,

with the possible exception of Larousse's "Grand Dictionnaire." Among these may be mentioned the following, which do not appear at all in the 'Britannica': Peter von Köppen, Russian archæologist, and ethnographer, 1793-1864, occupying five pages—(this title occurs in 'Appleton's American Cyclopædia'); Korah (two pages, by Kautsch); Kordax, a dance of the older Greek comedy; Korófofa, a kingdom of Central Africa, mentioned in the second volume of Barth's travels, and visited by Robert Fliegel in 1879 and 1882; and several others, some of which, however, are the names of German savants whom one would hardly expect to find in any but a German book. The article on the Copts occupies a page and a half in the 'Britannica' and five pages in 'Appleton's'; in 'Ersch and Gruber' there are twenty-four pages, of which ten are devoted to history, etc., twelve to language and literature—these two articles being by Ludwig Stern—and a third article of two pages, by another writer, on the Coptic Church. The article on the Koran covers nine pages, about the same space devoted to it by Nöldeke in the 'Britannica,' but does not treat of the position of the Koran in the dogma of Islam, or of its influence on the development of Mohammedan literature and science, referring for these topics to the article Mohammedanism, not yet published. It produces an almost odd effect to find in so learned a dissertation the following passage: "In Mecca Mohammed was a plebeian whose persistence occasionally became burdensome to the public, as does the shouting of the Salvation Army to the citizens of London, and whose personal history and activity among his adherents produced no deeper impression on the masses than the doings of 'General' Booth in the bosom of his 'Army.'" Other long articles are Cossacks, eleven pages; Kosegarten, ten pages; Kotzebue, nine pages, while Körner has only four and a half; Corinthians (Epistles to the), eight pages; Crusades, fourteen pages. As indicating versatility may be mentioned articles on the Crossing of Breeds in Animals and Plants, on Cranes (derricks), three pages, and particularly one on Cosmetics, which would not be looked for in a work of erudition. It extends to three pages, and gives practical instructions for preventing baldness, removing dandruff, caring for the teeth, etc. An article of six pages is assigned to Humboldt's 'Kosmos,' and one of eight pages to War, the latter enumerating six causes of war, much as *Touchstone* mentions the seven degrees of the lie, to wit, "the Retort courteous, the Quip modest, the Reply churlish, the Reproof valiant, the Countercheck quarrelsome, the Lie with circumstance, the Lie direct."

MCCLELLAN'S OWN STORY.—II.

McClellan's Own Story. The War for the Union, the Soldiers who fought it, the Civilians who directed it, and his relations to it and to them. By George B. McClellan, late Major-General commanding the armies. 8vo, pp. 678. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1887.

In regard to his relations to Secretary Stanton, who is the *bête noire* of the story, the new matter of the volume has value—both that written by McClellan for publication and the correspondence added by his editor. In substance it is, that soon after reaching Washington he was introduced to Stanton, who was then a private citizen, as "a safe adviser on legal points," though what need he had of such advice, unless from the Attorney-General of the United States, is not clear. Stanton "did his best to ingratiate himself with me, and professed the warmest friendship and devotion. . . . The most disagreeable thing about him was the extreme virulence with which he abused the President, the Administration, and

the Republican party. . . . He never spoke of the President in any other way than as the 'original gorilla.' . . . At some time during the autumn of 1861, Secretary Cameron made quite an abolition speech to some newly arrived regiments. Next day Stanton urged me to arrest him for inciting to insubordination. He often advocated the propriety of my seizing the Government and taking affairs into my own hands" (p. 152). Under date of November 17, his private correspondence shows that he goes "to Stanton's to ascertain what the law of nations is on this Slidell and Mason seizure" (p. 175). In the same letter he says he must "devote the day to getting our Government to take the only prompt and honorable course of avoiding a war with England and France," and declares himself "heavy at heart when I see the weakness and unfitness of the poor beings who control the destinies of this great country." It was a few days later that he was "concealed at Stanton's" to escape "'browsing Presidents,' etc.," noticed above. During McClellan's illness in December he learned from Stanton that the President, who had been denied access to the General, had committed to McDowell, Franklin, and Meigs the duty of inquiring into the state of the army, and what should be done if McClellan were to die. He says that Stanton put it, "They are counting on your death, and are already dividing among themselves your military goods and chattels" (p. 155). It was from Stanton that he got the information that the President and Cabinet were to hear the report of the three generals on January 12, and he "mustered strength enough to be driven to the White House, where my unexpected appearance caused very much the effect of a shell in a powder magazine. It was very clear, from the manner of those I met there, that there was something of which they were ashamed" (p. 156).

Diverging for a moment from the thread of the relations between Stanton and McClellan, it is necessary to note the extraordinary frame of mind which the last statement indicates. He had been ill for some three weeks—so ill that, although he professes to have directed business from his sick-bed, "it more than once happened" (as he himself says) that the President called and was "denied admittance" (p. 155). He also does not deny that his leading generals were ignorant of his plans, if he had any. When an officer is so ill, in time of war, that the Commander-in-Chief is denied admittance to him, it would require no apology and give no cause for being "ashamed," but, on the other hand, would have been the most ordinary and simple exercise of right, to have turned over the command to the next in seniority. It was widely believed at the time that the illness was exaggerated, and that the denying admittance to the President was an affront for which the sickness was a pretext rather than a reason. If, though it happened "more than once," it had been really due to the accident that the General was asleep after "intervals of wakefulness" when the President called in person at his house, it can hardly need to be said that the imperative duty of the General was to see that a very prompt opportunity was offered for an interview at the earliest moment at which he was fit for any business whatever. There is no pretence that this was done, and the revelation that Mr. Stanton found no such difficulty in reaching him does not help to clear up this period of McClellan's personal history. So far as it goes, it supports the old accusation that he took refuge in seclusion to escape pressure to act.

But to return: Stanton was nominated Secretary of War the day after the events last spoken of. McClellan says that Stanton immediately called upon him to confer with him as to its acceptance. He (Stanton) said "that the only pos-

sible inducement would be that he might have it in his power to aid me in the work of putting down the rebellion; that he was willing to devote all his time, intellect, and energy to my assistance, and that together we could soon bring the war to an end. If I wished him to accept he would do so, but only on my account; that he had come to know my wishes and to determine accordingly. I told him that I hoped he would accept the position" (p. 153). In his letter to Stanton himself, under date of July 8, 1862, McClellan uses stronger language, and says: "When you were appointed Secretary of War I considered you my intimate friend and confidential adviser. Of all men in the nation, you were my choice for that position" (p. 477). The disclosure of Stanton's previous attitude to the Administration and to Mr. Lincoln personally, if correct, raises the troublesome question how McClellan could, consistently with his loyalty to the President, either have made Stanton his confidential adviser previously, or favored his assuming the confidential relation of Cabinet officer to Mr. Lincoln. If he had really advised McClellan to make a *coup d'état* and seize the Government, as the General says he had "often" done, to make him Secretary of War when renewing assurances of personal devotion has too ugly a suggestion of willingness to cooperate illegally, and McClellan, in making such a statement, starts more perilous problems than he solves. Assuming that it was only wild talk (McClellan calls them "ebullitions of an intense and patriotic nature"), we cannot help asking if this was fair dealing with Lincoln? We have not the space, nor are we now concerned, to examine Mr. Stanton's side of the controversy. McClellan credits him with being consistent in declaring his wish to put down the rebellion at any cost, and implies that the "patriotic" idea of a *coup d'état* was thought of as tending to that end. The idea was not unfamiliar to him. As early as August 9, the time of his first "row" with Scott, he writes that he "receives letter after letter, has conversation after conversation, calling on me to save the nation, alluding to the Presidency, dictatorship, etc." Although he earnestly disclaims such an aspiration, he adds: "I would cheerfully take the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the country is saved" (p. 85). If Mr. Lincoln had known of this, no doubt he would have said to McClellan, as he did afterwards to Hooker, that if he would crush the rebellion he would take the risk of the dictatorship. Perhaps Lincoln knew more than the General thought, and it is barely possible that a painful interview between them, narrated on page 196, concerning "a very ugly matter," may have been connected with such knowledge; and he who listened to "conversation after conversation" suggesting treason could hardly be surprised when Mr. Lincoln used the word in connection with things attributed to him.

We are told that Stanton's manner changed immediately after he became Secretary of War, and McClellan concludes that it was because he had all along been in secret alliance with "the radicals," who "were unwilling that I should be successful." It is possible for those less prejudiced to think that when Mr. Stanton officially learned the extent to which the resources of the country had been put at McClellan's disposal, he, too, went through the process of disillusion which so many have undergone before and since. McClellan's editor supplements the charge of duplicity against Stanton by contrasting the Secretary's letter of July 5, 1862, at the close of the "seven days' battles," assuring the General of his real friendship and of his ardent desire that he may be victorious, with the statements of Secretaries Welles and Chase as to his hostility. Unfortunately, such contrasts were not confined to Stanton's side of the matter. In reply to the

letter mentioned above, McClellan wrote to Stanton on July 8, saying, among other things: "It is with a feeling of great relief that I now say to you that I shall at once resume, on my part, the same cordial confidence which once characterized our intercourse" (p. 478); yet only five days thereafter he writes to his wife: "So you want to know how I feel about Stanton, and what I think of him now? I think . . . [asterisks in the text]. I may do the man injustice. God grant that I may be wrong! For I hate to think that humanity can sink so low. But my opinion is just as I have told you. He deceived me once; he never will again. . . . I now know you were right. Enough of the creature" (p. 447). As the editor selected and printed the above, and also wrote the note accusing Stanton of "private treason to a general in the field," is it not possible that the same leniency which does not find duplicity in the letters of July 8 and 13 might cover the Secretary with the same mantle of charity? And will not one who thoughtfully reads the whole story of McClellan's relations to both Lincoln and Stanton in his own narrative, as well as in the private correspondence which the editor has, discreetly or indiscreetly, added, find that he, at least, was living in a "glass house"?

There is abundant proof that Mr. Lincoln did his own thinking, and that, in this matter of the policy of the war, McClellan was dealing with him personally. It was he who criticised the General's plan of sailing to the peninsula, and pointed out the fact "that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we should find the same enemy and the same or equal entrenchments at either place" (p. 277). The letters of Lincoln show a clear and sound judgment on military matters in nearly every particular, and he made no error at all comparable with the fatal one by which the professional General multiplied his enemy at every juncture. It was McClellan who failed to take account of the fact that, even by the much-abused "Cram map," a line of four miles would connect Yorktown with the affluents of the James. It was he who failed to reckon upon the probability that the Confederates would entrench such a line in advance, when in fact they made three such lines, by either of which McClellan was as completely "bottled" as Butler at Bermuda Hundreds. It was he who declared the roads on the peninsula were passable at all seasons, when he found them impassable as soon as he arrived there. It was he who argued that on that line his right would be secure, when his communications were forcibly cut on that flank and the terrible "seven days" began in that way.

The criticism of Mr. Lincoln for recalling McDowell when Jackson appeared in the Shenandoah would have been just if he could have relied upon McClellan's activity and "push." But he could not do this in the face of his experience of the previous year, and the event showed that Lee could occupy McClellan with a much inferior force, while a detachment under Jackson was striking telling and distant blows. But besides all this, there remains the stubborn fact, which his 'Own Story' does not attempt to meet, that his army and his resources were still superior to his enemy, and that he was baffled by his own imagination, which continued to magnify his opponents.

Perhaps the most painful thing in this volume to those who once made Gen. McClellan their idol, is to see the revelation of blinding self-esteem which it exhibits. Neither in the state nor in the army does he find one man capable of guiding affairs. The country is ruled by rogues and incapables, and at the Chickahominy he de-

clares that "it would be utter destruction to this army were I to be disabled so as not to be able to take command." McDowell, Halleck, Burnside, and Pope, as they by force of circumstances became his rivals, are stupid, dishonest, incompetent. He has some praise for a few of the regular officers who had been devoted followers of himself, or had been far removed from his sphere, but this is all. He has no word of recognition for the military achievements of Grant or Sherman or Sheridan.

Yet the army was devoted to him—so devoted that it was unjustly thought they would tolerate no other commander, and might mutiny if he were supplanted. Their enthusiasm for him was an advantage which determined his last appointment to command. There were several reasons for this—some of them good, some of them not so good. From headquarters the belief pervaded that great army that the skill of their commander saved them in conflicts against overwhelming odds, and had preserved them from being precipitated against a hundred and fifty thousand foes entrenched at Manassas. If they had known the truth as the pitiless pen of history is now picturing it, would they have been so enthusiastic? Would they have thought it a glory to have made good their retreat from the Chickahominy to the James, if they had known that by far the greater part of the enemy was engaged with Porter's single corps at Gaines's Mill? They took their commander at his word, and honestly believed that his genius had made them at least partly successful in a struggle of one against three or four, and that hardly "Father Abraham" had been just in estimating the odds opposed to them. A philosopher has said that "the sense of impossibility quenches all will," and the army was persistently and scientifically indoctrinated with the conviction that they were assigned to a task nearly if not quite beyond their physical powers. Braver men, better soldiers were never seen, and if there is any lack of the full accomplishment they were capable of, their commanders must bear the blame, and each of these in turn received the fatal legacy of a weak *morale* growing out of a false theory of the facts. For twenty years friend and foe have alike challenged the first commander of that army to justify his assertion that his enemy was multifold his superior in force. He has answered, and his answer is the silence on this point which is confession. To the soldiers who followed him is bequeathed the sad duty of doing justice to the Administration of Lincoln, and of readjusting the account of praise and blame, of glory and of humiliation.

GHIBERTI.

Ghiberti et son école. Par Charles C. Perkins. Paris: Jules Rouam. 1886.

LIKE previous works of the late lamented historian of the arts of Tuscany, this exhaustive monograph, on one of the most original of the Renaissance artists, is rather to be noted for its patient and thorough research, its compendious assimilation of the art studies of other authorities and its catholic appreciation, than for critical acumen or originality. It gives us all the material which exists for completing our idea of Ghiberti as a figure of his epoch and in his relations with his fellow-artists, but we shall look in it in vain for any luminous or original expression of the character of his art, or for subtle distinctions of artistic qualities in that of his epoch. Generous and comprehensive, even enthusiastic, as an amateur of the arts, Mr. Perkins somehow misses in his commentary the fundamental divisions which separate the vital and immortal manifestations of art from the emulations and semblances which the former always develop.

His judgments never failed from want of research, but rather from want of fine discrimination between the considerations presented to him.

That with regard to Ghiberti Mr. Perkins was at a loss to form a definite and satisfactory estimate, is shown by his perplexity as to the artist's relation to the antique. It appears clearly enough, from the ensemble of the documents presented, that Ghiberti was sufficiently acquainted with antique sculpture to have undergone its influence as completely as any of his contemporaries; and his having been so slightly influenced as he was, according to Mr. Perkins, should have pointed directly to the cause in the limitations of his artistic faculties. Says the author:

"The field of observation being so restrained for Ghiberti, the influence of the antique, which shows itself in his 'Isaac,' is so much the more remarkable that this influence, which began to show itself so early, and which made him later one of the best connoisseurs and most famous collectors of his epoch, never incited him to treat classical subjects, nor to work in the Greco-Roman style. There is in this an enigma which is not easy to solve; and what surprises us still more is, that the antique had not sufficient influence on him to prevent the kind of picturesque debauch (*débauche pittoresque*) which characterizes his second manner. In fact, he seems there to ignore completely the natural limitations of sculpture which the ancients have always respected with such scrupulous care."

Now, nothing is clearer, among the comparisons which a wide study of art develops, than that which is here so nearly touched and yet missed. Ghiberti was not influenced more by Greek art for the simple reason that that art is one of ideals, of types, and Ghiberti had no sympathy with types. If we take the best Greek work in which there is any departure from the typical tendency and an attempt to tell a story, we must confess that the attempt is very lame—the pediments of the Parthenon not excepted, which, magnificent as are their broken fragments even, can have only been, in their most perfect state, a collection of types, very unsatisfactorily expressing the event they commemorated. Now, in none of Ghiberti's single statues is this study of type noticeable, but, on the contrary, the effort to develop the story-telling side of art. He had far more sympathy with Gothic art, which is primarily decorative (and by this alone kept within the limits of true art), and thus with the narrative-literary, as we might now call it. Naturally, as artist, he must have felt the supreme qualities of Greek sculpture, so far as its technique went; but there is nothing in his own art to show that he had any appreciation of what is the vital quality of the pure Greek art, the subjective development of types of beauty. Ghiberti was essentially modern in all his tendencies and achievements, and consequently without any root of sympathy with the motives of Greek art, however much he may have admired its technical triumphs.

The enigma which our author finds so difficult to solve ought to be no enigma at all—we see it repeated again and again in Veronese, in Rembrandt, wherever in art the decorative element dominated the ideal. We are disposed, besides, to differ with the author, though with less positiveness, in what he says of Ghiberti's work as that of a painter-sculptor—an idea which, however, he shows (p. 57) was not original with him, but due to Rumohr:

"In his first manner, such as it appears in his 'Sacrifice of Abraham' and in the bas-reliefs of the first door of the Baptistery, Ghiberti is much less painter-sculptor than in the second door, made after linear perspective, codified for the use of artists by Brunelleschi, had placed at his disposal resources until then unknown. Let us say, however, that the author of the doors worked as a painter from the beginning as much as was possible without the aid of perspective. In his bas-reliefs, in fact, he used landscape as back-

ground for his figures, and gave to these a peculiar lightness and flexibility (*plasticité*), calculating his shadows as an essential element of the effect sought for."

This is, while cognizant of certain distinctive qualities of the artist's work, and suggestive of their significance, not so close to the truth as not to be misleading. Ghiberti was not so much a painter-sculptor as a decorative sculptor. The general effect of his work as decoration was of vital importance; the particular value or perfection of parts, of very little. And with all due deference to any judgment differing from ours, we always have felt in presence of the gates of the Baptistery that the ornamental work *par excellence*, the borders and medallions of the first door, show a happier feeling and a more complete art than the more ambitious and intellectual subject bas-reliefs. But it is not the feeling of the painter, and perhaps if Mr. Perkins had been asked to define more clearly what he meant by painter-sculptor, and had not been misled by Rumohr, he would have said "designer in relief," for it is this character of designer in the more modern sense of the word—the decorative designer more distinctly—which distinguishes Ghiberti among his contemporaries. But so far from admitting that the term painter-sculptor was one which defined the quality of the artist, we should be disposed to say that it was owing to a deficiency of feeling for the aims of the painter and the charms of color, that his powers over relief were so subtle and remarkable. No just nomenclature of art will admit the use of the word "painter" where it is clear that the palette has no place and the resources of the artist are precisely those which dispense with color, as is the case in the work of Ghiberti.

Mr. Perkins traces the influences of prior art which had fallen on Ghiberti, but we apprehend that he carries too far complaisance to a certain worship of Dante which is much in vogue with the admirers of the art and thought of the Middle Ages, when he reckons him as the inspirer of Ghiberti.

"After having spoken of technique, let us consider the style of Ghiberti, which is that of an epoch already in part freed from the control of theology. Symbolism, allegory, convention, tradition, formulas, in fact, are no longer required; the artist enters into more direct relations with his epoch, he works under the double inspiration of nature and the antique. He owes his emancipation especially to the great poet of the 'Divine Comedy,' who, while solving in terms of the Middle Ages the problems which preoccupy him, does not lose sight for an instant of humanity and the real world."

This seems to us strained and inconsequent. That a culture which has vital causes in the spirit of its epoch should awaken the artist to efforts analogous to those of the writer, is most natural and probably of continual occurrence; but that there is any distinct relation between any form of literary work and the style or purely artistic side of the artist's work, we are disposed to deny entirely. The literary causes which enter into the character of a work of art, as distinguished from the purely pictorial, are always of inferior vitality; and, where they dominate, the art is always an inferior art. Not only is the picture which owes its effect to the story which it illustrates of a lower art, but the style which imitates or emulates literary qualities is invariably an artificial one, and, when its fashion is past, is sure to be consigned to the limbo of abortions. Dante might furnish subjects to Giotto or to Michael Angelo or Doré, but to suppose that he had any influence on the style of his illustrator is to go outside the capabilities of true art. Nor is it clear how the poet can affect the style of the artist, since they deal with elements the analogies between which are so remote that the translation is almost inconceivable. No more do the themes of Ghiberti or his contemporaries borrow their