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THE NEW PATH.

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Society for the Advancement of
TRUTH IN ART.

No. 11.] "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, [March, 1864
and the things that shall be hereafter."

SCULPTURE.

PAPER IV.—OF THE PRESENT TIME.

IN the course of this article we have considered the sculpture left us by the Greeks, that of the Middle Ages, and that of the Renaissance while yet in its strength. The reader who has followed thus far will have perceived that the writer has sought no display of original ideas, but only such statement of truths easily ascertainable and conclusions not to be avoided as may help us in our answer to the inquiry with which we began, What ought our sculptors to do for us?

It behoves us to guard sedulously and to study continually the fragments we possess of Greek sculpture. They are the work of stronger and healthier men than we, trying with all their might to embody their ideas of perfect health and strength. The beauty of form thus attained is unmatched in Art, and altogether unapproached by anything we can see in life. As long as men lead artificial and unhealthy lives,—as long as the seeds of disease are uneradicated, and the results remain of our own and our fathers' carelessness and vice,—so long will it be well for us to study Greek statues, that we may see how beautiful our bodies were meant to be.

Is it, therefore, well for the sculptor to study Greek statues? Ought he to use them as models for his work?

Experience has proved the vanity of the attempt. For the attempt has

been often enough made. The followers of the classic seem to have reasoned thus;—The Greeks studied the living body of man and reached this splendid ideal; now, if we study this ideal, these marble gods and heroes, to what perfection shall we not attain? at all events, here is safety, in the study not of feeble humanity, but of these super-human exemplars. The case can be plausibly stated. But the result has always been failure, failure to produce anything Greek or anything good. In some cases, and especially among the sixteenth century sculptors of inferior ability, a certain resemblance has been attained to some of the third-rate antiques, left us from days of the Empire, executed in bad times for art by Greeks resident in the Imperial City, or working to please her luxurious and trivial nobility. But there is nothing modern that is at all like good Greek sculpture, whether colossal or miniature, complete or in relief, associated or alone. And this result is complete failure. For, from the days when his critics reproached Buonarrotti that his work was not so good as the antique, and he hid—as the story goes—a statue of his in the ground, which, being discovered, was declared a very fine antique indeed, to the days when Canova gave the enraptured world his Graces and Nymphs, the striving of the classical men has been to do not *as* the Greek

did but *what* they did, and to reproduce Greek statuary.

Thorwaldsen, perhaps, is the best classic sculptor we have had. Perhaps he was "more an antique Roman than [what he was meant to be,] a Dane." And he repented when it was too late, gave up the pagan and adopted Christian subjects and treatment. When it was too late;—for the mind slips as water would from his marble, there is nothing to stay it. Even when he is fairly away from classic influences, in his own day and among stirring events of his own day, his work is equally devoid of positive merit. That was a beautiful episode of useless grandeur of obedience and self-sacrificing valor, a "Charge of the Light Brigade," without final victory to gild its memory, that fight which the Swiss Guards made at Versailles when the mob stormed the palace. The subject might have inspired Thorwaldsen, when he was commissioned to set up, at Lucerne, a monument to the massacred soldiers. His idea was a good one, a dying lion who guards to the last the shield of the *fleurs-de-lys*. But, how poorly it is carried out! "*Was hat der Löwe?*" said to the writer a shrewd German lady, as she stood looking at the colossal creature, about which wonderful things are spoken in Germany, "*ist er ganz kaput?*" The lion seems to be suffering bodily pain, and to be cowed by it and howling about it, his nerves very much unstrung, his muscles very much relaxed—perhaps in death—but with neither resistance nor endurance nor courage nor dignity of any sort. As this is, all are, and we say that Thorwaldsen repented too late, because it seems that he was, at one time, capable of better things.

Flaxman must not be forgotten; an able man, a very able man, who devoted his life to the grand Greek ideal and the reproduction of it, who has left us a host of designs for bas reliefs, never to be executed and for which no place nor purpose ever existed. These designs are everywhere to be seen. They are known in common parlance as "Flaxman's Outlines to" Homer or Hesiod or Dante, and are much regarded by nearly every student of Art at some period of his development. But

it is doubtful if they ever teach anything to their most ardent admirers. They do not help to the understanding of the books they are supposed to "illustrate." They do not help us to gain a knowledge of the Greeks; for this purpose any book of "costumes of the Ancients" is more useful than they. They have no power as works of art to excite or gratify; except occasionally and as if by accident, as in that plate which begins the illustrations to the *Odyssey*, Minerva descending to earth, which has indeed a certain grandeur, and is followed by compositions as expressionless and lifeless as ever a clever man thought himself called upon to make.

Of Canova, whose whole life was given to preaching a gospel of Art, expressible as briefly as that of Islam, "great is the antique and I am its prophet," of Canova it is hard to say whether his classic subjects modernized or his modern subjects classicized are the least worthy. The former, however, are the most absolutely bad. It is difficult to conceive anything, not intended to be vicious, more base than his Boxers who contend, not for the honorable crown of the successful athlete, but to kill. That human beast, with knit brows and protruded lips and a face of unequaled brutality, who crouches behind his knotty, caricatured left arm, with open right hand drawn back to his hip, is no boxer, what did Canova know of boxing, whether Greek or modern English? The Greeks carved manly forms in suspended motion of casting or contending, and Canova must. What did it matter to him that he saw no such exercises going on around him, and that a Greek sculptor would have told him to carve a fencer or a single-stick player if he wanted violent action? He could pose a great brawny model, and feel sure that the position was wonderfully Greek, and carve the statue, and sell it, and think himself and be thought by the world from Lord Byron down, a great artist. Surely he could ask no more than that.

It ought to surprise no one that these attempts to imitate the Greek sculpture have failed so disastrously. Only the same conditions and the same methods of work could possibly evolve the same sort of art. There is no Art

more severely realistic than Greek heroic sculpture, none more completely based upon study of natural facts. The attempt to imitate it by studying it and scorning the same natural facts, naturally failed.

All great art has to do with the representation of natural forms which the artist sees and loves. And, generally, the greatest art has to do with the best known natural forms, seen every day and loved as daily food for eye and heart. To the Greek sculptors the human body was the best known, the most commonly seen, certainly the best loved of natural forms. The continual and loving representation of it by these sculptures soon resulted in the representation of the human form as gods might wear it, unblemished and unweakened. When these circumstances return, let the practice of the Greek sculptors return, and their excellence will follow. But for us—is the human form familiar to us? Do we see it daily? Is that the human form we see when we meet a fashionably dressed man? There is a curiously unshaped wrapper, setting close to the shoulders, but a bag everywhere else, in body and in sleeves, neither loose enough to be drapery nor tight enough to show the form; made of heavy material a sixteenth of an inch thick, too perfectly fabricated to crease or wrinkle or “get out of [that is *into*] shape,” any accidental effect of wear at once removed by the tailor’s goose, the whole forming what is called a stylish business coat, a garment whose highest merits are that it will be fashionable (that is, handsome this year, but awkward and ugly if put away now and taken out again in five years) and that it will always look new (that is, lose none of its natural ugliness) as long as it lasts.

For the rest,—in most styles of dress other than the full robe of the Roman or Venetian, the legs of men have been clothed in garments that showed their shape. Your ancestors, my elegant friend, in Queen Elizabeth’s time and before, wore tight hose, tighter than the buff riding trowsers you (very sensibly) put on when you take your matutinal horseback exercise, and wore large boots when it was muddy or there was riding to be done, exactly as you do over the riding trowsers afore-

said. Following this came knee breeches and stockings,—boots as before when needed. But fashions have changed and the limbs are hidden and forgotten. Your means of locomotion appear to be two conical pipes, which waver in the wind, and change slightly in outline as you walk, but which give no idea of what may be within,—the cassimere is too thick and well woven for that; and will not fall prettily as drapery,—they are too scientifically cut for that. Of woman’s form we can see something above the girdle, when changing fashion periodically returns to the plain and close fitting “waist.” And from the girdle down we have had and are likely to have again real drapery; though it is with the regret of most women that the hideous swinging bell, which has of late years occupied its place, is passing away. Woman, then, is a more sightly object than man, and a much more worthy and repaying subject for art. But to the question, Do we see the human form around us daily? we can answer only in the negative. Go to the gymnasium, sculptor, and see something of the bodies of your fellow men in action, while you improve your own. Do not suppose that two hours an evening drawing from a nude model, posed before a class, will teach you what the human form is like. And do not suppose that, without some better knowledge than is thus to be obtained, you can rightly improve your opportunity when you have your own model in your studio, and are ready to commence work on the great statue which is to immortalize you.

Further, no great work of sculpture can be produced by copying exactly a single model. It is very seldom that a model can be found which is even tolerably free from fault in all respects. Very many modern statues have evidently been copied, line by line, from the model close at hand. Mr. Palmer’s works are the most marked instance; they all have the look of portraits, portraits from crown to sole; and portraiture of unknown women in a state of nudity, cannot be called high art. Of all the faults of the White Captive, the worst sin against art is the clumsy and ugly modelling of the knees and lower part of the legs. If it be true to

nature, think of the artistic taste that selects such a model and copies it submissively. If it be not true, think of the artistic taste which could go astray from the model into such vagaries of shapelessness.

The question then arises, if we are so limited in regard to general knowledge of the human form, and so nearly without models, is it well to represent the nude form at all? Before we answer that question, we must consider one or two other points.

Mediæval and Renaissance sculpture were produced by people living much as we live, and having about equal facilities for the study of the human form, except that the more natural dress displayed it better.

We find in their work two radically different conditions of sculpture; sculpture of expression and sculpture of form. In Gothic carving which was placed some distance above the eye there was no attempt at imitating the form of the men or animals represented. The carvers did not use even their imperfect knowledge of the anatomical facts. It was found that a bird, thirty feet above the eye, if carved in careful imitation of the form of the living bird, would be lost, would be merely a little lump of stone,—delicately shaped head, finely pencilled feathers all invisible. Instinctive feeling aided by experiment showed the carvers that certain other forms *not* those of the bird would give the effect of the bird to those who looked up from below. As we cannot here engrave examples, we must refer the reader to a faithful one,—see Plate VIII. in the first volume of the *Stones of Venice*, where the peacock, though introduced for a different purpose, will answer our purpose as well. This is an instance of successful expressional treatment, the stone rings with sun on them showing in their lights, shades and shadows a wonderful likeness to the eyes of the peacock's tail. A good instance of failure in the attempt is afforded by a modern Gothic architectural alto-relief in the London Exhibition, of which a stereograph can be bought, and is worth buying, for in many respects the design is good. The subject is the Resurrection, and three angels are removing the stones from the sepulchre; they all have glories

carefully and smoothly cut in the stone background, slightly concave with a rim outside. The glory of one of them comes upon the large flat stone the angel is removing, and, being nearly in the middle, has the effect of a circular panel with a raised moulding around it. Judging from the photographs it seems impossible that these could ever in any light and at any distance give the effect of an aureole, that is of a circle of light around the head. And if this could not be done, then the glories should have been just indicated and no more,—an incised circle in the background would have been better than these elaborate deformities.

It is a proof of the power of the mediæval sculptors, that they could so perfectly represent man and beast and bird and flower, while carving none of their forms exactly as in nature.

The first appearance of the Renaissance, we have seen above, was in the demand for executive perfection. The New Lights held that all sculpture should be realized, should be the exact reproduction of the form of the thing represented, and that it should all be finished to the highest point to which it was possible to carry it. The first effect of this feeling was the production of works of art unequalled before in beauty and all artistic merit. But the second effect was the stripping the buildings of ornament, leaving them cold and bare. The whole system of expressional carving was swept away together. There were statues below, more perfect in form and more delicately and completely finished than any in the Gothic times, but above, where the Gothic workmen had set their conventional sculpture, with none of the forms of life but with all the appearance of life, there all was left bare or relieved only by color.

The distinction between the two great schools is not merely one of degrees of perfection, not merely of more or less knowledge, more or less conventionalism. It is a radical difference, the one using means of effect which the other cannot allow. For instance, in all realized sculpture the eyeball must be represented flat, without indication of iris or pupil, as always in Greek work; because that which has no form cannot be represented by form.

and the sculptor has no warrant for indicating blackness or greyness by incision or relief. But no such rule held in Gothic work; on the contrary the effect of a dark eye was sought by any means that seemed likely to produce it, and a deep, semi-circular groove is cut to mark out the iris as rolled upward or sideways, without any question of the legitimacy of the proceeding.

From the time of the Renaissance until now, sculpture has remained *in statu quo*,—striving after perfectly realized form. It is probable that it must remain so. It seems that no attempt at producing purely decorative or expressional or in any way conventionalized sculpture,—except of vegetable forms in ornament and accessory,—would be endured; and it seems that no such attempt could succeed. Good conventional sculpture can result from one cause only; from the limitations imposed upon the artist by imperfect material, insufficient skill, disadvantageous position and the like. With us, these limitations will hardly be allowed, and the resulting conventionalism hardly endured, except in leaf carving, without a determined and prolonged effort to remove the former and avoid the latter. It is well for us, therefore, to assume that all the sculptors are to seek for perfect rendering of form.

Assuming this, and remembering that in all times of great art there has been a constant connection between sculpture and building,—a connection always found necessary to the highest development of both,—we can partly answer our question: What ought our sculptors to do for us? They ought to help restore Sculpture to its place as the soul of Architecture. They ought to help solve the doubt how far realized sculpture can also be decorative. They ought to show the world what Gothic sculpture might have been had skill not brought corruption with it, and learning pedantry, what Gothic sculpture would have been had Giotto's successors never heard of Greece and Rome. In the beginning of this article we said that the question as to the duty of the sculptors would never have arisen if the architects were doing theirs. It is true. If the architects

were doing as they should the sculptors would find work forced upon them, would be called upon for just that which there is most need of. But as they are not generally, it is safe to say, doing anything at all good or worthy, and seem to feel the need of the plastic arts as little as if they were building wigwams, or Esquimaux ice huts which would melt in summer, it is most necessary that the sculptors should stand forward and help.

A sculptor who loves his work and has any noble ambition connected with it, must prefer, we think, to see it form part of a noble building, than to see it helping to furnish somebody's front parlor. And if he is a generous man, even if he is a wisely selfish man, he will prefer to see it in association with other sculpture rather than to have it stand alone. Works of art help each other. One picture may sometimes injure another by immediate juxtaposition, but not so with sculpture. The beholder will only admire your work the more for the awakening of his mind by the statues he has seen before he comes to it. And sculpture is helped by nothing else so much as noble architectural forms. Even if your statue do not form strictly a part of the building, even if it fill no niche—adorn no tympanum,—help no column,—top no pinnacle,—if it only has and holds a definite position about a building, where it and not another belongs, where generations are to see it remain, it gains in interest and in actual worth from the mere fact of its being so fixed, and is of more importance than it could ever be if independent. A statue fixed forever on its pedestal in its appointed place, is better than furniture statues which pass from hand to hand and are put up at auction and raffled off at fairs or Art Union distributions, as the several copies of the Greek Slave have been. But a statue which forms in some way part of the *ensemble* of a building, which fills a place which would be left empty by its removal, which is felt a necessity to the proper completion of the design, is more fortunate still.

The power which art has of helping art is never so forcibly seen as in the associated sculpture of a building. II,

for instance, a good sculptor has finished a statue of some famous man, and has set it up where it is to stay, in the front of some public edifice, he will find that his statue needs not sterility about it but richness, he will find that if those capitals, one on each side of it, were more richly carved and their leaves less stiff and more like natural leaves, his work would be the better for it. Moreover, a building assumes an entirely different appearance when covered with rich carving than when plain. That which seemed of questionable propriety or of not quite faultless proportion, suddenly puts on a new look and is altogether perfect and not to be gainsaid.

These truths have been pleasantly exemplified in a building of which all have heard and of which the details have been abundantly reproduced in photography, the Oxford University Museum. Every person who cares for architecture, and is interested in the attempts which are being made in America to naturalize true architecture here, should possess some of these photographs, which are good and enduring, and a little book on the Oxford Museum, by Dr. Acland, containing letters from Mr. Ruskin. The square inner court, which has a glass roof and is devoted to the collections of the Museum, is surrounded by a double cloister. These cloisters are not continuous arcades, but are divided by heavy piers into bays, each of which is filled by an arcade of two arches in the lower, of four arches in the upper cloister. Projecting from each of these piers, in the lower story, is a pedestal, the statue upon which is raised about four feet above the floor of the court. These pedestals are occupied by statues of men eminent in science, Hippocrates, Bacon, Leibnitz, Priestly, Berzelius, thirty-three in all. In 1860, only a few had been set, but the work has been going on since, and we are told that it was finally completed last summer, when the last statue was put up. With these portrait statues is associated the richest and most realistic floral and animal sculpture that could be produced in England by the best workmen procurable, under the guidance and direction of the best sculptors of the time, Munro and Woolner, by whom many of

the statues in the court have been executed. The outside of the building looked bare and cold at first,—there were the ranged arches and the slender shafts that supported them, there was grace in it and graceful strength, and, as the capitals were carved, one by one, some brightness and expression were given to the building; but it looked bare and cold, for all. But a subscription was set on foot to decorate the front, Mr. Ruskin headed it with three hundred pounds, it succeeded, and the work began with the carving of the archivolts of the lower windows. So remarkable a change as this produced in the whole aspect of the exterior should have been seen by everyone who has never been convinced that ornamental sculpture is necessary to a perfect building.

We desire, then, that henceforth, whenever a new building of importance is about to be built, the sculptors should claim their share in it. If that begun cathedral in Fifth Avenue is ever raised above the heads of men, let the sculptors see to it that all the Roman Catholic prelates in the country be represented by portrait statues, life-size, in their cassocks or in full pontificals. That would be a grand opportunity, thus afforded, to be realistic and natural without losing anything of dignity in the portraying of ugly costume. There are few characteristic or graceful dresses left to us now, we ought to use those we have. One of the most earnest and purposeful of our sculptors is at work on a bust of the late Archbishop Hughes; this commission or another ought to be for a full length statue. The cathedral he began, if carried forward according to the plans adopted, will doubtless be a very bad building indeed, and afford as little aid to sculpture as to architecture. Let us hope that it will remain as it is until a proper design shall have been procured, and that then the sculptors will demand their share in so important a work.

There is a chance, in every building other than one very cheap or purely utilitarian, for sculpture of some sort. Of course not always portrait statues. A Calvinistic church would hardly be improved, in the opinion of its congregation, by statues of saints, even of

apostles or evangelists, or, on the other hand, even of John Knox and Jonathan Edwards. But the congregation might not love their church less if it were decorated by bas reliefs of Christ's life and works. The Unitarians build costly churches, they are free from any objection, on religious grounds, to representative art about their churches; why has not *All Soul's Church* some quatrefoil panels filled with relief-sculpture of religious subject? Perhaps the tower, which is promised us soon, will be so decorated. The *Church of the Messiah* is soon to be rebuilt; let the sculptors see to it that the architect provide a place, and the wealthy members of the church provide the funds, for some confession of faith other than in words,—some dedication to the Messiah in enduring marble. And the Episcopal churches, which, by time honored custom and inherent fitness of things are expected to be the most adorned of all, are they always to limit their expenditures for decoration to colored tiles and glass? Let the sculptors see to it that they be considered as well as—nay *before*—the manufacturers of such means of adornment, their claim is the highest. Let no costly pulpit be hereafter erected without sculpture on each of its five or six solid sides, sculptures of the Annunciation,—of the Resurrection,—of the Salutation; or without floral mouldings and base and shaft wreathed with luxuriant foliage. Let no font be set up and no baptismal chapel built without the emblems and history of the sacrament; Christ baptized in Jordan on the walls, in marble, John the Baptist in bronze or carved oak on the font-cover.

Statuary has always been employed for memorial purposes, the dead have always been commemorated by sculpture, though indeed it has often been of the vilest. Our churches do not often afford space for the noble altar-tomb, and this effective and entirely appropriate form of memorial can hardly be used in the cemetery, unless forming part of a very large monument, which affords a canopy for the recumbent figure, for no one would feel wholly at ease to see the effigy of his friend, in that calmness of composed limbs and hands joined in prayer,

set where the rain would beat on the upturned face. Yet, when this chance is given, and we may indeed use the altar tomb, let us do it gladly. The invention, tenderness and sympathy of the greatest sculptor are needed and will be fully displayed in the disposition of one of those reposing forms. Baron Marochetti has never, to our knowledge, shown so much of his great ability as in that most charming figure of the Princess Elizabeth, on the tomb erected by Queen Victoria. There are other memorials than these. Slabs have often, of late, been put up in our churches. But must they always be merely displays of ornamental lettering, with perhaps a conventional leaf pattern or a trefoil or two? That was a very ingenious and pleasing tablet designed by Mr. Mould which is on the wall north of the pulpit in All Souls' Church; the stiff and ugly former church edifice of the Society is worked in, probably by order, enclosed in a quatrefoil, hardly visible till you look for it, then easily understood. But cannot we have more than this? To Major Hodson of Indian Mutiny fame a tomb has been erected, having on its sides in decorative panels, scenes from his history while commanding "Hodson's Horse." Cannot we take the hint? Perhaps a sculptor can be found who can enclose in a two foot quatrefoil something of the deeds of a gallant soldier who has fallen. Let us have such tablets as that upon our church walls.

Large prices are oftentimes paid by private gentlemen in New York for works of sculpture to decorate their parlors. If they were approached with the suggestion of carved ornament to their outside walls, they would at once meet the suggestion with the true remark that they do not live outside their houses. What, then, is the most indoor of all indoors? What part of a house's interior is most domestic and familiar? Decidedly, the fire place of family sitting-room. It is this, then, that should be made beautiful. Let the merchant prince, who is willing to beautify his home with art, employ the sculptor he most admires to carve his chimney-piece; let him pay for a frieze along its front, of rich sculpture, representing some scene in the history of

his family,—or of his native town,—nearly everybody has had an ancestor in the Boston Tea Party or the Battle of Bunker Hill, or else was born in Deerfield or Cherry Valley, or is descended from the English Puritans who fought beside Miles Standish, or the Dutchmen who lived under Peter Stuyvesant's headstrong government. If he have no taste for such record or nothing of his own to remember, he can have hunting,—or heraldry, if he is fond of it,—or birds, and animals, and insects and their ways, with flowers and leaves; he can always have these things, and they are always beautiful. Those delightful partridges, and that wild duck and the young birds at the Central Park Terrace, are not so beautiful as the lovely things any of our sculptors could do in hard Westchester marble, on the mantel of the first patron of art who will order them. Whoever he may be, he will find that his thousand dollars will make him happier than the same sum invested in a meaningless, lifeless, soft and smooth and insipid marble woman, be she called by any fanciful name taken out of heathen mythology or the catalogue of the abstract virtues.

Not that we wish detached statues,—"easel statues," as a good friend and amateur sculptor calls them,—done away with altogether. It is very possible that occasions may arise and subjects may offer which warrant such sculpture, and demand it. Portrait busts and medallions are good things to have, indeed, there can be grandeur in them, grandeur of truth and dramatic insight, not less than in a painted portrait. So statues of famous men, especially if considerably under life-size, are good, because they can be endlessly copied in plaster, each copy being nearly equal in merit to the original; one such, of some value, is that of Daniel Webster, often seen in New York houses. Faithful portraiture is always good; and genius, if a man have it, he can show in a medal or a coin. But let it be recognized by the sculptors that their work is better if it have a place and duty of its own, somewhere, and let the owner feel prouder of his sculptured door post and bas-relief built in the wall, if good in themselves, than of any statues, or

busts, or medallions, equally good, which stand or hang around his drawing-room.

There are, it seems, numerous and varied subjects for sculpture, any of which are more interesting and worthy of an artist than the usual appeals to popular admiration through smooth female faces and rounded female forms. Our question, Shall we represent the nude form at all, has been answered; for, if your subject, well and appropriately chosen, include undraped figures, you must have them. But it will continually happen that the subject must be chosen so as to avoid the necessity of representing the nude form, there are so few sculptors now working who can carve it. For no error can be pardoned, no unbeautiful form endured in this highest walk of art. Artists who can model good and spirited figures in the costume of this day, or of past times, might be quite unable to model rightly any part of the body. And there are artists who have proved their total inability to deal with the nude form at all, who might yet do great things with humanity *as they see it*, clothed.

The great length of this article has made necessary the utmost brevity in treating many of the points necessary to consider, and complete silence concerning others nearly as important. In concluding it and leaving the subject for the present, we have to express a hope and a fear.

Early last summer architects were invited to offer designs for four gates at the southern end of the Central Park. Competitors were instructed to provide in their designs for future decoration by sculpture. For all the future gates of the Park a somewhat peculiar nomenclature is preordained. The four gates for which designs were asked are to be called, respectively, The Artizans' Gate, The Artists' Gate, The Merchants' Gate, The Scholars' Gate. It is expected, of course, that the name of each gate will be illustrated by the sculpture upon it.

There are two ways of doing this. The first is the conventional way to which we are accustomed, and which we have long been taught to believe the only possible way,—a system devised by the unimaginative plagiarists of

the Renaissance, as a choice bit of pseudo-classic paganism. According to this, the Artists' Gate will be decorated by an allegoric group, representing New York as a young woman crowned with towers holding out laurel wreaths to a sculptor, a painter and an architect, each of whom will have somewhere about him the attributes of his profession, or, perhaps will be accompanied by the Genius of his Art bearing them,—a palette and brushes for painting, a great roll of paper and a pair of dividers for architecture, and probably a chisel only, or a medallion under the arm for sculpture. Another probable device would be—the three Genii of the three Arts grouped together, she of Architecture in the middle and holding a model of the Parthenon, she of Painting on the left (of the spectators) with a great drawing-board or block-book and a pencil, she of Sculpture on the other side with a bust beside her, and some bas-relief leaning up against the wall. Another idea might be borrowed from Delaroche's Hemicycle des Beaux Arts, and consist of the ladies representing Grecian Art, Roman, Gothic, and so forth, and American Art added, with a war eagle headdress, like the Liberty on a nickel cent.

Have we not had enough,—has not the world had enough of this wretched, vapid and long ago-exhausted mockery of pagan symbolism? We fully expect to see it in full force in the Central Park Gates, not that we have any reason to expect it in this case more than in others, but because it is what we should usually expect to see in any

such case. The Architects who did better things in the Park, at the Terrace, and who might have been relied on to do better still, are no longer in charge of the destinies of the Park.

There is another way of illustrating by sculpture the name of each gate,—the realistic way, which is, in many of its features, the mediæval way also. First, there are portrait statues. Our American sculptors have not yet discovered what a magnificent field for display of ability is afforded by such a statue of a great man long dead. To collate such record as we have of Angelo's face and form, gain a perfect familiarity with his life and the subtlest shades of his character, and then carve his statue as he must have been,—that were a task for the greatest. And a gate with life size portraits of such eight, ten, twelve or twenty artists as shall prove, on examination, to most truly represent the various phases of art,—would be a gate of Paradise indeed! Then there are groups in relief of artistic work going on. Our most inventive artist will find his invention taxed to put rightly into a square panel a conventionalized statement of how his studio looks and how the work is done there. But he will find the task a repaying one,—should he think it an impossible one, let him consult the records,—he will find every trade which the thirteenth century knew, compressed into alto relief in panels, decoration of capitals, or squares of stained glass.

Invention can never work as it ought, unless there is some reference to, some rendering of Nature and Fact.

MILLAIS' "PARABLES."

Review.

"THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST: with pictures by John Everett Millais. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, London: Routledge, Warne and Routledge, Farington Street. 1864."

This book, long looked for, has, at last, arrived. We are loth to confess that our eager anticipations have been somewhat dashed, and that the feeling

with which we have closed it after lingering long over its pages, and returning to them again and again, has been, on the whole, one of disappointment. Mr. Millais' powers are so confessedly great, and he has been so successful in winning the popular heart, that we had relied, with what we fear will prove to have been over-confidence, on his ability to produce a work which, by the freshness, force and tenderness of its treatment would carry

the wonderful parables of Jesus with renewed power of appeal to the heart of the world, in these later days a little dulled to their delicate beauty and simplicity. Certainly, some of these Parables have never been surpassed in the qualities that are necessary to perfection in this species of narrative; and we had looked forward with a sort of childish delight to possessing a book which should lie on our table always with Durer's Passion; doing for the words of Jesus what the grand old German did for his acts, doubling the treasure of our ears with a new treasure for our eyes.

At the outset, we may freely thank the engravers for their share of the work. They have, plainly, registered a vow that the failure of the illustrations of Tennyson should not be repeated in this undertaking; and by this time they have engraved so much of Millais' work that they are become thoroughly familiar with his manner, and as sympathetic with his spirit as could be hoped for. Without much doubt, we lose far less of all that is characteristic of Millais in the Dalziel wood-cutting than we do of Durer in the engravings executed after his designs, and it is probable that we get in one of these engravings, in the book before us, as faithful a transcript of the original drawing as could be obtained by any means short of the photograph.

The Dalziels are working in a most intelligent spirit; and, as the result of their labors, we see the art of wood-engraving, in England, rapidly returning to its true field—the field in which Thomas Bewick first broke ground in the last century, and shewed himself the peer of his German predecessors, and, thus far, the master mind among his English brethren. Since his day, the art of wood engraving has been gradually declining; ever more and more departing from its legitimate work; trying to play tricks, and rival the sister arts of etching and engraving on steel and copper, until it has well nigh lost its own peculiar power, and individual spirit, and degenerated to the rank of a mere cheap imitation of more costly work. In truth, the art of engraving on wood is an art by itself, having its own independent characteristics; producing its effects by methods

very different from those of the manifold ways of treating steel and copper; methods very different, but every way as precious. There is a vice of the times, which growing sense and increased perception will root out before long—the vice of imitation, whose spring is in insincerity and pretence, in a desire to seem other than what we are, which is at the bottom of all the modern love of "graining" cheap woods to make them look like costly; of painting bricks to make them seem to be stone; of false jewelry, false precious-stones, plated ware, wigs, false hair on pretty girls who have hair of their own, and on old women who are ashamed of the white locks that ought to be their pride; of a hundred thousand shams and cheats, some harmless, some detestable, but, all, originating in the false, and unintelligent notion that we have gained something when we have made a thing look like what it is not. We will enlarge upon this at another time; at present we are concerned with this matter of wood engraving, which has departed from the road in which it set forth, full of life and vigor, to run a splendid race, simply because the engravers have not been satisfied to work within the limits imposed upon them by their material, but have tried to do what can only be done successfully on harder substances. They have always recognized this fact in Germany, and shunned the danger; as a result of which wisdom, from Durer down to Rethel, the line of wood-engravers has maintained its excellence there. In England, however, it has deteriorated, in spite of able men; and it is only to-day that we discover signs of a courageous return to true methods, a return which will give us in effect a new art, individual and accordingly precious, no longer a mere imitation of better things.

The engraver, then, has done his part in the right spirit and to the best of his ability; if the pictures disappoint us, we must lay the blame at another door than his. But we are not disposed to lay it wholly at the artist's, either, unless it be his fault to have taken a subject which is not well suited, on the whole, to pictorial illustration. For, when we come to examine the

Parables, one by one, we find that by far the greater number of them are not made clearer by the pictures, nor, indeed, can the story be clearly told by a picture at all. A partial confession of this difficulty is discovered in the fact that out of the thirty-three parables which this book contains, only twenty have been chosen for illustration; and, out of these twenty, we cannot recall one which tells any story so clearly as to be intelligible without a previous acquaintance. This, of course, would not be a valid objection, because almost every picture derives its interest from the more or less clear and forcible way in which it embodies the events of which we have read; but, if it is not an illustration of play, or poem, or history, but a story which the painter has invented, and is trying to tell us, it must be of extreme simplicity not to require an explanatory title. Of course, we remember that the Parables have this advantage, that they are familiar to every Christian man, woman, and child, and that but a very slight suggestion on the artist's part is needed to bring the whole story to our minds. Nevertheless, it seems to us that this ought not to have been taken for granted, although it is undoubtedly true; but the desirable thing to have done was to have chosen the parables which were capable of being translated into pictures, and illustrated those, point by point, for the sake of children who have yet to learn these beautiful stories.

Some of the Parables, it will be admitted, cannot be made into pictures. Take that of "The Leaven," for example. What better can be done with it than Millais has done; and what has he made of it but a first-rate drawing of a woman kneading bread? A very pleasing thing to contemplate, whether in real life, or, what is next best to real life, Mr. Millais' picture; but no more an illustration of the Parable than of half-a-dozen other subjects that might be mentioned. Yet, as we have said, what more could have been done to tell the story in black and white as clearly as we have it told in the Bible? And what is true of this Parable is true of nearly all of them. We miss in these pictures the dramatic power of the narrator. Jesus crowded a great deal of meaning into a very few words.

It is amazing to us moderns to see how He trusted to the truth and essential importance of what He had to say, and abstained from amplification and decoration. Most of the Parables are very short; some of them are told in a single verse; and even the finest of them, the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan and the Sower are told in less than forty, in all. Yet, these stories have made such an impression on our minds that we, with difficulty, believe that they are so short. They occupy in our imagination a much greater space; we clothe the characters with flesh and blood, and fill up all the gaps in the story with our own inventions, and become so interested in the people, that we think we have been in their company hours instead of minutes. Is all that a child remembers of Robinson Crusoe, after the lapse of ten years, more in amount, or more vivid, in spite of its abundant detail and variety of adventure—than what he holds of the incomparable Parables of the Good Samaritan or the Prodigal Son? We believe not; at least, we speak for ourselves, and it seems reasonable that it should be generally true. Now, the dramatic power of expression belongs, of right, to the speaker and the writer, but we ought not to demand it of the artist. He can only tell one thing at a time; and if he wants to tell the Parable of the Prodigal Son, he has only two ways of doing it. He may represent successive stages of the story on the same canvas, as, in Durer's "Birth of Christ," we have, in the distance, the angel appearing to the shepherds, and, in front, the manger, with the child, and Mary and Joseph, with the shepherds, crowding in at the door. Another familiar instance is in the "Transfiguration" of Raphael; where, in the upper part, Christ transfigured hovers in the air between Moses and Elias, and, in the lower part, in front, the disciples are in vain trying to cast out the evil spirit which is tormenting the boy, who was afterward brought to Jesus, and cured. This way of telling a story is very ancient, and continued in use down to a late period—perhaps Raphael was one of the last to employ it, and he did not do it with such a simple, unreasoning unconsciousness as the Byzantine painters, and the men

who more immediately preceded him. We moderns, perhaps too strongly infected with the French horror of disturbing the unities, are very much offended with this sort of thing, and no artist at this day would dare to commit such anachronisms. But it has its advantages, nevertheless; and at a time when the artist's aim was to teach the people, not to amuse them, merely, he was obliged, being cramped for room, and being anxious that no part of the story should escape the learner, to tell it in the most succinct way he could contrive.

The other way is, to make a series of pictures, telling the story, point by point, one at a time. This, also, is an old method, and a good one; only, it demands plenty of room. It is, however, the mode men at this day like best, and there seems no reasonable objection to it. It is the way in which we heartily wish Mr. Millais had felt inclined to illustrate these Parables, taking all that could be treated in this way, and letting the rest go; unless, as is the case in one or two instances, all the point of the story could have been expressed in one picture. The only one where we think this might have been done with a perfectly *telling* and satisfactory result, is the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.

There is yet another point, which it is necessary to consider. How should the artist treat the Parables: from which side should he look at them? Should he consider them as purely Eastern stories, told by an Oriental, and dependent for their full effect upon their Oriental dress, or should he consider the form as not essential to them—a mere accident, and as rather hindering than helping the modern reader in his attempt to seize their full meaning? Here is a question of importance, and it seems to us that Mr. Millais has made a mistake, and a serious one, too, in his way of answering it. If he had considered the Oriental features of the story essential—that the landscape, dresses and all the details ought to be strictly Eastern, and if he could have made them so—that would have been of great value, and the result might have been a great addition to our knowledge of Eastern localities, costumes and manners, beside helping

us to a deeper understanding of the Parables themselves. But, how could Mr. Millais give us this, never having been in the East? True, he might, by diligent study, have made up tolerably accurate pictures, but, they would not have been thought satisfactory, nor had the unmistakable air of truth which, alone, could have given them enduring value. The only man we know of in England who could have done this, having both the fullest, and most thorough knowledge of the East from a long residence and study there, is Holman Hunt, and he would have brought the Parables before our eyes, as the disciples heard them. We should have walked with them in spirit; and as we heard the words fall from the Teacher's lips, the artist would have brought the landscape with its men and women, its fig trees, and mustard trees, and shepherds, and sowers, and Samaritans before our eyes, in vivid reality.

There was another way; but it required a bold, confident spirit, and one that had a strong purpose, and a clear, discerning eye, looking quite through the shows of things—to dare the experiment. This was, to discard the Eastern dress of the Parables; give up the Oriental landscape, costume, manners and customs, and bravely bring the Parables to bear upon the life of Englishmen in England to-day.

Not that Mr. Millais is the man to dare this, nor to desire to do it. Else, able as he is to design what he will, he would have rejoiced in the work and done it, and made his name a household word. What has he done? He has given us an Englishwoman kneading bread, and English virgins with Eastern lamps going on an errand never heard of in England, but this is as near England as he lets us come. He seemed to have had a desire to try the experiment, but to have faltered, or turned away from it with dislike. This gives his work a mongrel air, and makes it therefore unsatisfactory. All our artists seem to be cowed by this fact of our ugly costume, or what they choose to think ugly, and stand quite shamefaced before their own times, groaning and lamenting the evil days they are fallen on. Millais, to be sure, has set us a better example, showing us how serious, sweet and touching

pictures may be made without ignoring the stubbornest facts of our daily life; a truth which he, indeed, did not discover, for Giotto, and Orcagna, and Durer, Van Eyck, Holbein and Hogarth and, in an infinitely smaller way, John Leech, had all done the thing before him; only, in our own day, it had come to be generally thought that the modern costume did very well for comic or humorous subjects like those in which Leech and Hogarth are at home, but that anything more serious, demanded a costume and setting removed from our every day experience. So poor a painter as West, had once, with his plain common sense, and material mind, brought the English to admit that in treating a modern subject it would be absurd to adopt any other than modern costume and surroundings, and since his day no English painter of repute has dared to put a flagrant anachronism on canvas. The want of unity of treatment in the book before us arises, as it appears to us, from not having well considered the problem to be solved. The Parables were to be interpreted to the eyes of the English people. It would have been no immodesty in the painter to think that if he could do this well, he would do a thing useful to many people, grown folk as well as little children; a thing too, which might go down from generation to generation; and come to be a part of the small treasure of works of art which the world of warm-hearted, religious men does not willingly part with, and if the hope of doing this had stirred him deeply enough, he would doubtless have taken hold of his subject with a clearer purpose, and produced a work that would have been gladly accepted as a companion to the beautiful Parables of our Lord.

As for the matter of modern costume, there is no living artist who finds it less a trammel to his thought than Millais. Take, as a slight illustration, his drawing of "Lady Mason" in Anthony Trollope's novel of "Orley Farm." We do not happen to have it by us just now, but the drawing we mean is the one that represents her sitting alone, in the twilight, in a large arm chair. Who that looks deeply into this little work, and looks long, until he finds himself in sympathy with the

sad woman who sits there holding down her heart with a strong hand, and with a silent courage of endurance trying to trample her conscience under her feet, and hold her lie out of the sight of the world for her son's sake—who that, having gone thus far in the story, unsuspecting her crime or unbelieving, suddenly reads in this drawing—full confession, as if the guilty woman had spoken it to him with her own lips—will care for the modern costume, or the clumsy chair, or the ugly room? Nay, does not the very fact of their being modern, make the picture more impressive?*

We think then, that Mr. Millais, as much by the limitations of his genius as by its positive qualities, was fitted as no other man of our time is fitted to have given us pictures from these parables which would have translated them clearly and beautifully to the English and American children of this nineteenth century; and if not to the American, why, then, to the English children, and to English men and women, who, indeed are the only people with whom the artist needed to concern himself. Every man for his own country, his own people, his own times; whatever is great in his work will be easily understood and warmly cherished by the whole world. And now, after this long discussion, to the drawings themselves.

Our remarks about costume find an illustration in the first picture—"The Sower." This design is very attractive at once, owing to the truthfulness of the stony foreground on which the unprofitable seeds are falling, to be choked by thorns, withered by the heat, and devoured by the fowls of the air. The birds seem to us a little too symbolical and clumsy, and, why should the artist have tried to guess

* NOTE. A paragraph in a recent evening paper, speaking of these illustrations, which, in spite of the shabby way they were reproduced in Harper's Magazine, must have interested the readers of "Orley Farm" by the clear, direct way in which they threw light upon the story, (such an uncommon thing for illustrations to do, you know!)—calls them, engravings in a "dubious" style! Adjectives, are, proverbially, dangerous, especially to inexperienced writers; we fear this young gentleman will find them fatal, if he does not take care.

how an Eastern farmer was dressed, when he knew very well how an English farmer looks. Why run the risk of telling an untruth, as he possibly has done, when, by going into the next field for his model, he might have told a truth with which every one about him would have been familiar. Then, again, we object to the obtrusion of the stony ground and weeds, to the ungracious exclusion of the good ground, which, as we have it plainly stated that it exists, we think might have been brought a little over the brow of the hill for the encouragement of good but despondent children. We are sometimes tempted to think that many good people would have liked Christ better if he had scolded and threatened more than he did, and they have such faith in violent measures that they never speak out the promises with such clear voices or so much apparent satisfaction as they do the threatenings. Now, this parable is far from being exclusively threatening; so far, indeed, that the music of it rolls into a cheerful and triumphant cadence at the close—"but others fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some a hundred fold, some sixty fold and some thirty fold?"

Then, again, there is the Parable of the "Hidden Treasure." This could have been "done into English," with an unmistakable truth of application. Nothing could be better or more forcible than the oxen in this drawing, or the furrows which the plough has just turned up—work full of truth, and savoring of the best days of art; but why not have drawn an English ploughman in that honest, plaited frock of his, and his broad hat and heavy shoes kneeling down, eagerly intent over a "find" of Roman or Saxon coins, such as is lighted on every year in English ground, and is the exact equivalent of the treasure in the Parable? This, done with Millais' power, and clear, bright method would have gone direct to English hearts and minds, and, perhaps, made some feel the force of the parable who had never felt it before. Beside, for all picturesque purposes the plaited frock of the English ploughman is every whit as good as the Eastern dress which Millais has drawn, nay, better, to our thinking.

The Parable of the "Lost Piece of

Money" does not afford much opportunity for illustration, and Millais in his design has approached much nearer to the conventional academic model than he is often guilty of doing; one of his most striking characteristics being, in fact, the truth of the attitudes in which he places his figures. He is often very subtle in this matter, and you might think him awkward or affected, but we cannot recall any instance in which he is really so. We have become in these days unable to tolerate, unable to understand, any attitude in a picture or statue, that is not what we call graceful. Everybody must be graceful, no matter what his or her occupation may happen to be, and if the subject actually forbid it, why, then, we drop the subject, rather than offend what we have been taught to consider an inevitable law of art. This fallacy, Raphael inaugurated, and his followers, since, have been staunch in repeating and defending. Look over any collection of Raphael's designs, and consider how seldom the attitude he selects is chosen on any other ground than its mere external gracefulness; often, by the way, the result is not really graceful, but studied, or, worse, affected. Yet we shall be surprised, on carefully observing the attitudes which people unconsciously take, either in repose, or when stirred by violent emotion, to find how little they resemble the attitudes which have come to be used conventionally by painters, sculptors and actors. Now, the "characteristic" is a far higher quality than the 'graceful,' which we must be careful not to confound with the 'beautiful.' The highest beauty is spiritual, and cannot be separated from truth, though there seem to be some in these days who would insinuate—hardly has it been asserted, as yet—that you can have one without the other. Granted, that truth may not be always outwardly beautiful; nevertheless, it has its own beauty, and will always satisfy the soul that perceives and accepts it for itself alone. The truth of a face, of a figure, of an animal, a flower or a tree is the expression of what is *characteristic* in it; the search for this is the true aim of the artist, and having seized it and fixed it, he has secured that immortal quality which may or may not vest itself in

external loveliness, but which has its own peculiar beauty of truth, more satisfying than any merely outward beauty can be. The error people everywhere fall into, is, of confounding beauty with what is at best mere gracefulness. Ask twenty school-girls, or twenty grown men and women, what they think beautiful in Art, and they will show you some one of the pretty, sentimental nothings of the day, some Scheffer's "Margaret," or Faed's "Evangeline," or Sant's "Young Somebody," and tell you that this is "beautiful," and that to paint the beautiful is the mission of the artist; that Truth is a secondary aim. "Give us Truth, if consistent with beauty, but not otherwise." Confirmatory of this, it will be found that most people, judging by our own experience, will select this "Finding of the Lost Piece of Silver" as one of the most beautiful of the designs in the book. It is, "graceful," but it is not "beautiful;" the fact that it is not quite natural, prevents its being that.

We should like "The Leaven" thoroughly, if the Artist had only shown us the woman's face. In so small a work we want all the interest that can be given. The reader will remember, that we have referred to this design once before as an illustration of the impossibility of telling some of the Parables to the eye as succinctly as the Master told them to the ear. But each of these we have spoken of thus far will illustrate the difficulty as well as this.

"The Lost Sheep," "The Hiredling Shepherd," "The Unmerciful Servant," "The Laborers in the Vineyard," are all unsatisfactory and uninteresting. They do not tell their separate stories very clearly; and lose very much of their force to us from the attempts to give them an Eastern look, when in every case they might have been made striking and effective by being translated without hesitation into a modern English dress. Fine people, theological people, sentimentalists, male and female, and all the tribe of connoisseurs would have looked sourly on any such attempt to vulgarize or familiarize the sacred story; but there would have been enough to recognize the fact that if Jesus were to come among us, to-day,

he would translate the Parables into the most unmistakeable English, would indulge in no orientalisms, nor put us off with "mustard trees," and "fig trees," "wine presses" and "marriage garments" but would draw his illustrations from the things about him here in America, from elm trees and pine trees, cotton and Indian corn, the Libby Prison and Bunker Hill. He would draw His disciples now as then from fishermen and brokers, firemen and carpenters, with here and there a politician coming to His house by night lest any of his party should spy him. But, if the sentimentalists could have their way, the world would wait for thirteen centuries or so until people had forgotten the red shirts, rough boats, felt hats, beavers and overcoats of our day, so that they might picture the Master and His disciples in a generalized costume, Raphael fashion, consisting of illimitable blanket shawls miraculously clinging to the person, and always in picturesque folds, and, when in places liable to be damp or muddy, majestically trailing on the ground, *a la* Mohawk squaw, or would-be-fine Broadway lady.

Here are three designs that seem to us excellent. "The Unjust Judge," "The Good Samaritan" and "The Prodigal Son." The first is very forcible, and there is a good deal of Eastern feeling in it, we should judge. It is one, too, that could not have been translated into a modern rendering, and satisfies us as it is. The weak, sensual face of the judge, whom the widow's distress moves only to incredulous mirth, is well contrasted with the calm, reflective countenance of the scribe, who, roused by sympathy, waits before he records the decree already rendered, in hope that the desperate woman's prayer may avail to change it.

"The Prodigal Son" shows us the father running, and falling on his neck and kissing him who had so long been estranged from his home; and it would be hard to imagine it done with more energy or more pathos. Nevertheless, we wish that the action of the two heads had been a little more considered; at the first sight it is difficult to put either head on the body it belongs to. Quietly suggestive, too, is the meek unconscious way in which the fatted calf

chews the cud, couched at his ease on the grass, happily blind to the way in which his fate is mixed up with this meeting of father and son.

To our mind, best in the whole book is the picture of the "Good Samaritan." How simply, and directly, and fully it tells the whole beautiful story! How the Samaritan takes up the "certain man" with those strong arms, and that heart full of pure humanity! The very back of him is drawn with such vim, that it seems able to lift a world of robbed and beaten men out of the mire, and carry them to warm and comfortable inns of rest and refreshment. We believe a thousand times more in the good Samaritan, and have a more stedfast faith in the fact of his present existence, in a slightly different costume, since we have studied Millais' picture, than ever before. Then, there is that most delightful donkey! The benevolence of his master has penetrated his rough hide, and added to the native excellence of the original donkey nature a strong infusion of Samaritan tenderness. For once, we quarrel with our Bible English, and resent the calling this most amiable fellow-creature a "beast." See, with what a kindly eye he glances, waiting for the moment that shall confer that burden upon him, and allow him to do his share of the charitable duty. What comfortable panniers, too, with the wine bottles and oil flasks peeping forth, to reassure us! Bless his shaggy side, and bless the

artist, too, who caught sight of that word "beast," and took the sting out of it, by giving us two good Samaritans, for memory to cherish, instead of one! Children, look well at the Levite in the distance, "with his old stick!" as a young commentator of eight, at our elbow, remarks, scornfully and parenthetically. Is not "sneak" written unmistakably all over that ample cloak, which he never wrapped about any body but himself?

One word more, and we have done. Why all this luxury of fine paper and expensive binding? Why not think of the people who have only pennies and not dollars to spend for pictures? With what eagerness would people buy engravings equally as good as these, cheaply printed, but well, on plainer paper, and sold at a reasonable price. Such pictures are meant, or ought to be meant, for edification. They make efficient helps to the minds of children studying their Bibles. They are very much needed; nothing, perhaps, in the way of pictures more needed, just now, than clear, simple, manly and true renderings into black and white of the beautiful stories of the Bible. There are hardly any such in the world. The best are Durer's, and they are not altogether suited to the feeling of our time. We want a nineteenth century translation; and who will make his name a household word by doing it? Would that it might be an American!

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