

pears together with that of St. Christopher—most picturesque of saints—in an appendix to the congratulatory letter sent by the University of Bonn to the University of Heidelberg at its recent semi-millennium. Much of Prof. Usener's admirable work appears in similar sporadic forms, and those who wonder at an erudition which is as familiar with the labors of the Bollandists as with the remotest recesses of classic mythology, are becoming impatient to see the complete cycle of which we have had only an arc here and an arc there. We can only add that the story of Marina is, to our thinking, much less interesting and dramatic than that of Pelagia, which is admirably told by the monkish chronicler.

ARTISTIC IMAGINATION.

Imagination in Landscape Painting. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Bros.

MR. HAMERTON again offers a contribution to the science of the most difficult, because least tangible, subject of study to which great importance can be attached at our present stage of intellectual development. We have reached at last a scientific basis for every branch of investigation into things subject of positive knowledge except art, which, while it goes on filling the earth with its results, gives us no demonstrable hold on its vital principle. *De gustibus non est disputandum* is the conclusion behind which all differences of opinion take shelter; and in fact the personal element so thoroughly dominates all others in criticism, that the standards of excellence and the position of the individual artist are more influenced by the judgment of a single critic of accepted authority than by all the essays of a scientific tendency ever written. We accept the judgments of Reynolds and of Da Vinci, not because we follow any reasoning they have left us, but because we know that they understood art, and therefore ought to be able to give an opinion. It is peculiarly a case of *possumus quia videmur posse*, and we have seen in this generation public opinion controlled, as far as the English language goes, by a critic who was demonstrably wrong (whether any other may be found demonstrably right, remains another question) in many principles of criticism which he laid down, partial and passionate in exegesis and inaccurate in observation, because he had acquainted himself with certain scientific facts, and with unsurpassed eloquence and profound self-conviction asserted those facts and that conviction to be the foundation of art, and therefore the standards by which it should be judged, though no thoroughly qualified artist has ever accepted his premises or his conclusions.

In the necessary work of clearing away the erroneous system of ideas which Ruskin, with an unflinching air of authority and contagious passion, has imposed on his peculiar public, no one has been so influential as Hamerton. Trained in a broad school of art, judicial and scientific in his temperament, he has attacked the questions involved in a true standard of criticism with a deliberation and breadth of judgment curiously in contrast with the Oxford Professor's, with the advantage that though he builds slowly and with a truly Caledonian prudence, his work stands destructive criticism better than that of any previous writer on art. Comparing this his latest study into the springs of artistic activity with that of Mr. Ruskin on the same subject, the qualities of the rival critics may be seen more clearly grouped, if more favorable to the latter, than in most of their parallel studies. Ruskin's essay on the Imagination is, taken with that on Beauty, the most valuable part of his 'Modern Painters'; but it will be noticed that at the basis of his entire theory of art there lies an element of mysti-

cism, a remote metaphysical strain, largely derived from his personal emotions before nature. His theory had a fascinating theological value, perhaps a scientific one, if there were any method of measuring emotion by a scientific standard, but necessarily remains a mere suggestion for a complete and profound metaphysical investigation. Its analysis is ingenious and overwrought, and fails, perhaps more than from any other reason, through his attempt to include under his definition of Imagination faculties which are only associated with it or allied to it. Hamerton is more practical in his method of approaching the subject, and accepts the fact of imagination as we do that of thought, as a mental phenomenon of which metaphysical explanation is not to be profitably studied.

But in his turn Hamerton follows too far the lead of Ruskin, whose treatment he seems to have had in mind, and commits, in our opinion, another error in taking too little for understood in the minds of his readers. To take the last objection first, he becomes trite in his opening chapters, where he deals with the peculiarity, or want of peculiarity, rather, in the imagination of landscape painters—which seems to us to go without saying. He attempts to bring his argument down to the level of minds which, if they read him at all, will apprehend without this elementary discussion all that he bases on it; and if they do not, will take him at his word and accept it without the discussion. Nobody who is capable of following his investigation would maintain that landscape imagination is a separate faculty from figure imagination; and this minuteness gives the essay at the outset an air of commonplace, which weakens its general effect. Even here, however, there occur occasional observations which have a characteristic common-sense value, as when Mr. Hamerton says, speaking of unprofessional taste:

"There is good evidence, even, that a large proportion of the outside public is really more imaginative than some of the landscape painters themselves: for accurate, unimaginative landscape painting is never widely popular, and the lowest popular forms of the art, as well as the highest, invariably appeal far more to the spectator's imagination than to any supposed accuracy in his knowledge. The views of places painted on the panels of steamboats, or the colored prints that are bestowed gratuitously on the purchasers of certain groceries, or the sketches of landscape on screens and trays, are probably the lowest forms of the art that deserve to be taken into consideration; and in all these you will find, I do not say any noble imaginative powers, but certainly far more the impulse to be imaginative than to be accurate. This is only in accordance with what we know of the popular imagination in other things. We owe the development of all early myths and legends to the common people, while the criticism which distinguishes between legend and history is always the product of a small, cultivated class. There is, indeed, such vigor of imagination in the popular mind that the artist who is destitute of it cannot satisfy the instinctive need of the people. They will be unmoved by his art, and however careful, however full of conscientious observation it may be, they will feel it to be unsatisfactory, and therefore reject it as untrue."

Rarely has a more important truth connected with the development of art been so plainly told in so few words. This passage contains the elements of a complete philosophy of art. The following chapter, on the two senses of the word Imagination, errs in both the senses we have pointed out, first in admitting to a certain extent Ruskin's divisions of the Imagination, and second in going to the lexicographers for the definition of a word of which no lexicographer can be competent to give a definition to the specialist. Webster and Littré can give the generally accepted definition of Imagination—that is their function; but when a finer distinction is to be drawn, it belongs to the imaginative man to give it, or, in default of his definition, we must recur to

the specialist who deals with Imagination, i. e., to art in its various forms. Mr. Hamerton would have arrived at a happier and quicker conclusion had he not deferred so much to the common understanding of what the common understanding will always make a mystery of. Nor had Wordsworth any clear conception of how Imagination could be defined—probably he had never given himself any serious thought on the matter—or what might be the radical distinction between it and Fancy. And Mr. Hamerton himself seems to us not so much insensible to, as timid in assuming to define, the true distinction between the two; for that the distinction exists, not even Ruskin's avowal (too late) of incapacity to distinguish between Fancy, Imagination, and Invention (p. 4) is sufficient to make one doubt. If we might venture to supplement, rather than correct, Mr. Hamerton, we should say that Invention means the finding out a way to do a thing which may be imaginative or may not—it is a purely voluntary act, with a definite purpose in view, viz., the doing something by a method not applied to that act before; it does not imply Imagination, but may be moved by it. Fancy consists rather in charging an object with some unusual attribute, or associating it with some unexpected quality than in bringing up new images; while Imagination is the supreme creative faculty, bringing up to the mental faculties distinct mental images, recognizable and under certain circumstances communicable to the minds of others than the imaginer. But as to the grade or quality of the Imagination, there does not seem to be any distinction possible except that of more or less, and more or less pure from Fancy, from memory of actual objects seen, or more or less distinct as compared with actual vision.

Not only is a recollection (distinctly recognizable as such) not a part of an imaginative picture, but it is probably a drawback to its perfection, for while memory acts distinctly, what it recalls will be actual objects seen, while the value of the imaginative picture consists in the unity which is the consequence of its spontaneous creation. Memory feeds Imagination, but has no specific part in the production of the "imago" beyond having furnished all the material which, digested and recombined, forms its details; and while the Imagination may doubtless be more copious and clear for being coupled with an excellent memory, it will probably be crippled by that memory acting perceptibly. Probably the best example of pictorial memory in the records of art is that of our F. E. Church, in whom Imagination is so completely dissociated from memory that it may be said not to exist, except in the sense in which all people have it in a degree, by having mental vision—if all have it. This, indeed, is fully recognized by Mr. Hamerton in what he says in the chapter on "Images in the Mind" (p. 7), which makes his distinctions in the discussion of Memory vs. Imagination less clear than they should be.

In connection with this subject it should be understood that memory, as the artificial product of science, and with regard to which Mr. Hamerton has, in the chapter on Training of Memory, some very thoughtful considerations, is decidedly antagonistic to artistic imagination, and not even, like simple memory, nutritive to it, for it induces the mind to retain facts as they are scientifically known, not as they are really seen; and what the artist has to deal with is the appearance of things, with regard to which Hamerton himself has taught us in his 'Landscape' that illusions are often the best side of art. If (p. 13) the distinction between *pinus sylvestris* and other trees is not visible to the merely art-educated eye, then art should take no cognizance of it, nor should a landscape painter take notice of geological distinctions which do not appear in

form and tint. To represent rocks as gneiss or sandstone in a picture when they could only be distinguished as such by a geological education, is no part of art.

A most important part of this study is that contained in the chapter on "Images Evoked by Feeling," in which it is pointed out that a vital distinction exists between actual and dramatic passion, in that while the first paralyzes art, the second (or what Hamerton calls "secondary emotion," *i. e.*, a half-feigned or half-remembered emotion), develops it:

"This brings us to a most important conclusion, which enhances still more the great value of imagination in the fine arts. Not only are the images seen by the imaginative artist called up by emotion, but *the emotion itself is imaginative*. By the power of his imagination the artist enters into a state of emotion, and yet at the same time this emotion, which is only half real, leaves him sufficient mental liberty to attend to all the technical details of his work as versifier or painter. When a poet seems most deeply moved, he has still leisure enough to choose effective syllables and sonorous rhymes, as an actress, in the storm of simulated passion, assumes those attitudes which display her person to advantage."

A branch of his subject which we should have been glad if the author had elaborated more completely, is the relation between the imagining of a subject (landscape) and composition of the same; *unimaginative painters often having great facility and felicity in composing*, as, in a remarkable degree, our Church already alluded to. The chapter on "The Alteration in Images Produced by Feeling" seems to us to retrace the ground occupied by imaginative conception, the true "feeling" or emotion being imaginative, and transforming the image derived from the natural scene to a different image. This is merely the case in which Imagination fuses the image without destroying its identity, so that it provides the soul or vital element without being concerned with the body or material element.

It is impossible in reasonable space to follow out in detail the development which Mr. Hamerton has given his subject, suggestive as it is of grave thought in every page; and if redundant in argument, it is without verbiage, and is full with the earnestness of a writer saturated with his subject and conscious of its gravity. There is here and there, however, a passage which does not seem to fit the frame, as when, in dealing with "The Alteration in Images Produced by Feeling," he says, "What is still more remarkable is that the history of past ages whose account seems closed with the death of all those who belonged to them, is constantly presented to us in *new aspects* by the *selecting imagination of new historians*." This we believe to be a mistake, and that the "new aspects" belong not to the selecting imagination, but to materials brought to light by profounder research and the subsidence of partisan passions; Imagination having no part in historical research. The Imagination gains nothing by getting the credit of what does not belong to it.

The distinction of a "sympathetic imagination" we should regard as false in theory and confusing in study, for the quality known as sympathy (like Mr. Ruskin's "imagination contemplative," etc.), we should recognize as not a form of imagination at all, but a mental faculty which corresponds to imagination as the feminine intellect does to the masculine. We shall never attain a scientific nomenclature if we include under the same terms such diametrically opposed faculties as production and appreciation, creative and receptive; nor is the appellation of reverie as passive imagination more happy. In both these it seems to us that Mr. Hamerton has been unconsciously influenced by his reading of Ruskin to abandon the true logical consideration of the subject which is his more fitting temper.

But apart from nomenclature, both these chapters are extremely valuable. The definition of Invention as "imagination that can be made to work," while open to the same objection as to nomenclature, involves some consequences which are important equally if the definition be true or not true, and therefore the definition seems superfluous if not incorrect. Invention and Imagination are not synonyms in any case, though Invention may be imaginative or the reverse. It may be objected that nomenclature is a matter of minor importance so long as a thing is clearly designated; but the establishment of any science, as such, begins with a just and exact nomenclature, without which no precise identifications or distinctions can be made. In Ruskin's theories of Beauty and Imagination the entire fabric is askew for the want of correct nomenclature, thus forbidding the logical application of the theories. Mr. Hamerton is much nearer the truth, but his formulas are capable of reduction to much simpler and therefore more correct and comprehensive terms.

We have left no space to speak of the illustrations, which add to the worth of this important book by their artistic value more than by their relevancy. The process prints in the text, reproductions of engravings, show how far the English are behind in this matter.

RECENT NOVELS.

A Step Aside. By Charlotte Dunning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Katy of Catoctin; or, *The Chain-Breakers.* A National Romance. By George Alfred Townsend. D. Appleton & Co.

Roland Blake. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Silence of Dean Maitland: A Novel. By Maxwell Grey. D. Appleton & Co.

Necera: A Tale of Ancient Rome. By John W. Graham. Macmillan & Co.

Francis: A Socialistic Romance. Being for the most part an Idyll of England and Summer. By M. Dal Vero. Harper's Handy Series.

The Psychologist. By Putnam P. Bishop. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Bachelor's Blunder. By W. E. Norris. Henry Holt & Co.

The Marquis of Peñaña. By Don Armando Palacio-Valdés. From the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Agnes Surriage. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

MISS DUNNING's work shows a gain in steadiness, and a quickened sense of proportion, without which 'A Step Aside' would not seem an improvement upon her first novel; for in workmanship alone does this novel reach the level of 'Upon a Cast.' The characteristics of the two books are sufficiently identical to mark in them a common authorship. The same quick, nervous style, the same accurate perception of values, the same artistic handling which are here combined to make interesting the slight story of Pauline Valrey's brief lapse from the highest bent of her nature, made 'Upon a Cast' such a pleasant reading. One cannot help feeling, however, that the story of Pauline and her weak lover is a poor one—almost trivial in some respects, in spite of Miss Dunning's art and her skill in selecting and arranging. The characters are true and lifelike enough; the interest, which is a personal rather than a dramatic one, is evenly sustained. The surprises are brought about, it is true, by the most commonplace incidents, but they are not old or worn out, and there is now and then a touch

of elevation in Pauline's character that will reach women especially. But, after all this is said, there still remains a feeling of dissatisfaction, as if something were lacking. Hugh Langmuir may have been a lovable fellow, and his passion for Pauline may have been very intense and sincere; but it is too much to ask us to forgive his weakness, or to look upon Pauline's final attitude towards him otherwise than as one partly of atonement—since she had been his temptation—and partly of self-sacrifice.

The period of the war is just now very productive of literature, and the newspaper humorists are not altogether to be blamed for having their fling at the tendency to needlessly swell the bulk of material which some future historian will have to overhaul. Fiction, of course, listens as closely as any other branch of literature to the popular cry. But the value of a novel as a repository for historical facts is always doubtful. An earnest historian would hesitate long before hampering himself with the needs and restrictions of a narrative wherein the necessity for adapting square facts to the rounded outlines of romance would be a constant temptation to distortion and inaccuracy. And while the sincere novelist may often find his advantage in history, the question of epochs in the world's progress will at last be found to be with him—as with Bulwer, or Thackeray, or Scott—a means rather than an end.

Mr. Townsend has possibly meant to do his work in this way. His first object, as he states in his preface, was writing a romance upon the conspiracy of Booth; his next, painting the more picturesque portions of Maryland, from the old tide-water counties to the German valleys and mountain battle-fields. But he has been overweighted with the burden of his facts. The romance is weak and straggling when he is painting picturesque Maryland, or broken and confused when he is developing the plot of Booth. Beginning on the eve of John Brown's raid, the thin thread of Lloyd Quantrell's story is spun out through almost endless scenes of martyrdom, battle, and conspiracy to final peace with innocent Katy of Catoctin. It is all done with the volubility of the journalist, to whom all facts, however slight, are precious, and the imagination a thing to be, at least generally, judiciously suppressed. Neither the immense amount of information nor the great labor of collocation shown by the book can be dismissed lightly; but as one reads and grows tired through the five hundred and more pages, one cannot help thinking how good the story might have been by itself, and how concise and valuable a history might have been made by leaving out the story altogether. Mr. Townsend says, not boastfully at all, that no natural scene is sketched that did not dwell upon his sight, and of one such scene he gives the date of the study in a foot-note. William Black is also said to make a study of his scenes while actually beholding them; and one is thus led—empirically, perhaps, but nevertheless irresistibly—to a comparison in which Mr. Townsend has nothing to gain.

In 'Roland Blake' the war plays an entirely different part. The scenes and incidents of camp-life and battle form a mere background for the action of the story; which, however, is in all respects so unworthy of praise that it is not a fair sample to set up beside 'Katy of Catoctin' for the sake of making noticeable the difference between methods. The whole plot of the story, in the first place, hinges upon an absurdity, for had Richard Darnell been a character with the intelligence and the feelings which the author has ascribed to him, he would never have allowed his true name to appear in the transaction by which he traitorously sold his knowledge to Union officers. Yet the climax turns upon the posses-