

many of the most famous sculptors of Rome never chiselled a chip from the celebrated works attributed to them. The model was their own, but the rougher labor was done by men hired for the purpose. Labor is necessary to make genius available, but it is far from being genius itself. As a cause, it will do a great deal towards the accomplishment of any result but it cannot do all. There is a power in the work of a genius which cannot be found as a result of industry and practice, unguided by a natural fitness for the work. Why do thousands of admirers annually visit the Apollo Belvidere at Rome, or the Venus de Medici at Florence? Are these statues so much better finished than many others? No, others are as smoothly chiselled as they. But it is because they are perfect in symmetry. The Grecian ideals from which they sprung have never been surpassed in the conceptions of human physical beauty. Here is the real power, which shows the gifted fashioning of a genius.

We stand before the Laocoon and see death depicted in the most terrible agonies. As we gaze upon the marble forms, they seem to assume life and motion. We are both charmed and terrified; and shudder as the folds of the enormous serpents are wound round and round the old priest's writhing body. His two sons cry for help, but Laocoon is powerless to render it, and he sees them moan and die almost within his grasp, while his own muscles are strained and distorted in his vain endeavors to extricate himself from the plicate knots of the serpents. Our own flesh creeps as we seem to see the ugly heads raised to strike, and then the deadly fangs buried deep in his quivering flesh. What a wonderful power is here hidden away in these cold, inanimate forms of marble. As we look upon this, the work of some unknown artist's hand, we see through it his ideal. We see Laocoon, his two sons and their dying agonies, as he saw them. The soul of the artist's genius has found lodgement in the

work of his hand; just as the soul of man finds lodgement in the tabernacle of clay which the divine artist has modelled for it, and it is this soul of genius, if I may so call it, that we behold through the outward form which gives such celebrity to Grecian and Roman art. We are told by persons visiting the Vatican that when looking upon one of those most celebrated paintings of Angello and Raphael they are led to feel themselves before the living reality. So exactly and exquisitely have the great master painters sketched the ideal creations of their own genius, that in giving them form, they have almost given them life. He was a great genius who could have produced the play of Hamlet, and he must be a genius who can fully comprehend it.

It is the excellent ideal character, which makes Shakespeare the master dramatist; and it was the excellent conception of Shakespeare's ideal character, so perfectly acted, which made Boothe the genius of the stage.

Neither the Laocoon, the play of Hamlet, nor those celebrated paintings of Angello and Raphael could have been produced by mere labor, or the most indefatigable industry. There is something behind the form and the language, which we feel, and recognize from the delineation, just as Phideas' noble conception of the physical man could be seen in the statue of Jupiter Olympus.

There are geniuses in every department of human knowedge. The humblest occupation has its chances for the exercise of superior skill and ability. The day has passed when literature, oratory, military tactics and the fine arts alone claim geniuses of the finer metal—alone invite the labor of genius and scholar. Time has proved that commercial, mechanical and agricultural interests have abundant scope for the exercise of the best talents. I have no doubt but what it requires as much genius for a Stewart or a Vanderbilt to hoard their millions, as for a Scott to write a Waverly, or a Dickens an Oliver