

ance under its tormentor. Again, human ingenuity, a skilled hand, and fertile imagination, form the mystic ring; and again from such a composition, art crests itself in its majestic beauty.

So every artifice that excites our admiration, whether it be the harmonious notes of a Mozart, the dramatic lines of a Shakespear, or the light flashes of a Dante, is indebted for its intrinsic beauty to the delicate blending of sound, of color, of symetry, of all that soothes our raving fancy.

If this be the perquisite of a fine art, composition, in a rhetorical sense, fills the measure to overflowing; for where can there be found a broader field for ambition and ingenuity? Where is there a greater abundance of material, than in the confines of a prose and poetic diction? If sculptors have bequeathed to us a few monuments of oriental splendor, we may justly boast of a thousand times as many volumes, monuments as enduring as Parian marble. If artists have left us those shades of color that fascinate the eye, poets have gifted us with gems whose luster will never perish. Architects may boast of the spanned arches of the Parthenon, but language in 2,000 dialects, boasts of her colossal temple, whose base is sunk beneath the reach of human knowledge, and whose pinnacles glitter and sparkle throughout the Hemispheres.

Composition, then, abundant in its material, is as rich and gaudy in its distribution. While the sculptor confines himself to the chisel and the mallet, while the artist but moves his brush and blends proportionately the colors, while the architect follows his diagram and watches the completion of his project, the writer, with simple pen and vivid imagination, holds all within his sphere. As a Bacon he hews and shapes the rough and ambiguous thought into as pure and imposing grandeur, as ever shone from a Grecian statue. As a Milton he blends and paints the words of his imagination, from the paradise of Heaven to the gates of Hell,

or as a Burke, with thought arched and frescoed, with words smoothed and fitted, and with music in every accent, he builds a castle of oratory that will stand the tempests for ages yet unnumbered.

So while Zeno died beside the monument that had been his life's occupation, while Lenard, old and feeble, expired with brush in his hand, we need not be surprised, that men wrapped in the wreathing clouds of imagination, fall from the pinnacle of the sublime and beautiful with unstable minds. It clearly proves that as an art, it towers in solitary grandeur so far above the grasp of the human mind, and intellect, that he who tries to climb the ladder to its summit, becomes dizzy by the height, and helplessly loses the grasp that might return him safely to the bottom.

Then with all the components of the fine arts involved in language and its literature, Composition, augmented by their strength, must rise to a height, equal to their combined splendor and admiration. And with such a combination, it at once becomes, not only an art in itself, but has already seized the chair of state, and imperatively demands the merited title of "Queen of Arts."

Poetry and Philosophy are her footstool. Her magic scepter dictates to the Novel and the Drama. Still the ruler of ancient as well as of modern art, she sits, learned in her wisdom, sedate in her dignity. She still nods at genius and rewards labor, while the crown of consecrated jems that encircle her lofty brow, immortalize, with its glowing luster, the names of her Champion Knights.

ORTEGA.

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No one can pronounce an opinion upon a work, or upon another mind, without pronouncing one upon his own mind:—*Grimke*.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning or possibility of it:—*Selected*.