into the infinities and sincerities astride an em dash or an exclamation point. And now your horsemanship is put to the test. For if you can ride the animal, you are bettering on the author, for he has apparently flown away on his transcendentalism. There is a touch of quackery about it when he attempts philosophy. Too many incantations before you are dropped into the boiling pot of moral indignation. But they have a sort of enchantment about them; full "jewels five-words-long, that on the stretched fore-finger of all Time sparkle forever." But they are so unquotable. It seems we have come to measure an author by his quotability. Shakspeare quotes from first to last, on all tongues. For Plato, he makes quotations of us all. Like a gross bargain, we lump everything; Plato will dwell on the qualities of each article, and never tire. He will give it into our hands for trial, and still keep it new. He makes substantialities of all questions, so that we can grasp them firmly and say, *I know it.* But Mr. Carlyle assumes more the province of a seer, and says it is so, and ornaments it beautifully for you. He cannot by any means be compared to Emerson for moral depth of mind, from whom I "learnt more in a flash than if my brain-pan were an empty hull, and every muse tumbled a science in" He has not that same quotability of which I spoke. There is a code in that sentence of Emerson's, "Credit increases in the ratio of morality," for every man to learn. And such as these are the products of our Concord sage continually. But we find none of this in Carlyle. He cannot honestly dissect a subject but works it out by metaphor, hyperbole, and simile. See again, Tennyson's drama, "Queen Mary." Our metropolitan press "puffed" it to a dizzy height when issued, comparing it favorably even to Shakspeare. But there were not a dozen quotable lines in the entire play, for any practicable purpose. It was fiery, sweet, even untamable in some passages, but always inferior because it lacks the moral quality. But it is poetical. Well, this Briton of a Carlyle is of like quality, only loftier. Having his fill of the moral sentiment, but too little of the peaceful common talk of Goethe and of Socrates. He has a certain fierceness in attacking insincerities, and will not utter a harsh word about a devout, sincere man. He can tell you by glimpses how sincere a man is. And he is not easily cajoled. But he cuts too briskly. Has no time apparently to array circumstances. (I speak of him continually as he is in this volume.) His acuteness in the use of italics gives him a show of much subtlety. Indeed, I cannot tell the author who more formidably arrays these battle-axes of the pen than he. But this is trickery. It seems he read carefully the inscriptions, "be bold, be bold," and "ever more be bold," but vaulted quickly over the third, "be not too bold," and had become wrapped up in error of mysticism too deep for either him or us to undo. A wonderful descriptive power he has, and a terrific insight into the general truth of things. He quickens our resolution, takes the blunt off our intellect. But there is a touch of Byronism in it all. Something burns. Mr. Emerson's transcendentalism is of the philosophical-moral, Mr. Carlyle's of the poetical-moral. Mr. Carlyle is undoubtedly a tremendous worker, and brilliantly grand and epical in description; but he does not write the best sort of a biography, when he attempts its assimilation with philosophy. If he had the rhyme and rythm, as Lowell says, he would be the grandest epical poet of some ages. There is something in that joke of the newspapers on Mr. Emerson. They have him inspecting the Sphinx. He gazed at that everlasting monument untiredly. He gazed, the Sphinx gazed, but the latter was unmoved, apparently dead. But at last the stone blurted out, "you're another!" The stream of three hundred centuries courses through him, and he can wait as long if possible, for recognition, but Mr. Carlyle must blazon and startle. He is nevertheless sincere in his teachings, and is grounded very strongly in the matter of truthfulness; though we must take him more as a poet than a philosopher. I cannot think this volume so good as his "Sator Resartus," with all the latter's grotesqueness. But mine honest reviewer grows narrow. We bury ourselves in a volume until our head is hot, scan hastily the style of composition as compared with other writers, and straightway communicate this surface-work to the newspaper or our neighbor. 'Tis a pleasant sort of gossip. But we must examine deeper for the true worth of an author. That "*hold thy tongue* but for one day, and see how thy resolution strengthens," as found in "Sartor Resartus," is worth three courses in Greek grammar to a young man. It strikes upon his nerves; his self-reliance. It is in this after-effect we should judge more properly of Carlyle's worth. He buttons up your heart to a stoical stamina. Weaves thunderbolt after thunderbolt that shall hammer into perfect form your good resolutions. But he winds the strain a little too high. His sympathy is not too largely with society. One must not allow Carlyle to run away with him. But he is a wonderful tonic to disordered functions of the mind.

KABUS.

The Novel as a Fine Art and Moral Science.

Life is a two-fold drama. One phase with its many shifting scenes—its struggles, failures, triumphs—is played on the physical world as a stage, and all men appear before the curtain, at once, as actors. The other, with its intertwining impulses, mysterious and occult, is played in the human breast, and the desires, passions, lusts and aspirations are themselves the players. Would not a record of the scenes of the first phase of the drama—the rise and fall of empires, the rearing and overthrowing of palaces, temples, and cities, the crash of armies, the march of knowledge, the conquests of intellect, be intensely interesting and valuable to the race? Such a record, History—at least the future history of *civilization* will accomplish.

But what of the heart-struggles, the passion-contests, the conflict of feelings and emotions which throb in the great heart of the invisible world—behind the curtain of sense? The events of inner life determine those of the outer, and shape the moral destiny of man! Shall they remain unrecorded? What a history would that be! All the mysteries of life and living would be there! But what hand is so cunning, what spirit so daring, as to attempt a picture of things so subtle—to set down the throbbings and quiverings of the delicate springs, the invisible motors of human action? Happily we have a key which can unlock even this rich thesaurus; a power—most beneficent gift of Heaven—*Imagination*, "germ of Immortality." Such a History is Fictitious Literature; or rather, Fiction, creature of rarest promise, though long kept from her patrimony, has the potentiality to produce such a history.

Do we not even here on the threshold of this inquiry catch a faint glimpse of the rare possibilities in her destiny? The development of Fiction, as a whole, has been very slow. What depends upon Nature's gifts and innate talent matures quickly. Hence Epic Poetry, Painting and Sculpture ripened and came to perfection many centuries before the Natural Sciences and the Mechanic Arts escaped from the trappings and swaddling-clothes of infancy. But is not Poetry fiction? Yes, but not all of it. It is not the highest type of fiction in point of real value. It has too much of the objective about it. Homer and Virgil take you away from home—out of every-day experience. They lead you among graces, fates, and furies, and reveal to you shades and portents, Elysium and Erebus. Herodotus, Thucydides and Livy speak of the same things as the poets, similar indeed, differing only in the accident of reality. For the crash of arms at Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylae, and Canae—deeds fit for the gods—roll and resound through their sonorous periods. Dante and Milton sing like Homer and Virgil. The one is styled the "Christian Homer;" the other the "Christian Virgil." Thus Poetry and History have much in common. Both speak of objects, events, things external. However beautiful and grand, is this all Fiction can do? Indeed it lacks much of it. It was reserved for a later day to show her her true mission—to give her a work to do worthy of her—a history to write peculiarly her own.

More than thirty centuries after the first vestiges of all literature were traced by the hand of Moses and the Hindoo patriarchs, and twenty-two centuries after Herodotus, Fiction brought forth her youngest offspring—destined to be her most illustrious—the NOVEL. This child, born in humble circumstances, modest and unpretentious, in her infancy gave little earnest of her wonderful destiny. At her birth, no council of the Fates read her horoscope. She proffered no solemn invocation to the gods, nor heralded her own mission in sounding strains—"I sing of arms and a hero"—like her haughty sister of the Epic Reed. She breathed not the ethereal atmosphere, nor spoke of supernatural deeds, and superhuman passions, so familiar to her stylish and dreamy sister, Romance. No. She prattled of the little things of private life—of the loves and hatreds and emotions of *common* men. No condition was too lowly for her modest but searching scrutiny. She even chatted of domestic affairs and domestic affections. Little did she herself realize then—she does not fully realize now—the splendor of her unparalleled career—the grandeur of her destiny. In an incredibly short time—only about one hundred and twenty five years—the Novel has taken the world by storm. She has visited every clime, and learned every tongue. She has an honorable place in every library; indeed the number of volumes of Novel literature will nearly equal all the books on all subjects combined, published before or since its advent. The Novel is a welcome guest in nearly every family circle, and has made itself loved by millions. Samuel Richardson is styled the father of the Novel; he is rather the agent—the ceremonial priest—who presided over the rites of its birth. It was the result of the development of the mind of the race. It was conceived deep in the necessities of human nature.

This naturally leads us to an important inquiry. What is the reason for the great popularity of the Novel? Why has it taken so firm a hold on the hearts of the people? What is there in a novel which makes it so fascinating? In short, what is the essential element, the central figure, the pillar upon which it rests! Allow me to refer to the theory of the learned Dr. Swing. He has treated the Novel as a fine art—*merely* as a fine art, with *Woman* as its central figure. He has represented the sentiment of Love, and physical *feminine* beauty as the essential element. Is not this analysis clearly superficial? One would naturally suspect that the Doctor had artfully concealed the truth, and violated the conception which the free exercise of his high order of genius would undoubtedly have given him, for the sake of popularity with the gentler sex. Such popularity, we admit, is not to be despised, but the Doctor's plan is hardly the best way to gain it. It lacks the one thing needful—it is not *complimentary* to the ladies.

What is the characteristic of a fine art? What distinguishes it as a species of the genus art? It must be essentially aesthetic. It aims to idealize, delineate and embody the Beautiful. But even in Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry, physical beauty is not all—it is one constituent only. Besides this, there is the expression, the idea, the thought embodied and projected. But even in the important element—for it is but an element—of physical beauty—and the human form is the perfection of it—*Woman* is not all. Man has just reason to be jealous, and resist such a claim. Dr. Swing made woman the essence of art, excluding man entirely, and enforced his statement with more facetiousness than logic, by asking if any one would ever suppose that an artist would request him to sit. Did he not slur the truth again, and fall below the true dignity of a scholarly critic, for the sake of raising a laugh? Do not for a moment suppose that we are less modest than the Doctor, or that he was too modest. By no means. Like him we never expect to sit as a model for an Apollo, a Jupiter Olympius, or even a Cupid; nor will we affect Ganymede, Cupbearer of the gods, well knowing that the homeliest Hebe would speedily supersede us. But Art has found place for Apollos and Jupiters—even Cupid, the Blind God of Love, was a boy. Phidias has given us the Olympian Jove as well as Athena. Cleomenes has given us the Venus d' Medicis; but Parrhasius, the Theseus and Hercules. Raphael created the Virgin Madonna, but Leonardo da Vinci, the Christ. Forget not that Jesus was a man. Hence, it requires both masculine strength and female loveliness to realize the perfection of human beauty. But both combined do not constitute the essence of Art. There is something deeper.

These principles apply equally to the Novel. Every heroine has her hero. Love and affection play a prominent part, because they are prominent in human nature. The pictures which the novelist paints are surpassingly lovely. The images chiseled by his hand are infinitely superior to statuary. Why? Because language can depict feeling and express the subtleties of passion better than colors; because the hand of the Imagination is more delicate and cunning than the chisel of the sculptor. The creatures of this art have vitality. They live and breathe and