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and says, with a wavering tenderness in his aged voice, "Signori, behold the great Raphael's first picture!"

In most instances, the meaning that lies in the old man's simple words is lost upon those who crowd into the little chamber. Only now and then a pilgrim from the outer world climbs to the soaring hill-top with a veneration in his heart that places him at once in harmonious relation with the heavenward-looking city and the atmosphere of religious art which envelops it. To such a one, if his ear be finely attuned to the silent voices that make music in the streets of the quaint, old-time town, it may happen to divine the feeling which animates the trembling accents of the old sacristan. If his eye be keen enough to discern the germ of beauty that sleeps in every touch of a master-pencil, he will be able to restore brightness to the faded colors of the picture itself, and to weave therefrom a tissue of fancy which shall clothe his memory in time to come.

The fresco is but the shadowing forth of saintly forms, pale, fair-haired, long-bearded. These are endowed with all the attributes of the out-comings of the Umbrian school—purity of feeling, loftiness of aspiration, and a certain unearthliness of beauty. High, and serene, and loving, and tender, were the conceptions of the devout old painters from whom Raphael's genius drew its earliest nourishment. But they placed upon their canvases, it seems to me, only the embodiment of the exalted, purified souls of those martyred ones, in representing whose lives their spirits were absorbed, and rejected entirely the thought of depicting their actual, suffering, tortured bodies. It was, perhaps, fortunate for the cause of art that the Umbrian Mountains should have sent forth, as they did, a leaven of pure religious feeling to spread itself abroad over Italy, for we know that, all too soon, the demon of earthliness was destined to enter into the fairest offspring of Italian genius.

The Umbrian school owes, I think, something of its character to the position of the cities in which its disciples lived, and worked, and prayed. Up here in Perugia one seems nearer heaven than elsewhere. The glorious purple hills encircle the little town protectingly; the sun takes a longer farewell of it at evening than of the surrounding lowlands, and the air contains a potent elixir which dwellers in the valley wot not of. A fitting home for men whose every picture was a prayer, and a prayer without a thought of self! Here, among the latest sunset clouds and the earliest morning dews, their works blossomed into a purer, more ethereal life, and gave forth a softer fragrance of feeling than those that were generated among the turmoils of the nether world. Are not Alpine flowers those which remind us most of the lost groves of Eden? Have they not a sweeter, rarer, more delicate perfume than the sturdy offshoots of the plains?

These thoughts come to me as I gaze upon the tender, pitying faces that look out from Raphael's first picture. But suddenly a mist forms over my eyes, the angular draperies and the reverent heads fade away, and another picture paints itself in the place the holy ones have left vacant. I see a fair, pale, boyish face, with a glory upon it not of earth, with deep, far-seeing eyes, and a high, thoughtful forehead. The face is upturned to the dim outlines upon the wall, and the eyes are following the motion of a brush which the figure holds in its hand. The boy is absorbed in his beautiful work, and sees not those about him. The hoary Perugino stands behind, with one hand resting upon his pupil's shoulder, and whispers unheard words of encouragement. The other scholars have left their several employments, and are watching the progress of their rival and superior in the master's affections. There is no jealousy among them, for they recognize the immeasurable distance that separates them from their companion—a distance that loses itself in the depths of his dark eyes. It is hardly possible that they see in him a new revelation of art; but there is a prophetic look on the old Perugino's face, as his eyes follow the rapid motions of his pupil's brush, which bodes well for the boy's success in after-years.

I am glad to think that Raphael carried with him through life something of the devoutly religious instinct of his cloudy hill-top home. When he went down into the world below, where thought and intellect wore a harsher, severer aspect, he could not, in justice to the demands of his own nature, content himself with walking in the footprints of those who had gone before. Yet, even when he struggled with the good genius that had followed him from its mountain temple, strove to free himself from its tender guardianship and assimilate something of the sterner, bolder method of Michael Angelo with his own soft temper, he was never, fortunately for himself, entirely successful. Still, as he went on in life, the experience of earthly joy and sorrow usurped, by little and little, a portion of the supremacy that pure spirituality in art had hitherto exercised over him. At last a perfect and equal union of the two things, the devout simplicity of the Umbrian Mountains, and the ripened manhood of the artist, with its elements of thought, study, pain, and enjoyment, was attained in the "Transfiguration," the most intensely religious picture that has ever been painted.

This was the culmination of the artistic life of Raphael. He could go no further without danger of receding. He had found in his work the exact point of union of earthly with divine experience; and, having done this, there was nothing more left for him to do. So he was taken away. He, who was still young in years, was nevertheless older than the hills in wisdom, for he had solved the one great problem of existence, that of reconciling the two opposite elements of our being. Like the demoniac boy in his own "Transfiguration," Raphael was blinded, yea, annihilated, by the light that came to him from above. He who could master the pure spiritual feeling of his early school, was not strong enough to wrestle with the force of that deeper, richer, holier combination of earth and heaven that is so worthily embodied in his death-song, the "Transfiguration."

L. Adams.

NE FESTINA.

Be not in haste, O golden-bosomed maid,
Whom poets autumn, in soft cadence call;
But we with ruder breath proclaim the fall;
Be not in haste to fling thine amber shade
O'er our sweet fields in summer bloom arrayed;
Thy treach'rous shade that deepens to a pall,
Beneath whose mask of joyous festival
The funeral prayer o'er beauty's grave is said!
If others welcome thee, be sure not I,
To whom thy coming will but make more real
The doubtful films that o'er my senses steal,
To steep Life's purpling hills in gloomier dye.
Were I a boy, I'd gladly welcome one,
But two gray autumns, both at once, I shun!

William C. Richards.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A REMINISCENCE.

It is a fine sight, a man full of years, clear in mind, sober in judgment, refined in taste, and handsome in person. Such is Mr. Bryant, a Nestor among the poets, who has not survived his fame—hardly even received, as yet, his full meed of praise. I remember once to have been at a lecture where Mr. Bryant sat several seats in front of me, and his finely-shaped and ample-sized head were especially noticable, even compared with the mass of intelligent heads by which he was surrounded. Heads grow to a late period in life, unless people "dwindle, peak, and pine," and stint themselves by frivolous or unworthy habits or pursuits. The observer of Bryant's capacious skull and most refined expression of face cannot fail to read therein the history of a noble manhood. Nor does time in the least diminish his powers. He has been contemporary with the most distinguished *littérateurs* of the nineteenth century; not only this, but familiarly acquainted with them; and when, of those of our own country, one after another—

"draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams"—

the generous, warm-hearted poet comes forth naturally to pronounce a eulogy over the dust, and twine the laurel around the sacred urn; or is a statue to be unveiled, who but Bryant can bring forth in such profuse illustration, from the full treasury of genius, the living characters that stand forth a breathing multitude from the realms of the imagination? Nothing he has ever written was more delicately finished than his address at the unveiling of the Shakespeare statue in the Central Park, in New York; and again his resources are as fresh and vigorous on a like occasion at the unveiling of the Scott statue, as when years ago we listened to his praise of Cooper and Irving. His eighty summers sit manfully upon him, and it is enough to make one emulous of death to be praised by such a tongue.

There is that in the most ordinary utterances of genius that fixes itself upon the mind, and will not be erased; and men of genius

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talk at a sort of peril. I believe I can recall every word of the conversations of Mr. Bryant with me, and I do not believe he ever uttered one that ought to be forgotten. He is by no means a loquacious man — his paragraphs are all fastidiously finished, and would read well in print. He is apt to be eclectic in society, and talks with those whom he most fancies, who are sure to be unpretentious, real, and distinctive, in character.

"How is it you can make Mr. Bryant talk?" asked Mrs. E—— one evening.

"Simply by not trying to be smart, and making no effort to talk well," was the reply.

Margaret Fuller, Mr. Bryant, and many others, were at a party at Marcus and Rebecca Spring's, whose genial hospitality made their home a favorite place of resort. It was a chill November evening, and, as the wind scattered the foliage against the lattice, Mrs. E—— repeated, looking at Mr. Bryant:

> "The melancholy days are come,
> The saddest of the year."

Mr. Bryant bowed slightly, and she passed on; when the former turned his dark eyes full upon me, and said, in his most cold and quiet manner:

"It is enough to make an author distrust his own productions to hear one, not by any means his best, quoted at the expense of all others."

"I should not think so; it only proves that the one in question has touched the common thought, while his other productions may be beyond it."

"That is a pleasant view, most certainly, but still the doubt remains."

"I should not think the author of 'Thanatopsis' would be troubled with many doubts."

"Ah! there the same doubt recurs. A poem written so early in life, and quoted, as you do now, as an author's best, leaves a doubt of mental progress, painful to reflect upon."

This was said with more feeling than I had anticipated from that ordinarily undemonstrative speaker. One might have supposed it akin to those courteous tactics by which accomplished men, to use a vulgar phrase, "fish for a compliment" from a woman known to be no flatterer, and not incapable of judgment; but Mr. Bryant is not in the least vain, and has a manly appreciation of his own abilities. I replied:

"I do not quite see the subject in the light you place it. A poet, if truly such, must have his hours of inspiration, when his thought and expression transcend himself, and utter at a breath what it will take him years to reach by any deliberate mental process."

Mr. Bryant's fine eyes kindled as he replied: "That is a pleasant solution, and the poet ought to be reconciled."

Mr. Bryant is a most finished artist, in which respect Longfellow is hardly his equal; he is more original also, using his own material in his own way, and never making you think that he has been, to use a military phrase, "out on a foraging expedition."

I do not like to regard Mr. Bryant as a politician, which he has been for more than half a century, unquestionably helping to shape public opinion in the country; and this is doubtless a distinctive, prominent and essential phase in his character. His domestic relations having been to the last degree well adapted and genial, and, being devoid of large external cravings for sympathy, he is morally and mentally well adapted to the political arena, and its stimulus is perhaps a necessary aliment, so that the prostitution of his fine English to political purposes may have been unavoidable. Besides, all thorough civilizers have a vein of cruelty in their organization, discernible in their clearly-cut features, the outcropping of the older civilizations; and, as religious intolerance is forbidden, men can only ply the delicate art of torture and the office of inquisitor through the public press. As editor of a leading political journal, Mr. Bryant, it is most likely, felt a consciousness of power among men which the nobler avocation of poet would have failed to impart in a country where æstheticism is on the decline.

Mr. Bryant is tall and slender, his general appearance indicating high and refined nervous action. His well-shaped head is covered with soft, wavy hair, which is now of a silvery whiteness.

All who know Mr. Bryant will remember the pleasant group that used to meet at the house of Mr. James Lawson, a Scotchman by birth, an author of no mean ability, and the head of a most genial and hospitable family. Here might be seen Edwin Forrest, the tragedian; W. C. Bryant, Parke Godwin, William Gilmore Simms, and Mrs. Mary E. Brook, as *habitués*, and many others of distinction. It was a unique treat to hear our host recite Burns's poem of "Tam O'Shanter" in the pure Scotch dialect; for Mr. Lawson is an enthusiast upon his national bard. It is refreshing to see a full-grown man capable of youthful enthusiasm, and I never knew one who evinced this feeling for his friends so strongly as Mr. Lawson. He was a thorough Democrat, and Mr. Bryant had been for many years a Republican, but this did not diminish the attachment between the two; indeed, Mr. Lawson rather divided the world into two hemispheres, one of which was filled by William Cullen Bryant, the other by Edwin Forrest; and I, being a woman, was ranged at an awful distance between the two.

I remember one evening, at a brilliant reception at this house, Mr. Forrest was more than ordinarily genial, while his compact head and hawk-eyes seemed to be ubiquitous. Where all were distinguished it was something to be marked—a god among the gods. Mr. Simms talked well—as he always did—though his manner was somewhat imposing, and his style pedantic—as Southern men were apt to be; Mr. Bryant's subdued, even-toned voice was like a monotone of music, while the deep, beautifully-modulated voice of Forrest went through and through the listener. There was no escaping it. He was no ladies' man; he did not care to win their notice, and yet every woman became a listener. He was talking with a group of gentlemen, the subject, of course, being Shakespeare, and Mr. Forrest was saying something about the steady developing of passion in the fate of the soldierly *Othello*, showing how pride in his profession, augmented by the honors newly acquired from the government under which he served, and the safe arrival of the woman who infatuated him, overwhelmed the soul of the man with a terrible presage of destiny, and he exclaimed:

> "If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
> My soul hath her content so absolute
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate."

I shall never forget the mournful tenderness of voice and manner with which this was uttered—low, simple, like a breathing out of the soul.

Flippant critics used to talk of the ranting of Edwin Forrest. I never saw any ranting in his playing; so far from this, the emotion exhibited was no more than the natural passion pertaining to the character represented. People to be passionate must be thoroughly in earnest, and, as we find few such, it is not to be expected that a mere critic, a literary *Iago*, "nothing unless critical," will sympathize with any volcanic outbursts of feeling, and hence all the cant about "tearing passion to tatters" by Edwin Forrest.

In the course of conversation I remarked to Mr. Bryant:

"My son and I have more than five miles to walk to reach home to-night, and the South Ferry to cross."

"That would be a mere trifle to an Englishwoman," he replied; "they, English women, will walk daily ten miles and think nothing of it."

"And so do I. This morning I took a walk of six miles, and the same back makes me twelve; and before I sleep I shall have walked seventeen miles to-day."

"And here you stand and talk without any appearance of fatigue," responded the poet, with animation, and, turning around, he said the ladies ought to know this, and in a few choice words he related the fact, and for a space I was quite lionized.

Then I remarked: "But I had pleasant company, Mr. Bryant, which makes us forget time and distance. Even I could not walk that length for mere exercise."

Then followed all the lively talk of who was my companion, etc., which Bryant disposed of pleasantly by saying, "The fact of such companionship and forgetfulness is enough to know."

He then told me that he once walked the whole length of the Palisades, from Hoboken to Nyack, and killed a copperheaded snake upon the top of them, at which I was comforted in my escapades of snake-killing. The truth is, I have an instinctive impulse to kill a snake, which seems the worse in me, from the fact that the snakes I encounter do not run from me, but lie passive under the killing.

Mr. Bryant seems to me one of the most fortunate of men—born of good parentage, always prosperous, good but not robust in health, with faculties ready to do their part harmoniously. If there may be some appearance of austerity in his character, how

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can it be otherwise in a man who has lived on to the verge of eighty, and without a moral blemish?

Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794, and is accordingly seventy-nine years old. It is a pity to record the years of the calendar for a man essentially young like Mr. Bryant. His person is erect, his manner dignified, and his intellect in pristine vigor. He is active and diligent, and even while writing this I read his letters of travel in the South—fresh, delicate, observant, better than a man of forty would be able to write, because of the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience collected during a long and well-spent life. Men who use the brain much and respect the laws of life, do not grow old. Some day Mr. Bryant will, in his own words, and in those of Scripture, "fall asleep"—

"Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

MISCELLANY.

PLEASURES OF AN AUTUMN IN SPAIN.

YEAR after year the romance of travel is removed farther and farther from the reach of the tourist, as civilization extends its humanizing influences beyond what we have been wont to consider its recognized frontiers. It was but the other day that the boundless prairies of the West were brought within easy reach of Euston Station. Rail to Liverpool, steamer over the Atlantic, rail again to St. Louis on the Mississippi, and then a hundred miles or so of riding, carried you into the country of the buffalo, and offered you every reasonable chance of having your hair lifted by the red-man. That is altogether a thing of the past. The buffaloes are fled from the whistle of the locomotive, and the Indians are gone after them. You travel in Pullman's patent cars past the notorious Smoky Fork, the Bent's Bluffs, and the Bloody Fords; and you must penetrate into the remote recesses of the Nevada if you are even to incur a risk from miserable Diggers. This is only a specimen of the revolution that is being wrought everywhere. Russia's pacifying process in Caucasus has made the skirts of Ararat almost as safe as the valleys that lie round Mont Blanc. No future Vambéry need visit the Tartar khanates in a perilous masquerade, and Baker Pasha believes he has moved the borders of Egypt within easy sail of the spot where her majesty's consul for Southern Africa has established amicable relations with the savages. No doubt there are still localities like Mongolia and Chinese Tartary where you must find your way through hordes of warlike barbarians, riding along precarious gangways of plank pegged to the precipices that hang over bottomless abysses. But then there are not many men who could spare the time for such an expedition as Mr. Ney Elias has successfully undertaken, even if they could manage to muster the extraordinary resolution necessary. Most people desire to compress their autumn excitement into an ordinary holiday-time, and hurry home again to resume their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure.

To such people we would say, go to Spain. The Peninsula always has plenty to interest; but this season it offers extraordinary temptations to the curious and adventurous tourist. No matter what way his tastes may tend, he can scarcely fail to find something to gratify them, whether he be interested in military operations, regular and irregular, or care to follow the deliberations of the Cortes over those ceaseless constitutional projects which the ministry so carefully matures; or to watch the working of mob-rule in the various revolutionary communes, or the conflict of capital and labor, as carried on with murder and fire-raising in the great commercial cities. He will be thrown into the closest contact with those bolder and more picturesque types of society with which Spain abounds, but which used to be kept in the background when the law was stronger, or when autocrats like Narvaez governed society with the musket. It will be the great charm of his journey that he will be able to count upon absolute safety nowhere. People say that, though there is a good deal of disturbance in Spain, the greater part of the country remains peaceable and indifferent. It possibly may be true. But the worst of it is—or the best of it, as you choose to regard it—that you have no guarantee for the permanence of peace in any particular spot, for the whole land is volcanic, and new communes break out like new craters, in the most unlikely spots. You go to bed one night at the Parador de las Diligencias in the dull old market-place of some grim old city. There is the usual swarm of draped conspirators under your windows, with the folds of the *capa* cast over their mouths, although the thermometer at midnight would mark something like 100°. You never doubt that they are discussing as usual the price of pork and garbanzos over their home-grown tobacco, and perhaps they are. But you wake next morning to find the town in full revolution. A revolutionary Junta is sitting in the town-hall opposite, presided over by your fellow-passenger in the banquette of yesterday's diligence. Bill-stickers are affixing the Junta's first and latest edict to the gates of the great church, and a couple of its functionaries are on duty at the gates of the Parador, because your fellow-passenger has a bedroom there, or the corporal commanding-in-chief is having his chocolate down-stairs. Probably, in the dignity of their new-born authority, and in their anxiety to avoid complications with foreign powers, the Junta may courteously kiss the hands of your worship, and permit your worship to slip through their own. But then, again, they may not; and there is always a chance of some subordinate levying a forced benevolence on his own account, and confiscating your bullion to his pressing personal necessities.

So, whatever pessimists may say, you may be pretty certain that you will have no assurance of safety anywhere when once you have crossed the bridge of the Bidassoa. Even if you pass straight through to Cadiz, you are likely to meet with more adventures than the Knight of La Mancha ever dreamed of, for the police of the Holy Brotherhood kept the Peninsula tolerably tranquil in Don Quixote's days. But, if you desire to make the most of your opportunities, you will take one of those circular tours which the enterprise of Mr. Cook has made so popular. You enter, as we have seen, by San Sebastian, touch Cartagena on the extreme south, and come back, if you can, by Internationalist Barcelona. The beauty of it is, that, barring the risks inseparable from the free fight that is going on over the length and the breadth of the land, there is little interruption to the traveling. Had Mr. Cook himself bargained with the Spaniards to throw their country into anarchy for the diversion and instruction of his clients, the arrangements for visiting the battle-field could scarcely be more perfect. When you pass the Bidassoa, you learn that the Carlists are in force on the heights to the right, which saw so much hard fighting when Soult was being pushed backward by Wellington. That picturesque-looking old city by the river-mouth is Fontarabia, where fifteen hundred Carlists assisted at a disembarkation of arms only the other day. You learn that Carlist pickets had been patrolling your road the very evening before your arrival, although those are Republican bayonets that you distinguish glancing in the sun on the slopes in front of you. For that long street which continues the straight road you are driving along is Irun, and Irun is occupied by five hundred civil guards, a company of regulars, and some custom-house officers. The train moves quietly onward, although, for obvious reasons, a little more slowly than usual. Yet, for all you know, the opposing parties may come in collision just as you cross the ground between them; and, when you have been looking forward to breakfast at the station, you may find that you have come up in time to be present at an assault in force on the town. The train moves somewhat more slowly than usual, because accidents will occur even on comparatively level roads when rails are lifted. But when you mount into the wild mountain-passes in the province of Vittoria, you become perceptibly more sensitive to that particular form of danger. The curves are so sharp and the gradients so steep, that the strongest breaks could hardly save you if they happened to be applied a moment too late. Yet here, in the face of such very probable perils, the train dashes along at a somewhat reckless pace for a mountain-line. If you ask the armed conductor the reason, he points out that of two evils it is wise to choose the less. Nothing is more likely than that you may go flying over some precipice at a corner, instead of running round the curve, except, indeed, the probability of the Carlists firing a volley into the windows by way of practical joke, were you to slacken pace sufficiently to tempt them. For the time being they are invisible, like Clan Alpine warriors before they started into sight at their chieftain's signal-whistle; but doubtless the copsewood is quite full of them. It is true the railway directors have contracted with the Carlist leaders that the trains shall go free for a certain black-mail; but subordinates are apt to override such arrangements when they have not been invited to share in the subsidy.

Suppose you emerge from the Carlist country with your person safe, and without having been executed as a Republican spy, or put to ransom for the benefit of the royal exchequer. Suppose you escape those independent outlying bands which invest the Guadarama and the environs of the Escurial. You find yourself in the capital, enjoying a new phase of excitement. Here there is no fighting or civil disturbance. It is merely a question of amicably arranging the new constitution of the Federal Republic. It is all to be settled within the walls of the Cortes in parliamentary debate. You obtain a ticket for the gallery, and, having occasionally assisted at the deliberations of the Versailles Assembly, are not much scandalized by the vigor and fervor of these southern orators. A burning matter of detail is being debated, and you explain the violent and tedious personalities of the irreconcilables by the certainty of their having to succumb on a division to an overwhelming majority. Soon you surmise that it was not altogether without an object that they have been talking against time. Something like a dull roar is coming through the open windows, and you see faces on the ministerial bench turning from red to pale in spite of the heat. The debate is hastily adjourned without the objectionable resolution being passed, and, when you have made your way out of the door, you are landed in the middle of the Madrid mob. You may have seen the many-headed in the