

an absolute degree succeeded in expressing all that a scene *might* suggest, but to say because this is the case, that no scene has ever been faithfully painted, would be to place a standard so high, that such a thing as perfect Art could never be attained. We revert to our former maxim. A copyist should resemble his model. To say that no mind was ever identical with another is most true. But when a mind is put into a picture, making the natural sentiment of it, its manifestation can be observable to a state of precision, if observable at all. Consequently, in the nature of things, we believe two minds exist near enough alike for the one to seize palpable manifestations of the other, *ergo*, the *possibility* of copy—of course, any effects of time must be out of the question, as they did not emanate from the original mind.

Dr. Channing joins in the complaints of not a few relative to the bad light in many of the galleries he entered. The staring level windows throwing a direct light upon the opposite wall of pictures in the Hermitage; a similar disposition at Dresden. He was not at the Hague, or he would have admired the arrangements for swinging the large pictures into light, which is practised in the gallery there. The Italian galleries he did not visit. That of Munich owes its origin to too appreciative a monarch, to be wanting in good arrangements in such respects. It was in the Louvre, however, that our traveller was most impressed with the devotion Art receives, as in that immense palace, consecrated to its genius, and the power it exercises over the mass, as expressed in the crowd that throngs it, moving so reverentially, and breaking the silence with nothing but low and rare whispers :

"Now is it not well?" he asks. "Such culture, such means of culture for a whole people! Here in Paris—ever living, ever moving, ever cheerful Paris—in its very centre, in the midst and presence of fashion, pleasure, business, such as it is—yes, here in the centre of all antagonisms and attractions is the teacher, the great teacher of the whole people."

If we are thus impressed with the Louvre, an all-embracing collection of wide Art, culled from all times and nations, to do honor to its possessors and educate the world, there are sensations connected with such others, as that devoted to Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen, which affect us as much, in being the humble devotion of one people, to their presiding Art-Genius.

"Who would not stop on his way through the rough and stormy Baltic to visit the shrine of Thorwaldsen—that double shrine, which contains his silent body and the ever-loving, ever-speaking accomplishments of his exalted genius?"

Our author is filled with a new life at the thought of such things. He gazes reverently on that palace reared to Genius; thinks on the triumph of that last visit, when the sculptor's townsmen received him so royally; and contrasted it with his early life as a poor stone-cutter. "I have certainly never known," says he, "what it was to feel

the capacities of my own nature, as in this the latest experiences of my life, in the midst and presence of such works as these of Thorwaldsen and of kindred minds." He visited the sculptor's grave—alone by himself in the quadrangle of this palace of Art, the great man rests, and fresh flowers, trimmed by votive hands, are the only accompaniments of the spot. To the cathedral he went also—and there the Christ, as Thorwaldsen's chisel left it, seemed to be speaking but one word to him, "Come."

Thus with that gentle, winsome mien, that the great author of Christianity puts forth to allure all to his embrace, the benign Genius of Art beseeches those who can feel and grow better, with that same monosyllable—
Come.

YOUTH, LOVE, AND HOPE.

With song, and silver-dripping oar,
Youth, Love, and Hope pushed off from shore;
Their wake flashed far and free:
Their light, the heaven which brightened o'er them;
Their guide, the stream which shone before them;
How gaily went the three!

For them, each wave was moonlight-gilded;
For them, each rock was coral-built;
A glory crowned the strand.
The mermaids in their crystal caves
Heard their low laughter through the waves
Sifting, like golden sand.

Now, drifting under quiet skies,
Only into each other's eyes
Looked Love and Youth the while.
But, musing, Hope averted hers,
And only watched the silent stars
With faint and tranquil smile.

Now gazing on the heaven above,
Now glancing with an equal love
Upon the heaven below.
Oh, had the upper light alone
Upon her gifted temples shone,
So had it shone there now!

Leaning, she strove to grasp the tide,
Which swelled in silver at her side,
And broke in flashing bars.
Bewildered by the changeful gleam
That danced and dazzled from the stream,
She sank among the stars!

Love saw her bright hair gild the wave:
Love sprang in fatal haste to save—
The chill wave swept the shore.
Two lives in that mysterious river
Went out, forever and forever!
To be re-lit no more.

And Youth went on his way alone,
The light which all around him shone,
Still as he turned, grew dark.
Alas the heart! where'er it be,
Whose love and hope go down at sea,
While Youth yet guides the bark!