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THE WOMEN OF HOMER.

By Edward North.

I FANCY we all understand how the streets and fields of one's native place become objects of a new attraction, when they are looked down upon from the spire of a church. We all understand how, with such a bird's-eye view, the old familiar shop-fronts, draperied with wares on sale, give out livelier readings of their old-told advertisements. We know how the smooth flag-stones suddenly grow historic, and discourse of the thousands whose passing footsteps, in other years, have waked their echoes. We know how the broad landscape, billowy with tree-tops, and animated with green luxuriance, seems to have been released for a special holiday from its Maker's curse.

Without allowing for one moment that the proper study of female character ever can be empty of interest, it may yet give a poetic, and perhaps a romantic zest to inquiries of this kind, if they are made from the steeple-like look-out of a high antiquity. It may, perhaps, furnish a pleasant variety to the preachings, now grown stated, if not stale, on the relative position of the sexes, to take our stand beside the good old Homer; to try to fathom the depths of woman's nature with the plummet of his genius; to try to sing her worth to the music of his immortal harp.

In Homer's hymn to Apollo, there occurs the following appeal to the maidens of Chios:

> "Farewell, ye maidens! and remember me
> Hereafter. When some stranger from the sea,
> A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,
> And ask you, maids, of all the bards you boast,
> Who sings the sweetest, and delights you most?
> Then answer all: 'A blind old man of yore,
> He sweetest sang, and dwelt on Chio's rocky shore.'"

In all the Homeric poems, this is the only passage, according to my reading, that confesses itself to be of a nature personal to the author. In not another line doth the great heart of the poet break loose from restraint, and syllable its one enormous wish—its yearning for immortality. It must have been a mighty surge of emotion in the bosom of Homer which could thus dash through the fetters of a life-long dumbness and take to itself the wings of utterance. The case is like that of the mutes we read of, who, after pining thro' years of wordless despair, have been shocked into the power of speaking by some sudden passion or catastrophe.

By expressing his eager desire to be remembered, Homer wins a deeper hold on our sympathy and attachment. It pleases us to find evidences of human feeling, and even a little of human weakness, in one whom we reverence for the majesty and empire of his genius.

Homer's idea of what constitutes a woman's worth and praise, is hinted at in the names by which his heroines are designated. These names are not given to keep alive a grandmother's memory; nor because they are musical or fashionable; nor because novelists have surrounded them with a fictitious glory; but solely for the sake of their significance. Andromache, when interpreted, means "the hero's battle-prize;" Theane, "the heavenly-minded;" Areta, "the sought-for;" Calianassa, "ruling by beauty;" Cassandra, "sister to heroes;" Hecamede, "the far-thoughted;" Euryclea, "the widely-praised;" Iphimedæa, "the strong-thinker;" Polyxena, "the very hospitable;" Nausicaa, "the ship-guided," in allusion to her easy and graceful movements; Penelope, "the web-raveller," and thereby hangs a proverb. "The weaving of Penelope's web" is, at this day, a proverbial phrase for the doing of a deed that is never done. Penelope was pressed to select a second husband from the many princely suitors for her hand. She promised to think of the matter after she had woven a shroud for her father-in-law, the aged hero Laertes. Her trick to prolong the weaving of the shroud is thus described by herself:

"During the day, I wove the large web; but at night, when the torches were lit, I unravelled it. Thus, for three years I hoaxed the suitors, and kept them at a

distance. But when the fourth year came, they found me out, through the connivance of the maid-servants, careless creatures! and they gave me a scolding. Then I finished the shroud, though against my will, and by compulsion."

Homer describes a good many female characters, and no two of them are alike; yet quite remarkable is it, that in regard to certain womanly attributes the same epithets are appropriate to all. Their costumes are in keeping with climate and season; in keeping with individual character and social position. They are not guilty of taking pains to burlesque and parody their natural shapes with the incumbrances and restraints of cotton and whalebone. They do not conceive it to be their mission to remind their race of its mortality by moving about in the likeness of hour-glasses, with pinched lungs and short breath. Having no monthly fashion-plates, from which to learn colored lessons in elaborate stiffness, they dressed with simple taste, with easy comeliness, and chaste elegance.

The result is, that, in place of sporting as the butterflies of a brief season's gayety, they have been admired and copied as models of the truest grace by painters and sculptors of all subsequent time. It is a fact well illustrating the influence of Homer's poetry, that the various articles of female apparel, as they are described by him, continued to be used, with no essential change, down to the latest periods of Greek civilization. With all their lapses into luxury and extravagance, the Greek women never deserted the graceful and befitting simplicity of the Homeric costume.

In Homer, the garments of goddesses and mortals are alike, and so simple, that, to one who forgets the softness of Ionic weather, they seem almost meagre. Calypso rises at daybreak, and puts on a silver-white, ample, sleeveless robe, finely woven, and graceful; about her waist she claps a girdle, brilliant and costly; she ties light sandals beneath her feet; throws a veil over her head, and is then ready to attend Ulysses on a morning walk.

It would be needless to try to explain why it is that the resistless witchery of Venus is fabled to have resided in her cestus or girdle. When Juno wishes to thaw the ice of her husband's hate, she goes to Venus, and begs the loan of her embroidered girdle, wherein were enclosed all allurements. "In it was fondness; and in it desire; and in it lovers' tender talk, that steals away the wisdom of the wisest."

Not only are Homer's women becomingly draped, but they are beautiful. Every mother's daughter of them, from princess to waiting-maid, all are beautiful. If Homer would embody an idea of deformity, he selects some luckless representative of his own gender; twists him, with fancy's Circean wand, into ugliness; then bids him stand out and be laughed at. The gentle sex always have gentle treatment. In his poetic capacity, with his thoughts and feelings in a fine frenzy surging, Homer could not conceive of a woman as otherwise than pleasing in shape or gesture. She had no business to be ugly. Her destiny was to mix gracefully, lovingly, with the grosser forms of humanity, and to lift them away from their earthliness with a power as subtile and resistless as that which lifts from the grass the dew of the morning.

Homer's women are all beautiful, yet with differences that prevent monotony. Each has her own appropriate and characteristic attraction. There is one beauty of the queen, another of the nurse; one beauty of the matron, another of the maiden.

This beauty is also durable. It is not a capricious, evanescent quality, that makes a hurried visit in girlhood, and after marriage departs, as a thing no longer wanted, because no longer marketable. It is a quality that matures and solidifies with the flight of years; that dwells securely in the ripe, peach-hues of the healthy cheek; that feels no dread of consumption's ghastly blight; that smiles forth in cheerful serenity, with something of an angel light, from the gray locks of sunny age.

Perhaps the secret of this lastingness of beauty may be detected in the characteristic next to be mentioned. It must be said, in praise of Homer's women, that they are industrious. Nor is theirs a mischievous, impertinent industry. They spend their time in spinning yarn, less fictitious than that of the street. They have a finger in pies more proper and savory than that of a neighbor's concerns. The best, proudest, and daintiest of them are not too good, proud, and dainty, to engage in useful and domestic employments. Even the goddess Calypso sets an example of cheerful industry. She sits in her weird grotto, by a fragrant fire of split cedar and thyme-wood, singing with a voice that fascinates, and weaving with a golden shuttle. Arele, the wife of an opulent king, queens it in the most quiet of all ways, by twirling seapurple threads of wool, with her seat near the hearthstone, and her busy handmaids behind her—a wonder to look upon. Her daughter, Nausicaa, thinks it no shame to go to the river-side with female slaves, and to oversee the washing of linen. She is up and about the house with the first blush of day. She knows how to harness and unharness the mules; she handles the whip and lines gracefully; she drives with cool skill and judgment. During the twenty years' absence of Ulysses, his wife, Penelope, was busy at the loom and the distaff, mingling tears and prayers with her weaving and spinning. While the body of Hector was trailing in bloody dust about the walls of Troy, with his feet lashed to Achilles' chariot, Andromache, ignorant that she was a widow, sat weaving a double, splendid robe, in a retired chamber of Priam's palace.

It is sung of Helen, divinest of women, that she wove tapestry. When called from Priam's palace to witness the duel between Paris and Menelaus, in which it is to be settled whether she shall be the wife of the one, or the other's mistress, she is found weaving, with her own fingers, an ample cloak, double and glittering; and in it she wrought the many exploits of steed-taming Trojans and brass-mailed Greeks, which, for her sake, they suffered at the hands of war. Here was tapestry worth looking at; something in a more epic vein than unhappy pink rabbits, with teeth on edge, trying to browse woollen clover. Here was the true Gobelin tapestry, which the conceited Frenchman claims to have himself invented. What time the adorers of Helen are doing battle for her smile, she is weaving a pictured history of their chivalrous deeds, in a brilliant garment.

When Socrates was asked why he chose to live with that essential epitome of all caudledom, Xantippe, he replied that he took to wife a violent woman for the same reason that men, wishing to be skilled in horsemanship, prefer to drive hard-bitted animals; if he was able to manage Xantippe, he was sure he should have no trouble in controlling the rest of mankind. Among the women of Homer, blessings on the poet, there is no Xantippe to be found.

Juno, it is true, has a tongue that walks through Olympus; but she was a goddess, and had, therefore, a right divine to be as naughty and bitter as she pleased—besides, she had the most aggravating husband that ever breathed.

It is a most engaging attribute of Homer's women, of those at least who may be called the heroines of his song, that they are large-hearted, self-denying, self-forgetting. They have deep, quick, earnest sympathies. They have upright, generous thoughts, and a downright frank way of telling them. It is said of one among them, that her words were "warm" as they fell from her lips. Whence this warmth of words, if not from the heart's outgushing sympathies? Their largeness and tenderness of feeling flow out in unselfish channels. They live, and exhale the fragrance of their hearts—not in themselves—not for themselves—but in and for the objects of their attachment.

In the case of Penelope, this feeling of self-abnegation is so strong, that one who had not the true key to her conduct is in danger of censuring, as a fault, what deserves to be praised as her brightest virtue. The life of Penelope is one of complete devotion to her husband, Ulysses, and their son, Telemachus. Ulysses has been absent nearly twenty years, and is reported to be dead. His palace is besieged and overrun by a mob of roystering wooers, whose attentions to the dinner-table and the wine-cellar are quite as assiduous and hearty as those paid to the supposed widow. Telemachus is disgusted with these offenders against courtesy and hospitality. He begs his mother to choose the lesser evil, and another husband, before that his patrimony is wholly devoured by the suitors. She wishes to gratify her son; yet a secret voice whispers to her that Ulysses is yet living; and even if he were known to be dead, her attachment to his memory would repel the thought of a second marriage. Her feelings oscillate between the one purpose and the other. When she thinks of her son, she will yield to his wishes—sacrifice herself—and be re-married. Then glides in a secret, tender thought of that great, heroic heart, that never beat false to hers, and will sooner die than be re-married. Judge her by cold canons of worldly wisdom, and she may be condemned as slightly vacillating—as not fully acquainted with her own mind. But judge her as a creature of feeling and sympathy, with her whole life bound up in the life of others, and one must accord to Homer the praise of having discovered a truth which human hearts are apt to be too callous and too proud to confess the truth, that in their very weakness lives their noblest strength.

A familiar yet forcible example of the same traits of character is furnished by the parting of Hector from Andromache. The scene is one of surpassing tenderness. It will justify the highest praise of Homer, both as an analyst of human nature and as a descriptive artist. Surrounded as it is with details of cruelest bloodshed, it looks out smilingly from its dark, repulsive setting, like a fragrant white blossom from a crevice of sulphurous lava. Just as one is about to fancy himself reading a chronicle of fiends, he is persuaded that the human heart has affections too deep to be extinguished by the rage of unholy strifes; that heaven is brought nigh to earth in the pure artlessness of childhood and the clinging fondness of a true wifehood. We see in Hector's breast a fierce struggle between his ambition to be named a hero, with heart of steel, and his desire to be simply a man, obedient to each gentle impulse of his nature. We see his brow grow pale with the forefeeling of near death, as he leaves the battle-field and pushes homeward through the crowded streets of Troy. We see Andromache in her lonely chamber, brooding over the dangers that surround her husband, until her heart throbs tumultuously, and her hand refuses to throw the shuttle. We see her hasten to the scæan gate, while her handmaid follows behind with the boy Ashyanax. We see her sheltering her eyes with her trembling hand, while from the shadow of the beech-tree she looks out over the Trojan plain, now drenched with the blood of heroes. We see the glad flush that mantles her cheek when her eyes, withdrawn from the distant view, rest upon the tall, straight form of Hector standing close beside her, and gazing, with the father all in his eyes, upon their only child, throned like a radiant star on the breast of its nurse. We hear her sobbing voice as she hangs upon her husband's hand: tells him that he is to her both father and mother and brother, and begs him not to go again to that dreadful field of slaughter. We see her head droop, droop, droop, as Hector draws the dark picture of her future lot in a distant house of bondage, plying the menial loom and drawing water at the bidding of another. Then a brightness, sudden and joyous, flashes through her tears, as Hector lays aside his nodding helmet, which had frightened the child, and taking him in his arms prays that the gods will make him a braver man than his sire. As she takes back the babe to her perfumed bosom, and her wet, laughing eyes meet his wet, laughing eyes, their long, mutual, earnest gaze reveals enough of hope in their despair to make a heaven of hell; enough of agony in their joy to make a hell of heaven. Next he fondles her white hands while they say their last adieus; and as she moves homeward lingeringly, looking often behind, with floods of weeping, we half expect to see her petrify into another Niobe, into a marble, immortal execration of the horrors of war.

It results from the domestic, unselfish habits of Homer's women, that they are hospitable—sincerely and generously hospitable. They preceded the invention of the hotel, that cunning French excuse for shirking the care of entertaining strangers. The easy, modern method of discharging social obligations by distributing rectangular bits of ceremonious pasteboard, was a thing not dreamed of by the women of Homer. They know nothing of the nice and exact science of gauging the warmth of a welcome by the tie of a cravat or the cut of a waistcoat. They never look with indifference upon human suffering. It is a proverb among them, that all strangers and supplicants are from Jupiter. When a stranger presents himself at the door of an Homeric mansion, he is not first catechized as to his name, his ancestry, his titles, his property, his errand. He is at once and cordially invited to accept the freedom and hospitality of the house. He is refreshed with a bath, and a meal, and a cup of wine. Then, if he choose to tell his errand, it is listened to with courteous attention. In their observance of this custom, Homer's women resemble Scott's ideal of a hostess, as given in the "Lady of the Lake."

> "The mistress of the mansion came,
> Mature of age, a graceful dame,
> Meet welcome to her guest she made,
> And every courteous rite was paid
> That hospitality could claim,
> Tho' all unasked his birth and name.
> Such, then, the reverence to a guest,
> That fellest foe might join the feast,
> And from his deadliest foeman's door
> Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er."

While Menelaus is entertaining Telemachus, in the "Odyssey," his wife Helen, intent on hospitable thoughts, is said to have cast into the wine they were drinking a sweet, nepenthean drug, "which frees men from grief and from care, and brings oblivion of all ills." (Od. iv. 1) This is only the poet's privileged way of saying that there was in the domestic ministries of Helen, a warmth and depth of heartfulness that coaxed wrinkles from the forehead wrung by anguish, and chased from the hiding-places of the breast its carking, sullen tenantry of sorrows. Divested of metaphor, the thought in Homer's mind was, that hospitality carries a sacred charm when its rites are performed with sincerity and grace; that even a cup of cold water, tenderly offered by the hand of some guileless Rebecca, has a more exhilarating sweetness that the costliest goblet of Samian wine.

The last attribute of Homer's women now to be mentioned, is that indicated by his description of Arete, the wife of king Alkinous. She is honored in very heart by her husband, her children, and her people, who, looking upon her as a divinity, salute her with cheerful greetings when she passes through the city. Of no subject whatever doth she lack a good understanding; and she settles quarrels for her people, to whom she is kindly disposed.

When Nausicaa invites Ulysses to the home of her royal parents, her girlish instincts and out-spoken good feeling prompt her to give him warning that there is a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Her father she describes as a thirsty man of phlegmatic dignity, who sits on a throne beside the fire, drinking wine like a god (one is tempted to translate with a freedom, and say, like a Dutch burgomaster). Ulysses is directed to *pass by* the father, and to place his hands on the knees of her mother, if he would be quickly glad at the day of his return. If *she* could only be made to feel a friendly interest in his case, there would be hope that he might yet see his home and his fatherland.

The heroines of Homer wielded large influence; they fixed the fate of individuals and of empires; they collected armies and navies; they sacked cities; they made and unmade monarchs. This they did, not by holding mass-meetings and delivering public speeches; not by trumpeting private grievances at street-corners, and passing declarations of independence; not by weaving masculine garments; not by publishing self-laudatory autobiographies; nor by any other like extravagance. They somehow managed to compass their ends without resorting to such desperate extremities. They managed, by certain noiseless expedients, not yet outlawed, to keep the world right side up, or to turn it upside down—if such were their pleasure—without enlisting in any public blathering crusade against the fixed usages of society and the higher decrees of nature. The eye of beauty, with a gentle goodness of heart to mellow its light, is always a throne of empire. In good sense, kindness, and virtue, there is always strength. Here is the hiding of the power of Homer's women. Their influence marks the centre to which everything in the world of Homer's fancy gravitates. It is true here, as everywhere else, that the mightiest force is the stillest; that the mild shining of the sun silently executes what the fierce blustering of the tempest has vainly essayed.

But are there no Jezebels, no Cleopatras, no Agrippinas, no Abby Folsoms, among the women of Homer? Is it to be concluded that they are, each and all, exemplars of whatsoever is pure, and lovely, and of good report? If there were no exception to the characterization thus far made, Homer's poetry could not be called a just mirror of human life. The Bible gives account of fallen and depraved women. Shakspeare does the same; and likewise Homer. Yet Homer's specimens of female depravity are comparatively few; and these few are but faintly sketched, as if done with a certain reluctance and disrelish that paralyzed the artist's pencil. Homer well knew how to draw villains of every shade and sex. If the villain chanced to be of his own gender, like Thersites, the deformed blackguard, the drawing was done with a will, an evident relish, and a masterly vigor in the handling of words. But when lovely woman stooped to meanness and wickedness, Homer hated to publish to the world her infamy. His hand trembled amid the chords of his lyre—

> "And back recoiled, he knew not why,
> Even at the sounds himself had made."

He hated to believe it to be possible that such inborn kindliness could become acrid; that such divine sweetness could be changed to the bitter poison of malice and hypocrisy. He keeps insinuating the idea of foregone temptations, and subsequent repentings, and remorses, to soften down our verdict of condemnation. Like Burns, he would have charity remember, not alone what has been yielded to, but also what has been resisted. He is careful to represent the vicious and criminal of his own sex as wholly or partly blamable for the womanly vices and crimes whose record is drawn, like threads of darkness, through the bright woof of his song. It is clear that he tries to believe with the late editor of Blackwood, "that the best man that ever died in his bed was wickeder far than the worst woman that was ever hanged."

In Homer, Helen is habitually spoken of as more sinned against than sinning; as having been impelled by a malicious deity to the wretched crime of which she took no thought beforehand. She is spoken of by Greeks and Trojans with an admiration and reverence that neighbor on idolatry. The effeminate Paris is the one against whom all bitter feelings are directed. As for Helen, she never alludes to her fall but with the deepest shame and self-reproach. After the overthrow of Troy, she is restored to her home, her husband's confidence, and her happiness.

Of Antea, the false wife of Prœtus, nothing good can be said. She and the wife of Potiphar must stand together in the same niche of immortal infamy.

What shall be said of Clytemnestra? Homer speaks of her in terms so brief that they conceal much more than they disclose. He lifts a corner of the curtain, and allows one just a glance at those foul scenes of lust and brutal murder, in which she was a guilty partner. Even here, Ægysthus, her companion, is exhibted as the more desperate and bloodthirsty of the two, or as the one who deals the treacherous blow that takes the life of Agamemnon. Æschylus was not satisfied to adopt and expand the skeleton of this treachery, as it was furnished by Homer. He must needs improve upon it, after his peculiar unchivalrous fashion, by dramatizing Clytemnestra as a monster of impossible wickedness, who takes a paramour into the palace of her absent lord, and, on his return, thrusts a dagger into the heart that she had vowed to comfort through life, and then exults publicly in the deed. Shakspeare's Lady Macbeth is as complete a specimen of female depravity as

one cares to fall in with, even in a book. Yet the Clytemnestra of Æschylus is possessed of more and worse devils than Lady Macbeth. The former is as much beyond the latter in iniquity as the billiard-table is beyond the checker-board in gambling. Shakspeare's mind could not easily have brought itself down to the task of giving birth to a conception so utterly black and unrelieved as that of Æschylus' Clytemnestra. She has not even the excuse of a blind mad ambition to extenuate her crimes. In depicting either of them, Homer could have found little of pleasure or willing inspiration. His harp would have shuddered in his grasp, and gone out of tune.

An exception to the ordinary character of the Homeric women should also be made in speaking of that bellicose and strong-tempered class, to whom the poet affixes the epithet, "man-hating;" who preferred that the general's wife should be the general. In place of vexing the public ear with melancholy recitals about their crushed condition, these man-haters made a concerted strike for higher honors and took them by storm. Not quite satisfied with physical endowments which they had received from nature, they are said to have burnt off the right breast, that they might wield the bow with greater skill and freedom. The Amazons certainly fortified their ascendency in a cautious and business-like way. It may be charged that they took an unfair advantage of their maternal opportunities. Fearing that they might be worsted in an open contest with full-grown men, they carefully reared their female offspring, while the males were either murdered or mutilated

Of course this is mere fable. Yet some may be so ungallant as to insist that the moral of a fable is of more account than the fable itself.

On the whole, it must be claimed that Homer understood the sphere and the mission of woman quite as well as it is understood by certain recent reformers, who would inaugurate a more ostentatious era in her history. In journeying through a wilderness of dactyls and spondees more than twenty-five centuries old, all such baggage as modern bloomerism and declarations of female independence, must be taken at the risk of the owner.

It must also be claimed that Homer magnified his epic office, and brought lustre to his name, by his chivalrous defence and illustration of the true womanhood. Every man who is himself great, will recognize a greatness in woman. Napoleon recognized it by banishing from Paris the authoress of *Corinne;* Homer, by enthroning Arete, the wife of King Alcinous, in the hearts of her subjects. Napoleon's act was brutal and cowardly; Homer's was worthy of himself.

PERSPECTIVE AS A STUDY.

By Adolph Le Vengeur.

LET those who deem these lines worthy of attention, rest assured that nobody can possess more experience than myself, of the number of scruples and difficulties that have to be overcome in enticing some pupils to study Perspective, especially when it is taught in that irrational, planless manner, which I must with sorrow confess, is generally adopted. Too many mathematical subtilties, linear conflicts, alarm beginners (especially those of the fairer sex), and fill them with a natural aversion, which deters them from penetrating through the shell to the sound and healthy kernel. An excessive number of books have been written, and are continually appearing, with the avowed object of naturalizing Perspective, but the result attained is entirely contrary to that intended. For example, it is repelling to the beginner (it is perfectly ridiculous to the artist), if he sees that simply to draw a chair, box, etc., he has to penetrate such an enormous web of lines before he can with difficulty observe the required object itself.

It is only a few weeks ago that I had a newly published book of that kind sent to me for perusal. I waded through it with great patience, but the only satisfaction which I have for my lost time is, that, at least to my friends, this loss of precious time will once for all be saved. This may sound hard language, but no critique can be too severe in this respect, in order to combat effectively this thoughtless fashion of needlessly perplexing the learner. Many a shot will yet have to be fired to effect the eradication of this nuisance, as well as other quackeries. Perspective—the art of seeing aright—must not be thought separately, but in union with the observation of Nature. The instructor must possess sufficient tact to be able to keep clear of everything too strikingly mathematical, and to reduce the whole to simple principles. It will even be a very good method, at first, not to let the beginner know that he has the so-much-feared Perspective before him. By such a method, he will at length arrive at the conclusion that what is current under the name of Perspective is, in fact, nothing but a most requisite accessory in Art, namely, the power of seeing accurately. Let us take two beginners, both of *absolutely equal capacity;* the one resolutely applies himself to the acquirement of this necessary auxiliary—Perspective, while the other, without ceremony, attempts to draw from Nature. The latter will only, after a considerable loss of precious time, if ever, be able to reproduce Nature with truth and feeling on the canvas—a pleasing result, no doubt—which, however, with moderate zeal, the former attains in a comparatively short period, and that with certainty. This is my decided conviction, based on, and supported by experience. I am perfectly aware that, by recommending the study of Perspective, founded on the contemplation of Nature, as an indispensable preparatory auxiliary discipline, no thinking man (and for the opinion of others I do not care) will accuse me of depreciating other studies out of regard for Perspective. Fully convinced of the truth that—

> Where Fashion throws her chain
> True Art can ne'er remain,

I, nevertheless, recommend Perspective from the first, as a necessary, sure, and faithful guide for every student of Art. Indeed, it would be well if such teachers as have hitherto regarded this study as secondary, pretending that it is not necessary (if they spoke the truth they would confess, "*Nemo dat, qui non habet*") would follow me. As the diamond can only be polished by the diamond, so the artist is only refined by the artist, and therefore, as a true and sincere fellow-worker and friend, I would, as the result of my own studies, recommend to certain young painters, earnestly and attentively to cultivate Perspective simultaneously with their other studies, particularly if it has been neglected in former years. I desire them to reflect, that returning to a former position will be an advance, when the last step has been a retreat. The foundation of all real improvement is the recognition of an evil.

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