TO DELIA.

BY SAMUEL DANIEL.

Look, Delia! how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
(The image of thy blush! and summer's honor)
Whilst, in her tender green, she doth inclose
The pure sweet beauty Time bestows upon her!
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining;
She then is scorned, that late adorned the fair.
So clouds thy beauty, after fairest shining!
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now!
Swift, speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
O let not then such riches waste in vain!
But love! whilst that thou may'st be loved again!

The New-York Tribune.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1904.

The tribute paid to the late George Gissing by Mr. H. G. Wells, from which we quote on another page, illustrates incidentally an odd point in criticism. Everybody knows that after years spent on grimly realistic novels Gissing rose up to astonish his public by writing a book of impressions of travel, "By the Ionian Sea," all aflame with a passion for classical literature and pure beauty. We hailed this work with delight, and were interested to learn soon after its publication that Gissing had always been a lover of antiquity. At the same time it did not seem necessary to forget the merits of his novels. Now Mr. Wells comes forward to say that it was a well nigh incredible feat of criticism to liken Gissing to Zola, and groans over his friend's London novels as though they represented so much wasted effort. If we read his critic aright, he would have had Gissing devote himself from the beginning to the making of books like the one mentioned above, or like "Veranilda," the novel of ancient Rome he left all but completed at his death. This is to substitute the whim of a friend for the judgment of a critic. "By the Ionian Sea" is a charming book; "Veranilda" may turn out to be even more than that. But the London novels are there to prove that, no matter what Gissing's yearnings for antiquity may have been, he knew how to make literature out of the life of his time. "New Grub Street" is not going to be forgotten. To undervalue it simply because you prefer work that the author executed in another vein is to do a grave injury to his memory.

Another sign of that reaction against artifice for the sake of artifice, to which we referred in this place last week, has appeared, this time in the pages of "The Academy." Speaking of "artistry in words," this contributor to the discussion confesses that the results of "playing "with words, picking, choosing, weighing, re-"jecting," are not in the least fascinating to him. His friends tell him that he i regenerate in not falling down to worship Pater and Stevenson, but they cannot persuade him that the former was not "a laborious rather than an inspired workman," or that the grandsons of our grandsons will read more of Stevenson than "Prince Otto" and a few of the essays. Moreover, he believes that "blind worship is often as hurtful to the worshipped as to the worshipper," and judiciously observes that "with writers there is bound to come a reaction against overstrained eulogy." How true this is may be seen by reference to the literary history of only the last few years. Pater has his unquestioning devotees to this day, but they are not half so numerous as they once were. The Stevensonian legend is constantly an object of attack. Swinburne, an enthusiastic artist in words if ever there was one, has lost much of his prestige. Sooner or later the tide in these matters always turns.

Mr. Lionel W. Clarke, writing in "Macmillan's," observes that Ruskin as an authority upon art has perhaps never stood lower than at the present moment. "The reason of this," he says, "is that the artist of whose work he was the most distinguished and the most persistent adverse critic has lately died. People point with a scornful finger at the man who, though he was never tired of praising Turner, the father of impressionism, could call Whistler, the great impressionist, a coxcomb." The declension of Ruskin's authority was inevitable; it would have come about if Whistler had never existed, for Ruskin's art criticism was hopelessly entangled with irrelevant matters. But just as his opponents have looked confidently for his overthrow as an oracle, so we look confidently for a modification of the attitude now held toward him by most of those who interest themselves in art criticism. He is full of error, but he is full of inspiration. Ruskin is worse than useless in the world of the hidebound Morellian, but for those who love a beautiful picture for its own sake he will always have something profitable to say, simply because he will always kindle the imagination. He has a way of moving the reader to a keener appreciation of fine things, he communicates to others the thrill which he has himself experienced in the presence of a masterpiece. That, for too many latter-day critics, seems to be of no consequence whatever. To settle a question of attribution is to them the end of criticism. To interpret beauty to mankind is to perform quite as important a service, and there Ruskin exerts and will continue to exert remarkable power.

URBANE TYRANTS.

Crime and Culture in the Italy of the Renaissance.

DUKES AND POETS IN FERRARA. A Study in the Poetry, Religion and Politics of the Fifteenth and Early Sixteenth Centuries. By Edmund G. Gardner, M. A. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xv, 578. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The facility with which the Italian of the Renaissance passed from wickedness to piety, from art to crime, has always possessed a deep interest for students of the history of that period. It is true that it seems, from one point of view, to have turned men into monsters, yet, on the other hand, it seems to have made them very human personages. At the bottom of

LEONELLO D'ESTE.
(From the portrait by Giovanni Oriolo.)

that life of astounding contrasts there was, after all, a kind of rugged simplicity. Men were unconscious of being by turns saints and fiends. To them good and ill alike were all in the day's work; the main point was to give individuality free play and to enjoy every sensation that the world had to offer. This principle produced remarkable types of mingled ferocity and urbanity, at once normal and abnormal, and these types exert to this day a curious fascination. Nowhere did they flourish more characteristically than in Ferrara, and the mere raw material of Mr. Gardner's book could not but enthrall the reader. As a matter of fact, this author, already favorably known for his dealings with Italian subjects, has told in a very charming manner some of the most striking chapters in the story of the house of Este. In the present volume he portrays those princes—Leonello, Borso and Ercole—under whom Ferrarese culture expanded like a flower under the rays of the benignant sun. In another volume he will treat of the reign of Alfonso I and of Ariosto, Ferrara's greatest poetical glory; in a smaller book he will celebrate the painters of the Ferrarese school, and finally he will complete the political and literary history of Ferrara, down to the expulsion of the last Duke. He has begun his great task with a delightful book, the value of which, we may add, is considerably enhanced by its ten or twelve well chosen illustrations.

The princes of the house of Este had humanism in their blood, but from the start they had also that tendency to cruelty and sensuality so common in all Renaissance annals. "The beginning of each reign," says Mr. Gardner, "was marked by palace conspiracies and followed by sanguinary executions." Niccolo d'Este, the first of the rulers studied in this volume, was nineteen years old when he took up the reins of government, in 1402. He was a genuinely religious man, after the fashion of his day, and morally he was a beast. But he saw no reason why his wife, Parisina, should emulate his baser tastes. When he discovered the intrigue she was carrying on with Ugo, one of his sons by an earlier wife, Madonna Stella, he clapped the pair into prison and had them promptly beheaded. The deed caused him agony of soul, yet so strangely insensitive was the spirit of the age that his heir, Leonello, could defend the threat of Æneas against the life of Helen in the "Æneid" by thus referring to this horrible episode in his family history:

"You have seen," Angelo represents him as saying, "my own father, a more recent and familiar example in this matter (concerning whom I speak not because he is my father, but as fame bears testimony), among the Italian princes by far the most famous for his observances of humanity, justice and piety, when he saw what he would fain have not seen, put to death his wife, together with his son, the stepmother with the stepson. Was my father thus condemned on account of this sort of vengeance, after the accusation was made public? By no means, but by the general opinion of all the fault remained upon the slain."

One would infer from this that Leonello was as brutal as his father. His portrait of Giovanni Oriolo does not bear out the idea, nor, indeed, do the records. With the help of a contemporary humanist of Milan, Angelo Camillo Decembrio, whose book, "De Politia Litteraria," throws vivid light on Ferrarese society, Mr. Gardner draws this picture of Leonello and his circle:

We see, then, in Angelo's pages this courtly and scholarly group, now walking together in the cool evening to Belfiore, discussing as they go; now sitting under a great laurel tree in the garden; now meeting in the Corte Vecchia in Leonello's own private apartment, which was decorated with portraits of the great heroes of antiquity; now riding under the stars on a hot summer's night "to that castle or royal palace, of all in Italy the fairest, in popular speech called Belriguardo." A little volume of Sallust in Leonello's hand, or a picture on the wall of a palace chamber, is enough to start a discussion of Roman history, or Rome's historians, but more frequently Virgil or Terence will form the theme. Nor are the theologians denied a place in Leonello's ideal library. And though the vernacular writers are dismissed as "those books which sometimes on winter nights we explain before our wives and children," a sonnet of Petrarca's (the well known *Cesare poi che'l Traditor d'Egitto*) is thought worthy of more serious discussion. On one occasion the whole party sets out by ship for Venice, in attendance upon Leonello, who "in the heyday of his youth, conspicuous in his golden neck chain and gold worked cloak," is going in the stead of his father to arrange a peace between the Most Serene Republic and Duke Filippo Maria of Milan. Arrived at the City of the Lagoons, Leonello discourses upon Homer and Virgil with the young Venetian patricians who have come to meet him, until it is time to enter "the sublime palace of your Senate." On another occasion, after hearing mass on the feast day of St. John the Baptist, at Ferrara, Leonello and his following accept the invitation of Giovanni Gualengo to taste the first ripe figs of his garden, after which they go up into his library, which he has all decorated with white and purple flowers, "diffusing grace and love with wondrous fragrance."

Leonello did not confine his enthusiasm to literature alone. He cared for music and architecture, and was an assiduous patron of the painters of his time. It was at his instigation that Leon Battista Alberti, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship, wrote his famous work on architecture. This prince was, moreover, an excellent administrator of the state—altogether an admirable man. It is impossible to escape, however, the atmosphere of guilt which pervades the history of this epoch. When Leonello died he commended his son, then a lad of twelve, to his brother Borso, begging the latter to act as a father to the young Niccolo, and to see that he duly came into the succession. Borso, firmly establishing himself in Ferrara, in the fulness of time, after a resplendent reign, made way, not for Niccolo, but for Ercole, a great man in his way, under whose régime Ferrara flourished—and suffered. The contrast is never failing. In every one of these princes vice and virtue are blended. Ercole, like Borso and their predecessors, could be cruelty itself, but Ercole it was who did his best to purify his city according to Savonarola's ideas, and was so taken captive by the mystical ecstasies of Lucia Brocadelli, of Narni, that he had her smuggled out of Viterbo, whose citizens had refused to give her up, hidden in a basket of linen, built a splendid convent for her at Ferrara, and talked piously with her by the hour.

Mr. Gardner has much to tell us of the political vicissitudes of Ferrara under the dukes of Este. His book resounds with wars and rumors of wars. But he is chiefly interesting in his portraits of his urbane tyrants, portraits which withdraw our attention from Ferrara as a state

BORSO D'ESTE AND HIS COMPANIONS.
(From the painting by Francesco del Cossa.)

and fasten it upon the extraordinary aspects of mankind pure and simple in the Renaissance. His book, which is full of the tangible things of old Italy, is, above all, a contribution to the history of the human spirit.

A BUNYAN RELIC.

From The London Globe.

A most interesting Bunyan relic is about to find its way into the auction room, being nothing less than the warrant on which the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was arrested just two hundred and thirty years ago and imprisoned for six months in Bedford Gaol. The warrant, which is to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, is signed by thirteen justices of the peace, six baronets and seven esquires. It sets forth, in the quaint language of the age, that "one John Bunnyon of yor said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one Month last past in contempt of his Majties good Lawes preached or teached at a Conventicle Meeteing or assembly under color or p'tence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practise of the Church of England."

Mr. Charles Whibley, the clever British essayist, has two new books in hand. One is a miscellaneous volume in memory of the late William Ernest Henley. The other is a collection of critical papers, "Rabelais and Other Essays."

RAEBURN.

A Popular Life of Scotland's Greatest Painter.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R. A. By Edward Pinnington. (The Makers of British Art. Edited by James A. Mansom.) Illustrated with photogravure portrait and twenty plates. 8vo, pp. xx, 275. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Pinnington has a rather portentous way with him. He says of Raeburn that that individual "was led by some secret influence to make art work the fulfilment of his mission." When he alludes to the fact that the painter's wife used the Scots vernacular, and that it was used, indeed, all over the country, he adds that "it was difficult, even if it were desirable, for

ERCOLE D'ESTE.
(From the portrait by Dosso Dossi.)

Scotsmen to realize the larger, grander, more inspiring life of a Briton." It takes Mr. Pinnington nearly fifty pages to reach his hero's birth. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, he has contrived to write an excellent little monograph on a painter whose fame has been unduly overshadowed by that of the eighteenth century Englishmen who preceded him. Collectors have thought so much of Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney that, until recently, they have neglected Raeburn. Now he is coming into his own. The superb full length of Sir John Sinclair was sold last year for $73,500.

If it has taken Raeburn a long time to achieve his rightful position in the picture market, it has been partly owing to the fact that he did not, on the whole, make a shining mark as a painter of women. Much of the popularity of earlier English portraiture has been due to the beauty of the feminine models represented in it. Mr. Pinnington maintains that "Raeburn's portraits of women include some of his best," and he can point to the "Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff," the "Miss Janet Suttie" and divers other canvases in plausible support of his argument. But while Raeburn undoubtedly painted some delightful portraits of women, and some, equally delightful, of children, too, it is unquestionable that his most characteristic work was done in the painting of men. With them his simple, direct method seems to have been at its happiest, and, moreover, there was something in Raeburn's temperament which was peculiarly responsive to the appeal made by a noble type of British manhood. His art was high bred and forceful; it had strength, boldness and dignity. The author of the present volume cannot find the source of Raeburn's style in any European master, and does not think that the Scotchman sat at the feet of Velasquez. But he constantly recalls Velasquez by his simple power, pure brushwork and innate distinction. He wants the courtly elegance of Reynolds and the rest, but he has an impressive naturalness which is, in its way, as sure a passport to fame.

A SONG OF IRELAND.

BY EVA GORE-BOOTH.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it, and many a horse and cart;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.