to the Democratic party under the influence of the Wilmot proviso and the Fugitive Slave Law, as did the Federalist party under the Alien and Sedition Laws. The Republican party was brought into existence by the Kansas and Nebraska bills and the country believes, as I see it, that the time has come to put the Republican party out of commission; and this cannot be accomplished by any other than the National Democratic party, fighting as it now is, under its genuine fundamental party principles.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

IN PRAISE OF CATHEDRALS: BY AUGUSTE RODIN

THERE is no one to defend them. The weight of years is weighing them down, and under the pretense of healing them, of "restoring" them, the architect finishes what the years have begun; he is the physician who insidiously kills his patient. The crowd stands silent before them, incapable of understanding the splendor of these architectural giants, but admiring nevertheless. Oh! the mute admiration of the multitude! I feel impelled to call out to them that their feeling is richly justified. Yes, our French cathedrals are wonderfully beautiful, but their beauty is not easy to understand. Let us study it together, and the comprehension of their beauty will come to you, as it has come to me. Rocks, forests, gardens, northern sun, all these are contained in essence in these gigantic bodies; all our France is in our cathedrals, as all of Greece is in the Parthenon.

Alas! we have reached the evening of their great day. These ancient creatures are dying, and they are dying martyrs' deaths.

Renan prayed for the Acropolis. Does that encourage no one to protect you, Rouen, Caen,—marvels of France? Have we not a new poet to pray for the cathedrals which are untouched as yet by the hand of the despoiler, for these sublime virgins?

Those admirable workmen who, by dint of concentrating their thoughts on Heaven, succeeded in fixing Heaven's image on earth, are no longer here to preserve their work. Time robs it every day of a little of its life, and the restorers, by travestying it, rob it of its immortality.

Before leaving earth myself, I want at least to have told my admiration for these marvels, I who have been privileged to love them and to have tasted before them the best pleasures of my life. I want to celebrate these stones so tenderly brought to beauty by humble and gifted artists; these moldings modeled as lovingly as the lips of women; these spaces of beautiful shade, where gentleness sleeps in strength; these fine, powerful nerves which run to the vaulted roof and are bound into the intersection of a flower; these rose-windows inspired by the setting sun or the sun of the morning. ** When all this has perished, the world will be changed, dishonored, till that distant time arrives when human intelligence shall mount again to the Beatrice of eternity.

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The Romanesque type, that pure geometry, is the principle of French styles. It never gives way to another. It was perfect from its primitive phase. That discipline, full of reserve and energy, produced all our architecture. It is the egg which contains the germ of life.

The Gothic is the history of France. It is the tree of all our genealogies. It preserves over our formation as it lives in our transformation. It persists in the styles which follow it till the end of the eighteenth century. These styles are mere declensions. The neo-Greek, directly studied, inspired only the copyists of the fifteenth century; nevertheless, vivified by the Gothic,—for our Renaissance is only a phase of Gothic art,—it produced beautiful works. But when, in the nineteenth century, an attempt was made to follow the Greek and the Romanesque more closely, to throw off the Gothic influence, architects fell into disorder or into imbecility, and betrayed all their models. Only one model can be faithfully copied, and that model is Nature: the copying of works of art is forbidden by the fundamental principle of art itself.

All restorations are, by definition, copies; this is why they are condemned in advance. It is not by seeking to surprise the personal secret of their genius that it is possible to join the masters; it is by following their example in the study of Nature. All the great artists of all the ages are voices that sing the praises of Nature in unison. Centuries may intervene between them, they remain contemporaries. All the great mon-
CATHEDRALS AS RODIN SEES THEM

...ments are marked by the same character; the balusters of Blois are primitive Greek.

The French cathedrals are an outgrowth of the French nature. It is the air of our heavens, at the same time so brisk and so sober, which has given our artists their impulse and refined their taste. The adorable national lark, alert and graceful, is the image of their genius. It throws itself forth with the same confidence, and the aspiring carved stone brightens in the gray air like the wings of the bird.

Even when I was young I admired the Gothic lace-work, but now I understand the rôle and wonder at the power of that lace-work. It swells the profiles and fills them with sap. Seen at a distance, these profiles are like ravishing caryatides below a projection, like vegetable growths that model the straight line of the wall, like brackets to relieve its weight. The soul of Gothic art is in this voluptuous declension of lights and shadows, which gives rhythm to the cathedral as a whole and constrains it into life.

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The cathedrals impose peace by their harmony.

Harmony, in living bodies, results from the balancing of moving masses.

It is almost exactly the same with the cathedrals. Their concordances and their equilibriums are absolutely dependent on the laws of Nature, proceeding from the general order.

Everybody knows that the human body in motion is constantly falling. Equilibrium is restored by compensation. The leg which is carrying, returning under the body, serves as a pivot for the entire weight, and at that instant makes alone the entire and only effort. The leg which is not carrying serves only to regulate or modulate the motion, and modifies it insensibly or rapidly, until it replaces and releases the carrying leg. Thus we rest ourselves by shifting the weight of the body from one leg to the other; it is like a caryatid changing its burden from one shoulder to another.

This somewhat detailed discussion is not without its interest in the matter of cathedrals, for it is these compensated losses of equilibrium, instinctively employed in life, which have inspired the Gothic oppositions and balancings.

The outlines suggested by these great oppositions involve other questions than those of equilibrium and solidity. They determine also those profound shadows and those fine lights which make a cathedral so magnificent a garment. For everything is bound together, the slightest element of truth summons truth entire, and the beautiful is not distinct from the useful, whatever the ignorant may imagine.

These great shadows and these great lights are produced by the lines which are the only essential ones, the only ones which count at a distance, the only ones which are never meager and never poor, because the half-tone predominates. And in spite of their power, or more accurately, because of it, these lines, these designs, are light and supple; for it is force which produces grace, and it is perversion of taste or perversity of spirit to seek grace in weakness.

Now, this play of day and night, this harmonious employment of light and shade, is the end and the means; it is strictly the raison d'être of architecture. And is it not the supreme end of sculpture also? Sculpture may find a more immediate and more circumstantial object in vegetation, in animals, in the human figure; but in the last analysis, it is light and shade that the sculptor molds and models, as does the architect; in the noblest acceptance of the term, sculpture should be spoken of only as a phase of architecture.

Then this Gothic architecture, which supposes the crowd, which is destined for the crowd, offers to light and shade, to their infinite logical variations, the richest elements of equilibrium and balance.

When one of the two opposed parts is in the light, the other is in the shadow. The two parts, vast in themselves, grow greater by their opposition. The antique expressed itself by shorter plans than those of the Gothic system. These latter thus develop greater depth.

How simple all of this is! Only the essential. Nature accepts joyfully this modest and noble opportunity to exhibit her fairy devices; gentle, deep shadows, half-tones, soft gradations, loving caresses of light.

And there is never any black. Works destined for the open air should always avoid black; it inevitably produces an impression of dryness. The beautiful Gothic has always taken care to refuse black the slightest pretext for intrusion; hence the sloping of the arched entrances, the width of the porches, the projection of count-erforts from the faces, and in general, all those oblique plans by which the artist produces his half-tones. We see this beveling
in the bas-reliefs and even in the figures sculptured about the doors. Everywhere is found the same intelligent and sensible softness, accompanied by the same energy. **

I would I could induce a love for this marvelous art, and help to preserve all of it that still remains intact. I would that I might save for our children the great lesson from the past which the present refuses to learn. I am striving to awaken minds and hearts to comprehension and love.

But I cannot tell everything. Go and see. And above all, see with candor and simplicity.

Translated by Roy Temple House.

REVIEWS

CONFESSIONS OF BOYHOOD: BY JOHN ALBEE

MEMORIES of a childhood passed in a little village of New England in the early part of the last century, make up one of the most delightful books of reminiscences we have seen for a long time. It is a vivid picture of the New England life of nearly three-quarters of a century ago, mellowed and broadened by the experience of a man of ripe years, who is also a philosopher and good deal of a poet.

The story is very simply told, being little more than a series of pictures that seem to flash up in a more or less haphazard way to the author’s mind as he dreams of the days that are past. The viewpoint of the child is preserved in all its truthfulness, yet the book manifestly grows out of the memories of one whose knowledge of human nature is wide enough to enable him to recall exactly how he saw life at the beginning. It is a story of the stern self-respecting poverty of the New Engander, for the father of the family died when the boy was very young and his mother and sisters had a hard struggle to make ends meet. In this connection he gives a picture of village life and neighborly kindness that is worth remembering. As he says: “Dresses were made over and over, were darned and patched as long as the cloth would hold the stitches. My father’s clothes were cut for me and I wore the last of them in my sixteenth year. My straw hats and winter caps were home-made. Every year a cousin in business in Woonsocket Falls presented me with a pair of new boots. There was no want in the household, because wants were few and had been reduced to the last limit. I am sure I never went cold or hungry, although I never had a boughten plaything or any of those delicacies which are more necessary to children than necessities.

“It is in such circumstances that the friendliness of country neighbors appears in its most beautiful light. There is no thought of almsgiving on their part, nor a sense of accepting charity on the part of the recipients. Benevolence and gratitude were not called upon to exchange compliments. ** There is always something to spare by those who have more, to those who have less. Whoever kills a fatted cow or a pig in early winter sends a portion to the Red House, and a load of wood is left in the night by some farmer who doesn’t wish his right hand to know what his left doeth. Money is scarce; but everything else is shared with those in distress or in sickness. This is so much a matter of course that no one thinks of credit or reward.”

This sort of boyhood was the best possible preparation for the wide interests and the solid achievement of Mr. Albee’s later life. He was one of the circle of New England Transcendentalists, and was a close friend of Emerson, Alcott and Thoreau, to whom he refers with reverence as his “earliest masters in fidelity to ideals and the inward light.” (Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston. 267 pages. Price $1.50 net.

HARDY PLANTS FOR COTTAGE GARDENS: BY HELEN R. ALBEE

THE review of Mr. Albee’s book brings us naturally to the notice of one, equally charming in its own way, written by his wife. Mrs. Albee belongs to a later generation than her husband, but her point of view is equally serene and philosophical. Her work in teaching the mountain women of New Hampshire to make rags as a home industry, is well and widely known, and her early experiences of mountain life, together with her first attempts to evolve from the old-fashioned “hooked rug” of the country a product that would have commercial value and so would bring some regular income to the makers, are delightfully told in “Mountain Playmates,” a book written several years ago.

The present book is the story of her own garden and, while it is told in a pleasant colloquial way that lends human as well as