Barefooted Dervish is not poor,
If fate unlock his bosom's door,
So that what his eye hath seen,
With equal fire thy heart shall melt.
Now his memory is a den,
A sealed tomb from gods and men,
Whose rich secrets not transpire;
Speech should be like air and fire;
But to speak when he assays,
His voice is bestial and base;
Himself he heareth his o'er-hoot,
And crimson shame him maketh mute;
But whom the muses smile upon
And touch with soft persuasion,
His words like a storm-wind can bring
Terror and Beauty on their wing,
In his every syllable
Lurketh nature veritable;
And though he speak in midnight dark,
Io beaves, no star; on earth, no spark;
Yet before the listener's eye
Swims the world in ecstasy,
The forest waves, the morning breaks,
The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,
Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
And life pulsates in rock or tree.

Saadi! so far thy words shall reach;
Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech.
And this to Saadi said the muse;
Eat thou the bread which men refuse;
Flee from the goods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing; Fortune seeketh thee.
Nor mount, nor dive; all good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep.
Wish not to fill the isles with eyes
To fetch thee birds of paradise;
On thine orchard's edge belong
All the braes of plume and song;
Wise Al's sunbright sayings pass
For proverbs in the market-place;
Through mountains bored by regal art,
Toll whistles as he drives his cart.
Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find,
Behold, he watches at the door,
Behold his shadow on the floor.
Open innumerable doors
The heaven where unveiled Allah pours,
The flood of truth, the flood of good,
The Seraph's and the Cherub's food,
The heaven where unveiled Allah pours,
The flood of truth, the flood of good,
The Seraph's and the Cherub's food,
more, you delight to be called Artist. Now lay this close to your heart; if you accept mediocrity, you shall have mediocrity, and nought else.

Pictor. Here we are at the door of the Gallery; shall we go in?

Amico. As you will.

Pictor. Now look around you, Amico. Here are a hundred or two of pictures;— not one of them that was painted without some thought. Each was a striving towards expression; each an attempt to embody the ideal. Now is it philosophical to throw them aside en masse? Nay, if you are a true critic, does not each demand of you, that you shall divine its law, and judge it thereby?

Amico. I must confess, not being an artist myself, I am not sure how far each picture is an attempt, or striving of the kind you name. But let me ask a few questions of you as to this process of creation. Here are two pictures of your own now, the "Neapolitan Girl" and the "Old Oak Tree." Which of these two is your favorite?

Pictor. The Girl is the last, and the last conquest is always the dearest;— but before I had painted that, I loved the Old Oak better than any of my pictures. But then there is a reason for that. Two years ago, before I had fully determined to be a bona fide painter, I went into Berkshire with E—, who is now in Europe, to spend the College Vacation. Now besides being a poet, E— has of all persons I ever saw themost far-sighted eye into nature, and I may truly say he opened my eyes. This huge pasture was our favorite resort. As you see in the picture, there is no fence in sight, so that it is as good as if there were none in the world. You see these bare hills covered with warm brown grass, and here and there with stunted bushes, on which the shadows skip so beautifully,— that bold ridge covered with pine trees, that stands out far beyond the rest of the range into the valley, and round whose base the river winds,— and that fortunate old mill, whose position makes it as invaluable as a castle in the landscape. Well, I know not how it happened, but those were most happy days for us:— each morning we would start with our sketch-books and our dinner, and make our way to that old, seathed, and leafless oak; and whatever point in the horizon attracted us, thither we went; and sometimes were gone for days, as occurred when we went to that blue mountain in the distance. I know not if it were the clear mountain air we breathed, or the sympathy and affection that bound us together, but I have never before or since experienced the serene happiness of those days. I have been ever since struggling with the world and life, and poor E—, the gentle, the ten-der-hearted, has been cheated of the future upon which, like a spendthrift, he lived so prodigally. I suppose something of my sad feeling has crept into the picture.

Amico. Well;— and now about the other picture? I shall be surprised if it has as long a story.

Pictor. I confess it has not. It was a head sketch from a sitter, because I thought it graceful,— and finished because I thought the sketch good. Do you not think it a great improvement in my coloring?

Amico. Friend, I care not for your coloring, at least not now. When you painted the old oak, you were a man. The world opened before you in those days, as it should every day. Feeling as you did then, you could not but paint.

Pictor. But my good Amico! Would you have me walk upon stilts all the time? Or should I paint any better, because I live "à l'excître"?

Amico. Were you upon stilts then?

Pictor. I should be an apostate to all my better feelings to say I was. But such states are involuntary. They are the gift of the gods.

Amico. Now, O my friend! you have touched the root of the matter. You want faith, without which was no great character ever built up, no great work achieved. And, Pictor, you may paint till you reach threescore and ten, and you may please yourself with the idea that you are forming a style, or adding to your knowledge of color, but unless you have faith, you shall not be saved.

And now you may understand why I demur, as to our being called on to criticise every painting according to its law.

Pictor. But surely you do not contend that the painters, as a class, have been of that high and severe character you demand of us.

Amico. "The painters as a class" I do not speak of, but the artists,— the men who created art. Most painters think they have done enough when they have acquired all the age can teach them. To the Artist this is but the Alphabet wherewith he shall teach the age.

Pictor. But you demand that we should all do that which Nature permits only to her favorites.

Amico. Tell me now; did you ever notice how rich certain past eras have been in these "favorites," as you call them?

Pictor. Certainly; and the race, I often think, has degenerated.

Amico. Doubtless, if the child be the same that he was in the
days of Raphael, his chance of being a painter is infinitely less
from the prosaic tendency of everything around us. Why, Ra-
phel created painters not less than pictures!
Amico. Did he create them by exciting their enthusiasm, or
by giving them some part of himself?
Pictor. Of course, by calling out what was in them.
Amico. Then it was in them. That is all I want. Now if
many men have the power, what we want is to call it out.
Which, think you, is the nobler way, and most likely to lead to
great results,—to wait if perchance some one may come along
sufficient to excite your enthusiasm, or to take the matter in
your own hands and wait for no man? Nay, is not the history
of the great a sufficient answer? They all went alone.
Pictor. This is fine theory, Amico; but you demand the im-
possible. Your great men made painting, and that is their title
to glory. But for us the field is filled. There remain no such
conquests in art for us, as Raphael and Giotto made.
Amico. O man of little faith! Is there nothing for Co-
lumbus to do now, because America has been discovered? We
stand all upon a Western shore, with a whole unknown world
awaiting our discovery. To believe it is there, is faith. To
know it, is given to no man. Where would have been the merit
of the great Cristoval, if some messenger had revealed all to him?
Be a new Ulysses. Do you remember the old Florentine's
verses? Tennyson has hammered them out very skilfully, but
here is the gold itself.

Nè dolcezza del figlio, ne la pietà
Del vecchio padre, ne ’l debito amore
Lo qual dovea Penelope far lieta,
Vince potero dentro a me l’ardore
Ch’io sibbi a divenir nel mondo esperto,
E degli uomi e del valore
Lo qua dadovea Penelope farlieta,
Vincer potero dentro a me ’l ardore
Ch’inebbia divenir nel mondo esperto,
E degliviziumani e del valore;
Ma misime per l’altomare aperto
Solcon un legno, e con quellacompagna
Piccioladalla qual non fuideserto.

"O frati, dissi, the percentomilia
Periglisietegiuntiall’occidente,
A questatantopicciolavigilia
De’ vostrisensi, ch’e dirimanente,
Non vogliatene negar l’esperienza,
Diretro also, del mondo senzagente.
Consideratelavostrasemanza:
Fattinon foste, a vivercome bruti,
Ma perseguir virtutee conoscenza."Inferno, Canto XXVI.

So large a proportion of even the good poetry of our time is
ever over-ethical or over-passionate, and the stock poetry is so
deeply tainted with a sentimental egotism, that this, whose chief
merits lay in its melody and picturesque power, was most re-
freshing. What a relief, after sermonizing and wailing had
dulled the sense with such a weight of cold abstraction, to be
soothed by this ivory lute!

Not that he wanted nobleness and individuality in his thoughts;
or a due sense of the poet's vocation; but he won us
not forced them upon us; as we listened, the cope

"Of the self-attained futurity
Was cloven with themillion stars which tremble
O’er the deep mind of dauntless infancy."

And he seemed worthy thus to address his friend,
"Weak truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Untilshebean athletebold."Unlessthus sustained, the luxurioussweetness of his verse
must have wearied. Yet it was not of aim or meaning we
thought most, but of his exquisitesense for sounds and melo-
dies, as marked by himself in the description of Cleopatra.

"Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,
Touched by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided through all change
Of liveliest utterance."