

ality of the animating instinct as late as the nineteenth century. And so we might go on through all schools, and through all ages to find that art however seemingly different is still the same, simply repetition, a compound of various ingredients, with now one, now another, a little in excess. Shall we talk of fire and the weird? Then we have Salvator Rosa, Byron and Poe. Shall it be satire? Then we link Hogarth with Cervantes and Swift. The terrible? We have but to name Doré and Danté. Shall we dream of hazy, indistinct outlines, soft landscapes, foggy banks, mystic theses? Swinburne and Tennyson and Ruskin but do in poesy and prose what Turner once willed on the canvas. Landseer is Scott. The deer and the dogs and the horses of the former live and breathe in Kenilworth and Ivanhoe and Waverley. Alma Tadema, with his deep archæological love and classical instinct, cannot paint anything different from what Homer and Virgil sang of centuries ago. He walks in the past with the poets of old. Reynolds is but a transformed Addison or Goldsmith, Wilkie is Robert Burns, the members of the school of landscape painters are but the poets of the Lake School transfused through time and space. Du Maurier is Oscar Wilde. The great sculptors do but reproduce the heroes of history or romance, and when we gaze upon a marble Jupiter, or Hercules, or Satan, or Minerva, or Venus, with a sort of second sight, the true lover of art beholds in the middle distance the shadow of the same—the second self—and a David, a Cæsar, a Milton, a George Eliot, a Ouida occupies the background of retrospective or prospective thought, for we never even think merely in the present; each thought has its echo, is the epitome of many past ages of thought—of ages of thought to come.

Literature, then, is not only like

art, it is art. Shakespeare is a great artist for three reasons: First, he can create; secondly, he can copy; thirdly, he exceeds the bounds of the natural, as true art ever does. He creates. His "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" is a sylvan landscape of fairyland aglow with summer flame, bright with flowers, redolent of musk and violet, and inhabited by an elfin host, the gossamer beings of spiritdom. He copies—for take any single character that he depicts and you shall, without much effort of memory or search, find its type in your own circle, little or extended, of acquaintance. Every clique has its Shallow and its Bottom; every sect is Prospero; every city its Shylock; few family circles, God be praised, are without some sweet Miranda to soothe our sufferings and help bear with delicate hands the burden of our earthly cares. Human beings love like Romeo and cling like Juliet; they sin with Macbeth, they brag with Falstaff, moralize with Jacques; they lie in the slough of all human filth with Calaban, rave with Lear, are undutiful as Regan, proud as Capulet, jealous as Othello, pure as Desdemona, arch as Rosalind, treacherous as Iago, noble as Brutus, skilled and politic as Antony. What profession is without its Hamlet? Ay, and what conscience is without its ghost? We are born; our life is seven ages, a dream, a poor player, a walking shadow, a brief candle, a tale told by an idiot; we moralize with the fool, we storm with Katharina, we die with Ophelia, and our skulls are tossed out of forgotten graves like Yorick's, at the foot of some chance passer-by, who echoes plaintively:

We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Lastly, Shakespeare exceeds truth, for although you recognize with little hesitation his portraitures in everyday life, yet you will find their loves,