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THE STUDIO

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JOSEPH J. KOCH, MANAGER.

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NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1886.

BAYREUTH, THREE YEARS AGO.

WILHELMINA. JEAN PAUL. PARSIFAL.

FRANSENZBAD (Bohemia),
Sunday, July 15, '83.

DEAR L.:

Here I am, back again in Fransenzbad, after my visit to Bayreuth, and not quite as sure as I would like to be, that the last few days are not a dream. But, if any place could dispel dreams, it is this Fransenzbad; the only place I have visited in Europe where there is absolutely nothing to interest even a lover of his kind, let alone a lover of nature or art. And yet, let me be just, even to Fransenzbad, for, if there be nothing in the town itself to look at, after one has exhausted the trumpery shop-windows, and the photographs of people in various stages of the mud-bath, I shall at least remember this as the place where, for the first time, I heard the lark! I was walking with Jack and Tow in the outskirts of the town—wide, prairie-like, meadows, stretching as far as the eye can see, and without an incident to relieve the monotony, except Göthe's extinct volcano!—when we suddenly became aware that the air was alive with birds, and the boys, who have an eighth sense, as it seems to me, for the doings of the animal world, suddenly exclaimed "Larks! By George!" And, larks they proved to be, though how they should have known it is a puzzle, since they have never seen or heard one, more than I. As for myself, my only authority was Shelley, and he was enough; the poet is the only naturalist worth listening to, whether he write in verse, like Keats or

Shelley, or in prose, like Audubon, Thoreau, or Burroughs. And nothing can be more accurate than Shelley's description of the skylark's singing.

Oh, it was enchanting! far sweeter and more inspiring than I could have imagined. It was a fine day; the air clear, and the sky deep blue between the sunlit clouds. In the summer stillness every note could be heard, as the birds, leaving the ground, mounted higher and higher, until even the boys' bright eyes could not follow them further; and the effect was magical as, from those far heights, the sweet whistle, like the vibrations of a silver wire, came to the straining ear. It made me think of the phonograph! And then, every minute, there was a change. For, the birds as they reach the highest point in their soaring, suddenly drop, and come down plumb, their warbled notes huddling fast together, and faster still, until all at once the music stops, as the bird touches the ground. We stayed our walk a long time, listening to them. I think it is not so much the music of the lark's song that delights, as it is the joyousness of so many little creatures in the air at once, mounting and falling, falling and mounting, and filling the whole wide arch of heaven with their silvery whistling.*

Well, the larks and the extinct volcano may save Fransenzbad in memory; but there is nothing else to please, and we shall all of us be glad when the signal is given to leave it. Even the volcano owes more to Göthe than to nature; we drove over to see it, the other day, but, except for the saying we had done it, it was hardly worth while. I suppose there can be no doubt 'tis what it pretends; the crater seems plainly marked, and I believe 'tis not the only one of its kind in this region. It rises abruptly from the plain like a miniature Vesuvius, and can be seen for several miles away.

And, now, having said all I can for poor for-

* "Whistling" must be the word. For, later, when in England, walking from Southampton to Netley Abbey, I heard a bird singing, and I asked a farmer-lad passing by, if that was the lark? "Yes, sir," he said, "them's the larks. They just gets up in the air, and whistles."

Iorn Fransenzbad, let me tell you about Bayreuth and Paradise. Coming from Munich, I reached Bayreuth the day before our party arrived from Fransenzbad, and I used the time to look about the place. It is far from a handsome town ; not a building in it—public or private worth a second glance : nothing picturesque, nor even pretty, and I should have despaired, had I not remembered the names of Jean Paul and Wilhelmina, both of them, beside, so pleasantly linked with you, and happy hours over the “Flower Fruit and Thorn Pieces,” and Carlyle’s “Frederick,” where such good use is made of her lively book.

So, off I set, turning my back on the dull town, to visit the Schloss.—“Bayreuth Schloss” says Carlyle : “Mansion one day of our little Wilhelmina of Berlin, Fritzkin’s sister, now prattling there in so old a way ; where notabilities have been, one and another ; which Jean Paul too, saw daily in his walks while alive and looking skyward.”

Leaving the town, I found myself in a broad avenue shaded by large trees, and stretching on and on, with glimpses between the tree-trunks over the rolling country on either side. Then came a cross-road, and at the corner a house which turned out to be Frau Rollswagen’s tavern, the house which made the goal of Jean Paul’s daily walk from Bayreuth, where he came to smoke a meditative pipe, and write his books. Everything within the house was slovenly enough, but the people were civil, and offered to show me the room up-stairs where the smoking and writing were done. But, the place was even less worth seeing, than as a rule, such cast-off shells of great men prove to be, and after refreshing myself in the so-called garden with a cup of remarkable coffee, and a queer kind of cake, of which a too demonstrative house-dog wheedled away more than half, I continued my walk to the Schloss.

The Schloss is like hundreds of others in this German land, a miniature copy of Versailles, but it has more individuality than many I have seen. There were nearly a hundred people in the park beside myself, and we had some difficulty in gaining admission to the château ; but after awhile the custodian came, and then it appeared he had only been waiting until enough people should wish to get in, to make it worth his while. Even then, we were only allowed to go in in squads, and were rattled through the apartments in the usual perfunctory way, with small allowance of time, or none, to ask questions about the portraits ; some of them very provocative of questions. It was after Wilhelmina

was married, and had come to live with her husband in this château, that her brother Fritz came to see her, and behaved so rudely to her and her household—her husband away—talking to her so heartlessly of their father’s approaching death, and of what he intended to do for her, and what not to do, when he should be king. Poor Wilhelmina ! She had many rough days and hard experiences, made a shuttle-cock for scheming, ambitious people, for a mother and father, of whom it would be hard to say which was the worse. But, so long as she had her beloved Fritz on her side, and was sure her sisterly affection was reciprocated, she managed to keep a light heart under her buckram bodice. But, why talk to you about Wilhelmina, who know her well, and have taken the same delight in her *singeries*, as Carlyle calls them, as ever I did myself ?

I like to fancy that Wilhelmina’s taste had something to do with the fitting up of the château ; that it was not all inherited. Certainly, although the rooms are bare-looking, for all the furniture and the pictures, yet they have the air of having once been comfortable and homelike, and the park is most beautiful : old trees, flowers in profusion, winding walks among the shrubbery, and the water-works quite like “Les Grandes Eaux” at Versailles—seen through the wrong end of a spy-glass ! The architecture of the Schloss is a burlesque of styles, and the porticos of the Temple of the Sun (!) facing the park, are made of stucco into which pebbles, bits of mica, bits of coal even, have been pressed, making a very showy and very cheap mosaic. I strolled about the grounds all the afternoon, and then, back to town.

The next day was the one to which I had been so long looking forward with an indefinable interest ; since, beyond reading “Parsifal” and hearing it talked about, I had no very clear idea of what I was to see. I had not read any description of the performance, not even Mrs. Van Rensselaer’s, so much praised at the time it was published, and what I had heard of the music in the concert-room, had meant but little to me. I had, however, read the play, just before going to Bayreuth, sitting in the rose-garden of the pleasant Marienbad hotel in Munich, and it had made a deep impression on me, in spite—or, was it partly by reason—of the mediæval German in which it is written, and which presented many difficulties. I asked my friend Mrs.— who was at the same hotel with me, to assist me in deciphering certain passages ; but, to my

amusement, she good naturally refused, after reading a few lines, to have anything to do with such outlandish stuff—for she is a fierce anti-Wagnerite and classicist—and I had to get on as I could, by myself. It was curious to discover how much we are helped in getting into the spirit of a libretto like that of Parsifal or Lohengrin, by familiarity with old English poetry—Chaucer, Piers Ploughman, and the rest—for I had never read Wolfram von Eschenbach, and came to the matter quite fresh. Perhaps, too, something in the air, the hearing the coming performance discussed with such earnestness and eagerness wherever I have been of late; the finding myself in Bayreuth itself where everything else seems to have been forgotten—Wilhelmina and Jean Paul as if they had never been—and Wagner the only name that lives in men's minds or in their life; the crowds in the streets and in the taverns, here for no other purpose but to attend the performance of Parsifal—all these things impressed me with a feeling that some new and rich ingredient was to be poured into my cup of life, and I waited for the experience with deep impatience. I passed the morning rambling about the town; visiting the cemetery where Jean Paul is buried, his grave marked by a large pebble of granite to which is affixed a memorial plate of bronze, and on which some friendly hand, even to-day, had placed a wreath—then, to his house, where things externally are perhaps not much changed: then, back to our hotel where I rested until the time came for going to the theatre.

I find it difficult to tell you how I feel about "Parsifal." It is such a sight as can only be seen once in this mortal world, and can never be reproduced anywhere else, but just here in Bayreuth. It is an intensely mediæval-religious and sublime performance, and is not to be thought of as an opera or a stage-performance at all. It is full of great ideas and noble imaginations—these indeed are the foundation of the whole poem—and the actors are so deeply permeated with the spirit and meaning of what they are doing, they go through their noble scenes with such complete absence of all self-consciousness, that we feel as if we were assisting at some great and lofty ceremony in which the race and humanity were concerned, and I, for one, became so absorbed in what was going on before me that, as I said in the beginning of this letter, when it was over, I felt as if I were awaking from some splendid dream.

The day after the play, I went into a little shop, to return an opera-glass which I had hired. The woman in attendance said to me; "Then, Sir, you have seen Parsifal: Was it beautiful?" "Oh," I said, "it was more than beautiful: no one word can express it." "That is true, Sir. It is not the music, nor the acting, nor the words: it is the whole!" And, really, how can any one better express it than this plain shop-girl did? In this great work of Wagner's—for we must remember that it is all his, the music, the libretto, the scenery to its minutest detail, every movement and attitude of the actors: his gigantic genius is the soul and the body of the divine work.

Do not think I talk wildly—wait till you have sat for six hours under the spell; have heard the music roll and soar responsive to the burden, the despair, the hope, the aspiration of this life that passes we know not where, of these beings who live and move in a world that is, and is not, ours. Wait until you have seen, as I hope you will see, this magical scenery; enchanting landscape of forest-glade and distant mountains; the rocky cavern, slowly transformed from the darkness of blackest night—as only in dreams such things can happen—to the lofty domes and arches of the halls of Monsalvat; the weird and awful palace of the magician Klingsor with its terraced chamber floored by the pit of hell, out of which, first the wailing voice, and then the anguish-shaken form of the destroyer Kundry, wreathed in its moonlit veil, rises at her master's bidding; the flower-laden forest, netted and wreathed with climbing leaves, and trailing vines, whose tropical blossoms come showering down and take the forms of beautiful women, who, at Klingsor's bidding, try to laugh, and dance, and caress the soul of Parsifal to destruction; and, last of all, the scene of Parsifal's return, when, his black and travel-stained armor removed piece by piece by the hands of Kundry and Gurnemanz he rests from his labors under the bower of roses, clothed in the white robes of peace and purity, while Kundry bathes his feet with precious ointment, and dries them with the hair of her head.

Picture after picture passes before our eyes, each more wonderful, more fraught with imagination or weird fancy than the last; but, of all the pictures, the most beautiful to me was this of the "Washing of the Feet"—it was as if a canvas of Titian or Giorgione had been made living and real, with its grand forms, its warm, rich coloring, its divine repose.

The ethical teacher might draw from the story

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of Parsifal, a text for many discoveries, and you know what a treasure-house the music is for musicians; but, while it is impossible to untwist the charm of the whole into its separate strands, I still find that, for me, the pictorial art, with its combination of beautiful and sublime images for the eye, exercises the greatest fascination. A curious optical effect was produced to my eye, when the curtain was first drawn, by the concentration of all the light upon the stage—the scenes, while keeping all their clearness and precision of detail, seemed removed to an immense distance, and it was almost as if I were looking at something going on in the moon. But, as the eye became accustomed to the light, the proper relations were soon restored.

I have never seen stage-effects produced anywhere equal to some of those in Parsifal. The vulgar use of the calcium and electric lights upon our stage, with their sharp, inartistic contrasts and their whisking abruptness, will seem more vulgar still, after the slow and stately transfusions of darkness with light, in Parsifal. The gradual illumination of the hall of Monsalvat from its skyey dome, until arch and column, and tracery, have stolen out of the gloom of the cavern, and crystallized into being as the world does, under the touch of dawn; the slow procession of the Knights of the Sangreal, as it winds like a double river from either side, meets, and with clasped hands and holy kiss divides again to seat itself about the Round Table; the angelic forms of the attendants as, with unconscious grace, they minister the bread and wine; and, then, the strange, unearthly beauty of the light that steals from the Holy Grail as it is upheld to the Knights' entreating view—first rosy flush, then deeper red, then crimson as of blood, and dying into ashen gray—how can words bring these visions to your eyes?

The art of the creator of this drama is shown not only in these sublime passages; he is equally at home in the more playful scenes, if such they may be called, with which this sombre magnificence is shot through and through as some rich oriental stuff is with gold. Such scenes are the first, where old Gurnemanz, sitting beneath the tree, with the young Knights, tells them the dark story of Amfortas and his wound, and repeats the prophecy of the coming of Parsifal, and the final Redemption—

" By pity 'tightened,
A harmless fool,
Seek ye for him,
God's chosen tool."

—As the necessarily limping English libretto of

this poem has it. And then, the entrance of Parsifal, looking like an innocent faun of the old Greek days, as the Knights storm about him with angry remonstrances for shooting their sacred swan. "How dared you do it? How could you do it?" "Why," says the boy, with a radiant smile—"I shoot at everything that flies!" And then, as the poor bird is brought in, tenderly borne on his bier of woven grass, and Gurnemanz lifts up the bleeding wing, and pleads for ruth with the bright-haired, white-limbed child of the woods, we see the first gleams of a soul in the wild creature, as, moved by pity, he throws away his bow and arrow, and grieves for what he has innocently done. You see, it is a sort of reflection of the Undine legend, the development of a soul in a creature not wholly human; and, as the play goes on, we see him rise from stage to stage,—first, pity for the poor, dead bird; then, nobler pity for the wounded King; then, pity for the whole wounded body of heroic Knights, and the vow unspoken to save them from the consequences of Amfortas' fall.

True to his art, however, all this is to be felt by the spectator, not obtruded upon him. The spiritual significance of the poem steals upon us as the light steals through the halls of Monsalvat, transfiguring and transforming all, but we see not whence nor how.

But, you will be tired of this screed. I only want to say one thing more. In hardly anything in the spectacle has Wagner shown a finer sense than in the way in which the flower-maidens' dance is managed. Anything more removed from the ordinary ballet of the stage cannot be imagined. The very dresses of the dancers are designed in a spirit that makes it impossible to look upon them as ballet-dancers. They are actual flowers, tulips, lily-bells, poppies,—skirts and waists and caps, all made as fairy maidens might choose, from the spoils of the forest of flowers out of which they seem to be born. Nor do they dance, but run about, and are blown hither and thither, and whirl, and pause, and turn, as flowers might in gusts of playful wind. When Parsifal comes, they run to meet him, drag him into their circle, and ply all their arts; caress his cheeks, wreath him about with their arms, contend for him with one another, tease him, cajole him, scorn him, entreat him—meanwhile the soft, wild creature, radiantly white, with golden hair and smiling face, gently repels all their advances, and with bird-like cries of despair the flowers fall, with all their petals scattered on the ground.

Now, you see that this scene, or indeed, any one of the scenes, transported out of Bayreuth to the stage of New York, Paris, London, would be as much out of place as a page of the *Imitation of Christ* read in the maelström of our Stock Exchange. It would have to be changed, and any change would be toward vulgarization, to please the crowd—if, indeed, any crowd, anywhere out of Bayreuth could be induced to sit six hours—even with intermissions, to see such a play as this.

In the scenes that go on during the intermissions, and, before the play begins, on the terrace of the theatre, and in the great shed-like restaurant where people go, between the acts, to refresh the inner man, I am constantly reminded of the earlier books of *Wilhelm Meister*, not, of course, in the actual incidents, but in their general character. While we were walking about the theatre, the other day, happening to look up, we saw the children who play so lovely a part in the hall of Monsalvat—in their simple Raphael-like dresses, with their fair hair over their shoulders—standing at the windows, eating sandwiches in the frankest way, and smiling down at us with friendly glances, as if to say that they found this human world of ours not so bad a place, after all!

Farewell! To-morrow, to Nuremberg—after waiting thirty years!

C. C.

MR. WILLIAM M. CHASE'S PORTRAIT OF JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER.

BY the kindness of Mr. Chase, we are enabled to present to our subscribers, a print of his portrait of Mr. Whistler, which has never been exhibited to the public. Naturally enough, since the picture has a yellow back-ground, Mr. Chase distrusted the ability of any photographer to make a successful reproduction of it: that is, a reproduction in which the values should be approximately given. This was accomplished, however, by Mr. Kurtz, by means of the Azaline process, and a print obtained which was so admirable in every way that it is no wonder it created an enthusiastic interest in artistic circles. The print made for us from Mr. Chase's picture, although far in advance of that

published in the July number of the *STUDIO* from the picture by Mr. Duez, is still far from doing justice to Mr. Kurtz's remarkable photograph. The head is excellently rendered, and it is to be noted that, whereas the print from Duez—of which, also, Mr. Kurtz made a beautiful copy—was much injured by mistaken retouching with the graver, the present plate has not been touched at all, but has been printed directly from the photograph. Compared with the photograph, or with the original painting, the relation between the back-ground and the figure is not accurately given: the figure is too black, the back-ground not gray enough: the figure is played with one hand way down in the lowest notes of the scale, and the back-ground way up at the other end, and this contrast is made more annoying by the concentration of light next the body, particularly between the left arm and the side. But, in spite of these drawbacks, the result is seen to be so far in advance of what could have been hoped for, that Mr. Chase expressed himself as much pleased, and made no objection to our publishing the plate.

Apart from the interest that attaches to Mr. Chase's works, so full of style, dashing and yet restrained, admirably balanced, and instinct with life and personality—many of the readers of the *STUDIO* will like to see a portrait of an artist, so sympathetic, so genuine, in spite of a world of eccentricities, and who has exercised so wide and deep an influence upon his younger contemporaries, as Mr. Whistler. Of all the Americans who have transferred their lives and fortunes to the Mother-Country, Mr. Whistler is the one, the loss of whose talent and influence at home we most regret, while well aware that, here, that talent would, most likely, have been wasted and come to nothing. England is as far as possible from being an artistic country; but, though she produces, in these days, little of her own, yet her grafted buds bear well, and she makes a delightful and hospitable home for the talents that come to her from abroad. Where would the art of England be, to-day, were it not for her happy and willing exiles from France, Belgium, Holland, Scotland, and America? Among these, Mr. Whistler shines with peculiar and fascinating light, and while long ago recognized as a master, by all, at home and abroad, who had eyes of their own to see, he has slowly won his way into that wider circle of people who see with the eyes of the discerning. He has become fashionable, and we should be sorry to know it, did we not believe that he is far too strong, and too independ-

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ent a spirit, to be affected by that influence which has ruined so many artists.

Mr. Ruskin, who tried hard, some years ago, to fetch Mr. Whistler down from his airy flight with a barbed Arrow of the Chace, found his anger ineffectual; and Mr. Whistler's popularity has greatly grown since Mr. Ruskin's attack. Had this attack been less ill-tempered, it would have been more amusing to the outside world, since, even admitting the justice of Mr. Ruskin's fling,—that Mr. Whistler threw his paint-pot at the canvas, and had the impudence to ask the public to pay for it,—it might have been retorted that, for twenty years and over, Mr. Ruskin has been throwing his ink-pot at the public, charged with windy rhetoric, unreasoning prejudice, a self-conceit without parallel, and making us pay his own price for the privilege of reading him.

Thus might the left hand write of Mr. Ruskin, and the right hand forget to do him justice, as he forgot to do justice to the talent of Mr. Whistler. To leave the verdict standing so, would be to forget, not Mr. Ruskin's lovely and amiable private character, with which we have no concern, and of which we only speak from universal hearsay, but it would have been to forget the pleasant gift by which, even when he writes about a broomstick, as he too often condescends to do, he makes it as interesting as a Persian tale; the skill with which he can, for a blessed half-hour, wheedle his reader into the belief that this swift rush and whirlwind of words, about glaciers, and clouds, and racing water, and the flight of birds, has scientific value, or entitles the writer to sneer at the methods of men like Huxley and Darwin; finally, it would be to forget that with all his prejudices, and wrong-headedness, and exasperating defence of the wrong, his influence has nevertheless been more for good than for evil, because the world has trusted his spirit more than his words.

The truth is, that nobody, outside of a small circle, and a circle growing ever smaller, cares at all for Mr. Ruskin's opinions on art; nor does what he says, for an artist, or against him, affect that artist's standing with his fellow artists, with amateurs, or with the educated public. Mr. Whistler's services, at any rate, have been too valuable and too valued, and too interesting beside, that the ill-temper and injustice of any one man, had he ten times Mr. Ruskin's brilliant superficial gifts, could prevail

to make them forgotten. Until the rhetorician can rail the butterfly off Mr. Whistler's etchings of the Thames and Venice; or make the "Little White Girl," the "Lady at the Piano," and the portraits of Carlyle and of The Artist's Mother forgotten, he but offends his lungs, to talk so loud.

Mr. Whistler's personal peculiarities and eccentricities, so harmless in themselves, and so amusing to his friends, have been brought so much in view, by newspaper-gossips, that injustice has been done to his solid qualities, to his industry and steady devotion to his art, and to characteristics that make him so dear to those who know him. Among other oddities, if we mention his affection for the one white lock that used to shine out from an abundant head of dark hair, looking like a little feather, it is because the presence of this lock, in our engraving, might mislead some of our readers to think the white spot a defect in the plate. Mr. Whistler has also the whim, to wear in one eye a glass without a rim, as the engraving shows, though not quite so clearly as the photograph. As this glass is likely at any time to fall on the pavement, Mr. Whistler keeps a few spare ones in his pocket, to be ready for the emergency. As for the cane, which looks to the layman suspiciously like a mahlstick, it is none other than the one the artist habitually carries, and of which he is reported to have said, when the officious page at one of the exhibitions offered to relieve him of it: "Oh, no, my little chap! I keep this for the critics!"

THEODORE BAUER.

WE publish in this number of THE STUDIO several sketches—they pretend to be no more—for designs by our townsman, Mr. Theodore Bauer. Others are in preparation: "The Sphynx," "The Dance," and perhaps "The Salvini Vase;" enough, at all events, will be shown, to prove the artist's facility and versatility as an ornamental designer and sculptor.

Not that we make any pretension to the discovery of Mr. Bauer. His work is well-known, and valued at its worth, in a circle which, though small, is made up of people who are excellent judges, and it is only because the condition of the arts is what it is, here in America, that this sculptor's work is not more widely known.

Mr. Bauer, although a trained sculptor, has not, as yet, executed any commission which has brought him before the public at large. His fine head of



PORTRAIT OF J. MCNEIL WHISTLER. By Wm. M. Chase.

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an Indian, exhibited for some days in Tiffany's window, although it necessarily attracted the eye of every passer by, was not, of course, sufficient to found a reputation upon, with a public that looks to art for something more exciting and less familiar than it found in this work ; and in the exhibitions it is rare to find anything whatever from Mr. Bauer's hand. A frieze for a chimney-piece, designed for a New York house ; a frieze, intended for a room in the house of a book-publisher in this city, and in which the whole history of printing as slowly evolved from man's habit of recording, is ingeniously presented in a succession of bas-reliefs ; a large number of ideal, fanciful, poetic, figures and groups, with not a few ornamental objects, such as the bold and spirited door-knocker which Mr. Wm. M. Chase commissioned cast in bronze—it is by these things that Mr. Bauer has made himself known, but not, as will be seen, to the public, or to only a very small portion of it.

The characteristics of Mr. Bauer's design are, its intense vitality and its grace, two qualities not always seen together. Life, in action, in quiet movement, in repose ; and beauty of line, harmony in the distribution of the masses; nothing forced, nor crude, signs always of impatience and of want of preparation—even in the sketches which we give here, it may be seen, that so much may be honestly claimed for Mr. Bauer. And of how many designers, not here in America alone, but in Europe, can so much be said? And when we add that these qualities are put at the service of ideas and fancies far removed from the conventional stock of the trained sculptor, that in his simplest compositions there is nothing of the commonplace, and that in not a few examples he has shown a startling vigor and *diablerie*, it will be admitted that we have a sculptor of no common character to deal with.

The designs for which these sketches were made are a "Head of a Lady" p. 25, in which, even in spite of the extremely off-hand treatment—for the engraving shows the clay as it was left after the first sitting, and with no attempt at detail—there will, we think, be allowed a grace and sweetness almost akin to the wax-head in the Musée Wicar at Lille. The second design, p. 27, is purely fanciful; a goddess borne along in a chariot drawn by griffins, and surrounded by little Loves. Mr. Bauer shows a charming feeling for the portrayal of children and childish forms, as we hope to prove, at no distant day, by the publication of his frieze, "The Dance."

The last of our illustrations of Mr. Bauer's talent

is the sketch, made in plaster, for a memorial tablet to be placed upon a tomb, p. 29. The work is to be executed in bronze. The grace and repose in this figure, seated upon the tomb, with the wreath in her hand, are characteristic of the artist's work, but it is to be noted that these qualities are not obtained at the sacrifice of strength. We wish to call attention also to the individuality which is so marked a trait in everything that Mr. Bauer produces, and which shows itself plainly in these examples. Nothing that he does, recalls any model, or the work of any other artist, of our own, or of former times. Even when he suggest a style, as that of the Rococo, there is no copying of detail ; and, though he seems to be thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the style, he works in it with singular independence, and produces an original result. An artist like Maurice Leloir becomes, by sympathy, by life-long familiarity, and by constant practice, so saturated with a style, that, in his illustrative designs such as those for "Manon Lescaut" and "A Sentimental Journey," we do not feel that we are looking over the designs of an artist of our own time, but that a new work of some contemporary of Prévost or Sterne has come to light. The impression given is that of talent and of learning, but not of originality. With Mr. Bauer's work, we are in the presence of an artist who, for the material of his design, owes nothing to any one, predecessor or contemporary, and even the form in which his ideas take shape—though at this day, form can be wholly original with no man—is yet so expressive of the artist's personality, as almost to deserve the praise of originality.

BOOK NOTICE.

OIL PAINTING : A HAND-BOOK FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS AND SCHOOLS, by Frank Fowler : author of *Drawing in Crayon and Charcoal*, etc. Cassell & Co.

This is a thoroughly useful little book, and every beginner in the art of painting ought to be glad to know that such a guide is to be had. It does not profess to go beyond the mechanics of the art ; but, in that field, it gives everything that is necessary for the beginner to know ; omitting nothing, because it is common, nor despising anything, because it is small. Mr. Fowler says : "We are purposely putting the technical requirements of



No. 1.—HEAD OF A LADY. Sketch by Theo. Bauer.

art on the basis of a mechanical pursuit ; for if the student thinks he may slight his craft, and enter readily into the fascinations and enticements of the fancy he will make a great mistake, and retard rather than advance himself. There is so much to be learned, that the student should follow the road of actual knowledge as far as it will take him, before starting on his flight into the realm of the imagination. The greatest artists did not neglect the mechanical processes by which they became masters of form, acquainted with the sciences of anatomy and perspective, and familiar with the mysteries of color, although this various knowledge was of more difficult attainment in the old days than now."

The one-hundred and fifty-nine pages, which are all that this hand-book contains, are divided into two parts and ten chapters, with a glossary or "Definitions of Art Terms" at the end. The subjects of the ten chapters are, "Material Necessary for an Outfit"—in this chapter, the most exact information is given in the fewest words, both as to the things themselves, and as to their price ; this latter, a detail often of use to persons living at a distance from any large town—"Studio Light; Setting the Palette, etc., " "How to mix Colors," "General directions for Painting," "Still-Life Studies; their Composition, etc., " and "How to Paint Different Objects; Values." The second part is somewhat more ambitious, treating of "Portrait-painting," "Draperies, Lace, etc." "Manner of Painting a Portrait; Colors for Flesh, Hair, etc., " "Landscapes and Marines" and "Flower-painting."

The practical directions in this treatise are to be commended, particularly as, with all their precision of statement, there is no dogmatism, and the learner is often advised that skill in any manipulation must be the result of practice and experience, and that individuality also counts for much. Thus,

we read—"The manner of handling the brush must be learned by experience * * *". Certain clear directions follow, and then the author adds : "It is impossible to give fixed rules for such a matter, as each artist handles his brush as best suits himself, some acquiring great skill and cleverness in its manipulation."

The only criticism it occurs to us to offer is, that Mr. Fowler's own notions of color would seem to be rather crude, if we are to judge them by the combinations he sometimes recommends. The still-life subject described (pp. 59-60) is an example. But, perhaps, where so much in the book is to be praised, a detail like this "table-cover of sapphire-blue

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velvet * * * brass candlestick * * * stick of red sealing-wax, etc. * * * with a background of Persian stuff of mixed colors, rich and harmonious in tone," may be passed over, with the pious wish that the suggestor of this discord may not be held responsible for the tall swearing that would be sure to go on among such incongruous objects.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CYPRUS.

MR. Salomon Reinach has lately published in the *Revue Archéologique* a very interesting account of the archaeological discoveries made in Cyprus since its occupation by the English. We may remark that all these results are due to private and local energy, since England has done nothing toward helping any scientific work in the Island. "While France, says Mr. Reinach, has already spent more than 100,000 frs. in keeping missionaries in Tunisia, and in making excavations, England has done nothing for Cyprus." Space does not allow us to render full justice to this interesting article, or to Mr. Max Ohnefalsch Richter whose energy has been, during the last years, so beneficial to the Cypriote archaeology; but we must mention the most important discoveries. In 1880 a marble statue of Artemis was exhumed near Larnaca. This statue, which is the best example of Greek art yet found in Cyprus, was bought by the Vienna Museum. We must also mention a very interesting funerary stele found in the same locality by Mr. Richter, in which the Egyptian influence is strongly marked. From 1880 to 1883 Mr. Richter carried out excavations on the site of the ancient Salamis; his main discovery was that of an important building, gymnasium and bath, with a mosaic pavement representing Orpheus. In this locality a great deal remains to be done.

Extensive excavations have also been made all over the island in ancient necropoli, mostly at Larnaca, Soli, Curium, Dali, Mari, Hagia Paraskevi, Hagios Yanis, etc., and the result has been an accurate determination of what sort of ceramics and articles in general belongs to each period. In consequence of the accurate records of the localities, which has been kept by Mr. Richter, the darkness which had been spread by the brothers

Cesnola over the archaeology of Cyprus, is gradually dispelling.

Temples also have been explored—of Apollo at Voni, of Aphrodites Paphia at Chytroi, of Artemis at Orchna, and lately of Aphrodite at Dali. The Temple of Dali includes three parts: 1st. The Sanctuary Proper; 2d. The vestibule of the Temple, where the ex-votos were placed. The bases of these have been discovered; 3d. The enclosure reserved for the sacrifice, with the altar. The catalogue of the objects discovered on this spot contains nearly 600 numbers.

Among the numerous statues and statuettes we remark numerous undoubted sketches of the Roman "Spes." They hold a fruit or a flower in the right hand, and lift up the edge of the garment with the left hand. Not one of them carries a mirror, and fortunately neither Mr. di Cesnola nor his assistant has been there to restore these specimens of Cypriote art to suit his fancy or his needs.

We remark also that Mr. Richter always takes pains to record the plans of the buildings he uncovers, and to make careful measurements, as also to secure photographic views of the localities he explores. These precautions were never taken by Mr. Cesnola, and the only two plans he gives, those of Golgoi and Curium, are found, when the different publications in which they appear are compared with one another, to be so elastic in their measurements as to excite and confirm suspicion. Happily, archaeology in Cyprus is no longer an employment for adventurers and money-makers, but a science, in which adepts become more numerous with every year.

H. M.

NOTES.

THE funds at the disposal of the Park Commissioners are so restricted, as to permit them to do but little for the adornment of the smaller public squares; so that, when anything of the sort is attempted in these places, it is all the more welcome for being unexpected. The other day, in crossing Union Square, we were attracted by the beautiful appearance of the fountain-basin, its smooth expanse of water freighted with the broad leaves of varieties of the pond-lily, and with here and there a flower opening to the early rays of the sun. Drops of water from the fountain sparkled on the leaves with their wrinkled edges, while occasionally a leaf, just opening, unrolled itself like

a double scroll, in invisible hands. Near by, rose a tall stem bearing a beautiful blue lily, and clustered near it, the stalks of the papyrus, reflected in the water like miniature palm-trees against the blue sky. Most attractive of all were the large flowers of the lotus—white petals tipped with rose—the curious seed-vessels of the plant, and the rich unfolded buds. It was a pleasing picture, and the passers-by were few who did not find time for at least a glance at this oasis in the midst of the city's humdrum life.

IT is seldom that we see in the windows of a city-shop, signs of individual taste or fancy in

the arrangement of the goods, though there are windows in plenty where, from a business-point of view, the goods are effectively displayed. But, after leaving Union Square, and continuing our walk up Broadway, we came upon Valentine's huge bazaar, where one of the windows was arranged in a way that showed not a little ingenuity. The floor of the window was turned into a miniature pool, by covering it with looking-glass, and around the edge, green crape was laid in wrinkled folds, suggestive of a grassy bank, with another strip of lighter green across the middle of the seeming water from side to side. Upon these banks squatted or disported a small army of frogs of all sizes



No. 2.—VENUS TRIUMPHANT. Sketch by Theo. Bauer.

and ages, from the infant frog in arms to the venerable grandsire of the Brek-kek-kek-ko-ax clan. The window was enclosed, for a back-ground, with the bead-and-bamboo door-curtains which have lately been brought over from Japan, and these were profusely set with opened fans of every color and design, so that the clear pool of water seemed to be shut in by a thicket of bamboo, overgrown with a tangle of tropical flowers. "A mere advertisement," says the mercantile reader! We dare say, but, we wish all advertisements could be so amusing!

MR. Salomon Reinach has opened a discussion in the *Revue Archéologique* which promises

to become very lively, if it goes on as it has begun. In his *Chronique d'Orient*, he had already given his reasons for doubting the authenticity of certain groups in terra cotta which were said to have come from Asia Minor and in particular from Myrina. A long and interesting article on the subject by Mr. Reinach was published in the *Evening Post* of Saturday, September 26, 1885. Two groups representing Charon, Hermes, and a young girl, now in the Berlin Museum, seem to be chiefly under discussion. Mr. Furchtwängler classes these groups as belonging to Myrina. Mr. Salomon Reinach, on the contrary, declares them to be false, and says they are of modern Italian make. Mr. C. Lecuyer invites Mr. Salomon Reinach to produce the forger, and says

that while awaiting his arrival, he will continue to employ the same defence for his terra-cottas which served the advocate so well who undertook the cause of Phryne, and that his collection of these Asia Minor terra-cottas is always on view for amateurs seriously disposed, who are interested in them. Mr. Salomon Reinach, nothing daunted, still insists that the groups are false, and declares that he will prove it in a coming number of the *Revue Archéologique*.

In a future number of the STUDIO we shall give an engraving of one of these groups.

THIS statue of the late Dr. Wells, one of the discoverers of Anæsthesia, designed by Mr. Truman H. Bartlett, and placed in the Park at Hartford, Connecticut, has fallen from its pedestal, a wooden structure on which it had been placed until funds could be raised sufficient to pay for a permanent pedestal of stone. We noticed some time ago, as one of the few promising signs of the times, that the ridiculous statue of General Custer, at West Point, had been taken down by the Government, and broken up. It must be reckoned still another, but a more ominous sign of advance, if nature herself is to protest against these unhappy performances. She has begun on Mr. Bartlett's statue with her slow agencies of decay, pushing it gently from its stool, and it is said that the process going on has been noticed by the citizens of Hartford for a long time, without any one among them thinking himself specially called on to stay the hand of nature. Indeed, the following dialogue, or something like it, is reported in one of the newspapers:

FIRST CITIZEN.—So! I see that Bartlett's statue is upset!

SECOND CITIZEN.—You don't say so! Well, I am surprised! It's just what we've all of us been expecting!

Mr. Bartlett's statue was, certainly, not a scandalous burlesque, like Mr. McDonald's "Custer;" it was merely a characterless piece, like all the productions of his own designing, which he has exhibited from time to time. Nature, therefore, coming to the public rescue, merely brushed it with a reproving finger, and threw it down. But, if things go on as they have been going, she may bring her ruder energies to bear upon worse offenders. We may read, some fine morning, that a cyclone has passed through the Mall in the Central Park, or that water-spouts have corkscrewed the "Bolivar"

and the Wall Street "Washington" from their stands, and sucked them into the Bay. And, yet, to rid us of all our discreditable public statues, would be a tough job, for even Nature herself.

THIS *Revue Illustrée*, a French journal of art and literature, is publishing a series of articles by Mr. Alexandre Sandier, called "La Maison Moderne," which have a value for persons whose purses permit them to indulge their fancies without regard to the cost. They are evidently not written for every-day men and women, to whom indeed they can be of no use whatever. Mr. Sandier is well-known in this city, where he practiced his profession for several years, first in connection with Mr. Russell Sturgis, and later in the establishment of Messrs. Herter Brothers. We believe we are right in saying that he had much to do with the design of the late Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt's house, and with its decoration. He was a pupil of the late Viollet-le-Duc, and was much influenced in his artistic ideas by the teachings and writings of his master. He is, now, again a resident in France, his native country. The designs accompanying the articles in the *Revue Illustrée* are from drawings by the artist himself, and while they are not without ingenuity and a certain grace, they are strongly marked with the manner of Viollet-le-Duc, and by the art of Japan, in which field Mr. Sandier was distinguished among us as a connoisseur of delicate taste and refined perception. When the series of articles shall be completed they will no doubt appear in book-form.

The *Revue* is beautifully printed, and the literary contents are often clever, sometimes more than merely clever, reaching a high degree of skill in the short stories of writers like M. Octave Mirbeau, M. Joseph Montet, and others. Unfortunately, a strong and healthy sketch from life like M. Mirbeau's *Les infortunes de Mait' Liziard*, is too often found side by side with matter of a very different sort, at which our gorge rises. A pleasant feature of the *Revue* is the catholicity of taste shown in its illustrations, all of which, it need not be said, are made expressly for its pages. The outside cover has a free and spirited portrait slightly touched, it may be, with caricature—of some foremost Frenchman of the day, and the separate articles are illustrated with engravings after artists of any and every school; M. Mirbeau's pathetic story, with designs by M. Lucien Pissarro, an artist lately introduced to us

in the Impressionist Exhibition—M. Mirbeau himself, as readers of the Catalogue will remember, the lyrical eulogist of the school, while other articles are illustrated by Messrs. Jeanniot, Courboin, Giraldon : M. Wagrez supplying to the chapter "La Vie Moderne," a charmingly conceived and executed design made up of Egyptian details of the toilet, framing a face of characteristic Egyptian beauty.

MY friend F. W. C. tells me the following pretty story of Wilhelm Kaulbach. He used to live near the artist, and was on intimate terms with him. One day he was in the studio with his two little girls, of whom Kaulbach was very fond. The artist took one of them in his arm as he stood at the easel, and putting the brush into her hand he said, as he guided it—"You see, pretty one, how easy it is! All you have to do is to put the right colors in the right place."

OBITUARY.

HENRY KIRKE BROWN.

HENRY KIRKE Brown, the sculptor, born at Leyden, Massachusetts, in 1814, died at Newburgh, New York, July 10, 1886.

In the death of Mr. Brown, if it cannot be said that we have lost a great sculptor, it may at least be said that we have lost one of the noblest and purest minds that in our time has sought to express itself through the art of sculpture. His monument

is the "Washington" in Union Square, one of the best equestrian figures of modern times ; but he has left a few other statues which will always hold a respectable place in the history of art in America ; whatever criticism may be made upon the Scott, the Greene, the recumbent figure of the late Shippen Bird, it will always be allowed, we believe, that they are serious and dignified works, and that they bear in themselves the evidence of a natural gift for the art, strengthened by careful training.

Like the greater number of American sculptors, Brown had his professional training in Italy, where he spent four years, from 1842 to 1846. In 1837, being then twenty-three years old, he had gone to Cincinnati where he had employment as a land-surveyor, and while there he saw much of Dr. Willard Parker, whom he had known in New York, and under whom he had studied anatomy, and it was while he was in Cincinnati that he made his first marble bust. In 1840, he returned to the east, and divided two years between Albany and Troy. Mr. Tuckerman tells us that in those two years he made forty busts, beside other work in his profession. While in Italy, he executed many commissions for private persons of figures Adonis, Ruth, Rebecca, David, works of the perfunctory sort, of which he had no great reason to be proud ; the pot-hooks and hangers with which young sculptors, all the world over, and not in our time alone, have exercised their prentice



No. 3.—MEMORIAL BAS-RELIEF.
Sketch by Theo. Bauer.

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hands. For such works as these, Mr. Brown had, however, no great liking. There was but little of the ideal in his composition ; the real was his chosen field ; the real and the present, and it is in that field that after his return to his own country his reputation was made. To some artists, the change from Italy to America is a painful one, and not seldom disastrous ; they find their inspiration chilled, their young enthusiasm dies out, and all that they accomplish afterwards is only a more or less feeble and, as it were, regretful reminiscence of their early dream. Mr. Brown always remembered his visit to Italy with pleasure, but he had no yearnings to go back. He preferred America and Americans, and was every way well equipped, mind and body, for the life he was to lead in this country. He was, indeed, a typical American ; at least we might well have been glad to think him so. His manners were of great simplicity, frank and direct, and his natural dignity, which never forsook him even in those social hours in which he played so cheerful a part, was veiled by a delightful amiability and kindness ; his soft, rich voice, his dark and deep-set glowing eye, opened a way before him to win the heart and the confidence of every one to whom he spoke. If ever a man gave the impression of absolute truthfulness it was Henry Brown, and truth seemed to him the best thing in the world. He had quaint sayings, and, one day, as the writer sat with him beside a little clear-eyed brook that prattled through his grounds at Newburgh, he said : "I never knew a man who loved running-water who did not love truth."

He was a man of manly tastes, fond of hunting, fishing, driving,—and indeed the part played in his life by the horse was no small one. He always had from the time the writer made his acquaintance, two or three fine horses in his stable, and if you would see him at his best it should be when he was in his studio modelling one of his favorites—it was most likely to be his beautiful black mare captured from John Morgan himself—as it stood lightly tethered, and, to all appearance, fully aware of what was going on. He would have liked nothing better, we believe, than to make equestrian statues all his life ; and, certainly, no sculptor we ever had could model a horse so well as he, or seat his rider better. In his parlor at Newburgh, hung several portraits of horses very faithfully and cleverly painted by him ; for Mr. Tuckerman has told us that Brown was at first drawn to painting, and that when he was eighteen years old he went to Boston

to study with Chester Harding, with whom he stayed three years. It happened, however, that while modelling the head of a lady, he found he liked sculpture better, and henceforth gave himself up to that side of art. He was skillful in so many things: could work beautifully in marble, and brought back from Italy a copy of the Roman infant-head in the Vatican, carved entirely with his own hand ; soft, dimpled flesh, yet firm, withal, and the hair lying in light locks, ready to stir with our breathing. And it was characteristic of him that he could put his hand to anything. He made himself a pretty house, re-modelling, adding to, and making over, the rude cottage that stood on the place when he bought it, and this at a time when little help was to be had from architects or workmen ; later, he constructed his handsome, roomy studio, almost with his own hands ; and, before we knew it, he had turned his small demesne, a blackberry-patch when he bought it, into a cosy, sheltered place with climbing vines, and flowers, and orchard-fruits, that took every eye that passed along the road. Perhaps this executive skill over-mastered in Brown the ideal, the imaginative part, and certainly he never produced a work in which these qualities predominated. He could portray manly traits, and his "*Washington*," in which he reached his highest mark, has dignity and repose, beyond perhaps what has been attained in any other American work. But, it is a fact well-known to the sculptor's friends that the gesture of the *Washington* was not spontaneous with the artist, nor indeed due to him at all, but was, so to speak, adopted in Convention, after debate ; this, that, and the other gesture, tried and rejected, and finally the present, which may mean anything the spectator pleases, adopted, for fault of a better. This would seem to mean that Brown could put everything into his work but dramatic action, and he might well argue that in a work of this kind, dramatic action was not called for, and that the statue would really have been better without it.

The only distinct failure that Mr. Brown made was in his "*Lincoln*," in Union Square, and he would never see that it was a failure. He said to the writer once, looking earnestly at the cast of the head in his studio: "That is a good statue." And he meant sincerely to make it so. But this was a subject which only a daring genius could know how to treat—one who could trust homeliness and awkwardness to show in his work for what they were in the man, the rugged background for the noblest heroism,

long-enduring patience, the deepest human sympathy. Brown's "Lincoln" unfortunately shows us only what was on the surface, and his inartistic attempt to hide what was awkward and ungainly by an impossible cloak—Lincoln in a cloak!—made these defects all the more conspicuous, brought them relentlessly into the foreground, and forced them upon our notice. The head of this statue is a careful portrait of Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Brown valued highly the cast of it which is in his studio at Newburgh.

The original design made by the sculptor for Union Square, represented a negro-slave kneeling at Mr. Lincoln's feet and pleading for protection, a design hit upon later, by Mr. Ball, in the statue which he made for Boston, but treated with far less simplicity, and with less sincerity of feeling than are found in Mr. Brown's design. The New York Committee, however, refused absolutely to accept the group, so long as the negro made a part of it, and Mr. Brown reluctantly substituted the present design for the one originally presented.

Before the breaking out of the war, in 1856, Mr. Brown had been invited to make a design for one of the pediments of the Capitol at Washington. His conception took the form, inevitable in these days, of a mixture of allegory and realism; the "genius" of America presiding over the four divisions of her empire; and Brown had symbolized the "South," by a stalwart negro sitting upon a bale of cotton. One of his friends, perhaps only impressed by the great size of this figure, made of his criticism an unconscious prophesy: "By George," he said, "when that negro stands up, he will lift the dome of the Capitol!" Mr. Meigs, who was the person in authority, refused to have a negro represented in the pediment; and when Mr. Brown asked him, what substitute he had to propose, by which the industry of the South could be more appropriately represented than by a negro and a bale of cotton, Mr. Meigs was dumb, but declared, nevertheless, that he would not allow the figure to remain. "Well," said Mr. Brown, "I will make that negro yet; and I will make him in the South, too!"

The time came, curiously enough, when it seemed as if he might be enabled to keep his word. A new Capitol-building was to be built by the State of South Carolina at Columbia, and Mr. Brown was commissioned to make the sculpture which was to fill the principal pediment. The "genius" of South Carolina was seen standing in the centre, with Liberty () on one side, and Justice () on the other, and

about her every occupation and trade by which the State was supported, was represented as carried on by negro slaves, and, in the whole group, only one white man, and he, an overseer!

The Committee in charge of this matter remonstrated with Mr. Brown, and rejected the company of so many "niggers!" "Why," said the sculptor, "what is your objection? Don't you believe in slavery? Isn't it right, in your opinion? Isn't the Southern system of society founded on it, and isn't all your industry carried on by slaves? You wouldn't thank me, would you, if I were to put white men in the place of these negroes? I have only done, in the matter, just what the Greeks would have done. What made their art vital? What keeps it alive? Why, its reality, its truth to nature and to facts! Are you ashamed of your facts, that you won't let me represent them?" Mr. Brown's logic prevailed, and the commissioners withdrew their objection, and the sculptor continued his work. Fate interposed a more fatal objection, however, in the shape of Sherman and his cannon! When the Union forces reached the town, one of the officers, as he pointed his guns, was asked by Sherman what he was aiming at? "I want to take a pop at that old white building there!" "Don't waste your shot on that building, but bring to bear on the railroad depot, and scatter the people; they are taking away their grain, and we want it!" When this had been accomplished, permission was given to fire upon the "old white building"—which was, in fact, the old State Capitol, which was to be replaced by the costly new one, and directly next to it, Mr. Brown's studio, with all the fruit of his three years' hard work. A single shell, lighting in the middle of the studio, set it on fire, and all the finished statues, with all the studies, casts, drawings, and, indeed, the greater part of Brown's possessions in the world, were destroyed at the same time. Prostrated by a serious illness, in nearly ruined circumstances, and in an enemy's country, many a man would have lost heart and hope; but Brown was of too male a strain for that. He came back to the North, and took up life again where he had left it, with that strong serenity, that quiet confidence, that silent delight in work that made his name mean what it did to those who knew him.

The head of the "Washington" in Union Square was modelled from an original marble by Houdon

after his return to France, from the cast which he had taken at Mount Vernon. This marble bust had been commissioned by Mr. Gibbs, a gentleman of Newport, Rhode Island; but, in consequence of a defect in the marble, he had declined to accept it. When Mr. Brown was looking about for a model from which to make the head of his statue, he came across this bust by Houdon, and gladly purchased it. He retained it for some time in his possession, and had it in his house in Brooklyn where he lived during the time the "Washington" was making, between the years 1852 and 1855. He afterward sold it to Mr. Hamilton Fish, who still owns it.

The writer first saw Mr. Brown in the studio in Brooklyn at the time he was engaged upon this statue. Walt Whitman was there, just then in the first flush of his fame as the author of "Leaves of Grass," and Quincy Ward, then a young man studying his art under Mr. Brown, and assisting him with the Washington. The great core of the horse stood in the middle of the room, and lying about the floor were the pieces of bronze, fragments of the horse and his rider, the workmen engaged in fitting them to their places as a sort of rehearsal—if my memory serves me—to the final setting-up in the Square in New York. The "Washington" was the first important equestrian statue made in this country, and the Brooklyn studio was the resort of artists, literary men, scholars—of all who were interested in the arts, and in this work, so important historically as well as for its great artistic merits.

Mr. Brown married Lydia Louisa Udall, of Hartford, Vermont. He left no children, and his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who was the light of his house for himself and his friends, died some years before him, in 1879. His later days were cheered and consoled by the companionship and devotion of a niece, and of a nephew, Henry Brown Bush, who, in compliance with his uncle's request, transposed his name, and as Henry Bush Brown, has already made himself known as a sculptor of promise.

Mr. Brown's hold on life sensibly weakened after his wife's death. He lost interest in his work, and indeed attempted nothing new, but busied himself with the care of his place, and amused himself as he best could, with days of fishing, or driving about the country and visiting his friends, to whom his face was always a welcome sight. Toward the end, his mind was at times clouded, and death when

he came at last, at seventy-two, stilled the beatings of a heart that had loved and served with unswerving loyalty, the good, the beautiful and the true.

ART-EXHIBITIONS.

FOR the first time Madrid, as we learn from the *Chronique des Arts* of July 17th, is about to follow the example of the other Western European States and of our own country, and to have an international exposition of painting and sculpture. It is intended to have a series of these expositions, one to take place every three years, in the months of April and May. Foreign artists are to be accorded the same rights and privileges as natives. Works which have been already exhibited, copies—except in certain cases—and anonymous works will not be received. There are to be three sections: painting, sculpture and architecture, and, in addition, a section to which will be admitted all the contributions which the jury may decide not to belong to either of the three principal divisions. In the section of painting, the awards will consist of one first-class medal, eight second-class and twelve third-class. This section will include, beside pictures, drawings, engravings and lithographs. In sculpture, there will be two first-class medals, three second-class and four third-class. For architecture, there will be one first-class medal, two second-class and three third-class. Exhibitors who shall have obtained two first-class medals will be proposed for the Grand Cross of Charles III. or that of Isabella the Catholic.

THE pictures of the Prize-Fund Exhibition, which has just closed at the Galleries of the American Art-Association, have been sent to St. Louis, where they are to be shown in the Galleries of the St. Louis Exposition and Music Hall Association. In addition to the pictures exhibited in New York, more than two hundred other paintings have been collected from the studios of American artists, at home and abroad, some of them from the last Paris Salon. The exhibition in St. Louis will open September 1st, and will close in time for all the pictures to be returned to New York and delivered to their owners by the 15th of October. The Prize-Fund Exhibition has been very successful. The sales of pictures have amounted to nearly \$40,000.

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