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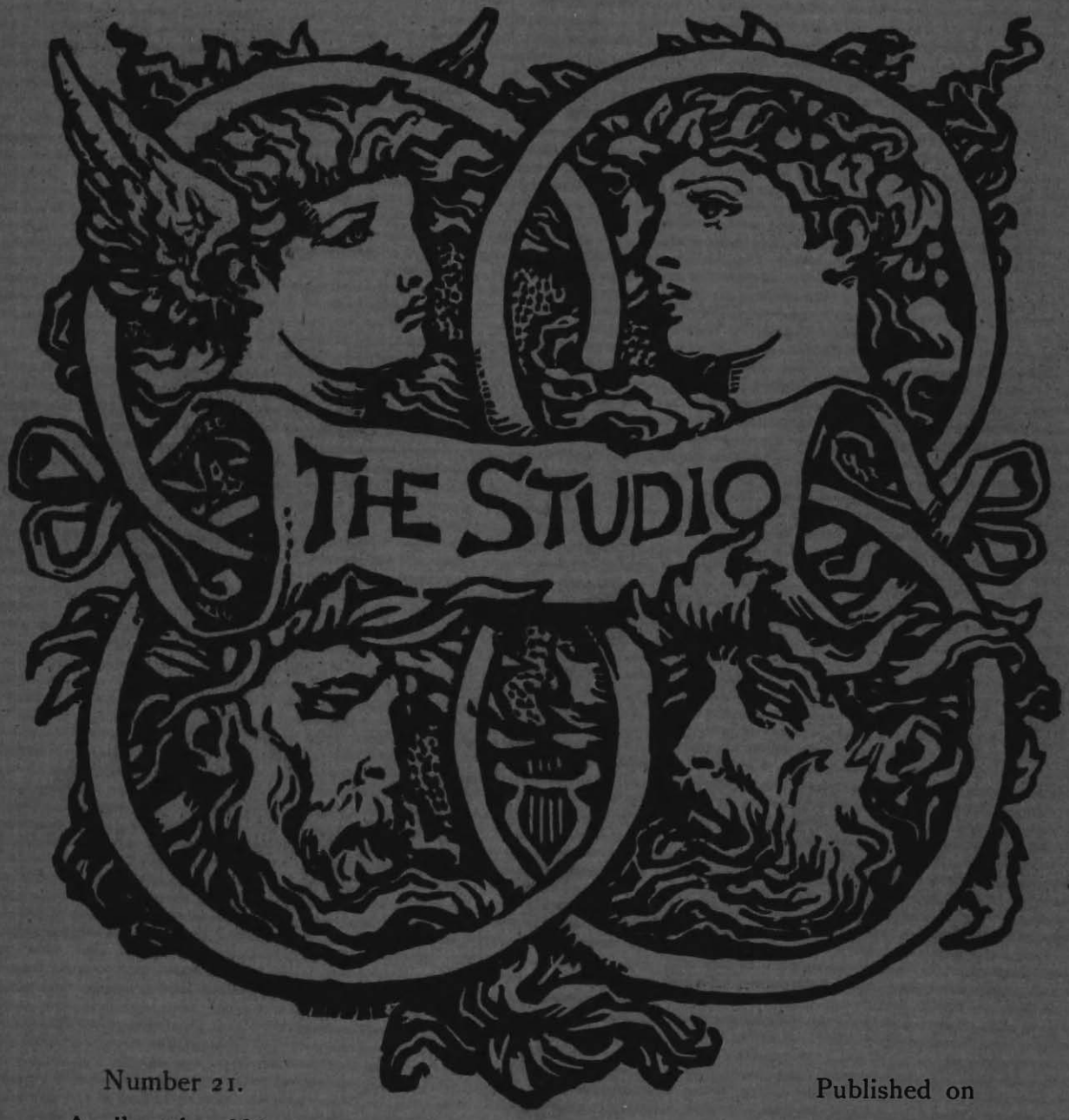

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THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

GASTON L. FEUARDENT, PUBLISHER.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 17th, 1886.

THE IMPRESSIONIST PICTURES.

THE ART-ASSOCIATION GALLERIES.

THE two hundred and eighty-nine paintings, water-colors, and pastels, which are now to be seen at the rooms of the American Art-Association, are in striking contrast with the contents of these same rooms during the nine-days-wonder of the Morgan exhibition. There, a few pictures appealing to the artistic and the poetic sense—to the artistic sense, by their execution, and to the poetic by their sentiment—bravely held their own in a hopeless contest with stolid convention, sly innuendo, and a whole wardrobe of doublets and hose, hats, perukes and togas, disposed with all the arts of the clothes-dealer on lay-figures without end.

Here to-day we have a scene exactly the reverse of this. In the large ante-room which receives the visitors and prepares them for the ascent to the galleries proper, the influences of the Academy and of the official art-world still make themselves felt in a few canvases, but even here the joyous song of the Bohemian is heard, and, once the stairs ascended, we are as well-rid of the Beaux-Art and the Salon as if we were on a coral island in the South-Pacific. It is more than a simple pleasure, it is exhilarating delight to find ourselves for once in a collection of pictures, and of French pictures too! in which not a single one of the black band appears—not a Meissonier, nor a Gérome, nor a Cabanel, nor a Bouguereau, nor an Alma-Tadema, nor a Vibert, nor a Jules Bréton—no, not one of the men who, backed by the solid army of the picture-dealers and their money-bag clients have ruled the roost so long and done so much injury to art.

Allow for all exaggerations, deduct for all the crudeness, and vain shooting at the sun, what every one must feel is here, is the work of men delighting in the exercise of their art, not working at a task for the sake of boiling the pot, nor weaving rhymes at a penny the line, but singing as they paint, and facing the new world with the leaping wine of discovery in their veins.

Of course it would be too much to expect of a public trained as ours has been, that it should at once accept such flagrant contradictions as these pictures present to the gospel of the tailors, modistes, and tract-distributors of the old school. From the polite comment of the courtier Gérome—"Sir, we are all floundering helplessly about in a puddle of hog-wash!" to the indignant looks of the O'Donovan dresses and Dorsey hats as they sweep from canvas to canvas with disdainful shrugs and protesting eyes—the whole gamut of disapprovel is heard, and the only encouraging word that greets us is the occasional "Very queer, certainly, but interesting!"

The artists, meanwhile, are necessarily of many minds. The older men walk about in limp amazement, or with ha! ha! smiles of high derision. For them, the whole thing is a smart trick on the part of some mischievous young chaps (of forty, or thereabouts!) to get themselves talked about. One of these gentlemen gravely demonstrates that the whole secret lies in leaving the canvas uncovered in spots, and in making every dab of color—for, 'tis all done in little dabs, you see!—of two or three colors at once! One does not wish to hurt so good-natured a man's feelings, and, so, forbears to express a wish that he would try the experiment of leaving his own canvases uncovered in very large spots, or in occasionally putting even so little as one color into his pictures, appropriately painted with shoe-blacking, mud, and tobacco-juice.

The younger men, while by no means unanimous in assent, are at least intelligent in their objections, and sympathetically critical. They have never been

trained to hate color, nor are they always insisting on academic correctness of drawing, knowing very well that drawing does not mean what the school-teachers tell us, and that in the sense of these gentry there never was a great artist who drew correctly. The freer the art-atmosphere in which the younger men have been brought up, the greater the sympathy they have for those who, like them, breathe the air of all out-of-doors, and find their happiness in freedom.

Of course, the foundation of this impressionism is not new. Mr. Theodore Duret, from whose interesting pamphlet a lively extract is translated for the Catalogue of this exhibition, is apparently not aware that the parentage of the movement must be looked for in England, just as in the case of the romantic and naturalist school of landscape-art, with Constable for its father. The English pre-Raphaelites, with their determination to look things in the face and paint what they saw, gave the first note, and Barbizon and the Impressionists were the earlier and the later followers of the call. Here, in America, too, we had a pre-Raphaelite movement, led by an enthusiastic and earnest disciple of Ruskin, and which gave birth to much interesting work, influencing, not only his contemporaries, but, through them, artists who are young to-day. We, too, had our blue shadows on the snow, our lilac lanscapes, our violet people in the woods, and as an accompaniment to all this, much profanity, more or less politely expressed in the clubs and newspapers, clashing of mahl-sticks in the studios—a whole Iliad in a nutshell!

Want of training, and of the knowledge that only training can give, want of taste, want of a sense of humor—some of these defects, or all of them, here and in England, brought the movement to naught. The English pre-Raphaelite pictures, one and all, big and little, by the great men and the nobodies, were nightmares pure and simple. Colors that were to the eye what saw-sharpening is to the ear; awkward attitudes, affected posing, a prevailing insincerity, not a natural movement to be seen—these were the characteristics of the English pictures—rawness and want of culture, but a much greater sincerity, were the marks of ours. Still, whatever may have been the practice of the disciples, the gospel they pretended to obey, was: "Paint to-day and not yesterday; paint what you, yourself, see, and not what another tells you he sees; remember that the important thing in your picture is, what you have to say, the force, the grace, the truth with which you say it, not the mechanical means you employ." And unsatisfactory as was the result of the attempt of twenty years ago to put this in practice, there can be no doubt that the movement itself made an era in the history of modern art, and that we of to-day are greatly the gainers by it.

Two advantages the French score on their side, which account for the vitality of their art even when, according to the scientific observer, it ought to be giving up the ghost, if it be not actually dead—taste and the courage of their opinions. Taste is the half-sister of style, and in the absence of the greater quality, is of inestimable value. And courage! Outside the conventional world of compliment and passing intercourse, a world where all but a few ill-bred people of all nationalities are avowedly insincere, the French are the people who dare to speak and act with loyal honor to what they think and believe. It is rare not to find a man behind every French picture, statue, book—it may not be always a wise man, nor a witty one, but 'tis always a man, and not a figure-head—and this note of personal conviction and courage is the charm of every French exhibition, and notably and peculiarly of the one we are reviewing to-day.

The pictures that form the present exhibition have been collected by Mr. Durand-Ruel, whose gallery has long been known as one of the chief attractions in Paris for the lovers of pictures. It is to him more than to any one else that the appreciation of the works of Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, and above all, Corot, is due. He encouraged these men when they were in obscurity, and bought their pictures when no connoisseur nor amateur would look at them. Courbet and Manet found in him one of their earliest admirers, and it is to him that we owe the presence here, in our own city, of Manet's early work "L'Enfant à l'Epée"—the Boy with a Sword, Courbet's fine Portrait of himself, "The Man with the 'Cello," as well as several other pictures destined some day to be the pride of a museum, but which we hope may long grace the hospitable walls of their present private owner. Besides the more than generous, the personal and affectionate support which Mr. Durand-Ruel has given with so much enthusiasm to artists of talent struggling with neglect and poverty, but bravely adhering to their ideals, he has rendered the public distinguished ser-

vice in the exposure of frauds perpetrated upon artists whose works, few in number and greatly advanced in price, have roused the cupidity of dealers, and led to copies and imitations without end. I say, Mr. Durand-Ruel has done good service in exposing these frauds, but he has done it at a serious loss to himself, since he has aroused a host of enemies among the small dealers, and even provoked the wrath of a few of the better class who have been so unfortunate as to be themselves deceived, and who like, no better than the small fry, to have their mistakes pointed out. But, where Mr. Durand-Ruel is rich, is in the esteem in which he is held, not merely by the world of real amateurs and connoisseurs, but by the tribe of the younger artists of our day, in France, in England, and here at home. By them he is regarded with peculiar honor.

No doubt surprise will be felt by many persons on entering the first room, Gallery A, at seeing such works as Lerolle's "The Organ Loft," Laurens' "The Austrian Staff before the body of General Marceau,"* Montenard's "Grande Route de Toulon à La Seyne," and even a picture like Roll's "Etude," figuring in an exhibition of Impressionist paintings. And, in truth, so far as method is concerned, these pictures have nothing in common with those which crowd the walls of the rooms up-stairs. They are allied to them only by the ties that hold together all work undertaken and carried out with an honest desire to see things as they are. The "Funeral Honors to Marceau" is certainly a noble and dignified piece of historical-painting, and this impressiveness is the more striking, since the episode recorded on the immense canvas is one little known, and really of small importance. It rests for its effect on the large ground of human sympathy, and admiration for heroism, and no one need care to know more than that this soldier lies dead in the tents of his enemies, and that they stand with bowed heads about his bier, the brave regretting the brave. The Arch-duke Charles of Austria stands at the foot of the bed, and General Kray in front at the left hand of the picture is overcome with grief. Apart however from the simplicity and naturalness of the grouping, the learned composition, and the entire absence of all attempt at sensational effect, the picture seems to us of secondary value, considered as art, and showing only a respectable talent. In color it is dull and uninteresting, and there is nothing to move curiosity, or to satisfy the dramatic sense in the portrayal of character in the personages who crowd the scene.

The large picture by Lerolle, an artist known in this country by his "Potato-Harvest," exhibited in the gallery of Mr. Reichard, is a work of the same order as the Marceau; that is, it no way departs from the conventional treatment and methods of work which are found in every country of Europe, and accepted everywhere as the correct thing. It is a picture that must by its very character strongly

*François Sévérin de Graviers Marceau, one of the noblest and most sympathetic figures of the French Republic was born at Chartres, March 1st, 1769. He was set by his parents to the study of the law, but at the age of sixteen he enlisted in the army and soon became noted for his bravery, and no less for his greatness of soul, of which trait more than one striking instance is recorded. In 1793 he was made a general of division; he commanded with success in the Vendean campaign of 1793, took Coblentz in 1794, and Konigstein in 1796, but on September 20th of that year he was mortally wounded while on a reconnaisance, at Altenkirchen in Rhenish Prussia, and died three days after, regretted even by his military enemies, who received him and cared for him when wounded, and paid funeral honors to him when dead. Shortly after his death, his body was exhumed and burned upon a funeral-pyre, and the ashes, enclosed in an urn of bronze, were placed beneath an obelisk erected in the market-square at Chartres. The monument bore the inscription in Latin "Here are his ashes; his name is everywhere." The monument at Coblentz was erected in its present place by the King of Prussia, in 1819, and bears the inscription "A soldier at 16, a general at 23, he died at 27." Byron in his Childe Harold consecrates a few stanzas to this noble memory. It may be noted, in passing, that the artist has apparently taken some liberties with his subject. The books tell us that after Marceau was shot, he was transported to Altenkirch and the French General Jourdan wrote a letter to the Austrian General Sladdech, recommending his prisoner to his humane care. General Kray, one of the oldest officers of the Austrian army who had fought against Marceau in two campaigns was one of the first to visit him. At the sight of his young enemy, upon whose brow the shadows of death had already begun to gather, Kray stammered out a few words of cheer, and took the hand of the hero, but when the dying man returned his greeting with a convulsive grasp, he sat down by his side and began to weep. During the night Marceau gathered strength enough to dictate to his friend Souhait some final directions, and in the morning he died. Just at this moment, the Archduke Charles arrived, followed by several of his generals. The prince remained for a long time at the foot of the bed thoughful, and withdrawn into himself, regarding sadly the inanimate, but still nobly beautiful face before him. It will be seen from this that the artist has changed the conditions slightly, preferring to show us the hero disposed in death upon a bed of parade, rudely improvised with a piece of brocade from the neighboring castle for drapery, rather than to trouble our eyes with the disordered bed and harsh accompaniments of the last agony.

attract attention, but it is a picture that soon allows our attention full liberty to go somewhere else. The general effect of the painting is dull, and the gravity and absorbed attention of the group at the left, the friends of the organist and the singer, are out of keeping with the curiously wooden figure of the young girl who is singing, and in whom there is no charm or personal sentiment whatever, so that we cannot imagine her voice to be beautiful, nor her execution expressive. It was not necessary that she should be beautiful, nor even graceful, but she should be something beside a lay-figure; if she can move others, she should seem to be herself moved, but as it is, the Marceau on the opposite wall is not more dead than she. There is much that is admirable in the group of listeners at the left, especially in the attitudes of the two ladies seated on chairs with their backs to the spectator, and if we could only believe, or feel, that the girl in the middle of the picture is really singing, we should yield to the sentiment which, this group tells us, is what the artist intended to convey. The subject has several times been treated, notably by Tissot; we hardly think so large a canvas was needed to say so little.

Rolle's "Etude" is very modestly named for so magnificent a work. It is without question the master-piece of the exhibition, and it is perhaps the very splendor of its life, that makes the two pictures we have just been considering, look so tame and conventional, and depreciates their undoubted qualities. Such a work as this of Roll's, however, would kill almost any picture in the neighborhood of which it would be likely to find itself in a modern gallery. Neither the reproduction of it which appeared last summer in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, nor that published in the *Figaro Salon*, excellent in many respects as they both were, gave any adequate impression of this remarkable work. So far as its subject goes, it belongs to an unreal world, the world of autique fable and song, but in its treatment it is intensely real, and startling at first sight in its actuality. A naked wood-nymph, her golden hair twisted with wild flowers, has been frolicking in the pasture with a young bull; they have run a race together over the soft herbage, and have come to a stop; she, flushed with the chase, and out of breath with laughter, leans against his neck, carressing his black muzzle with one hand, while with the other she pushes him gently back. He, docile, and pleased with his strange playfellow, turns his mild head toward her, and over the two, the sunshine sifts down through the trees, bathing them in a trembling haze of light.

The perfect candor and wild-wood freshness with which this lovely picture is conceived are matched by the execution, which is carried with masterly certainty and precision to just the right point. Mr. Roll calls it an Etude, but a day's further work upon it would have hurt it; it may be it would have ruined it, since, now, the sure but rapid execution exactly expresses the strength and elasticity, the glow and stress of artistic feeling out of which the work has sprung. Mr. Roll is the author of another picture very different from this, "The Workshop at Suresnes," which is in spirit a poem of Labor conceived in a vein as far removed as possible from the official receipes for such compositions, so familiar to our eyes as paraded in pediments and on pedestals. We wish this work could have been included in the present exhibition; it would have set a good example.

Some impatience is now and then expressed by visitors at finding names represented here which do not, they say, belong to the Impressionist school at all. They would have cut out of the catalogue not only the names of Laurens, Lerolle, Roll, and John Lewis Brown, who do not in truth belong there, but Boudin, Montenard, Huguet, Desboutin, and even Monet—though to drive out this last, would be to make the communion a trifle too close! Let us leave him in, and giving up the rest we shall find, up-stairs at least, the true, allowed Impressionists undisputed masters of the field.

Certainly, no one will deny that Claude Monet with his forty pictures, Renoir with his thirty-one, Degas with his seventeen, Sisley with his thirteen, Seurat with his great machine "The Bathers," a match (in size!) for either Laurens, Lerolle or Roll, Serret with his cloud of infant studies, and Pissarro with thirty-eight paintings and pastels, Caillebotte, Madame Morizot, Auguste Flameng, and Guillaumin, with others interspersed, the Impressionists here give us a very good taste of their quality.

How shall we look at these pictures; with the ends of our noses, or the tips of our fingers rubbed across the canvasses to feel how coarsely they are painted? Let a beetle run over the most finished work of a Meissonier or a Gérome, and he would lame his feet in the ruts. Nay, a microscope would show us a porous board daubed with ill-ground colors, if we looked through it at the polished ivory

of Mrs. Morgan's Bargue. But the human eye, with a mind behind it, is made to see things as they are meant, and if we go off to the proper distance trom these Impressionist pictures we shall see them as the artist sees them, and as he expected us to see them. So long as, at the proper distance the effect sought for is obtained, what matters it how the artist obtained it?

It is another thing when the truth of the artist's observation is denied, and we are told he never could have seen things as he has painted them. Here, those of us who have seen them so, are in the right, as against those who, simply, have'nt! We doubt if it be of much use to argue with persons who can only plead ignorance. It is another matter, if it be declared that too much is made of this, that, or the other detail of observation; that nature does not obtrude her processes upon us; that the result here is not artistic, etc., etc. This is legitimate criticism, and no doubt it applies to some of these pictures, as it applied in times past to the English and our own pre-Raphaelites.

Then, again, there are some persons who are unfitted to judge fairly of work of this kind by the fact that they have passed all their lives in the company of art of the old-fashioned, the conventional, or the merely fashionable kind. A dealer, no matter how intelligent he may be, who has passed his life, and had his training, in the handling and estimating only such pictures as appeal to the taste of the rich and fashionable world, is not fitted to be the judge of pictures painted by the artist merely to please himself or, it may be, to show the falseness and absurdity of the pictures the dealer approves.

Of course there are, as the French say, dealers and dealers, and one may meet in these galleries a man in the business who does really love pictures, who admits that there may be good pictures outside of his world, and who, while frankly saying that he does not like these pictures, and does not understand them, will pleasantly admit that perhaps the reason he does not like them is, because he does not understand them. We much prefer such a critic, however, to one who, after dealing all his life in art of the most conventional and mercantile kind, and heaping-up a fortune by persuading money-bags to invest in pictures "as good as stocks," suddenly turns about, when other men have risked a pile of money in bringing art of another, a very different, and, with whatever shortcomings, a far more real sort to our country, and fearing that this may hurt his business, and oust him with the money-bags (seeing that the Lord only knows what turn their "taste" may take), trumps up a few insignificant specimens of the school, cries an exhibition, and pretends 'tis an old story to him! "Queer fellows, these Impressionists, you know; but I was always fond of them!"

The way to look at the true impressionists then, at Claude Monet, at Renoir, at Sisley, Seurat, Pissarro, Degas, and the rest, is, to regard them as men who are honestly bent on seeing things with their own eyes, and are trying the experiment of painting them by any method that will give back the effects they see. Do not expect to find, better still, do not ask to find, pictures, in the sense generally understood; there are few such here. These are, for the most part, rapid sketches, bits of life, bits of nature; things taken, as it were, on the wing, and all their value consists in the verity, the life with which the impression has been seized. In the work of the true Impressionist, not only must the thing be painted from the life, and wholly out of doors, if it be a landscape, but it must be painted at once, and finished, then and there. We cannot accept as an Impressionist picture, one that has been worked over, or warmed over!

It amuses us to see people going about in the pastel-room, and looking at some of Degas' things, say Nos. 42, 50, 52, 55, 69, flirting a disgusted fan, or poking a petulant parasol, with the whispered cry: "See there, now! What's that!" Of all evasive things in the world, Degas has taken to anatomize the ballet-dancer species, and if even an instantaneous photographer would find himself too slow to catch one of these ephemera on the wing, how can a man with only an eye, a bit of paper, and a crayon, hope to do more! These are not things for laymen's criticizing. They are only stray feathers, bits of legs or wings, brought down by the sportsman, for whom the whole bird was too quick! These studies do not, in fact, belong here at all, but in some reception-exhibition of the Students' League, or the Gotham Art-Club, where only artists, students or critics would see them, for such persons only do they concern.

Not that we are not glad to have them here, only we do not like to see them snubbed, by people especially who are much too bright-looking not to know better. Degas, as a rule, leaves the faces of his "scissors," as Carlyle called the ballet-girls, rough.

Carlyle writes somewhere, in a letter, that he had been at the opera the night before, seeing scissors opening and shutting, and standing on their points! Millet also leaves the faces of his peasants merely blocked out, but he throws expression enough into their attitudes, and Degas shows us, somewhat brutally it is true, just how awkward and ungraceful these stage-fairies really are. For, of all the inventions of man, the ugliest is the ballet-girl in her stage-dress, and the awkwardest in each and all her poses! There is an Italian dancer at the Academy of Music whose whole art consists in mincing about the stage on the tips of her toes as if she had been born and brought up in New York, and all her professional practice had consisted in keeping out of the mud. At every step she lifts the free leg and gives it a little shake, as pussy does, when she is obliged to walk through the wet grass. But this excellent, hard-working woman is no more ungraceful than the rest of her tribe.

If Degas' dancers are hard featured 'tis not his fault. His business, as he has made it, is to draw them as he sees them, and the very fact that people cry out so at the sight of them, is testimony to their force and their truthfulness. Artists, at least, can value aright the power of Degas to say much with little. May it not be hoped that either the Students' League or the Gotham Art Club will purchase these drawings for their work-rooms?

Caillebotte, whose work first appears in the Entrance Gallery, No. 3, "Portrait of a Gentleman," and No. 30, "The Planers," is not one of the lights of the collection, though his big pictures provoke discussion. "The Planers" in this room, and "The Rowers," No. 272, with "Paddling Canoe," No. 186, are all attempts to solve problems in foreshortening, with which art M. Caillebotte seems to be as much in love as ever old Paolo Uccello was, with perspective. We cannot think him very fortunate in his love. The object of his affection seems to hold herself awkwardly aloof. "The Planers" have arms much too long; but we will not object to this, because if they were right they would probably not look so, and in all such attempts on a large scale some exaggeration is permissible, if not necessary. The point to be praised is, that these men are really hard at work, and doing their job well, too. How natural it all looks—the coats laid away in a far corner, and the wine-bottle and glass at a friendly distance. If ever we could come again to have real Guilds—Associations of Mechanics for Benevolence, for Protection and for the Advancement of Good Work, not associations like those that are cursing labor to-day with their encouragement of Pauperism, Laziness, and Bad Work—if we had such Guilds, with the old spirit that built the Guild Halls, we might hope to see our artists called to the task of painting such episodes of the great poem of Labor as this, in the Corridors, while the Main Hall would be adorned with pictures of Labor set at weightier tasks. But, just now, the workingmen have other jobs on hand, ranging from starving out widow-women, and ruining small traders, to breaking up, if they only could, the commerce of a continent!

Up-stairs, M. Caillebotte's "Paddling Canoe" is better than his "Rowers," where all is wrong; the front man is not in the boat—but, as a rule, from Raphael down to Delacroix the people are never really in the boats the artists tries to put them in—so, M. Caillebotte sins in good company; then the part of the boat that isn't in the picture is too large for the part that is, and, lastly, the doctors and the rowing-men quarrel with the front rower's arms. They declare there are too many biceps, or else they are in the wrong place, which is as bad, or worse. The women, too, would like to see more of the men's faces, though we should gain nothing by that, if they should turn out to have such chins as the left hand man has, in the "Paddling Canoe?" But the artist is plainly too much bent on solving knotty problems of perspective, and foreshortening, and the rest, to think of pleasing us. "Paddling Canoe" is a better picture, if the paddling gentry will let us think so, and the prince of canoeists, Bowyer Vaux! This place the men are paddling in, a sheltered bit of water, dark with the green reflections, is a pleasant nook, and the broken yellow reflections of the yellow oars in the tops of the ripples, with the white reflections from the boat on their sides, are true, it seems to us. Nay, do we not know they are true, all head-shakings to the contrary, notwithstanding?

Impossible to care much for "Before the Window," No. 230, with its slinky woman making eyes at somebody across the street, while her companion poses at book-reading—and all this in a world before the discovery of either aerial perspective or foreshortening!

M. Caillebotte's "Landscapes" have good points. No. 114 in Gallery C, "Snow-Effect," the roofs of houses in a city covered with new-fallen snow, shows how much dignity can be got out of a subject

which is nothing in itself. There are two others in this same room, No. 132, "Landscape—Study in yellow and Rose," and No. 136, "Landscape—Study in Yellow and Green," which like so much of the work here, while really deserving no more than the name of "Studies," are yet valuable for the results obtained, and by their earnestness make an impression on the spectator out of all proportion to their actual contents.

A far more important name, of course, is that of Manet, whose jolly "Fifer of the Guard" greets us as we open the door. We should have been glad if the "Boy with a Sword," belonging to Mr. Erwin Davis, could have been hung near this spirited piece of humanity. We were about to write "of juvenile humanity," but 'tis impossible to say how old the fifer is—he may be fifteen, he may be thirty; 'tis all one, he is alive, whatever his age, and does not look the least afraid of his critics. Here, as everywhere, Manet is the child of Velasquez, but here, more than in any of the other pictures he is independent of his masters. In the "Lola de Valence," the "Buveur d'Absinthe," and "Le Balcon," we are reminded of Goya; in the "Mendicant," and "Un Philosophe," Velasquez comes to mind, but in "Le Fifre" we hear a more native note. For one thing, the subject is French, and we like best to see a great artist like Manet dealing with things that really engage his sympathy—the true quality of his work shows out here, and we forget his model, or if ever he had a model. It is only for artists to know what hard work, what study, what observation, have gone to the dexterity that can sum up all in such large simplicity of expression. But we can all feel it, if we cannot understand it; we perceive that this boy is alive, and that the man who painted him was alive too. To our mind this is the work in the exhibition by which Manet's skill can be best judged, but the others are needed to show his range. Nearly all the pictures here, it may be said, were in the exhibition Manet made of his own paintings, principally those which like "The Fifer" had been rejected by the Salon,—in 1867, in the building erected by him for that purpose on the Avenue de l'Alma. There were "The Fight between the Alabama and the Kearsage," so grand in its treatment of the water that it makes us forget the ships; "The Balcony," with its green slats that made the critics so angry, its brisk little vest-pocket dog, its flower-pot, solid and round, made with a few turns of the brush as it were, as if on the potter's wheel; and the people, sitting, standing, so at their ease, and with room all about them! In facial expression, Manet is not so happy as he is in bodily action. In this respect "The Fifer" and the "Lola de Valence" are the most successful of the works shown here. The lady, in No. 192 "In the Conservatory," has the eyes too fixed, and her companion is not looking at her; so also in "The Balcony," the faces carry no meaning with them, we are thrown for all expression and explanation upon the bodies of these people and the way they are set in light and air. "The Conservatory" is all right if you look at it through the door of either of the smaller galleries. Sometimes, to get what he is after, Manet forces facts, as when in No. 15, in the first room, "The Race-Course," he makes the leader horse's nose turn up like the snout of a porpoise: I doubt if a horse's nose, on any provocation, would do that, but certain I am that the whole "go" of the seene is concentrated in this rather eccentric detail. It may be questioned, however, whether this nose is not put out of joint somewhat, by the unconcerned action of some of the bystanders. It would look more like a race if these people were thrown a little more off the perpendicular! In painting a horse-race, the whole landscape ought to share the excitement.

We must not forget in passing, Manet's fine, speaking portrait of Henri Rochefort. This work is as flat as the "Fifer," and just as much alive. Wonderful, how such modelling can go with such flatness. All the forms are perfectly indicated, and all thoroughly characteristic. There is on the same wall an admirable still-life, a work made up of the simplest materials, set out with no parade, but proving once again with what largeness art can invest the humblest realities.

One of the most interesting among these painters is Pissarro, with his rural scenes, his peasants working in their gardens, tending their cows, talking in the village-streets. He shows here as a disciple of Millet, but with a charm and expression of his own, as if all that he drew came out of his own experience and that had been a happy one, for his work has none, or little, of Millet's sadness in it. Neither has it Millet's imaginative sympathy, nor his antique nobleness. His drawings remind us of Millet only because the people are the same, and are sometimes doing the same things. The artist would seem to have been practicing for sometime on stooping figures; we have seven or eight drawings in the Pastel-room, in all of which the people are

bent down at their work, and very naturally are they caught at it, too! Pissarro has here some landscapes which show a delicate observation of nature, as when in No. 71, "Hoar Frost"—in the Pastel-room—he tries to render the rare effect of the morning sun on the frosted field with the pearly iridescence produced by the level rays. On the whole, however, this artist shows best in his pastoral scenes.

Sisley's pictures will not at first attract the attention they certainly deserve. He is not the brilliant, versatile painter that Claude Monet is; he has not the rich effects of Boudin—his canvasses are so quiet, and the scenes he paints so little picturesque that at first we vote him tame. But, he has a solid charm, and we have not paid many visits to the gallery before we decide that Sisley is a name to be remembered. We find him first in a charming group of pictures in Gallery D, on the left-hand of the big fire-place, but his best work in this room is at the other end of the room, No. 201, "Rue de Marley in Winter," where the softness of the snow over the solid things is delightfully expressed. Upstairs in the long gallery there are nine of his pictures, and all worth looking at. No. 235 "Le Bac de l'Isle de la Loge," where nothing could be more unpromising than the subject—a flooded stream with a row of cottages at the back and the telegraph-poles in the foreground—but the artist makes much of it by not trying to make anything of it. What he would seem to have been attracted by was the full water loaded with mud, and so giving back only dulled reflections, a soft, velvety surface, delicately tinted.

Hoguet, a new name here, although familiar to Paris, meets and easily vanquishes Fromentin on his own ground; painting Arabians and their horses with a spirit, a lightness altogether delightful. The best are Nos. 10 and 25, Gallery A, "An Arab Encampment," and "Horses Bathing," where anyone may admire the delicate touch, the lively grouping and the sense of air and distance.

Another interesting name is that of Desboutin, by no means an impressionist, however, rather allied to Bonvin (and the wrong Bonvin, at that, Heaven save the mark!) whose "Pinch of Snuff" was one of the exceptional works in Mrs. Morgan's collection. Desboutin has only four pictures here, but they make us wish for more. The small portrait in Gallery D, No. 167, "Portrait de l'Ami Couchois," life-size on a panel as big as a tea-plate, and the "Children," No. 5, Gallery A, are the best of the four to our mind.

John Lewis Brown belongs here no more than some of the others, but we are glad of the opportunity to see so much of an artist who seldom appears in our exhibitions. He is the painter-in-chief of the "Gentleman on Horseback," whether hunting or riding, but the horses are the thing, even when they carry only grooms. In No. 34, "Souvenirs de l'Isle de Wight," the waiting groom rather kills the flirters in the near distance, but his horse is so fine, and he sits him so well, we are content to look at him. He appears again in Gallery B, and makes a still better impression; near him are several small and brilliant pictures which make welcome resting-places for the afflicted lovers of "finish," who turn dyspeptically away from the too stimulating viands provided by Degas, Pissarro and the rest in this room. Brown's "finish" is, however, always of a manly sort; no niggling here! And we are always in the open air with him, and hand in hand with nature in a pleasant mood. How cheerful, for instance, is his hand-breadth picture, No. 95, "Horse in the Woods!"

In the Pastel-room, Serret with his "Children" doing this and that, or, doing nothing, also pleases: he is certainly an acquisition, and a relief to some of us from the over-dressed and self-conscious parodies of Reynolds with which Millais and other Englishmen bore us. Serret reminds us of Stothard in sentiment, and of Hamon in execution, but he is by no means an imitator of any man. Stothard brought to nature the grace he found there, and Serret has only been on the same quest. These are French peasant-children playing in the fields after their quiet fashion, and thinking of nothing but their play.

"*Pourquoi ceux qui s'imaginent avoir inventé l'impressionisme ont-ils presque tous devant la nature la même impression? Il me semble que cela devrait être le contraire.*"

Thus writes M. Alfred Stevens, certainly one of the masters, in his lately published *Impressions sur la Peinture.* But what becomes of a statement like this in the presence of an exhibition like the present, where not wo painters, among the Impressionists *pur sang*, resemble one another in the least? Here, for instance, is Mme. Berthe Morizot, whose

No. 141 "The Toilet," is not only unlike anything else in the exhibition, but is unlike much of the rest of her own work; the "Portrait of Mme. X" next it, would never be ascribed to the same hand. "The Toilet" is, by many, reckoned the finest picture here, always excepting Roll's masterpiece, and it has qualities far rarer than even Roll has shown. We could have wished that Mme. Morizot could have been represented here by only these two pictures, her other works are more purely tentative, and she has not been as successful in them, as either she or we could have wished.

Beside his frame of small "Studies" in Gallery C, No. 133, and his "Isle Grande Jatte" No. 112, in the same room, Seurat has only his "Bathers," which eats up nearly the whole end of Gallery D, and so makes amends. The "Bathers" is a hard bone for those to pick who insist on having in a picture what they themselves want, rather than what the artist wants. M. Seurat has painted this huge canvas solely and simply to secure an effect of light, air, and distance, and he has heroically denied himself, and us, an atom of unnecessary detail. If we can take what he gives us, and be thankful for it, that is well; we have no right to quarrel with him for not giving us something else. This is an experiment, and so far as it goes, it is successful. Does any one say that Raphael would not have been pleased with the two little boys at the right? Is not the man who could paint them, who knew enough to stop when he had finished, and who could make a hole in the wall through which we can see the North River and the sky over it, worth treating with respect?

And Claude Monet! What observation, what variety of execution, surprising us at every turn, what independence of all methods prescribed, and of his own, when he pleases! Want of space forbids that we should take up Monet's work in detail, but we would call particular attention to No. 31, "Low Tide at Pourville," Gallery A; No. 123, "Mail-post at Etretat," and No. 135, "A Farm," in Gallery C; No. 154, "Study of Willow Trees;" No. 158, "A Wheat-field;" No. 168, "The Seine at Giverny;" No. 198, "Fog-effect near Dieppe;" No. 203, "Station at St. Lazare," in Gallery D; No. 212, "At Giverny;" No. 216, "Morning at Pourville;" No. 270, "Poppies in Bloom" and No. 273, "An Autumn Morning," in Gallery E. We certainly know no other modern painter who has the qualities displayed in these pictures, and displayed in such abundance. He makes every other painter of water look like an apprentice. What could be more beautiful than the painting of the water and the mist in No. 198? Where is Turner, alongside of such magic play with the elements? The "Station at St. Lazare," No. 203, is another master-piece. It recalls Turner's "Rain, Steam and Speed," in the National Gallery; but as it is more real, so it is more full of varied life and contrasted effect than that. And what becomes of Mr. Stevens' query in in the face of such variety as is presented in Claude Monet's pictures? Look at the beautiful Farm, No. 135, bathed in glowing mist, and then, with a turn through the door, at No. 168, all iridescent pearl, and as cool as the other is flushed and palpitating. If Mr. Durand-Ruel had done nothing more than to bring us the pictures of this artist, he would have rendered us a great service. For ourselves, we thank him heartily for the gift.

Renoir is another surprise, but he is so agressive, and leaps so like a matador into the arena, and faces with such gayety of heart the little black bull of convention, that he sometimes takes away our breath—with admiration! It is amusing to hear people who praised Vibert's eye-scratching "Missionary's Story" in the Morgan collection, for its "color," going about, whining and groaning over the "color" of Renoir; as if a person who had spent the winter in a potato-cellar should complain that his eyes hurt him when he came into a flower-garden in spring with its hyacinths and daffodils.

Renoir, like the English Pre-Raphaelites, has thrown his bitumen-pots and tobacco-juice out of the window, and has determined to paint colors as he sees them, but he has not a trace of the love of morbid colors for which they exchanged their old idols. He paints his daughter sitting in the green-house at her work, No. 149, herself the most brilliant flower, all scarlet, blue and gold, or another lady with a little child "On the Terrace," No. 181, where the same brilliant colors show against a network of delightfuly suggested landscape — and except for those who insist that everything should be cooked after one receipt — it is hard to understand why such harmonious affluence of colors should not give pleasure. Is there any harm in a pretty woman wearing a scarlet Tam o'Shanter, if poppies and tulips are allowed the same liberty? And if a little girl looks like a pansy, who is going to be cross about it? To go back to Claude Monet

for a moment, who that loves nature, or art either, for that matter, wouldn't prefer his "Poppies in Bloom," No. 270, to Gérome's "Tulips," in the Morgan Collection—tulips whose beauty, we are sure, would never have moved any one to madness. Flowers, women, children, all things of nature's making, and all things of man's, ought to be painted so as to interest us, and we are much mistaken if it be not found before this exhibition closes, that the work of Renoir, Monet, and the rest of the most ultra Impressionists does not interest and even please more people than it torments or leaves indifferent. Of course, Renoir is not always to be commended. We like all his four large pictures, in the corner of Gallery D, except the "Rain in Paris," where not only are the people all posing, but one umbrella has sat for all the tribe, and the result is a monotony of feature and complexion in that object, which even rain cannot bring about. But, why look at the failures, when here is this couple dancing at Bougival to lilt with, she, in her pretty, pink muslin, he in his easy blue flannel; this merry crew at Lovers Island to be gay with —and the little dog for our money!—and these fishermens children, real children, rosy, innocent, pretty—like all Renoir's people, good to be with! Yes, even with the Bathers up-stairs, to whom at least one liberal shepherd has given a grosser name! Is the experiment of painting flesh in a full sunlight, against a sapphire sea, in No. 220, a total failure? Are not these forms firm, rounded, virginal; is not this the flesh of youth and innocence? Need anybody be ashamed to look at this girl? Where is Henner, alongside this painting? Holbein, we are sure, would have given Renoir a friendly nod.

PICTURES COLLECTED BY THE LATE MRS. MARY J. MORGAN. SOLD AT CHICKERING HALL ON THE EVENINGS OF MARCH 3d, 4th, 5th, 1886.

THOS. E. KIRBY, AUCTIONEER.

ALMA-TADEMA (Laurenz), R. A., London.
- Roman Lady Feeding Fish. 28 x 13 ..... $5,000
- Spring. 21 x 35 7,000

AUBERT (Jean Ernest), Paris.
- Love Quenching his Thirst. 28 x 40 4,500

ARTZ (Adolphe), Hague.
- The Frugal Meal. 51 x 34 1,800

BARGUE (Charles), deceased, Paris.
- The Sentinel. 8 x 11 12,300

BAUGNIET (Charles), Sèvres.
- The Bride's Toilet. 18 x 27 900

BECKER (Ernst Albert), Berlin.
- Head of Peasant Woman. 11 x 16 ..... $475

BENEDICTER (A.), Munich.
- Mother and Child. 12 x 15 475

BÉRANGER (Antoine Emile), deceased, Paris.
- Arranging Flowers. 9 x 12 500

BERNE-BELLECOUR (Etienne Prosper), Paris.
- The Last Drop. 5 x 6 625
- The Prisoner. 25 x 39 3,900

BEYLE (Pierre M.), Paris.
- Fishing for Sole. 28 x 40 1,050
- Gathering Mussels. 14 x 21 750

BONHEUR (Marie Rosa), Paris.
- Calf and Cow. 32 x 25 12,200
- Deer in Forest. 31 x 39 7,150

BLOMMERS (B. J.), Hague.
- Departure of the Fisher's Boat. 25 x 18 825
- Shovelling Snow. 14 x 10 725

BONVIN (François-Saint), Paris.
- A Pinch of Snuff. 13 x 20 2,550

BONNAT (Léon Joseph Florentin), Paris.
- An Arab Chief. 27 x 33 2,350

BOUGHTON (George H.), N. A., A. R. A., London.
- The Finishing Touch. 11 x 17 625

BOUGUEREAU (William Adolphe), Paris.
- Cupid, 22 x 25 6,500
- Nut-Gatherers. 52 x 34 7,250
- Italian Mother and Child. 17 x 22 3,050
- Madonna, Infant Saviour and St. John. 42 x 74. 9,000

BOUCHARD (Louis P.), Paris.
- The Pet Kid. 28 x 45 725

BOEHM (Palik), Munich.
- Wayside Fountain.—Hungary. 47 x 30. 1,600

BOSBOOM (Johannes), Hague.
- Church Interior. 10 x 16 775

BROZIK (Vacslav), Paris.
- The Falconer's Recital. 54 x 36 2,600

BRETON (Jules Adolphe), Paris.
- The Bird-Nest. 14½ x 21 3,600
- Returning from the Fields. 40 x 27 9,500
- Communicants. 78 x 48 45,500

BRIDGMAN (Frederick A.), N. A., Paris.
- Afternoon Hours.—Algiers. 36 x 25 1,750

CABANEL (Alexandre), Paris.
- Desdemona. 17 x 21 ..... 1 400

CAMERON (Hugh), London.
- Carrying Little Sister. 11 x 15 600

CASANOVA (Antonio), Paris.
- The Gourmand. 15 x 19 1,750

CEDERSTRÖM (Théodore), Munich.
- A Tight Cork. 7 x 9 725

CHURCH (Frederick Edwin), New York.
- "Al Ayn."—The Fountain. 35 x 23 2,050

CLAYS (Paul Jean), Brussels.
- On the Thames. 20 x 25 1,150

CONRAD (Albert), Munich.
- A Tyrolese Inn. 30 x 36 1,025
- The Old, Old Story. 30 x 36 1,650

CONSTABLE (John), deceased, London
- English Landscape. 24 x 26 3,350

COROT (Jean Baptiste Camille), deceased, Paris.
- Landscape. 31 x 21 9,000
- Nymphs Bathing. 29 x 39 4,800
- Evening on a River. 23 x 18 4,050
- Landscape and Cattle. 23 x 15 4,200
- Near Ville d'Avray. 15 x 19 3,500
- Landscape. 20 x 15 3,300
- Lake Nemi. 52 x 38 14,000
- Wood-Gatherers. 63 x 44 15,000

COUTURE (Thomas), Paris.
Faust and Mephistopheles. 10 x 14 ..... $975
A French Republican, 1795. 28 x 23 825

DAGNAN-BOUVERET (Pascal Adolphe Jean), Paris.
Violinist. 8 x 10 1,000
An Orphan in Church. 21 x 17 2,300

DAUBIGNY (Charles François), deceased, Paris.
Boats on the Shore. 21 x 12 1,325
A Cooper's Shop. 64 x 44 5,300
On the Seine. 23 x 13 6,200
On the Marne. 23 x 13 5,500

DECAMP (Alexandre-Gabriel), deceased, Paris.
Bazaars in Cairo. 9 x 11 2,450
The Walk to Emmaus. 18 x 12 3,100

DELACROIX (Ferdinand Victor Eugène), deceased, Paris.
Cleopatra. 13 x 10 1,250
Landscape. 13 x 8 950
Tiger and Serpent. 16 x 12 4,450

DELORT (Charles Edouard), Paris.
"My Neighbor." 8 x 12 675
"Across the Way." 8 x 12 675

DE NEUVILLE (Alphonse Marie), deceased, Paris.
French Cuirassier. 19 x 23 6,000
Infantry. 16 x 20 5,300

DÉTAILLE (Jean Baptiste Edouard), Paris.
A French Lancer. 8 x 12 1,950
A Flag-Officer. 14 x 17 7,150

DIAZ (Narcisse Virgile, de la Pena), deceased, Paris.
Oriental Woman. 11 x 17 1,550
Lane near Fontainebleau. 25 x 19 2,500
Study of the Nude. 10 x 14 1,375
Edge of a Wood. 16 x 12 2,750
Moonlight Concert. 19 x 16 2,400
A Pool in the Woods. 14 x 10 2,600
Toilet of Venus. 16 x 18 3,300
Flowers. 8 x 6 500
L'Ile Des Amours. 24 x 16 3,900
Children Playing with a Kid. 18 x 22 2,750
Group of Persian Women. 25 x 17 2,925
Repose after the Bath. 13 x 8 1,600
Boy with Hunting-Dogs. 25 x 21 4,500
Holy Family. 20 x 27 4,100
Sunset after a Storm. 34 x 36 8,650
The Bathers. 16 x 10 2,400
Persian Woman and Child. 9 x 12 3,500

DOMINGO (J.), Madrid.
A Spanish Inn. 6 x 8 2,550
Head of a Spanish Cavalier. 6 x 8 1,225
Card Players. 4 x 5 2,450

DUPRÉ (Jules), Paris.
Stormy Weather. 18 x 21 1,700
Driving Cows to Water. 16 x 18 1,850
A Cloudy Day. 14 x 18 2,500
Morning. 28 x 21 8,050
A Symphony. 39 x 27 8,100

EPP (Rudolf), Munich.
Knitting. 20 x 30 800
Saying Grace. 36 x 30 1,400

ESCOSURA (Leon Y), Paris.
End of the Game. 6 x 4 550
Convalescent Prince. 24 x 19 2,600

FAED (Thomas), R. A., London.
In Doubt. 21 x 31 2,000

FORTUNY (Mariano), deceased, Rome.
Italian Woman. (water-color) 6 x 9 450
Spanish Lady with Fan (water-color) 8½ x 12 ... 575
The Rare Vase. 9½ x 13 7,100

FRÈRE (Edouard), Paris.
Prayer. 15 x 18 2,150

FROMENTIN (Eugène), deceased, Paris.
In Pursuit (water-color). 10 x 13 725
Hawking (water-color). 10 x 13 550
Arab Horseman. 16 x 12 ..... $4,050
Turkish Washer-Women. 13 x 10 925
On the Nile, near Philæ. 43 x 24 5,000

GALLAIT (Louis), Brussels.
A Young Mother. 8 x 10 3,050

GÉRÔME (Jean Léon), Paris.
Vase Seller.—Cairo. 14 x 18 4,600
The Tulip Folly. 38 x 25 6,000
Coffee-House.—Cairo. 26 x 21 4,800

GREÜTZNER (E.), Munich.
The Puzzled Priest. 27 x 34 2,575

GUNTHER (Otto Edmund), deceased, Munich.
The Pastor's Visit. 45 x 32 2,500

HAQUETTE (Georges), Paris.
The Signal. 28 x 34 575

HARBURGER (Edmond), Munich.
Dutch Peasant. 4 x 5 200

HÉBERT (Antoine Auguste Ernest), Paris.
Madonna and Child. 11 x 16 950

HENNER (Jean Jacques), Paris.
Sleeping Nymph. 26 x 16 2,075
Repose. 36 x 27 3,100
Fabiola. 13 x 16½ 4,100
La Source. 28 x 39 10,100

HERVIER (Adolphe Louis), Paris.
Kitchen Interior. 12 x 14 475

HOGUET (Charles), deceased, Berlin.
Landscape. 5 x 7 200

JACQUES (Charles Emile), Paris.
Shepherdess and Sheep. 17 x 23 1,850

JACQUET (J. G.), Paris.
Susanne. 36 x 54 1,075

JIMINEZ (Jose-y-Aranda), Paris.
Interesting News. 27 x 22 4,100
Gossip. 27 x 19 4,000

KAEMMERER (Fréderic Henri), Paris.
Toast to the Bride. 42 x 29 4,100

KNAUS (Professor Ludwig), Berlin.
A Farmer's Daughter. 9 x 7 2,300
A Young Satyr. 10 x 8 3,150
St. Martin's Day. 16 x 21 5,700
The Hunter's Repast. 19 x 24 16,400
The Country-Store. 30 x 25 10,400

KNIGHT (Daniel Ridgeway), Paris.
Noonday Repast. 25 x 20 1,350

KOEK-KOEK (Barend-Cornelis), deceased, Amsterdam.
Winter in Holland. 28 x 23 1,875

KOWALSKI (Alfred Wieruz), Paris.
Hunting. 40 x 31 2,225

LEFEBVRE (Jules Joseph), Paris.
Sappho. 45 x 78 4,500

LHERMITTE (L.), Paris.
Spinning. 14½ x 18 1,000

LELOIR (Louis Alexandre), deceased, Paris.
Three Stages of Life (water-color). 13 x 11 1,900

LEROUX (Hector), Paris.
Sleeping Vestal. 27 x 54 1,675

LYMAN (Joseph, Jr.), New York.
Waiting for the Tide. 31 x 36 1,550

LÖFFTZ (Ludwig), Munich.
Money-Changers. 39 x 31 4,100

MARIS (Matthew), London.
The Trysting Place. 17 x 13 925
Village in Holland. 13 x 10 675

MEISSONIER (Jean Louis Ernest), Paris.
In the Library. 12 x 18 16,525
A Standard-Bearer. 10 x 14 15,000
The Vidette, 1812. 20 x 17 15,000

MEISSONIER (Charles), Paris.
The Musician. 12 x 17 ..... $1,300
MERLE (Hughes), deceased, Paris.
St. Elizabeth of Hungary. 18 x 22..... 725
METTLING (Louis), Paris.
Domestic Interior. 30 x 25..... 800
Street-Sweeper at Lunch. 17 x 14..... 875
MEYER (Johann Georg), Berlin.
Gathering Wild Flowers, 22 x 11..... 2,100
The Wonder-Book. 6 x 7..... 925
Bread-and-Milk. 9 x 11..... 2,100
Return from the Vintage. 23 x 43..... 3,700
The Lesson. 10 x 14..... 2,025
Decorating the Shrine. 16 x 20..... 2,550
Woman's Head. 6 x 9..... 1,000
Evening Prayers. 15 x 20..... 2,700
MILLER (Francis), New York.
Return of the Fishing Boats. 13 x 16..... 250
MILLET (Jean François), deceased, Paris.
Shepherdess and Sheep.—Pastel. 10 x 15..... 1,525
Gathering Apples. 11 x 14..... 2,575
The Wool-Carder. 14 x 17..... 3,650
Feeding Poultry. 14 x 17..... 4,000
Dressing Flax. 17 x 21..... 4,975
The Churner. 14 x 22..... 8,100
Gathering Beans. 12 x 15..... 6,300
Wood-Cutters. 25 x 32..... 5,000
Woman in Kitchen. 3 x 4½..... 650
The Spaders. 38 x 30..... 3,800
The Spinner. 28 x 36..... 14,000
MONTICELLI, Paris.
A Garden-Party. 30 x 17..... 450
Adoration of the Magi. 25 x 13..... 1,300
NEUHUYS (Albert), The Hague.
The Reading-Lesson. 13 x 18..... 725
NICOL (Erskine), A. R. A., London.
Bachelor Life. 23 x 17..... 2,025
Pills for the Saxon. 27 x 19..... 2,500
PASINI (Alberto), Paris.
Court-Yard in Constantinople. 7 x 9..... 1,025
Barracks at Constantinople. 31 x 25..... 2,300
PASSINI (Ludwig), Vienna.
Young Girl of Venice (water color). 13 x 17..... 1,650
PELEZ (Fernand), Paris,
Without a Home. 26 x 36..... 2,100
PERRAULT (Léon), Paris.
A Young Gleaner. 36 x 50..... 2,500
A Flower Girl. 31 x 44..... 3,000
PIOT (Adolphe), Paris.
Adoration. 17 x 21..... 1,300
The Young Wanderer. 34 x 51..... 2,850
POKITONOW (J.), Paris.
Landscape. 12 x 7½..... 875
RÉNOUF (Émile), Paris.
Repairing the Old Boat. 80 x 56..... 5,050
RENTAL (Max), Munich.
Norwegian Fisher's Dance. 41 x 30..... 1,750
RICHET (Léon), Paris.
Coming from Labor. 32 x 24..... 1,025
ROBIE (Jean Baptiste), Paris.
Flowers and Strawberries. 20 x 28..... 2,100
ROUSSEAU (Théodore), deceased, Paris.
Landscape and Cottages. 12 x 8..... 3,300
A Waterfall. 13 x 8..... 1,100
St. Michael's Mount. 13 x 9..... 3,650
A Quiet Pool. 10 x 8..... 4,500
Landscape. 11 x 8..... 5,100
Le Monticule "Jean De Paris."—Autumn in the Forest of Fontainebleau. 20 x 25..... 9,700
Twilight. 24 x 16..... 15,500
ROYBET (Ferdinand), Paris.
Return from the Chase. 26 x 36..... $2,000
The Connoisseurs. 26 x 32..... 3,000
RYDER (A. P.), New York.
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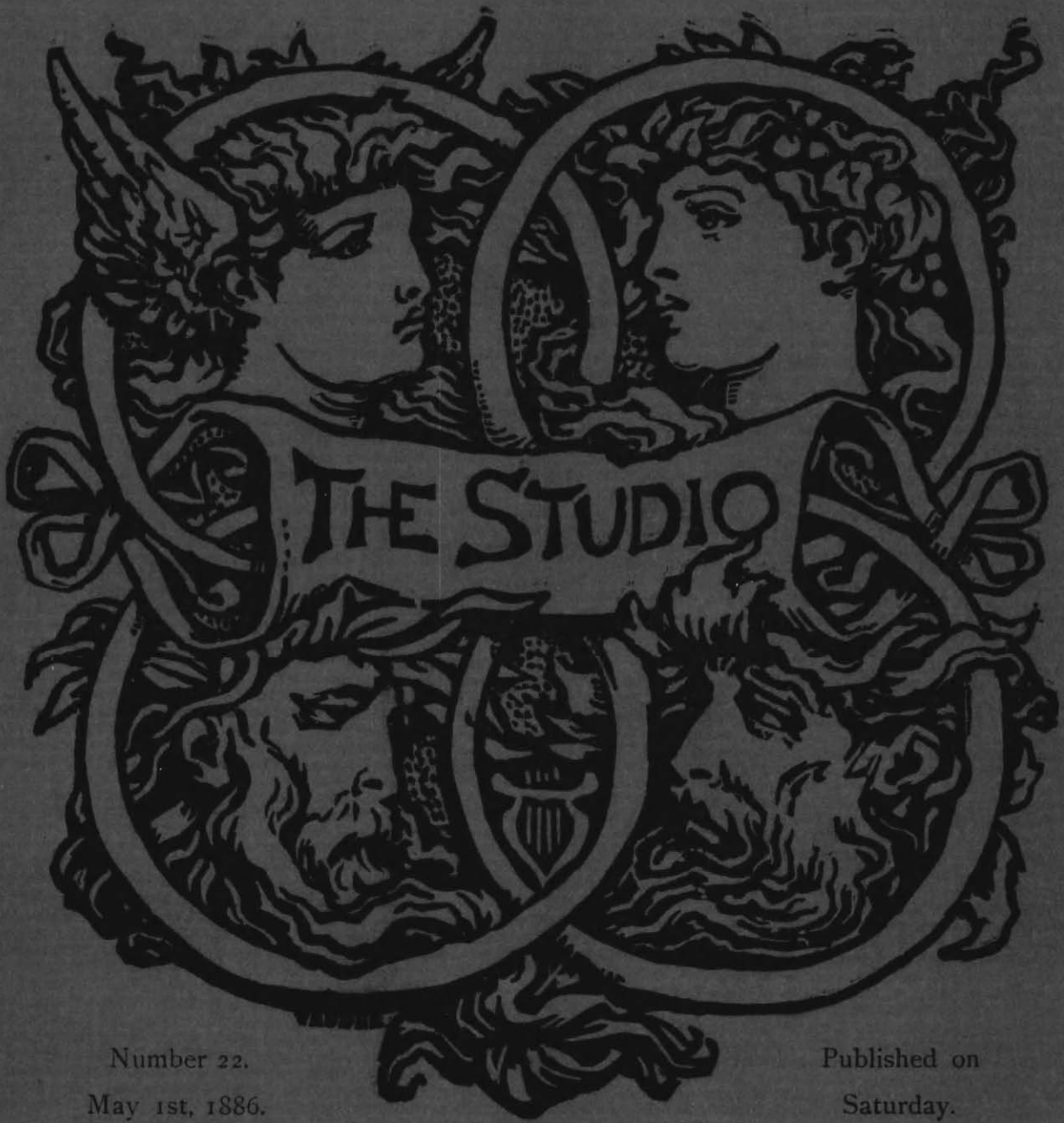
A Journal devoted to the Fine Arts.



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May 1st, 1886.

Published on
Saturday.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF

THE STUDIO.

The next two numbers of THE STUDIO, to be published

No. 23, Saturday, May 15,

No. 24, Saturday, May 29,

will complete the First Volume of the New Series, and a

NEW VOLUME

will begin with the number to be published,

July 3d.

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The new volume will be illustrated, and every effort will be made to supply the fullest news of the art-world at home and abroad. The editor respectfully asks for the friendly assistance in his enterprise of those who are interested in Art and from all who, judging from its past, think the journal worthy of encouragement.

THE EDITOR OF THE STUDIO.

The Studio.

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NEW YORK, MAY 1ST, 1886.

THE CLARKE AND HALLGARTEN PRIZES.

THE Meeting of Exhibitors at the present, the sixty-first, Exhibition of the Academy of Design, was held in the Library of the Academy, on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 21st, and the following pictures obtained the prizes:

The Clarke Prize of $300 was awarded to Mr. Walter Satterlee for his picture, "A Winter Watering Place," No. 495 of the Catalogue.

The first Hallgarten Prize of $300 was awarded to Mr. Percy Moran for his picture, "Divided Attention," No. 182 of the Catalogue.

The second Hallgarten Prize of $200 was awarded to Mr. W. A. Coffin for his picture, "Moonlight in Harvest," No. 479 of the Catalogue.

The third Hallgarten Prize of $100 was awarded to Mr. Irving R. Wiles for his picture, "The Corner Table," No. 782 of the Catalogue.

It is extremely difficult to express the amazement excited by such awards as these: Mr. Coffin's being the only picture in the lot which is entitled to respectful consideration, whether the judgment be left to artists or to laymen. The result of this election must be exceedingly mortifying to Mr. Clarke, and the friends of Mr. Hallgarten ought to feel annoyed that his well-meant efforts to encourage good painting should have been twisted to the distinct encouragement of bad painting as shown in the pictures of Messrs Percy Moran and Mr. Irving R. Wiles. Last year, out of the five pictures taking these prizes, two were good—Mr. Francis C. Jones' and Mr. Dennis M. Bunker's—but this year, there is only one that can be praised at all, Mr. Coffin's; and that is not very successful, though the artist's aim was a serious one, and he has worked hard to reach it.

Mr. Satterlee is as poor a painter as we have: he really has no skill in painting whatever, but we do not remember another picture by him so poor as this. A young mother who looks as if she had been put together in sections, or as if the anatomy provided for her were a misfit, is engaged in giving her baby a bath in a tub several sizes too small for it, and has increased the uncomfortable look of the performance by putting the tub on a table. To keep the child from noticing how he is treated, its distorted mother is squeezing the sponge above its head, and calling its attention to the water as it drops down. A young mother giving her baby its bath, will always be a very pretty motive for a picture, and there are painters in plenty who could make it pretty to look at, as well. But the mother is not pretty, and certainly the child is not, and Mr. Satterlee has shirked the most difficult point by turning the baby's back to us, whereas we had a plain right to see its face and know for ourselves whether it is looking as pleased as it should be at the mimic shower. But, why discuss a picture that has not a single good point? It was inevitable that, in the face of such an award, there should be rumors of "management" on the part of the artist, and of favoritism on the part of his pupils. But, without imputing wrong-doing to anybody, we have the proof, in the picture itself, that a bad state of things exists, when an artist's teachings can mislead his pupils to the extent of making them think such painting as this worthy of reward. It might not be a bad move to forbid an artist's pupils voting for him at all! But, there would be sure to be some way found for defeating the right. If an artist's pupils should be cut out, there would remain his uncles, and his cousins, and his aunts.

Mr. Percy Moran's "Divided Attention" is only superficially better than Mr. Satterlee's pic-

ture. Mr. Percy Moran has a more artistic temperament and a lighter touch, but his workmanship has no substantial quality, he says the idlest nothings in the flimsiest way. To get a passing, sketchy effect is all he seems to be after: as soon as we approach, and look more closely, we find nothing to reward us in the details, nor in the way they are painted. No wonder the child in this picture finds her attention drawn to the object on the floor, because neither she nor we can tell for a certainty what it is meant for. She has to lie where she is, however, for with such a pair of feet—we suppose them to be feet—she cannot stand up to investigate the phenomenon. If the child's feet are good for nothing, the older girls are good for too much, so far as avoirdupois goes. But, we might run over the whole canvas without finding anything better done than these things. Such work is unworthy of serious consideration. To give it a first prize is to assert the incompetence of the tribunal, and to laugh at the public.

A person who knew Millet very well, tells us that it was one of his ambitions to paint a perfectly dark night, without moon or star. It is possible he might have succeeded, if he had tried, but it is questionable whether success would have been worth gaining. It would seem as if the pictorial effect must have turned out to be nothing at all. We would allow a man to paint total darkness if he pleased, provided, only, he allowed us light enough to see the darkness by. This is what Mr. Coffin has compromised upon, and, as a curiosity, his picture has a certain success; but we cannot think it deserved a prize. It has been suggested that the vote was intended to rebuke the hanging so good a picture over the door. It is needless to say that such considerations should not be allowed any weight, and founding our judgment upon nothing more than the character of the man implied in the seriousness of his subject and the earnestness with which it is painted, we doubt if Mr. Coffin would wish the award to depend upon such a point. The artist undertook to paint an impossibility: more than that, a subject unfitted for the purposes of art. He failed, and it is no reason for rewarding him, that he tried his best to do what he should not have tried to do at all.

Last year THE STUDIO had some good words for Mr. Irving R. Wiles, but, this year, it is impossible to praise him. In his picture, a young woman has come into a restaurant and having secured a table in the corner, and tipped-up the chair opposite her own to retain the place for a friend, is taking off her gloves, and preparing for a good time. The only thing in the girl's favor is that, her face being made up of the crudest angles, she has attired herself in a way to bring out all her points. She looks like a demonstration in geometry. Or, she suggests a chicken's wishing-bone, such as children dress up for a doll, with a bit of sealing-wax pinched for a face, a flat button from papa's old overcoat for a hat, adorned with a feather from the pillow. No grace, no prettiness, much less any beauty, no interesting character, no taste; and, in the details, no sign whatever of the artist's having taken pleasure in anything — table-cloth, glasses, water-bottle — where is the artist-touch, the artist-eye?

We admit the difficulty of selection in an exhibition so wanting in character as the present. Still, we are sure that if the choice had been left to the whole public, the award would have been more reasonable. For one thing it would appear from the report in the *Herald*, April 22d, that the exhibitors as a body took but small interest in the voting. Out of the hundreds whose names are in the catalogue there would seem to have been less than a hundred voters present at the Academy on ballotting-day. Eighty-four votes were cast for the Clarke prize, out of which Mr. Satterlee received twenty-eight, and when it came to voting for the third Hallgarten prize, out of sixty-one votes cast, Mr. Wiles received twenty-one. This does not look as if much interest were taken in the matter. The reason we believe to lie in the low standard of the Academy itself, which, by admitting to the walls almost everything that presents itself, collects a crowd of canvases the greater part of which must, in the very nature of the case, be of poor quality, and, so, nothing done for the education of the public. But, when we look about and see the work of the academicians themselves, as here exhibited, we do not wonder so much at the general shortcomings.

M. THÉODORE DURET ON THE IMPRESSIONISTS.

[We translate what we find about a few of the lesser known Impressionists—lesser known on this side the water—in a little pamphlet of thirty-five pages written by Mr. Théodore Duret. He speaks as a warm admirer of these artists, and yet with moderation. The introduction to the pamphlet was printed in the Catalogue of the Exhibition held at the Art Association Rooms.—ED. STUDIO.]

CLAUDE MONET.

Monet (Claude Oscar) born at Paris, November 14th, 1840.

Exhibited in the Salons of 1865, 66, 68. Was rejected at the Salons of 1867, 69, 70. Has exhibited at the three exhibitions of the Impressionists, on the Boulevard des Capucines in 1874, at M. Durand-Ruel's in 1876, and in the Rue Le Peletier in 1877.

If the word "Impressionist" has hit the mark, and has been definitely accepted to designate a certain group of painters, there is no doubt that it was the peculiarities of Claude Monet's way of painting which first suggested it. Monet is the head and leader of the Impressionists. This artist has succeeded in fixing those fugitive impressions which the painters who preceded him had either neglected, or had considered it impossible to paint. The thousand delicate tints of river or ocean, the play of light in the clouds, the dazzling colors of flowers, and the dappled reflections of the foliage under the rays of a burning sun, have been seized by him in all their truth. By no longer painting the landscape as a motionless and unchanging thing, but showing it to us as it looks under the fleeting effects which the changes of the atmosphere produce, Monet causes the scene he paints to thrill us with lively and moving sensations. His canvases really communicate impressions; one may say that his snow chills us, and that his pictures painted in full light, warm us and sun us.

At first, Claude Monet attracted attention by his painting of the figure. His "Green Woman" (*Femme Verte*) now belonging to M. Arsène Houssaye, had made a sensation when exhibited in the Salon of 1865, and people were pleased then to prophesy for the artist a career something like that of M. Carolus Duran. Since then, however, Monet has neglected the figure, and it no longer plays an important part in his work. He has given himself up almost entirely, to study in the open air, and to landscape.

Monet is not in the least attracted to rustic scenes; you never see barren fields on his canvases, nor will you find there, oxen or sheep, still less, peasants. The artist is drawn toward a park-like nature, and a cultivated landscape. He paints by preference, gardens filled with flowers, lawns, and shrubberies.

But it is the water that he paints, chiefly. Monet is easily first among the painters of water. In old-time landscapes, water was painted in a fixed and unvarying manner with its "color of water," and introduced solely as a mirror to reflect things. In the work of Monet, it no longer has one constant color peculiar to itself, it takes on an infinite variety of appearances, according to the condition of the atmosphere, the nature of its bottom, or the soil that it carries along with it; it is limpid, opaque; calm, agitated; it hurries, or it sleeps—just as the liquid surface happens to look when the artist plants his easel by its shore.

SISLEY.

Sisley (Alfred) born at Paris, October 30th, 1840, of English parents. Began to paint, 1860, in the studio of Gleyre. Exhibited in the Salons of 1866, '68, '70. Was refused at the Salon of 1869. Has exhibited at the three exhibitions of the Impressionists.

In Sisley's pictures we find ourselves in the presence of a gay and smiling nature. This artist does not belong to the melancholy tribe; he is a man of a cheerful humor, contented with life, and who takes long stretching walks in the country just for the pleasure of being in the open air.

Sisley is perhaps less bold than Monet, and does not, it may be, surprise us as often; but, on the other hand, he never leaves his work half way, as sometimes happens to Monet, trying to render effects so fugitive that there is not time to seize them. Sisley's canvases are small, as a rule—about like those of Corot and Jongkind—and it is impossible to express the contempt the public has for them.

It is certain, nevertheless, that Sisley would have been long ago accepted by the public if he had only applied his skill to doing what others had done before him. But, if he shows so much relationship to them as is implied in a similarity of touch and in the shape of his canvases, he is, for all that, independent of them in his feeling for nature and in his way of interpreting her. It is by his color that he is an Impressionist. As I write this, I have before me a picture by Sisley, a view of Noisy-le-Grand, and, oh, horror! What do I see there but that lilac tone which, just by itself, has more power to stir the public bile than all the other offences attributed to the Impressionists put together. The sky is clouded, and the light, sifted as it were through the clouds, throws over everything a tone of lilac-violet gray. The shadows are light and transparent. The picture is painted directly from nature, and the effect which the artist has reproduced is certainly true to the facts. But it is also certain that the artist has made no account of accepted methods. If he had painted the old houses of the village with earthy browns, if he had made his shadows black and opaque in order to obtain a violent opposition to his lights, he would have been true to traditional principles, and he would have been praised by everybody! And, foolish fellow! why didn't he do it? It is much easier to paint in the old way, than to torment one's self with securing delicate and shaded tones, as chance may throw them in one's way.

C. PISSARRO.

Camille Jacob Pissarro, was born July 10th, 1830, at St. Thomas, a Danish colony, of French parents. He was sent to France to be educated, and afterward returned to the Antilles, where he began to paint. He returned to Paris in 1855. Has exhibited in the Salons of 1859, '66, '68 '69 and '70. Was refused several times, notably in 1863, the year in which he exhibited in the Salon of the Rejected. Has exhibited in three exhibitions of the Impressionists.

Among the Impressionists, Pissarro is he in whose work we find most forcibly presented the point-of-view of the purely naturalistic painters. Pissarro sees nature in simplifying her; he tries to seize her permanent aspects. He is the painter of the uncultivated landscape, of the open country-side. He paints, in a solid fashion, the ploughed fields, or covered with their crops; the trees in blossom, or, stripped in winter; the highways with trimmed

elms, and the hedges which border them; rustic roads which hide themselves under tufted trees. He loves village houses, with the gardens around them, farm-yards with the working-animals, ponds where ducks and geese paddle. The figure he introduces, is by preference, the rude laborer and the horny-handed son-of-toil.

Pissarro's canvases, give the sensation of space and solitude in the highest degree; we feel a little melancholy in looking at them.

It is true that they will tell you, Pissarro has commited unpardonable crimes against taste. Just imagine! He has lowered himself so far as to paint cabbages and lettuces, I believe even artichokes! Yes, painting the houses of certain villages, he has painted the kitchen-gardens which belonged to them; in those gardens were cabbages and lettuces, and he has reproduced them, like the rest, on the canvas. Now, for the partisans of "high art," there is in such a fact "something degrading," "an attempt upon the dignity of painting," "something which shows the artist has vulgar tastes," "a complete neglect of the ideal," "an absolute failure of high aspirations," and all this, and all that.

It will be, however, well to agree, once for all, as to this expression, "high art." If one designates by that, a certain epoch of Italian art which corresponds in the art of painting to the epic period in the domain of literature—yes, the epithet, "high art," can be applied especially to that art. But, if you understand by it simply the repetition, at subsequent epochs, and even down to our times, of old Italian forms, by traditional processes of the schools, we must on the contrary, not only refuse to such productions the epithet of "high art;" we must refuse to call them works of art at all. These are pure patchwork, imitations, clever copies, things without life and without value.

Art ought never to isolate itself from life, and it cannot be understood, separate from a personal and spontaneous sentiment. Now, art, understood thus, embraces all manifestations of life, all that nature contains. Nothing is noble or low in itself, and the artist, according to his aspirations or caprice, has the right to let his eyes take in all parts of the visible world, to reproduce them on his canvas. Here comes in the question of times and circumstances. While the artist is living, and his merit disputed, the high and mighty people, if he take them to the cabaret or the vegetable-garden, are disdainful and offended. "Take away these clowns," said Louis XIV., speaking of Teniers' "Drinkers." Louis XVI., on the contrary, passionately collected these "Drinkers." For the one monarch, the pictures came from the hands of a living and a disputed artist; for the other, these were due to some one dead and consecrate, who could be reproached with nothing. Who thinks of complaining that Rubens, in his "Kermesse," makes his Flemish commit all the incongruities which follow the abuse of eating and drinking? When Millet painted his picture "November"—a simple field freshly ploughed—the public passed by without looking, and the critics, for the most part, found the picture too boorish and vulgar; to-day, if they wish to give an idea of the naively-grand genius of Millet, it is this picture they cite in preference. When the cabbages and lettuce of the garden of Pissarro have grown old, they will discover in them, too, style and poetry.

RENOIR.

Auguste Pierre Renoir, born at Limoges February 25th, 1841. Pupil of Gleyre. Has exhibited in the Salons of 1864, '65, '68, '69, '70 and '78. Was refused at the Salons of 1873 and '75. Has exhibited in three of the exhibitions of the Impressionists.

Renoir as opposed to Monet, Sisley and Pissarro, is, above all, a painter of figures, the landscape in his work is but an accessory part.

Renoir has painted canvases important by their dimensions, which have shown that he was capable of undertaking and vanquishing great difficulties of execution, such as his "Bal à Montmartre," exhibited in 1877 in the Rue Le Peletier; but above all his "Amazone galoppant dans un parc," owned to-day by M. Rouard. Renoir assembles on the canvas, persons of life-size, generally reproduced at half-length, whom he makes read and converse together, or places in a box listening to the opera. It is something like genre-painting developed, and freed from its restricted proportions.

Renoir excels in portraiture. Not only does he seize exterior traits, but, looking through these, he fixes the character and the intimate personality of the model. I doubt if any painter has ever interpreted woman in a more ravishing manner. The light and rapid brush of Renoir gives grace, suppleness, ease; renders the flesh transparent, colors lips and cheeks a brilliant carnation. The women in Renoir's pictures are enchantresses. If you own one, she will be the person on whom you cast the last look on going out, and the first on entering. She will take her place in your life. You will make a mistress of her. But what a mistress! Always gentle, gay, smiling, having no need of dresses or bonnets, knowing how to do without jewelry; the true ideal woman.

BERTHE MORIZOT.

Mme. Berthe Morizot was born at Bruges. She has exhibited in the Salons of 1864, '65, '66, '67, '68, '70, '72 and '73. She has also taken part in three exhibitions of the Impressionists.

Mme. Morizot's painting is truly womanly, but without the dryness and timidity that the artists of her sex are generally credited with.

The colors on Mme. Morizot's canvases have a delicacy, a velvety softness, a mellowness, all their own. The whites are broken by reflections which lead to tea-rose or ashen gray; carmine passes insensibly into the tint of the peach; the green of the foliage takes all the dark tones and all the pale. The artist finishes her pictures by giving here and there over the back ground light touches of the brush; it is as if she scattered the leaves of flowers.

For the "cits," her pictures are hardly more than sketches, they are not finished. But if you look at them

and seize the whole, you will find them full of atmosphere.

The beings that Mme. Morizot places in her landscapes or her interiors are distinguished and sympathetic; sometimes a little fragile, and as if fatigued with standing up.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM AND HIS CRITICS.

WE find the following amusing paragraph in the *New York Times* of Sunday, March 21:

"There is one man in New York who is glad of the bad name brought upon the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and argues that abuse of himself and the methods of its management has done it good. He writes to Mr. Brearley, of Detroit, who is organizing a local museum of art: 'This museum is still a very young institution, but it is far greater and stronger than any similar institution ever was at the same age, and its reputation and recognition are world-wide. At home it is a perpetual school of instruction, and abroad it is looked upon as authority in many branches. The request for copies, casts, photographs, and the like, and application to come here to study, are every-day affairs. During the time that opposition had to be met by active time-and-money-consuming struggle, it seemed very hard and very disheartening; but now that we feel that we can afford to stay quiet while slander and opposition do their worst, we look upon the latter as on the whole a beneficial stimulus. Upon one thing depends your comfort—every particle of opposition presupposes, or at least proves, that your work is an influential and a good one, and is recognized as such by the envious.'"

Since "General" di Cesnola and his "aides" find the situation so satisfactory, they will allow us to contribute something more for their comfort. We hope they may find "a beneficial stimulus" in the following letters, and in the extract from a journal whose respectability and conservatism even they will hardly call in question.

Letter from Col. Falk-Warren, Chief Secretary of the British Commission in Cyprus. The letter is postmarked Larnaca, Jan. 22. The italics are Col. Warren's own:

"NIKOSIA, CYPRUS.

"DEAR SIR:—I beg to thank you very much for your letter of 18th Dec., and for the copies of newspapers which you have been good enough to send me from time to time.

"I did not intend to reply to the letter which appeared in the —— of 5 Dec., and I have not, up to the present, taken any notice of it. Why should I? It is quite unnecessary that I should remark on the extravagancies of the 'Phantom of Curium,' who makes personal attacks with a manifest intention, by dragging a red herring across the line, to draw public attention from the main issue.

"The discoveries and publications of Cesnola are works which take the first place among the archæological records of Cyprus; and if those who follow Cesnola's footsteps find discrepancies and mistakes in those records, it appears to me to be good for science generally, and for Cesnola in particular, that these discrepancies and mistakes should be pointed out while the author of the work is alive to explain and determine the facts.

"To deny the value of Cesnola's works would be folly. The splendid collection he made is and always will be one of the great glories of archæological research, but that there are unaccountable mistakes in his writings I submit with all deference, and I ask that the matter may be inquired into and examined in a cool and unprejudiced manner.

As far as I can see, after a careful investigation, *there are no Treasure-Chambers under the mosaic at Kurium.* That is my present opinion, but I am still prepared to expend time and money in further excavations on that spot if General Cesnola will assure me that he did find the Treasure-Chambers under the mosaic, as described by him in his work. The spot he describes can be identified beyond all question.

"Later investigations made near Kurium have resulted in the discovery of Tombs in the plain south of the Temple of Apollo Hylates, which appear to answer the description of the so-called Treasure-Chambers, and it was from these Tombs that men (who were employed by Cesnola) declare that some of the most valuable gold relics were obtained. This is the very spot indicated by me in my first letters, and the question arises: Did not Cesnola mix up the identity of the places?

"Being here on the spot, as it were, I am still willing and ready to undertake further exploration at Kurium, on the site of the mosaic, if Cesnola will still maintain that Treasure-Chambers did, and

do, exist underneath, as stated by him in his book 'Cyprus, its Cities, Tombs and Temples.'

"Yours very truly,

"(Signed) FALK-WARREN.

"*P. S.*—You are at perfect liberty to make use of this letter."

Letter from Dr. Ferdinand Dümmler, Member of the German Archæological Institute. Translated :

"HALLE, 7, 1, 1886.

"DEAR SIR :—I am much obliged for all you have sent me from New York. I have only just got back from Greece and am overwhelmed with work. Even had I more time at my disposal, however, I would take no part in this newspaper war. The facts which have been brought forward to disprove Cesnola's credibility remain. They cannot be got rid of either by ignoring them, or by personal attacks upon those who have published them.

"So far as the scientific value of Cesnola's statements is concerned, that will appear when I have occasion once more to examine the mistakes in his book in the report of my expedition, soon to be published (in April) in the Communications of the German Archæological Institute in Athens. When it appears, I will send it to you.

"Whatever Cesnola's friends may say in the newspapers in the meantime, cannot affect the truth. They are but paid creatures, who dare not even put their names to the silly and malicious gossip they publish, as, by so doing, they would at once discredit all they say. Such friends as these are more injurious to Cesnola than his open enemies, and one may quietly let them do whatever they please.

"I am with great respect

"Yours,

"(Signed) DR. FERDINAND DÜMMLER."

From the April number of the *Magazine of Art*, Cassell & Co. :

"The annual report of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, judging from the extracts given in the newspapers, is a most unfortunate document, to say the least. No one ignores the fact that the gentlemen who have interested themselves in the Museum have given generously towards its establishment and maintenance, and no one is ungrateful for the benefits thus conferred upon the public, however severely and justly the management of the institution may have been criticized. But the gift loses all value from the manner in which it is conferred, and the tone which the trustees assume will soon make it impossible for persons having a sense of honor to enter the premises which they occupy, except perhaps on pay-days. As to these premises which the Trustees threaten to leave for a building of their own, has it been forgotten that the cost of the structure, with the value of the ground, and the yearly appropriation for maintenance, is certainly quite as great as that of the probably over-estimated collections which they contain ? And is not the city justified, therefore, in claiming a public character for the institution upon which it has expended so much money ? However, it is useless to argue such questions. But the sad feeling remains which is caused by the spectacle of what might have been a great and useful educational instrument, reduced by obstinacy, pride and narrowness to the condition of a museum of curiosities, practically barred against those who most long to use it, and turned from a blessing into a cause of strife and heartburning. Under these circumstances, the sooner the Trustees get into a building of their own, the better. Possibly they will then find out what it means to maintain a museum by admission fees."

MR. HOLMAN HUNT ON BROWNING.

[We find the following in the Papers of the Browning Society. It was read at the meeting held on Friday, February 23d, 1883, W. Holman Hunt, Esq., in the Chair. One need neither believe in Mr. Hunt's art, like it, nor even care for it, to enjoy this page of reminiscence.—ED. STUDIO.]

"The Chairman noticed that many people imagined that Shakespeare, in his youth, had followed many different professions. It was thought that he was a lawyer, physician, butcher, wool-stapler—and some even imagined him to be the Lord High Chancellor of England. It was in this spirit they acted in assuming that Robert Browning was more especially a poet for, and of, painters and musicians. He was bound to admit that there were strong reasons for his taking the chair that night. When first asked to fill that position he thought he had no reason for doing so, and was disposed to ask his friends to find some other gentleman. But on re-

flection he found that in one respect he was entitled to preside at this meeting, and that was, that of all admirers of Browning, he was the first among painters who had studied him, and received inspiration from him. This he could not have said a twelvemonth since, for then lived the painter who was his predecessor in the study of the poet. He would, without intentional egotism, explain his own introduction to the enjoyment of Browning's poems; but he had to indulge in further retrospect. Some thirty-five years ago there was another poet who was not then nearly so well known as now—he referred to Keats. But he could boast that he was the first who had painted from Keats. When he exhibited his picture he was astonished at the number of people who had not heard of Keats—but then, at that time, Lord Houghton's "Life and Letters" had not appeared, and there was no edition of the poet's works but the old ones. On the opening of the Academy, a student came to him, and for Keats' sake, claimed that their acquaintance should ripen into friendship. This student was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. They had hardly ended their first conversation, when Rossetti asked him if he knew Browning. He confessed he did not. Quickly Rossetti lent him the paper-covered volume of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' and then 'Parcelsus.' The intimacy resulted in Rossetti working together with him in his new studio. It was as dreary a room to the eye as any room they might find on the first floor of a house overlooking the back of a London block of houses; but to them it was peopled with heroes, and was full of enchantments of all kinds. Kings, queens, ghosts, heroes —when the magic music rolled, all came at their bidding. Rossetti had a voice of the finest for recitation, and such a memory that it was unnecessary to take books down from the shelves. They discussed together the English and the Tuscan poets but there was no poet more honored by them than Browning. At that time Browning was not found in every house; few knew his name, but that made him the more welcome to them. Now, however, his works are found all over England. At that time he remembered a certain barrister, serjeant Thomas, who said that 'a great fuss had been made about one Browning, but it had all ended in smoke,' and that was then the general opinion. Since then, however, his reputation had grown and was still growing, and was now built on a sound and solid basis. Browning, in his artistic poems, dwells on the relations of life to natural scenes and sounds. The true artist, according to Browning, works in the faith that what he does is of great service and is divinely influenced. The true artist is inspired, he tells us, not from the teaching of others but from his own experience. It seemed to the Chairman that there was a profound inspiration in what might be taken as the idle word of the artist Gainsborough, who, when dying, said: 'We're all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.' It was a profound statement. It was Gainsborough's evident conviction that the artist's work was a religion, and that he had helped, as his chosen master Vandyke had done (to portray?—Ed. Studio) faithfully some new traits of the perfection of the God of Heaven———"

ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

ANNUAL REPORTS AND ELECTION.

THE Annual Meeting of the Art Students' League of New York was held in the rooms of the Society, 38 West 14th Street, on Tuesday, April 20th, at 8 P. M., to receive the annual reports, and for the election of the officers. The officers to serve during the coming year are:

President, Mr. C. R. Lamb; Vice-Presidents, Miss W. D. Hawley and Mr. H. B. Snell; Members of Board of Control, Miss F. H. Throop, Mr. H. E. Twining and Mr. F. S. Lamb.

These officers appoint the six other members of the Board, making twelve in all, who will have the direction of the school for the coming year.

The annual reports of the officers showed that the classes had opened on October 5th, and had been in session daily, from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. since that date. The classes now number 17, and consist of 5 Life, 2 Painting, 2 Head, 2 Antique, 2 Costume, with 1 Sketch, 1 Composition, 1 Artistic Anatomy and 1 Perspective. Their instructors are: Mr. Kenyon Cox (morning Life-Classes); Mr. Walter Shirlaw (afternoon Life-Class); Mr. Wm. Sartain (evening Life-Classes); Mr. Wm. M. Chase (Painting-Class); Mr. J. Alden Weir (1 Class for Painting, and 2 Classes for Drawing the Head); Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith and Mr. F. E. Scott (Antique-Classes); Mr. Thos. Eakins (Lectures on Anatomy and Perspective); and Mr. E. H. Blashfield (Composition-Class).

The number of students who have worked in the school during the year has been 475 (an increase

of 66 over the previous year), and the receipts have been more than $15,000 (an increase of $1,300 over the previous year).

THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE-ARTS.

THE Tenth Annual Report—for the year ending December 31, 1885—of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is received. The number of visitors has been :

Paid admissions, ...	17,549
Admissions on free days, . .	117,743
Free admissions on other days, including pupils of the school, .	38,024
Making a total of, .	173,316
The average number of visitors on Saturdays, . . .	1,006
On Sundays, ...	1,332

The financial condition of the Museum is not what its friends could wish, and the cry of the Trustees is not only for more money, but for more room. "When objects of interest are offered for exhibition, or as a gift, it has become difficult to decide where they can be placed. Wall-space and floor-space are full ; the store-rooms are crammed." But the Trustees still hope that the citizens of Boston will come to the aid of the Institution—a hope that shows commendable courage, when the apathy, not only of the citizens in general, but of the rich and cultivated citizens, is considered. One of the highest officers in the State Government, a man noted for his intelligence and liberality, and with the repute of being interested in art, said lately to the editor of THE STUDIO that he had never been inside the Museum. Yet the Museum well deserves to be visited, for it is the only institution in the country that is worthy of the name. And it is not creditable to the city of Boston, nor to her rich men, that an institution which is so faithfully and intelligently managed, should have to cry so despairingly for help, year after year.

The principal exhibition held in the Museum during the year was the Blackburn Collection of English Water-colors. It was very successful ; about 20,000 persons visited it during the first three weeks, and before it closed drawings of the value of more than $6,000 were sold.

ROUEN vs. NEW YORK.

APROPOS of the Morgan sale, the last number of the *Chronique des Arts*, March 20, gives a list of the principal pictures disposed of on that occasion, with the prices obtained, and follows it by an account of the auction sale at Rouen, of pictures by an artist named Court. Four pictures were sold ; two of them very large, and the result of the sale was eight francs—$1.75 ! against 1,255 francs for expenses—$251.00 ! Truly, as the editor remarks, "Rouen is not in America !"

OBITUARY.

HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON.

IN the death of Henry H. Richardson not only the profession of which he was so distinguished a member, but society, has sustained a serious loss. Considering how much his name has resounded in the public ear, here in America, it seems strange to read that his wide-spread reputation as an architect is not, in reality, ten years old, dating only from the building of Trinity Church in Boston : the first truly monumental structure, the first public building worthy of the name that was erected in this country. Mr. Richardson was later associated with Mr. Leopold Eidlitz on the Capitol at Albany, and his reputation has been constantly increased and made familiar in the country-at-large by library-buildings, hospitals, town-halls, and private houses, all of them bearing the marks of individual feeling and clear purpose, and, so, easily distinguished from the mass of perfunctory building which, here as everywhere, is the rule in modern architecture.

To claim originality for Mr. Richardson's work, to assert an era-making position for it, would be mistaken eulogy. Impossible in these days, as it would seem, for any man anywhere, it is impossible here at home to expect such a manifestation, where the very men who, by taste, education and professional training, are bound to be leaders, are the very ones who are most saturated with the past, and least able to put themselves outside what has been accomplished, or to shut their eyes to it. English architecture goes plodding on in certain well-defined ruts ; part of the profession bumps along, in Roman chariots, on the roads of the old Roman Itinerary ; part ambles along on mediæval sumpter-mules, surveying everything through an Early-English eye ; while the

another set sits peruked and ruffled, tapping an amber snuff-box in a Queen Anne sedan-chair. In France and Germany the same monotony prevails, but here, in cosmopolitan America, we scorn subservency to any one rule, and in our public buildings, as in our private houses, mix all styles, all freaks, and all fancies in an architectural salad.

Mr. Richardson's more masculine talent and severer taste made it impossible for him to fall as completely as many of his professional brethren have done into faults like these. He had a grand way with him, and with all his minute professional training was as independent of T squares and compasses as any builder of a Gothic Cathedral. He thought-out his buildings as a whole, and his trowel and mortar-board were the painter's palette and brushes. He had a devouring eloquence, and an enthusiasm that turned all heads—in these, and in more than these, resembling the late Wm. M. Hunt, and if, in the final summing up, it shall be found that he made a less valuable contribution to our actual achievements than contemporary admiration would have it, this praise will always remain, that he made good building at least possible, and certainly made us long more ardently for it.

It was impossible, as we have said, for Mr. Richardson, any more than for the rest, to escape from the past, nor did he seriously attempt it. He deliberately selected the style in the past that suited his taste, and tried to express what there was of Richardson and the nineteenth century, through that medium. With a large and ever growing practice, and the dependence that implied on the professional help of assistants, he inevitably fell into a mannerism of his own, and too much suggested, in every new adventure not alone his predecessors but himself. He did not worry the eye as so many lesser men do with odds and ends of details borrowed from every climate and every age, but there was more of this unreason in even his best work than could be wished. His own Trinity, with its windows, like a glass-stainer's pattern-book with designs all different and suited to every taste—for the selection of which he was not responsible, however—is too much an illustration of the eclecticism that ruled in the master's study, as it does in those of his scholars. The salvation, for him, lay in the spirit in which the work of his life was pursued, and in the lofty sincerity of his aim. He loved his work and he respected it. These are the first conditions, and these secured, the rest may follow, and architecture once more be a real thing. As a man, Richardson must ever be to his friends, a cheerful memory — his generosity, his hospitality to ideas, his warm heart, his freedom from all professional littleness, made him an honor to his country. We are proud of him as an American, and, for ourselves, we are glad to think of him as another gift of our own South, which has given us, in a different field, a Craddock, a Cable, a Stockton and a Harris, to make us forget the dullness of our northern skies.

MODERN PAINTINGS.

THE PRIVATE COLLECTIONS OF MR. BERIAH WALL AND MR. JOHN A. BROWN, OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, SOLD AT AUCTION ON THE EVENINGS OF MARCH 30th, AND 31st, AND APRIL 1st, AT CHICKERING HALL.

MR. THOMAS E. KIRBY, AUCTIONEER.

ANTIGNA (Jean Pierre Alexandre), deceased, Paris.	
Gamin. 13 x 6¼	$150
Study-Head. 19½ x 15	2,000
Peasant-Girl. 12 x 8½	280
Fisher-Girl. 32 x 14½	315
ATTENDU (Antoine Ferdinand), Paris.	
A Quiet Smoke. 3¼ x 3¼	50
AUBERT (Jean Ernest).	
After the Shower. 12¾ x 10½	200
BARTLETT (Truman H.)	
The Wounded Drummer-Boy (Statue in Bronze)..	285
BEARD (William H.), N. A., New York.	
Congress of Owls. 13¾ x 11¾	90
Surprised—Dog and Owl. 12 x 15	130
BELLY (Léon-Auguste-Adolphe), deceased, Paris.	
Moorish Ruins. 13¾ x 19½	270
BILLET (Pierre), Paris.	
The Beet-Pullers. 13 x 17½	460
BÖKS (Eugène), The Hague.	
La Fontaine's Fable—"The Miller, his Son and the Ass. 37 x 52	230
BOLLE (Mlle. Jeanne), Paris.	
The Young Entomologist. 20½ x 12½	140
BONHEUR, JULIETTE (Madame Peyrol), Paris.	
Landscape with Sheep (Rosa's Herd). 19 x 28½.	500
BONNAT (Léon-Joseph-Florentin, Paris.	
A Roman Peasant-Girl. 14 x 10	910
BONNINGTON (Richard Parkes), deceased, London.	
Writing a Letter. 8¼ x 6¼	75
Landscape. 7 x 15	65
BOUDIN (Eugène), Paris.	
Stranded Ships. 14¼ x 22½	215
The Harbor of Bordeaux. 19 x 29	245
BOUGHTON (George H.), N. A., and A. R. A., London.	
Breton Peasant-Girl. 18 x 20	235
BOUGUEREAU (William-Adolphe), Paris.	
The Little Mendicant. 47½ x 31	3,060
BRADFORD (William), A. N. A., New York.	
Sunset on the Coast of Labrador. 19 x 31	270
Morning in the Arctic Regions. 20 x 16	205
Evening in the Arctic Regions. 20 x 16	205

BRASCASSAT (Jacques-Raymond), deceased, Paris.
Horse in a Stall. 7¼ x 5½ $70
BRICHER (Albert T.), A. N. A., New York.
Damon Rocks. 26 x 50 300
Cushing Island. 24 x 20 150
Narragansett Beach. 20 x 41 300
BRISSOT DE WARVILLE (Félix-Saturnin), Paris.
Ox-teams Plowing a Field. 13½ x 17¾ 115
BROWN (George L.), Boston.
Entrance to Palermo — Mt. Pellegrino in the Distance. 36 x 62 580
BROWN (J. G.), N. A., New York.
The Village Belle. 21½ x 15½ 155
BROWN (John Lewis), Paris.
Horses at Pasture. 15½ x 12¼ 90
BURGERS (H. J.), Paris.
The Artist and her Subjects. 16 x 25 90
BUSSON (Charles), Paris.
Landscape with Sheep. 42 x 60 590
CALAME (Alexandre), deceased, Paris.
The Uri Rothstock—Lake Lucerne. 10 x 12 240
CASTRES (Edouard), Paris.
Performing Bears (Winter Scene). 5¼x9¼ 180
CHAIGNEAU (Ferdinand), Paris.
Early Evening—Shepherd and Sheep. 16½ x 13 205
CHAPLIN (Charles), Paris.
Ideal Peasant-Girl (after Boucher.) 11⅜ x 9½ ... 30
CHARDIN (Jean-Baptiste-Siméon), deceased, Paris.
Kitchen-Utensils. 12 x 15¼ 205
CHARLET (Franz), Paris.
Grenadier. 9¾ x 7 310
CHAVET (J. Victor), Paris.
News from the War. 11 x 9 140
CHENU (Fleury), deceased, Paris.
La Ferme en Hiver. 12¼ x 21 115
CLAYS (Paul-Jean), Brussels,
Group of Vessels in Harbor. 25 x 19 780
Marine. 23½ x 19½ 630
COMPTE-CALIX (François-Claudius), Paris.
Going to Market. 11½ x 9½ 105
COOMANS (Pierre-Olivier-Joseph), Paris.
Pompeian Interior—The Swing. 32½ x 28½ 625
COROT (Jean-Baptiste-Camille), deceased, Paris.
The Bridge. 9½ x 13½ 375
A Study in Brown. 8 x 6¼ 120
Landscape—Sunset, 19¾ x 25½ 550
Near Naples. 12 x 8¼ 305
Landscape—Bird's-Eye View. 4½ x 9 100
Landscape—A Dark Day. 12½ x 16 240
Paysage Britanique. 17½ x 28½ 1,525
River, Winding Through Sand Hills. 8½ x 13½ 180
Roman Landscape—View of Coliseum. 5 x 22 .. 1,000
View of Rouen. 16 x 28 1,280
The Glen—Sunset. 26 x 19 2,100
Bayou of the Seine. 19¼ x 29 2,475
Forest of Fontainebleau. 35½ x 51 5,500
COURBET (Gustave), deceased, Paris.
Lake at Dusk. 9¾ x 12¾ 155
The Gorge. 25¼ x 20½ 430
Head of a Peasant of Ornans. 18 x 14 200
COUTURE (Thomas), deceased, Paris.
A Gamin. 24 x 19½ 450
Bacchante. 48 x 36 1,300
CROPSEY (Jasper F.), N. A. New York.
Warwick Woodlands. 14 x 22 155
DAUBIGNY (Charles-François), deceased, Paris.
River-View. 9 x 16½ 410
River-Pastures. 17¾ x 26 690
A Still River. 10½ x 13½ 575
Fishermen's Huts. 11½ x 19½ $625
Spring Landscape. 12½ x 20½ 830
Landscape. 24 x 39 1,400
Landscape and Water. 9¾ x 17 780
After the Storm. 25 x 36 2,825
Apple-Trees in Blossom. 15 x 26½ 480
Landscape. 33 x 51 925
Village on the Lake—Sunset. 17 x 31½ 1,525
DAUBIGNY (Karl-Pierre), Paris.
Early Morning; Starting to Market. 16 x 26 300
DECAMPS (Alexandre-Gabriel), deceased, Paris.
Huts. 12 x 16 250
Bataille des Cimbres 8 x 14 390
The Good Samaritan. 18 x 25 1,350
DE DREUX (Alfred), deceased, Paris.
The Fox-Hunt. 10¾ x 17 105
DELACROIX (Fer'd-Victor Eugène), deceased, Paris.
Head—A Revolutionist of 1848. 17 x 14 1,600
The Iconoclasts. 12¾ x 9½ 160
Burial of Pompey. 14 x 17¾ 1,925
Massacre at Scio. 23¾ x 19¾ 2,250
DELAMAIN (Paul).
Arab Hawking Party. 17½ x 25¾ 550
At the Fountain. 31½ x 25½ 350
An Arab Inn, Algiers. 32 x 48 580
DELOBBE (François-Alfred), Paris.
Kitty's Breakfast. 24 x 21 300
DÉTAILLE (Jean-Baptiste-Edouard), Paris.
Red Hussar. 11 x 9 1,210
DIAZ (Narcisse-Virgile,-de-la-Peña), deceased, Paris.
Forest-Interior—Fontainebleau. 10¼ x 16 420
The Decameron. 7½ x 11½ 500
Flowers. 10¾ x 6¾ 500
Landscape. 12 x 16 360
The Bathers. 12¾ x 9½ 490
Studio-Interior. 13¾ x 10½ 1,100
Mother and Child. 10 x 8 890
Landscape. 15 x 20 1,875
La Sultane. 27½ x 33 2,775
DORÉ (Paul-Gustave), deceased. Paris.
The Gipsy Queen. 9½ x 6¼ 55
Pins Sauvages. 36½ x 29 750
DOUGHTY (Thomas), deceased, Philadelphia.
The Hudson River from West Point. 11 x 11 ... 95
DUPRÉ (Jules), Paris.
Landscape. 11½ x 15½ 425
Les Blanchisseuses. 8½ x 6½ 280
Fisherman's Cot. 15 x 19 875
DUPRÉ (Julien), Paris.
Peasant-Girl at Work in the Fields. 30 x 24 1,200
DUPRÉ (Léon-Victor), deceased, Paris.
Landscape. 10 x 18½ 220
ECHTLER (Adolphe).
Lost. 10 x 10 320
FAIVRE (Tony), Paris.
The Visit. 20 x 15½ 260
FEYEN-PERRIN (François Nicolas Augustin), Paris.
The Fisher-Girl. 10½ x 6½ 100
FICHEL (Eugène), Paris.
The Lunch. 5½ x 4 260
FILOSA (Giovanni B.)
The Picnic. 25 x 39 120
FONDEVILLA, Naples.
On the Beach. 8½ x 12½ 140
FORTUNY (Mariano), deceased, Rome.
Entrance to a Cave. 10¼ x 15½ 850
FRAGONARD (Alexander Evariste), deceased, Paris.
Head. 9¾ x 7 200
FRÈRE (Charles Théodore), Paris.
Street in Cairo. 7 x 5½ 60

Moorish Street-Scene. 13 x 8½ $175
Bazaar in Cairo. 7 x 5½. 85

FROMENTIN (Eugène), deceased, Paris.
Entrance to Algiers. 7 x 12¾ 360
Arabs Travelling. 14 x 17½ 1,950
Arab Falconers. 40 x 26 3,650

GABRIEL (Paul Joseph Constantin), Brussels.
Landscape. 12 x 19 120

GAUTIER (Albert-Clément Vallery), Paris,
A Study from Life. 9 x 7 15

GEETS (W.), Brussels.
The Lost Missal Replaced. 22 x 17 300

GÉRICAULT (Jean Louis André Théodore), deceased, Paris.
Cavalry-Charge. 7½ x 11½ 80
The Stable. 14 x 10¾ 860
Arms and Equipments. 13¾ x 14½ 230
Horses in a Stable. 15¼ x 18¼ 1,000

GIACOMOTTI (Félix-Henry), Paris.
A Picnic-Party. 12½ x 18 95

GIFFORD (Sandford R.), N. A., deceased, New York.
Sunset on the Juniata River, 9 x 16½ 400

GUDIN (Jean-Antoine-Théodore), Paris.
Marine View. 10 x 11 60
Sunrise on the Beach—Low Tide. 15½ x 20 110

GUILLEMET (Ernest), Paris.
Landscape. 18 x 24 270

HART (James M.), N. A., New York.
Landscape and Cattle. 22 x 37 245

HART (William), N. A., New York.
In the Adirondacks. 14 x 12 255
Summer. 14 x 12 255

HEADE (Martin J.), Washington, D. C.
Landscape—Pemigiwasset Intervale. 21 x 23 ... 130

HÉBERT (Antoine-Auguste-Ernest), Paris.
The Bosphorus, near Constantinople. 12 x 18 ... 210

HEREAU (Jules), deceased, Paris.
String-Team—Breaking down the Clods. 18x28½. 425
Sheep in Pasture—Springtime. 14¾ x 22¼ 145
At the Mouth of the Seine. 38¾ x 58¾ 680

HOMER (Winslow), N. A., New York.
"It Might Have Been." 15 x 23 ..... 147.50

HUMBERT (Ferdinand), Paris.
Head. 14 x 11¼ 265

HUNT (William Morris), deceased, Boston.
A River-Landscape. 28½ x 35¼ 400
Meditation. 23 x 19 370

INNESS (George), N. A., New York.
Landscape. 12 x 18 275
Summer in the Catskills. 12½ x 18½ 375

IRVING (J. Beaufain), N. A., deceased, New York.
A Cavalier. 14 x 11 500

ISABEY (Louis-Gabriel-Eugène), Paris.
Going to Church. 21¾ x 18 825
Coast of Brittany. 11 x 17¾ 465
Coast of Brittany. 16 x 23¼ 650

ITTENBACH (Franz), deceased, Berlin.
Christ and the Woman of Samaria. 11 x 8½ 105

JACOBSON (S.)
Winter in North Germany. 41 x 60 300

JACQUE (Charles Émile), Paris.
Barnyard with Fowls. 20 x 17 400
Under the Oak—Landscape with Sheep. 32 x 26. 1,550
Autumn Woods—Shepherd and Sheep. 30 x 41 ... 3,000

JAQUET (Jean Gustave), Paris.
Ideal Head. 9½ x 12¾ 380

JOHNSON (David), N. A., New York.
Landscape. 12 x 15 370

JONGKIND (Johann Barthold), Paris.
The American Ship *Canada* at Honfleur. 13 x 18¼ $375
Landscape. 11¼ x 17 230

JOURDAN (Adolphe), Paris.
A Reverie. 40 x 32 725

KIESEL (Conrad).
The Pet Dove. 12 x 10½ 300

KLIMSCH (Prof. Eugène).
Group of Children at Play. 20 x 15 700

KNAUS (Prof. Ludwig), Berlin.
Head. 10 x 9 1,300

KOEK-KOEK (Barend-Cornelis), deceased, Amsterdam.
Landscape. 6 x 7 200

KOWALSKI (Wieruz Alfred), Paris.
Returning from the Hunt. 20 x 16½ 735

LAFOSSE (Jean-Adolphe).
The Light of Other Days. 24½ x 20 175

LAMBINET (Émile), deceased, Paris.
Landscape. 19 x 30 410
Landscape. 13 x 19 295

LANDELLE (Charles), Paris.
A Pastoral. 13 x 9 90

LATOUCHE (Louis), deceased, Paris.
On the Beach. 10½ x 16 45
Marine View—with Boats. 5½ x 15 150

LAZERGES (Hippolyte Jean Raimond), Paris.
Roman Doorway. 12 x 9 220

LEYENDECKER (Paul), Paris.
Molière at the Court-Barber' Shop. 21½ x 26 ... 225

LEYS (Baron Jean Auguste Henri), deceased, Antwerp.
Study—A Boy with a Jug. 13¼ x 9½ 170
A Chat. 10½ x 9½ 335
The Christening. 15 x 12 760

LINDENSCHMIDT (Wilhelm), Munich.
Luther and Melanchthon. 24 x 19¼ 675

LUMINAIS (Evaniste-Vital), Paris.
Teutons Crossing the Rhine. 12¾ x 16 625

MCENTEE (Jervis), N. A., New York.
An Autumn Landscape. 11 x 10 75

MAGNUS (Camille), Paris.
Wood-Interior. 25½ x 36 350

MARILHAT (Prosper), deceased, Paris.
The Flight into Egypt. 15 x 13 290
Feeding the Camel. 8½ x 13 200
Study of a Camel. 21 x 25½ 300

MARTINET (Achille-Louis), Paris.
Twilight—Landscape. 17½ x 29 155

MATTESON (Tompkins H.), A. N. A., deceased, Paris.
First Sabbath on Shore of the Puritans. 39 x 51 .. 300
Signing the Contract on Board the *Mayflower*. 39 x 51 410

MEISSONIER (Jean Charles), Paris.
Le Fripier. 29 x 24 2,500

MÉNARD (René), Paris.
Landscape. 25 x 39 490

MEYER VON BREMEN (Johann Georg), Berlin.
Children at Play. 6 x 5 340

MICHEL (Georges), deceased, France.
Landscape. 10 x 14 260
Farm-house with Cattle. 11¼ x 16¼ 310
Road Across a Heath. 17 x 19½ 235
After the Shower. 25¾ x 31 1,100
L'Église. 8 x 12½ 125

MILLET (Jean François), deceased, Paris.
Rape of the Sabine Women. 24 x 19½ 3,225

MOLITOR (P.), Rome.
St. Cecilia. 33 x 20 260

MONTICELLI, Paris.
Going to the Bath. 13½ x 17½..... $175
The Picnic. 15 x 18..... 220
MORAN (Edward), A. N. A., Paris.
A Coming Storm over New York Bay. 16½x30½ 330
Marine View near Point Judith, L. I. 19 x 33... 801
MOREAU (Adrien), Paris.
Spring Pleasures. 36 x 21½..... 410
NICZKY (E.), Munich.
The Rendezvous. 14 x 9½..... 200
NOUY (Jules-Jean-Antoine, Le Comte du), Paris.
Mussulman at Prayer. 22½ x 15¾..... 450
OUDINOT (Achille François), Paris,
Landscape. 22 x 13..... 420
PALIZZI (Joseph), Paris.
Landscape. 13 x 20..... 130
PANICHI.
At the Water's Edge. 4½ x 10..... 10
PAPELEU (Baron Victor).
Meadow by the Sea. 15 x 23¾..... 140
PILS (Isidore Alexandre Augustin), deceased, Paris.
Artillerymen. 6¾ x 11..... 90
PLASSAN (Antoine Emile), Paris.
Female Figures. 13 x 9½..... 225
POILPOT (Théophile), Paris.
Parisian Flower-Girl. 17½ x 13..... 125
PORTIELJE (J.), Brussels.
A Moorish Beauty. 25 x 21..... 240
REGAMY (Guillaume), deceased, Paris.
Cavalry Entering a Village. 12¾ x 9..... 225
RICHET (Léon), Paris.
Returning from the Fields. 26 x 19½..... 500
Landscape—After a Storm. 14½ x 18¼..... 155
RICHTER (Édouard), Paris.
Judith. 26½ x 13¼..... 310
RICO (Martin Diego), Paris.
Church of San Saluta. 28 x 18½..... 1,125
ROBERT (Hubert), deceased, Paris.
Ruins. 7½ x 7½..... 40
ROBINSON (Thomas), Boston.
An Ox-Team. 20 x 30..... 290
ROQUEPLAN (Joseph Etienne Camille), deceased, Paris.
On the Seine. 9 x 11..... 160
ROUSSEAU (Théodore), deceased, Paris.
King Lear—An Autumn Scene. 16 x 12½..... 525
Landscape. 6 x 16½..... 275
In the Garden. 13 x 9½..... 265
Evening. 12 x 17..... 900
Among the Hills. 10¼ x 14¼..... 390
Landscape—Sunset. 10½ x 19¾..... 5,950
ROYBET (Ferdinand), Paris.
Still-Life—Game and Vegetables. 17½ x 21¼.. 295
The Young Page. 16 x 13..... 510
SALMSON (Hugo), Paris.
Home-Life. 19 x 25..... 330
SCHEFFER (Ary), deceased, Paris.
Les Femmes Suliotes. 9½ x 12..... 310
SCHREYER (Adolphe), Paris.
A Herd of Horses. 11 x 14..... 450
SELL (Christian), deceased.
The Outpost. 9½ x 12..... 350
SMITH (T. L.), A. N. A., deceased, New York.
Landscape—Spring. 32 x 22..... 100
Landscape—Autumn. 32 x 22..... 100
A Winter Landscape. 8¼ x 14..... 35
SPRING (A.), Brussels.
Musical Monks. 17½ x 13½..... 200
STAIGG, (Richard M.), N. A., deceased, New York.
Washington Allston. 4 x 3..... 100
STEINHEIL (Louis Charles Auguste), Paris.
Albert Durer at his Work. 16½ x 13..... $305
TASSAERT (Nicolas François Octave) deceased, Paris.
After the Ball. 16 x 12½..... 350
TISSOT (James), Paris.
On the Serpentine. 12 x 7⅞..... 365
TOURNEMINE (Charles Émile Vacher de), deceased, Paris.
Landscape. 6¾ x 12¼..... 70
TROYON (Constantin), deceased, Paris.
Sheep Coming Out of the Fold in the Morning. 18 x 15..... 280
A Cow. 10½ x 8½..... 205
Landscape and Cattle. 18¾ x 22..... 1,810
Cattle Plowing. 27½ x 22..... 3,000
Sheep in Pasture. 12¾ x 16..... 1,000
Landscape with Sheep. 12 x 9½..... 1,150
VAN MARCKE (Émile), Paris.
Landscape and Cattle. 20 x 24..... 1,525
Landscape and Cattle. 17 x 22½..... 1,800
VERBOECKHOVEN (Eugene J.), deceased, Brussels.
A Horse. 10 x 9..... 450
VERNET (Horace), deceased, Paris.
On the Retreat. 7 x 9½..... 140
Arab Chief. 18¼ x 15..... 390
Reporting—Cavalry Group. 9 x 12½..... 280
VIBERT (Jean Georges), Paris.
The Smuggler. 11 x 9..... 130
VOLTZ (Friedrich Johann), Berlin.
Summer Landscape with Cattle. 9 x 19..... 550
VOUILLEFROY (Dominique Félix de), Paris.
Oxen. 15¼ x 18¼..... 320
WATELIN (Louis Victor), Paris.
Landscape with Cattle. 24 x 33..... 665
WEEKS (Edward Lord), Boston.
The Noonday Rest. 6¾ x 11..... 280
A Blacksmith's Shop in Tangiers. 35½ x 54.... 510
WILLIAMS (F. D.), Paris.
Landscape—Sunset. 20 x 30..... 70
ZIEM (Felix François George Philibert), Paris.
Venetian Scene. 13½ x 21½..... 530
St. Mark's Column, Venice. 22½ x 14½..... 700
The Public Garden, Venice. 16¾ x 29¼..... 800

Total Amount of Sale, $150,213.50.

PRESENT AND COMING ART-EXHIBITIONS.

APRIL 5th to May 15th, 1886.—National Academy of Design. Spring Exhibition.

April 10th to May 8th.—Thirty-fourth Exhibition of the Boston Art-Club.

May 1st.—Exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Metropolitan Museum of the Fine Arts, Central Park.

May 10th.—American Art-Association Prize Exhibition. Galleries of the American Art-Association, 6 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

May 20th, on or about.—Exhibition of Impressionist and other pictures by French artists, at the Galleries of the National Academy of Design.

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Prize-Fund Exhibition

OF

AMERICAN PICTURES

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THE AMERICAN ART-ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

MANAGERS.

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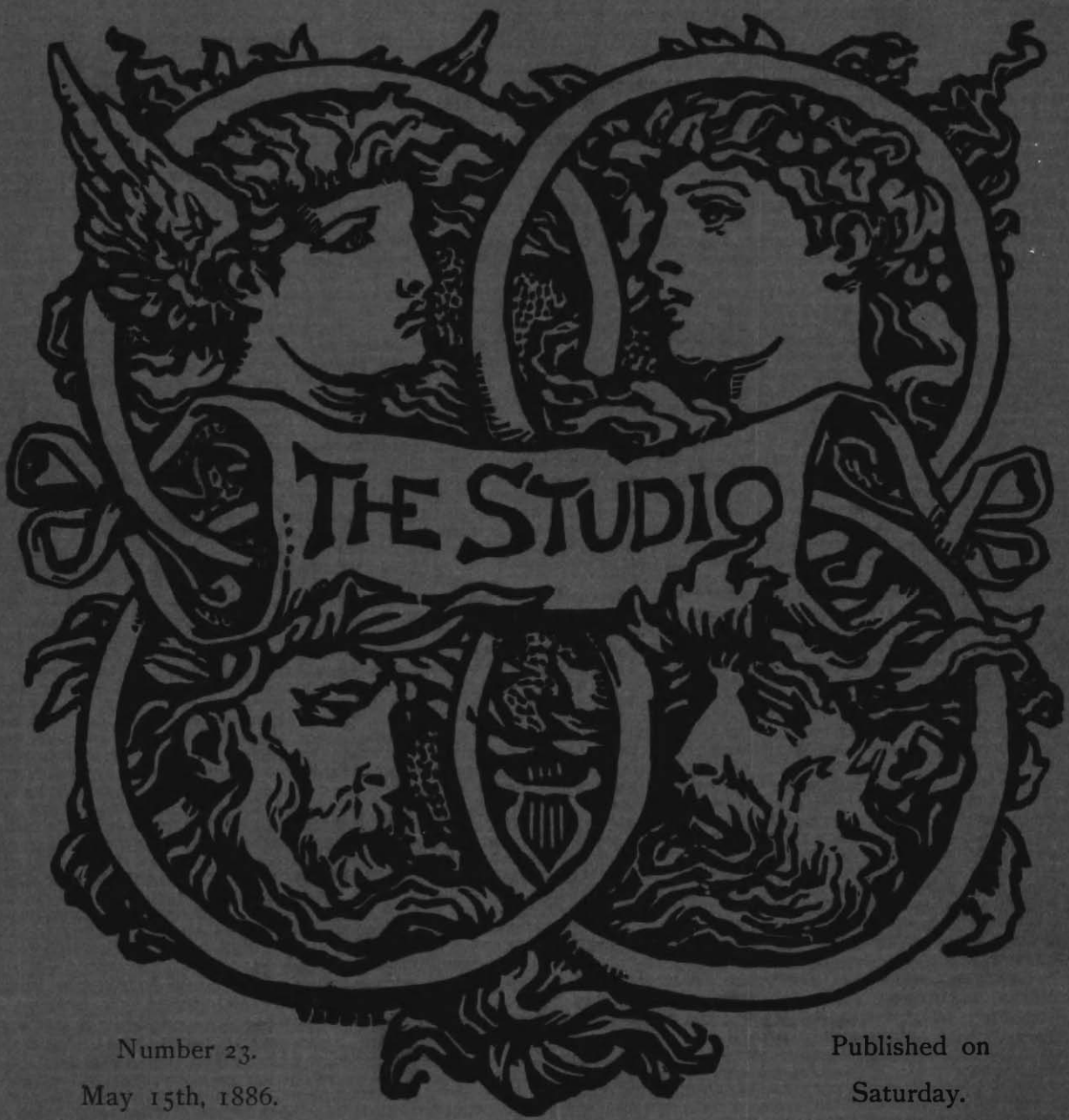
MDCCCLXXXVI

A Journal devoted to the Fine Arts.



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THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, MAY 15th, 1886.

AMERICAN ART-ASSOCIATION.

THE SECOND PRIZE-FUND EXHIBITION.

THE Second Prize-Fund Exhibition was opened to the public in the Galleries of the American Art-Association, on Friday, May 7th. Previous to the opening, the following awards were made of the four prizes of $2,000 each, the sum of $8,000 having been contributed for that purpose by twenty-four subscribers, including representatives of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Corcoran Gallery of Washington, and the Southern Exposition Company, of Louisville, Kentucky.

THE AWARDS.

F. D. Millet, "At the Inn," No. 173.

C. F. Ulrich, "Glass-blowers of Murano," No. 272.

C. P. Grayson, "Mid-day Dreams," No. 116.

E. E. Simmons, "Mother and Child," No. 238.

The awards were made, according to the published programme, by a committee chosen from the contributors to the fund, and it was no easy task to make a selection of four pictures out of a total of nearly three hundred. Had the decision been left to artists, it would doubtless have been a different one; so would it have been had the general public been the judge: as it is, there is no serious complaint to make, except in the case of Mr. Grayson, for we meet with no one who understands what there is in this picture to single it out for the honor it has received. Clever as is Mr. Millet's work, it does not grow in favor either with artists or with the public, and people are wondering why, of Mr. Ulrich's two pictures: "Lace-makers of Burano," and "Glass-blowers of Murano," choice should have been made of the less meritorious work. There is a general agreement, however, that Mr. Simmons' "Mother and Child" deserved a prize, and as all the pictures, not excepting Mr. Grayson's, are noticeable works, we shall not quarrel with the judgment of a committee formed of men who are no doubt able to give as good reasons in favor of their awards as we could give against them.

That the exhibition is a great advance on that of last year, is admitted by everyone. The pictures have been sifted, and the best of them, as a rule, are to be found in the first four rooms: Galleries A, B, C and D, but there are a few worth climbing for in the cheerful upper gallery. There are three hundred and two numbers in the Catalogue, as against one hundred and sixty-eight in that of last year, and although the contents of these galleries could not perhaps be boiled down to half the number, yet they could be boiled down, and we wish the managers had felt strong enough to do it. In these extensive collections of pictures, there is always too large a percentage of inferior work. A generous sifting would be good for the artists, and a comfort to the public. The present exhibition of the Society of American Artists, at the Metropolitan Museum, is an example of what may be gained by reducing a mass of aspirants to pemmican.

However, let us not think of might-have-beens, much as the spirit, wearied with the task of sorting and weighing such a heap of pictures, may move us to remonstrance, but let us plunge boldly into the swim.

GALLERY A.

(To the left, on entering.)

No. 183.—Frank Moss: "Ave Maria!"

The interior of a church. In the background,

at the left, a woman kneeling in convenient shadow; at the right, a monk standing by a pillar. In the foreground, in full lime-light, the prima-donna, kneeling, and ready for her cue. All, too theatrical, at first sight, but saved by simple treatment, straightforward painting, and sincerity of expression in the girl's face.

No. 136.—Arthur Hoeber: "A Pose in Pink."

Yes, very posey. Posing is the vice of too much of our young painting. Figures set up for no other end than to be painted, do not make pictures that will continue to please. As painting, there is little to praise here. Nothing on this canvas is real or unreal. Everything is either carried too far, or not far enough. The bear-skin is not a bear-skin, the sofa is not a sofa, the wall is not a wall, and the flower-pot, like the rest, is naught. The azalea is the best thing; the young woman, among all these vague suggestions of reality plays well her unsubstantial part.

No. 35.—J. Appleton Brown: "October."

October, forsooth! An underdone January, rather! October, as we remember, is like those cakes the Japanese make, if we may believe the pretty lies of the travellers, a sorbet enclosed in a *omelette soufflée*. Warm, rich, melting, golden brown outside, and deliciously cool within. We can't call this combination of woolly texture and chalky color by so fair a name as that of our favorite month. And what a tangle the landscape is! This wood does not beckon with October's finger!

No. 283.—Harold B. Warren: "A Spur of Mt. Adams."

The mountain is too big for the picture. It is well built up, with good geological feeling; but, for all that, it looks thin and flat—a fault due, in part, to its sky line—too hard and too distinctly made out. And what a little cloud, to wait on such a big mountain! Peas-blossom scratching Bottom's head!

No. 38.—Walter F. Brown: "Market-day—Isigny."

The subject chosen with an artist's eye. The fine parish-church of this little Norman "town of cold roast," to quote Erasmus' plagiarism of the late Mr. Thos. G. Appleton, is a sufficient picture in itself, and so good to look at, that we forget entirely what we ought to get for dinner. Perhaps the market-people are arranged too much after the excellent rules of Prout, Stanfield and the rest, and perhaps the picture is too uniformly dull. For all that, whenever we pass through the room, we give this canvas a look.

No. 11.—Pierre Marie Beyle: "Bad News."

This picture is by a French artist, and was not therefore, in the lists for competition. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1885. Had it been a competitor, it could not have failed of a strong party among the judges, but unfortunately we are not strong enough yet to produce such a picture. Not that it is a great performance, but it has qualities that can only be found where the artist has grown up in a community in which skilful and accomplished work is the rule. In France and Germany, work of this quality is all the time being produced, and attracts only passing attention; brought over here, and hung among our own, promising, but not yet completely performing, productions, it goes for more than it is really worth. It is a picture with a story, and the story is well told, although the artist has wisely confined himself to the incidents that he was sure of coping with.

The solidly built stone-houses of a fishing-village, at the end of the street, and close by the water's edge. A sailor has been drowned, and his body has been brought home on a bier, and placed at the foot of the platform, on which his house stands. One of his mates has mounted the steps, and is knocking at the door, behind which the widow, who has heard the news already, is sitting with her children. She has called them in from their play; and by the side of the door we see the rude doll with its bold red cheeks, the pile of sand and the little shovel, with the flower-pots which they have been filling with the sand, and turning out in moulds. At the foot of the platform is the bier, but the neighbors stand so thick about it that all we can see is the soles of the dead man's boots. The people show no particular emotion—and we dare say they would show none in real life, for the hard experiences these fisher-folks pass through, blunt them to misery—but it is a question whether such a subject, treated dramatically, does not require a little exaggeration. The picture is well composed, and everything is in order, but why does it leave us indifferent, if not wholly cold?

No. 8.—E. Baxter, Jr.: "Peaceful Day—Old Warwick."

What time o' day is this—peaceful or other? The sky, the earth, the tree, each strikes a different hour. The sky is cold and hard. The tree is a *silhouette* against which the birds must infallibly bump their heads, and the ground has no interest for anybody, not even, it would appear, to this young woman, who looks like a boulder.

No. 66.—Wm. P. W. Dana : "Waiting for a Breeze."

A glassy sea, a troop of softly rounded clouds, rose-tinted by a misty moon ; the fishing-boats with their sails set, waiting for a wind. The sky is so poetically painted, it makes us forget, while we look at it, the rather empty foreground.

No. 117.—Clifford P. Grayson : "At the Gate."

The girl appears to be carrying off the gate. She may carry off the rest of the picture, herself included, if she likes !

No. 20.—M. De Forest Bolmer : "A Wind from the Sea."

The eye wanders freely over a wide stretch of reedy moor ; the clouds are rolling up over the horizon, distance, and scope, and motion, are well expressed. In such subjects Mr. Bolmer is at home. But, here, the result is not the unit that it ought to be. We see the moor, and we see the sky. First one, then the other. We should see both as one.

No. 24.—Joseph H. Boston : "By Request."

Everything in this pretentious picture, hard and ungraceful, the very opposite of what a portrait of a violin-player should be. How can a man, such as this, play well enough to be requested to play again ? His close-shaved head, his rigid body in its conventional clothes—everything about him is against his chances for an *encore*. And how tasteless are his surroundings : this slender chair, and spindling stand with its top-heavy plant—what an uninteresting whole ! We wish we could hang Courbet's "Man with the 'Cello," or Whistler's "Sarasate" by the side of this picture, to show Mr. Boston and the public how a musician should be painted.

No. 19.—Frank M. Boggs : "The Thames near the Tower of London."

Mr. Boggs is not as interesting in either of his pictures as he was last year. No. 19 has distinguished merits of its own : it has space, light, and air, and attracts the eye as soon as we enter the room. But, where are the liveliness and bustle that must have animated this scene, when the artist sat down before it ? The foreground is monotonous with its repeated motive of boats—all empty of human life, a thing inconceivable in London—and the mass of building on the further bank of the river is only saved from absolute nullity by the solid bulk of the Tower with its four turrets.

No. 295.—Carleton Wiggins : "The Wanderers."

This is a pretty pastoral : two cows, a white one and a red, coming toward us along a narrow woodland path. The painting is conventional ; the beech-tree trunk, the stone at its foot, and the white cow's nose, are all painted with the same color ; this recipe way of working is a key to the facture of the whole, but, in spite of it, the picture is a strong work and a pleasant one.

No. 253.—J. R. Strickler : "Interrupted."

This artist, seated at his easel, turns his head slowly on its axis, because it is too big for his body : and if the intruder, at whom he is glowering, should prove to be troublesome, it would cost him some pains to pull his heavy body out of his chair, to tackle him. His friend, too, is so jammed up against the screen, that he would be of no use in an encounter. This is a made-up picture, with its queer accessories : the stuffed goat's head on the floor, and, alongside, out of reach of the painter, a small blue jar filled with his brushes—the two things put there merely to make a show. But, there's a rude strength in the picture. When the artist shall have something to say, we shall hear him more willingly.

No. 267.—J. H. Twachtman : "Landscape."

This picture is in the same vein as the artist's contribution to last year's exhibition : it is, however, more harmonious and more of a unit than "The French Garden." There is no use, and no sense, in quarrelling with a man of talent, and Mr. Twachtman is a man of real talent ; still, we hope that he will one day give up the vain search to express the inexpressible, and be satisfied in telling us what can be told. But, taking what we find, here are lovely clouds stealing softly up over the brow of a hill-side—trooping ground for fairies—sloping down to an enchanted mere. In front, the reeds rustle noiselessly their tall spears, drooping their penons in the slumbering air. This is a companion to the "Songs without Words"—"A Picture without Painting."

No. 2 A.—J. W. Alexander : "Mr. Gilbert as Sir Peter Teazle."

If one looks at the three other full-lengths in this room, and then at this, it ought to appear that, of the four, Mr. Alexander's is the only one which reveals any artistic sensibility on the part of the painter. There are plenty of faults in this performance : the head is carried much too far for the rest of the picture : Sir Peter does not stand very well on his legs : and, between the drapery on the chair and the papers on the floor, there is rather the look of an explosion, which perhaps explains the

absence of the middle part of Sir Peter's body. Lastly, if the face be too strongly expressed for the body, the eye-glass-riband is too strong for the face. In short, we can pull the picture all to pieces, and the picture can stand it, being saved by the vivacity with which the personality of Mr. Gilbert is presented, the life that animates the figure and the face. The painting, too, is free and light, and promises well for the day when the artist shall have learned to be free and light as a bird in his song, and yet obey the laws of rhythm and rhyme.

No. 214.—F. K. M. Rehn: "Close of a Summer Day."

The edge of the ocean: the waves breaking over the rocks. Considerable play of color on the broken water as it comes tossing along, and a freshness in the air, an out-of-door sense that can only be got by feeling—and, yet, when we come to Mr. Rehn's method, there is too much by far of the conventional: it is as if the artist had at length found a formula by which all his observations could be expressed—as in Queen Anne's time, the poets sang all their emotions in heroic verse. It is a pity for an artist to be satisfied with any one particular "way to do it."

No. 135.—Robert Hinckley: "Portrait of Mrs. ——."

This picture is a sort of cross between Carolus Duran and Mr. Porter. Mr. Carolus Duran taught us how to paint showy ladies of the upper-ten, standing before big curtains, and Mr. Porter showed us how to extract the life and poetry—nay, too often, the refinement, from these imposing figures. Mr. Hinckley has conned both his lessons: he has been fortunate in a striking model, and he has followed the Duran formula—with some exaggeration, however, since Mr. Duran is too much of an artist, and a French artist at that, suckled in the classic creed, to permit his model's doing anything; the utmost license he allows her is, to button a glove. He would be shocked to see her dancing the shawl-dance, even if she should explain that she was really doing nothing more than putting on her lace scarf. But, think of her doing this forever! An artist who paints for immortality, as they are all supposed to do, should suit the action to the word.

In the execution of his picture, Mr. Hinckley is as hard and staring as Mr. Herkomer, and as coarse as Mr. Porter. Not a bit of true painting here! The curtain falls in folds as stiff as the lady; the lady's dress is inartistic in its cut, and commonplace in its painting, and certainly there is no beauty in the treatment of the flesh. All that holds the impatient eye is a certain frank amiability in the face of his model, which the artist has happily been able to preserve for us.

No. 121.—Hamilton Hamilton: "A September Day."

Two country-girls on a quest for apples for the kitchen, have lighted on a most decrepit and unpromising tree, and are taking out their disappointment in talk. If the girls were as well painted as the tree, we might look twice at them; and the tree is so well shown to be useless for apple-sauce, or for any of the beatified forms that good apples inherit: it is so well drawn, in its decay, and so carefully studied in its spindling, phthisicky, helplessness, that we certainly do not care to look long at it.

No. 149.—Miss Anna E. Klumpe: "Une Merveilleuse, under the Directory."

Nothing but the prettiest imaginable face, irresistibly painted, so as to make it impossible for us to see the hideous costume, would redeem such a canvas as this! Why, this mania for painting things that the artist never saw, and ugly things at that—the aberrations of a time when every third person, on a moderate calculation, was mad? And to add to the misery of a mistaken choice, Miss Klumpe cannot paint at all—unless it were the side of a house!

No. 190.—Burr H. Nicholls: "In the sere and yellow leaf."

An old man feeling his way rheumatically along an autumn woodland-path. Pathetic resemblance between humanity and vegetation, set down in artistic note-books, learned and conned by rote for, let us say, the thousandth time, and for no end whatever, so far as we can see, except to make rheumatic and asthmatic old gentlemen feel more uncomfortable than they do without any help from artists or poets. Mr. Nicholl's trees are carefully drawn, and so is everything here, but the result is dishearteningly matter-of-fact and vapid.

No. 123.—Alexander Harrison: "The Surf."

The lovely study, apparently, for the picture of last year.

"——the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage-ring of the land."

No. 218.—Julian Rix: "A September Moonrise—Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine."

A very obstreperous moon, and a perfect joy-killer, so far as the effect upon the landscape goes!

A great deal of pains, a great deal of study have gone to the painting of this picture, with a result of mere curiosity, coupled with a strong disinclination on the spectator's part ever to visit Passamaquoddy Bay.

No. 201.—Stephen Parrish: "Port of Trouville, Normandie."

This being Trouville, a person of a saving turn, who wishes to enjoy the supposed delights of the place at small expense, can buy a box of "village" at the nearest German toy-shop, lay aside the trees and the sheep, for a landscape-stew next time, wash out the painted windows and doors, so as to reduce to a dead uniformity, and then set them up on his wash-stand. Trouville being a seaport, he can make some ships with walnut-shells for hulls, and visiting-cards for sails, float them in his wash-basin, and then lie off and enjoy his ill-got leisure.

GALLERY B.

(To the left, on entering.)

No. 239.—Edward Emerson Simmons: "Number Two."

If the head in this picture could be transferred to Mr. Simmons' prize-picture, No. 238, and the hand in No. 238 given to this girl—things, we bethink us, would be just as they are! That is, there would be an uninteresting head and a good hand-and-arm in one picture, and an interesting head and a wooden hand-and-arm in the other! So we will leave things as we find them. Taking the good in each picture, Mr. Simmons is shown to be a decided acquisition to the ranks. The girl's head in No. 239 is pleasant to look at, painted solidly and simply, and all the work shows a careful student of the correct thing. But the stock of these peasant-girls is now getting to be a little oppressive. We are suffering from over-production.

No. 49.—Carlton Chapman: "Twilight—New York Bay."

Painted ships on a painted bay! Nothing but paint. Mr. Chapman makes Gallery B unpromising to begin with, but we push on!

No. 169.—J. G. Melchers: "Milking-time."

A dry and chalky piece, suggestive only of city-milk. At the left-hand side, a pretty effect is produced by the house showing through the screen of trees with their scattered leaves. The foreground-milkmaid has only one pail, but 't will be enough, for no milk is to be had from this lot of wooden cows.

No. 16.—Walter Blackman: "The Lady of Shalott."

A colored silhouette—flat as your hand. A featureless every-day woman, painted in what is unfortunately an every-day way.

No. 34.—J. B. Bristol: "Near Lake Ontario, New York."

Happy the artist who, by industriously working one humdrum vein, has secured a steady run of custom, and need not worry himself about the critics. Mr. Bristol's formula for tree-and-sky is so well-known, and has been brought to such perfection, that nobody thinks of questioning its accuracy. In point of fact, there is not the least resemblance between the formula and the things it stands for. And the excellent people who buy these pictures would much prefer that there should be no resemblance. Real trees and sky would puzzle them, and a poetical landscape spoil their digestion.

No. 26.—G. W. Brenneman: "Forget me Not."

In vain, the request, Mr. Brenneman. We forget it, right off. The girls have forgotten it, too. One is not playing, the other is not listening. Perhaps both are wondering where the light on the music-book comes from.

No. 138.—Lucy Holbrook: "Deserted."

This artist does not know as much as Mr. Bristol, but she makes more of a picture with what she does know. Her little square of canvas shows better in the dusk than in the light; 't is slightly reminiscent of Rousseau, but has something of its own to say, as well.

No. 220.—E. A. Rorke: "The Designer."

Every now and again there crops up a new theme, and immediately all the organs begin to grind out variations on it. This is one of the evils of exhibitions. We are now in the fashion of people sitting at tables, working with compasses, musing sleepily over chess-puzzles, or distractedly tearing their studio-hair over the same, doing this, doing that, and not a man Jack of them doing anything at all. The hands, in No. 220, are neatly painted, particularly the one holding the cigar, but the face has not yet arrived, in the flesh; it is slowly evoluting out of the chalk.

No. 301.—Irving R. Wiles: "The Bar's Rest."

Surely, this is posing, pure and simple. The girl, resting a bit from thrumming on her guitar, is of no more importance than the guitar itself, or

than any one, or all, of the studio-properties with which the canvas is filled. All is alike—hard and painty: the stork on the embroidered curtain is as real as the girl, and the whole picture is painted on the theory that the eye sees everything at once, instead of only one thing at a time. But, in this, Mr. Wiles has plenty of company.

No. 40.—H. R. Burdick: "Brunette."

Very painty. Justifies all that the "blondes" say against the "browns." Some studio-skill, but no observation nor feeling of the artist's own. Ten years ago, it was not complimentary to talk about "prune boxes," "glove-boxes," and the rest of the family, in the artists' hearing, but, now, 't is different, and artists ought to remember that the boxes are become serious competitors, and the Burdicks and Blackmans must bestir themselves.

No. 187.—J. Francis Murphy: "A Pasture."

Mr. Murphy has an atmosphere of his own in which the chief ingredient is a sort of dry glow. It cannot be that nature always looks the same to this artist, since it never looks the same to anyone else in possession of healthy eyesight. The composition, too, is uncomfortably muddled: between the spindling tree-trunks and the spindling weeds, the canvas is distressed with a lot of lines dragging all over its surface; the long-stemmed weeds looking like reflections in a water for which we ask in vain. To say that this is a poor Murphy, implies that there are good Murphys—as there certainly are.

No. 202.—Stephen Parrish: "Port of Granville—Normandie."

New disposition of the toy village and the walnut-shell boats of No. 201, down stairs. Mr. Parrish, like Mr. Murphy, has an atmosphere of his own, the peculiarity of Mr. Parrish's patent being, that all the air is left out. This being the case, these clouds will soon be down with a bang, and some much needed moisture distributed over this too-dry scene.

No. 128.—Childe Hassam: "Wet Streets."

To parody Thoreau—Mr. Hassam's streets are so wet, they may be said to be dry! If they were really wet, these people would not be standing so still as they do. Or, they would jump into these carriages which are standing as still as the people; though, here and there the horses have their knees bent in the symbolic walking-attitude. Mr. Hassam makes us think of his model, M. Béraud,—he is so different! Beraud can paint wet streets and crowds, and when he paints the French Boston—his own Paris—you can recognize the place without the ear-mark of some familiar building. But, then, Mr. Hassam has begun well in choosing his own city to paint, and he has ability enough to make us look on with interest while he develops his art.

No. 262.—D. W. Tryon: "Autumn Evening in New England."

Rather painty for Mr. Tryon, by whom we shall find much better things in these galleries.

No. 36.—J. G. Brown: "Thoughts by the Sea."

As easily suspect a wax-head, in a hair-dresser's window, of thought, as this simulacrum! The pose of Mr. Brown's model is borrowed from Mr. Faed's "Evangeline," and, like her predecessor, she is playing cat's-cradle with her fingers. Unlike Mr. Faed's young women, however, she has only the conventional number of digits, and they are drawn with hard distinctness, as if to dare us to count them. A sweet vacuity in the face, a teaspoonful of sea in the distance, not to belie the title, garments of childlike and bland simplicity; commonplace raised to the tenth power—such is Mr. Brown's attempt at the ideal.

No. 282.—Charles A. Walker: "A June Day."

The regulation ideal: a fit world for Mr. Brown's young women. All serene: everything where the text-books on "composition" would advise. Mowers risking their lives by shaving the very eyebrows of the river-bank, just because the book says there must be reflections. Principal use of reflections in such pictures, to indicate the presence of water. Art and nature have both departed and left this picture to shift for itself.

No. 27.—G. W. Brenneman:

"'Man works from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done.'"

More of the microscopic work that pleases so many inartistic people, and worries so many artists. The reason why artists despise this sort of thing is, because it is mere trick—anybody can paint this way who will take time to it. No thought, no observation, no love of painting is required, only just buckling down to stroke upon stroke. And such silly choice of subject, too. Of course, this woman's work will never be done if she can't put more *vim* into her plate-wiping than she is doing, and if she wastes her time looking at her snoring husband. And, what has he been "working" at, we wonder! Reading in that impossible book, and drinking beer out of a decanter! And such a complacent lamp, illuminating things in the well-worn "Von Schendel" way.

No. 191.—Burr H. Nicholls: "An unauthorized Dinner-call."

Mr. Nichol's "drawing" seems to have given out by the time he got to work on this second picture. These barrels would discredit the traditional school-boy. The birds, however, make up for the soft and twisting barrels, by their roundness and hardness. But everything in this picture goes by contraries: what ought to be hard is soft, and *vice versa*.

No. 65.—Charles C. Curran: "Near Gloucester"

Possibly! But no where near nature! The only reason for choosing such a subject would be for the sake of distinguishing between things. But, rock, sky, sand, shrubs, are all alike.

No. 39.—H. R. Burdick: "Blonde."

Very painty. Justifies all that the "browns" say about the "blondes." As the artist took no pleasure in his work, he cannot expect us to take any in it.

No. 83.—F. De Haven: "Landscape."

Landscape is as good a name as any other. There's a whole class of pictures about which nothing can be said or thought. They are mere ballast—good to fill up spaces on a gallery-wall that otherwise would be left bare.

No. 9.—Cecilia Beaux: "Portrait."

Not so striking a picture as this artist's fine one of last year, but not a picture to be passed by with indifference. There can be no harm in saying that we should have referred this painting to Philadelphia without knowing its parentage from the Catalogue. It recalls the late Mr. Sully's work, though certainly Mr. Sully never painted so well as this. Then, there is a certain pretty provincialism in the costume which, of course, our New York ladies will shrug their well-set Redfern shoulders at. All the same, it has a simple-hearted charm of, its own, and suits with the personality of the sitter. The hands are well painted; compare their easy interlocking with Mr. Brown's neighboring hard correctness. The blonde lace thrown about the neck of the model in Miss Beaux's picture is too well-painted for the rest, but the dress as a whole needs, to our thinking, to be subordinated more.

No. 62.—Richard Creifelds: "Beatrice."

"Fancy" heads, to use the shop-expression, must have a name, and, for some reason hard to guess, Beatrice is a favorite one. There are only two Beatrices—Shakespeare's and Dante's—and this head belongs to neither, but 't is no matter! This is what is called "pretty" painting, and as such we may praise it, since each work is to be judged by its own standard, and this is good of its kind. Only, we think the nose and eyelids are a little too red, and this adds to the slightly querulous expression of the face, and detracts from its agreeableness.

Nos. 90 and 89 (on the other side of the door).—Chas. Warren Eaton: "Solitude," and "Afternoon Shadows."

In spite of our formerly expressed pleasure in Mr. Eaton's work, we can find nothing here but painting by *recipe*—a name and only a name, very thinly spread over a square foot of canvas. For all we can see, "Solitude" might be "Afternoon Shadows," and *vice versa*; there is no particular reference to nature in either picture. This is the same sort of painting as Mr. Bristol's; only, Mr. Bristol gives us more for our money—some picturesque woolly boulders in the foreground—and piques our curiosity by making us wonder how long it will be before Lake Ontario—being so much higher than the land—will come down, and wash everything away. However, Mr. Bristol's trees look waterproof. And so do Mr. Eaton's.

No. 209.—W. Merritt Post: "Early Spring."

Too sweetly pretty for anything! This girl in a Watteau gown with a long train, twists herself round on a chair beneath a high window-ledge, to caress a glass globe filled with roses, and inhale their fragrance. As the lady has loads of money and can buy flowers whenever she wants them, there is no reason for concluding that these roses indicate early spring. But we will not quarrel with names, since its name is often all a picture has to depend on. Everything in this picture is posing; even the muslin curtain has made itself too long, just for the sake of making a few carefully arranged folds in its end. The bulls-eye windows, too, are impossibly constructed—an artist ought to be very sure, before he paints things out of his head.

No. 61.—Richard Creifelds: "Interested."

Another member of the genus "Sedentaria," or sitting-at-table-people, lately introduced into this region, and threatening to be as troublesome as English sparrows. This time, it is a gentleman with a wearied expression puzzling out a chess-problem all by himself. Like most of his kind, he is very neatly painted; but, though there is too much of this finikin execution: the picture is an advance on last year's "Electrician." As in that picture, however, the model's head is too big. Mr. Creifelds, we suppose, finds his account in this way of painting.

It certainly pleases many people, who think it much more difficult than it is, but we hope he will cultivate more freedom in his work, as this picture shows he might, if he would.

No. 103.—Florence A. Francis: "A Sad Story."

Why, sad? Has this young woman cut off all her fingers in a chopping-machine? There seem a great many of them, as she holds them in her hands. There is the usual feminine want of comprehension of drapery—partly accounted for by the theatrical unreality and make-shift of the female dress of our time, where nothing is what it seems. Women are so accustomed to see what they call the "drapery" of their gowns, tacked and sewed together: not a single fold real, the stuff not once falling in the way it was born to fall, that they have lost all enjoyment of real drapery. It is enough to make a Greek angel weep to see a modern American woman trying to get her pocket-book out of her skirt-pocket, especially when in a crowded car she wants to pay the conductor. The dress Miss Francis' girl has on is an impossibility, so far as the back skirt is concerned. What will become of these folds when she stands up?

No. 197.—Leonard Ochtmann: "Spring."

We take your word for it, sir, but we should never have suspected it. Please give us Summer, or any of the other seasons.

No. 25.—George N. Bowers: "Preparing for Dinner."

Preparing for colic, rather! This unripe corn, these hard green apples, this weak little onion! We can find nothing to approve in this picture but the hasp on the door and the pearl buttons on the young woman's gown. But, these hardly suffice to save the picture. At the languid rate the girl is progressing, dinner will never be ready: she must be paid by the hour by the artist to hold that ear of corn while he paints it! Look at the old Dutchmen's "Preparing-for-dinners." They give us an appetite, instead of taking it away! And see Millet's woman making soup: how deliciously it smells!

No. 181.—Edward Moran: "The Sea."

We are like to be swamped with "seas," but this is not a bad one; there is considerable toss and tumble in it, and wild loneliness. The mast and boat might have been left out to advantage; they add nothing but a bit of melodrama to the scene, and belittle it, rather than increase its gloom. But how necessary such tricks seem in the Moran creed!

No. 219—H. W. Robbins: "Souvenir of Long Island."

A good deal of cheap wit is expended on Long Island, but on the whole, in spite of Mr. Robbins, nature there, is pretty much what she is elsewhere. She doesn't look like this, anywhere.

No. 52.—F. S. Church: "The Gleaner."

Mr. Church has taken the vaporous, the fantastic, the unreal for his province, and the public will apparently accept nothing else at his hands. It is very tiresome, but there 's no use quarrelling with a fashion. If Mr. Church thinks there is necessarily anything "poetic" or "imaginative" in this way of painting, he is mistaken. It is pure child's-play, and only childish minds can take pleasure in it.

No. 140.—George Inness, Jr.: "In the Surf."

Neither surf, horses nor man! The man is made of cast-iron, the horses of papier-maché, the surf is syllabub. Think of Regnault's "Automédon!"

No. 29.—Hugo Breul: "Delicious."

A burly Irish porter, in a monk's habit, is making an extraordinary fuss over a few mouthfuls of Chianti wine. The joke is, that he is a monk, and therefore ought to be saying his prayers or reading his breviary. A joke, Mr. Breul, by this time worn quite threadbare. Please give your attention to painting; there are a dozen clever sign-painters in this city who can do this coarse work as well as you.

No. 127.—Childe Hassam: "Dusk."

Mr. Hassam's pictures have a very depressing effect. The people are so artificially stuck about! Even the buildings look tired. The sky says one thing, and the rest of the picture yawns a weary contradiction. It may be dusk over there beyond the trees, but not here on Boston Common. Are these leaves, the little girl is about to pick up, or birds, she is feeding with crumbs? In either case, they are stuck fast in the snow. The seats, too, are out-of-proportion small for the people. But the main fault is, that the picture gives us no impression of the hour.

No. 113.—R. Swain Gifford: "An October Memory."

Just one of Mr. Gifford's little studies: a moss-covered rock, our old friend, the twisted tree, some withered grass — hardly worth remembering or painting.

No. 302.—Rufus S. Zogbaum: "In the Range."

What false ideas we have of the cow-boy! Mr. Zogbaum brings us the agreeable news that he is scrubbed as clean as soap and water can make him;

his clothes are spotlessly neat and fit to perfection. His horse has not turned a hair. And the landscape, shamed into rivalry, is ready to be bought up as an advertising-card for Morgan's Sapolio or Pears' Soap.

No. 56.—W. A. Coffin : "A Moonlight Night."

THE STUDIO has said, in a late number, all it has to say about Mr. Coffin's attempt to paint midnight. This example is a mate for the one in the Academy which took the prize, but it is hurt, to our thinking, by the white spot—what is it? The half of a hay-stack? With a moon to cast such shadows, and enough light to make this white spot, would the sky be so dark? But, we don't care to push such questions. Our quarrel is, that nothing was to be gained by trying to paint the thing at all.

No. 170.—Willard L. Metcalf : "Home from the Fields."

This is a cheerful picture : a French peasant (these poor peasants we have always with us!) is leading his little granddaughter home with him after their day's-work. The old man makes good time, and has whisked the child off her feet, but she doesn't mind, and seems rather pleased than otherwise. This is a better subject, and better painted than Mr. Grayson's "Day Dreams;" and we wish it could have had a prize.

No. 109.—Gilbert Gaul : "Holding the line at all hazards."

An episode of our civil war, which Mr. Gaul has chosen for his field : there's another specimen in the Academy. He has much force and go, and does not dress up his subject, but we think he would make a stronger impression if he would paint on a smaller scale. He has not command enough of facial expression to justify our coming so near his men. And the composition has a clumsy look. The very long gun loading by the man at the left seems to have gone clear through his companion. And there are too many awkward slips of this kind. But the Frenchmen, with their facility and taste, have spoiled us for this sort of thing.

No. 233.—Warren Sheppard : "The Restless Sea."

Well painted; plenty of movement; moon really shining. Next to Mr. Harrison's, the best marine in the rooms. But, far less beautiful, less poetical than that!

No. 213.—F. K. M. Rehn : "The Maine Coast."

Not necessarily. Any coast will do. Mere conventionality. The sort of thing the English used to paint forty years ago. Fortunately, Mr. Rehn has a picture here that shows him in a better light.

No. 274.—C. F. Ulrich : "Venetian Girl."

Venetian jar, rather, with girl attached! And jar just as interesting as the girl. Both, too hard.

No. 28.—G. W. Brenneman : "Landscape."

Stiff and hard as are Mr. Brenneman's painted people, we prefer them to his landscape, with its twittering twigs of trees hopping about in a marshy spot without the least purpose in the world. His people at least profess to be doing something, even if they are not. But why did the artist paint this landscape? Did he care for it himself, or expect that anybody would care for it?

No. 91.—Charles Warren Eaton : "Winter Evening."

Woolly snow, soft, boneless trees; oil-cloth sky, with a moon quite discouraged, as she perceives she must play her poetic part all alone in this business-like world of Mr. Eaton's making! Oh, think, how clear the sky, how vibrant the air, how richly harmonious, earth and trees and sky, at such an hour; how beautiful—though seen a thousand times—the tracery of branch and bough and twig against the glow—and then, thank Mr. Eaton, if you can, for this word-for-word translation of nature's poetry. Artists often express themselves as disgusted with the critics, but, even the most amiable critic feels, now and then, annoyed with the artists, for choosing such things to paint as they do, or for painting good subjects such a way!

No. 118.—Frank Russel Green : "In Confidence."

In the study how to get "values," "greys," and other necessaries of life in the studio, artists to-day seem to have frankly abandoned all attempt to get the clearness, transparency, glow of flesh—its beauty, in fact. Mr. Green has taken this part, and to be consistent, has given up the beauty of everything else. This might make a good etching, translated into that language.

GALLERY C

(To the left, on entering from Gallery B.)

No. 3.—A. A. Anderson : "Portrait."

A jolly little boy, with a sunshiny face, who evidently thinks it fun to be painted, and fun to have the black poodle painted, too. We doubt, however, if Velasquez or Paul Veronese could paint such a dog and make him look real. Mr. Anderson should, no doubt, be praised for making him look so wooden! It will be noticed that the boy, with his jersey, his

bare legs, and his hair in a crop, is got up on poodle-principles, but the result, so far as picturesqueness is concerned, is much in the boy's favor.

No. 72. — Frederick S. Dellenbaugh: "Téwa — A Moki town."

Very interesting to the antiquary or the anthropologist, no doubt, but certainly to no one else—not even, we should say, to the people of Téwa. Téwa appears to be a town built of sun-baked bricks on a sun-baked soil. The woman in the middle of the picture has put her foot down on the hot ground too soon, and has burned it, a fact which accounts for her attitude. The few remaining inhabitants, chiefly children in high-cut shirts, are slowly frying in the extreme heat. As they are done, they are set up against the wall to dry-out. Their little drum-sticks are at present quite under done, which gives them the look of shrimps.

No. 124. — Herman Hartwich: "Resting at the Stile."

A child laid along the top of a stone wall, examines with great curiosity one of Mr. Boughton's gigantic women (cut out with a broad-axe), who leans against the wall, conscious of her own strength, having deposited on the top of it an enormous bundle of something or other. The picture might be a pretty one—with different people, another arrangement of lines, and other coloring. We advise the artist to try it.

No. 64. — Charles C. Curran: "Chrysanthemum Exhibition."

Now, were there ever, anywhere, we should like to know, chrysanthemums as big as trees? This lady and her son seem to be lost in the woods.

No. 95.—Rosina Emmett: "Twilight."

If this young person, in the sort of dress that passes for classic on the stage, succeeds in setting fire to her fingers, she cannot run for help, because she is so tied up and swathed as to make movement impossible. We should like to hear an explanation of this drapery that would justify it. The whole costume is fantastic and unreasonable, and so are all the details. What supports the girdle that goes under the breasts! What is that sort of brass scoop that is under the back hair? The real thing was a net, and quite unlike this. But there's no need to discuss so weak a performance—a very pretentious one, however, and made more so by the big, awkward frame it is in.

No. 270.—James G. Tyler: "Moonrise."

Same old moonrise: must be now the oldest inhabitant of the exhibitions! How well we recognize his venerable features! Full moon in the middle, big sails at right, to bring out the regulation zig-zag glint on the water; small boat in front for more contrast, and to give animation, *et cætera*, *et cætera*. A great deal of paint, laid on very thick, and nothing to show that the artist ever saw the thing he has painted.

No. 23.—Frederick J. Boston: "A Celestial Minstrel."

These are Chinese inhabitants of another and a better world. We believe the Chinese are as clean as most people, but Mr. Boston asks us to believe too much. Dirt has its value, and so has disorder, though Mr. Boston seems to believe it no more than Mr. J. G. Brown. It is idle to show New Yorkers such a picture of a Chinese laundry as this. With one of them on every other block, we know well enough how unlike Mr. Boston's report is to the reality. For one thing, there's light and shade in these laundries, though this picture says, not.

No. 235.—Walter Shirlaw: "The Hillside Path."

Yes, and with another old acquaintance standing on it in the old rococo pose. What a pity that a man of Mr. Shirlaw's native strength and trained skill should not find something to say that we should all be glad to hear. For one thing, we should be glad to hear that this goose-girl had married and gone off, and that her geese were plucked, roasted and eaten.

No. 87.—Frederick Dielman: "Pomona."

A pretty conception, treated in a sort of Hennessy-Boughton combination. Mr. Dielman did so well by us last year with his Italian street-arabs, we find it harder to be content with what he sends this year. It is just pretty, and nothing more, and from Mr. Dielman that is not enough.

No. 51.—Walter Chippendale: "Morning in the valley of the Richelieu."

Everything fresh, green and crisp as lettuce! And not a detail lost: we can count the leaves and trace the branches. The artist has chosen the most unpicturesque time of day and the most unpicturesque time of year to make a picture out of, and then has hunted all about for a commonplace spot to work at. We can't see everything at once in the landscape in nature, and there's no use the artist trying to make us.

No. 243.—Henry P. Smith: "Old Oaks of New England."

Mr. Smith takes infinite pains, works likes a

trooper, says his prayers every morning and lights a taper before St. Théodore Rousseau's shrine, and all that comes of his devotion is—he grows harder and harder, more and more artificial, with every new picture. This picture looks like a bronze bas-relief touched up here and there by an artistic brass-finisher. How can nature and Rousseau together have produced such a child?

No. 115.—C. R. Grant: "Flight of the Birds."

Just a name—with no real reason—for a tall good enough looking country-girl, standing for a life-size picture. Now she is painted, 'tis well enough: if she hadn't been, she would not have been missed.

No. 152.—George C. Lambdin: "Reverie."

In a reverie, perhaps, over the mystery of her having been chosen by anybody to paint. Just a shrimp-pink girl, in a shrimp-pink gown, and with mental furniture to match. Mr. Lambdin always gets a superficial doll-like prettiness which, for his sake, we are glad to hear, pleases some people.

No. 10.—Edward A. Bell: "First Sorrow."

New variation on the long-window-and-muslin-curtain theme. A picture seriously meant, and with promise in it, but timid in execution, and rather empty in composition. A young fellow and his wife, working-people, sit by the empty cradle: she leans her head on his breast; his face shows less feeling. If the painting be a little muddy, and the drawing shaky, we can at least say that these people are not posing: all is natural enough; only the artist has tried too high a flight.

No. 252.—Geo. H. Story: "The broken pitcher."

A mere studio-break: no harm done, and the child exhibits a mere studio-emotion at the carefully arranged accident.

No. 200.—I. E. Parmelee: "Girl and Kittens."

Kittens first, if you please! Cunning, soft wee things with their old, anxious, baby-faces! A very successful litter. The girl determined to be pleased, but achieving only a wooden smile.

No. 18.—Frank M. Boggs: "Entrance of Harbor—Honfleur."

Very disappointing, Mr. Boggs! You see, we all expect so much from you! Please don't go back on us! Honfleur harbor can't think itself worth painting—a featureless place! Then why try to persuade it that it is? It really makes it look as if you, and not it, were in fault!

No. 77.—Charles Melville Dewey: "The hush of day."

This picture has much that is pleasing in it. It looks particularly well, seen from the head of the stairs through the vista of the two rooms. The glow is somewhat artificial, and the tree at the right too feathery, but as a whole this is far ahead of Mr. Dewey's previous work, good as much of that has been.

No. 234.—Walter Shirlaw: "The Bouquet."

Most of the roses one sees now-a-days are so coarse, that it may be Mr. Shirlaw's models were as coarse as these look. As flowers, they have no charm, but, as a piece of decorative painting, this has merit—as has everything Mr. Shirlaw does. The trouble of late seems to be that he takes the merit that is just sufficient for one picture, and peppers his year's work with it, so that we are kept in a state of irritated expectancy, our palettes just on the verge of tickling.

No. 15.—Walter Blackman: "French peasant."

You called her "The Lady of Shalott," just now, Mr. Blackman! Can a mere foulard work such change! Never mind her name, however, call her a woman, and ask whether any woman were ever so smooth, so hard, so all outside?

No. 298.—J. Douglas Woodward: "The wet pasture—Brittany."

All the material for a landscape, and reasonably put together, on the motive fashionable just now: twilight foreground, trees in middle distance half across the line, strip of glowing sky for other half, sombre clouds above. But the artist has forgotten his sentiment—leaves us with just the raw materials, and in this particular sort of landscape, the sentiment should be put in with a prodigal hand, like oil in a salad.

No. 286.—E. L. Weeks: "Grand Review—Cairo."

The tall tower's perpendicularity is out of all proportion to the rest of the picture's horizontality. But, though it is coarsely painted, and with no feeling for the beautiful texture, and springing lightness of the building, this obtrusive tower has one merit—it keeps us from looking at the badness of the rest of the picture with its crowd of puppets.

No. 189.—Rhoda Holmes Nicholls: "Those evening bells."

Clever painting in these steps and their surroundings: but, the young woman is the real picture, and she is too small for the frame. Beside,

she is attitudinizing; she seems to be reciting, not just musing and listening.

No. 60.—Kenneth Cranford: "The day's end."

A young woman with two tired hunting dogs: she nurses the head of one upon her knee, while the other lies at her feet. The painting is clumsy, and the composition crowded. Mr. Cranford has done much better things than this—and will do them again.

No. 81.—M. F. H. De Haas: "River-boats, coast of Holland."

Mr. De Haas has fallen so into the ruts, that it is not easy to look with pleasure at his picture. Of course, he is always correct, but that is not sufficient; he seems to be unwillingly paying the bill a long time after he has forgotten the enjoyment he is paying for. Now, every picture, to be good, like every work in art or in literature, must be, and must plainly appear to be, something necessary for the artist's happiness to be done. All less is mere pot-boiling. True, an artist, like a bricklayer, must live. But the moment he ceases to put his art first, and his living second, he ceases to be an artist—he becomes a tradesman, like the rest.

No. 208.—H. R. Poore: "Close of a city day."

Oh, how can a man, with the eyes of an artist, walk about in a great city, and see things so dead! Judging by the misshapen dome in the distance, this must be Philadelphia; but, are fashionable equestrians, lace parasols, blind beggars, carts, laboring-men, and nurse-maids, so mixed up in our neighboring city, as Mr. Poore says? The centre of this great canvas is taken up by a wagon loaded with barrels, which are so badly made that their owner has n't been able to sell them, and he walks along by his horse's head in a most depressed state of mind. Add, that his horse's leg has just been paralyzed—or else he has corns, as Cæsar's horse had—but, for one reason or the other, he shrinks from putting his foot to the ground. Everybody is doing nothing, at whatever artists pay models by the hour, for that useful work.

No. 4.—Wm. J. Baer: "Study-head of an Old Woman."

Too pasty flesh, too labored modelling, wanting in life. Easy to see, however, that this is a man with a purpose, who is looking seriously at his profession, and not trying to put us off with trifling. This head is far enough from Rembrandt, but Rembrandt would have stopped to look at it.

No. 229.—August Schwabe: "Conveying Hope."

Now, there must be something in a picture to hold us: either the painting, or the character, but there is nothing of either in this performance. The grouping is crowded, and there is nothing fresh in the treatment of the rather worn theme. The spectator is reminded of a dozen pictures, beside Mr. Caliga's fine one, and always to the disadvantage of this one.

No. 251.—Geo. H. Story: "Marguerite."

A great deal of gown, and still more of satchel, and harness for the same. The eye mounting upward, encounters a head which belongs to some other body, if we may judge by its size. There must be now several tons of Marguerites in existence. This one "takes the cake" for insufficiency.

No. 165.—Carl Marr: "Gossip."

How refreshing to come upon a picture that has any reality or beauty in it, among the mass of perfunctory work that fills every gallery, no matter where he may find it. This work of Mr. Marr's must certainly have taken a prize had it been in competition; as it is, it is only loaned by its purchaser, to whom we are all much indebted. The picture may be classified—as nearly all pictures now-a-days may be classified—and by its petals and stamens, we find it belongs to the long-window-and-muslin-curtain order, and to the girl-spinning species. But, because we get tired now-and-then of the order and species when not well cultivated, is no reason why we should not enjoy a good specimen, and this is more than a good one. The light is agreeably diffused, with perhaps too much dark in the lower right-hand corner, and not enough on the thither side of the things on the window-sill, although it may be that we ought to trust the artist's account of the reflections from the white table-cloth and the sunlit room. All the things are well painted, softly lighted and interesting to look at: the kitten's action is given in a lively fashion: we are never quite sure it will be there when we come back; and to speak last of the most important part—the human element, the two girls are really the most enjoyable part of the picture, we look first and last at them. The girl in a light dress, who faces us, is a charming figure; the other is as much of a personality, but not so well painted, so far as the face is concerned, which seems a little clumsy in the modelling about the cheek and chin. But this is a picture where the essential good qualities—albeit they do not as yet show independence of

his schooling on the artist's part—are so much in excess of the faults, that we do not need to notice them.

No. 80.—Lockwood De Forest: "The bank of the Nile, opposite Cairo, Egypt."

It passes our comprehension how a man can know as much about the East as Mr. De Forest does, and yet fail to report a single one of its charms. Dull in color, hard in execution, stiff in design—not a good square inch of painting here. We leave it to the spectator: if he were to see this picture in the window of a tea-and-coffee shop in Vesey Street, would he look twice at it? Nay, if he read the offer to give it away with a pound of coffee, would he not turn and buy his coffee in another shop, for fear of getting it?

No. 150.—Frederick W. Kost: "A misty evening at Clifton, Staten Island."

This would have pleased a little boy of four years who saw the crescent moon, and said: "See, mamma, a finger-nail paring!" This moon looks big enough for a big thumb-nail paring, and we can see little but it in the picture. With mist sufficient to blot out the landscape so completely, no crescent moon would dare to assert itself so loudly. There should be less moon and more landscape—or less of both. Still, there is something in this picture—an effort, if nothing more.

No. 97.—John J. Enneking. "Spring-time."

We wish the late Mr. Fuller could have taken out a patent for his way of looking at things, and then Mr. Enneking couldn't have pirated it. The plagiarism here is too transparent, and so is the little girl.

No. 86.—Wilson De Meza: "Au Printemps."

If we accept the artist's way of looking at things, this picture has merit: his way consisting apparently in looking at nature through a muslin curtain which reduces lights and shadows alike, and gives a tinted drawing for the rather tame result. This is one of the pictures where we are expected to find "values" when we ask for "life." The merit of the picture is simply, that the rules have been well followed.

No. 265.—D. W. Tryon: "Daybreak."

An excellent picture, a dappled sky with a tremulous moon: the town with its twinkling lights telling that the fisher-folks are astir, and the old church tower solemnly reflected in a patch of smooth water. One of the best landscapes in the exhibition and we should have been glad to see it in a place where we could have sat down to enjoy it. But, on the other hand, it is a picture that does not want a full light.

GALLERY D.

(To the left, on entering from Gallery C.)

No. 58.—C. B. Coman: "Thistle-down Hill—Keene Valley."

Just a little bit cut out of the landscape anywhere, like a sample out of a piece of calico, doesn't make a picture. It is not even to be called "a study." And the artist ought to look at everything from the side of his art; he is neither a photographer nor a naturalist. Composition, design, purpose, ought to be in the life-blood of a study—the picture is the man that grows from such a child.

No. 37.—J. G. Brown: "You're a nice pup."

No, you're not. You are the poorest thing in the picture. Can't you wriggle a little, or wrinkle your homely little mug a bit, or, at least, try to claw with your hind feet? No, of course you can't, any more than the porcelain-faced boy who holds you can dart at the spectator from round a corner, and dance round him with a "Here you are, boss! Shine 'em up! Five cents! three cents! two cents!" Boy and dog are studio-simulacra, and so is everything here: even the shoe-brushes have been paid by the hour to sit, and never did a bit of real work in their lives.

No. 69.—Wilder M. Darling: "Vesper Hour."

Good painting and dignified posing, but posing, of course. A model, of this present year of grace, but the action belongs to another time. This is often seen in these costume-pictures: the model and the subject do not belong together. This artist is serious in his art, and will some day be moved to paint a real subject.

No. 71.—Charles H. Davis: "An effect of moonlight."

This is a picture where the artist nods. Fortunately, he comes off with flying-colors, further on in the Gallery, so, he may be permitted to nod a bit. This picture is blue and cold: the composition is not distributed; the trees are a lump in the middle, and the poor little moon quite useless for light, or for the artist's purpose.

No. 237.—R. M. Shurtleff: "A forest-glade."

Another calico pattern, but with a little more approach to composition than its neighbor, No. 58. Not a bit more interesting in character, however.

No. 144.—Alfred Kappes: "Tattered and torn."

As good work as ever we saw from Mr. Kappes' hand. The color, all over, too chalky, but that seems a sort of *fad* with our younger men, and we must put up with it. For character-drawing, nothing in the exhibition equal to this, and the action of the old woman watching the match, to see if it is going to burn, is caught with great cleverness. The two men in the background are first-rate in their way; the one pouring heaps of wisdom into the other's ear, the other receiving it with the respect due to law-and-gospel.

No. 47.—Geo. W. Chambers: "Mistress Cornelia."

A girl whose head has grown bulbous with long study, and with whom the landscape will have nothing to do, seeing that she can't turn away her eyes from her books, even to look at it. We wish to look neither at the landscape, nor at the girl.

No. 287.—E. L. Weeks: "Pilgrims embarking on the Nile."

Not one of our artists who has taken the East for his province, has the power to paint it beautifully: they are all coarse and painty, and we know by the report of such an artist as Hoguet, that paintiness is the one quality that misrepresents the East. Mr. Weeks, who once promised to do good things, has now become merely a furnisher of Oriental goods.

No. 236.—R. M. Shurtleff: "A cloudy day."

Better than No. 237, but still lacking the individual note. This is, of course, more of a picture than the other, but a conventional picture for all that. The trouble with such pictures as this is, that they are like a hundred things we see: if art were not grown to be such a mere branch of commerce as it is, people would not smile so, to hear a man insist that every picture ought to show us something the artist has seen for himself, and has painted as no one else could have painted it.

No. 272.—C. F. Ulrich: "Glassblowers of Murano."

One of the prize-pictures. This is an award that we do do not pretend to understand. Certainly, Mr. Ulrich has done much better work, although this picture and No. 273, on the west wall of this Gallery, show him outgrowing his old hardness. But, in the first place, an artist ought to be rebuked, and not rewarded, for trying to paint what no one can, or ever did, paint—the intense white glow of a furnace fire. To paint sunlight, fire-light, candle-light, gas-light, any one of the tribe, is not a task that a sensible artist will tackle — we are tempted to say, an honest one, since he knows, or ought to know, that his colors cannot last, and that his picture, instead of growing better, will grow worse, for it cannot stop where he leaves it. But even were the artist justified in his attempt, he has not done his work well, his glow is most mechanically plastered on. The composition of this picture is scattered and disorderly, and we cannot explain the action. The man at the left, whose body is drawn in like an hour-glass, may be all right —Mr. Ulrich may settle that with his model—but he looks most unnatural, even if he were inspiring the whole spare atmosphere. He probably has on a shirt, but he looks as if he had on only his skin. How is it with the two men in the middle of the picture—what are they doing? Has the foremost, sitting one, a finished glass in his hand, or is it still attached to the blower held by the other man? There is no space between the two, though on closer inspection we seem to discover that the standing man is beginning a new blow. The best figures are the girls, but they are studied, and have no interest in themselves: the bench in the foreground, and the things on it, show the artist's old hardness of method. With more deliberate examination, and time to think upon it, this picture would not have been selected for a prize.

No. 104.—Alfred Fredericks: "Elaine."

A most elaborate stage-costume, a paste-board mediæval castle, all the well-known properties of Mr. Fredericks' pattern-book—hard, cold, artificial, as of old, and as like Elaine as any one else!

No. 293.—Carleton Wiggins: "American woods in Autumn."

Now, would not anybody say, that these were woods in Normandy, or some other happy hunting-ground for artists in France, rather than in America. Even the sheep look as if they would *Baa* in French. But, if we were called upon to say where these woods were found, we should say—in Mr. Wiggins' studio. For a specimen of the usual studio-landscape it is well enough: it fills the bill.

No. 300.—A. H. Wyant: "Looking westward between dawn and daylight."

Does Mr. Wyant really mean that he made this picture at the time indicated by the title? Then, he must have done it, for a wager. Nothing else would justify the wrenching one's self out of bed, for such a task. A wide-spread belief that looking in any direction, between the points-of-time indicated, would reveal such a state of things, would tend disastrously to the increase of late lying-a-bed.

But, supposing Mr. Wyant to have only thought the world must look like this at the stipulated time, and that he painted it in the studio, in the usual working-hours, what becomes of his title, then? Anyway, the work was not worth doing, even had it been done well, which it certainly is not.

No. 264.—D. W. Tryon: "Twilight Reverie."

No matter if this little piece does recall Rousseau—he being the landscape-painters' master and model to-day—we are free to admire it all the same, and the more we look at it, the less it looks like Rousseau, and the more like a glimpse of nature seen through the poet's own eyes. For Mr. Tryon is a poet, though his palette is his inkstand and his brush his pen. All here is in solemn and yet cheerful harmony—sky, and wood, and earth, chant their evening hymn, linked hand in hand.

No. 188.—Charles Muller: "The last purchase."

Just a photograph, painted. Very neat, to be sure, but hard, cold, and polished into inanity. A person who allows himself to be persuaded into a liking for such work, will find himself drifting farther and farther away from real art. Between the Netherlanders, the Dutch, and the Flemish, who carried this minuteness to the utmost permissible point, and such work as this of Mr. Muller, there is a great and impassable gulf fixed.

No. 53.—F. S. Church: "The Enchanted Monarch."

To make the situation more even, the lion ought to be as unsubstantial as the lady. As it is, the moral seems to be that the monarch is enchanted with the prospect of eating up the lady. He won't have the pleasure of crunching her bones, however, for she hasn't any. She will just melt in his mouth. What nonsense is such painting!

No. 224.—P. E. Rudell: "A Reminiscence."

A melancholy memory, we should think. Why look mournfully on the past? Try, Mr. Rudell, to forget this tasteless vision of cottage, earth, and sky.

No. 177.—Robert C. Minor: "Sundawn."

"Sundawn" is not in Worcester, though, being outlandish, it may be in Webster. There is nothing in this woolly picture to explain it. This looks like a piece of tapestry—where nature is conventionalized into a mere decorative flatness. Is Corot responsible for this? Are his laurels keeping Mr. Minor awake? But you can always travel for miles and miles in a real Corot, and the birds can fly through his trees. Whereas with Mr. Minor—ay, there's the difference!

No. 44.—J. H. Caliga: "Marguerite."

Well, as this lady does not pretend to be Goethe's heroine, we will not quarrel with her name. The artist was thinking of the daisies in her lap. We are sorry to see Mr. Caliga in danger of getting sloughed in a mannerism that is too pronounced to stand the wear-and-tear of continued exhibition. His women are too vapory, too unsubstantial, and more sentimental than is good, and of the prettiest model one may become little tired by seeing her too often. Mr. Caliga's qualities are too solid, his training has been too serious, that he should lapse so soon into a merely popular painter. We hope he will pull himself together again, and justify the hopes excited by his earlier work.

No. 145.—Frank L. Kirkpatrick: Roman Interior—XVIth Century."

Heine says: "Whatever crop fails, the crop of fools never fails." Mr. Kirkpatrick is then moderately sure of clients. We should like to be civil, but such work as this would try the patience of a saint. In the first place, Mr. Kirkpatrick shows no capacity for improvement. He paints worse and worse with every year. When he first chipped the shell, people thought his absurdities and freaks the fruit of high animal-spirits bubbling over in a young chap just let loose, but now they are tired of these high-jinks. As an artist he is fast losing all claims to respect, and it is plain he has no respect for the public. He probably spells "the masses" "them asses." If any single thing in his pictures were well-painted, or less than crasily designed, we would welcome it; but not only is everything badly done, but it is ugly, impossible, untrue, and, in most cases, unrecognizable. What is the object, for example, on the pedestal at the right? Is it a roc's egg, or a fragment of an onyx vase, or a petrified bologna-sausage? And the pedestal? Were there Chestnut Street furniture-shops in the XVIth century? For, out of a fashionable furniture-shop of to-day, came this incongruous thing. Shall we be rude, and say that such a painter as this could only have come to light in a city that could deliberately build the architectural monster of the century—the Philadelphia municipal-building? The legs of Mr. Kirkpatrick's models in this precious XVIth century room would make very appropriate balusters for that edifice.

No. 42.—H. N. Burdick: "Peaches and Plums."

Hard as are Mr. Burdick's women, we had rather be obliged to bite them, than to try our teeth on these wooden fruits.

No. 116.—Clifford P. Grayson: "Midday dreams."

Dreams, forsooth! Never a dream was evolved from this mean-faced peasant's head—unless it were a dream of cabbage-soup excited by the scrubby specimens of that useful vegetable about her. A bit of landscape in the background, a good pose of the model, a general agreement in the dull coloring—these are not the qualities for which prizes of such importance as these ought to be given. All that there is meritorious in this picture, and, honestly, it is but little, is nullified by the meanness of the type. This girl is not repulsive to look at, squalid, like the peasants in Bastien Le Page's pictures — she has not that distinction — she is simply mean-looking, and she gives a commonplace look to the whole picture of which she is the centre.

No. 196.—Leonard Ochtman: "The village road."

A better picture than the artist's No. 197, but dull-looking and painty—no lightness of touch!

No. 14.—William Verplanck Birney: "The evening anthem."

Here is an absolute ignoring of all relations of light and shade. Values thrown out of the window, and perspective after them. All the faces unblushingly copied from one and the same model.

No. 6.—Ellen K. Baker: "Springtime."

A pretty, happy, healthy, little peasant-child, sitting dressed and ready to be drawn. Of course, the pictures were not hung when the prizes were given, else, how, when the Committee looked first, on this picture, and, then on this of Mr. Grayson's, could they have failed to be attracted by Miss Baker's canvas?

No. 203.—Arthur Parton: "Evening after the rain."

A picture of much merit. Large in treatment and grand in design; and would be grander, were it not for the frittered band of lighted cloud at the edge of the larger mass. The queer liking of artists, lately, for uncomfortable and sloppy places has been pointed out already; it cannot be helped. Constable used to paint greatcoat-weather—but, then, he was an Englishman.

No. 172.—F. D. Millet: "Portrait, Sidney Dillon, Esq."

A good portrait, they say—and looks it. The gentleman sits rather bolt upright in his chair, sets his lips, and looks a decided "No," but that is, perhaps, his way. We are concerned with the painting, which we find honest and manly: the details of chair and dress, and the hands, done full justice to, and yet duly subordinated to the head. Should have been sent to the Academy exhibition, where were several good portraits to keep it company.

No. 184.—W. J. Mott: "The smoker."

Figure, and everything else, in this sorry little picture, drawn from the moral consciousness of its maker.

No. 96.—John J. Enneking: "Cloudy day in November."

Mr. Jervis McEntee's subject seen through Mr. Geo Fuller's spectacles. Monotonous and dull, but with good tree-drawing, air enough, and merit of its own, sufficient to justify Mr. Enneking in laying aside the bladders, of which he has such a variety, and striking out on his own account.

No. 155.—Joseph Lauber: "Bachelor's solitude."

Air and light in this corner, a well-composed picture, and everything in its place, so that we see the man's head chiefly. Unpretending as it is, this is really one of the best pictures in the exhibition. The artist is thinking of essentials, and wastes no time in microscopic researches. If Mr. Lauber keeps on this track, he may some day catch up with the Dutchmen.

No. 92.—Charles Warren Eaton: "When twilight was falling."

Mr. Eaton's best picture, so far, in our journey. We tire of a little over-glow on the sky: 'tis not altogether in harmony with the rest. The foreground lacks invention: Mr. Eaton is too content with unbroken masses of light and shade.

No. 139.—William H. Howe: "Morning in the pasture—Normandy."

This climate seems to have one odd characteristic. Without any sunlight in the sky, the backs of all these cows are touched with sunlight of the first quality. The cows were probably painted one day, and the landscape, another.

No. 179.—Leon Moran: "A Courting."

Mere syllabub. Is there really nothing in Mr. Moran's world fit to be painted but last century's frocks and furniture, wigs and breeches? Even the silly people must be getting tired of the silliness they have so long encouraged.

No. 226.—William Sartain: "Near South Dartmouth, Mass."

Woolly dullness and convention. Why go so far, to paint what might have been painted in one's room, here in New York City?

No. 180.—Percy Moran: "The Departure."

Rocks like potatoes, with two puritan puppets borrowed from Mr. Boughton's collections, and looking at a boat struggling for life in a sea of wrinkled, painted paper, agitated by a hand-bellows.

No. 193.—J. C. Nicoll: "An August Evening."

If we must have another moon, please let us have a large one. No tide would pay any attention to a little runt of a moon like this, and as for light, if it be so dark with one such moon, what would it be with two? Cimmerian gloom, we should say.

No. 212.—Arthur Quartley: "Near the mouth of the Thames."

A breezy sky, the clouds rolled about in irregular masses, their edges all round, lighted by the sun —a wet sheet, and a flowing sea—the water wet, too!

No. 31.—A. T. Bricher: "Fog-clearing—Morning at Patchogue."

Two pictures in one. A featureless, purposeless little one at the right, and at the left, a bouncing, black, fisherman's net-reel, looking as if it would roll over the rest of the landscape and crush it, together with the, as usual, overdressed American female, got up in her best to go out in a row-boat.

No. 245.—George H. Smillie: "Autumn."

Mr. Smillie paints with such facility that we can almost fancy his brushes going off by themselves. With what patience he must have practiced his rock-exercise, birch-tree exercise, and the rest of the elements, but the result seems to be little more than a one-finger waltz. This picture is more than usually empty, there is absolutely nothing in the lower half of it—only the horizon-strip where the land and the water meet, is good,—but the sky is sullen, and won't have anything to do with the land.

No. 161.—Charles Russell Loomis: "Mt. Hopkins: Keene Valley, Adirondacks."

In spite of his big mountain and big foreground, this picture is unimpressive: we are thinking how a Japanese would have treated such a subject; with a few well-chosen lines he would have made—and the proof is accessible to anybody who will look for it—a more expressive and a more forcible landscape than the painter of No. 161 has done, with all his materials. It is not the subject, it is the way it is treated, that makes a big picture—a truism, but how little understood, if we may judge by these exhibitions.

No. 173.—F. D. Millet: "At the Inn."

At the first glance, the pleased spectator joyfully admits the verdict that gave this picture a prize. Nor, on a sober second thought, will he wish the award revoked, although he cannot see in the picture all that the first glance promised.

A gentleman of the last century is seated at table in the dining-room of an old English inn, and the maid is bringing him a jug of something hot,—this is all the subject of the picture, and Mr. Millet has treated it with honest simplicity, abstaining from any sort of trickery, and looking at it in a very matter-of-fact way. The gentleman is so seated that in any case we could not see his full face, and as he leans his head on his hand, contemplating the maid, we do not see his face at all. The maid, on the other hand, we can see as well as the guest can, but her charms are only those of sturdy health: in her buckram dress, her target-hat, and supported on a pair of stout pins, she throws away all Mr. Millet's chances for pleasing the sentimental people. Nay, we doubt if even the friend of this writer—who, in his enthusiasm for the delicious English voice, heard in its own home, declared that he would cheerfully cross the Atlantic for the pleasure it gave him to hear the maid at his inn announce "Breakfast is quite ready, sir"—would have been moved to such effusion by any sound that might issue from this bovine breast. However, such as she is, Mr. Millet has well painted her, and we can fancy her a very patient model—a post would tire as soon as she. The people in the artist's little drama are not, then, what interests us in the picture, though nobody can pick at the drawing, or at the way they are set in light and air. The room itself—a portrait, we are given to understand, and a literal one, of a room in an old inn much frequented by Messrs. Millet, Abbey, Reinhart and other Americans—is painted with great skill, but with too much sameness of texture, the table-cloth is too much like tin, has no softness, and the objects on the table, the vessels, the chicken, the loaf, have a hard perfunctory look, very little suggestive of the welcome Shenstone found in his inn. The window, with its glass and curtain, is the best thing in the picture, and, on the whole, we have never seen anything so satisfactory as this from the pencil of Mr. Millet. But, so far as painting goes, Mr. Lauber's picture, No. 155, with all its shortcomings, is far more interesting than this too mechanical work of Mr. Millet.

No. 215.—J. Rogers Rich: "Reapers—on the banks of the St. Lawrence, Quebec."

A big canvas with nothing in it. The girl stand-

ing with her back to us might really be a made-up scare-crow, for any certainty of a body inside her clothes. At any rate, we are ready to wager that she has no head under her straw hat. Can she have lost her head to this hard young man, engaged in the hopeless task of quarrying out this petrified wheat with a sickle? Surely, it is not unreasonable to ask that an artist who is going to paint a whole wheat-field, should at least give a half-hour's study to his model, in nature, to learn how it really looks.

No. 277.—Kruseman von Elten: "Where the rivers meet."

Grind away, Mr. Von Elten, and if it pays, may your hopper never be empty, for if these pictures do no good, we suppose they do no harm. You are, unhappily, not alone in producing work that cannot fairly be said to have any character whatever of its own.

No. 225.—P. P. Ryder: "A quiet home."

How much a Dutchman of the old time, or one of the new ones, Mauve, or Mettling, or Neuhys, would have made of this simple subject? Mr. Ryder's skill does not extend so far as painting, but if you choose to forego that luxury, you may at least indulge in an inventory of the contents of this end of a room. Item: one old woman; item: one chair; item: one earthen jar, and cover to same, etc., etc. But Teniers or Terburg could have made these things interesting to every body; nay, did we not see Bonvin, in his picture in the Morgan collection, make a masterpiece out of an old woman taking a pinch of snuff?

No. 88.—C. Harry Eaton: "The lily-pond."

Well, let these heavy clouds come down in a solid mass—for we can never believe they will melt, thaw, and dissolve into rain! These sturdy sheets of tin will bear up the load!

No. 48.—J. Wells Champney: "In a French village."

We can see better subjects than this, any day, looking out of our back-window here in town. But, we doubt if M. Champney could make pictures of them. Certainly there is no skill of any kind shown in this. A row of dull little houses, a duller yard, a girl like a pump standing at one side, some geese in one corner—this is all. Yes, but these materials, with a little seasoning of poetic feeling, a breath of heaven's air, and a little stuffing of humanity, might make of these materials, something very refreshing.

No. 292.—M. Waterman: "Maaroof among the Merchants. From the *Thousand and one Nights*."

These long titles to pictures of nothing at all, are amusing. We are so tired of these Orientalists who seem to know the East only from chromolithographs, and who never by any chance give a look of reality to their pictures, that we do not know if we should welcome a good painter of these hackneyed subjects. Mr. Waterman is only after a bright combination of colors, but, we see so much more of the paint than the colors, that we carry away only an impression of coarse workmanship.

No. 41.—H. R. Burdick: "Home-industry."

A girl in a black dress, working at a sewing-machine before a window. The sewing-machine is painted with such accuracy that the picture might serve as an advertisement. Nature, however, would secure no customers if she should show this girl as a specimen of her skill—her face, all bumps and hollows, will never make any one's fortune. The rival sewing-machine maker would probably say that the use of his machine would develope a much happier and more placid face. Judging by his faces elsewhere in these galleries, we are afraid the fault lies with Mr. Burdick himself.

No. 238.—Edward Emerson Simmons: "Mother and child."

This is the first of the prize-pictures: the one about whose merit the public is pretty much agreed. We do not think the subject a very happy one. A peasant-mother, tired with her work in the field, has been peeling the potatoes for dinner, and has fallen asleep with her head on the side of the bed, where her little child is sitting, having just waked up. This child, so weakly painted, and with no life at all in him, might just as well have been left out of the picture. The mother is all there is, and even of her, her attitude is such—her head thrown over, and so foreshortened that we see not much more than the underside of the chin—that we are obliged to give our attention almost exclusively to the way in which the painter has done the technical part of his work—he has not, really, much else to say. In this respect, the picture is without doubt the best piece of figure-painting in the gallery, Mr. Fitz's "Old Woman," up-stairs, alone competing with it, and he having also to depend on his workmanship alone for praise, since we cannot be expected to care for the subject. Mr. Simmons' work is such as to excite high hopes for his future: the drawing of the woman's body is well done—the head itself is not so good, we fancy she will have trouble in at-

tempting to raise it. The hands are the best part of the picture, and the potatoes, and their skins lying loose in the woman's lap, are also good. We hope this picture may fall to the share of our own Museum.

No. 216.—Wm. T. Richards: "A Cornish headland."

A majestic subjct, and as a picture, composed with even more than Mr. Richards' well-known skill. Scientifically, the rocks are worthy of study, but as an imaginative or poetic rendering of the scene, this is a failure, like so many of the artist's similar attempts. It is plain that a photograph of this scene would be just as effective as this picture. Nay, more, perhaps, for we should be sure it was not made-up.

No. 289.—C. D. Weldon: "Tokens."

A good sky—a little melodramatic in its way.

No. 273.—C. F. Ulrich: "Lace-makers of Burano."

A pretty group of girls, working away naturally enough, their hands well drawn. There's a small episode of a love-letter which one of the girls is reading over the shoulder of the recipient. There is little enough that is pictorial in this canvas, an instantaneous photograph would have done as much for us, and the window at the back, with its view into the street, is a sad failure. Still, as we have said elsewhere, this is more of a picture than the one by the same artist that took the prize.

No. 17.—R. A. Blakelock: "The Vale of Mystic Waters."

The vale of mystic scraping, scumbling, and fussing, to make a new picture look like an old moth-eaten piece of tapestry!

No. 125.—Dubois F. Hasbrouck: "A pleasant afternoon in October."

It might have been a pleasant afternoon in October when you painted it, but you have not succeeded in imparting your impression. It might have been painted in your studio, last January, for all the look of an individual study of nature it has.

No. 284.—Frederick T. Waugh: "Coquetry."

This picture of two people dressed up in cast-off stage finery of a past time, is so stiff, metallic, artificial, as not to be worth a serious second look. We have, however, given it a dozen looks, with the result that seriousness has become sadness, and sadness, pity—that any artist in our time, and especially a young one, can find his account in painting such a silly picture.

No. 132.—Wm. H. Hilliard: "Happy hours in Holland."

Well, we had happy hours in Holland, and many of them; 'tis a place to be happy in. But, to judge by Mr. Hilliard's report, the Holland he was happy in, would have put us in the dumps.

No. 261.—William T. Trego: "Battery! Halt!"

Vigorous, manly, honest; but not so interesting, nor so well composed, as last year's picture. For one thing, it is annoying to see a single red horse, shown in eleven different attitudes, the same horse, without the least attempt to change his markings. The two purple horses, and the one white, might have been distributed along the line, and our attention distracted from the red ones, but they are all grouped at the end of the line, and are of no help. But again, we repeat our praise for the work as a whole: it is vigorous, manly, honest.

No. 7.—James M. Barnsley: "High tide at Dieppe."

Good perspective, good drawing, but dull—one of those pictures painted, like so many by the young men studying in Paris—not because they saw the scene, and were moved to paint it for its own sake, but because it served as well as any other to practice their studio-theories on. Such pictures are interesting rather to the artist himself and his friends, than to the public.

No. 59.—Bruce Crane: "Edge of a clearing."

Like a "piece" at school well spoken, but just as a perfunctory duty. Impossible to believe that Mr. Crane cared for this clearing. But, did he ever see a real Corot, or Rousseau, or Stacquet, or Mauve, or Lesore, that didn't look as if, for the time being, the subject of his picture was not all in all to the artist? That's what makes them Corot, Rousseau, Stacquet and the rest, and not Tom, Dick and Harry.

No. 78.—J. Dolph: "Just awoke."

A litter of kittens. These are just the regulation commercial kitten which Mr. Dolph has always in stock. Everything he paints—cats, hats, dogs, rugs, chairs, chests, is done in a workmanlike manner: he always gives good measure, but we have no one who paints at the same time so well, and to no artistic result whatever. But we praise his industry, and his knowledge of his trade.

No. 185.—Phiz Muhr: "Wood-gatherers—Seine-et-Oise."

There are a good many pictures painted now-a-days on this theme. A wide foreground, and along the horizon a bit of open sky, and woodland, houses, or, what-not. The picture seems painted just for this little strip—and it is often well done. This picture is one of the kind described: the figure is merely thrown in, and might be as well left out.

No. 70.—Charles H. Davis: "The close of day."

Thanks, Mr. Davis for this fair scene, with its lifted, heavenly sky, its wafted clouds, rose petals borne along by a zephyr that we cannot feel. Fly far, fly far, oh happy eye! Follow the "orange sunset waning slow;" forget the earth—and yet, return to earth, and rove at will over this rolling plain to where the sky and this dark verdure meet and melt together. How irresistible is the work of a man whose art is the expression of his love for nature and his poetic perception of her beauty! From his first appearence, the public has greeted in this artist one destined to minister to its pleasure in a very noble and elevating way. His instant recognition ought to encourage all who care for art: we may be sure not only that the artists are not all dead, but that they will be known when they appear, without the need of a herald.

No. 242.—Henry P. Smith: "After the gale."

Very neat, and very hard. Mr. Smith once painted the full ocean, and did it well. Why, then, try it again?

No. 98.—William C. Fitler: "June."

Like a dozen other pictures here: just copy-book work, correct enough following of the formulas, but with no more personality than an air ground out by a hand-organ.

No. 75.—Charles Melville Dewey: "Midnight."

Far inferior to Mr. Dewey's larger picture, and not midnight at all, as we, with rather a leaning for midnights, remember. A picture that, so ar as the disinterested spectator is concerned, has no particular reason for being.

THE PRIZE-FUND EXHIBITION.

AWARD OF THE MEDALS.

ON Monday, May 18, the ten gold medals presented by the American Art-Association, were awarded to the following artists by a committee chosen from among the exhibitors in the present exhibition. The medals are all of equal value—one hundred dollars—and there is no precedence in the distribution. We give the names in the order of the Catalogue numbers:

No. 70—Charles H. Davis: "The Close of day."

No. 109—Gilbert Gaul: "Holding the line at all hazards."

No. 140—George Inness, Jr.: "In the Surf."

No. 144—Alfred Kappes: "Tattered-and-torn."

No. 147—H. H. Kitson: "La musique de la mer," bronze statue, life size.

No. 165—Carl Marr: "Gossip."

No. 189—Rhoda Holmes Nicholls: "Those evening bells."

No. 203—Arthur Parton: "Evening after the rain."

No. 258—A. M. Turner:

"Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

No. 268—B. H. Tyler: "An Octogenarian."

After the awards had been made, and the medals distributed, it was discovered that Mr. A. M. Turner, who had received one of them, was not born in America, and was therefore, by the rules governing the choice, not entitled to a medal. A second ballotting was then ordered, but, at the time of writing, the committee had not been assembled again for the purpose. Of course, rules are rules, and must be observed; else, what is the use of having them? but, in Mr. Turner's case, the application of the rule as to the artists' birth-place seems rather hard. Mr. Turner has been painting in this country and exhibiting his pictures, we are told, for over ten years, and might without much straining, we should think, have been allowed to pass for an American, especially in these days when a pure-blooded American—if indeed there be such a thing—is hard to find. However, Mr. Turner took his rebuff in so manly a fashion, and his picture has been so great a favorite with the public, that we dare say he will not suffer by the affair. The awards are satisfactory on the whole, though we can but ascribe the choice of Mr. Inness' picture to pure good-fellowship, since, to our thinking, the picture is one of the poorest in the whole exhibition, not negatively, but positively bad. And, why Mr. B. H. Tyler's simpering portrait should have been culled out for a medal, must astonish everybody, outside the Committee, Mr. Tyler himself included.

PRESENT ART-EXHIBITIONS.

MAY 1st.—Exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Metropolitan Museum of the Fine Arts, Central Park.

May 10th.—American Art-Association Prize Exhibition. Galleries of the American Art-Association, 6 East Twenty-third Street, New York.

May 24th.—Exhibition of Impressionist and other pictures by French artists, at the Galleries of the National Academy of Design.

American Art Galleries

6 East 23d St. (Madison Square)

NEW YORK

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NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND FOURTH AVENUE

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THE AMERICAN ART-ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

MANAGERS

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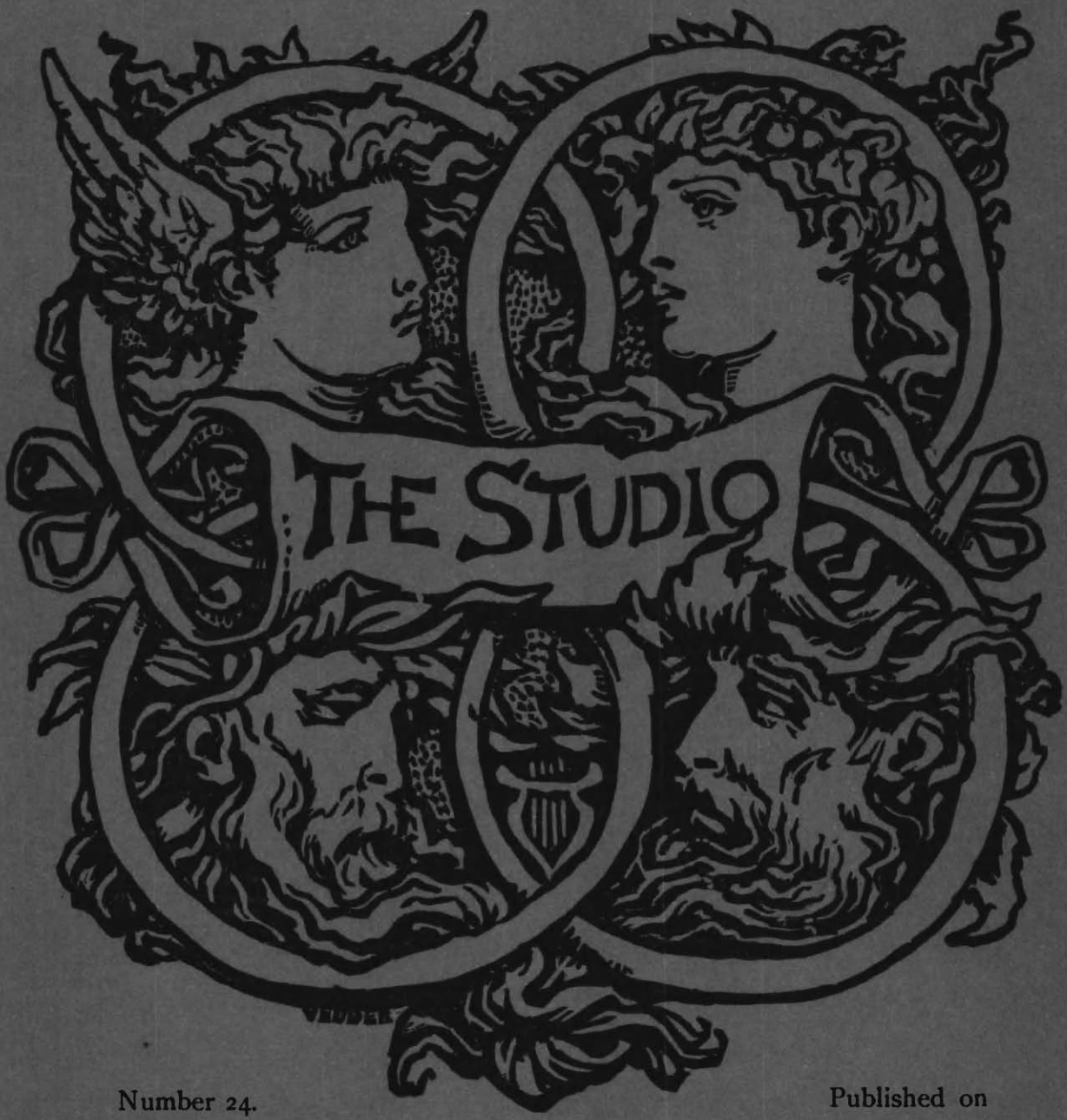
MDCCCLXXXVI

A Journal devoted to the Fine Arts.



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CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF

THE STUDIO.

This number of THE STUDIO will complete the First Volume of the New Series, and a

NEW VOLUME

will begin with the number to be published,

July, 1886.

With the new volume, THE STUDIO will be published monthly. It will consist of sixteen pages instead of twelve, and will be illustrated. The price of single numbers will be Twenty cents instead of Ten, but the yearly subscription will remain at $2.00, as at present.

In addition to the usual subjects, the fullest news of the art-world at home and abroad will be supplied The editor respectfully asks for the friendly assistance in his enterprise of those who are interested in Art, and from all who, judging from its past, think the journal worthy of encouragement.

THE EDITOR OF THE STUDIO.

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THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, MAY 29th, 1886.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

AN apology is due the subscribers to the STUDIO for the long delay in the appearence of the present number. It has been caused by the illness of the editor who was confined to his house for a month, during which time he was unable to do any work. The first number of the new volume will also be delayed, as a consequence of the same accident, but, after that, it is hoped there will be no further need of apologies on this score.

A DIALOGUE IN THE GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS,

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE Gallery of the Society of American Artists. The critic, seated on one of the sofas. A stranger, having a somewhat heated and bothered look, comes and sits beside him:

STRANGER.—What on earth put it into the heads of these artists to have their exhibition in such an out-of-the-way place as this? Why, it would be easier to get to, if it were in Hoboken!

CRITIC.—Or even in Brooklyn.

S.—That is out of the way, indeed! But it isn't so ingeniously out of the way as this!

C.—How did you get here, may I ask?

S.—I took the Third Avenue Elevated road to Eighty-fourth Street, then walked four blocks through that filthy Street—

C.—"Filthy Street—Oh, then, I perceive you are not a New Yorker! We can do much better than that in the way of filthy streets, I assure you! From Philadelphia, perhaps?

S.—No, thank you! No overgrown villages for me! I'm from Boston.

C.—Oh, they do have clean streets, there: too clean for some of us! I knew a bright young chit from New York who came back from Boston, and said she was so glad to see the dear old ash-barrels once more! If you think of it, that's what makes Mr. Childe Hassam's picture so tame! You know it, I suppose; 'tis in all the galleries now-a-days, and there it is yonder, No. 58, "A Rainy Day." You see what a depressing idea it gives of Boston—neatness and propriety carried to the point of bigotry.

S.—Well, for my part, I like clean streets, and I don't call a city civilized that is so filthy as New York is, outside of the rich-people's quarters. It is amusing, however, the punctiliousness of Bostonians on the score of cleanliness! The other day I was visiting a lady who lives on Dartmouth Street: as we talked, she sat by the window, and glancing aside, she saw a piece of paper on the side-walk. "Pray excuse-me," she said, as she rose and pressed the bell; then to the servant: "Charles, there's a piece of paper on the side-walk; just send Solon to pick it up!" And, as Charles disappeared, "I don't know what the Winthrop Saltonstalls would have thought of us, if they had happened to see that piece of paper!"

C.—You're joking!

S.—No, sir, 'tis "a fact," as Miss Edgeworth is forever saying in a foot-note! And this being the case, I don't perceive how Mr. Hassam is at fault for painting what he sees! You wouldn't have him improvise ash-barrels and banana-skins, would you?

C.—By no means! Only, I would have him see something different, now-and-then! Have you really no slums? Not that I am bent on slums, but if Mr. Hassam could find one, and paint it, it would be a relief to the inanity of the Back-bay. But, I fear what he wants is, a sense of life. He'll never

match his master Béraud in that! Think how Béraud paints a street!

S.—To come back to where we started: you didn't tell me why these young men came up here.

C.—I suppose it was for want of a better place. Yet I do not see how the Society could have found a place more inaccessible, nor how the conditions could have been made more wounding to the pride of the members.

S.—Just look at this Catalogue!

C.—Yes; shabby enough! This is the first time the Society has been without a catalogue of its own. The Trustees might reasonably have insisted that the Catalogue should be uniform with the rest of their publications, but in common courtesy, as it appears to me, they should have permitted the Society to have it all to themselves.

S.—It must make the members wince, I should think, to have their pictures mixed up in this Catalogue with such a precious farrago as the Museum's so-called works of art! I have visited nearly all the museums at home and abroad, and such a collection of trash as this Museum contains, in the way of pictures and statues, I have never set eyes on! As for the "sculpture," down-stairs, I am so ashamed of it, as the work of Americans, that I should really rejoice to hear it had been blown into bits.

C.—It is pretty bad! But I take comfort in thinking we are not so far behind the rest of the world in this field! Sculpture, everywhere outside of France, is a lost art; not so much for lack of talent in the sculptors, as because the world really seems not to know what to do with the statues when they are made.

S.—This Society does not seem very strong in sculpture!

C.—Not if we are to judge by the present exhibition. But here are Warner and St. Gaudens: our two strongest men.

S.—I should have liked to see the portrait-bust Warner had in the Academy exhibition, placed alongside this one, No. 115: the two together would have clearly shown how strong this sculptor is in the perception of character, and how free, as yet, from mannerism and from affectations of all sorts. He goes straight to the mark; he thinks only of his subject, never of himself. And of course he makes you think of his subject, too.

C.—Yes, here is a head delicately and yet firmly built, showing refinement, taste, and a gentlemanly conservatism; easily shocked, yet incapable of shocking. What a contrast to the hirsute Gaul of the Academy, with a head to butt away every obstacle in his path, and with a neccessary indifference to the objections of the buttee!

S.—I don't know who the man was, but I found myself coming back to his effigy again and again: there was an immense vitality in him. I felt as if I had got down to bed-rock when I was with him. I don't know why it is that Warner is so slow in getting known; we never had a sculptor like him.

C.—Oh, don't worry! Time will take care of him! And, though 'tis none of my business, I hope he will never be the fashion! 'Tis not neglect, 'tis being the fashion, that spoils our artists.

S.—And artists everywhere! Have you looked at St. Gaudens *bas-relief*, No. 93?

C.—Oh, yes. It is bound to be looked at; it is made as decorative as possible. St. Gaudens is a decorator by instinct; he takes to it as a duck does to water. In this *bas-relief* he is not thinking of the children as children, he is thinking of them merely as themes for ornamentation. They are not alive at all: compare them with the children of Luca or Donatello, or with those of any Italian of that time.

S.—Well, I like to see a man go his own way.

C.—Yes, but he ought not to walk in two ways at once. See, now, how the sculptor of this bas-relief has treated the little girl's dress, as if it were a renaissance panel: he has thought only, or so it would appear, of the ornament: there is no body under this hard piece of carving, and how awkwardly the folds of the skirt are managed. There is no suggestion of texture.

S.—The boy is a pleasant little chap?

C.—Oh, yes, and there is plenty beside the boy to be praised. Much of the detail is clever, but my objection is fundamental as to the whole. It is, that we have here neither pure portraiture, nor pure decoration.

S.—Even the clasped hands are treated with an eye to decoration: the sculptor was pleased with this intricacy; children would never clasp hands that way.

C.—All shortcomings admitted, we ought to be thankful that people are to be found who have the taste to desire such a portrait of their children, and that we have a sculptor able to execute it. Neither such parents nor such sculptors grow on every bush.

S.—There's something good about that bust of Elwell's, No. 49. But, Job! What does any man

in our day want to bother with Job, for? And why must we always have him shown us at the hight of his miseries? Why not occasionally remember his magnificent prosperity?

C.—But, to show him prosperous is not to show Job at all. His misery is his distinction. His prosperity is only dramatic: 'tis the chorus to the play: it serves to intensify the effect of the afflictions as they come along, and when the long trial is over, the return of his blessings makes the story end in music. But, the trial is the story.

S.—Perhaps, after all, Mr. Elwell didn't care much for Job. He may have named his bust after he had finished it. Or, it may have been named for him, by somebody else.

C.—It does n't matter. Many a famous work has had its name given to it by the public. What strikes you in Mr. Elwell's bust, I take it, is its picturesqueness. It is not pure sculpture: it is half painting.

S.—Yes, what a contrast to the severity of Warner's bust opposite it.

C.—Mr. Elwell belongs rather to St. Gaudens' school.

S.—The more I look at this bust, the better I like it. It is modelled with great feeling.

C.—That can't be said of Mr. O'Donovan's "Emelie."

S.—I should think, not! An extraordinary object! I was looking at it before I met you. Do you think, the sculptor ever really read Chaucer?

C.—He may have read him with his eyes, but never, surely, with his heart! What a libel upon Emelie, the loveliest, the most human, of English heroines before Shakespeare's day!

S.—Just look at her head, how mean in shape! And those bulging eyes! And where are her eyebrows? Not one, to make a sonnet to!

C.—What is funniest about the thing, is that absurd little wisp of hair at the back of her head. Now, Emilie's hair is the only one of her charms, except her voice, that Chaucer mentions, although he speaks, in general terms, of her beauty—of which Mr. O'Donovan has been as chary as he has of her hair!

S.—Why, yes, I don't remember my Chaucer very well, but doesn't he say something about her hair braided down her back?

C.—Precisely—

> "Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
> Behind her back, a yarde long, I guess."

And then, later, she lets it down—

> Her bright hair combed was, untressed all.

I don't think she could have made braids a yard long out of that small knot, unless she had been a conjurer!

S.—A most unfortunate misconception, and a very repelling face, to me: it has an idiotic look!

C.—I don't care to look at it, any more.

S.—Whose is this big picture: No. 33?

C.—That is Mr. Kenyon Cox's "Evening," and the other big one by the other door, No. 34, is his, too.

S.—This "Evening" recalls the performances of Mr. Watts that filled this same gallery last year; only, Mr. Cox can draw, and Mr. Watts couldn't.

C.—Unfortunately Mr. Cox can do nothing else: he can neither create, compose, nor paint.

S.—I am told he can criticise the works of other painters.

C.—Seeing his work here, I should certainly deny his right to do so. Yet, I am assured he promised to be a painter once. I was told a story about him, the other day, which is more to the point that anything Mr. Ernest Chesneau has in his book, "The Education of an Artist."

S.—Let's hear it.

C.—It is only to his credit, else I wouldn't repeat it. He was studying in Paris in the studio of———. The method of painting taught there was, after the subject had been drawn in with great care, to begin painting at the top of the picture, and to paint, steadily, down. All the other pupils followed the rule, but young Cox began his painting all over the canvas, and worked his figure up, so to speak, all together. The result was most brilliant and masterly, and astonished the other students, who watched with curiosity to see the effect it would have upon the teacher. Now, a real painter, a master, who had found such a pupil, would have recognized the fact with joy, and would have silently encouraged him in pursuing his own way of working, seeing that the results were so full of promise.—

S.—Well, what did he do?

C.—Just what pedagogues do, all the world over. He looked at the work in a puzzle; seemed thrown quite off his balance; put a few questions, and then said: "This is very good, quite remarkable, but—I think—I would advise—that, in future, you should just do as the rest do—begin at the top, and paint down."

S.—He didn't see that the boy had begun at the top! I wonder if the good and evil of this much

vaunted studio-teaching have ever been fairly balanced.

C.—I don't know that ; but this I know : 'tis a mouse-trap perpetually open and baited, and dozens of healthy, promising, alert young mice of artists take infinite pains, and make great sacrifices, every year, to get caught in it.

S.—It doesn't seem to have been good for Mr. Cox.

C.—Either that, or something else, has been very bad for him. I should think he had inherited the old clothes which Mr. Watts had borrowed from Michelangelo. This "Evening" seems to be more than sister to Michelangelo's "Night."

S.—What is that brown mass behind her body? Is it autumn foliage? But the other trees are green.

C.—That's her hair, man!

S.—Who would have thought it? But it doesn't seem to me consistent, to paint such a realistic figure : to strive so for the texture of flesh and the truth of anatomy, and then to paint hair, trees, and the landscape in general, in such a conventional way.

C.—Even his drawing seems to have deserted him : I can't think these big knees and strong thighs go with the small head and arms. And how hard it is : how little harmony between the figure and the surroundings!

S.—Then, too, why is it called "Evening"?

C.—Oh, every picture must have a name. Think of the success of Mr. Watts' picture-titles! They were the making of those frightful daubs of his. Think of the amount of gush that was written about them, all founded on their poetic and romantic names. There is, so far as I can see, no reason why this picture should be called "Evening," more than "Morning." Not even Michelangelo, could distinguish between waking-up and falling-asleep. But, then, he never gave names to his ideal works. That has been the doing of scholars and literary men.

S.—Let's take a look at the other picture. What does he call this, No. 34?

C.—A "Vision of Moonrise."

S.—Humph! Not much "vision" here! Hard, matter-of-fact reality, I should say! Now, what nonsense this is! How wanting in ideality! Here is a hard young man, naked as he was born, except for a few leaves about his head like a Sandwich-islander, and he sits up on the grass in astonishment at the sight of an equally naked young woman balancing herself before him on a big pair of rose-colored wings. Both of them are wooden, academic studies, with no pictorial relation to the rest of the canvas—impossible to be reconciled with the supposed time-of-day.

C.—The artist and his friends will cry out at your Philistinism.

S.—They will be the Philistines, then, not I. We have as much right to insist on harmony and consistency in a creation of the imagination as in a statement of what is called fact. But these pictures are not imaginative at all. They remind me of an architect's drawing of a house—the building is as right as T-squares and compasses can make it—but after the drawing is finished, some one else is called on to put in the background and accessories.

C.—I see, by the Catalogue, there are two more pictures here by the same artist.

S.—I have only seen one—the portrait of a gentleman, all in white, sitting on the grass, with a white cup-and-saucer beside him.

C.—Yes, here it is, No. 35. Just a bit of trickery : as unpictorial as possible : hard and chalky : but the draughtsmanship is all right.

S.—Oh, how I long to see a piece of real painting! There's precious little of it here.

C.—Still, there's some. Here are Sargent, and Chase, and we shall find others.

S.—I dare say I meant color, or depth of tone, when I said painting. So many of these artists are painting in an extremely light key. It looks skin-deep.

C.—Pastel seems looking up—that's Chase's influence, I suppose?

S.—He strikes me as a wonderfully clever fellow.

C.—Oh, he's much more than clever. He is an artist to the back-bone, and we've few like him. And being such, he is unequal—now, there's his portrait of Miss Rosalie Gill,—No. 23.

S.—Yes, why would he paint it on that rough canvas? There's no seeing it. And it wrinkles the young lady up, ages before her time!

C.—Mr. Chase is always experimenting, and sometimes he is successful, and sometimes he is n't. But, look here, at this pastel called "Meditation." I call this a charming piece of work : how harmonious the tones : how the textures are distinguished, and without pedantry! If there had been just the least bit of sentiment in the young woman's face!

S.—'Tis a portrait, I suppose, and an artist cannot put into a face what is n't there.

C.—No, I suppose not. There's some sentiment in the lady in white : No. 24.

S.—Another pastel: and too cold for my taste. Don't you think the left arm too long? Looks to me as if the artist had seen his mistake, and put that rose in her hand to hide it.

C.—That would be a queer way of hiding the mistake, by making the line of the arm longer! The arm is all right, but the rose lengthens it out a little: that's all.

S.—May be so. Have you looked at this small landscape by Chase, No. 25: "A Bit of the North Sea, Holland?"

C.—Yes, is n't it charming? Worth all the other landscapes in the room put together.

S.—Miss Rosalie Gill, has found her Holland at Sconset, No. 56, and her dunes and sands make me nearly as homesick as Mr. Chase's blue nettle does.

C.—So, you know Holland and the blue-nettle! I feel as if that were a letter of introduction. What a charm it gives to the sands: I could not learn the name of it, but I tried to bring one home. It was not seeding-time however, and the plant itself died. I think it might be made to grow here.

S.—If you shut your eyes and make believe very hard, as the marchioness did with her orange-peel-and-water, East-Hampton is quite like Scheveningen.

C.—And Sconset, too, I should say, to judge by Miss Gill's picture. She has shown more skill in dealing with this barren subject than in her Japanese boy, where the opportunity seemed richer. The boy is quite dead: will drop tray and tea-pot in a minute. But the landscape has light, air, space—the very sentiment of the place.

S.—And all made out of nothing! The women have been very active this year. I count the names of fifteen women out of a total of eighty-three contributors. And they show, as a rule, a surprising cleverness.

C.—Why, "surprising"?

S.—They have shifted their ground so! Women's work used to be, and for the most part is, to-day, marked by a love of neatness, minute finish, a quality which we all recognize as feminine without perhaps being able to say just what we mean by it. Yet here we have all fifteen of the women contributing, working as broadly as the men, and with the same contempt for detail. And their sisters over the water are all doing the same.

C.—I know it, and I half regret the change. I am afraid it isn't altogether natural: there's too much suspicion of imitation and follow-my-leader in it, to be altogether satisfactory.

S.—I wouldn't mind their doing what they like, if they wouldn't boycott the others who work in the old-fashioned way. There's something withering in the way in which these girls look at anything with a suspicion of "finish" in it.

C.—At Holbein, Van Eyk, Memling, Dürer & Co.?

S.—Oh, they simply won't look at these men at all! Or, if they do, they just give a little sniff, and say, "curious!"

C.—Well let them have their fling! I'm sure they have been penned up in pasture long enough. Beside, we talk of imitation, yet I'm sure there are several of these ladies who are as able to stand on their own feet as the men. There are Miss Matilda Brown's "Turkeys," for instance, No. 17. I wonder if she would be flattered if she were told her work was "manly?"

S.—I dare say she would. But, no one would take it for a woman's work. She gives us all the grandeur of the noble bird. And all its softness, too.

C.—Miss Amanda Brewster's "Studies" are more feminine.

S.—I was looking at them, and wondering if they were drawings.

C.—They show to little advantage here, among so much dashing work. I saw them in the studio of one of Miss Brewster's friends, and was attracted by their delicacy and refinement. At the same time, I feared she was in danger of becoming mannered.

S.—Perhaps' tis only that she draws her subjects too much from one sort of landscape.

C.—How fashions change! Look at the landscapes here, and see how few of them are inspired by what we should have called the "picturesque," a few years ago.

S.—Yes, there are Mr. Coffin's "Hay-Field," No. 28, Mr. F. G. Melchers' "Where Dunes and Meadows Meet." No. 76, one of the pleasures of the exhibition, Mr. Arthur Hoeber's "Spring Landscape," No. 63, Mr. D. W. Tryon's "Moorlands-Dartmonth," No. 113—we don't reckon the difficulty of making poetic pictures out of such simple themes.

C.—The landscapes are pretty, but the interest of the exhibition lies, to me, chiefly in the figures.

S.—Wait a bit. This "Woodchopper" of Donoho's—No. 44.

C.—Not very interesting, to me—and what is the matter with the tree-trunks? They look as if they had fallen to bleeding where they have been cut.

S.—The red spots are a little troublesome, but the picture has dignity.

C.—I don't know: to me it seems rather dull. But, what two noisy things those are by Mr. R. Cleveland Coxe "After the Gale," No. 37, and "A Breaker," No. 38!

S.—There's so much water, we can't see the picture!

C.—And I can't see the water! To me this is mere theatrical bombast. On such waves of painted canvas I expect to see the Flying Dutchman's ship come rolling into port.

S.—Do you know Mr. Beckwith?

C.—No; I never saw him.

S.—Well, there he stands, painted to the life by Mr. Rice, No. 88.

C.—A lively picture, and looks a good likeness. But, the expression a little sweet, is it not?

S.—I dare say, but if it were not that, it would be something else—a portrait is never just right.

C.—Has Beckwith anything here?

S.—Yes, I saw his name. Oh, here it is: this speaking and, so to speak, walking, likeness of Mr. William Walton. Why, this is a strong piece of painting!

C.—It looks as if Mr. Beckwith had been hob-nobbing with Renoir! However, he never was afraid of color. And whenever he sticks to reality he ranks among our best men. Every now and again, however, he tries his hand at fancy, and yonder in his "Pastoral," No. 9, you see what comes of it.

S.—The fawn is an amusing little monster; but, what is the woman doing? Is she just dancing, or, does she think to come unawares on the creature, and carry him off?

C.—I can't make it out. Why try to paint such things? Not one man in five hundred in our day can enter into the spirit of this antique frolic.

S.—Mr. F. S. Church seems to be persuaded that he can. I suppose there is a demand for these inanities of his, but I should think he would weary of meeting it. It seems to argue a very low supply of ideality in our public when such things as these pass muster as fancy.

C.—Beside, 'tis all a trick borrowed from Hamon.

S.—Oh, if we could only once scratch an American artist without finding a Frenchman!

C.—I like some of the flower-pieces here. These "Japanese Anemones," No. 6, and "Roses," No. 7, of Miss Emma Beach—the Anemones especially strike my fancy—then, Miss Caroline Hecker's "Flowers," No. 61. I suppose 'tis the pastel that gives them that softness; Mrs. Julia Dillon's "Petunias," No. 42, and "Waterlily," No. 43—how well she distinguishes the texture of her flowers, and with what taste she groups them!

S.—Helena de Kay's little piece is one of the best here—the composition bothers me a little, and I could be content with the oranges away, but the pansies are very rich and velvety: I wish it were hung lower.

C.—Here's Mr. La Farge again, with his well-worn subjects, and so like the old drawings that have long done duty at exhibitions and sales, that I am puzzled to know whether they are my old acquaintances or not. And the same superfine titles with their gentle claptrap—"Water-lily in sunlight," No. 69: "Water-lilies in faint sunlight," No. 70—so, you may wear your water-lilies with a difference!

S.—However, you must confess the flowers are prettily painted.

C.—Oh, yes, Mr. La Farge can really paint flowers well, in a decorative way. Prettiest of all are these "Camelias in an iridescent bowl," No. 73. But his landscapes here, are nought.

S.—That is a very extensive title, No. 72 has: "Southern Scenery, from Nature."—Looks like Central Park!

C.—And this "Lamp-bearer!" What coarse, unmeaning painting: what drapery, without rhyme or reason, what drawing—inexcusably bad.

S.—Intentionably bad: for, Mr. La Farge's clique insists that he can draw.

C.—Well, I never yet saw a decent hand or foot drawn by him. He painted a picture of St. Paul once, and the hands in it haunted me like a nightmare, as it turned up at exhibition after exhibition! One of them looked as if it weighed ten pounds, and St. Paul seemed wearied and depressed, with holding it out!

S.—This Lamp-bearer, then, must be St. Paul's sister. What lumps of hands!

C.—There's enough strong work here, to help you to forget her. What a clear vigorous study this of Mr. W. T. Baer's, "A Dutch Fisher-Girl Mending a Net," No. 5. And this old woman of Mr. Fitz, No. 53—both this artist and Mr. Baer seem to have studied in a good school—they go straight to the mark.

S.—There's something in them beside schooling, too. Their work is very expressive.

C.—Yes: how simple-hearted and cheerful the Net-mender is! A sound mind (what there is of it!) in a sound body. She makes a sunshine in this shady corner.

S.—Mr. Fitz's old woman is cheerful, too, though in a different way. The sentiment of the picture is so clearly expressed, that the title "Rest," seems to have given itself!

C.—Mr. Fitz's way of painting is, to my thinking, more individual, more his own, than we often see in a student.

S.—Give a look, before going, at Sargent's pictures—how brilliant this portrait is, No. 95.

C.—Too brilliant, perhaps. The paint is too prominent: and the dress is made as much of as the face.

S.—But, both go together to a charm. Each, all nerves, and charged with electricity! How refreshing to see such spirited painting after years of our Academy Portraits of a Lady!

C.—Mr. Sargent is not a mannerist either; here is No. 96, where the painting is as quiet as the subject. This power to throw one's self into characters so essentally opposite, is rare, even among portrait-painters reckoned good ones.

S.—This is a solid piece of work of Frank Holl's, No. 57, "Portrait of S. D. Warren." I am afraid it makes our own work look a little slight.

C.—No doubt it does, but, then, our work makes this look a little academic. It shows the most thorough training, hard work, a complete command of the artist's resources——

S.—And something wanting, to make the portrait a picture.

C.—Yes, just the something that Rembrandt, Vandyk, or the Unbekannt of the Treppenhuis, would have put into it.

S.—The gods gave Unbekannt immortality with one hand, and concealed his name with the other!

C.—'Tis a way the gods have. They never give the whole, of anything.

S.—Well, just on its material side, as painting, it is pleasant to look at Mr. Holl's work. Lucky the family that gets such a likeness of its head!

C.—It is time for me to be off. I have to get back to town.

S.—And I, too. What a contrast between this picture of the English Academician, and these portraits of Miss Hecker and Miss Dora Wheeler.

C.—I enjoy Dora Wheeler's audacity! She can't really draw, but she means to make you forget it, until she can. And when she has learned how to draw, I am afraid the charm of her work may vanish.

S.—I have never seen her painting: she has earned her name in another field of work, has she not?

C.—Yes, and fairly too, in designing for embroidery, but, even there, she is the same. She is always thinking much more of what she wants to say, than of how she shall say it.

S.—Now, that is a fault on the right side. She may come, as anybody may, to the "how," but the "what," must be her distinction.

C.—You see, here, in her portrait of Col. Ingersoll's daughter, that she has been striving to show us the woman: she has not been thinking of textures, nor poses, but only of the woman. Consequently, she didn't see that she has made the neck too small, and that there are a half-dozen other shortcomings: and 'tis difficult for us to see them, because we, too, are interested in this rich personality, and for us, as for Miss Wheeler, that is the main thing.

S.—That opens up a wide inquiry, and must wait for another time. But, you wouldn't have these young women content with their shortcomings?

C.—Not a bit. Only, I am glad the shortcomings are in the direction where they can improve, —in the mechanics of their art. What would be the use of their painting ever so well, if they had nothing to say?

S.—Well, good day, I'm glad to have met you!

C.—The same to you: good day!

AN OLD-TIME STRIKE.

IN these days of strikes and labor-troubles of all sorts, it may interest some of our readers to recall an incident that occurred during the building of the Dome of the Cathedral of Florence in the year 1423. The story will be found in the first volume of Vasari's Lives, in the Life of Filippo Brunelleschi, one of the most delightful of all the biographies. Our extract is from Mrs. Jonathan Foster's translation: the Bohn edition: Vol. I. p. 442.

"The chain-work was now completed around all eight sides, and the builders, animated by success, worked vigorously; but being pressed more than usual by Filippo, and having received certain reprimands concerning the masonry, and in relation

to other matters of daily occurrence, discontents began to prevail.

Moved by this circunstance and their envy, the chiefs among them drew together and got up a faction, declaring that the work was a laborious and perilous undertaking, and that they would not proceed with the vaulting of the Cupola but on condition of receiving large payments, although their wages had already been increased and were much higher than usual: by these means they hoped to injure Filippo and increase their own gains. This circunstance displeased the wardens greatly, as it did Filippo also; but the latter, having reflected on the matter, took his resolution, and one Saturday evening he dismissed them all.

The men seeing themselves thus sent about their business, and not knowing how the affair would turn, were very sullen; but, on the following Monday, Filippo set ten Lombards to work at the building, and by remaining constantly present with them, and saying, 'do this here,' and 'do that there,' he taught them so much in one day that they were able to continue the work during many weeks.

The masons, seeing themselves thus disgraced, as well as deprived of their employment, and knowing that they would find no work equally profitable, sent messengers to Filippo declaring that they would willingly return, and recommending themselves to his consideration. Filippo kept them for several days in suspense, and seemed not inclined to admit them again; they were afterward reinstated, but with lower wages than they had received at first: thus, where they had thought to make gain, they suffered loss, and by seeking to revenge themselves on Filippo, they brought injury and shame on their own heads."

THE CURIUM TREASURE.

AN UNWILLING WITNESS TO THE TRUTH.

THE *Cyprus Herald*, published at Limassol, Cyprus, has always been a stanch friend of Mr. L. P. di Cesnola, and has done all that lay in its power to bolster up his cause, and to belittle both the arguments and the character of his opponents, having shown a particular animosity to Mr. Max Ohnefalsch Richter. The following correspondence which appeared in the *Cyprus Herald* of April 10th, is of importance, therefore, as showing that even a friendly disposition cannot blind an honest investigator—for such we are bound to believe the editor of the *Cyprus Herald*—to the contradictions and inconsistencies of the Director of the Metropolitan Museum.

Of Mr. Richter's letter, we give only the main points: that of the editor of the *Cyprus Herald* is given in full, *literatim et punctuatim*. It will be observed, in passing, that both he and Mr. Richter, as a rule, spell the name of Mr. di Cesnola's workman Theocharis, "Theohari." This is probably a local form: we give it as printed.

MR. MAX OHNEFALSCH RICHTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Cyprus Herald*,

SIR:—In the interest of truth and science I beg you to grant me space in your columns for this letter, and to answer me three questions which I put below, answers to which have been demanded of me by Mr. S. Reinach, Agrégé de l'Université de France, etc., etc.

. . . . . .

The three questions which I beg of you to be kind enough to answer for my information and that of the Public are the following:—

I.—Was there an investigation in search of the Curium Temple Treasure-Chambers undertaken, and did Theoharis point out the spot?

II.—Was the place pointed out by Theoharis, on the Hill and under the Mosaic, or in the Necropolis in the plain below the Hill, near the ruined Greek Church of Ag. Armenios?

III.—Were any Chambers found that corresponded in any way to the ground plan of the so-called Treasure-Chambers of the Temple of Curium, published by Cesnola in his book "Cyprus?"

By answering the above questions, and still more, if convenient, by giving your opinion on the whole question, you will, Sir, confer a great obligation not only on me personally; but on every Archaeologist in the World.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) MAX OHNEFALSCH RICHTER.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE LETTER BY THE EDITOR OF THE *Cyprus Herald*.

In reply to the above letter we have to say that we did

undertake a private investigation at Curium.* Our object in so doing was to satisfy ourselves as to the merits of the controversy between Mr. Richter and General L. P. di Cesnola, for we found that whatever we wrote on the subject of the Curium Treasures was reproduced in most of the American and some of the European papers, and therefore it behove us to be very careful that every thing we wrote or published on our own responsibility should be accurate in every detail the more so as the reputation of others was at stake.

Shortly after Mr. Richter's investigation, carried on in the presence of Dr. Dümmler, Col. Warren, and others, we heard that General di Cesnola had instructed Mr. Menardos, L. L. D., Barister at Law, in Limassol, to inform his former workman, the one-armed Theohari and his cavass Mustapha to point out the site of the Treasure Chambers to any one desirous to open them out. After an interview with Mr. Menardos, and having obtained a four days' prospecting permit from the Government we sent to Larnaca and Luringia for these two men and [when] Mr. Menardos had informed them of the General's wish they undertook to show us where Cesnola had found his treasures at Curium. They led us to the plain below and in a field some seven or eight hundred yards from the Mosaic on the Hill of Curium and not far from the old Church of Aig: Armenios pointed to an old excavation which they said was the entrance to the Chambers. As this was blocked up by rubbish and as both the men said that it would be easier to get at the chambers by sinking a new shaft a few yards to the South of this opening, we did so and it was only in the evening of the second day that we struck the chambers at a depth of some twenty feet from the surface. This chamber turned out to be the first, or entrance, chamber of the tomb of three chambers the other two lay one opposite the entrance door of the tomb or first chamber, the other to the left of the same. On the right there was a long narrow passage which was so filled up with rubbish that it would only just allow a slight man to crawl in on all fours up to a distance of some ten yards, this passage runs in the direction of the eastern gate of Curium.

Theohari and Mustapha both said that this passage had never been explored to the end by Cesnola, as after they had done so for a certain distance their light would not burn any longer for want of air. We proceeded to clear out these three chambers and found fragments of pottery in all of them, in the first chamber also portions of an iron tripod but before we had completed this work and before we had time to make any attempt to clear out the passage to the right of the first chamber our term of four days had expired and we had to stop work.

We applied to Government for permission to clear out this passage but owing to some unavoidable delay about two months elapsed by which time the owner of the land had filled up the shaft and sown a crop of corn over it and nothing that we thought worth while to offer would induce him to allow us to start operations once more.

In reply, therefore, to Mr. Richter's three questions, we can give the following answers:

I.—A private investigation was undertaken by the Editor of the *Cyprus Herald* and some friends; and Theohari, at the request of Mr. Menardos, undertook to point out the Treasure Chamber.

II.—The place pointed out by Theohari was in the Necropolis, below the Hill of Curium, and not far from the ruined Greek Church of Ag: Armenios.

III.—The ground plan of the tomb pointed out by Theohari did not correspond in way to that given by Cesnola in his book "Cyprus" as the ground plan of the Treasure Chamber of the Temple of Curium, except inasmuch as they both have a narrow and, as far as we know, unexplored passage.

In the request contained in Mr. Richter's concluding paragraph we are asked to express our opinion on the whole question, and to this request we have no hesitation in saying that unless General L. P. di Cesnola comes forward and points out treasure chambers other than the one pointed out by Theohari and Mustapha, we must remain under the conviction that the plan of and information about the chambers as to their site, size and measurements contained in the General's book is not correct.

But by this we do not wish to say that General L. P. di Cesnola wilfully gave wrong information; on the contrary, what we suppose to have happened is that the workmen employed by Cesnola, either through ignorance or for other motives, misinformed him on many points, and as his undertakings were large, he could not possibly attend to everything himself. Mr. Richter himself, as stated by M. S. Reinach in the very article he quotes as having appeared in the *Revue Archéologique*, admits to having been deceived by the workmen on a most important point in some small excavations undertaken by him near Larnaca, in 1881. If it was possible for Mr. Richter, how much more so it must have been for the same to have happened to General di Cesnola in the extensive excavations he undertook single-handed, and often more than a hundred miles from his home in Larnaca.

In conclusion, we must say that we think that if Mr. Richter, instead of attacking General di Cesnola in the most personal way he could on every opportunity, had adopted a different policy and had first informed Cesnola that he found several inaccuracies in his book, and invited him to assist him in correcting the same, he would have been met in the same spirit, a lot of time and trouble would have been saved to both parties, and science would have benefitted in a greater degree [than? — Editor

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* In the omitted portion of Mr. Richter's letter he complains that he was not asked to be present at this investigation, although when he examined the ruins on his own account "by letters published in the local newspapers, all the public; and, by a registered letter, Theocharis (*sic.*) Cesnola's workman and friend, and who perhaps is responsible for the greater number of Cesnola's inaccuracies, were invited."

STUDIO] from their united efforts being directed to thwart one another, and for this the public will hold Mr. Richter responsible, for he first opened hostilities.

We have given the whole of the answer of the editor of the *Cyprus Herald* to Mr. Richter's letter, in order that the public may know what is the best explanation Mr. di Cesnola's avowed friends have to offer for the misstatements in his book, which, they cannot deny, are proved to exist.

Readers of Mr. W. J. Stillman's pamphlet,* have now put into their hands, in the above article by the Editor of the *Cyprus Herald*, an appendix to that able analysis of the facts, which will weld the argument into a solid chain, supplying the only link that was needed, in the confession of one of Mr. Cesnola's most respectable defenders, that the whole story of the discovery of Treasure-Chambers under the temple of Curium is devoid of truth.

The explanation of the misstatements of the author of "Cyprus" offered by Mr. di Cesnola's friend, is, however, wholly futile. It would seem impossible that the person offering it can have read, or even glanced at, the account of the discovery given by di Cesnola himself in his book.

For, that account is as minute in its invented details as if it had been written by De Foe or Swift. It leaves no possible loop-hole for retreat. So far from Mr. di Cesnola having been deceived by his workmen, he take pains to tell us, again and again, that every operation in the excavation was performed under his immediate superintendence: he being not only a witness of the whole proceedings, but the director and the inspirer of every step.

We have no intention of wearying our readers with a recapitulation of the details of this vast Munchausenism. We will merely quote from the book "Cyprus" a few sentences, to show the absurdity of any attempt, whether made by Mr. di Cesnola or his friends, to shift the responsibility of his misstatements from his own shoulders to those of Theocharis and his other workmen.

We may introduce our quotations by the following extract from the Preface to "Cyprus," which is a curious comment on Mr. di Cesnola's own defence, that he wrote his account away from his notes, and that exact accuracy ought not to be demanded of him under the circumstances. The italics are our own.

"The description of the different localities and of the tombs and temples which will be found in these pages *has been taken from notes written by me on the spot at the time of the excavations* when I endeavored to note down what I actually saw and as it appeared to me after a careful examination."—*Cyprus*, Preface, p. xi.

And now for the discovery at Curium:

"One of these places, where eight shafts or columns of brownish granite lay imbedded in the ground attracted me more particularly, and wishing to measure some of them I had two removed and found their diameter to be 22½ inches and their length 18 feet. Under these shafts appeared a mosaic pavement composed of small tesselae of marble and stone, etc.—*Cyprus*, p. 30.

"After carefully surveying the place I decided to continue the excavations beneath that portion of the mosaic, inasmuch as it *sounded quite hollow*. In fact after digging some twenty feet deeper than the treasure-hunter had gone, *I discovered* a gallery excavated in the rock eleven feet four inches long, four feet ten inches wide and scarcely four feet high."—*Cyprus*, p. 304.

"*I descended* into the first chamber * * * I ordered all the earth to be removed * * *"—*Cyprus*, p. 303.

"A whole month was spent in simply removing the earth from these four rooms * * * *When this was accomplished, the gang was ordered off to some other work. I descended at last, and accompanied by the foreman and a man carrying a lantern began to examine diligently each room* * * * The accompanying plan will show the shape and the relative position of the four rooms. *They are beneath the eastern and northern foundations of the mosaic.*"—*Cyprus*, p. 304.

"During the several days employed in exploring Room C, *I remained in it the whole time, and every object was discovered in my presence.*"—*Cyprus*, p. 308.

"Having carefully ascertained that there was nothing more to be found in these chambers, I endeavored by boring at different places to find the continuation of the tunnel A A."

As a picturesque comment on the above extracts, let us quote a sentence from the original declaration of Theocharis, taken by Mr. Stillman from a French journal of archæology, *L'Homme*, where it was published August 10th, 1884:

"In the book of Cesnola, which you show me, I see united in the so-called treasure many objects coming from different tombs of Curium, Amathonte, from other parts of the island, and from I know not where. I worked a year-and-a-half at Curium, and I see here most of the best articles from hundreds and hundreds of tombs united in one treasure invented by L. P. di Cesnola. L. P. di Ces-

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* Report of W. J. Stillman on the Cesnola Collection. Privately printed. New York, 1885.

nola is far from the truth when he affirms that we took a month only to take the earth from the four chambers of the so-called treasure of Curium. The work was done in several days. It is also another imposture to pretend that in the four chambers given in "Cyprus," no bones were found. We have on the contrary discovered many.

It seems to us that with the declaration of the editor of the *Cyprus Herald* added to the testimony summed up in Mr. Stillman's Report, the case of Curium, like its sister-case of Golgoi, may be considered closed, and that we may without fear of contradiction draw the following conclusions :

I.—The objects contained in the so-called Treasure of Curium were not found in any one place, nor at one time. All the statements to the contrary, contained in Cesnola's "Cyprus," are pure inventions.

II.—These objects are the spoils of many ancient tombs scattered over the island, some at Curium, some at Amathunta, and some at places of which no record has been kept. They represent many different periods and different styles.

III.—Some of these objects were found in a tomb consisting of several chambers filled up with earth and an immense accumulation of bones. When Cesnola first communicated his discovery to his acquaintances he said that he had found "a royal tomb," but, later, when he had invented the tale of the treasure-chambers under the temple, he declared that he particularly noticed the absence of human remains and of sepulchral vases. Here, as in the case of Golgoi, the motive of his invention seems to have been to increase the pecuniary value of his find by attributing it in its entirety to one locality, and that, in both cases, the enceinte of a temple : in the case of Curium, an immense interest was added to the story by making the spot the treasury of the temple.

IV.—But, even this tomb, where the bulk of the objects, of which the "treasure" consists, were found, did not produce some of the most valuable objects. Thus the workman, Christophi Christodulu, in his sworn statement, says of the "cylinders" shown in the Museum as coming from the temple : "Such curious things I do not remember to have seen a single one in my whole life." "The thick bracelets with inscription were not found in the rich three-chamber tomb. * * * The bracelets in question were found down in the plain and nearer the carob trees on the end of the land of the church." And so of other things.

V.—Even from these condensed statements the reader may see that an immense deception has been practiced, by which not only have our Museum and the whole community been defrauded, but a great wrong has been done to the scientific world at home and abroad, and all, as it must plainly appear, from the most sordid motives of pecuniary gain. We must be content to swallow the wrong and the indignity, but perhaps the costly lesson may pay for itself, if we shall learn in the future to look a little more carefully before we leap.

ITEMS FROM PARIS.

From a private letter received from Paris, and not intended for publication, we venture to make a few extracts :

"I was interested in the article on the Impressionists, as I had been, only a day or two before receiving THE STUDIO, to the Rue Lafitte, to have my first sight of their school. I echoed the overheard comment you quote : 'Very queer, certainly, but interesting!'

"What a bother it must be to work in that spotty fashion! It seems a very laborious, mechanical way of getting an effect! I should not care to work so.

"There were some very delighful pastels, and some oils with all the effect of pastels, by 'Mme. B'; the subjects were mostly figures, the flesh-coloring was beautiful and the drawing good, to my mind. Seuret, whose big canvas in the New York exhibition you mention, had another big one here. The scene is in a park by the river. It looked like a colored silhouette in strong sunlight, and on a closer view everything was made of a sort of spotted chintz. I believe I like this manner of handling better in Florentine mosaic-work than on canvas.

"There were some pictures by Pissarro which I liked very much—a pleasant feeling of nature and atmosphere in them.

"But, oh,———, I wish you could have seen some of the pictures in the Defoer collection described by Wolff, in the *Figaro* I sent you. There was Millet's 'Gleaners,' a small picture, but so mellow, so quiet, and yet so full of color! I felt like sitting down and crying, because, though I was an American, I yet had not the wherewithal to

make it mine. Then there was his big woman pouring hot water into a great butt full of soiled clothes —'La Lessive,' a charcoal drawing, and a repetition of the same subject in oil—the charcoal much the better of the two, more action and more life.

"There was a Decamps, strong and almost startling in its values; a Diaz beautiful in color, and a very fine delicate Ziem, a large canvas. Ziem is quite spoiling his name, of late, by doing some very dauby things which he lets the dealers have, trading on his name.

"I have been several times to the Salon. The preponderance of sensational, unmeaning, and even horrible, subjects, overpowers one at first, but I have found some picture I like. There is a still-life by Vollon—a splendid thing, and a good one by Fouacre. Harrison's 'In Arcadia' is very beautiful, but it impresses me as too studied, as if he had looked too long at the sifted light and shade under those trees. They say he has worked very hard this last year, studying constantly from nature for this picture.

"I like Browning's 'Dolce far niente'; the simplicity of the surroundings, the lovely forms of these women who seem so unconscious of having been found in this quiet retired glade, were very charming to me. A most poetically treated subject.

"A portrait of a gentleman seated at a table, writing, by R. de Pibrac, attracted me, and so did a portrait of a man by Hubert Vos—this latter very much in the style of Whistler,—away back in the canvas. One by Whistler hung near, which I did not like so well.

"Miss Eleanor Norcross had a most excellent portrait of her father, Amasa Norcross, of Fitchburg, Mass. She has been studying for the last three years with Alfred Stevens, and she seems to me to promise more than many of those who are working in the Julien studio. Oh! that is such a den of a place! so crowded!"

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

THE Art Students' League has issued its prospectus for the coming season, and we give the substance of it for the benefit of those who may intend availing themselves of its advantages.

The corps of teachers for the season of 1886–7, from October 4, 1886, to May 28, 1887, consists of the following artists:

KENYON COX.
H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY.
WALTER SHIRLAW.
WILLIAM SARTAIN.
WM. M. CHASE.
J. ALDEN WEIR.
J. CARROLL BECKWITH.
FRANK E. SCOTT.
J. W. DEWING.
THOMAS EAKINS.

While all the instructors of last year will continue in charge of next season's classes, the corps has been enlarged and strengthened by the addition of Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray, who was considered by M. Bonnat one of his stronger pupils, and who will take the direction of the Men's Morning Life-Class. Mr. T. W. Dewing will again take up his work in the Composition-Class. It is proposed to have this class occupy a more important position than it has heretofore done, by changing the evening of its meeting from Saturday to Thursday, by increasing the hours of instruction, and by raising the standard of admission.

The Antique-Class having largely increased during the past season under the direction of Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith, has been arranged for the coming year in two classes, one a morning and one an afternoon class, these to be under the direction of Mr. Beckwith and that of his assistant, Mr. Frank Scott.

It is also hoped to start, during the coming year, a class in modelling from the figure, for which form of study there is a growing demand. This, when established, will be under the charge of one of the stronger sculptors.

PRESENT ART-EXHIBITIONS.

MAY 1st.—Exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Metropolitan Museum of the Fine Arts, Central Park. Open till October 1st.

May 10th.—American Art-Association Prize Exhibition. Galleries of the American Art-Association, 6 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Closes August 5th.

American Art Galleries

6 East 23d St. (Madison Square)

NEW YORK

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THE

SECOND PRIZE-FUND EXHIBITION

OF

American Pictures and Sculpture

From 9 A. M. to 6 P. M

NUMBER I

OF THE

Second Volume of THE STUDIO

WILL CONTAIN AN ENGRAVING OF A PICTURE BY

E. DUEZ,

"The Children's Dinner,"

KINDLY LOANED FOR THE PURPOSE BY THE OWNER.

OTHER PICTURES WILL FOLLOW BY

WM. M. CHASE, DEGAS, MANET, ALFRED STEVENS, Etc., Etc.