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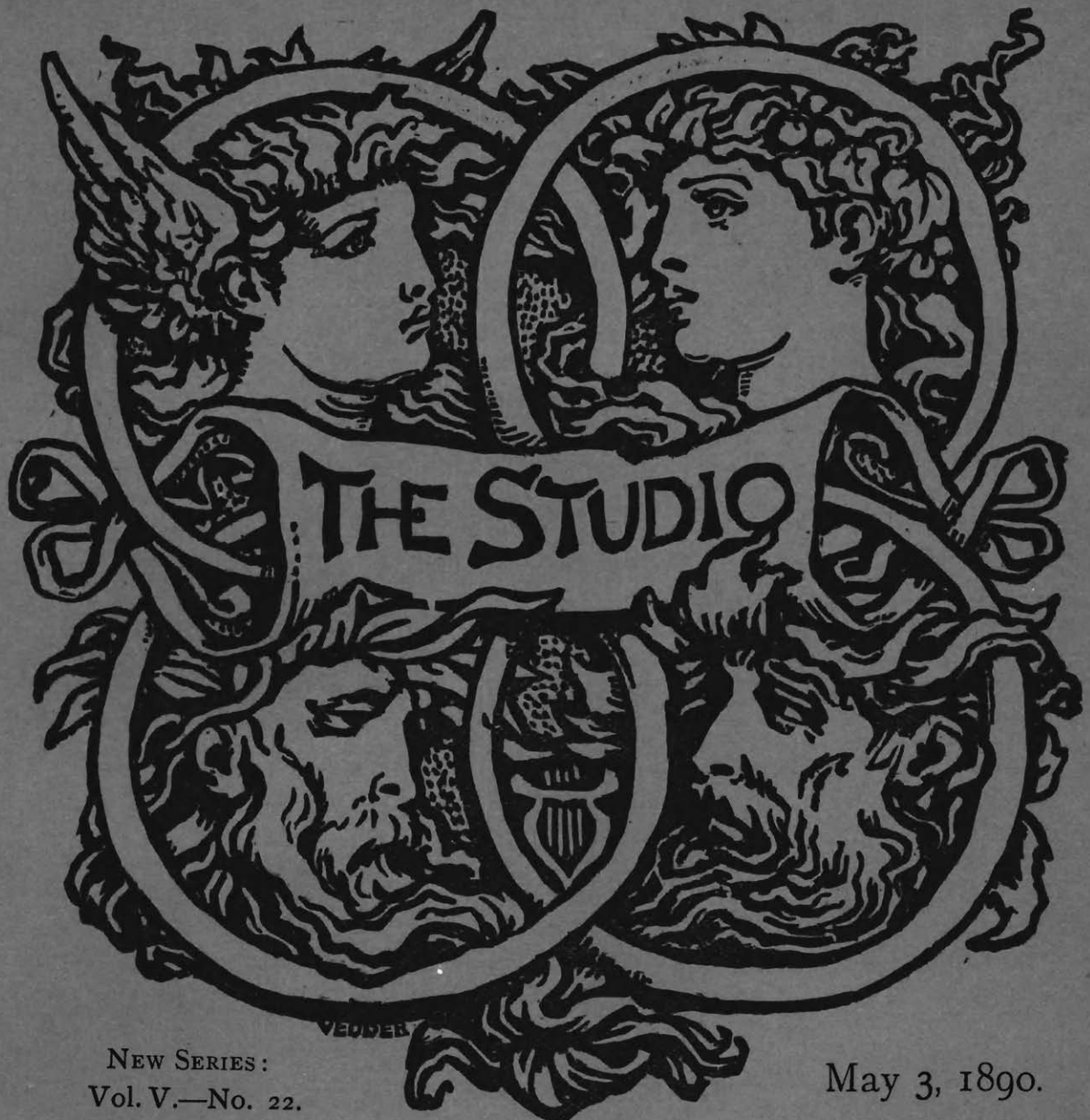

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—CONTENTS:—

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With the first number of the new volume, the fifth of the New Series, published on Saturday, December 7th, THE STUDIO began its weekly issue. The number published on the first Saturday of the month will contain from three to five full-page supplements consisting of etchings, photo-gravures, photo-etchings, photo-engravings, etc., etc. The literary contents will continue to be of the same high character as at present: art criticisms by the best hands, notices of home and foreign exhibitions, correspondence from England and France, with occasional letters from Germany and elsewhere; book-reviews and notes on matters of art-interest, the world over.

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It is intended in this portion of THE STUDIO to cover a field that has thus far not been occupied by any art-journal in this country, though something like the same purpose is served by the *Chronique des Arts*, the *Courrier de l'Art* and the *Kunst-Chronik*, the weekly flyers of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, *L'Art*, and the *Zeitschrift fur Bildende Kunst*, respectively. But even these publications do not cover the whole field to be occupied by the weekly issue of THE STUDIO, which is intended to be a chronicle as complete as the publishers can make it, of all the minor art matters of the country, and of as much as is possible to get hold of, of what is going on abroad in each week. This chronicle will consist of announcements of art exhibitions, present and to come. Reports of sales, items of news, short book notices; whatever, in short is of current interest and importance in the world of art.

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THE "REMBRANDT DU PECQ."

FROM AN ETCHING BY D. MORDEN, IN THE GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS

THE STUDIO

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THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

JOSEPH J. KOCH, MANAGER.

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THE "REMBRANDT" OF PECQ.

SO much interest has been felt in art circles here at home, in the supposed painting by Rembrandt recently discovered in France, that we have thought to oblige the readers of THE STUDIO by copying an etching of the picture made by Mr. L. Muller, and published in the April number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. The original etching, made no doubt somewhat in haste to serve as a useful document in the discussion, gives us probably little more than the general lines and composition of the picture; and our own copy has little to recommend it beyond the same utilitarian service. Nothing seems to be known as to the origin of the picture, nor can its later pedigree be traced. It was thought at one time that a former owner had been found for it, through whom it might have descended to its late owner, Mme. Legrand. This clew has within a few weeks been proved misleading; but, even had it been correct, it would have carried us back only to the beginning of the century, and would have done nothing toward establishing to our satisfaction either the authenticity of the picture or its real subject. The clew turned upon names, and had these names been correctly given we should have known little more than that in 1802 the collection of a civil-engineer, Robert Soyer, was sold at Orleans, and that in this collection was a picture called in the catalogue:

"A picture representing the 'Benedicite' of Rembrandt."

"Soyer," says M. Georges Monval, who traced these particulars, in a note to the journal *L'Intermediaire des Chercheurs et Curieux* (a French *Notes and Queries*), "Soyer was the neighbor and friend of Aignon Desfriches; and Mme. Legrand, to whom the present picture belonged, was a Mlle. Desfriches." This seemed to bring us a little nearer to the artist's time, and with the minute knowledge as to the pedigree, ownership, and movement of pictures possessed by students and connoisseurs in Europe, something more might possibly have been learned of the history of the picture, starting with a clew that carried us back to within 128 years of Rembrandt's death. Unfortunately it turns out that Mme. Legrand's name was not Desfriches, but Destriche. Her father, M. Destriche, was a sculptor, and was at one time keeper of the Musée d'Artillerie, formerly in the Place St.-Thomas, Rue du Bac, and since removed to the Musée des Invalides. This simple change of a letter threw the whole matter back into its original uncertainty.

So far as the subject of the present picture goes, we must think that we owe to M. Louis Gonse, the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, the only possible interpretation of the picture. It represents the visit of the three men to Abraham, recorded in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, who came to announce to Abraham the birth of Isaac. The details of the story are known to every one—how the three men (they are nowhere called angels) were received by Abraham with Eastern hospitality; how water was fetched for their feet, and how Sarah made them cakes of meal; and how Abraham killed a calf, tender and good; and how he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat. All through this narrative we find a curious interchangeable use of the singular and plural personal pronouns: the three men are addressed as "Thou" and "Ye" and "My Lord": we read in two successive verses "And *they* said" "unto him" (*i. e.*, Abraham) "And *he* said"; so that it is no wonder, when the whole strange chapter is considered, that it should have been for ages mystically interpreted as a vision of the Trinity vouchsafed to Abraham. Even as we write, we come upon the following poem in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's life of Robert Stephen Hawker, the extraordinary Vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall. It will be seen that the poem is founded upon this interpretation of the chapter in Genesis:

A THOUGHT.

Suggested by Gen. xviii, 1-3.

A fair and stately scene of roof and walls
  Touched by the ruddy sunsets of the West,
Where, meek and molten, eve's soft radiance falls
  Like golden feathers in the ringdove's neck.

Yonder the bounding sea, that couch of God!
  A wavy wilderness of sand between:
Such pavement, in the Syrian deserts, trod
  Bright forms, in girded albs, of heavenly mien.

Such saw the patriarch in his noonday tent:
Three severed shapes that glided in the sun
Till, lo! they cling, and, interfused and blent,
A lovely semblance gleams, the three in one!

Be such the scenery of this peaceful ground,
This leafy tent amid the wilderness;
Fair skies above, the breath of angels round,
And God the Trinity to beam and bless!

In a note to this poem Mr. Baring-Gould quotes from Philo, "On Abraham," in allusion to the same text:

"The soul is shone upon by God as if at noonday, . . . and being wholly surrounded with this brightness it perceives a threefold image of one subject, one image of the Living God, and others of the other two, as if they were shadows irradiated by it. . . . The one in the middle is the Father of the Universe, I Am that I Am; and the beings on each side are those most ancient Powers which are ever close to the Living God, the Creative Power and the Royal Power."

It will thus appear that there is nothing new in this interpretation of the legend, even had not the commentators made it familiar, and Mr. Louis Gonse's interpretation of the subject of the picture is one that should have occurred to many beside himself. Yet others have suggested, certainly with very little reason: "Raguel receiving at his table the young Tobias and the Archangel Raphael" and "God appearing to Jacob." We say, without reason, because nothing in the picture answers to the conditions imposed by such interpretations, whereas everything required by the legend of the Visit to Abraham is found in this picture, albeit translated into seventeenth-century Dutch. The venerable figure in the middle, from whose person all the light in the picture is derived, is the Almighty: on either side is an angel, symbolized as such by their wings—the wing of the angel at our left not clearly made out in this copy of the etching: it appears above the head of Abraham, who bends before the Lord in a reverent attitude; on the table are the meat, and a flagon and cup for the milk. The angel at the right—whose action slightly recalls that of one of the angels in Leonardo's Virgin of the Rocks—has a knife in his hand.

Is the picture by Rembrandt? That is another question altogether, and one we shall make no attempt to decide. It would be absurd to do so without sight of the picture: but if we judge it as an etching by Rembrandt, we should assuredly find it marked by a weakness unusual with him. We find nothing to object to in the mystical treatment of the theme. Rembrandt never looked at the Bible stories through the popular spectacles; and in all his interpretations we find something deeper, more universal, than painters in general have shown the skill to discover. And it may be that his choice of this subject was moved by his special enjoyment of this mode of lighting his pictures, as shown in his "Raising of Lazarus," his "Alchemist," and even in his "Leçon d'Anatomie." In concluding his article in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, Mr. Louis Gonse writes:

"After all has been said, the picture still remains an enigma. The only points where nearly all the world finds itself agreed are the intrinsic merit of the work, the striking beauty of the composition, its high intellectual character, its concentration, its originality; the speaking and noble expression of the principal personage, this venerable old man clothed upon with a divine mansuetude; the illusion of this light filling the picture with its magic glow. All this, it must be allowed, is not without importance; and we ask ourselves, who among the smaller planets that revolved about the master—who among the men of mediocre powers of invention and of restricted flight, no matter what may have been their talent for execution—who could have brought before us with one flash this tremendous vision, painting the figure of the Eternal in such reality of living beauty!

"And yet we recognize the fact that the picture has suffered seriously from the operation of rebacking, found necessary in the beginning of the century, when the canvas was in the hands of M. Desfriches. The varnish has been almost entirely removed; and this it is, explains the blond transparency of the lights, and certain refinements of color never found in the pictures of Rembrandt, as we commonly see them, buried under coat upon coat of varnish. In undergoing this relining, an operation conducted with little skill, the layers of color have been, as it were, crushed out; the glazes have disappeared, notably in the white robe of the principal personage and in that of the angel at the left; while unfortunate retouchings appear in the background and upon some secondary portions. On the other hand, the head of the Eternal in the lighted portions has retained all the charm, all the freshness, of the original painting; and the objects of still-life—the basin, the drinking-glass, the meat in the dish, and the tankard—preserve all the first intensity of their relief."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. SIXTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE present exhibition of the National Academy in New York is not worth the time it takes to examine it. This may seem a hard saying, but it will be found worthy of acceptance, we believe, by every lover of pictures who has visited these galleries. Perhaps no better evidence of the poverty of the show need be offered than the fact that, out of the 671 works exhibited by 446 artists, nothing better could be found for the Thomas B. Clarke and Norman W. Dodge Prizes than the two insignificant pictures, "After the Ball" by Edmund C. Tarbell and "An Interlude to Chopin" by A. M. Richards. As for the three Hallgarten Prizes, they will not, it seems, be awarded this year, thanks to the indifference of the body of exhibitors, who could not be brought together in numbers sufficient to make a *quorum*. The same fate would, no doubt, have befallen the Clarke and Dodge Prizes had it not been that the prescribed mode of voting for these makes it unnecessary for the exhibitors to come together in person to cast their ballots. Blanks are sent out by the Secretary of the Academy to all the exhibitors, and as many of these as are filled up and returned are submitted to a committee formed of three Academicians and two asso-

ciates, who are then empowered to award the prizes to the artists who shall have received the highest number of votes. Even with this concession to human indolence, so few blanks are returned as to leave the decision practically to the committee, who no doubt use their best discretion in the matter. But, in the case of the Hallgarten Prizes, the want of interest makes itself seriously felt. It is found to be next to impossible to draw together any considerable number of exhibitors to vote for them. This year, only thirty-five persons out of the 446 exhibitors came to the meeting at the time appointed, although the catalogue shows that the greater part of these live in New York City, or in its immediate vicinity. Of course, the reason for this abstention lies in human nature. The exhibitors know that only five of their number can receive prizes, and, doubtless in the case of the majority, an inward monitor tells them that they are not destined to be the lucky ones. Then, why should they spend their time in looking out for number two, when looking out for number one keeps them already harder at work than they like? And, beside, have they any reason to think that the prizes are given strictly and solely on the merits of the pictures? Have they not seen an army of students rallying round some favorite artist,—a favorite of the students, we mean; by no means a favorite of the public,—and crowning him with the laurel, to the derision of the spectators? And have we not heard of piteous appeals in behalf of artists to whom even the pittance of the prize-money would be welcome—and the cry heard with credit to the hearts of all concerned, but with no good results to the cause of art-education? In short, artists in general are disposed to let the business of awarding prizes go by the board; but we are very sure in our own minds that the reason lying at the bottom of this indifference is to be found in the poverty of the material from which the prize-pictures are to be selected. Nobody, let him be ever so much interested in art, could find any satisfaction in making the round of such an exhibition as this, for the purpose of deciding which five pictures, among a cloud of indifferent ones, must be voted the least undeserving. Artists and amateurs of art are no way different from the members of other professions. It would not be possible to bring together any considerable number of medical men to decide on prize-for the best cases of cold in the head, or bunions, or indigestion—"abject orts," of no interest to anybody; serving no other end in the social economy than to keep conversation from flagging among friends. To bring our medical practioners out in force would require a brilliant display of obscure diseases, provoking investigation with a cloud of vagrant and elusive symptoms, exciting the professional ingenuity to the most imaginative diagnoses, and making heroic demands upon the resources of nomenclature. And artists, if they are to give up their time to awarding prizes to other men, would like to have the task sweetened to their taste by some evidences of skill beyond that of tyros: something more interesting than copies of copies and imitations of last year's successful imitations. Judgment grows flabby and discernment finds itself befogged, in the effort to weigh the respective merits of so many pointless and purposeless works, as superfluously crowd the walls of this year's Academy. But we may be reasonably certain that, if the present exhibition had been equal to that of the Society of American Artists now going on, there would have been no complaint of want of interest on the part of the body of exhibitors. One and all would have been eager to express their preferences: we should not have seen three important prizes lapsing by default.

But, now for the Prize pictures: What are they? We have called them insignificant, but we do not mean that they are poor pictures; only, they stand for so little that we must wonder why the lot lighted on these more than on a half-dozen others. Mr. Tarbell is an artist of considerable promise; his first work exhibited in this city drew attention to him, and distinguished him from the crowd. And we think his two pictures in this exhibition of the Academy better than the one, "A Portrait," in the Society of American Artists. As a rule—there can be no doubt about it—the artists have chosen to send their best things this year to the Society; and perhaps even Mr. Tarbell may have thought that one large portrait was of more value than two small genre pieces. But, as showing his particular talent, the two are of more importance than the one. And we think, for ourselves, that the prize has been awarded to the one which has the least enduring merit. It represents a young girl dressed in white, seated after her return from her first ball, and thinking over the delights of that experience. She is presumably seated in front of an open fire, and there is probably a lamp on the chimney-piece. Mr. Tarbell has set himself the task essayed by so many artists before him, of representing the effect of this strong light on the dress and face of the lady and on her surroundings. He has evidently made a careful study of the facts, and his report is apparently truthful; but we have to ask ourselves, not only whether the thing was worth doing, but whether it has been done in a way to produce an artistic result. For ourselves, we do not think the thing worth the pains it has cost, and the result of all this labor is to concentrate our attention not upon the girl's face, which is really the central point of the subject, but upon the way the light falls upon the cloud of tulle that envelopes her, and penetrates its folds. This is certainly not an artistic result, inasmuch as it sacrifices the important to the unimportant; but it must still further be said that the brilliant lighting of the picture suggests some catastrophe, and not a natural cause, and this is enforced by the action of the lady's hand, raised, without apparent reason, to her neck. In short, the picture, while it shows cleverness and intention, asks more questions than it answers, and puts us off with feats of skill where the subject calls for poetry. Mr. Tarbell's other picture "A Girl playing the Violin," is a picture that seems likely to wear better than the "After the Ball." Its sober blacks and grays may please when the explosive treatment of the latter picture shall have become a trifle tiresome. We should have supposed that the judgment of artists would have inclined to this picture rather than to the

one that carried the day; but we dare say what decided the matter was the brilliancy of the "After the Ball," and a certain liveliness it has, in contrast with the spiritless action of the lady with the violin—too suggestive of the model, and the bloodless character of the lady herself.

The picture which has received the Norman W. Dodge Prize, "An Interlude to Chopin," is the work of a lady, A. M. Richards. This prize, of three hundred dollars, is offered "for the best picture painted in the United States by a woman, without limitation of age." Leaving out of the question "Flowers" and "Still-life," there are few pictures in the present exhibition that could present difficulties to a committee intrusted with the duty of making a choice. The only other picture here of any pretension, that could have disputed the prize with the successful one, is Mrs. Amanda Brewster Sewell's "Pleasures of the Past"; but the best friends of this artist could hardly have hoped that so vapid a performance would have been thought worthy of distinction. "An Interlude to Chopin" is a genre-piece, with a subject far less pretentious than its title. A young girl playing her Chopin at the piano-forte has been interrupted by her wee sister, who has teased her into taking her on her lap and playing something for her out of her own picture-book. The painting here is certainly nothing more than respectable, and the composition is of the conventional sort, nothing in the picture revealing exceptional talent or showing particular study. As this is the only picture by the artist in the exhibition, we have no means of judging whether she have here done herself justice or not. Certainly, it cannot be said that her art is in a bad way; but, in art as in some other things, positive badness is often more healthy and promising than a Laodicean neutrality.

The picture in this exhibition that makes the strongest impression of careful study and professional accomplishment is Mr. Frank D. Millet's "Antony von Corlear, the Trumpeter," of which a very good reproduction has just been published in *Harper's Weekly*. It would be time lost, to quarrel with the artist's choice of subject, and indeed there would have been no occasion to quarrel with it had he not persuaded himself that there was a necessity for giving his group a name. When the picture was first shown, it was taken for an episode in Falstaff's humorous career, and the fat knight was supposed to be either in the tavern at Eastcheap with his doxies and Mrs. Quicky, or in Windsor with the merry wives and their gossips and chamberwomen; Mr. Page, perhaps, sitting by the fire, all ears and eyes! It was not perhaps well judged from a professional point of view for the artist to insist on his own interpretation! Why force us to give up the Jack Falstaff whom we all know, for an Antony von Corlear whom nobody knows? for what New-Yorker with so much as an ounce of honest Dutch blood in his veins will own to familiarity with such a scandalous satire upon his ancestors as Knickerbocker's History of New York? To tell truth, there is really nothing in the picture but a bright, sunny Dutch interior with a jolly old military party off duty, chaffing and joking with a lot of pretty girls; and for our part we don't care a rush who they are or where they came from. Enough for us that they are very much alive, and that there can be no manner of doubt they are enjoying themselves vastly in their own way. If things are a trifle cleaner than we of the New York of to-day can wholly understand, it was the Artist's right to follow the tradition—absurd invention as it was—that the Dutch had a special knack at cleanliness! This city of their founding was always, no doubt, a dirty hole; and every Dutch settlement along the Hudson River is, and always was, as dirty as its parent town; while nobody who visits Holland to-day will find her cities clean except by contrast with New York, compared with which no place could look dirty! Mr. Millet has treated his people in his picture something too much in the spirit of Mr. J. G. Brown with his bootblacks; but if his draughtsmanship and love of detail be brought too much into prominence, we can at least be glad we have an artist who is not above taking a deal of pains, and who certainly puts his best conscience into everything he paints.

THE TERRA-COTTA GROUPS. ARE THEY FORGERIES? A LETTER FROM M. GASTON L. FEUARDENT

To the Editor of The Studio:

All lovers of antique art must have felt happy in reading the last issue of The Studio, and in seeing printed, side by side, letters from two gentlemen on the terra-cotta groups; thus showing the universal interest now taken in classical art, from the fact that these champions write—and that unknown to each other—letters on this subject, to be published three thousand miles from their homes.

After reading the matter-of-fact letter of Prof. A. Cartault, there is little left of Mr. Salomon Reinach's loquacity. However, there are a few remarks in Mr. Reinach's letter that I should like to answer in taking as little as possible of the valuable space of The Studio.

Mr. S. Reinach tries to get out of the obligation of answering me, by saying that he has reasons that induce him "to avoid any antiquarian polemic with those who are busied in the commerce of antiquities." In order to put Mr. Reinach at ease, I would inform him that, as I want to possess complete liberty to speak and write about such matters, without being suspected of having another interest than of the subject itself, I, since several years, do not deal in antiquities or objects of art, and that I have no business relations whatsoever with any one dealing in such.

Mr. Reinach further says that he has "been personally attacked in The Studio," and that his name has been mixed up in a discussion, etc. I believe that I was perfectly justified in mentioning the name of the inventor of the crusade against the groups. I could even find my justification in Mr. Reinach's action, who, before he could know whether his name has been mentioned or not, rushes into print in the *Nation* and claims for himself the laurels of championship against the groups—laurels, alas! fading, and that he was afraid Mr. Stillman would steal. My

object in placing before the artistic public the report of my conversations with Mr. Reinach was to explode his pretended expertship, and to demonstrate that this man, who condemns at random objects some of which he has never seen, did not even take the trouble of studying the points furnished by his own discoveries, and therefore that he was utterly unqualified to pronounce for or against the authenticity of any monument, and his attack was purely of Don Quixotic value.

Mr. Reinach writes that "there is not *one* qualified archæologist in Europe"—as far as he knows—"who would dare *print* a testimonial vouching for the antiquity of the groups and figures which he attacked ever since 1884," etc. But, awkwardly enough, Mr. Reinach mentions Dr. Fröhner's name a few lines after that ferocious *sortie*. Well, Mr. Reinach ought to know that New York is not populated by red Indians; he ought to understand that those in this city interested in the groups know something of the literature of the subject; that they are cognizant that Dr. Fröhner is a warm supporter of the terra-cottas, and, without wishing to be hard on Mr. Reinach, if he and Dr. Fröhner were placed in the scales in order to ascertain their proper weight as "qualified archæologists," the former would very soon find that, in relation to his opponent, he would have to play the part of the extra-feather-weight.

Among some German "authorities" who, according to Mr. Reinach, are against the groups, he mentions candidly the case of Dr. Furtwaengler, of Berlin, and calls it "particularly interesting." It appears that Dr. Furtwaengler "had begun by believing in the groups, and even caused several of them to be purchased by the Antiquarium in Berlin," and it seems that the learned doctor has turned about, so that he now believes that the said groups are forgeries. Everybody will agree with me when I dare say that this case, as interesting as it may appear to Mr. Reinach, is, to say the least, one unhappily chosen in order to demonstrate the value of Mr. Reinach's quoted authorities. Here is a gentleman—and a very learned one—whose conduct proves his thorough honesty, but, at the same time, it also proves that he is not an expert as to the authenticity of objects pertaining to archæology. I do not know the groups mentioned, but until a real expert has seen them I shall be in the darkest doubt about them.

This example renews the question, so often agitated, of the difference between scientists and experts. The men who unite both qualities in one body are very rare—such men as A. de Longperier, R. S. Poole, and A. W. Franks. As a rule, the scientist and the expert are two persons, and one completes the other. While the archæologist passes most of his time in museums and libraries, where he accumulates all the experience of those who have preceded him, the expert handles, scrapes, scrutinizes all objects coming through his hands. It is a question of existence for him, while for the archæologist it is often only a question of intelligent enjoyment of life. To place the question in a palpable manner to all, let us suppose for instance that we know two men who both are interested in the "currency of the United States." One is a scientist who writes upon the history of the currency, while the other is a bank-teller; one passes his time among paper documents and data, the other is at his desk, with all kind of coins and bills passing all day long through his hand. Well, this being understood, will not any one feel that, as a rule, it will be more possible to make the scientist accept a counterfeit than it would be with the bank-teller? A mistake made by one is only a mistake, but for the other it is the loss of his means of existence. It is the same story with any expert in any kind of objects. If he does not know his business, after a very little time he will be detected; his collections would be worthless. Then, when we speak on the authenticity of objects, let us have the opinion of real authorities; the scientists will come in time afterward. Public collections as well as those private were once full of the forgeries of the coins made by Becker, until an expert, Mr. Rollin, declared these coins to be forgeries and helped to unmask the forger.

En passant, let me submit a point in favor of the antiquity of the groups, and Mr. Reinach will somewhat help me to draw it out. In the *Journal of Archæology* for December, 1888, he writes, speaking of the terra-cottas from Myrina: "Complete terra-cottas from Myrina are exceedingly rare; and the seemingly perfect ones which issue from dealers' shops, though as a whole perfectly genuine, have almost always been completed in more or less arbitrary fashion by the addition of missing limbs or attributes. . . ." This somewhat exaggerated statement has, however, some truth in many cases. The very same thing can be said of the large groups, and it ought to have showed Mr. Reinach that they also "are as a whole perfectly genuine." Many have been *Cesnola'd*; but anybody can at once detect any addition or renovation made to the groups, the same being so strongly stamped with the work of the antique period that produced them. Some time ago I saw one, where a part of the body of one of the figures had been completed. After taking information on the subject I learned that the restoration had been made by the cleverest of European restorers. However, this devil of mischief arrived only to spoil a very fine monument, as his sacrilegious hand could be most easily detected insulting the honest work of the antique Greek artist.

Mr. Reinach complains about my statement when I said that his excavations were conducted in a rough manner. He adds further, "Such talk is merely a non-acknowledged loan from Dr. Fröhner's preface to the Gréau Catalogue. . . ." Here Mr. Reinach is again mistaken. What I said was suggested to me by the sorry appearance of the products of his own diggings. But to any one who understands the loving care and patience with which a real archæologist will conduct excavations of antique sepultures, the following extract from Mr. Reinach's own letter to Mr. Lécuyer will edify them. I republish this extract in all its blissful ingenuousness: "*Quand on a passé huit ou dix mois à Myrina, couché à plat ventre huit ou dix heures par jour sur le bord des tombeaux, criant à tue-tête, 'mais prenez-donc garde, tas de maladroits! à des fouilleurs qui tapaient comme des sourds. . . .*" No commentary is necessary.

In fine, I shall conclude in saying that it is to be hoped that no one will be indiscreet enough to reveal the names of any places where the groups are being found. Such an indiscretion would have as an effect to put a stop to any further discovery and exportation of them. The semi-barbarous Turkish Government would not make any effort to excavate for them, but only confiscate what has already been found. I, for one, know of a location that has produced many groups from its antique tombs, but I do hope that when its name will be made public it will be when, and only then, there will be a moral certainty that no more monuments can be found in that place.

But Messrs. Stillman and Reinach have no professional secret, or any other secret, to keep about their forgers. Then let us hope that very soon they will produce these modern artists whose work can compete with that of the antique masters; then they will have rendered to the world an immense service.

Gaston L. Feuardent.

New York, April 30, 1890.

THE MARKET-PLACE.

An Antique Terra-Cotta Group.

THE terra-cotta group photographed for The Studio from the original by Mr. Kurtz was imported into this country by M. Henri de Morgan, and has lately become the property of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. It is one of the larger groups, and its actual size is fairly represented in our plate. It is but just to say that, while the photograph is an exceptionally fine one, it seems as if no process could do justice to the delicacy of the lines, and of the sharpness of the lights as seen by the eye. So soon as these, in any of the groups, are interpreted by any known mechanism, they appear coarse, and the reproductions make a wrong impression. Nothing could exceed the delicacy of the lines, the beautiful movement of the drapery, the lovely expression of the faces, in this group, seen in a favorable light, its soft, warm, terra-cotta color relieved against a darker background. We are sure its charm will be acknowledged, even as it is, by everybody who loves simple nature and enjoys the sights and scenes of every-day human life. Whether this group were placed in Tiffany's window or in a window in the Bowery, it would attract and hold the gaze of passers-by; every one would find something in it to his mind. There is not a character here that is not clearly defined: the lady at the left, who brings her little girl with her to market for the first time—see how the pretty, shy, little creature, holding up her small chiton with one hand ('tis so warm out of doors, that she has been fretting to leave off the garment altogether!), peeps round her mother to catch a glimpse of the merry, clucking old woman who has eggs and poultry to sell; a flourishing cock, mounted on the top of her bench, keeps the world informed of his presence. The old woman has spied the child, and makes her way to the mother's heart, with some good-natured speeches to the little one. Next to the old woman is a young man from the country who has brought a basket of figs, and is discussing them with a young girl who sits on the bench beside him. He has on the short tunic, and that peculiar hat seen in so many of the Tanagra figurines, worn by men and women alike—the original, it sometimes seems, of the Scotch Tam o' Shanter. He and his pretty neighbor appear to be much more interested in other matters than in buying or selling figs.

Why should pedants wish to persuade us that this group, and others like it, are not Greek? Suppose we had not been told that they are Greek—to whom should we naturally have ascribed them? Do they not reveal the same mind as the pictures on the vases? as the reliefs on the coins? as the engravings on the gems? Do they not bring back the Idylls of Theocritus and the Odyssey and Hymns of Homer? Are they not essentially Greek in motive? interfused with Greek feeling? and true to all we know of the spirit that animated Greek art?

We must learn to love beautiful things for their beauty, and not be put off with questions of authenticity and origins; especially in cases like that of the terra-cotta groups and figurines; for about these, if we may judge by present appearances, scholars and antiquarians will be long in coming to an agreement. For our own part, so long as we have eyes in our head, or can trust our own perceptions, we shall admire the beauty of by far the greater part that we have seen of these groups and figurines; and when we shall have shown the subscribers to The Studio, the "Charon and the Poetess," the "Europa," and a few other choice groups that we have in store for them, we shall expect to persuade them to be of our belief.

AMERICAN NOTES.

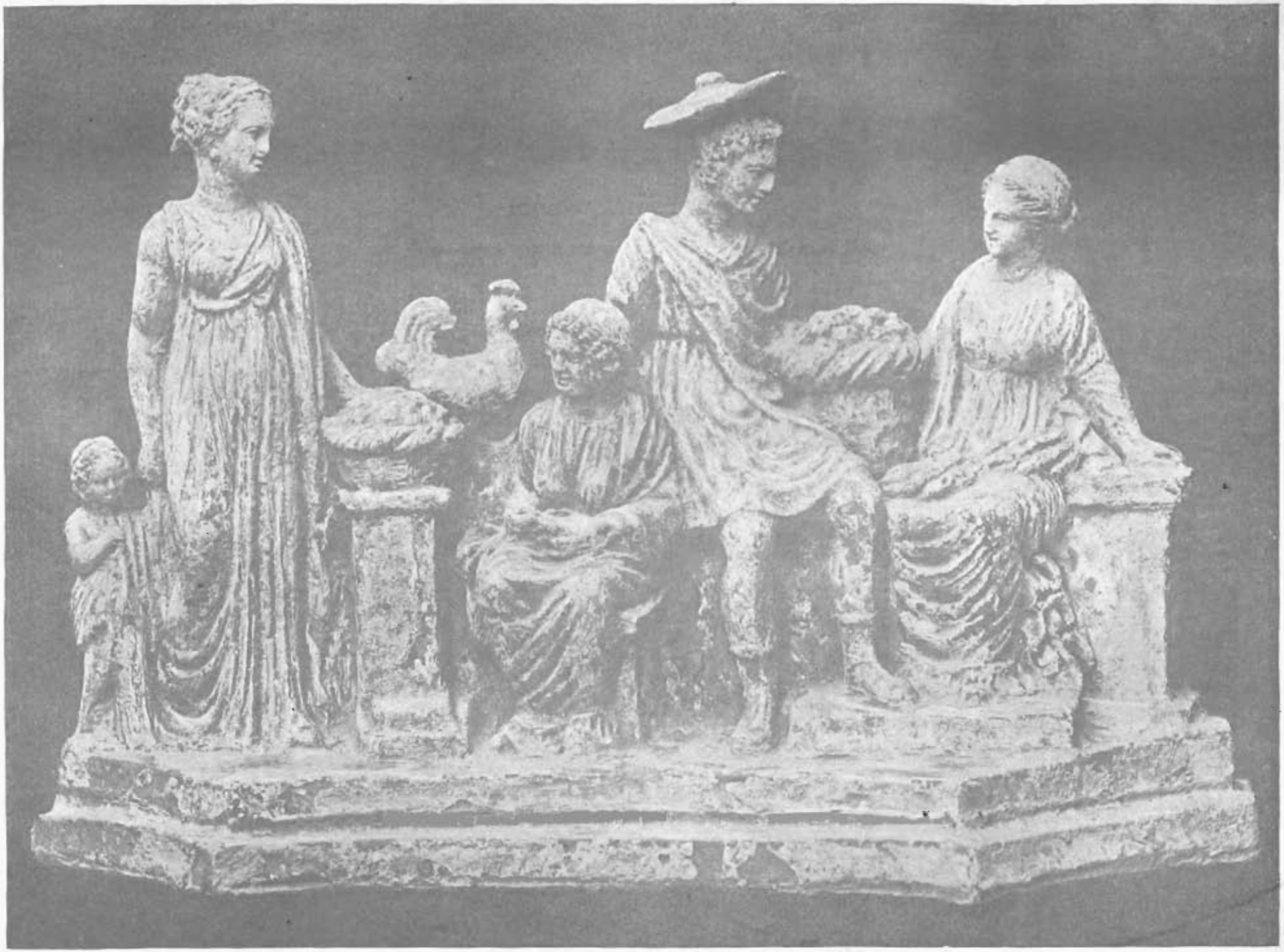
AT the regular meeting of the Art-Club of Boston, Mass., held Friday evening, May 2, thirteen new members were admitted.

THE annual meeting of the Society of Decorative Art of Boston, Mass., took place on Monday afternoon at the rooms, on Park Square.

THE portrait of Hon. David B. Hill, Governor of New York, has been completed by Charles Lang, and will soon be hung in the Common Council chamber in Albany, N. Y.

BOUT one thousand persons attended the closing exercises of the Art-Schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York on Tuesday afternoon. Prizes were presented to a number of the pupils.

THE World's Fair Directors met Wednesday night in Chicago, Ill., and elected the officers, who will hold office for one year: President, Lyman J. Gage; First Vice-President, Thomas B. Bryan; Second Vice-President, Potter Palmer. The election of Secretary, Auditor of Accounts, and Director-General, who will be Chairman of the Executive Committee, was postponed.



"THE MARKET PLACE."

A Terra-cotta Group belonging to Henri de Morgan, Esq.

PRESIDENT HARRISON having signed the World's Fair bill, the city of Chicago, Ill., is in for it and her newspapers may come to the conclusion that it is better not to be saying mean things about other cities.

THANKS to the Holland Society, of New York City, some of the historic spots on Manhattan Island—such as the sites of Fort Amsterdam, the Stadt Huys, Launce's Tavern, and the Stuyvesant pear-tree—are to be marked by tablets, for the better information of the New-Yorkers themselves and their country cousins.

MRS. ANNA LEA MERRITT, who has been in Philadelphia, Pa., for some months, is drawing her visit to a close, and will sail for Europe on the steamship *Trave* next week. She has been engaged, with other work, on portraits of Hon. Hugh McCullough, and two beautiful children of a Boston gentleman, Mr. Andrews.

IT is stated that several artists of Philadelphia have left or are about to leave that city and make permanent homes in New York, finding in this city more encouragement and appreciation of their work, and a spirit of good-fellowship among members of the profession. Among the artists mentioned who will soon open studios in New York are Messrs. Joseph B. Day, Walter Dunk, A. B. Frost, H. R. Poore, and John T. Richards.

CARMENCITA, the famous Spanish dancer, danced again last week at Mr. William M. Chase's studio in New York. It is an admirable place for such an exhibition; and several Bostonians who went to New York for Mr. Abbey's wedding had the opportunity to see this wonderful dancer under admirable auspices. It was a far more jolly evening than the previous occasion, when Carmencita danced in the same studio for Mrs. John L. Gardner.

WASHINGTON, D. C., more than any other city, has a profusion of parks, circles, triangles, and other reservations devoted to flowers, shrubs, fountains, and green grass, unfenced, and yet showing no marks of vandalism. Lafayette Park, opposite the White House, is being prepared for a monument to General Lafayette. It already contains the ridiculous effigy of General Jackson mounted on a rocking-horse; and all the principal parks contain statues of the nation's heroes and statesmen.

THE process of erecting memorials to our departed public men goes steadily on. The monument to Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks, which is to be set up in Indianapolis, has arrived in New York from Florence, Italy. There are 90 crates of granite and 4 crates of bronze, and the total weight is over 200 tons. About 15 cars will be required to transport the work to its destination, and it is expected to reach there by the latter part of the week. The monument will be ready for the unveiling ceremonies in the latter part of May.

WORK has been begun on the monument to be erected in memory of the late Postmaster Henry G. Pearson, of New York. The sculptor Daniel C. French, whose "Minute Man," statue of Thomas Starr King, and bust of Emerson are well known, has the contract. About $3600 has been subscribed, but the subscription-books are still open at Treasurer William Pott's office, No. 56 Wall street. It is probable that the monument will be completed next fall, and it will be placed in Central Park or City Hall Park, in New York City.

THE bill appropriating $50,000 for an equestrian statue of Major-General John Stark at Manchester, N. H., when read in the United States Senate, brought out considerable remonstrance. Mr. Hawley expressed his disapproval of the Government embarking in the business of erecting statues anywhere else than in Washington. If the general Government was to enter on the policy of erecting statues elsewhere than at Washington, it would have to erect statues to all the Revolutionary heroes in all the States. The discussion was continued by Senators Evarts, Hoar, and Chandler in support of the bill, and by Mr. Moody against it, after which a vote was taken, resulting: yeas 20, nays 8, no quorum, and the bill went over without action.

IT is possible that the Maori idol, which was worn as an amulet by the old Maori chief Patuome, will have to be sent back to New Zealand to the home of the uncivilized natives. This little idol was imported a short time ago by Arnold, Cheney & Co., of New York, but it was stopped by the customs authorities at New York because it was improperly imported through the mails. It was then said that it was intended for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was learned Saturday that the importing firm had written to the United States Treasury Department, asking permission to return the idol to their consignors in the same way in which it was sent here, but they decline to give any reason for their somewhat peculiar request. Nothing has been heard from the Secretary of the Treasury.

THE writer of this paragraph was recently shown a private letter from London in which reference was made to the high rank assigned in England to Walt Whitman. As an indication of this, the writer of the letter detailed a conversation which recently occurred between Lord Tennyson and an intimate friend,—who was the writer's informant,—concerning the literary outlook; in the course of which Tennyson stated that Walt Whitman was certainly one of the greatest and probably *the* greatest of living poets.

The statement was made unqualifiedly and as a purely volunteer expression of opinion. It is proper to say, moreover, that the gentleman who writes the letter is not a disciple or even an admirer of Whitman. His own attitude is one of surprise not unmingled with disapproval. He cannot understand what the English see in Whitman, but he is fair enough to report the facts as he finds them. These facts are certainly very notable. As to Tennyson, it

has long been known that his estimate of the good gray poet was very high, though perhaps not so extreme as the above remark would indicate. Verily a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.—*The American.*

THE Waring collection of paintings is now on exhibition in Chicago, Ill. Among the works on view was a little picture, "The Rag-pickers," by J. Bufferdinger of Munich, valued at about $1000. It stood on an easel near the front of the gallery, and the other day it suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. A woman in a long cloak who frequented the gallery is suspected of the theft.

PREPARATIONS for the dedication of the Garfield Memorial on Memorial Day are moving along quietly but effectively, and everything will be ready for the imposing ceremony on that day. The statue represents Mr. Garfield just risen from his chair in the National House of Representatives, and about to speak. It is of Italian marble and is pronounced a correct representation of the late President.

It stands on a paved dais, and, with its base, is about ten feet in height. The statue is placed directly in the centre of the great architectural pile of marble and sandstone which forms the Garfield monument and tomb. It was the intention of those in charge of the memorial to dedicate it on Sept. 19 last, the eighth anniversary of President Garfield's death, but a postponement was made necessary by a discovery in Italy six months before that date. The statue had been nearly completed when the sculptors discovered a black streak in the marble which no chisel could efface. The almost-finished statue was cast aside and the work done over again on a new block of marble. This proved to be faultless, and the new statue was shipped to New York last October, where the finishing touches were made.

THE preliminary step toward the actual work of building the Washington Memorial Arch in New York was taken on Wednesday afternoon, April 30, when the ceremony of breaking ground for the structure on the historic site selected in Washington Park took place. The day selected was a peculiarly appropriate one, inasmuch as it was the one hundred and first anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington. Chairman Henry G. Marquand, General Louis Fitzgerald, vice-chairman, and Richard Watson Gilder, secretary, besides several members of the general committee, were present. J. Hampton Robb represented the Park Commissioners. Architect White and David H. King, the builder, with Amerman and Ford, surveyors, directed the ceremony, which was of an informal character.

Mr. Marquand was handed a nickle-plated spade at 4.20 o'clock, with which he shovelled up a spadeful of earth, immediately upon which Secretary Gilder proposed three cheers for the arch, which was given with spirit. The company thereupon adjourned to the residence of ex-Mayor Cooper, where arrangements were made for the laying of the corner-stone, which will take place with appropriate ceremonies on Memorial Day. These exercises will include a military parade of the city troops which took part in the Centennial celebration of last year, under the command of Gen. Fitzgerald. Up to Friday night the total amounts to $76,735.44.

PRESENT AND FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

AN International Exhibition of the Fine-Arts is to be held at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1891, opening January 27.

THE nineteenth semi-annual exhibition of works of art in the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, will be opened to the public next week.

THE old John Brown Fort at Harper's Ferry is to be moved to Chicago, Ill., for exhibition at the World's Fair. It will be exhibited by the John Brown Liberty Museum Company, incorporated with a capital of $186,000.

THE sculptor Gelert, of Chicago, Ill., has modelled an equestrian Sheridan riding to the front from Winchester. He rises in his stirrups and waves his hat. The model is shown in the Art Institute by the Society of Artists of Chicago, Ill.

THE water-color exhibition now being held by Messrs. J. E. Caldwell & Co., in their handsomely appointed art galleries, at Philadelphia, Pa., is highly meritorious. It includes important works from the brushes of some of the best known English, German, French, and Italian artists.

THE attraction of the week in Boston, Mass., in the art world, has been the exhibition at Messrs. Williams & Everett's gallery of the water-colors of Madeleine Lemaire, whose illustrations in "L'Abbé Constantin" will be recalled with delight. These were the water-colors from which the illustrations are to be made for "Flirt," the new novel which will soon be brought out by Paul Hervien. The exhibition was closed at six o'clock yesterday, as the pictures are to be shipped to London.

THE New York Society for the Promotion of Art opened yesterday in the art gallery of the Eden Musée building, in West Twenty-third street, its first annual exhibition of water-colors. The exhibition has been arranged by the well-known artist P. E. Rudell, assisted by Ernest André Jurgens, Secretary of the Society.

There are 140 water-colors shown by the best American water-colorists, and they have been selected with much taste and care. There are numerous landscapes by such artists as Chapman, Daingerfield, Fitler, Childe Hassam, Charles W. Eaton, and Van Gorder; and among the figure and marine painters represented by characteristic examples are Rhoda Nicholls, De Haven, Bridges, Winslow Homer, Insley, Edward Moran, W. T. Richards, Rudell, P. P. Ryder, J. G.

Tyler, and W. J. Whittemore. The collection as a whole and in parts will be found well worthy of study and attention.

IN Munich the acting committee of the Artists' Union are hard at work, making preparations for the annual international exhibition. The small cabinets in the Crystal Palace with side-light stand in a state of semi-demolition and will be done away with to give place to spacious rooms with top-light. Another feature of this year's exhibition will be the awarding of a medal-of-honor, provided there be a picture which excels all others, in the opinion of the jury, to such a degree as to make the bestowal of a first-class medal seem insufficient. The time set for delivery of works is the 1st to the 15th of May. Those which are accepted by the jury are returned at the close of the exhibition, in October, free of cost. Last year the sales at the Crystal Palace amounted to the round sum of half a million marks, or $135,000. Two hundred and seventy-five oil-paintings, 10 water-colors, 1 pastel, 10 etchings, and 15 busts and statues were sold to 311 buyers. Of these latter, no less than 56 were Americans.

AN amateur loan-exhibition and musical entertainment for the benefit of the Woman's Work Exchange and Decorative Art Society will be held in Brooklyn, N. Y., at Art Association Hall, Montague street, May 15, 16, and 17, from 2 until 10 P. M. The exhibition will include some of the finest paintings in Brooklyn from the brushes of amateurs as well as many professionals, including a number of paintings from the Rembrandt collection and Brooklyn Art Club. The exhibit from the exchange will consist of handsomely painted screens, paintings, panels, and table china, exquisite embroidery and needlework, fancy articles displaying great ingenuity, and will undoubtedly prove of great interest to the public. The musical programme is under the direction of Dr. Richard W. Crowe, organist of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, and will include some of Brooklyn's best talent. The programme will be continuous during each day from 2.30 until 5 P. M. and from 8 to 10 P. M. The exhibition will be opened on May 15 at 2 P. M. by Mayor Alfred C. Chapin.

THE fourth annual exhibition of the New York Society of Painters in Pastel opened at Wunderlich's Gallery, in New York, on Friday, May 2. This little exhibition, generally the last of the year, has come to be anticipated by the art public with much interest and pleasure. While the Society itself is small, numbering only about a dozen members, it accepts contributions from all outsiders whose work is sufficiently good to be exhibited, and thus stimulates an interest in the use of that perishable but, in hands of skilled artists, most delightful of mediums—the colored crayon or pastel.

This year the exhibition is somewhat larger than usual, and has eighty-nine numbers. Unfortunately the President, Robert F. Blum, does not exhibit, but the other members of the Society are all well represented. The American Impressionists Twachtmann and Thomas Robinson have several excellent landscapes. Cleverness is the feature of the exhibition, and it makes a fitting ending of the art-year, which, while it has not brought any remarkable exhibitions, has been marked by many excellent small shows.

THE spring exhibition of the Art Association of San Franciso, Cal., opened last Tuesday evening, when the usual reception was held there. Almost all of the members of the association and many of their friends were present. The exhibit is not as large numerically as that of last year. The pictures which seemed to attract the most attention were these:

"The Old Sailor's Home," by Lee Lash; "Fidelia," by Narjot; "Abel," by Arthur F. Matthews; "Chrysanthemums" and "Roses," by Miss Alice B. Chittenden; "Señorita," by A. Joullin, "The Old Legend," by Charles Rollo Peters; portrait of Dr. Winslow Anderson, by C. J. Carlson; "Clam-diggers," by Chris Jorgensen; "Evening on San Francisco Bay," by Stanley Inchbold; portrait of Adolph Sutro, by David Neal; "A French Interior," by Lee Lash; "Peonies," by Emil Carlsen; "A Scene on the Bay" and "A Wreck," by W. A. Coulter: "Beech-trees" and "A Whistling Boy," by Miss Withrow; "Ross Valley," "Spring," "The Edge of the Pasture," and "The Wood Lot," by William Keith; "A Dutch Kitchen," "A Study in Holland," and "The Lilies of Midas," by Arthur F. Matthews; "Spring Morning," "Spring Time," "Cypress Point," and "Newlyn, Cornwall," by R. D. Yelland; "Study of a Head," by Miss May Goodell; "Gualala River," by Miss Annie L. Harmon; "Navarro Coast," by Hermann Schnabel; "Corner of the Artist's Studio," by Dr. George H. H. Redding.

Afterward the directors ascended the stage and Mr. J. D. Redding delivered a brief address, during which he read a letter from Mr. David Neal, who highly complimented the work of the School of Design. Following this came the drawing for the pictures which were presented by several artists. The exhibition has been kept open evenings all through the week, but next week the exhibition will be open only in the daytime.

AUCTION SALES OF THE WEEK.

YESTERDAY, at the Hôtel-Drouot, the contents of the studio of the late Maxime Lalanne were sold. The sale brought about 20,000 francs. The complete work of this celebrated painter-etcher- -one of a set of 173 specimens of artists' proofs on Japanese paper—brought 1000 francs. A very fine crayon-drawing, dated 1867, representing the "Universal Exposition," was purchased for 220 francs by the city of Paris for the Carnavalet Museum. The other prices varied from 50 to 300 francs.

THE auction sale of the Gump collection, in San Francisco, Cal., was, as a whole, rather more successful than had been expected, and will, it is to be hoped, induce the Messrs. Gump to continue the plan of importing first-class European paintings to

that city. The sale began on Wednesday evening, and was continued thereafter afternoons and evenings through the week. The entire collection brought something more than thirty-seven thousand dollars, which is considered very fair. The prices of some of the more notable paintings are as follows:

"In the Gloaming," G. Andrew, $51.50; "The Wine-taster," August Kraus, $160; "The Breviary," Charles Baptiste Schreiber, $55; "The Rest," Zuber-Buhler, $255; "The Young Musician," Paul Wagner, $500; "The First Lesson," Paul Wagner, $875; "The Welcome Comrade," K. Dery, $1750; "Mother's Pet," Paul Wagner, $1100; "Rural Trio," Edouard Bernard Debat-Ponsan, $2500; "Catching Herring," G. Haquette, $1300; "The Captive," $475; "On the Beach," No. 86, $1000; "An Arabian Music-room," R. Weisse, $910; "Discarded Love," No. 81, $337.50; "The Old Windmill," No. 114, $75.50; "Sheep," $60; "Return from Fishing," No. 67, $510; "The Jolly Cavaliers," $115; "The Story," $115; "The Morning Meal," $42.50; "The Priest," $115; landscape, $70; "Pessage," Julian Dupré, $1150; "St. Michael's," $100; four frieze paintings, small, by Lefler, $430; four frieze paintings, large, by Lefler, $1100; "Isle of St. George," $45; "Music at Home," J. E. Gaisser," $387.50; "Flirtation," Carpentier, $375; "The Quartet," $105; "The Artist's Model," Ballavoine, $180; "An Armorer of the Seventeenth Century," Jacomin, $1500; "Louis the Fifteenth Painting the Model," Jeanne Rongier, $300; "A Wet Passage," $140; "All That's Good Comes from Above," $637.50; "Exterior of a Hindoo Mosque," Edwin Lord Weeks, $1100; "Summer-time," $100; "Bois de Boulogne," $30; "Moonlight Near Amsterdam," $225; "The Card-players," $90; "An Animated Conversation," $90; "The Affair of Honor," $55; "Dessert," $60; "Interior of an Arabian Mosque," $875; "Cardinal and Cavalry Officer," $300; "At the Window," $100; "The Pursuit," $325; "Flower Market," $80; "Stable Interior," $337.50; "Still Life," $260; "Still Life," $650; "Shepherd and Flock Homeward Bound," $160.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. TONY NOËL has just been intrusted with the execution of a statue of the great French sculptor Jean Houdon. This statue is to be erected at Versailles. The order for this statue has been given as a result of a public subscription, to which Versailles has given a sum of 10,000 francs. The sketch of M. Noël shows Houdon holding a mallet in his right hand and leaning on a block of marble, out of which he is carving the bust of Voltaire. His left hand is extended as though in conversation.

M. CHAPU, so says the *Journal des Arts*, has finished his statue in marble of the Princess of Wales for the National Gallery at Copenhagen. Her Royal Highness is seated, and wears a velvet robe. The statue is said to be a fine work of art and an excellent likeness. The same sculptor's sketch for the monument of J. F. Millet, which is to be set up at Cherbourg, has been accepted by the committee superintending the work; it is expected the figure will be erected in the beginning of 1891.

BURNE JONES, the English painter, has just completed his series of four pictures designed to illustrate what he calls the "Legends of the Briar Rose." Most people know this series as "The Sleeping Beauty." He has spent seven years on these four canvases, which are now on exhibition in London.

THE late J. S. Morgan was a great connoisseur and lover of art, and his house at Prince's Gate, London, is full of pictures and works of *virtu*. But his house at Roehampton, which he purchased from Lord Clifden, was the place with which he will always be more closely associated. There he dispensed the greatest hospitality to all his well-known countrymen; and wandering in his lovely garden or round the farm he was so proud of was one of his greatest delights, and was, perhaps, the place where he was seen to the best advantage.

MR. BOEHM'S bronze equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, which is to be the jubilee present of the women of the United Kingdom to Queen Victoria, is now finished, and will shortly be placed on a granite pedestal. The site selected by the Queen is Smith's Lawn, Windsor, a great park, which lies between Cumberland Lodge and Virginia Water. The statue will be ready for unveiling in a month, but it is probable that the ceremony will be deferred until the beginning of July, in order that the Empress Frederick and the Duke of Connaught may be present.

IT is expected that the Duchess de Montpensier will make San Lucar her principal residence. Her château, which is filled with valuable objects of art, and sumptuously furnished, stands in exquisite gardens, with fountains, lakes, temples, and waterfalls, and beyond is a vast and richly wooded park, which is bordered by the Guadalquivir. The Duc de Montpensier's home-farm is one of the largest and most perfect in Spain. San Lucar, which is one of the most picturesque towns in Andalusia, stands on the estuary of the Guadalquivir, and the surrounding country is very beautiful.

THE *Athenæum* says: "An exhibition of pictures by the Russian painter M. Ivan Aïvasovski, whose vigorous *spectacle* 'The Living Torches of Nero, made the blood of Cockneys run cold a few years ago, is now open in the gallery of M. Durand-Ruel, Paris. It includes 'The Argonauts upon the Colchian Coast,' 'Preparations for the Festival of Neptune,' 'The Destruction of Pompeii,' 'After the Deluge,' 'The Last Moments upon the Ocean,' a ship sinking, 'The Cathedral of St. Issac,' and many landscapes. The collection will be closed on the 15th prox." The picture referred to, "The Living Torches of Nero," was painted not by M Aïvasovski, but by Siemiradski. —Ed. THE STUDIO.

THE Museum of Carnavalet has just made an acquisition in the shape of a very interesting portrait of Santeuil, canon of Saint-Victor's, and the most celebrated of the modern Latin poets. Santeuil was the author of the inscriptions on all the ancient fountains in Paris; he was the descendant of an old family, holders of civic offices, whose coat of arms was a head of Argus the hundred-eyed. His portrait represents him in canon's habit, his fur-lined hood on his shoulder, seated before a table covered with papers; holding in his right hand a pen, and, in his raised left, his doctor's cap. No name is signed to this picture, but the researches of the *savants* have discovered that it was painted by Toussaint Dumée, son of Dumée, royal painter for the tapestries of Fountainebleau under Henry IV. and Louis XIII.

THE marble busts that are to be placed in the niches in the façade of the New Louvre are to cost 200,000 francs, or, say, $40,000. A few of the ladies who helped make the name of France illustrious in the seventeenth century are to be represented in this collection with some of those who shone during the time of the Revolution and after it. Mme. de Sévigné, one writer thinks, "had not a face that lends itself to the sculptor's art. Neither had Mme. de Stael, whose beauty lay in the blaze and spirit of her eyes. She had teeth that stuck out like those of a sheep. Mme. Roland, though her nose was *retrousse*, had an exquisite profile. Mme. Récamier was statuesque, sweet, and *piquante*, and the graces were always hovering round her." She was a miracle of Nature's production, but the only service she rendered to the world consisted in showing that the most beautiful person it contained could also be the most amiable.

THE trial of the action for libel brought by Mr. George Augustus Sala against Mr. Furniss, the caricaturist, already commented upon in THE STUDIO of March 29, took place on April 25 in London, and resulted in a verdict of £5 damages for the plaintiff. The libel was contained in an after-dinner speech made by Mr. Furniss. In his remarks, Mr. Furniss stated that Charles Dickens had refused sketches made by Mr. Sala, and that the latter had sent to the Academy School a drawing which contained a figure having six toes on one foot. Despite these facts, Mr. Furniss said, Mr. Sala is now art-critic on the London *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Furniss also stated that Mr. Sala had painted pictures on the walls of an eating-saloon, and claimed that this probably gave him the taste for cookery he had evinced ever since. Mr. Furniss's remarks were certainly very coarse, and quite what might have been expected if one were to judge him by his pictures. But as Mr. Sala does not pretend to be an artist, we do not see why he should have been worried about Mr. Furniss's unseemly jibes.

A MOSAIC has been lately discovered at Ouled Agla, in the province of Constantine, Algeria. A settler engaged in digging a foundation for a house, came upon this mosaic formed of tesseræ not more than a half-a-centimetre square. It contains several mythological subjects. In the middle a square pillar, standing upon a base and surmounted with an abacus, supports a vase without handles. The eagle, looking wonderfully like a crow, stands at the foot of the pillar. At the left sits Jupiter, the upper part of his body with his arms bare, a large mantle thrown about his thighs and legs. His hair is crowned with a wreath and his head surrounded by a halo. Ganymede with the Phrygian cap reclines at his side and offers him the cup, while Jupiter throws his arm about the boy's neck. Farther to the left Venus presents Adonis(?) to Jupiter. The youth has the spear in one hand, and a leopard-skin over his shoulder. At the right of the central column sits Danae, under the shower of gold, and at the extreme right Europa, standing by the side of the Bull, ties a wreath about his neck. Below this group of subjects is a border filled with figures that apparently have no relation to the others. Three soldiers are leading their horses into what may be a stable, and at the left are three others approaching a fountain.

EVERY summer, thousands of visitors make pilgrimages to the cottage in which Robert Burns was born, near Alloway Kirk and the banks o' Doon. They are shown the room in which the poet first saw the light, as well as the "original" furniture used by Burns's parents. Will it be believed that all the genuinely original furniture of the cottage was sold at public auction in September, 1843, most of it being now in the possession of a gentleman in Manchester, who wants a thousand pounds for the following articles: The father's chair, the mother's chair, the poet's chair, Pembroke table with flap, another without flap, the mother's work-table, chest-of-drawers, eight-day clock, corner-cupboard, drinking-cup of wood, ale-horn, table-bell, tea-caddy, toddy-ladle, twelve chairs supplied by "the Miller Goudie," the sword worn by Burns as an exciseman, and the probe he used on his preventive excursions? All these are authenticated by letters from men who had seen them before 1843. The seller throws in five visitors' books —from 1829 to 1843—containing 7000 autographs, as well as a letter of the poet's. Here is a chance for some Scotch museum or Burns club. They were offered for sale to the Secretary for Scotland, but his secretary wrote that, while they were of "no value," they might be given to the nation. The seller replied that, as the nation had never given him anything, he did not see his way to carry out the proposal. A sixpence from every member of a Burns club would secure the collection.

A SPECULATION OF TENNYSON'S.—Dr. Thompson was walking, in his college days, with two companions, one of whom was Alfred Tennyson; of the name of the other I am not sure. The path by which they went was one which all Cambridge men know, namely, that which leads from the backs of the colleges through the fields toward Coton. After passing the brook, which used to be crossed (and perhaps is now) by a rude wooden bridge, it was perceived that Tennyson had lagged behind. He had paused by the side of the brook, brought his eyes as

near as he could to the surface of the water, and was examining with intense interest the subaqueous life which the little stream contained. After a time he rejoined his companions, and this was his utterance when he joined them: "What an imagination God has!" The words must have made a deep impression upon my informant's mind; otherwise he would not have retained them in memory, and would not have thought it worth while to repeat them to me. They made a similar impression upon myself when so repeated; and I cannot but regard them as containing a true philosophy of nature. Whatever may be the power of natural selection, and whatever causes may be at work to produce the varied scene of life which the world contains, you need some underlying cause, both of life itself and of reproduction and variation, and of all natural phenomena; and if causally the existence of the universe may be attributed to God's will and purpose, so the endless variety of vital manifestations may be attributed to that which, in the case of man, we should call imagination.

THE series of forged paintings by our modern masters continues. We noticed recently the discovery of a manufactory of Detailles and De Neuvilles, but another painter is now in vogue—M. James Tissot, who has himself just made the discovery of the forger of his work. What was particularly comical about the affair was that the dealer endeavored to compel the painter to allow his signature to remain upon a work which was not his. Four days ago a framer of pictures with whom M. James Tissot nad left a picture for framing, spoke to him of an aquarelle signed J. Tissot, which had been placed with him for the same purpose, which was intended to figure at a sale. The subject having been described to him, the painter was satisfied that it was not one of his works. He demanded to see the aquarelle, and the framer brought it for his inspection. It represented a landscape, in the foreground of which was a nude reclining female figure. Both the handling and the choice of subject displeased M. Tissot, who happens just now to be engaged upon a work of some importance and of a religious character. The aquarelle was signed "J. Tissot, 1875," at which date the painter was in England. He begged the framer to remove the glass, and, armed with a brush dipped in India-ink, he obliterated the false signature. The framer, who had expected nothing of the kind, made a violent protest, fearing the reproaches of the owner. He even spoke of keeping in pledge the canvas which M. Tissot had just confided to his case. The painter, however, prevailed on him to hear reason, taking all the responsibility on his own shoulders, and giving him a guarantee—to that effect. The proprietor of the forgery threatened at first to bring a lawsuit for damages on account of the removal of the false signature. Up to the present writing, however, no legal steps have been taken!

IN most of the pretty little bronze figures of Horus that adorn the cabinets of the Boulaq Museum at Cairo the god merely poises himself solidly upon a squat, flat crocodile, which lies still under his feet and appears to accept its fate in very good part, with true reptilian apathy. But in certain other statuettes of a more vigorous type the character of the sculpture approaches the modern conception of St. George, both in the triumphant attitude of the god and the recalcitrant struggles of the conquered beast; and there is one little group in the Louvre to which M. Clermond-Ganneau has called particular attention, which at once gives us the clue to the origin of the mediæval champion-saint. It is a bas-relief sculptured in Egypt in the late Roman period, and it represents the hawk-headed god in full armor on horseback in the act of killing a very respectable and developed dragon of most properly draconian ferocity and vigor. Had the head been wanting, in fact, the Egyptian deity would unhesitatingly have been taken by all observers for an early representation of the Christian saint.

When Christianity first began to spread in the East it is well known that the Oriental peoples often eagerly adapted symbols or emblems of their familiar religion to the ideas and mysteries of the new and purer faith. Thus the tau, or *crux ansata*, that odd handle-bearing symbol which Egyptian deities held in their hands as a mark of their divine nature, got curiously mixed up in early Coptic monuments with the Christian cross; and the figures of the saints were readily adapted to the pre-existing types of heathen gods or godesses, as one can clearly see in the Ghizeh collection. Each town or district during this transitional period was likely to choose for its special patron the Christian martyr or virgin who most nearly approached its own earlier local god in character or attributes. The transition in this way became less abrupt and startling; the people would worship the new saints at the old, accustomed shrines, and under the guise of images that closely recalled their antique deities. In Egypt this feeling was even stronger than elsewhere, as might be expected from the eminently conservative character of the Egyptian mind, and indeed for some centuries the Christianity of the Nile valley was little more than a veiled heathenism, with the old gods worshipped under new names, though still almost identical in form and feature.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

"A MOST interesting and important discovery has been made by some natives this winter in the neighborhood of Deyrût, the Phylaké Thebaikê of ancient geography—a discovery, however, which unfortunately will prove almost sterile to science, in consequence of the present disastrous law in regard to the sale and exportation of antiquities. A tomb has been found containing two mummies, which now, alas! have been torn to fragments. One of the mummies was that of a female, with a white-skinned Greek face of wonderfully artistic workmanship, and evidently a portrait, a wreath of flowers surrounding the head. The other mummy, which was that of the husband, was, when found, covered entirely with gold-leaf. On the breast was a large figure of Anubis, clad in a gilded leopard's skin and supporting an orb of gold, as well as a tablet painted red, on which is written in embossed let-

ters of gold, 'Sarapus, the son of Sarapiôn (who died), the year 14, childless.' The other inscriptions on the mummies were in hieroglyphs. Among the objects discovered in the tomb were terra-cotta figures of Harpokrates and other personages of an unusually artistic character, and a number of Greek papyri, including some lines of the *Iliad*. Unhappily, the papyri, like the mummies, have been torn and scattered, and we shall never know what all the contents of the tomb exactly were. It is time that the scientific world should raise its voice in protest against a system which induces the *fellahin*—the only persons in Egypt likely to make discoveries of important monuments—to conceal and mutilate what they find. The Egyptian Government cannot refuse to listen to such a protest, and classical scholars must remember that they will probably suffer quite as much as the Egyptologists from the maintenance of the existing law. The value of an ancient monument consists in its usefulness to science; and, so long as science can discover all it can tell us, it matters little into whose hands it eventually goes.

"Whatever complaints may be made about the preservation of the monuments of Upper Egypt, no words of admiration can be too strong in regard to the rapid and effective manner in which the antiquities hitherto stored away at Bulaq have been transferred to their present magnificent place at Gizeh. The energy and good taste of the administration of the museum have been astonishing. Objects that have long been hidden away in the magazines at Bulaq for want of space can now be seen by the public and compared with other objects of the same age and character. The only drawback that I know of to the new habitation of the monuments is that the light is not always as good as it was in their old home. The faces of the scribe Ra-nofer and of the famous statue of King Khephren seem to have suffered from the change. The public, however, appear properly to appreciate the new museum and its grounds, if we may judge from the numbers of both foreigners and natives who have already flocked to them."

LITERARY NOTES.

BODE AND HIS HISTORY OF GERMAN SCULPTURE. GESCHICHTE DER DEUTSCHEN PLASTIK, von Dr. Wm. Bode. Berlin: Grote'sche Verlags Buchhandlung.

The chorus of praise that is lifted in Germany and France over the History of German Art, of which Bode's "Sculpture" is one of the five departments of Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Engraving, and Textile Art, can only be echoed by private critics.

The work is substantial in text and illustration, and not a cheap speculation of ambitious booksellers. Many of the plates are *fac-similes* of originals, even to the gold background of miniature paintings: and that the authors are men not only of learning but of influence and in the position to use originals as much and as long as necessary, will occur to every experienced writer, who observes the rich number of rare and inaccessible examples that are offered among the collection of reproductions. It is indeed, to use a favorite German term, a monumental work.

Let not the reader shudder, and picture a publication like those of the archæological society, which have been the boast of German scholars since Winckelmann's time, with three fourths of their text in un-Homeric Greek, and maybe printed in large quarto form, or even in sheets half the size of one's own body. The size is a convenient large octavo, and the literary style, if unornamental, is by no means dry.

Bode has tendencies toward a robust outspokenness; and as they break through now and then, his book possesses a series of refreshing moments for the lay reader, overfagged, as he is apt to get, with the national rage to exalt everything German on one side, and on the other with the colorless abstractions of the superior class of critical essays. There is little personal praise; but there are found plenty of pregnant and plastic descriptions, terms of surprising and striking fitness—the best and rarest qualities, in short, of the art-critic, and only obtainable through a long apprenticeship with the pen in connection with the long practice of the eye.

"Oh, Bode! Bode is a head above us all!" cried the Assistant Director of the Berlin National Gallery one day last summer, as the aspect of the Bamberg Cathedral, in which we stood, influenced me to ask which among German historians had gone furthest in rational criticism. Bode makes mistakes; but both his learning and his judgment are sound. There is a manly trait of health and assurance accompanying the scrupulous exactness of the scholar in him. And although he serves you with a date or authorship in a concise line, be sure the opinion has the heaped-up facts and analogies of the century's learning as well as the very newest discoveries for its basis: his abundant monographs are a guarantee for this.

The visitor to the Berlin Museum sees another trait of the man, furthermore, in the arrangement there of the master-pieces of Christian art. Bode is the director of this department; and overfilled as it is with material, the aspect of the low, small rooms threatened to become no better than that of an overcrowded bric-à-brac shop. I know of hardly a single museum in Europe, indeed, which was so unsatisfactory, and which is become so perfect a model for its kind. The mass of objects have been forced to serve in making a harmonious entourage, and, where such was fitting, a cosy entourage; while the subtle charms of rare master-works are set in relief by all the most refined means of contrast—illumination, drapery, and isolation. There in a practical sphere is a Leonardo da Vinci's exquisiteness of taste combined with unwearied power of hard work. And although the "History" is not equal throughout, enough pages occur to delight the reader with a spectacle of the same talent for organizing and lifting into artistic relief.

A sentence sometimes contains a happy generalization that sets a special epoch or school of art in a sharp contour against the great background of universal art. Such, for example, is the final characterization of Nuremburg sculpture, which has been lauded in Germany since Wachenrode and Tieck to the present day with an indiscriminating fervor of

mingled sentiment and patriotism. Bode depicts it with a sympathetic pen; but on summing up, he relegates it to a modest place, as being essentially *homely or "spiessbürgerlich."*

With the same catholic judgment he gives his opinion as to the disputed question of the origin and value of the Gothic. The old bitter quarrel has been fought out in favor of France. The Gothic is a pure French style in conception as well as in its artistic construction; Germany not only had no share in its formation, but resisted its introduction with obstinacy, inasmuch as it was unsympathetic to German feeling and contradictory to the political development of Germany. The want of a strong centralized government and of a state capital had caused the separate, individual tendencies of each princedom to gain headway; and not only provincial schools developed everywhere, but also a strong distaste against outlandish novelties.

Bode's partiality for the Romanesque style of architecture and for the later Renaissance has a double ground in the character of these clear, geometric systems themselves, and in the superior rôle which they concede to sculpture.

The Gothic, with its dissolution of all lines in an upward direction, left little wall-space and consequently small room for sculptured figures on a large and free scale. Statues were employed as decorative ornamentation. Often the form of the pointed arch forced them to duck and bend in ugly and even unnatural attitudes; and to this circumstance the affectation and contortion of body is partly due, which marks the sculpture of the fourteenth century. The eye of the times had become spoiled, and the sense of sculptural as well as of architectural gravity was in abeyance.

The History becomes toward its close very rich and full; the period of the Renaissance is treated with masterly strokes; but what is peculiarly new in the work are, perhaps, the chapters on the blossoming of native Saxon art in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Germany, after unearthing the treasures of every other land, now searches up her own. The weak part of Bode's book is the political. The director is evidently neither a philosopher nor a theorist—but, then, neither is there need of his being either of these.

Countess v. Krockow.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS ON ROMAN ART.

DEUTSCHE KUNSTGESCHICHTE. Prof. H. Knackfuss. Leipsic: Velhagen and Klasing.—Weltgeschichte der Kunst. L. v. Sybel. Marburg: Elwert.

The literary journals have for some time promised us a history of German art, by Professor Knackfuss. The book is now completed; and as, during the past year, several leading German critics have given out some work, and—what is more remarkable—some work on native art, the impulse of the reviewer runs inevitably to the making of comparisons between the authors before writing of the material of their books, which, indeed, is the same in all.

In old times, the German scholar penetrated into the art-treasures of Italy, the past classic ground o ancient Grecian art. This was the case with Winckelemann and his followers. Then came the period of the Italian, and of the historians of art in general: of Schnaase, Kugler, Lübke, and Springer. Now we are at the zenith of national writing; a period of historical as well as of intrinsic importance, sure to be quoted in future times, as in literature the romantic period is quoted with the names of Schlegel, Tieck, Jean Paul, Wackenrode, Kleist, Grimm, and Simrock, as making an epoch of revolt against the authority of classicism.

What enthusiasm now glows for are the natural, native traits of sentiment. The theory that form and measure are the chief things in art is abandoned. The simple, full, and large contours of Phidias are viewed with indifference, and the admiration for Raphael—the admiration for simple, large, and graceful lines—is out of fashion. Cornelius and Kaulbach, who retain a reputation abroad, are damned in Germany with indifference. The artists and the periods of art that possess a value in the eyes of the present race are the masters, and the "small masters" at that, of the twelfth and of the fifteenth centuries. Not only must the origin of a work be German to find favor in the eyes of the new school—it must be "German in essence," that is, full of sentiment and naïveness.

Goethe's theory that the Gothic style of architecture was old German, "inasmuch as this striving of lines upward embodied the peculiarly German exaltation, and the mediæval longing to lose all being in the Infinite," is given up. The endeavor to engraft the term "Germanic" for "Gothic" is dropped and left out of sight. Indeed, in Bode, the whole incident of the passionate strife between German and foreign critics is treated with patronizing contempt, and Goethe's enthusiasm offset by the assertion that the Gothic is sheer French, "unsympathetic and even contradictory to German feeling."

But while this famous strife is thus laid, a swarm of new theories of the same quality and sort rise up. No popular German critic from Hermann Grimm to Pecht has failed to contribute his mite to the heap.

The new spirit that marks historical and literary criticism breathes in the works of Lübke, Dohm, Janitschek, Bode, and Knackfuss.

The reader becomes everywhere aware of it, varied as the disguises of the national enthusiasm may be. A moderate tone, for instance, is struck, as by Lübke, and the patriotic theories are mentioned, to be somewhat curtailed in their statement; but—they are mentioned! The reader finds himself under the guidance of a mind pre-engaged to appear impartial instead of being bent alone upon describing.

Bode strides through a century of art, surveying monuments with a practised, refined, yet daring eye; and so long as his pen records the result of these glances, all is revelation. A paragraph or chapter is rounded by a reflection, and the charm falls instantly. There reigns such a proud and technical sense that even the mere mention of the popular, current praise of a home production is avoided. None the less, however, is the reader reminded of the praise. Bode's

HOLBEIN'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.—BY HANS HOLBEIN.

choice of an adjective is a direct contradiction of the vital factor of it. The ghost of patriotic indiscrimination is not laid. An imperious categorical asseveration brings it up instead, and the impression left by his writings is half polemical.

Knackfuss, for his part, is naïvely absorbed in the national enthusiasm. He gives expression to it with a fulness which is so devoid of the idea of criticism or opposition, that his book is quieter in its effects, in a way, than the works of his more robust competitors. He does not discuss. His current of information and description runs on in fluent ease. He takes it for granted that the reader is of his opinion and is ready to prize expression and sentiment in art like himself, above the cold lines of classicism. Whereas Bode praises the rude beginnings of art charily, and keeps within the vocabulary of positive, sober adjectives, Knackfuss bursts early, in his History, into superlatives. His description of the Extern (Elstoer or Magpie) Stone in Horn, near Detmold, may serve as an example.

This remarkable carving is the German rival of our American Pictured Rock in Virginia; a sculpture of an unknown age, hewn on the face of a living rock. The subject of it is the taking down of Christ from the cross. A tree of Byzantine symbolic simplicity is bent over till one of its few curved branches touches the surface of the ground. Joseph of Arimathea is mounted on the trunk, and has unloosened the body of Jesus, which he lets down upon the shoulder of Nicodemus on the other, or left, side of the cross. The latter is naked to the waist. He runs his head into Christ's stomach; and Mary, behind him, runs hers against Christ's skull. St. John stands at the right, while above the cross are the figures of God with a flag in his hand, and at either end of the cross-arm the symbolic heads of the Sun and Moon. These last-mentioned weep; as indeed, the heads of all the personages of the scene droop so to one side as to seem about falling off their shoulders.

A lower portion shows scarcely anything more than a tangle of legs and coils. It represented Adam and

Eve in the grasp of the serpent, at the tree of knowledge. The faces are indistinguishable. The whole sculpture has suffered by exposure, and retains in reality but little of the distinctness which the engravings of it commonly exhibit. Mary's face is obliterated; both of Joseph's legs are lacking, one of Nicodemus's and the arms of the crucified Saviour.

A scene is here carried out in life-sized figures, after a style that grew out of the practice of carving on miniature slabs of ivory, and the practical decorative wish to make the most of a given space, even to the filling up of the upper corners. The rock is near the entrance to a sanctified Benedictine grotto, and it is probable that monks hewed the relief in copy of a miniature in their possession. The Byzantine conventional folds of the drapery, the helpless use of exaggeration and anatomical contortion to express deep emotion, a certain symmetry and balance of composition—all are items whose like are found on ornamental slabs of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Yet Knackfuss is not content to see that the one remarkable fact about the piece was its transference from a miniature-carving to a life-size representation upon the living rock. He calls it sublime (grossartig). "The longer we look at the sculpture, the more deeply are we penetrated," he continues, "by the profundity and human truthfulness of the feeling which fills the dramatic yet well-ordered composition." True romantic artist and German as he is, feeling, or even as is the case here, only the attempt to depict feeling, captivates and warms him!

For the rest, Knackfuss is a practising artist. As a scholar, his attainments hardly go perhaps beyond those of the average, but the average of historical attainment in Germany, it must be remembered, is unusually high. Knackfuss masters his subject from a practical side; and if his critical discrimination is not always severely refined, he offers a novelty of his own by way of recompense, in the form of observations on decoration and construction.

A very cursory review of his History reveals its difference from its rivals as consisting in a certain more attentive eye for essential constructive and ornamental points, and for points that may be turned to advantage by practical men. The tone of the book is kept up to the dignified historical level, it is true; but the textbook almost comes through now and then. It is a "live" professor who writes, and a man who practises his handwork.

I hardly know of a book that could be better commended to students ready to learn something of German art, but bent at the same time upon giving their leisure to that which is likely to offer suggestions which they can turn to practical account. The chapter on architecture of the late Romanic and transforming period holds comparatively a more conspicuous place than in most other works, and supplements these last. A further merit of the book is the division of it into large and small print; no description is cut short; yet the general or hurried reader can avoid minute details by holding to the run of the main print.

The illustrations are wood-cuts for the most part, from great blocks, sharp and clear.

Ludwig von Sybel's "Universal Art," on the other hand, is cheaply illustrated by reproductions from photographs.

When this is said, however, the worst has been said. Sybel has a reputation for entertaining popular description and thorough knowledge. He is no theorist. His talent and charm lies in his choice of the details to be given, and in the number of these details.

An advantage of the present History over preceding ones consists in the fact that, while as good as any, and containing all that previous works can show, it possesses descriptions and illustrations also of the newest works that have been discovered by excavation.

Comtess v. Krockow.

GEORGE SECKEL PEPPER, President of the Academy of the Fine-Arts of Philadelphia, Pa., and one of Philadelphia's best known financiers, died Friday afternoon, May 2.

MR. WILLIAM MASKELL, a writer equally well known for his controversial zeal, his erudition in ancient English liturgies, and his knowledge on all artistic subjects, died at Penzance on April 12, aged 76. During his visits to London, Mr. Maskell composed "A Description of the Ivories at the South Kensington Museum" (*1872*), a subject on which he was one of our chief authorities; and he also found time to edit a series of South Kensington art-handbooks. Until a year or two ago his fine figure was constantly seen in the libraries and clubs of London.

JOSEPH-NICOLAS ROBERT-FLEURY has just died in Paris at the age of ninety-three. He was born at Cologne on the 8th of August, 1797, and came to Paris with his parents when seven years old. He studied with Baron Gros and Horace Vernet, and later with Girodet, in whose *atelier* he remained for four years. He went twice to Italy, remaining on his first visit four years in Rome, and in 1826 took up his residence in Paris. He painted historical subjects and portraits, and made a marked impression upon his time in both fields. His "Conférence at Poissy" is in the Luxembourg. It depicts an episode in the famous discussion held in 1561, in the parish church at Poissy, in the hope of adjusting differences between the Roman-Catholic and the Calvinistic parties. Another picture by Robert-Fleury in the Luxembourg, represents "The Penance of Jane Shore." After the fashion of historical painters, ranging the world for subjects and seemingly caring for nothing beyond picturesqueness of material, Robert-Fleury painted "Plundering a House in the Guidecea," "Tasso in the Convent of San Onofrio," "The Entry of Clovis into Tours." "Titian lying Dead of the Plague in 1576," "Benvenuto Cellini in his Workshop," etc., etc. A considerable number of his historical subjects have been engraved, and have had their day of popularity. Robert-Fleury leaves a son, the well-known Tony Robert-Fleury, born in Paris in 1837, also of no little distinction as an artist.