

A Journal devoted to the Fine Arts.



Number 9.
December 6th, 1884.

Published on
Saturday.

CONTENTS:

1. MR. VEDDER'S DESIGNS.
2. THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—
Inaugural Exhibition. Third Article.
3. AN AMERICAN SALON.
4. THE DISCOVERIES OF SCHLIEHMANN.
5. MR. J. L. STEWART'S "FIVE O'CLOCK
TEA."
6. PICTURE-FRAMES.
7. DESIGNS FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS.
8. FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE STUDIO

The Studio.

PUBLISHED FORTNIGHTLY (EXCEPTING DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST) ON SATURDAY BY

THE STUDIO PUBLISHING COMPANY
AT

30 LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK CITY.

Entered at the P. O. at New York as second class matter.

DATES OF PUBLICATION OF THE STUDIO FOR 1884-1885.

No. 1, Saturday, Aug. 2, 1884.	No. 13, Saturday, Jan. 31, 1885.
No. 2, Saturday, Aug. 30, 1884.	No. 14, Saturday, Feb. 14, 1885.
No. 3, Saturday, Sept. 13, 1884.	No. 15, Saturday, Feb. 28, 1885.
No. 4, Saturday, Sept. 27, 1884.	No. 16, Saturday, Mch. 14, 1885.
No. 5, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1884.	No. 17, Saturday, Mch. 28, 1885.
No. 6, Saturday, Oct. 25, 1884.	No. 18, Saturday, April 11, 1885.
No. 7, Saturday, Nov. 8, 1884.	No. 19, Saturday, April 25, 1885.
No. 8, Saturday, Nov. 22, 1884.	No. 20, Saturday, May 9, 1885.
No. 9, Saturday, Dec. 6, 1884.	No. 21, Saturday, May 23, 1885.
No. 10, Saturday, Dec. 20, 1884.	No. 22, Saturday, June 6, 1885.
No. 11, Saturday, Jan. 3, 1885.	No. 23, Saturday, June 20, 1885.
No. 12, Saturday, Jan. 17, 1885.	No. 24, Saturday, July 4, 1885.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

\$2.00 per year, in advance, post-paid to any part of the United States or Canada.

\$2.50 per year, in advance, post-paid to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union.

Address remittances :

PUBLISHER OF THE STUDIO,

30 LaFayette Place, New York City.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING :

15 cents per nonpareil line, each insertion; facing reading matter, 20 cents.

Page rate, each insertion, \$20.00; facing reading matter, \$22.00.

Half page, each insertion, \$13.00; facing reading matter, \$15.00.

Outside cover, a page, \$30.00; half-page, \$18.00; quarter page, \$10.00.

Discounts on yearly accounts, 33 per cent.; half-yearly, 20 per cent.

Advertisements must be acceptable in every respect.

Address :

PUBLISHER OF THE STUDIO,

30 LaFayette Place, New York City.

Newsdealers and the trade will be supplied at trade-rates, direct from the office.

Single copies, 10 cents each.

Astor Place Art Galleries.

L. A. LANTHIER, 6 ASTOR PLACE,
NEW YORK.

Ancient and modern paintings, arms and armor, tapestries. Oriental rugs, old silver and gilt plate, cut glass, bronzes, old Chinese and Japanese porcelain, in solid colors; old blue and white nankin with hawthorn designs; Sevres, Dresden and Capo di Monte ivory carvings, Limoges enamels, gold and silver curios, antique watches, miniatures, antiques.

Mahogany furniture a specialty.

Appraisements and valuations made.

THE BEST PRACTICAL ART MAGAZINE

IS THE ART AMATEUR, which gives monthly, from 30 to 44 folio pages of working designs (with full instructions), illustrations and information relating to decorative and pictorial art. Invaluable to amateur artists.

HOME DECORATION AND FURNISHING. (Expert advice free.)

Instruction in China, Oil and Water-Color Painting, Wood-Carving, Etching, Dress, &c. Art Needle-work Designs from the Royal School, South Kensington, a specialty.

THE ART AMATEUR includes among its contributors, Theodore Child, Clarence Cook, Edward Strahan, Roger Riordan, Camille Piton, Benn Pitman, Louise McLaughlin, Constance C. Harrison and Mary Gay Humphreys.

Subscription, \$4.00 per year: 35 cents a number. Specimen copy, 25 cents, if this advertisement is mentioned.

MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher, 23 Union Square, N. Y.

Gaston L. Feuardent,

DEALER IN

PRE-HISTORIC, EGYPTIAN,

GREEK AND ROMAN

ANTIQUITIES,

COINS, MEDALS, GEMS AND NUMISMATIC BOOKS,

No. 30 LA FAYETTE PLACE,

NEW YORK.

For House Decoration.

GENUINE ANTIQUE

GREEK AND ROMAN VASES,

Recently imported.

GASTON L. FEUARDENT,

30 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE STUDIO

Journal of the Fine Arts.

New Series, No. 9.

New York, December 6, 1884.

Price, Ten Cents.

THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

GASTON L. FEUARDENT, PUBLISHER.

Office: No. 30 La Fayette Place, New York City.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6th, 1884.

MR. VEDDER'S DESIGNS.

THE "RUBÁIYÁT" OF OMAR KHAYYAM, WITH AN
ACCOMPANIMENT OF DRAWINGS
BY ELIHU VEDDER.

MESSRS. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published a series of drawings by Mr. Elihu Vedder, designed to accompany a selection from the *Rubáiyát*, or Quatrains, of the Persian poet Omar Khayyám, Omar the tent-maker, who was "born at Naishápúr, in Khorasan, in the latter part of our eleventh, and who died within the first quarter of our twelfth century." By the admirable translation of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, of one hundred-and-one of these Quatrains, the number of which varies with the different manuscripts, the poem has first been popularized in England and America, where, from never having been heard of, outside the circle of Oriental scholars, it has become a favorite with a large circle of readers of all classes. In its mingled Epicureanism and Fatalism it bears a family resemblance to the Book of Job, the Book of Ecclesiastes, and the noble, but too little read, Book of Wisdom; but the Epicurean element in Omar's poem is greater than in any of these, and would appear more prominent still to us, had not the translator, as he intimates, omitted much of this matter, and much, too, that by its sensuality would have gone against the grain of our over sensitive modern taste. Beside the note which reminds us so constantly of our Hebrew Bible, the ear catches, every now and again, the echo of a lighter strain, and

Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies" sounds but a variant of certain of the finest of these Quatrains.

But, even in this age of ours, mad for illustrated books, and roaming up and down seeking what it may devour—and the image is not a bad one, since, in nine cases out of ten, the illustrations do kill, devour, and put away out of sight, the book they pretend to illuminate—it puzzles, why any artist should have fixed upon this particular poem to make pictures about. It is true, Mr. Vedder avoids the use of the word "illustrate"; he twice, by implication, compares his pictures to the "music" that accompanies the "words" of the poet; but the fact remains, that these drawings are, and must be, looked upon as "illustrations" to the poem they are intended to go with, as much as any avowed illustrations to any poem: even an accompaniment is intended, when it is written by a master, to reflect the meaning of the words that are sung to it; and, whether he disclaim it, or admit it, these drawings of Mr. Vedder must be considered as attempts to embody the sentiment of the Quatrains, to make it clearer, to enrich it, even, with new suggestions.

The poem, however, with all its beauties of expression, and depth of meaning, does not lend itself easily to pictorial interpretation. From first to last, there are not more than two or three of these pictures that tell any story whatever to one who looks at them without reference to the accompanying verses, and the greater part of them have only a forced relation to the real contents of the poem. This is not Mr. Vedder's fault as an artist, because no man, were he Michelangelo himself, could have applied himself with better hope of success to the solution of the problem than our American has done. He is only to blame, if blame must be imputed, for having undertaken a task that, from the start, was hopeless.

The poem, at least as we have it in Mr. Fitzgerald's translation, although occasionally mystical in its form of expression, and now-and-then recondite in its allusions, is by no means difficult to understand. But the drawings that surround the verses are often far from clear, and add a mystery,

or a look of mystery, where none was intended by the poet. Take for instance the design called "The Throne of Saturn," No. 20, which accompanies Quatrain XXXI of Fitzgerald's translation.

"Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road,
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate."

Here the allusion to Saturn is purely accidental; all that is meant is, that the poet, seeking for a solution of the problem of human destiny, sent his thought through the whole Universe, and mounted in imagination to the Seventh Heaven, of which, in the Persian mythology, Saturn was the Lord. Mr. Vedder, however, actually shows us Saturn with his rings, treated, of course, in a pictorial fashion; that is, a globe surrounded by a double ring without any attempt to show the actual proportion of one of these bodies to the other—and, on the globe, a naked figure seated in a familiar conventional attitude; in the distance are the earth, presumably, a comet, and scattered stars. It will be seen that the connection between the stanza we have quoted and the illustration, is confined exclusively to the statement, that the poet, in imagination, sate on the throne of Saturn; with the spiritual meaning of the verse, that is with the only important part of it, the illustration has and can have nothing to do. So far therefore from "illustrating," that is, throwing light upon the verse, or even in any figurative musical sense "accompanying" the verse, the drawing does the exact opposite. It substitutes a meaning that is not meant to be conveyed by the poet. As we look at this drawing our thoughts are necessarily fixed, not on the important point of the stanza, but upon the unimportant; not upon essentials, but upon an accident. The drawing would have been all right as one of a series of symbolic designs of the planets, but it does not seem to have any particular or important errand where we find it.

This is an instance, and there are others that might be given, where the artist positively misleads us in our search to understand the poem. The examples of failure to be of any positive help are much more numerous. Example after example might be given where no connection can be traced between the printed verse and the drawing; and, as we have said, the failure is not due to the artist as artist, for no drawing that could be made could bring any nearer to our mind the ideas expressed in the poet's lines.

But, are the designs beautiful in themselves? Are they interesting or delightful to look at for their drawing, composition, grace or dignity of line, without any reference to their meaning or to the purpose for which they are supposed to be meant? We certainly do not find them so, as a whole. And it may be said here that, not only has too much been attempted, but that too much has been done. It would have taxed the strength of the greatest designer to grapple successfully with such a task, and we are far from being disposed to find fault with Mr. Vedder for the fact that he not seldom nods over his work. But, the best of these designs do not bear critical analysis. At first sight they are taking, partly, no doubt, because of their strangeness, and partly, no doubt, because of some substantial good qualities. But we soon tire of the strangeness when we find that it is only strangeness, and before we reach the last of these fifty-six plates we get desperately tired of the monotony of treatment, the heavy forms, the expressionless faces, and the lack of skill in decorative design. Lutes, jars, sculptured ornaments, decorative details—nothing whatever of all these is either gracefully or nobly designed, and the most pretentious of all the minor features, the double pipe, at the end of the book, Plate 53, which makes the letter "V," is without beauty, without significance, and without feeling for design. As explained in one of the unfortunate "Notes" at the end of the book, not written, it would appear, by Mr. Vedder, it has even less meaning than might have been suspected. It may be remarked in passing that these notes are either necessary to the comprehension of the designs, or they are unnecessary. If they are necessary, it shows that the designs are not complete, that they have the defect, fatal to the excellence of any design, that it cannot serve as its own explanation. And, surely, if they are not necessary, what are they, but—unnecessary!

We have never thought Mr. Vedder strong in the drawing of the figure, but a superficial turning over the designs as published had made the impression of improvement in this direction. There is, however, no real growth, and, bold as is the challenge, which the artist throws down, it is safe to take it up, for the skill shown is merely academic, not vital. Few of the fully draped figures have bodies under their clothes, and the nude figures are without modelling; their arms are never, in any instance, well joined to the trunk, while the hands are, like the faces, all cast in two or three moulds; often do not belong to the person to whom they are given,

and sometimes the pairs of hands have become separated, and are worn as odds. Yet Mr. Vedder makes much display of hands, and seems to attach all due significance to them in his mind. The lower part of one plate, No. 38, "The Recording Angel," is entirely taken up with hands, and one of the designs intended to go with the daring lines :

" Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth did make,
And e'en with Paradise devise the Snake,
For all the Sins wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's Forgiveness give—and take !"

is so manifestly incompetent, that we wonder it does not strike people in general. It is simply a puzzle-picture, nothing more and nothing less, but a puzzle that nobody could discover by his own unaided wits, while even with the assistance of the "Notes" the mind refuses to accept it as an adequate accompaniment to the poet's verse. Out of what appears to be a broken pane of window-glass, or a jagged hole in the ice, are stretched up two hands, both alike, or so nearly alike, that they seem to belong to the same person, while floating about them is what is explained as the twisted cord of human life—this twisted cord arranged in a device borrowed from the Japanese, but in essentials one with the meander, the fret, or the key of the Greeks, who adapted it from the Orientals, without, so far as we know, attaching any mysterious meaning to it. It is profusely employed by Mr. Vedder, employed to weariness, indeed, and like all symbolizing, soon fails of its effect by iteration.

If the word pretentious has fallen from our pen, it was not intended to go farther than the occasion that called it forth. We do not consider these designs pretentious, for Mr. Vedder is plainly in earnest in them ; he takes them most seriously, and they are in full accordance with all the work that has heretofore come from his hands. He has the distinction of never having deserted the form of art which is native to him, and in which he finds himself fitted by feeling, by thought and by training to excel, for any neglect on the part of the public, for any unwillingness of the critics to admit his claims, for any checks or disappointments. We, ourselves, have never been able to enjoy his work in any high degree ; on the contrary, we have regretted his artistic tendencies, and have been repelled by his style. His mysticism has always seemed to us to be wanting in real depth. But he is an artist of large aspirations and a sincere purpose, and if

these qualities cannot save his art, they save the man, and give him a place in the respect and esteem of his fellow-artists and of the public, of which no one would wish to deprive him. With all its defects, it is refreshing to see his drawing—large, manly and direct, in contrast with the finikin, and frivolous, and affected work that meets us at every turn. And we rejoice that a publisher has been found with good-will and enthusiasm sufficient to publish Mr. Vedder's drawings in this sumptuous form. Such generosity and appreciation are rare, are almost unknown among us, and the firm that has produced this book without stint of painstaking or expense in any direction, has done well by the country, and earned the thanks of all of us.

On the 1st of December, the original drawings of Mr. Vedder for these designs were placed on exhibition by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in their rooms on Seventeenth Street. Invitations had been issued for a private view, which was had by members of the press, artists, and others, on the evening of Saturday, November 28th, and the drawings, simply framed, well hung, and amply lighted, were seen to great advantage. Excellent as are the copies contained in the published book, the drawings, at least, in many cases, far surpass them in brilliancy and in depth. The original drawings are not all of one size, whereas in the published book they are all reduced to uniformity, and while in the originals, the verses are copied by Mr. Vedder's own hand, and thus have a certain harmonious relation to the drawings, in the copies a tame imitation of printed type has been laboriously substituted for the artist's autograph. But the effect of the drawings when thus seen, as it were *en masse*, is not favorable to their enjoyment : too great stress is seen to be laid upon the melancholy and the fatalism of the poem, and too little is given of the poet's antidote for all the ills of life—"to eat, drink and and be merry." The vine, the flowers, the women meant to be fair, are no more exhilarating to the eye than the more sombre things depicted, and the beauty and variety of the poet's style that masks the sadness of his thought, is not matched by a corresponding beauty and variety in the artist's treatment. Mr. Vedder has a monumental way of treating even the most delicate objects : the *fleur-de-lys*, the crocus, the song bird, the faded rose, and the fallen rose-leaves are all treated with the same solidity, not to say with the same heaviness, that we find in objects to which such treatment properly belongs.

But, what we feel most is the want of imagination, for which the crude symbolism that is offered us is rather an irritating substitute: nothing makes it bearable, seen in such quantity, but the conviction that the artist is sincerely showing us what he is; that however he may have been influenced by Michelangelo or Blake—and Blake certainly has counted for much in his experience,—he was essentially what he is before he met these guides, and that he takes sincere pleasure of looking at things in his own way.

THE AMERICAN ART ASSO- CIATION.

INAUGURAL EXHIBITION.

III.

MR. H. R. POORE is an artist not without promise, but his pictures show a lack of native aptitude for composition, and, what is of more importance, a lack of power to tell a story clearly. He has one picture in the present exhibition, but it is inferior to either of the two which he sent to the late exhibition of the Academy. Mr. Poore inclines to painting animals, and he chooses subjects which permit him to introduce them as the principal *dramatis personæ*. Or, let us rather say, he chooses subjects in which animals necessarily play a part, and then he makes them of more importance than the human beings. Thus, in No. 32, in this exhibition, "Ulysses feigning Madness," the horse and the bull with which Ulysses is plowing the sea-shore are of far more importance than the hero, and better painted. And the figure of Palamedes, with the baby Telemachus in his arms, the baby apparently in long-clothes, is certainly wanting in dignity. The dramatic point of the story consists in the discovery that Ulysses' madness is feigned, by his turning aside the horse and the bull to save the life of his son whom Palamedes has placed in their path. If it were thought worth while, at this late day, to tell the story at all, it would seem worth while to tell it in as clear a way as is possible; and as art, in our time, is limited to the representation of one point only in any narrative, the most important point, the crisis, should of course be chosen. As Mr. Poore has treated the present story, it looks as if he had selected it as an excuse for painting the two animals which are yoked together. Now, if this

were all he was after, why not have painted, what he may often have seen, a peasant-woman in South Germany plowing with a horse and cow? That would have made as striking a picture, and one as well worth painting. The best of Mr. Poore's three pictures was the "Grace before Meat." Here, again, the dog who stands before the sailor, his master, on the seat in the boat, while the man doffs his bonnet before tackling his porridge, is of equal importance with the man; but then he is not so conspicuously exaggerated as the dog in "The Return from the Burial," where the animal is again, as in the "Ulysses," the principal personage. In "The Return from the Burial," the scene is in a poorly furnished house, where a young man returning from the funeral of his wife, has thrown his head down on the table in a passion of grief. He has pushed his food away, and being a rough fellow, he has given vent to his pent-up feeling, in a "dang it all!" and driven his fork into the table, where it sticks, in mute witness of his feeling. This fork is the real chief actor in the drama. There is far more expression in it than in either the dog or the man. We see nothing of the man, but the top of his head and a too small, badly drawn arm, while the dog shows as much feeling as dogs in general, no more and no less. Mr. Poore has skill enough in painting, and knowledge enough of animals, to make a good animal painter. Now, there are always enough people who like to see horses and cows, dogs and cats, well-painted, to keep a clever man busy; but such amateurs prefer to see their favorites painted for themselves alone, and not as appendages to mere human beings, nor do the more intelligent among them care to see animals caricatured as parodies upon us poor men and women, but prefer to see them honestly depicted in their native dignity and beauty.

Since the last article on the Exhibition of the Art Association appeared in THE STUDIO, a change of importance has been made in the removal of Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Graves of the Shipwrecked," and the hanging in its place, of the same artist's "Twilight" (Le Crépuscule). This picture is, without doubt, the work of most importance in the gallery. The subject is of the simplest: the breakers tumble at our feet, and we look over the wandering waste of the ocean and at the risen moon—would it were a little larger!—hanging like a pale golden shield on the horizon. This picture attracted much attention when exhibited in this year's Salon, and it was confidently expected

that it would receive a medal. But there was not enough magnanimity in the Council to permit the award of a medal to an American, no matter how deserving, after the display of small-minded demagoguery on the part of our Congress, in the matter of the tariff on foreign pictures; and, in fact, as is well known, no medals were given this year to Americans. At the close of the Exhibition the government offered to purchase this picture of Mr. Harrison for the Luxembourg, but as the price offered was less than the one demanded by the artist, the offer was rejected. We should consider this a fortunate circumstance if the picture were bought here and hung in some one of our museums, for it is a noble work of its kind, and sufficient in itself to form the nucleus of a new gallery, while there is no gallery already established, here at home, to which it would not be a notable addition.

In the galleries upstairs, we find several pictures which must not be passed over. Mr. Lockwood de Forest's work, as a rule, shows careful observation of the facts he wishes to record, and considerable skill in painting; but he does not produce an artistic or even a pictorially interesting result. A photograph of the scene painted would be as valuable as his picture, would perhaps be fuller as a record, and would be pretty sure to have as much the look of a picture; it would, beside, have more atmosphere, a quality in which this artist's work is lacking. In No. 91, "A Calm Day on the Nile," Mr. de Forest shows a nice observation in recording the two phenomena, of the shadow cast on the still water by the mast of the boat, and the reflection of the boat in the water. But, beyond these facts, there is little to interest us in the picture.

In No. 59, "Hella Rock," by R. Cleveland Coxe, we see the influence of Turner, either received direct from the master, or as filtered through the mind of Mr. Thomas Moran. We cannot much commend the result, although we believe that, for the painting of the storm-tossed water, neither Turner nor Mr. Moran would have done much better. Turner, so far as we remember, always gave, either fact—as in his "Calais Pier," or fancy, as in his "Slave Ship"—a foot to stand on, and never allowed us to be the mere sport of the elements, as we are in Mr. Coxe's picture.

Mr. Charles F. Ulrich has two pictures: No. 82, "Dutch Type-Setter," and No. 253, "The Village Printing-Shop: Haarlem, Holland." While there is much hard work in No. 253 the result is far less artistic than what has been accomplished by work

as hard, no doubt, in No. 82. No. 253 is easily divided into two pictures, which is as much as to say that there is no composition in the work as a whole. The better of these two halves is the one at the right, but in both halves the painting of things is better than the painting of the people. The boy in the foreground, who is drinking out of a bowl, is out of all proportion to the rest of the contents of the room; or, even if he be not by actual measurement (with which we have nothing to do!) he is, to the mind's eye. There is also the fault that Mr. Ulrich makes his imitations of surfaces and materials too important; there is no objection to minute finish if it be not allowed to attract too much of our attention, or to interfere with the general tone, or with the meaning of the picture. Here, however, it seems to have been the artist's chief aim. What is gained by all the labor expended on the imitation of the grain of the wood of the desk at the left hand of the picture? Any good "grainer" in our shops could beat Mr. Ulrich at such tricks. It is no compliment to the artist to tell him that the stove and its pipe, so conspicuous in the composition (if there were any composition!) are better done than the boy. But, for all his pains, something will escape the painstaker. And the rusted iron fire-pot of this stove is not so well painted, but that for some minutes we took it for an earthen pipkin, and wondered what Dutch contrivance this could be!

The other and smaller picture, "A Dutch Type-Setter" is a far better work; an excellent little picture in fact, still with too much of the artist's metallic touch, but with all his merits too; a well disposed light, a well-drawn figure really at work, good color, or rather good tone, and by all odds, on the whole, Mr. Ulrich's best picture thus far.

No reproach to Mr. Herman G. Herkomer for exhibiting these pictures of his; 'tis as near to the light of the public square as the times allow. As we have before remarked, he has been trained in a vicious school, but he has ability and native force, and will no doubt some day find a subject worth painting and worth looking at when painted. No. 141, A "Breton Home," is not such a subject. These people are not "at home." They are simply models, set about here and there, and much in one another's way. Thus, the distaff of the girl, in the foreground, is like to put out the fire at the back of the room, and the legs of the old man at the end of the table are trying to steal a march on him, and go off on a voyage of discovery by themselves. The

chief fault is this want of cohesion, and there is also a want of atmosphere, but there are some good or at least promising points; the old man at the table by the window is not bad, and the face of the girl spinning would look well in a little frame by itself. Are we mistaken in thinking that the young man who has painted these pictures was the boy whose childish drawing we singled out in an exhibition of the works of pupils in the public schools at Cleveland, Ohio, some years ago, without any clue to the name, the drawings being simply numbered, and ventured on the judgment that the author of that little drawing had in him the making of an artist? If Mr. Herman Herkomer were that boy, he has not wholly belied the prophesy, but he has yet much to do before he shall have fulfilled it. And yet we are clear in the belief that he can fulfill it, if he will.

Mr. Currier's "Fish and Oysters," No. 233, is a sort of black-and-white "Vollon," and shows the growth which might all along have been predicted of the artist. His "Beech Trees," No. 227, interest us less: there is little grace in the composition; so large a hole required more space to stand in. Mr. Wm. M. Chase's "Port of Antwerp," No. 193, is sweet in color, and only errs by being a little painty. Mr. Caliga's "Violet" has a delicate charm, not only in the subject, but in the execution; there is a certain *naïveté* in the treatment of the subject, too, that is quite impossible to express in words—something that we find in the French painters of the eighteenth century, in Watteau or Fragonard, and yet, after all, we must end by parroding Mrs. Mulligan: "We like this little head of Caliga's! It 'minds us of Watteau, 'tis so different!" Mr. Louis H. Burr's "Net-making: Provincetown," No. 243, has an old man in it: the net-maker, so true to the life of his species, that we could have sworn to his existence somewhere in that world so delightfully described by clever, blundering Sally McLean. And we had made our admiring notes to that effect, when we learned from one who professed to know, that this net-maker is the same model who has sat to Mr. Freer, in his "Two Heads are better than One," No. 164. All the more praise to Mr. Burr, who has shown that he knows what models are good for—merely the foundation-stone on which to build up a good soup. He has worked out his own conception of the character he wished to paint, and has done it with great skill. The model, nevertheless, may pretend what he pleases: ages ago, in some pre-existent state, he was a net-maker in Provincetown.

Mr. Constant Mayer has undertaken of late to translate Mr. J. S. Brown's rather clumsy prose into a sentimental poetry of his own. Instead of stubby little boys, in rows of all sorts, we are now, it would seem, to have morbid little girls in rows of their own. The little girls, who are on a bench in this gallery, No. 196, reading fairy tales, are on another bench up at the Metropolitan Museum doing something else, but just as down in their little minds. However, they are pretty creatures, and may be happy yet. Here is no painting, properly speaking, but there are good drawing, easy natural arrangement, and unforced expression, and we may be grateful for so much as this.

AN AMERICAN SALON.

THAT there is a growing taste for fine art in this country is beyond dispute. It has been manifested within the last two or three years more than ever before. The most gratifying fact in this connection is, that our people are beginning to understand that a really good picture is not to be despised, only because it is painted in America by an American. We are rapidly getting over that foolish conceit, and the sooner we learn that our native artists can do good work, either at home or abroad, as well as foreigners, the better will it be for genuine art—not in this country alone, but in all the world. The genius of the artist is not local, nor has any clime an entire monopoly of it. The sky, under which he is born and works, has very little, if anything, to do with his executive skill, however much one country rather than another may, in the subjects it affords him, affect his inspiration.

The chief reason why foreign art has been heretofore better than American art is, that foreign artists have had better means of special education, as well as more liberal encouragement from their own governments and people. They surely should not enjoy this advantage over America forever. With our progress in intelligence and wealth, we are giving more and more attention to those things that are better worth the favor of a nation's highest civilization than dollars and cents. We are passing out of the callow stage of a struggle for material existence merely, into that higher condition of matured national life, which must be fed on something else than the husks of money-getters and misers.

Nevertheless, there is a great deal yet to be done by Americans to foster native art, though they

can never succeed in their efforts under an American tariff that discriminates against art only because it is foreign. To compete with the work of foreign artists, we must make our own work equally good, and, if possible, better; not better in subject only, but in treatment. It is desirable, of course, in order to create, in reference to this country, what is called national art, that our artists should choose American themes, and much encouragement is being given in this direction by a few generous Americans who have instituted annual premiums for the best pictures of American scenes by American painters. But this, after all, in restricting our artists to locality, is but little less impolitic than our tariff, which taxes the works of foreign artists to protect our own.

By more than a century of mechanical industry and merchandizing, we have become rich and prosperous. Is it not, therefore, high time that we were beginning to equal, if not surpass, the old world in those arts which lift one people above others, morally and intellectually? To do this, it is, beyond and above all, important that we should make the best art of the world tributary to ourselves. For this purpose two things are chiefly required: one is, a yearly art exhibition, like that of the French Salon, to which artists, native and foreign, should be invited to contribute; and the other is, exemption of the works of foreign artists from any tariff whatever. Without the latter we never can have the former, for the obvious reason that foreign artists will not send works here for exhibition subject to import duties; and without both we shall lack the two most essential means of a large and liberal art education.

But an American Salon, in order to be national, need not be held at our seat of government, nor need it be held immediately under the auspices of our Federal administration. Indeed, the less the government and politicians have to do with it directly, the better for all concerned. The Paris Salon is the best model to copy from. It is practically controlled by French artists, the government merely aiding, accessorially, by certain prizes, and, also, by purchasing yearly one or more pictures of special merit, which are sent to the provincial schools of art, or added to the Luxembourg collection, which is open freely to the public, and to all art-students.

Hence, of course, the idea of instituting, by an act of Congress, an American Salon at Washington, to be directed by Congressional committees, is preposterous. Our Federal Capital should not be the

seat either of an art-school or an international exposition, not only because individual political influence there would prevent all possibility of a just appreciation of art-work, and impartial award of prizes, but because it is as yet, we are sorry to say, a city where political corruption and social dissipation predominate, and where nothing better, it seems, has much chance of intelligent consideration. Artists, here as in France, should be supreme in the whole management of the expositions, though our government, like that of France, might very properly, and should, appoint prizes for the best works, irrespective of the nationality of the authors, and purchase them for the purpose of creating a great American gallery of pictures and sculpture, to be used as a school of art. Its constitutional right to do this is as clear as its power to levy duties for the protection of our mechanical industries, and for many like ends of even less consequence to "the general welfare" than the education of our people in a taste for and knowledge of the fine arts, while such action would also help our artists to create a distinctively American type and style of art. The French Salon is not held at Paris because it is the political Capital of France, but because it is the centre of the social and intellectual life of France, where every one "lives and moves, and has his being;" in a healthy atmosphere of art, in all its best forms and phases. Hence, New York, as the "Empire City" of this country, in the same sense, artistically, in which Paris is that of France, is the cosmopolitan metropolis where an annual international exposition of art should be held, and a national art-school established. Therefore, all of our artists—not those of New York alone, for that would localize it—but of the whole country, should cordially and earnestly unite to organize such an institution, agree on New York as the site, and invite the artists of all nations to contribute to it, while our government should assist in the grand work by the most generous legislation; certainly, at least, by a Congressional act exempting the exhibits of foreign artists from taxation whatever.

Not alone to France, but to all the outside world, Paris is at once a centre of art education and patronage. Therefore artists from every land naturally go there, not to study only, but to find an appreciative market for their work. That city is, geographically, hardly more central to France than New York is to this country; but it is, nevertheless, the focus to which converges all the best literary and artistic brain of France, and from which

the beneficent light of its culture radiates to the ends of the earth. We have no such solar art-system, if I may use the phrase, by way of metaphor. The rays of our genius in fine art are scattered, and, therefore, comparatively feeble and ineffective. Their concentration into a sun, so to speak, is the prime precedent condition to the attainment of the rank that this nation should hold, and will, I believe, eventually hold, under due patriotic auspices, in all high artistic work, whether practically useful or merely poetical. But the dispersed force of that genius, in order to produce so desirable a result, must be collected in a central American school of art, and a yearly exhibition of its work, in free, open competition with the art-work of the world. The school would come, of course, from the Salon, and there is no reason why we should not have, in time, as valuable an annual exposition of art as Paris has yearly, and an academy fully equal in ability and resources to its *Ecole des beaux-arts*.

F. W. GRAYSON.

THE DISCOVERIES OF SCHLIEMANN.

[From *L'Homme*, Journal of Anthropology, October 25, 1884.]

THE unfortunate effects of the employment of the material found at Hissarlik and Mycenæ, as shown recently in the work of the scientific character and authority of Helbig's on ancient art, ought to compel careful archæologists to discountenance severely the empirical method of investigation in which the amateurs and romancers in antiquity indulge, making theories based on vulgar or poetical traditions, and finding evidence of the truth of those theories in everything that appears, or rejecting all facts that do not confirm the theories. It is especially with reference to Dr. Schliemann's researches that this is of importance; because, while he has unquestionably found objects of great interest whose place in archæology is yet to be determined, his persistent and, to those who are not qualified to weigh the value of archæological discoveries, plausible, interpretation of them, as illustrating the Homeric epoch and cycle, embarrass scientific research and withdraw from the studies which are carried on by the true method, that public support which they require. When the real method of interpretation employed by Schliemann is understood, it will be seen that whatever may be the interest of his discoveries, or whatever the position given

them in archæological records, his own conclusions are utterly valueless because he has no conception of the methods of scientific research. I shall exemplify this by an instance in which my line of research crossed his.

In the island of Ithaca, while pursuing some archæological studies, for which I was sent out by the *Century Magazine* of New York, I found, near the locality known as Polis, a pile of cut-stone, the ruins of a very ancient edifice. The workmen having informed me that there were in the hill "some stones with letters on," I caused it to be overturned, and found that two fragments of sandstone bore inscriptions, and that they were parts of the same stone, which I replaced in their original position and photographed. I took it to Comparetti for translation. It was much mutilated, very archaic, and presented lacunæ of considerable extent, but restored as it was by Comparetti it read as follows: "The sacred utensils of the temples of Athena, of Rhea and of Hera, the priests, Kes . . . placed . . ." The inscription, then, was one which marked the place of concealment of the sacred vessels of the three local shrines, probably in anticipation of some invasion or disaster; they had not been exposed long to the weather, for some portions still showed the tool marks of the stone-cutter, but the stone had been worn by a current of water at the middle, showing, with the preservation of the outer extremities of the two fragments, that the whole had been buried very early by the ruin of the building on which they formed a mural tablet, or purposely for the purpose of better concealment. Under the pile of stone was a well, in which the workmen assured me nothing was found. But Comparetti remembered that there was an inscription which bore a faint resemblance to this, in Schliemann's "*Ithaca, Troia, and Peloponesus*." And, comparing this with my inscription, we saw that Schliemann had, to use Comparetti's words, "at once convinced himself that he had discovered the inscription of a very old sarcophagus, and had found an honest workman who helped him to complete the idea by showing him the bones found in it by him. And in his book, together with this and other novelties, he communicated the inscription such as he read it. Of the two fragments, however, he only saw that at the right, and this he read very badly, seeing letters where none are, and imagining incredible forms of letters, etc." (Report of Prof. Comparetti on Archaic Inscriptions of Olympia and Ithaca.)

Now, the facts are, that while the workmen as

sured me that nothing had been found with the inscription ; and though, in all the pile of stone, there was not a fragment which could have belonged to a sarcophagus, Schliemann gives, precisely, the dimensions of a sarcophagus which never existed, and shows, illustrations of objects of much later date than this inscription, which he asserts were found in it, including an Achaian urn of the third or fourth century B. C., while the inscription is of the fifth or sixth, an epoch in which sarcophagi were unknown in Greece, as they were for centuries later. The facts showed that Schliemann had deliberately mis-stated all the facts concerning his discovery, and if he had been undetected, he might have established a presumption of the curious fact, that full-sized sarcophagi were used in the fifth or sixth century B. C.

In his excavations at Mycenæ, besides falsifying the narrative of the discovery of the remains, he either did not notice, or he concealed the fact, that in the building of the monument which contained the *trouvaille*, and which is constructed in an outer work of the Mycenaean citadel, there have been used stones of two widely separated epochs of ruins, viz.: of the archaic city and of a later Hellenic construction, the stones of which are distinctly recognizable as of their respective epochs, and the Hellenic work, moreover, as if fresh from the stone-cutter, and apparently related to some remains of a temple which still exist above and near to the ancient city. These facts, as shown, were proof conclusive that the inhumations were of post-classical occurrence. They were, either, not noticed, or concealed ; in either case, they show Schliemann's utter unfitness to conduct archæological research. Again, the skeleton which he hailed with such enthusiasm as Agamemnon was, as I was informed by the Ephor in charge, declared by the anatomists to be that of a woman, which does not in the least modify Schliemann's Homeric enthusiasm for Agamemnon.

Again, after having discovered that he had at Hissarlik placed the Priamic Troy in the third layer of ruin, he now tries to overthrow all his own identifications by admitting that that layer is post-Priamic, and that it is the second city which merits the title. But this second city has walls made (according to his own admissions) of brick and stone, combined with the use of cement, a kind of construction which cannot be found in any heroic ruin, and which, without any other testimony, must, in the present state of archæological science, preclude the attribution of a date earlier than the Lydian empire, and clearly identifies this layer of ruin with the city

which Strabo informs us was built on the site of Hissarlik by Cræsus. It is time, surely, that scientific archæologists decide to brush away this web of romance which the audacity and ignorance of Schliemann have united to weave over Homeric archæology, and assure the unscientific world of what they have long been convinced of—that the discoveries of Schliemann have no relation to any settled scientific conclusions, and that he is not entitled to be heard in such matters. The late work of Helbig, to which I have alluded, bases to a large extent its conclusions on Homeric art on the attribution of the objects found at Mycenæ and Hissarlik to the pre-Homeric age ; but while no doubt some of them are exceedingly archaic, and possibly pre-Homeric, there are others to which no such place can be assigned, and when the nature of the monument of Mycenæ is considered, the facts that it was inserted in a recess of the ancient wall, and in part constructed with the debris of the archaic and Hellenic constructions, the immense diversity of the objects found suggests at once, what I believe to be the true attribution of the deposit in the Mycenaean graves, that they are the booty of a barbaric invasion of the Peloponesus in late classic times, buried with the bodies in a monument raised to their chief and his family by his followers.

The fragments of archaic pottery, etc., I believe to have been in the early debris, opened by the excavations for the inhumation, and thrown back again with the earth. In any case, the presence, in the structure of the monument, of the stones from the earlier city show that there is no possibility of the pre-Homeric existence of these graves.

W. J. STILLMAN.

MR. J. L. STEWART'S "FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

THE picture by Mr. J. L. Stewart, to which we made allusion in a recent number of THE STUDIO, is now on exhibition at Mr. Reichard's Rooms, where it is having what may be called "a fashionable success." It is a large canvas, containing about ten figures, and it introduces the spectator to a Paris drawing-room where a group of American ladies and gentlemen belonging to what our French friends call "hig-lif," are engaged in the ceremony styled "A Five o'clock Tea." The composition includes three groups. At the left, a lively lady is talking to two other ladies and to a

gentleman who has reached the period which Victor Hugo so prettily calls the old age of youth. On a sofa before the large window are seated a young lady and a young man, the girl at one end and the youth at the other. The right-hand corner is occupied by a large table set out with the usual apparatus for tea-drinking, and here, facing us, are seated two children who are being served with tea by one of the ladies, while on this side of the table a lady is seated, with her back to us, contemplating the children and wondering, perhaps, how long it will be before these little bubbles of fashionable life and indulgence will reach the last point of attenuation and be blown quite away. So much for the elements of the composition, and the result of Mr. Stewart's dealing with them is a picture not without pleasing qualities, but by no means satisfactory as a whole. In the matter of atmosphere, considerable success has been attained. There is air in this room, and the groups are well relieved, the one from the other. There is some pretty painting of objects here and there—the muslin skirt of the lady's dress at the left, the carpet, and the table-apparatus, the dishes with their contents—but, if there is air inside the room we cannot say as much for the outside, the rose and azure tints in the western sky seem to be painted on the window-glass, and seem to be so, long after we know that such is not the fact. As for the people, there is the usual failure to make them seem alive, or to be really doing what the artist would have us believe them to be doing. Thus the lady at the left who punctuates her lively rattle with the point of her parasol in the rug, is not really saying anything, or if she be, the people in front of her are not listening to it. Neither the lady in the muslin dress, the painting of which we have commended, nor the lady sitting at the table with her face half-turned from us it at all concerned in what is going on about her. If the artist meant to make the flowers in the *jardiniere* confess themselves artificial, then we must praise his skill, and no doubt in such an artificial scene, nature's flowers would be out of place. On the other hand, the young man on the sofa is altogether too natural; a very indifferent specimen of humanity himself, he does his bringing-up no credit in sitting, while talking with a lady, with his leg tucked under him. On the whole, the picture will hardly carry Mr. Stewart's name any further than his previous clever work, but suffices to kill another half-hour of the lounge's idle day.

PICTURE-FRAMES.

IT is certainly not pleasant to be forced to admit and confess that we rarely see a picture in all respects properly, becomingly and truly well-framed. When for instance, the painting and frame combine in an *ensemble* entirely effective and harmonious—giving at first glance the impression of completeness and finish.

We recognise that the frame in itself, is of small consequence or importance, and that it should always be the absolute slave of the painting it is employed to serve. When wisely selected, however with good taste and judgment, its help may become so valuable, as to render its assistance indispensable, and of the willing servant make a respected companion.

The reason does not appear, why so many painters give themselves infinite trouble, and spare no pains in the studio, to discover tones artistically correct, and to put them on canvas in careful harmony and in skilful contrasts, but when these same painters select a frame, the knowledge and experience proved in the use of color, appear to be no longer available, but seem to vanish and be virtually lost. In cool blood they order, accept and apparently enjoy, glittering yellow and gaudy abominations that catch the high light on a hundred bumps, and give out numberless and killing reflections from the adjoining hollows.

Unhappy canvas thus surrounded!

There is certainly nothing sacred in the wood, putty and gilding that compose the usual frame, nor is there any sound reason for their, all but universal and perpetual, use on pictures of all subjects and character and in every tone and key. There is neither magic in the materials, nor talisman in their shape, that enables them to wear with advantage, in actual contact with a fine toned work of Art, the coarse, crude, aggressive yellows that would not be allowed anywhere upon the canvas itself.

Since frames of some sort cannot be dispensed with, it follows that, whether as artist or layman, we should endeavor to make them serve the purpose for which they are used, in relieving the colors on the canvas by tones well contrasted, and by the selection of forms that assert themselves with too much decision to be weak, and yet modestly keep their places with self-respecting reserve. In the good time coming, something of the careful pains taken by painters of the best Renaissance period will

again become the rule with serious artists. The wise and good custom will be revived of the painter designing by his own hand a special frame for each picture. The important tones will be repeated in harmony or given their full value by harmonious contrast. If not carved, as of old, under the direction of the painter himself, it is possible that time and Art-progress may come to the painter's aid and develop that *rarissima avis*, the artistic frame-maker. Then, ignorant tradesmen and routine mechanics will be properly directed, and will no longer be permitted to over-power and damage genuine art-work.

It would be well if a desirable custom of some frame-makers were to become general: that of sending to the studio, with the new frame, as killed workman provided with brush and plate of India-ink, ready to bring the already subdued gilding to any desired degree of grayness, and make it harmonize with the tone of the picture.

Something else than greater cost of the broad, rich, and becoming style of Genoese or Italian gray-black frames must be assigned as the reason why they are so seldom seen in this country. In no other dress do whole classes of pictures appear to such advantage.

A title of the care and skill given to the canvas—shared by the frames, with the added element of American native ingenuity and fertility of invention, would secure an improvement in this direction, that would be as pleasing and novel as it would surely prove artistic and effective.

F. WAYLAND FELLOWES.

DESIGNS FOR CHRISTMAS CARDS.

FRANG'S PRIZE EXHIBITION.

TWENTY-TWO designs for Christmas cards for which commissions were given to as many artists by Messrs. Louis Prang & Co., were exhibited during the week from December 1st to December 6th inclusive, at the gallery of Mr. Reichard, No. 226 Fifth Avenue, opposite the Brunswick Hotel. These drawings were purchased outright by the Messrs. Prang & Co., but, in addition, they are to be submitted in competition to the judgment of certain dealers in stationery, who are to award four prizes, of \$1,000, \$500, \$300, and \$200, respectively to the four designs among those

which shall seem most likely to hit the public taste. This is a novel test, and an ingenious one; but, for practical purposes, it is in all probability as likely to hit the mark, as the others that have been tried in former years. The artists who have sent in these designs are: J. Carroll Beckwith, R. H. Blashfield, Robt. F. Bloodgood, J. H. Caliga, Th. W. Dewing, Fred'k Dielman, Rosina Emmett, Fred. W. Freer, Lisbeth B. Humphrey, Will. H. Low, Leon Moran, Percy Moran, Thomas Moran, H. Winthrop Pierce, A. M. Turner, Douglas Volk, Alfred Fredericks, J. M. Gaugengigl, W. St. John Harper, C. D. Weldon, Dora Wheeler, and J. Alden Weir. On the whole, the designs fairly represent the talent and skill of the artists who have sent them in, although some among them are much better than we could have expected, and others do not come up to former work by the same hands. It would not be worth while, especially since, the exhibition will be over and the prizes awarded, when this notice reaches the eye of the reader, but we may record our judgment, that the best designs were those of Mr. W. St. John Harper, Mr. Frederick Dielman, and Mr. J. H. Caliga. Although Mr. Dielman's heads of healthy, smiling little children were perhaps intended for angels, they did not insist on that dignity, and we may therefore say that these three designs were all of natural human subjects, with no worn-out ecclesiastical slummary about them, for which we should suppose sensible people of all the churches would be devoutly thankful. Mr. W. St. John Harper's design seemed to us especially pretty; a young mother, or an elder sister, sitting by the lamp, and embroidering in a quiet, natural way a long piece of stuff to be used as a Christmas Hanging, while one of the younger children stands by her side, and the two chat softly together by the glowing fire. This unpretending drawing is a sweet home-picture full of healthy refinement, and much better for a child's contemplation than Mr. Blashfield's and Mr. Dewing's angels, which can do nothing but keep up in the child's mind, notions which it were much better to get rid of than to cultivate. Still, we are by no means bigoted on the subject, and perhaps our dislike of angels, as commonly represented now-a-days, is owing to the fact that not one artist in a thousand paints them as if he believed in them, much less as if he loved them, and the result is that they are never beautiful with the unconscious beauty of the angels of early art. The old painters put wings on their angels, but they did not trouble

themselves at all as to how these wings were attached, and they escaped a good part of the difficulty by not giving the creatures any bodies to speak of. In short, they just followed the iconographic regulations of the Church, and as they had a real belief besides, in the existence of angels, the result of this faith and this obedience was of a piece with all their work, and therefore their angels do not seem to us surprising or inconsistent. But, for ourselves, even if we persuade ourselves that we believe in angels, we have too much sense to believe that we can portray or carve them, and our scientific knowledge, even if elementary, makes it impossible for us to put a bird's wings to human shoulders, as if we believed the thing possible.

There is, therefore, no need of speaking of those among the twenty-two designs in Mr. Reichard's gallery, in which the angels of the studio play a principal part; there are too many of these, and we find them totally without interest or value. We wish the result of the dealer's consultation might be that, so far as the trade is concerned, angels are played out. What, we should think, would be more suited to our times, and to the season, would be pictures in which the simple pleasures of home, and the love of parents and children for one another, should be the theme. But, if it be thought by any that the old stories and legends of the Bible ought still to be told to the children, then we may properly insist that saints and angels shall be made beautiful to look at, and not, as too many of these are, either positively ugly or simply mandrin. Children are a thousand times sharper in their perceptions than we give them credit for, and make deductions with their logic which startle their elders, whom convention, the proprieties of life, and hard knocks, have taught the mean virtue of prudence.

It must have been after looking at pictures of angels resembling some of those in the present exhibition, and being told that, if he were good, he would be an angel when he died, that the little boy burst out crying, and refused to be comforted, declaring, as he dug his fists into his eyes, that he didn't want to be a hen!

FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

OCTOBER 30 to December 11—Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa., Fifty-fifth Annual Exhibition. Secretary, George Corliss.

November to April—Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Winter Loan Exhibition.

November 10 to December 10—American Art Association, New York. Exhibition of American pictures from the Paris Salon, etc., in honor of the opening of the Association's new galleries.

November 17 to December 13—Philadelphia Society of Artists. Oil paintings only. Secretary, Newbold H. Trotter, 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

December 1 to May 31—World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, New Orleans, La.

December 8 to 22—Forty-Ninth Exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association, Galleries of the Art Building. Secretary, William Potts.

December 10 to 23—Black-and-white exhibition of the Salmagundi Sketch Club, National Academy of Design, New York. Secretary, Frank M. Gregory, 80 Washington Square East, New York.

December 18 to January 17—Third Annual Exhibition of Artists' Studies and Sketches, American Art Association, New York. Works received on December 8 and 9. Secretary, Miss Katharine Timpson.

December—Illinois Art Association, Chicago, Ill. It is proposed to buy about \$5,000 worth of pictures at this exhibition, American and foreign.

January 6 to 12—Artists' Fund Society, National Academy of Design, New York.

January 16 to February 14—Thirty-first Exhibition of the Boston Art Club. Works received January 1 to 7. Secretary, William F. Matchett.

February 2 to 28—American Water Color Society, National Academy of Design, New York. Secretary, Henry Farrer, 51 West 10th Street, New York.

February 2 to 28—New York Etching Club, Academy of Design. Secretary, J. C. Nicoll, 51 West 10th Street, New York.

March.—American Art-Association's Prize Exhibition, Galleries of the American Art-Association, 6 East 23d Street, New York (*vide* THE STUDIO, No. 2, August 30, and No. 4, September 27).

In answer to several inquiries, THE STUDIO PUBLISHING COMPANY desire to state that they purchased the STUDIO property free of liabilities or engagements to any one.

Subscribers to the former series of THE STUDIO are respectfully requested to notify the Publisher whether they desire their names to remain upon the subscription list.

THE STUDIO

Journal of the Fine Arts.

New Series, No. 5.

New York, October 11, 1884.

Price, Ten Cents.

THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

GASTON L. FEUARDENT, PUBLISHER.

Office: No. 30 La Fayette Place, New York City.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11th, 1884.

In answer to several inquiries, THE STUDIO PUBLISHING COMPANY desire to state that they purchased the STUDIO property free of liabilities or engagements to any one.

Subscribers to the former series of THE STUDIO are respectfully requested to notify the Publisher whether they desire their names to remain upon the subscription list.

"ALL WAS PICTURE AS HE PASSED."

MUCH ridicule of a cheap sort has been expended upon Walt Whitman as a poet, for his love of cataloguing: "page after page of his so-called 'Poems,'" say his critics, "consist of nothing but lists of objects, strung out to weariness, and relieved only by an occasional adjective or descriptive epithet; and all this barren verbiage is made to do duty for ideas."

This is, of course, not a fair statement of the case. Were it so, it would be difficult to explain why it is that Whitman's name still floats above water. But, without endeavoring to explain that fact, it is to be remarked that, even if what the critics assert were true, and that the whole contents of Whitman's poems consisted of nothing but the cataloguing of which they complain, there would yet be found something in that catalogue worthy of serious consideration. With the question of the propriety or impropriety of many of the items in Whitman's catalogue we have at present nothing to

do: we admit all that can be advanced as to the impossibility, as society is constituted in our day, of reading a large part of the *Leaves of Grass*, out loud, in a company of ladies and gentlemen. It is the same incongruity with modern ideas, that breaks up Shakspeare societies in our country-towns, that shuts out Swift, and Sterne, and Fielding, and Richardson, from our girls and boys, and that made George Sand regret so warmly the political disturbances affecting the money-market, which put a stop to Maurice Sand's unreasonable and impossible enterprise, of preparing an edition of Rabelais, swept and garnished for the entertainment of the virtuous youth of France. The fact remains, that purgation is impossible: whoever wishes to know what these writers are, must take them as they are: even Shakspeare, the cleanest of them all, is not Shakspeare when he is expurgated, and Whitman's catalogues would be shorn of their essential meaning, if they were edited into nineteenth century decency.

But, take the *Leaves of Grass*, and, if the reader have stomach for the task, let him boldly plunge in, and swim from shore to shore. Let him make up his mind for a long sitting, and read, without skipping a word, from end to end. Then, what will be the impression left on his mind? Most certainly, if his mind be clean, it will not be an impression of uncleanness: it will be an impression of wild, aboriginal strength, of an immense power of observation, and of an equal power of recording what has been observed: the items of what is called uncleanness will be absorbed and lost in the vastly greater number of items that, taken altogether, make the most astonishing panorama of the world that has ever been painted by the hand of one man. Emerson says of himself that, under certain conditions, he becomes "a transparent eye-ball." And, certainly, in the *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman becomes a transparent eye-ball, and his sight takes in the whole earth, if not the universe. The failure comes, when he is asked what he will do with his observations, and this failure is fatal to his claim to the name of poet, because, to be a poet, one must

not only have ideas, one must know how to give them artistic form. No poet, of whom we know anything, has recorded so vast a number of observations, upon the life about him, as Whitman, and no man ever earned the name of poet who knew so little as he, what to do with his raw material.

We have used Whitman's poems only as an illustration. Rabelais, Swift, and Dante, have, like him, stored up in their overflowing pages, the observations of a life-time, but it is a wonder that no artist—unless it be Leonardo, has done, with the pencil, what these men did with the pen. Art, as a whole, has recorded the history of the world, but no artist has made more than a record of some small portion of the life of his time. Leonardo, perhaps, has recorded in his sketch-book the sum of all that science and the mechanic arts had achieved in his age; Albert Dürer has left a reasonable record of the daily life of Nuremberg, and Callot's memoranda of his experiences are profuse enough of their kind, but how strange it seems that with all the material that lies so thick about the artist in his daily work, so few men should have made any record of it in their own case that is worthy of mention.

Of course we shall be told, that the great artists did something much better than making themselves the encyclopædia of their age, and so, no doubt, they did. But, the pity is, that so many artists who are not great, assume the privilege of the great, to idealize, to refine, to generalize, and, not being equal to the task upon which they presume, make us the losers by refusing the task to which they are equal. It may safely be said, that the reason why the arts that adorn daily life are so backward to-day is, because the men who could work to profit in them, think themselves degrading the name of artists by doing anything but paint "pictures," and where they might give pleasure to hundreds, by recording the familiar sights and objects that attract them, or ought to attract them, in their daily walk, they miss giving pleasure to anybody, by painting things about which nobody cares. And, since all our artists, as a rule, are pursuing the same course, it follows that the aggregate of their work, seen in our picture-exhibitions, or gathered, as they are, occasionally, into books, is found to be no more a picture of life, collectively, than the works of any one artist are. Until our own time, there has never been an age when the art of that age did not represent the men and women, the dress, the manners, the customs of the time. But, now, take any exhibition of pictures

anywhere, and the artists who have made it, seem to have agreed, with one consent, to say nothing about their own time or their own country. And when any one of them, on this side of the water, at least, does make the attempt, the facts are, as a rule, so dressed up, and beautified—the phrase is no viler than the thing—as to take away their essential value as record. No doubt, the artist and his purchaser reason, that the rough or, even, picturesque life about us, if put dramatically on the canvas, would be as unsuited to our parlors and sitting-rooms, as the peasants and wood-choppers of Millet were thought to be, for the salons of the Second Empire. When we suggested to the dealer that a certain artist's street-urchins were too clean, that their faces and hands did not suit with their rags—the reply was "You know, sir, that these pictures are to go into handsome parlors, and that dirty boys would be out of place there."

Still, all is in the artist's power, and there is no reason why, whatever there is in the life about him that is fit to be made a picture of, should not be so painted as to be pleasant to be looked at. The fault is the artist's, if it be otherwise; there are painters, to-day, who can show us, as well as their elders, how to make common things uncommon, by the magic of "treatment." Vollon can paint a copper kettle, or a china bowl, or a fish, so nobly as to make us wonder why any one should choose to paint men. Philippe Rousseau paints a bunch of onions and a head of asparagus, or two pigeons in a basket (to be sure, we could not look at them quite impartially, for they were the pigeons that saved Paris!) but vegetables and pigeons were sublime! So, we had here, for a few weeks, a drawing by Millet of some dandelions which might have been Cedars of Lebanon, if they had not looked so modest in their grandeur, and along with these artists whose names are among the great, there are a number of clever men in France and Germany who in simpler, more homely ways, record the things about them, and write with their pencil the diary of their lives.

Whoever keeps his eyes about him as he walks the streets—but we should limit our statement to the streets where life is full and flowing, not where it stagnates or dries wholly up, in the so-called "best quarters"—will find materials for pictures at every turn. Why should we run to the Meyer von Bremens, the Edouard Frères, the Millets, the Defreggers, of other lands, for pictures of the life of to-day, when we have the same material all about us, without

the trouble really of seeking it. Are not our own market stalls as rich in tone, as those of Teniers or whatever Dutchman? Is not the blacksmith-shop I pass in my daily walk, as tempting in its clear obscurity, with now the white horse shoeing, and now the bay? How I like at noon to pass the poor man's stable, and see him busy with his cart-horse within the sunlit gloom, while the black cat winks on the sill, and the little child peeps in at the open door. Or, the sempstress at her window, with the parrot in its cage above her head, and the geranium in flower in the pot at her side! Or the washer-women in the laundry, fresh faces and withered ones, with rosy, handsome arms enough, to set up a wilderness of Venuses of Milo! Or, the side-walk at the market set with flowers and plants,—all but a path in the middle, and the women in the fresh morning carrying off a pot of geraniums, or a carnation along with their grosser marketing—why is that Firmin Girard can make such a scene in Paris charming, so that all the world of picture-buyers runs after it, while here, there is none so poor to do it honor? The artist who first sees what a great thing it is to be a transparent eye-ball with a pencil attached, in such a city as ours, and puts his discovery to good use, is sure to have a happy time himself, and to make others happy.

THE BLENHEIM RAPHAEL.

IT is now definitely announced that the British Government has bought of the Duke of Marlborough the Madonna of the Ansidei family, by Raphael, for £70,000 (\$350,000), and an equestrian portrait of Charles I, by Van Dyck, for £17,500 (\$87,500). The latter picture can hardly be considered an important addition to the rich National Gallery; it is one, and by no means the most famous, of the repetitions of the subject made by that artist. The Raphael, however, though the price paid for it seems disproportionate to the intrinsic value of the picture, is undoubtedly a work which it would have been discreditable to the nation to have lost; nevertheless, it must be regretted that personal motives of the most petty kind should have prevented this great nation from purchasing, when it had the power, the beautiful Raphael, the "Apollo and Marsyas," which belonged to Mr. Morris Moore, and which has lately been bought for the Louvre by the French Government, for about a fifth (if we are rightly informed) of the sum which has now been

paid for a far less interesting and beautiful work of the same master.

The true name of the Blenheim Raphael is "The Madonna of the Ansidei Family." It was painted for the chapel of St. Nicholas of Bari, in the church of St. Fiorenzo, in Perugia. This chapel belonged to the Ansidei family, and Filippo di Simone Ansidei who died in 1490, left a large sum of money to be applied to its decoration. In 1505, Raphael, then in his twenty-second year, painted the present picture for the altar of this chapel. In 1764, nearly three hundred years later, Gavin Hamilton bought it of the monks of St. Fiorenzo for Lord Spencer, for a large price, giving, in addition to the purchase-money, a copy which still hangs over the altar in the church. Lord Spencer gave the picture, later, to the Duke of Marlborough, in whose palace at Blenheim it has remained until now, when after a third removal, it has been placed where it is secure of change, so long as human things endure. It hangs henceforth in the heart of the world's heart, in London, in the National Gallery.

A sufficient engraving of this picture, executed in his usual cold and precise manner, in outline, by L. Gruner, is contained in the atlas to Passavant's "Raphael of Urbino and his Father Giovanni Santi," and a very small wood-cut of it, enough to show the composition, will be found in the second volume of the English translation, by Lady Eastlake, of Kugler's Hand-book of Italian Painting. The picture is painted upon panel, and the figures are a little smaller than nature. In the centre of the symmetrical composition, the Madonna sits upon a throne protected by a canopy, which is placed before a large arched opening. This throne stands upon a platform just large enough to hold it, and which is ascended by two steps. This platform, with the throne and the canopy, make one architectural composition, in that graceful style of the early Florentine Renaissance, which Raphael knew so well to handle, and which indeed was in harmony with his own taste, even if, as is believed, he was assisted in his architectural and decorative designs by Bramante.

The Virgin seated upon the throne holds the infant Christ on her right knee, and points out to him some words written in a book which she holds in her lap. At the spectators left stands St. John the Baptist, wearing the coat of skins under a rich mantle, which leaves his legs and arms bare. With his right hand he points to the Virgin and child, while with his left he holds a long slender staff, at the top of which is a cross.

On the other side of the throne stands St. Nicholas of Myra, called, also, St. Nicholas of Bari, because his body was removed in 1804 from Myra, to Bari in Italy, although, as usual, there is another claimant for the holy relic, Venice pretending that she is the real possessor of one of the saint's bodies. St. Nicholas, one of the most popular saints in the Roman Church, is the patron of children and especially of schoolboys, of poor maidens and of sailors, of travellers and of merchants, and he is prayed to, for protection against thieves. He is, in fact, our own Santa Claus, or Niklas, and we ought to have had this picture, here, in our own city, which is under his special protection, and where he is much beloved by children, especially at Christmas time. His story is one of the most picturesque and varied of the saintly legends, and its incidents have been made much use of by painters. He is represented by Raphael in his dress as a bishop, and at his feet are the three balls, which are, by some, supposed to represent the three purses of gold which he threw in at the window of a house where a father reduced to poverty lived with his three daughters. With the gold so opportunely supplied, the three young women were happily dowered and married in succession, and this has always been considered one of the chief feathers in the good bishop's cap.

The picture is described by Passavant as in excellent preservation. He says that a beginning was made some years ago of cleaning it, but fortunately it was stopped before it had gone far.

The picture at one time, like most altar-pieces, was mounted on a small platform, called a *Gradino* or little step, the front of which was divided into panels, in which, in this instance, were painted incidents in the life of Saint John. Two of these pictures remained in Italy, the other came to England, and at the time of Passavant's writing, was in the possession of Lord Lansdowne, at Bowood.

WHIMS IN BUILDING.

NOTHING adds so much to the cost of building as indulgence in whims. To set out deliberately to do a "queer," "fanciful," or, as it is sometimes called, "original" thing in building is always to incur unnecessary expense. If we look through the books that contain pictures of the architecture of all ages and nations, we shall find that, without an exception, in the times all men of taste are agreed in calling the good times, the modes of

building have been sensible, founded on the needs of the case, and that whatever may seem fanciful—the whole of what we call picturesque—when its charm has proved enduring, is the result of what we may call, in every case, "accepting the situation." Nothing has been done in such instances for the sake of being picturesque. Good building, good ornament never poses. In building, as a rule, every departure from the rectangular form is an added expense. One of the things impressed on the mind of a young man who goes into an architect's office to study the profession is, that, if cost is to be considered, which it sometimes is, and sometimes is not, all excrescences and projections must be avoided. A rectangular house is the cheapest. Bay-windows, porches, octagonal or circular, external ends to rooms—all these things cost money, and it is by multiplying these features, that the expenses of building are often made so great as to deter people from undertaking it, for, the things seem so small in themselves, it is not suspected what drains they are on the purse. If a good reason cannot be given for any so-called ornamental feature in a house, if it cannot be shown that something worth while is to be gained by making it, we may be reasonably sure that it is a fancy which will cost, as the country people say, more than it comes to. And in the greater number of cases, nothing, even in looks, is gained, by indulging the fancy.

Proportions, carefully studied, or nicely felt, and, everywhere, an adaption of means to the end desired, will be sure to result in an agreeable effect, and, moreover, convenience and comfort will be thus secured. People often spend a great deal of money, and waste much time, in the effort to wrench things to their liking, whereas if they had "accepted the situation," made the best of it, and showed it who was master, they would have come out much better.

Several clever writers have, of late, been attempting to restore the log-hut to public favor, and one eccentric poet has shown that he has the courage of his oddities, by actually building a log-house and, what is more living in it. Mr. Joaquin Miller's log-hut at Washington is said to be very pretty and comfortable, and to shame, by its democratic simplicity, the brammagen splendors of the White House. Anything that can put to shame the bad taste, not to say the riotous ugliness, of the new decorations that have been dumped into that unpretending but well designed building, does a good service, but it will be a long time before we come back to the spartan simplicity of the log-cabin, and we ought

never to wish to return to it. Because certain "gents" wear "pants" of loud pattern and color, with gaudy vests, and watch chain, and jewelery *galore*, is no reason why we should be exhorted to come back to fig-leaves or feather-aprons.

The log-house is one of the whims which many of us have, at some time, cherished, and which in every case where it has been tried in civilized life has shown itself what it is—a delusion and a snare. When the pioneer settles down on a wooded lot, and has to clear the ground of trees before he can do anything, he may find the building a hut of logs the most economical expedient; but it is only an expedient, and one that he will be sure to abandon as soon as he gets means to better his condition. As for building such a house in any place where brick, or stone, or hewn timber can be had, it would be as troublesome and as expensive as to insist on spinning and weaving the wool to make our clothes, here in New York. The product would be vastly inferior to the manufactured material in looks and durability, and would cost more. And the log-hut would not only cost more than the simplest balloon-framed house, but few people could live in it with comfort when it was built.

So much for the log-hut whim. There are others, in plenty, of which we shall speak at another time.

THE WATTS EXHIBITION.

WE are promised an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of portraits and pictures by Mr. George Frederick Watts—one of the most widely known of English painters, whose name, however, among Americans who have heard it at all, stands rather for that of an artist who has shown them the outward semblance of Englishmen famous in art and letters, than for that of a painter of ideal subjects, a field in which his admirers think him strongest. Two portraits by Mr. Watts have already been seen in this country: of John Everett Millais, and of Frederick Leighton—now Sir Frederick Leighton, and President of the Royal Academy: these were seen at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876. They were strong and vigorous pictures, more interesting for the sake of their subjects, and for the way in which those subjects were presented, than for any technical skill they gave proof of. We shall hope for a wider selection from the work of Mr. Watts in the coming exhibition. While we shall

be glad to see as many of his portraits of famous Englishmen as can be procured, we hope that the ideal and historical subjects on which, if we mistake not, the artist would wish his reputation to rest, will not be forgotten.

It is worth noting that, with all the friendly feeling that exists between us and the English, and with all the admiration ostentatiously displayed for their tricks and their manners, by our rich people, there has never been any liking shown here for English art in any form. The French and Germans have been undoubted favorites with the dealers and the picture-buyers. Of course, something of this is owing to the fact that the French and German dealers have kept possession of the field into which they were the first to enter, and these dealers have steadily declined to import English pictures, on the ground that it is impossible to sell them, though, how they should know that it is impossible, without once trying the experiment, would be hard to say. And yet, we have really no doubt that they are right. For some reason, which we do not pretend to understand, English artists have, as a rule, never shown that they have mastered the art of painting. Even those of them who have the most to say, and are most earnest in their wish to say it, have often learned only the grammar of their art, and are eclipsed in style by many a nobody of France or Germany, who, with nothing whatever to say, says it so cleverly, so gracefully, so naturally, as to make us exclaim: "This nothing's more than matter!"

It must be doubted if Mr. Watts will be able to make a breach in the Chinese wall, that keeps us, here at home, from knowing what English artists are doing, or even that his work will prove so attractive to our public as to make us ask for more. Just at present, we are in that stage of our development where we think much more of how a man says a thing, than of what he has to say. In art, both are of great importance, but it is true that everywhere and at all times, the clever people have carried the day in the race with the thinkers and the poets. How much of a thinker and a poet Mr. Watts may be, remains for us to see, if, happily, the material for a right judgment in the matter is to be set before us. We believe there are enough among us who will give a cordial welcome to his thought; we wish he may be strong enough with his brush to win his way with those who care for painting.

PAINTING IN MOSAIC.

THE French Government has recently been encouraging the use of mosaic in the decoration of its public buildings, churches, &c. It is much to be regretted that the decorations made for the Foyer of the Opera-House by M. Baudry could not have been executed in this material; as is well known, they have been almost ruined by the exhalations of the gas, the breath of the crowd, the dust, and other influences which, had they been executed in mosaic, would have left them unharmed. The earlier commissions given to artists for mural paintings in the Panthéon—Church of Sainte-Geneviève—were executed in fresco, the beautiful scenes from the life of Sainte-Geneviève, by M. Puvjs de Chavannes, are in this material. But, lately, M. Hébert has completed the decorations of the apse of this same church, which have been entrusted to him, and these are executed in mosaic. The work was commissioned by M. Chenevière, while he was Director of the Department of Fine Arts, and M. Hébert was allowed to use his own judgment as to the material he would employ. He chose mosaic, as has been said, and the effect, we are assured, is in the highest degree satisfactory. Had Millet lived, he was to have made the designs for the dome, and no doubt he would have added to his reputation, for he looked forward to the task with ardor; he had always longed for an opportunity to paint a large picture. But Death came in the midst of his dreams, and led him away.

Little has been done in England in the way of employing mosaic; yet in no city in the world could mosaic be more profitably employed than in London: if it were not proof against the defilement of the all-invading soot, at least, the soot could be periodically washed off the pictures. It is intended to decorate the dome of St. Paul's, London, with pictures in mosaic, and we read in the last number of *The Portfolio* that the cartoons of Messrs. Poynter and Leighton have been placed in position experimentally. And we learn, also, that Mr. Burne Jones has completed the colored cartoons for the mosaic decoration of the American Protestant Church at Rome.

It were much to be wished, now we have introduced mosaic as a decorative feature into our houses, that some one would commission one of our artists to execute a picture in this material for a church or public building. The Catholics have lately shown a desire to have pictures painted for their

churches, and though they have been unfortunate—most unfortunate—in the choice of the artists to whom commissions have been given, yet the disposition was there, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will not allow themselves to be discouraged.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PRIZE EXHIBITION.

WE have been permitted to print the following names, out of a list of some two hundred and fifty artists, who have promised to send pictures to the proposed competitive exhibition, to be held at the Galleries of the American Art-Association. Letters of encouragement and good-will accompany these promises; that of Mr. F. A. Bridgman, which we are allowed to copy, will be particularly interesting to New Yorkers, by whom, ever since the remarkable exhibition of his works in 1881, his name has been held in high esteem:

Thomas P. Anschutz,	Rosina Emmett,
Otto H. Bacher,	F. W. Freer,
Ellen K. Baker,	James Fairman,
W. B. Baker,	John L. Fitch,
J. C. Beckwith,	W. C. Fittler,
Elizabeth Boott,	B. F. Gitman,
G. R. Barse, Jr.	C. P. Grayson,
Carl Brenner,	Dennett Grover,
R. A. Blakelock,	Edward Gay,
Charles Bridgeman,	Charles X. Harris,
F. A. Bridgman,	James M. Hart,
J. Appleton Brown,	Birge Harrison,
De Forest Bolmer,	Arthur Hoeber,
A. T. Bricher,	Hamilton Hamilton,
W. M. Brown,	A. C. Howland,
Jennie Browascombe,	H. N. Hyneman,
Kenneth R. Crawford,	F. Child Hassam,
Lyell T. Carr,	W. J. Hennessy,
R. Bruce Crane,	Thomas Hovenden,
S. R. Crone,	Herman G. Herkomer,
J. Foxcroft Cole,	George Inness,
W. A. Coffin,	George Inness, Jr.
Henry Correja,	Albert Insley,
J. F. Cropsey,	Frederick James,
J. Frank Currier,	H. Bolton Jones,
Charles E. Dana,	F. C. Jones,
Charles H. Davis,	Alfred Kappes,
Leon Delachaux,	Anna Klumpke,
Lockwood De Forrest,	Matilda Lotz,
Ward De Lacy,	Sarah Lewis,
C. M. Dewey,	Henry A. Loop,
Frederick Dielman,	Mrs. Henry A. Loop,
M. F. H. De Haas,	Benj. Lander,
C. Ruger Donoho,	Charles Russell Loomis,
J. H. Dolph,	Chester Loomis,
Leon E. Durand,	Carl J. Marr,

Charles H. Miller,
Robert C. Minor,
E. Augustus Moore,
Edward Moran,
Peter Moran,
Thomas Moran,
C. Morgan McHenny,
Stanley Middleton,
G. H. McCord,
Charles E. Moss,
Frank Moss,
J. H. Moser,
Henry Mosler,
Robert H. Monks,
J. F. Murphy,
John H. Neimeyer,
W. E. Norton,
Charles A. Platt,
Walter L. Palmer,
Arthur Parton,
Charles Sprague Pearce,
W. E. Plimpton,
J. W. Pattison,
F. K. M. Rehn,

W. T. Richards,
Walter Satterlee,
W. F. Smedley,
H. P. Share,
James Symington,
Virgilio Tojetti,
Wordsworth Thompson,
W. T. Trego,
J. M. Tracy,
J. H. Twachtmann,
S. Salisbury Tuckerman,
Newbold H. Trotter,
James G. Tyler,
R. W. Van Boskerck,
Kruseman Van Elten,
S. W. Van Schaick,
Charles Volkmar,
Wesley Webber,
Horatio Walker,
Fred. J. Waugh,
Max Weyl,
Carleton Wiggins,
J. McNeill Whistler,
Edwin Lord Weeks.

BEX, SWITZERLAND, 3d Sept., 1884.

DEAR MR. SUTTON :

I have received your circular relative to the proposed competition of pictures, and have signed the accompanying card, adhering to the conditions, and I hope that nothing will prevent me from fulfilling my promise.

I think most artists will endeavor to paint one of their best pictures to represent them worthily—there is nothing like competition, to bring out talent and serious work.—If I mistake not, you will have contributions of pictures upon which, under other circumstances, the artists would place higher prices—not that any will find fault with the prize offered—but, with a view of having their pictures in permanent and public galleries, they would, in some cases, offer a picture worth twice the amount.

Very truly yours,

F. A. BRIDGMAN.

AMERICAN ART.

AN OPEN LETTER.

II.

FOR all the absurdity of this queer, provincial, but happy time in our art-history, the inferiority to foreign work was really more in the technical part than in the subject-matter. The subjects which Delacroix, Delaroché, and Ingres, and Diaz and

Horace Vernet and Ary Scheffer, were busied with, were much the same as those which employed the pencils of our own men, our Leutzes, Grays, Rossitters, Langs and Huntingtons. There was the same romanticism, and imaginative history, and bombast of battle—for did we not have Leutze slaying the slain thrice over, and making a very Bobadil of Washington?—But, beside that the artists of France (for the English were not a whit better than our own) were more learned than ours, or had the advantage of having more learning pumped into them by their Academic friends, they were really a thousand times better taught technically, did positively know how to draw, might safely have allowed their figures to be stripped, to prove that there were bodies under their clothes—an experiment which, except in Allston's case, and in his alone, would have been dangerous on our side the water—(think how very odd the clothes-pins in Mr. Huntington's "Republican Court" would look, denuded!)—and, moreover, these Frenchmen did know something, or even a good deal, of the secrets of laying-on color. Yet, rash as it may seem to say it, the French artists who had the most popularity at home and abroad were not, so far as poetry is concerned, so much in advance of our best men as they seemed. Neither Delaroché, nor Horace Vernet, nor Ary Scheffer holds the place in painting that he held twenty years ago. Horace Vernet had dash and fire, but, as a painter, he had but little real merit. Ary Scheffer had a certain morbid earnestness of feeling, but it would not be easy to find worse painting than his, while his drawing was notoriously incorrect. Delaroché is no longer held in repute by any school in France, and yet, at one time, he was in a commanding position. These men had all the advantages on their side that came from living in a highly cultivated society, from feeling that their work would be judged by men and women of mark, that it was commissioned by the State, and must run the gauntlet of criticism from the most accomplished pens, and they put forth all their powers, stimulated to do their best. Our men worked with every disadvantage, in a community comparatively poor, where, in spite of the generally diffused intelligence and education, the refinements of life were only to be found in a small circle, where few cared for their work when it was done, and nobody criticised it. What wonder if the few people who had money to spend for works of art, preferred to buy even engravings and copies of the foreign works, that seemed to them so much nearer their

ideal, than to purchase the crude and tasteless pictures of the men at home.

Yet it must now be maintained, that these hobbledehoy productions had much in them that was respectable, much that was praiseworthy in intention, and the men of wealth who believed in the artists, and sympathized with them, and did what they could to uphold them, the Leupps and Reeds and Cozzens deserve our gratitude, and a place in memory. It is none the less true that they had no reward such as often waits on the connoisseur who, in advance of his time, buys on the strength of his own knowledge, without regard to reputation. Excepting in the case of Allston, the works of none of these men have advanced in price, nor even kept their original value in the market. Even Allston, who once occupied a commanding position, and who has received more literary and social honors than have fallen to the lot of any other American artist, would be found, were his pictures thrown upon the market, to occupy a position in the estimation of the public of our own day, far below that which, without question, he occupied in his own. Even in Boston, where his name was once held in reverence, and where his best works are still considered among the most prized treasures of the families who own them, it cannot be doubted, that in the market, these best works would be found, were any evil chance to bring them there, to be no longer objects of desire to the rich amateurs of to-day, while, with artists, they have long ceased to be reckoned of any value as standards of attainment, or as examples to follow. And, if this be true of Allston, what shall be said—not of the Langs and Rossiters and Grays, long since relegated to the limbo of forgotten things, but of the works of Cole, Kensett, Durand, Ingham, Inman, and even Elliott, considered as objects of investment? What has become of the collection of Kensett's landscapes presented to our Metropolitan Museum? Is there any complaint that they have been consigned to the cellar? Even allowing that much of the neglect into which these once honored names have fallen, is to be ascribed to a change in fashion, can it be supposed that the whirligig of time will ever bring about for them a full revenge?

Still, all deductions made, it remains clear, to my mind at least, that there was enough leaven in the studios of the time that has now fairly given place to a new era, to have leavened the whole lump, and to have produced pictures which, however they might have become antiquated, would never

have deserved to fall into absolute neglect, had not the natural workings of that leaven been thwarted by other causes.

These earlier men were careful, painstaking workmen who looked upon their art with plain common-sense eyes, and neither had any enthusiasm for it, nor pretended to have any, more than, for all I can learn, did Giotto, or any one of the early Italians who called themselves "painters," and the places where they painted, "shops," not "studios." These men of ours wished to give a day's good work for a day's pay, and never set any sentimental prices on their handicraft. It is not precisely fair to compare them with the Italians, for these were not only born with taste, sentiment, and fancy, but they had everything this world can give, to feed and heighten these precious gifts. Our artists were more like the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century in their utter absence of taste, sentiment, or fancy, and in the honest, plodding industry with which they gave form to their matter-of-fact way of regarding nature, and their bourgeois notions of elegance and refinement. It was very queer to watch the grave motions of some among them who had got on draperies and ornaments of the high-art sort, dressing up their plain matter-of-fact American models in some out-worn costume of Europe, and setting them in palaces imagined by the help of pictures, but never seen by anybody, and in which they looked little enough as if to the manor-born. The result of all this was, that we laid up a stock of pictures which had, neither the merit of being realistic, true to their time, and representing, even if crudely, something in the artists' experience, nor the charm of imaginative work. The pictures of that time were not only weak in sentiment and weak in technical quality; they were worse than these, they were pretentious, and pretentiousness is our crying sin.

With all these deficiencies, it is not to be wondered at, that the sale of American pictures was sadly broken up when the works of modern French and German artists came to be imported, but it was of the first importance that the habit of picture-buying should be formed, and that point once gained, the remedy for the neglect of American pictures, lay with the American artists themselves, and with them alone. The efforts of tradesmen could do nothing to awaken or to restore an interest in our home-art; the critics—if critics they can be called who never criticised, but slobbered with indiscriminate praise every picture that came from an American easel—saw all

their good-natured flattery go for nothing, while the rich brokers of New York, Boston, and the West went steadily on buying Meissoniers, Gérômes, Cabanels and the rest of the "good-as-gold-and-better" modern Frenchmen, without troubling their heads about the present, past, or future of American art. It is amusing to remember that, meanwhile, not a few of the most noted and fashionable of the French artists gave vent, with some acidity, to their vexation at seeing their best pictures sold to the Bœotians of the West, as they gracefully term us, declaring that they painted their pictures for Paris and Frenchmen, not for America. The system pursued abroad, by which the artist, in order that he may work without the necessity of thinking of a possible purchaser, disposes of the right to all his pictures as fast as they are painted, to a dealer who sells them, at whatever profit they will bear, to anybody who can pay for them, necessarily deprives the artist of all control over the destiny of his work. A French artist's highest ambition is satisfied when his picture or statue is bought by the Government, to decorate some gallery or public building, religious or municipal, in Paris. If he cannot win this distinction, he will compromise with Fortune for a place for his work in some rich man's house in Paris, but if he is denied this solace, and his picture must be bought by a foreigner, he cares but little what becomes of it; since, to the French in general, there is no knowledge of art, and no critical appreciation worth thinking about, outside Paris.

(To be continued.)

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE ART YEAR BOOK FOR 1884.

THE New England Institute has conceived the praiseworthy design of publishing a yearly volume in which shall be recorded, with suitable illustrations, what has been accomplished in this country in the various arts—not merely in those which are called the fine arts, but, in the minor and the mechanic arts. As we have said, the design is a good one, and much money and pains would appear to have been expended in carrying out the first yearly volume. Last year, it will be remembered, the Institute published an illustrated catalogue of the pictures which made a part of that season's exhibition, and the success of that venture was such as

to suggest and encourage the present undertaking.

When we have passed the covers of the present volume, we find much to commend in the handsome paper and clear printing; but, if commendation do not stop here, it must at least go on, halting. To begin with, the cover is in striking contrast to the sufficiently pretty and delicate one of last year's catalogue: it is ineffective, wholly without decorative meaning, and the lettering carries to absurdity the silly affectation of illegibility which we had hoped was going out of fashion. As a mere piece of mechanism, it is, moreover, unsuccessful—there is no proper blending of the blue, pink, and silver of the three bands, and supposing it to have been intended that there should be none, then the registering must be confessed imperfect. But, with such an aimless piece of work, there is no need of argument.

The illustrations are varied in method and manner, and they are various, too, in their quality. They have been borrowed from different publications, or supplied by manufacturers, but time would be unprofitably employed in examining them in detail. Taken as a whole, they are certainly very far from doing justice to what has been accomplished in the arts in this country in any department, and they have a scrappy, borrowed look, not in keeping with the great pretensions of the undertaking.

For it is the pretentiousness of this volume which most offends us; a pretentiousness which, we are sorry and ashamed to say, is the distressing fact in the stage of civilization we have reached at present. We might illustrate our meaning by a hundred examples, but the book before us is sufficient text. And it is the more vexing because there is making in many directions—in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in decoration, and in the arts called mechanic, a sincere effort on the part of some of our younger men to work in a spirit opposed to the sound and fury, signifying nothing, that characterize too much of the fashionable art of to-day.

Here is a book which bears throughout, as we have said, the evidences of great pains taken, and of much time and money spent, to make it handsome. It is ingeniously contrived, to show various kinds of paper rightly applied to the uses for which they were intended. The printing is done at the press of Mr. A. B. Turnure, and it is excellent of its kind. But, with all this care to make a handsome show, serious things are neglected, the text is badly written, and the proof-reading is careless beyond belief. To mention only a few instances of this

carelessness in the present volume: if the reader will turn to the notice of Bouguereau, in the *Catalogue of Exhibits*, he will find no less than ten important misprints in the spelling of names and titles. Thus we find, "Saintouge" for "Saintonge," "Procre" for "Procne," "Mater Affectorum" for "M. Afflictorum," "Vrerge" for "Vierge," "Hotel Pererce" for "H. Pereire," "St. Clothilde" for "Ste. Clothilde," "Preta" for "Pietà." Further on, M. Stiefel's name is spelled "Stiefl," and, passing over a great many small mistakes that might easily have been corrected, we find that the Bible has been as ill treated as the rest, and that instead of letting Mark say that Joseph of Arimathea "bought fine linen" he is made to say that he "brought pure linen."

A more serious fault, however, and one with which we have more concern, is the tone of indiscriminate flattery that is adopted in speaking of every artist, every workman, and every thing that is mentioned between the covers of this book. Adjectives and epithets, with meaning or without, applicable or inapplicable, are poured out without stint, and a mush of gush and flattery is produced that ought to disgust the self-respecting men to whom it is ladled out. And we believe that such treatment does disgust by far the greater number of our artists. If they have studied, if they have observed, if they have done what every man must do, if he would excel—brought their work to the test of comparison with other work—they must know that these epithets do not belong to them—do not belong, indeed, to many of the sons of men. We do not mean to make the artists who are the victims of this author suffer more than they must already, by taking up and examining his phrases, but we can assure the gentlemen who are interested in this praiseworthy undertaking, that they do not commend their judgment by this sort of writing. We cannot think that the chairman of the Institute is responsible for the ill-written, unintelligible preface. Whoever wrote it, however, must be responsible for the text of the whole book, for it is all of a piece, slipshod, incorrect, and pretentious, much of it reading like a bad translation from the French or German.

It is not, perhaps, fair to compare such a performance as this with the productions of the French press, with the recent Portfolio of the Society of French Water-Color Painters, or with the new edition of the "Sentimental Journey." Only, we ask ourselves whether any American publisher will

in our day, put us all under an obligation by producing a book in which, at least, an effort shall have been made to add to such beautiful paper and printing as this of Mr. Turnure's, illustrations, in which our best artists, or some one of them, shall have been called on to do their best, and to do it for that special occasion. We are tired of sitting down year after year at the table of American publishers while they serve out the same melancholy hashes, croquettes, stuffed dishes, made up of scraps picked up from under other publisher's tables. Nobody among us seems brave enough to venture on an original publication of the best class, in which the best work has been commissioned from Americans, and paid for, and yet French publishers are doing this thing all the time, until the wonder is, who buys all these beautiful and intrinsically valuable books.

In the tortuously worded preface to the book under our hand, we dimly make out that the artists, whose work is contributed this year, as well as last, have not been paid for their work, and it is intended, next year, to devise some means by which they may be paid. To borrow a stale *mot*, we would say, that the way to pay the artists, is to pay them, and we may be sure that good work will never be got out of any man without pay, and never ought to be. It cannot be comfortable for artists to see this handsome book to which they have contributed, selling in the "editions de luxe" and "de grand luxe" for twenty and a hundred dollars each, while they are no penny the richer. This may be a New England way of encouraging art, but it is not a good way.

L'HOMME, JOURNAL ILLUSTRÉ DES SCIENCES ANTHROPOLOGIQUES, PARIS.

WE have received from the editor, M. Gabriel de Mortillet, a copy of the journal *L'Homme* for the 10th of August, which contains, beside a most interesting article, stuffed with curious facts, on "Popular Superstitions" by M. L. Martinet, one of more importance to Americans, entitled "The Pretended Treasure of Curium" by M. H. de Morgan. This article is now the second which has been published in Europe in journals sure to reach the eye of men interested in the subject, and able, by their training and education, to form a right judgment on the much vexed question of the true value of the dis-

coveries of Mr. di Cesnola, and of the present condition of the objects found by him. The first of these articles appeared in the *Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft*, and was briefly noticed in Number 3 of THE STUDIO. The second is the one we have in hand at present. Mr. de Morgan's article is a clear and convincing exposure of the fraud that has been practiced upon the scientific and art-world in general, and upon our own people in particular, by the pretended discovery at Curium of a so-called treasure, which turns out on the testimony of the very men who really found the objects, not to have been found in the crypts of the temple, but to be a collection of objects found in tombs, and, so far from being what the word "treasure" implies, objects, namely, of intrinsic value, either for their material, or as works of art, to have but a slight value in either regard.

THE STUDIO is not the place in which full justice can be done to so important an article as this of Mr. de Morgan. But, it may be stated, briefly, that Mr. Max Ohnefalsch Richter has been visited in Cyprus by a native of the island named Theocharis, mentioned by Mr. Louis di Cesnola in his book "Cyprus" as "one of my chief diggers" who has repeated before Mr. Richter and two witnesses, the same testimony that he gave Mr. Richter on the 3d of May, 1883.

The testimony of Theocharis, by the way, is fortified by the following extract from the recent article of Richter in the *Repertorium*, etc. : "Later on," says Richter, "in 1882, I called in Lazari, the former *factotum* of Alexander P. di Cesnola, to pack for me the antiquities I had excavated from the temple of Artemis-Kybele, and which were to be sent to the British Museum. When Lazari had put all the things together, he said, in a pitying way: 'You will pardon me, sir, if I take the liberty of saying that you do not understand your business very well! If you had seen my former employers, the Cesnolas! They understood their business, I can tell you! Why do you send this statue without a head, and this head without a body? Why don't you fill up these holes, and why don't you give new noses to these heads that have no noses of their own? I have, yet, some of the good glue I had from Alexander di Cesnola: if you like I will go and fetch it, and make all these things whole, so that you will do yourself credit in London!'"

Theocharis then, in the presence of Mr. Richter, went over the plates in Cesnola's "Cyprus," and we wish we had room for the remarks he made upon

the separate objects. We may, however, be allowed to give Mr. de Morgan's summing up of the whole matter:

"It results from the testimony of Theocharis, and from the examinations made by Mr. Richter upon the site, that the treasure of Curium and the history of its pretended discovery given us by Mr. L. P. di Cesnola in his 'Cyprus,' make up a fiction woven out of whole cloth by the so-called explorer. He found no crypts underneath the famous mosaic of the temple of Curium, and, by the same token, he found no treasure there, as he pretends. In fact, only a small part of the objects attributed to Curium by Mr. di Cesnola really came from that locality, and, what is more, these objects were never found in the treasury of any temple, but were dispersed through a large number of tombs, explored, in the greater number of cases, in the absence of di Cesnola by Theocharis and other Cypriotes. It is through them that di Cesnola procured the objects which he pretends to have discovered himself, and the finding of which he has so romantically described in his work. All the details which he gives us are purely imaginary. There were found at Curium a certain number of very rich tombs. So much has been proved. But what has also been proved to all appearance is, that Mr. di Cesnola took these finds as a basis on which to build up his apocryphal treasure. To these objects coming in reality from these four tombs, he has added everything interesting he could lay hands on, coming from the vast cemetery of Curium; then he has added to these, again, objects found at Amathunta and in other localities. Finally, to give to this collection a greater apparent scientific value, and also to make it seem worth more money, he has invented the now well-known legend of the famous find. The examination made by Mr. Richter leaves no doubt upon the subject, but if anything more were needed to show us what a genius for invention Mr. Cesnola is gifted with, let us note this fact which Mr. Richter has brought to our notice. Cesnola ordered his workmen to destroy completely the mosaic of the temple of Curium. To what end? Could it have been for any other purpose than to make impossible all exposure of the pretended discoveries, by destroying a compromising witness? But the workmen, in neglecting to execute the strange orders of the American archæologist, upset his plans, and made it easy for Mr. Richter to find the mosaic, and to convince himself, by its means, that no one had ever explored the foundation of this temple, and

that no excavation of importance had ever been made in this place. Theocharis, the true explorer of Curium, gives the most circumstantial details about the way in which the finds took place, and reduces the legend of Curium to proportions which render it henceforth possible to reconcile it with the conclusions of plain common-sense. In the light that his revelations have thrown upon the matter, the presence of vases and funeral ornaments, the mingling of styles of art and of the arts of different times, which we find in this surprising collection, receive an easy and a natural explanation, and if Mr. di Cesnola have not really discovered the 'treasure of Curium,' to him at least belongs the credit of having invented it."

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREENWICH, CT., September 11th, 1884.

Editor of THE STUDIO :

Allow me to congratulate you on the leading article of your last number (August 30th). I was so impressed with the value of your clear statement of matters affecting American art, that I have been circulating it among my acquaintances as a sort of missionary document.

But, will your plain words be heeded by a people so long befogged in the fine talk of the gentlemen who have, these many years, been doing art the ill service of enveloping the simplest and most obvious matters with a cloud of pedantry? I fear you will have to repeat the screed many times, and hope you will not tire of so doing.

In Poe's clever detective story of "The Purloined Letter," the thief succeeds in hiding the letter from the minute painstaking search of the police, by simply throwing it down in the most conspicuous place in his room. Just so, Art, as it seems to me, has hidden her most important truths from the vulgar eye, by putting them in plain sight, where they are overlooked as commonplace.

To play the detective to these most safely concealed matters seems to be, just now, the most important service a critic can render to the cause.

It is cheering to see that you have already begun the work.

Yours, &c.,

J. M. T.

FUTURE ART EXHIBITIONS.

OCTOBER 1 to 28—North Carolina State Exposition, Raleigh, N. C. Secretary, H. E. Fries.

October 30 to December 11—Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, Pa., Fifty-fifth Annual Exhibition. Works received at the Academy, October 6 to 11. Secretary, George Corliss.

November to April—Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Winter Loan Exhibition.

November 1 to 15—Society of Art, Portland, Me. Semi-annual exhibition of local art.

November 3 to 29—National Academy of Design, New York. Autumn Exhibition. Works received at the Academy, October 15 to 18. Secretary, T. Addison Richards.

November 10—American Art Association, New York. Exhibition of American pictures from the Paris Salon, etc., in honor of the opening of the Association's new galleries. Works received October 6 to 13.

November 17 to December 13—Philadelphia Society of Artists. Oil paintings only. Secretary, Newbold H. Trotter, 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

December 1 to May 31—World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, New Orleans, La.

December 10 to 23—Black-and-white exhibition of the Salmagundi Sketch Club, National Academy of Design, New York. Secretary, Frank M. Gregory, 80 Washington Square East, New York.

December (early in)—Illinois Art Association, Chicago, Ill. It is proposed to buy about \$5,000 worth of pictures at this exhibition, American and foreign. President, Jos. M. Rogers, 145 Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

January 6 to 12—Artists' Fund Society, National Academy of Design, New York.

February 2 to 28—American Water Color Society, National Academy of Design, New York. Secretary, Henry Farrer, 51 West 10th Street, New York.

February 2 to 28—New York Etching Club, Academy of Design. Secretary, J. C. Nicoll, 51 West 10th Street, New York.

March (about)—American Art-Association's Prize Exhibition, Galleries of the American Art-Association, 6 East 23d Street, New York (*vide THE STUDIO*, No. 2. August 30, and No. 4, September 27).

THE STUDIO

Journal of the Fine Arts.

New Series, No. 3.

New York, September 13, 1884.

Price, Ten Cents.

THE STUDIO.

CLARENCE COOK, EDITOR.

GASTON L. FEUARDENT, PUBLISHER.

Office: No. 30 La Fayette Place, New York City.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1884.

In answer to several inquiries, THE STUDIO PUBLISHING COMPANY desire to state that they purchased the STUDIO property free of liabilities or engagements to any one.

SEED IN STONY PLACES.

AMONG the pretty wood-cuts in Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer's article on our Home Architecture, in the *Century* for August, is one that particularly appeals to *THE STUDIO*, not because we happen to be acquainted with the history of the building, but because we think that history of practical importance, in its bearings on the development of our popular taste. The wood-cut we refer to is the one on page 514, called "A Store in Newburgh, New York," and shows three buildings in a row, of which that in the middle is the occasion of these remarks. This building is not really a store, or shop, but an office. The only reason for correcting this slip is, that, in the design of Mr. Geo. F. Babb's buildings, use is always the first thing sought to be expressed, and it would be impossible for him to make a shop that could be mistaken for an office, or an office that could be mistaken for a shop. The draughtsman has taken a slight liberty with the building next this one, on the right, in making it of the same architectural family with the other two. In reality, it is only one of the brick packing-boxes set on end which, thus far, show the high-water mark reached by the average American builder. Newburgh, in its business streets, like all

the towns along the Hudson river, and in our country-towns generally, is made up of scores of packing-boxes no better than this one. As a rule, nobody marks them, nor is troubled by them; but it is just because the gentleman, for whom Mr. Babb made this design, happened to be one of the few who are troubled by the ugliness of the town, and because he was not willing to sit down contented under packing-box rule, that in matters architectural Newburgh is beginning to lift up her head, and to set an example to her sister towns. As Mr. Babb's client is not a public man, further than in being the very efficient President of the Young Men's Christian Association; and as he is not a man who likes to be talked about, we can only trust to his good nature to excuse this taking his light out from under the bushel where he has thus far hid it, and setting it on a candlestick.

Two or three years ago this gentleman became the owner of a small house in the upper part of Newburgh, and with the assistance of a friend whose notions were pretty much like his own, he set about clothing his new possession in a style more suited to the present time, and better fitted to his needs. In doing this he became so much interested in building and furnishing as an art, in solving the problem of the proper limits of beauty and utility in the domain of daily life, that when the house was finished he found he had not reached the result without a good deal of half unconscious criticism on the general architectural shortcomings of his neighbors. He was very far from being satisfied with what he himself had done—nor was he indeed wholly responsible for it—but, the main thing gained, was a strong interest in the subject, and a conviction that Newburgh and he needed help, and must try to get it. And acting on Goethe's maxim: "Do the duty that lies nearest thee," he determined, since the Young Men's Christian Association was about to build itself a new home, he would do his best, as its President, to make the new home handsome, as well as convenient.

Now, it is seen every day, that in matters of this sort, the way of doing the business is to put the

whole thing into the hands of a contractor who agrees to do the job for so much. The services of an architect are not sought for, in one case out of a hundred, though it is done oftener than it used to be, especially in places about New York; but in the North River towns—and, why it is, we know not, but so it is, that in all matters pertaining to culture, to art, to education, the Hudson River Valley is the fag-end of creation—the hand of the architect, unless it be the home-made one, is seldom felt. The contractor gives the job to a carpenter, to concoct a “front” out of such pickings and stealings as he has amassed in moving about, and when a result is arrived at, where as much ugliness, disproportion of parts, clumsy detail, zinc cornice, and misapplied ornament have been heaped up as the money will afford, the job is rushed through, without anybody concerned giving so much as five minutes thought to it. Even the plans of such buildings are, often, not thought out, and indeed the most remarkable feature of our so-called architecture is the way in which the uses to which buildings are to be put are left uncared for, a point on which we could give a sadly amusing mountain of illustrative evidence.

It was, no doubt, easier for Mr. Turner, Mr. Babb's client, to convert people to his ideas in Newburgh than it would have been in some other places. For Newburgh has a few good buildings—though they cannot be thought good, since no one follows their teachings, and the sects go on putting up ugly churches just as if Mr. Withers' Presbyterian Church—one of the best church-buildings in the whole country—didn't exist. Still, such a building is there to be appealed to, and, no doubt Mr. Turner was helped by it. And then the town has such a noble situation, that a man who wants to move the pride of the citizens can always use that as an argument in persuading them to do something in keeping with it. The people of Newburgh, however (like the people of many another place) have always showed a pious pertinacity in proving that, if God made their country, and, certainly, Newburgh Bay and its mountains are one of God's master-pieces, yet man, and man alone, has made their town, and, so far, furnished a strong argument for the doctrine of original sin. Think, what would have been made of a town on such a site in the Tyrol, or in Italy, or in fact anywhere outside the Valley of the Hudson. Newburgh is so ugly, that the fact of having to look at the town, lowers the money-value of building lots on the opposite shore, and the only time when its existence is not

a worry to the eye, is at night, when all you can see of it is the lights in its streets, or the blazing breast-plate of the cotton-factory that it wears upon its bosom.

As only one thing can be done at a time, Mr. Turner resolved to save the Association Building from the ordinary fate of public structures, and he got a design for it from the firm of Young Evangelists of the Beautiful, known in the *Directory* as McKim, Mead & White. As the calls from the many Macedonias to these apostles are loud and persistent, they often can do no more than twirl their holy-water brush over their converts, and give them their blessing, while leaving their further building up in grace to their assistants; and thus it happens that their Association Building in Newburgh, while well planned, and dignified in appearance, and far enough beyond the ordinary solution of such problems, is inferior to the general run of their buildings. Still, what has been gained is, the showing how much can be done even with a little money well applied—applied, that is, to securing the essentials of building. Here is an excellent piece of brick-work, in which only common North River brick has been employed, and yet the effect is far more pleasing than the vast expanse of the Produce Exchange with its dead monotony of terra cotta. Then, the people who have been putting up “fronts” all their lives, with windows supplied to every story according to the rule of three—two windows to the big-room and one to the little one—are shown that windows are only to be supplied according to the rule of common-sense, to be put where they are wanted, and proportioned in size to the room they are to light; in fact, a building of this sort teaches a good many simple, useful lessons, and rebukes many of the bad habits that builders have fallen into in these latter days. This building has a visible roof, therefore it has a cornice, but why should a mere front with a flat tin-roof behind it have a cornice, and especially a zinc cornice, bent in imitation of molded stone? The windows in this building show plainly enough that the disposition of rooms is not the same in every story, and their different sizes show that, of the rooms they light, some are smaller than others. But if you walk along the streets of any of our towns, you will find blocks upon blocks of houses in which all the windows, except perhaps those in the “parlor floor,” are of the same size, and yet we know that the rooms are of different sizes. It is evident, also, that the designers of this building are accustomed to

look at the principles of things, and that since there was not money enough to ornament the construction, they had too much respect for their art and for the public, to pile on a quantity of make-believe ornament, but threw all their weight upon the essentials, and the result is a building to which, as money comes, much may be added, if it be desired, but from which it will never be necessary to take anything away. (N. B.—Except, perhaps, the very homely dormers!)

Having accomplished so much, Mr. Turner then proceeded to put up the building depicted in the *Century*, and to make a new departure in a different direction. He had made himself a very pretty house to live in; he did not see why he should not make himself and his gentlemanly young clerks a pleasant office to transact business in. Of course he was not the Columbus of handsome offices. They already existed in plenty, but not in Newburgh. From the day when the aristocracy of New Windsor used to come up, every day, to Chapman's grocery and bake-shop, as described by the late N. P. Willis, and sit on the flour-barrels and eat bread-and-cheese, to the present time, there has been no attempt to make the business-office anything but a burrow into which the man-of-business retreated during certain hours, and which it would have been thought absurd to make pleasant for the eyes of himself or his customers. Mr. Turner, however, called in Mr. Babb to design the building, and when it was finished, a moderate amount of money was expended, with results out of all proportion agreeable, in coloring the walls, in decorating the fire-places, and in hanging up photographs, casts, and etchings, to make the rooms look as if those who had to pass the day in them were human beings, with feelings, sentiments, affections and even passions, and not mere accretions of cells and glands for secreting gold.

Certainly, the move was a good one, and must bear good fruit, even if no one else should go quite the length that Mr. Turner has gone. But he has shown that business may go on just as strictly, as methodically, and as successfully, in pleasant quarters as in unpleasant ones.

The Art Union of Vienna has lately published a handsome print after a picture of Holbein in the Berlin Gallery—a portrait of George Gyze, a rich merchant of Basle. He is represented as a young man dressed in the rich but sober costume of the time, sitting in his office at a table, and opening a business letter. The old farmers from back in Orange County who are said to have shaken their

heads over the modest splendors of Mr. Turner's office, and to have whispered their suspicions that if they went there to have their barns insured, "all this slicking-up would get into the bill," would have had worse fits if they had seen an office such as Holbein has put George Gyze in. The walls are wainscoted with oak, painted or stained a cheerful green, and the shelves are supported by elegantly carved brackets. The keys of the safe that hang from the wall have wards by no means designed on the bare-necessaries-of-life principle; the metal ball for holding twine, suspended from the edge of one of the shelves is decorated with bands of ornament, but looks a useful thing; the table is covered with a rich Turkey rug, and all the implements that lie upon it, the seal-rings, the box of wafers, the ink-stand—everything, shows that the owner was a man who enjoyed handsome surroundings, and who saw no inconsistency between the big ledgers on his shelves and on the table, and the elegant vase of Venice glass at his side, in which some carnation pinks are doing their part to make money-earning pleasant. George's motto written on the wall, is, being translated, "Pleasure is not without its Pains," (*non sine marore voluptas*), but he wished, apparently, to show that there was no reason why pain should not also be allowed its pleasures. Nor is this beautiful work of Holbein's finest time the only proof we have, that old-time business-men saw no reason at all why the workshop, the office, the counting-room should not be as pleasant places as art and taste could make them. If we want to see a real place of the kind, and not a mere picture, go to the Plantin Muscum at Antwerp, the house of the great printer restored to the actual state in which it was in the time of the family's greatest prosperity, and see the rooms in which the printers worked, and in which the whole business was carried on under the same roof with the owner's house, rooms as bright, as cheerful, as handsome, though in a different way, as the living apartments.

And so, having accomplished three things on his own account, Mr. Turner tried his hand at persuading others to go and do likewise, and the important point in this matter is, that he has succeeded, in four or five instances, in inducing people who were about to build, to turn out of the well-rutted Newburgh road, and instead of "lumping the whole job"—how expressive is the vernacular!—to call in professional help in designing their houses. Mr. F. P. Weed, Mr. Homer Ramsdell, Jr., have, each, built pretty hotises, as well, and usefully, and

individually planned, as they are agreeable to look at, and two more houses as pretty as these are now building in the city itself, sandwiched between two new houses of the job-lumping variety, ugly, inconvenient, and wholly irrational houses, such as it has been the pleasure of well-to-do Newburghers to build for themselves, for a long time back. Domestic architecture has made such advances within the last ten years, and it is so easy now to get good designs and comfortable plans, that there is really no excuse for the putting up of such houses as are going up on Grand Street—and on a great many Grand streets, we fear!—alongside of Mr. Taft's well-designed and well-planned houses.

What has interested us in this matter is, watching the growth of one little chance sown-seed under the kindly nurture of a man of ideas, purpose, and will. There might be similar growths in many places, and no doubt there are many, of which we know nothing. But, if only the everyday people of Newburgh, or any other town, would bethink themselves how much the town would gain, and how much pleasure they themselves would derive, from trying to give individuality, and as much beauty as possible, to their bits of houses, we should before long be obliged to take back all that we have said that can be unpleasant for our *quondam* fellow-citizens to read.

FATHER COROT.

WHOEVER had the happiness to know the excellent, kind-hearted Corot cannot fail to see the charming personality of the great painter, living and glowing again in all its fullness, in the noble picture—certainly one of the finest masterpieces of art which the world has ever produced—which now hangs in the gallery of the Messrs. Cottier in New York. "The Orpheus saluting the rising Sun" like the man of genius from whose loins it sprang, is full of qualities designed on so grand a scale, that we are inclined to doubt whether they could have belonged to so modest a specimen of our poor humanity. The picture so overflows with the sentiment of Virgilian poetry, with deep adoration of the beauty of nature; there is in it so much loveliness that flows from the heart, and so much greatness of soul, that we are irresistibly persuaded in looking at it, that only a man possessed of these qualities in a high degree could have put so much art in so small a space. The "Orpheus" of Mr.

Cottier is to speak the simple truth, the heart of Corot himself—and what a great heart our lamented Corot had!

All these gifts in nature, in return for which the artist gave her back an adoration without bounds, were concealed in a charming and jovial exterior, with manners the most simple imaginable, a living portrait of the "Roger Bontemps" of Béranger.

Corot loved nature best in the early morning hours, before she had fully withdrawn her veil; so that the sun had never mounted high in the heavens when he came back from his walk into the country. This explains why his pictures are generally seen through that humid wreath of mist, which the poetic dawn hangs over the earth. The spots he loved best were the environs of Paris, of which he was a typical *bourgeois*. He had travelled much, and had made many sketches of places that caught his eye, and of which he made pictures later, but it was only in the neighborhood of his old Paris, that Corot felt himself happy and at home.

When Millet died, and the rumor ran about, that the government had the intention to give his widow a pension, Corot let it be known at once that he should pay for ten years to Madame Millet, the same annual sum which France should give her. Corot wished in this way to oblige the government to realize what was, in reality, at that time only a project in the air. Both the government and Corot carried out their intention, and with the sale of the sketches which Millet had left behind him, an ample provision was made for the large family of the great artist. Yet Corot and Millet were only simple acquaintances, and not intimates, but each had the greatest admiration for the talent of the other.

Another anecdote will show the goodness of Corot's heart. Daumier, well known as a caricaturist, but less known to the public for the great artist that he really was—a fact of which THE STUDIO will one day have something to say—Daumier was in danger of losing his sight: with his sight his power to work would go, and, then, poverty was inevitable. Daumier was poor, and his landlord let him know that if he did not pay his arrears of rent, he would turn him out of doors. We may judge of the misery that filled the heart of the family of Daumier at the prospect, not only of being without a roof, but of losing their home in the Isle St. Louis, where they had lived so long, and to go—oh where! without money—with nothing! This was the condition of affairs when, one day, there appeared

at the door of Daumier's house a person whom it was not difficult to recognize as a man of the law. He carried, beside a long face, a long envelope addressed to Daumier. Alas! there could be no doubt about it, all was over; the order to quit had come, and the poor artist's heart failed him as he tried again and again to take courage, to open the envelope, and learn how many days remained for him under the beloved roof. With hands that shook, he opened the envelope—but what a surprise! It was a paper in legal form declaring that M. Daumier had bought the house he was living in, and what was more, had paid for it!

The secret was soon out. Corot, who had heard of the embarrassment of Daumier and of his illness, and who had a great admiration for the talent of this master, had bought the house in the name of Daumier, who thus became his own landlord.

With all his appearance of simplicity, Corot had the cunning of the true *bourgeois* of Paris, as the following story will show. Without being rich, he had always lived in a certain ease, and had never really been obliged to support himself by the sale of his pictures. Nevertheless his ambition, the fixed idea in his head, was to sell the pictures with which his prolific talent had filled his studio. But, alas! in spite of the flattering criticisms which began to praise his works, Corot could sell nothing, absolutely nothing. He was in despair, and his friends were troubled to see him so unhappy. But, of a sudden, one day it was whispered all over Paris that, at last, the good taste of the public had done justice to Corot's unmistakable talent, and that not only had he sold all his pictures, that his studio, so crowded with pictures, was empty, but that orders for more were rapidly coming in!

No sooner had Millet heard this glad news than he rushed to Corot's house to congratulate him. At first, Corot received his good wishes without flinching; then, as if his conscience pricked him at the thought of deceiving Millet, whom he so much esteemed, he took him up to the garret of his house, where were heaped up, pell-mell, the hundreds of canvasses that had been in his studio. "I haven't sold one," he said, "not a single one; they are all here! But I hope that the story I have set going will bring me some amateurs!"

It will be seen that Corot knew very well the nature of human folly, and above all the folly of the picture-buyer, who runs always and only after the names that are in fashion; for from that time Corot began to find buyers for his pictures.

I fell to thinking of these things, which I believe I have narrated correctly, in looking at the picture of "Orpheus," which Mr. Cottier has, and which looks so well in his beautiful room. I say to myself, and almost fear to say it aloud, "this is the most beautiful picture it was ever my good fortune to see."

BRONZE REDUCTIONS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

WITH the perfection to which the casting of works of art in bronze has been brought in our foundries in these later years, it is to be hoped that our sculptors will gradually turn their attention to the production of models, which when cast in bronze shall serve as ornaments for our houses. Meanwhile, our own artists showing no activity in this direction, the dealers in all our large cities import by the hundreds, and principally from France, the bronzes with which we decorate our mantel-pieces, our tables and our *étagères*.

Many of these imported bronzes are really worthy of the name of works of art. for they have been so conceived by artists of talent that in size, treatment and composition, they serve perfectly for the use to which their purchaser intends to put them; that is to say they serve perfectly well by reason of their small size as objects of decoration in our modern apartments.

But there is another class of art-bronzes which are bought by the hundreds, not to say the thousands, and against the purchase of which we wish to protest with some earnestness. We speak of the mechanical reductions, more or less exact, of the great statues of antiquity and of the Renaissance.

We are made to believe that in buying a reduction of the Venus of Milo or of the "Moses," or the "Pensiero" of Michelangelo, a foot high, we become possessed of a faithful representation of all the art which their authors put into the originals of these works. We believe this all the more readily because we are assured that these reductions are mechanically correct.

Now, nothing could be more mistaken than this idea, and if the artists who made these great statues could once see these little bronzes, they would speak very plainly in condemnation of this imposition upon a too credulous public.

We still possess the originals of many of the great statues of antiquity, we see them exactly as the hand of the artist gave them to us, with the exception, of

course, of the injuries which time has inflicted upon them. They stand before us as complete conceptions, their treatment harmonizing perfectly with their size. It is true that, often-times, we do not see in the mall that the artist intended, nor exactly what he intended, because we do not see them, either in the place, or at the elevation for which he designed them. But, nevertheless, in every case, we are happy in contemplating that greatness of style which the artist has given to his statue by only treating as important, those facts which are necessary to the idea he desired to set forth; a result which could only be secured by neglecting, or leaving out altogether, every detail which is not necessary to the clear presentment of the subject.

It must then be plain that this subordination of detail to the main idea, is ruled and regulated by the size of the work which is to be produced. If, therefore, in changing the original position of the statue we have already done it a certain injury, we do it still further harm in changing its original proportions. The ancients knew this so well that, in studying the *ancient copies* of the great statues, we find that these copies are, in reality, transfigurations, in which the copyists have changed, added to, rejected—have done in short, whatever seemed necessary to them, in their endeavor to give back the principal motive, and not the details of these larger works.

The truth is that, in many cases, the reduction by these mechanical processes, of a really beautiful statue, makes an absurd little bronze. No more familiar example of this can be found than that of the statue of Lorenzo de Medici by Michelangelo, called by the Italians, from his meditative attitude, *Il Pensiero*.

"Mark him well!

He meditates; his head upon his hand.

What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls!

Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?

'Tis lost in shade—yet like the basilisk,

It fascinates and is intolerable."

Now this effect, which every one feels and acknowledges when standing in the chapel for which this statue was made, and where it still sits in the niche which Michelangelo designed for it, is produced by our seeing the face, so far as we can see it at all, from below, from the point where the sculptor meant it should be seen—he himself could never have imagined it looked at from any other point. Now, when we buy one of the small mechanical reductions of this statue, made by that ex-

ceedingly clever man Barbedienne, and proceed to put it on our mantel-piece, or on the top of a mantel-clock, or even on our library table, we simply throw away the one effect, to produce which the statue was made, and instead of a mysterious being belonging to both worlds, and brooding over the secrets of death and time, we have a mere manikin with a fantastic head-piece like the jaws of some wild beast.

In our opinion, therefore, the sooner the public turns away from these bad copies, which lead it astray instead of helping it, the better it will be for its own education, and in doing this it will find a rich compensation in discovering how many fine original works have been produced by artists of our own time, works intended by their authors to be used as ornaments in our houses, exactly as they come from the artist's hands. It would be a great service, too, to the public, if in this way more employment could be given to our many excellent sculptors, and they enabled to lead less painful, less uncertain lives than those which so many of them lead to-day to their own and our serious loss.

NOTES.

HANS MAKART—AGAIN.

OUR readers no doubt corrected for themselves, as they read, the unfortunate blunder committed in substituting the name of Hans Makart for that of Michael Munkacsy in an article contained in the last number of this journal. It is a singular coincidence that about the same time with the seizure which led to the shutting-up of Makart, Munkacsy himself was the victim of a nervous attack which has culminated in his being committed to a mad-house, and there are no hopes of his recovery.

The confusion in the article extends, as is easily seen, only to the names of the two men, and in no way affected the critical part of the article, which related wholly to Munkacsy, of whose pictures alone the writer was thinking, he having been much occupied of late with the works of that artist. The explanation of so unaccountable a freak, if it could be found, would be more interesting to students of psychology than to the readers of an art-journal, and therefore, with a sincere apology for having been the cause of so absurd a mystification, we beg

to offer the remarks on Makart which should have been printed in our last number.

The celebrity achieved by such a painter as Hans Makart is a painful evidence of the changed state of the public mind as regards the higher forms of what, for want of a better name, we call decorative art. If we look back upon the times when the great names in the history of painting were engaged in enriching the walls of churches and palaces with those works of which happily so much still survives, we shall certainly find that the intellectual value of their performance bears a full proportion to the technical value. When Giotto, Michelangelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Carpaccio, had finished their tasks, they left inscribed upon the walls of Padua, and Rome, and Venice, painted poems that play an equal part, in the glorious intellectual and spiritual history of Italy, with the poems of Dante and Ariosto. But, who would know how to choose between the loss of the Sistine ceiling and the loss of the "Divina Commedia?" Do we not all feel that, besides the artistic perfection of the works of these artists, there is a feeling, a purpose, an aim that makes them of the same divine company with the mighty among the poets of the earth?

But, when we turn to a man like Makart, whose name in our time has eclipsed, with the unthinking crowd, the names of all these great ones gone before, we find no intellectual result at all. We can get an equal amount of pleasure, and pleasure of the same kind that we experience in looking at his "Catarina Cornaro," his "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," his "Hunt of Diana," in looking at a pile of velvets, and silks, and artificial flowers on a haberdasher's counter: at the best, his pictures are only tableaux such as the stage of our day produces at so much cost. His subjects are chosen only for the opportunity they give to make display of his technical ability, and he makes no account of historic truth if by disregarding it he can gain the opportunity he needs. A good example of this is seen in his "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," where the main motive was to introduce the figures of the high-born ladies of Antwerp who displayed their naked charms, and quarreled for the honor of displaying them, in tableaux ranged along the sides of the street through which the procession passed. Well-born ladies of Vienna are said to have sat to Makart as models for this and other pictures, but Makart

saw that this beauty would be wasted by following the true relation, and he accordingly commits the absurdity of bringing the ladies down into the street and making them pose among the horses and men-at-arms. It is, of course, true that the great Italians showed no regard to historical truth as such, but they paid a well defined allegiance to historical truth relatively. To take a well-known example, Paul Veronese lays the scene of the "Marriage in Cana" in a Venetian palace of his own time, but he lived, in the first place, in an age that knew not the first element of historical criticism and cared not a rush for archæology. Nor it is likely, did he himself know anything of the manners and customs of the ancients. But, once having frankly chosen his part and made the scene real for his time, by making Cana another Venice, he could not do the thing by halves, but made the whole company Venetians, and the marriage in Cana a marriage in Venice. Makart, on the other hand, living in an age when historic truth is sought by everybody, is in fact a discovery, so to speak, of our own time, chooses a subject where the facts lay at his hand, and had hardly to be studied, then paints the whole with a sufficient attention to the truth, until he comes to the main point, when, for the sake of the perfectly legitimate pleasure of painting a group of beautiful naked human bodies, and for no other reason in the world, he throws reason, probability, and even the composition of the picture, to the dogs. We do not in the least attribute improper motives to Makart. He loved to paint these naked bodies, because he was an artist, and there is nothing in the material world so beautiful as the naked human body when it is beautiful. Dürer who was present at this show at Antwerp, said to Melancthon: "I looked attentively at these naked ladies, and without any shame, because I a man artist." But, had Dürer painted the scene, he would, we believe, have contrived to put the Antwerp beauties where they could be seen, without making us anxious for their personal safety.

It has been said, however, that if the subjects Makart chose were nothing, and his treatment of them devoid of poetic and intellectual value, yet he was a great and splendid colorist. This we deny altogether, and assert, that his system of color was wholly morbid, and unlovely, and that no person with a healthy taste can enjoy it. And his people are as sickly as the atmosphere of color in which they live. They have no bodies, nor pretend to have any. "Catarina Cornaro" appeared to have melted down in her chair, and all the people about,

looked powerless to move foot or hand to help her. And this same is true of all his pictures. How different from the virile force, the healthy color, the noble types of manly and womanly beauty, that make the old Venetian pictures a life-giving joy forever!

A THREATENED VANDALISM.

WE have read with a pain which we make no excuse for expressing, that it is seriously intended to build a hotel in Boston, on the land in front of Trinity Church and the Art-Museum. There is nothing, unfortunately, that facts do not warrant our believing, as to the spirit of vandalism that reigns in our large cities. New York is a doleful instance of a city materially beautiful, and which could easily have been made more beautiful by art, but which has been wantonly ruined by the ignorance and greed of her rulers and her rich men combined. Of Boston we had hoped better things, though from all we can learn, the same spirit is rife there, and the probability that it is true, is shown by the fact on which we are commenting. The advantage of an open square or place in front of a public building, or of a group of public buildings, seems little understood in America, and yet so many thousands of our people have travelled in Europe, and seen the Piazza of St. Peter's, the Piazza of San Marco, the Market place of Siena, Trafalgar Square, the Garden of the Tuileries, with the Courts of the Louvre, and a hundred smaller examples of the same thing—that it is strange they are so bent on destroying or filling up every example—and examples are rare—of the same thing at home. Let every one who has been in Dresden, fancy what would be the effect on the Zwinger, the Cathedral and the Opera House, if the great square in front of them should have a family-hotel built in the middle of it. And the worst is, that the open space in Boston doomed to speedy destruction is one of the most attractive of its kind in the country. Large sums of money have been spent on the buildings that surround it, Trinity Church, the first church building in the country, the Art Museum, and the new "Old South Church," while the new Public Library Building will no doubt be a worthy companion to these. Unluckily, there is no one to appeal to. The rich men of Boston have allowed the land to slip from their control; the proprietors of the hotel see that there is money in the project of putting a family-hotel in the very centre of all

these aids to culture—religion, art and literature. We might, indeed, appeal to the architect, but we do not know who he is, and a man who would not see that the greatest service he could render his profession at this time, would be not only to decline to accept such a commission, but to prove to those who offered it, how miserable is the project, can hardly be one of that group of accomplished architects of whom the beautiful city is so justly proud.

POOR LONDON!

AMONG the letters that we received after the publication of the first number of THE STUDIO was one from a lady who politely, but earnestly advised us, not to fly in the face of foreign opinion, in art-matters, but to accept without question whatever the critics over seas might declare to be good. The advice was given exactly in these terms, though not in these words. It was frankly declared that no critic on this side the water could possibly know as much as critics on the other side. This may be true of the critics, but is it not a little singular that these accomplished men in France and England have so little influence with their public, that they cannot prevent the accomplishment of such an unfortunate undertaking as the Bartholdi statue, or the erection in London, and on the Thames Embankment, of a copy of Sir John Steel's disgusting statue of Robert Burns? We certainly believe we express the sentiment of every artist of character in this country when we say that among all our bad statues this was, before the "Bolivar" was set up, the worst, and even now there is none we look upon with such pain and mortification as the "Burns" because we do so love the poet and the man. We can laugh at the "Bolivar," because we don't care a rush about him, we can forget the "Halleck," for he was never worth remembering, but we confess the "Burns" hurts us, and we were not prepared for this triple insult to his memory—for the canny Sir John Steel has played his cards well, and this is the third cast he has sold of the statue—one copy in Dundee, another in New York, and another now in London, and so thrifty are his countrymen that we dare say they have bought them by the quantity, with the regular discount, and that whenever half-a-dozen Scotchmen of the lower class find themselves together in any portion of the globe, there will Sir John Steels "Burns" be in the midst of them. We may at least congratulate ourselves that no Ameri

can sculptor living is capable of such an atrocious travesty on the human form as this—not even Wilson Macdonald. On the whole, if our fair critic will allow us, we will still cherish a little faith, that, at least, we are no worse than our neighbors.

SIGNS.

AMONG the ugly features of our cities in general and of New York in particular, the business-signs with which we cover our buildings are to our mind the most offensive. The nuisance of the telegraph and telephone posts and wires is one imposed upon us by corporations whose money enables them to bully their fellow citizens at their pleasure. We cannot control these men, and of course we cannot appeal, either to their generosity or to their sense of what is fitting—because they have abundantly shown that they are not possessed of these qualities. But, in the matter of business-signs, we are as yet, our own masters, and, if we choose, can either give them up, or reduce their number, or so arrange them, that they shall not worry the public eye, nor ruin the fronts of our buildings. We believe that, as a purely practical matter, there are far too many signs. As the man who went out to look for the wood, said he could not see it for the trees; so it often happens that when we go out to hunt up a man's place of business, we cannot find his name, for the signs. Take Fourteenth Street for example, between the Fifth and Sixth Avenues. There is such an innumerable swarm of signs, of all shapes and sizes, covering the front of the buildings, and swinging out from them at right angles, that it is next to impossible, unless we stand still and study them, to find the name we want. The shop-keepers find this to be so, from the frequent complaints of their customers, and, every now and then, they try to remedy it. But, thus far, the only remedy found seems to be, for the men that suffer most, to hang out more and bigger signs, and so get a temporary advantage over their neighbors. But, the moment this trick is discovered, the other dealers do the same thing, and in a few weeks the confusion is doubled. The improvement in looks, and the advantage to the public seeking after a sign would be great, if all these swinging signs could be removed, and a plain sign with an easily read name and number put over each shop door.

We have taken Fourteenth Street for an illustration, only because we are personally often troubled

by it, but there are many streets as bad or worse. Still, these are business-streets, and the shop-keepers in them make no pretense of caring for art, or for the principles of decoration. But, at the upper-end of Union Square is a handsome, well-built building, a carefully-designed façade, in which particular attention has been paid to the detail, most of which is carved in the blue-stone. This front is almost completely covered with signs, some of which interfere with the lines of the building, while one, at least, most disagreeably contradicts these lines. The height of absurdity is reached, however, at the top of the building, where a company exclusively devoted to Decorative Art, under the control of an artist of exceptional delicacy and refinement in his department, has given the death-blow to the architect's design, by three monstrous and ugly signs, running across the fronts of three dormer-windows, carefully studied features on which the very life of the architect's design depends. These signs bear, for the derision of those who know, the name of this very artist. A more complete illustration of divorce between principles and practice we do not remember to have met with.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

WOLTMANN'S HISTORY OF PAINTING.

WE have received from Gustav Stechert, 766 Broadway, the latest issued part of the *Geschichte der Malerei*, History of Painting, which bears on its title-page the names of the late Alfred Woltmann, Professor in the Imperial University of Strassburg, and of Karl Woermann, Professor in the Royal Academy at Düsseldorf. The plan of the work was laid out by Professor Woltmann, who did not, however, live to complete his portion of the undertaking. He died at Mentone, whither he had gone in the hopeless search after health, on the 6th of February, 1880. The opening chapters, which relate the history of painting among the ancients, were written by Professor Woermann, who, after the death of Professor Woltmann, took up the modern period from the point where his hand had left it—the beginning of the account of the painters of Upper Italy in the sixteenth century, and, with some assistance from Professor Janitscheck, who wrote the chapters on the schools of Bologna and Ferrara, has brought the work down to the present part, which begins the account of the painters who worked in the latter half of the sixteenth

century. This part includes the Italians of the peninsula, with particular mention of the Venetians; the Spanish painters proper, with accounts of the schools of Castile, Valencia, and Andalusia, with notices of the Italians and Netherlanders who painted in Spain; the Netherland masters of the period—the followers of Quinten Massys, Van Orley, Mabuse, Scorel, and their independent contemporaries, with the painters of portrait, landscape, and genre. The number closes with the first few pages of the history of painting in other countries during this period, and this, when completed, will doubtless be as full and trustworthy as the rest. This history, so far as it has gone, is greatly in advance of the works of the same general scope and aim that have preceded it, both in fullness of information, and in discrimination, and we have learned with regret that the publication of an English translation which was begun at the same time here and in England, has been abandoned for the present by the American publishers, Messrs. Dodd and Mead, who do not find the times favorable for this useful addition to their already important list of art-publications. We suspect that something of this indifference on the part of the public may be owing to discouragement, the natural result of a too prolonged gnawing upon the files which German scholars are forever laying down before hungry students, deluding them with the promise of nourishing food. No one who has made use of their labors—and who can dispense with them?—will dispute the merits of German scholars—their unwearied patience in the collection of facts, their skill in sifting and classifying their material, their conscientiousness in dealing with it. But we look in vain in their pages, for the most part, for perception, for poetic apprehension, for the power to illuminate by the light of imagination the picture of the past, the materials of which they have so painfully brought together. Goethe, is of course, a phenomenon such as cannot be looked for again in a century, but he is a standard to which, whether we will or no, we must bring all our work for judgment, and no living writer can bear comparison with Goethe for intellectual clearness of external observation, for the poetic vision by which he cleaves to the heart of his subject, and for the pellucid style in which he tells us of his discoveries. So masterly is his grasp, and so simple and direct his method, that we are deceived into thinking it easy to do what he does. But, two generations of his countrymen having been trying in vain to wear

his shoes, and even for the Lessings and Winckelmanns, lesser divinities, who, yet, alongside Goethe, made themselves famous in the world of criticism, no successors have been found. The Passavants, the Mundlers, the Lübkes, the Waagens, the Kuglers, are an industrious, and more or less praiseworthy breed of scholars, but it would be hard to name an instance in which one of them has thrown a ray of light into any dark place, or has restored for later eyes, the dimmed brightness of any work of the past.

The work under our hand is a most valuable one of its class. It is a store-house of facts, industriously collected by men of learning, and arranged with that scientific precision in which the Germans excel all other people. We find no fault with work so faithfully done, all we say is, that we wish there were, somewhere, some one who could make these dry bones live.

“THE PORTFOLIO” FOR AUGUST. (J. W. BOUTON
NEW YORK.)

THIS number of *The Portfolio* possesses considerable literary interest in the articles on the late Samuel Palmer, “The Story of an Imaginative Painter,” by his son, A. H. Palmer; an account of the deserted Church of Ravenna, “St. Apollinare in Classe,” by Julia Cartwright, and “Pangbourne and Mapledurham,” by Alfred Church. These articles are models in their kind of what such articles should be, interesting in subject, full and accurate in information, and written in a clear, readable style. The illustrations are less satisfactory, although those which accompany the article on St. Apollinare are sufficient as memoranda, and two of them, the “Carving on the ivory chair of St. Maximian” and the “Sarcophagus of Archbishop Theodore,” are interesting as specimens of a process—some one of the many forms of photography—with which we are not familiar. The little cuts by Mr. Alfred Dawson that are interspersed in Mr. Church’s article on the Thames villages of Pangbourne and Mapledurham are, as usual, very pretty and enticing, but the etchings by the same hand are not so happy. We must enter our protest against Mr. W. Strang’s “Meal Time,” and against Mr. Hamerton’s comment on it. We are not so unreasonable as to complain of the ugliness of Mr. Strang’s people: this might easily be accepted if they were people at all. They are, in reality, only jointed dolls set about here and there, parodies

alike of nature, and of an art—the art of J. F. Millet—which, as it was original and inborn in the mind of that man, and was inextricably bound up with his loves, his desires and his experience, so it is worse than useless, it is dangerous, for another to attempt to re-create it.

Mr. Strang has not only failed, but he has failed offensively. His people are not even jointed dolls with a healthy suggestion of real life, they are morbid, anæmic, squalid types, they are everything that is repellent. The old woman has a loaf of bread on her lap that looks as if it were turned out of wood, but that the two halves could never have fitted. At her side is a baddish boy who is preparing to snatch the loaf, which he will wish he hadn't done when he tries to bite it; behind her is an older person who is trying the same game, while at her left the idiot son is slyly biding his time to carry off the prize from both the others. The drollest figure is the St. Jerome at the side—explained as the father of the family who has been giving himself a wash—in the pasteboard pond in the background?—but whose aspect conveys no such peaceful idea. The whole group is unreal, unmeaning, a mass of affectations. The execution of the plate is as bad as the conception of the subject. Nobody can read what Mr. Hamerton says of this etching as an etching, and retain much confidence in his judgment. He says among other things: "Throughout the plate before us there is not a detail, either in composition or execution, that has not been deliberately preferred." This may be, but we are not afraid to say that there is not a detail either in composition or execution that ought not to have been different.

JANITSCHECK'S MAGAZINE OF ART-SCIENCE.

WE have just received No. 3 of the VII Volume *Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft*. This valuable magazine is edited by Dr. Hubert Janitscheck, Professor in the University in Strassburg. The leading articles are: the conclusion of an exhaustive notice on Mathias Grünewald, by Frederick Niedermeyer; Heinrich Aldegrever, as Painter, in which the claims of that well-known engraver to be the author of an altar piece in the Wieser Kirche, in Soest (Rhenish Prussia), are considered by the architect Memminger, who believes this to be the work referred to by Karl von Mander, as having originally belonged to the "Old Church" (church of St. Peter). The article is an interesting one, but

competent scholars, among them Prof. Karl Woermann, are inclined to believe that Aldegrever's painted works are few in number, and not of much importance. The next article is one in which Americans may take an interest, being on the subject of *Dishonest Dealing with Antiquities in Cyprus and elsewhere*, by Max Ohnefalsch Richter. In this article a clear exposure is made of the conduct of the brothers, Louis and Alexander di Cesnola, in relation to the antiquities discovered by them, and by others, in Cyprus. It is no longer to be hoped that the Trustees of our Museum will take any steps to set themselves right with the intelligent portion of the public in the matter, but we may as well know that it has been taken up by competent scholars in Europe, and will be settled there—in the only quarter where scholars are to be found capable of settling it. Nor can there any longer be any doubt as to what the decision will be.

Other articles in this number of the *Repertorium* are on the "The Hospital San Spirito in Rome in the Fifteenth Century," and on "Filarete's share in the bronze-doors of St. Peter's Church, in Rome." The summary of news and correspondence relating to the collections and museums—the condition of their contents and recent additions,—with the book-reviews in all departments of art, the notes, the bibliographic notes, and lists of art-publications for the period from November, 1883, to the middle of March, 1884—all these departments are filled to overflowing, and make the publication a useful one for those concerned in what may be called the business-literary side of the art-world.

MEYER'S DICTIONARY OF ARTISTS.

THE Thirty-second Part of the *Allgemeines Künstler-Lexikon* (Universal Biographical Dictionary of Artists) of Dr. Julius Meyer has been sent us by Westermann & Co. This work, if ever completed, will no doubt be of great service to the grandchildren of the next generation, and it is useful to ourselves, so far as it has gone. The present Part carries us to the six-hundredth page, and yet we have only reached the name "Berger." This Lexicon is a new edition, the second, wholly rewritten, of Nagler's well-known *Künstler-Lexikon*. It is edited by Dr. Julius Meyer of Berlin and by Dr. Hermann Lücke of Leipzig, with the assistance of a staff of the best known writers on art at home and abroad. The present Part and the one preceding it have been edited by Dr. Hugo von

Tschudi of Berlin. The American names are written with the same care and fullness of treatment that are awarded to the artists of any country. The American correspondents are Mr. S. R. Koehler, whose name needs no introduction to Americans interested in art, to whom his pains-taking accuracy is well-known; and Mr. Charles C. Perkins, the accomplished author of "Tuscan Sculptors" and "Italian Sculptors," works of high value, not only for their research, but for their delicate and searching criticism. So well equipped is this undertaking of Dr. Meyer in the matter of editorial assistance, it is much to be regretted that it could not be pushed on more rapidly.

MULLER'S DICTIONARY OF LIVING ARTISTS.

MEANWHILE, its place, so far as living artists are concerned, is well filled by a small volume which we recommend to our readers, the *Biographisches Künstler-Lexikon* (Biographical Dictionary of Artists), of Dr. H. A. Müller, published by the Bibliographical Institute of Leipzig. We have had this book of reference on our table, and made frequent use of it during the last two years, and have found it accurate and well-informed. As the volume is only a duodecimo in form, and has but short six hundred double-columned pages in which to speak of living artists of all nations, it cannot be expected to include other names than those of persons who are somewhat known. But although, naturally, full information is given concerning academicians, exempts, medallists, and other official persons, yet there has been an honest attempt to include the newcomers. As usual, our own countrymen have fared ill. The same mishaps have overtaken this compiler, in spite of his good intentions, that have overtaken his predecessors in the task of getting together contemporary biographies. There is too much said of one, too little of another, and, often, not a word of those who deserve honorable mention. But, how is this to be avoided? The work is never done on the spot, and the information desired being seldom paid for, is dangerously exposed to the errors that come from the partiality of friends and the neglect of enemies. The list of American names is unusually full for a foreign dictionary, but we suppose no one here at home will deny that the following omissions ought to be supplied in a future edition of this useful work. Edwin A. Abbey, Wm. Gedney Bunce, Harry Chase, F. S. Church, Frank Duveneck, Wyatt Eaton,

George Fuller, Francis Lathrop, Geo. W. Maynard, Frank D. Millet, Albert P. Ryder, John S. Sargent, Augustus St. Gaudens, John H. Twachtman, and Olin L. Warner. We may also notice that there is some irregularity in printing the artists' given names. Sometimes they are printed in full, sometimes only the initials are given, and occasionally, as in the following instances we have chanced upon, an initial is omitted, the loss of which makes the name look strange to the artists' public. We have placed the missing initial in brackets. [T.] Addison Richards, William [T.] Richards, Christopher [P.] Cranch, William [M.] Chase. Probably there are others that have escaped our observation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLYMOUTH, MASS., Sept. 3, 1884.

To the Editor of THE STUDIO :

DEAR SIR :—I have read with very great pleasure the second number of the new STUDIO just received. The article on "Millet and the Children" is charming, as is also the opening paper—ostensibly about the American Art-Gallery prize-exhibition, but, really, a strong and excellent exposition of the present status of American art, with a plea for higher things.

THE STUDIO has grown in stature during its long sleep, and I wish to congratulate you on the higher and broader path upon which it is making its new start. At the same time, however, I wish to add a little plea for one or two of the small features of the old STUDIO, which were of great value and interest to those of your readers who, like myself, are professional artists. I refer to the list of coming exhibitions, with dates and other useful information, and to the reporting of exhibitions, lists of art-sales, etc. These were of great value to many of us; saved us much trouble, and will be much missed in the new STUDIO. Would it be incompatible with its new purposes and aims, to retain these common-place useful features in some out-of-the-way corner.

Very Truly Yours,

B. H.

[It is the intention of the editor of THE STUDIO to supply his readers with such information as the above letter so courteously asks for, and, in every way, to make the journal useful, so far as is in his power. It takes a little time for the machinery to be got in order for this purpose.]