1883

The Sketch Book

A Portfolio of Original Sketches

By American Artists

Cleveland O.

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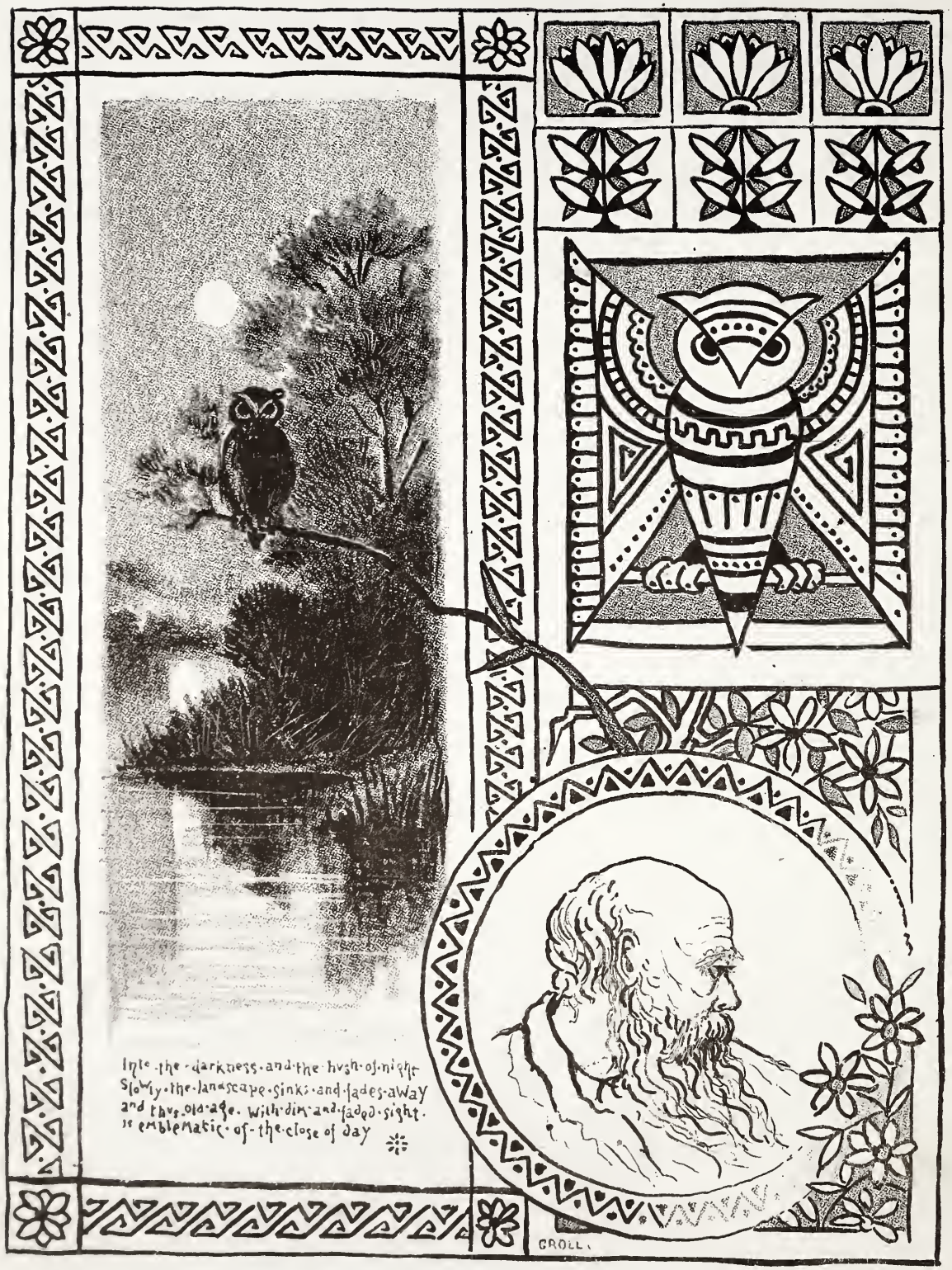

DECORATIVE DESIGN — NIGHT. Geo. C. Groll.

GEO. P. BRADLEY

GEO. GROSSMAN.

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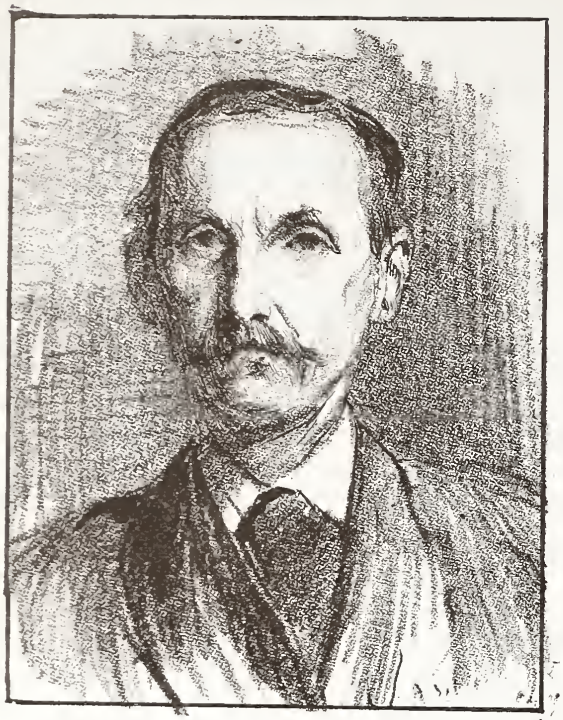
LIFE ON THE OCEAN. H.G.HERKOMER



PORTRAIT D. A. WEHRSCHMIDT

THE OLD MILL . W BROOKS

THE CRITIC Dr Scott Evans

STUDY E. W. PALMER

No 1. The Sketch Book. January 1883.

Contents No 1.

The Sketch Book is not mere portfolio of pictures. to regard it as such would be to pay to the earnest men, and students, who contribute to its pages but a shabby compliment.

It is a modest volume, the means used in its production being of the simplest, although, we believe, not generally practiced in this Country.* but it is hoped, that it has a mission, and that the lovers of things beautiful the connoisseur and the critic, as well as the student will discover in its pages sufficient, at least, to justify its publication.

The Sketches will possess the merit of originality - that is to say in the sense that every line will, as it appears, be the actual production of the artist, without the intervention of an intermediate. To possess - the volume complete, will be to possess one or more original sketches by the artist contributors.

It is the purpose of the publishers, to secure, so far, as it is possible representation in its pages of every known American artist, at home or abroad.

If the Sketch Book shall commend itself to public favor, it will be enlarged and such features added, as shall give to it a fair standing in the list of American Art publications. but, appearing, as it does, almost wholly unheralded, it enters with this, the initial number, into the realm of experiment.

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* The process is, to the best of our knowledge entirely new in this country. M. W. J. Morgan secured it in London from the inventor Alex. MacClure Esq, who gave him the formula and presented him with the material used in producing this issue.

The Sketch Book.

Mr. A. M. Willard was born August 22nd 1836 in the village of Bedford, near this city. From his earliest boyhood picture making was with him a passion, at school the mathematical problems disappeared from his slate in a mage of houses, dogs, cows, and all manner of pictures. The primitive conditions surrounding him made it necessary for him to devise the material where with to exercise his skill, this he was equal to, and he himself relates with much gusto his first effort on a large scale, when, during the sugaring season, he stripped the outer-bark from the large beech-trees within the sugar camp and with red chalk and charred embers from the camp fire he produced upon the trees painted savages of fierce and hideous mien, greatly to the admiration of the elders and the terror of the youngsters. The trees in the vicinity were made to receive the impress of the boy artists jack-knife and remnants of his carvings still remain.

The father of our artist being a Baptist minister moved about the Western Reserve, remaining but a short time in any locality and having a large family of boys the difficulties in pursuit of knowledge were multiplied. When seventeen years of age an itinerant portrait painter appeared in the neighborhood, and for a term of two weeks Mr. Willard was his industrious, devoted and indefatigable student. Two years later we find Mr. Willard at Wellington a carriage painter, exercising his passion for form and color in the elaborate decoration of peddlers wagons, etc.; and from time to time producing an easel picture portrait character piece or landscape, among others the originals of the since famous "Pluck" pictures; these latter, being sent to this city to be framed, attracted the attention of Mr. J. F. Ryder who, recognizing at once the genius of the artist and the wealth of dry, broad humor necessarily inherent in the author, entered into an arrangement with Mr. Willard for the reproduction in chromo-lithographs of the Pluck pictures, these were followed by "Deacon Jones"; immense editions were sold and the name of Willard became a house-hold word in the land. In 1873 Mr. Willard opened a studio in this city and has been since then a continuous resident.

In 1873 Mr. Willard spent several weeks in the studio of J. C. Eaton, New York, and this constitutes virtually the term of his study, so that he owes his success as an artist to his own untiring industry aided by an original versitily, somewhat remarkable. A strong physical organization embodied in over six feet of perpendicular bone, and muscle, a marked individuality and a quaint irresistable humor renders him a most genial and companionable friend, and, when in the midst of his family consisting of his venerable mother, refined and cultivate wife, and four healthy and intelligent children, Shehe, or "the Deacon" is a most engaging host to his many warm friends.

Of his works "The Roman Prisoner" was exhibited in 1874 in the New York Academy of Design, receiving most favorable treatment at the hands of the critics. In 1876 Mr. Willard produced his most ambitious work "Yankee Doodle" a canvas 8×10 feet in size. Into this stirring and vivid idyl of war the artist threw all the strength and vigor of his genius then at the zenith of its developement, this canvas was exhibited at the Centennial, in the "Old South Church" Boston, in San Francisco, and in the Corcoran gallery, Washington, and was finally purchased by General J. H. Devereux, and presented to the town of Marblehead, Mass, where it now hangs in the town hall. The son of General Devereux is the original of the fearless and manly drummer boy in the picture, marching with equal bravery at the side of his patriarchal compatriots into the carnage.

"Jim Bludso" an idealization of John Hay's poem in strong color, painted in 1878, and exhibited at the Loan Exhibition of that year, is now in the possession of Col. John Hay.

Many others of his works have found their way into private galleries.

Mr. Willard's versatility is most strikingly shown in the production, quite recently, of a bust of President Garfield. This is Mr. Willard's first effort with the modellers clay, and as such, it must be regarded as a brilliant achievement; the likeness is most striking — almost faultless.

Besides Mr. Willard's serious works, he has produced scores of humorous sketches, many of which have been published in various forms.

The Sketch Book.

Mr. Otto H. Bacher, who is represented on page by a character sketch "A daughter of the Buckeye state" and "The Lagoons, Venice," is a native of Cleveland, born of german parentage, March 31st 1856.

In 1874 Mr. Bacher began his art studies under Mr. De Scott Evans with whom he remained for one year, thereafter he entered the studio of Mr. Willis S. Adams. In the fall of 1878 Mr. Bacher, accompanied by Mr. Adams and Mr. Sion L. Wenban, went to Europe, entering upon his arrival the Antique class of the Royal Academy at Munich, then under the direction of Professors Benzur and Hockel. Early in 1880 the Duveneck class of American Artists was formed to which Mr. Bacher attached himself; the class proceeded at once to Italy, gravitating between Florence and Venice, with headquarters in the latter city. Mr. Bacher returned to his native city in January of this year, where he will locate for the present.

Mr. Bacher possessed but limited advantages educationally, but being endowed with brilliant perceptive faculties, and an unbounded ambition, his mind expanded under the benign influences of the land of poetry and song and as the heritage of the past was spread before him in the vast treasure stores of Art he grew rapidly, and the frank outspoken and somewhat boisterous boy has returned a genial, modest and refined gentleman. His work with the brush and etchers needle are eloquent witnesses to his earnest endeavors, the fruits of which he has already reaped in the favor with which his work is received at home and abroad.

As an etcher Mr. Bacher is accorded a rank with the best of the modern school and being contemporaneous with Whistler, Seymour, Hayden and Libl and this is saying much for so young a man. The intimacy which existed between Mr. James Whistler, himself an American, and the young artist while in Venice was of great value to Mr. Bacher. The genius of Whistler was an inspiration which awakened a quick response, and his latest plates will stand the test of criticism upon the standard of the most beautiful of the erratic Whistlers exquisite productions. A series of twenty four plates of German Scenery, two of which were published in the American Art Review as were also two Venetian scenes and a portfolio of twelve large plates "Etchings of Venice" are chief among his works; two plates, not embraced in either of the above "A wet evening in Venice" and "Sea Shore, Lido, Venice" were reproduced in the February number of the Century Magazine.

Mr. Bacher is a member of the Society of Painter-Etchers of London and of the American Society of Etchers.

As a painter Mr. Bacher has fulfilled the promise of his early efforts. The "Vatterie" a small painting exhibited at the Academy reception was hung on the line at the Philadelphia Academy Exhibition of 1881 and was accorded the same honor at the Spring Exhibition 1882 of the Society of American Artists, N. Y. A large canvas "St. Marks" was exhibited in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1882.

The Sketch Book.

Mr. Herman G. Herkommer springs from a family of Artists and the younger scion is destined to give added lustre to the family name.

Born in this city on the 2d day of September 1862, he sets out at the treshold of his manhood with brilliant prospects. He began his studies under Willis Adams in 1877, and continued them with Frank Tompkins. late in 1880 he joined the Young Students League in New York under its present able director Wm. Chase, and in August of the following year he entered the Royal Academy at Munich, where he remained but three months, studying under Professor Benzur. Fortune favored the young student and midsummer of the same year found him an inmate of the home and an earnest worker in the studio of his cousin Hubert Herkommer at Bushy-Hertz near London. In October 1882 he returned to his home freighted with the results of his years labor, and accompanied by his distinguished relative. Next May Mr. Herkommer together with his parents and two sisters will leave the city and country, to take up a permanent residence in England.

The influence of his cousin-teacher is manifest in the productions of his student, but that he will be a blind follower and copyist of any teacher is foreign to his independent character.

Of the paintings he has exhibited the best, and this we believe is the judgment of the artist himself, is a three quarter length portrait of his most intimate friend Mr. Dan. S. Wehrschmidt, an artist himself, the sitter was able to enter fully into the spirit of the work in hand, and the result has been not only a portrait but a picture possessing in a marked degree the artistic sentiment. A life sized portrait of Mayor Herrick, also painted since the artists return is an excellent likeness of our Chief Magistrate, which justifies all the encomiums passed upon it, while on exhibition. The English character studies, and Alpine Sketches evince a fine perception, the "pre-Raphaeleite" tendancies of the english teacher being perceptible but not obtrusively so, in the work of the American student.

Mr. Herkommer has certainly achieved wonderful progress and whether here or in England he may well claim a place among the successful painters of America, and it is our loss, as we trust it may be his gain, that he does not remain among us.

The sketch "On Shipboard" page is from the pencil of Mr. Herkommer.

GRANDMA'S CHAIR.

SUNSET · ON · LAKE · ERIE J. W. BELL.

EVENING. R. W. SMITH.

THE MOWER — A. BANDLOW

OTTO H. BACHER

THE LAGOONS. OTTO H. BACHER.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE D. S. EVANS

SKETCH — R. TURNER. RT

THE GARDEN WALK. G. P. BRADLEY

PORTRAIT — KENYON COX.

No. 2. The Sketch Book. February 1883.

The Sketch Book is published monthly by the Cleveland Academy of Art, at $2.50 per year, in advance.

The process of reproduction is such, that the Sketches are essentially original, no engraving or re-touching being required.

American artists at home and abroad, who may desire to furnish sketches for publication, will be furnished with material on application.

Liberal commissions will be allowed to artists or art students acting as agents in securing subscriptions.

All Communications should be addressed to

W. H. Eckman
Secretary Art Academy
Cleveland. O.

Contents of No. 2.

The Press in its notices of the Sketch Book, has been almost universally complimentary, in many instances most flatterings things have been said; but a pretty sprinkling of thorns have been set to garnish the roses, and the dear critics who are all born and not bred, have had their day in court. All of which is good and proper, but we could wish that that much abused term "impressionist" and the iterated "wanton want of finish" and "deplorable lack of elaboration", might be spared. Be ye content, oh critic, with the assurance that these are faults (?) readily condoned if the spirit of the place and hour has been caught.

Look at Ross Turner's pretty trifle, at the top of page 15; the lines, what few there are of them are erratic to a degree, but certainly these lines dissolve themselves by some inherent magic, into the wettest possible water and the clumsy craft floats idly on. Then does not "A dream of the Lagoons," on page 13 with all its "wanton want of finish" awaken the lazy sentimentality of Venezia. Ross Turner gives us lines, pure, strong, aggressive lines, while Bacher speaks through broad and heavy masses, the one uses the point of his crayon, while the flat side serves the other. The good student will have no quarrel with the dearth of lines or the undeveloped masses, if, instead of staring with openeyed wonder, he will look with half closed eyes.

Laugh at the infant terrible, which Archie Willard has perched so saucily upon a pedestal, as it were, above earth itself and the Sketch will have accomplished its innocent mission. Believe me if the Sketches demanded it, or the purpose had been better served, Mr. Turner, or Mr. Bacher, or Mr. Willard could round out, and complete every feature.

The very fine head on page 16, by Kenyon Cox of Cincinnati, is unquestionably the gem of the number, the values are clearly developed, and made the most of; critic, artist and student may study it closely with advantage. The subject of the sketch, Mr. Joseph De Camp, has sent an equally fine head of Mr. Cox in return, which will appear in No. 3.

On page 21 is a head by Mr. Bandlow, which may meet favor with those who ask for finish. The qualities of close, careful and conscientious drawing are manifest, but it is not equally apparent that these virtues, and they are great virtues, constitute a weakness. This is a portrait rather than a sketch, just as Geo. Grossman's exquisite little pose on the last page, is sought to be made a picture of, the elaboration of ideal accessory detracts from the charm of the figure.

Willard's saucy imp finds a counter-poise in the infants set up by De Scott Evans on page 14. Estheticism has developed early and, as the Artist is himself a member of the Academy's Hanging Committee, the Sketch may be regarded as true to life and eminently pre-Raphaelistic.

Another phase of childhoods happy hour is shown in Geo. Bradleys modest chat with a goose, while Geo. C. Groll, in his fine conventional panel on the last page idealizes Shakespeare's infant age very prettily. Mr. Groll has been quite happy in a number of recent conventional pieces, the "Night" in No. 1, being not the least in point of merit.

Herman Herkommer has scarcely done himself justice in his full length figure on page 23, but we look for a luminous page in our next — a parting salute to his legion of friends, ere he leaves for the land of fogs and roast beef, his future home.

Adam Lehr's pheasants are a very feathery brace of beauties.

In landscape neither the mill, with its romantic possibilities by Mr. Bell, nor Mr. Smiths "Misty Morning" are quite so satisfactory as their effective contributions in No. 1, but each has, in its way, a charm worth discovering.

The simplicity of the process, whereby our Sketches are reproduced excites a smile at the numerous enquiries made as to how it is accomplished so faithfully, in as much as the very nature of the process renders anything but a faithful re-production impossible. The keenest vision will fail to discover a discrepancy between the Sketch of the Artist and the copy as it appears, simply because no discrepancy exists. The process is simple, to wit: The drawing is made upon grained paper with lithographic crayon ("vile stuff," say some of our artist friends);

being dampened the sheet is placed upon the lithographic stone, submitted to pressure and forthwith the Sketch appears upon the stone, with all its perfections and imperfections; from the stone, without further preparation, except to apply the ink, the impressions are taken ad finitum. We are indebted to Mr. Morgan, our publisher, for the application of this simple process to our purpose, and, when we consider the great skill and infinite patience required to reproduced the works of our Artists on wood, in the exquisite and artistic manner in which they are re-produced in the Century, Harpers and others of our great publications, necessitating such considerable expenditure as to limit the reproductions in number to the minimum we cannot but feel that this will become the not only the popular, but the best medium, through which the public may become acquainted and familiar with the works of American Artists, not alone by presenting copies of their more ambitious work but by original conceptions. That such an acquaintance will constitute an important factor in Art Education, there can be no doubt whatever.

It may be urged that this process is limited in its capabilities, to this we would answer, the process is, as yet in its infancy; its possibilities have not been fully tested, but a close study and careful comparison of the following sketches, namely that of Mr. Willard on page 9, of Mr. Bacher on pages 12 and 13, of Mr. Bell on page 16 and the designs by Mr. Groll on pages 1 and 24 is convincing evidence that a wide diversity of tone and effect is possible, and, when it is understood that the crayon, the brush, the pen and the needle may be used and that the complacent stone yields willing obedience to the most erratic genius, we may at least await further developement.

We are dependent of course upon our artists to work out this problem; some have evinced a shyness of any attempt with a medium with which they are not familiar; others await further showing, but many more have accepted our invitation and we are confident that the ultimate result will be a full realization of our anticipations.

We had expected to present in this number a drawing, in perspective of the proposed Academy building, but have found it necessary to defer it until the next number.

The Academy Association, incorporated and organized a year ago, has had under consideration several building plans, all of which have received the careful attention of the Trustees and while none of these plans have been definitely agreed upon, the proposition to erect a building for the exclusive use of the Academy, rather than to join with other organizations, meets with the greatest favor.

The delay, occasioned by this conservative policy of the Trustees, has its ample compensation in the assurance, that the plans finally agreed upon, will be the best for the purpose. Little doubt is entertained of the ability of the Association to secure the means necessary to carry out the project.

De Scott Evans, whose amusing little sketch "The Hanging Committee," occupies page 14, was born in the Village of Boston, Indiana, March 28th 1847. He evinced an early predeliction for drawing and, in 1864 entered the Studio of Albert Beaugureau in Cincinnati; ten years later he removed to this city, the interval being occupied in study and in teaching. In the spring of 1877 Mr. Evans went to Paris, where he remained one year studying under Wm. Bougureau, the famous French artist for whose works Mr. Evans entertained the liveliest admiration; here he acquired the taste for ornate interiors and bric-a brac productions, in which he has since met with much success; among the best "Bric-a brac" is owned by W. H. Mestayer of New York; "The fireside" by John N. Hidden, of this city; "The day before the Wedding" and "The Christmas Stocking" by Prof. David Swing of Chicago.

Mr. Evans has for several years been an exhibitor in the National Academy of Design, N. Y. the "Old Clock" and the "Taxidermist" being awarded a place on the line at the exhibition of '82. "The Spring House" a rustic genre piece quite equal to the best of his recent productions and having many excellencies in tone and color, will be exhibited at the coming exhibition of the Academy of Design.

Of Mr. Evans' work it is to be said, that his more recent pieces evince marked superiority over his work of three or four years earlier, and that he has been most fortunate in his devotion to that class of productions which gives play to his taste for brilliant colloring and rich scenic effects; in the luxurious appointments of the modern parlor and drawing-room Mr. Evans finds his best inspirations and while many of his canvasses may be freighted with an over-abundance of accessory, the fault may with reason be found in the fashion of the day rather than in the artist.—

The Academy lectures and the monthly receptions have been well attended throughout the seasons and have constantly grown in favor.

The local event of the season in art circles was the opening of Mr. Otto H. Bacher's studio in the Raymond building on March 24th. The catalogue embraces eighteen paintings, some fifty etchings, besides a number of pastels and water colors.

PORTRAIT—A. BANDLOW

SKETCH—A.M.WILLARD.

A MISTY MORNING. R. WAY SMITH.

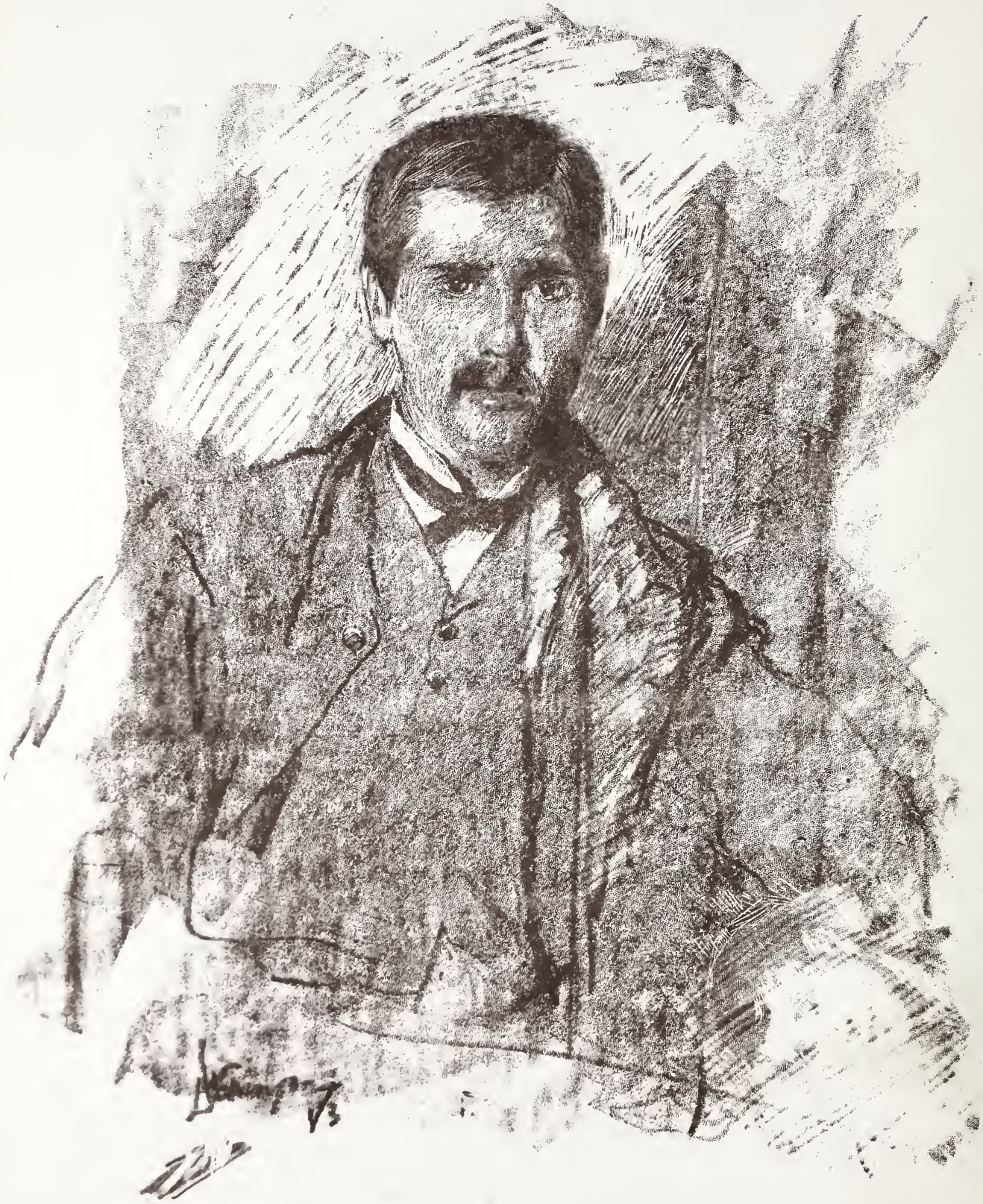
GAME PIECE. ADAM LEHR.

A BAVARIAN PEASANT H.G.Herkomer

A SPANISH GIRL— GEO. GROSSMAN.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.— INFANCY. Geo. C. Groll

CONTENTS



·: KENYON·COX·ESQ.· + ·JOS·DE·CAMP+

+ A · TUNISIAN · + · GEO · E · HOPKINS +

÷ LAKE CHAUTAUQUA · John W. Bell ÷

DIANA · Kenyon · Cox

✣ MELANCHOLY · Geo · Grossman ✣

✣ THE FAIRIES · Geo · P · Bradley ✣

VENICE · W·L·Palmer

The·Seven·Ages·of·Man· CHILDHOOD Geo·C·Groll

A TRUANT · Aug Bandlow

+ · THE · OLD · SHAKER MILL · + · A · M · Willard +

+ • A • D [illegible] LE EABLE • TASK • + • Dan • A • Wehrschmidt +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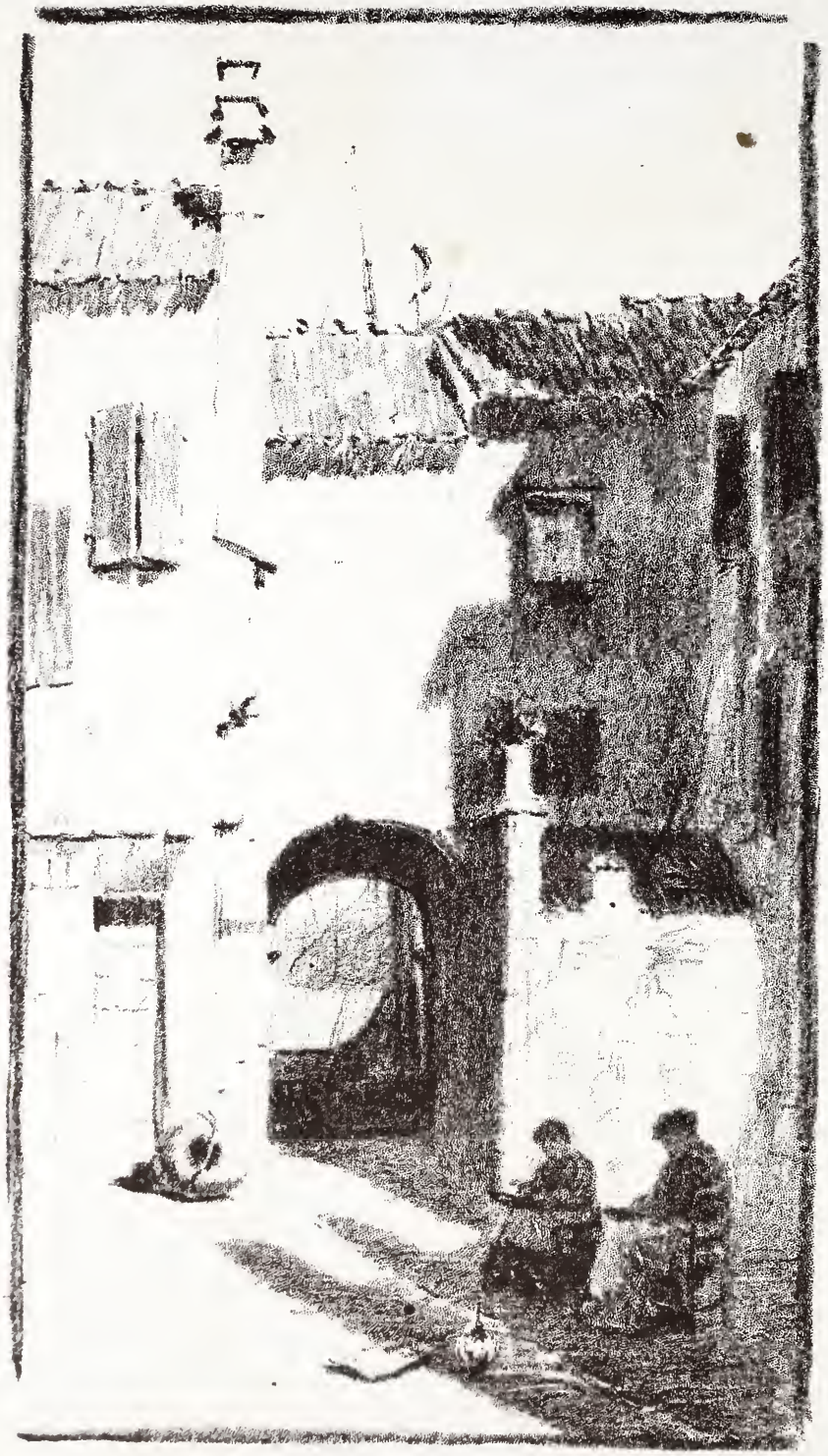
+ OTTO H. BACHER ESQ. + JOS. DE CAMP

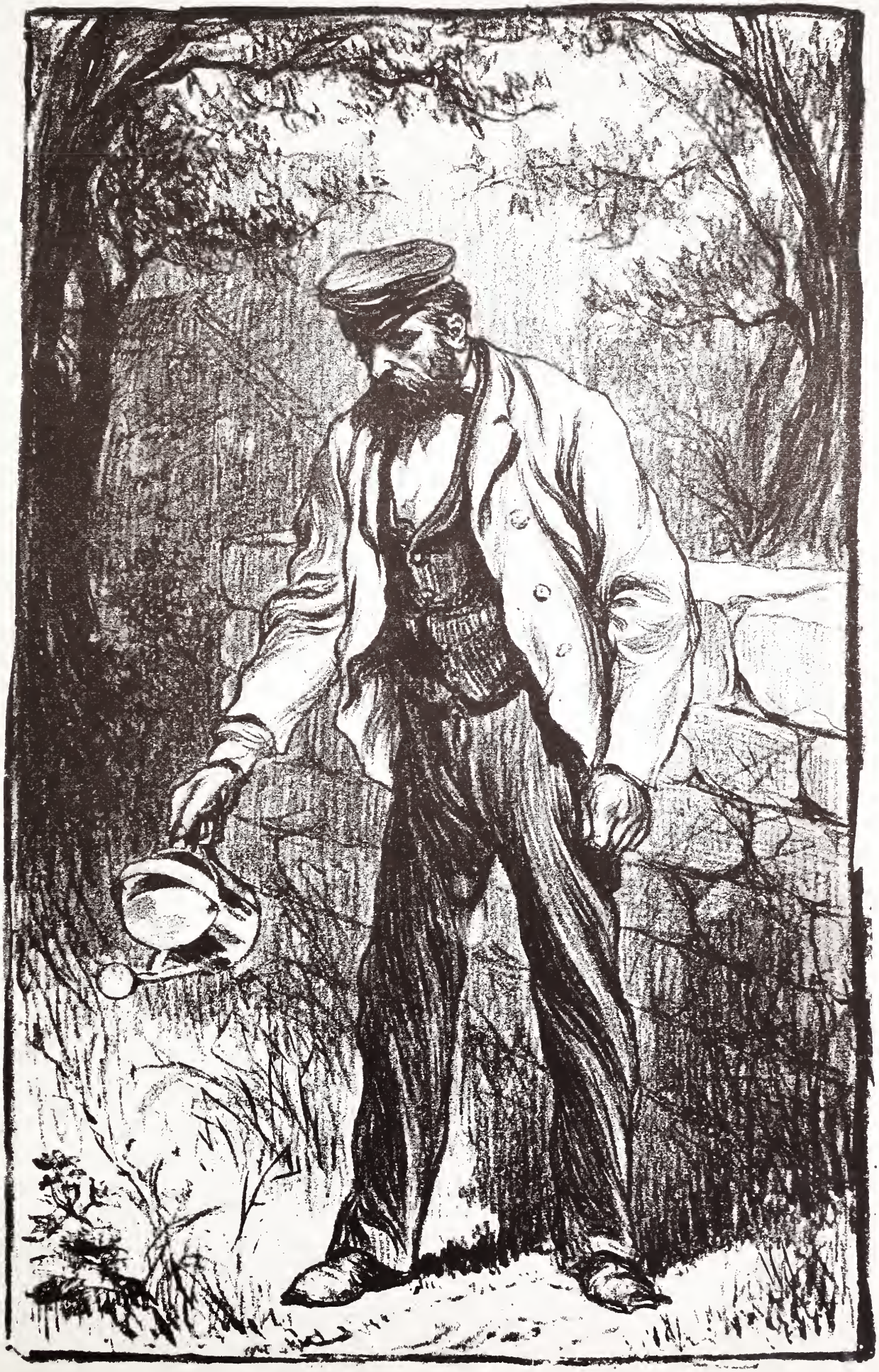
STUDY HEAD D. A. Wehrschmidt

STUDY HEAD. Kenyon Cox

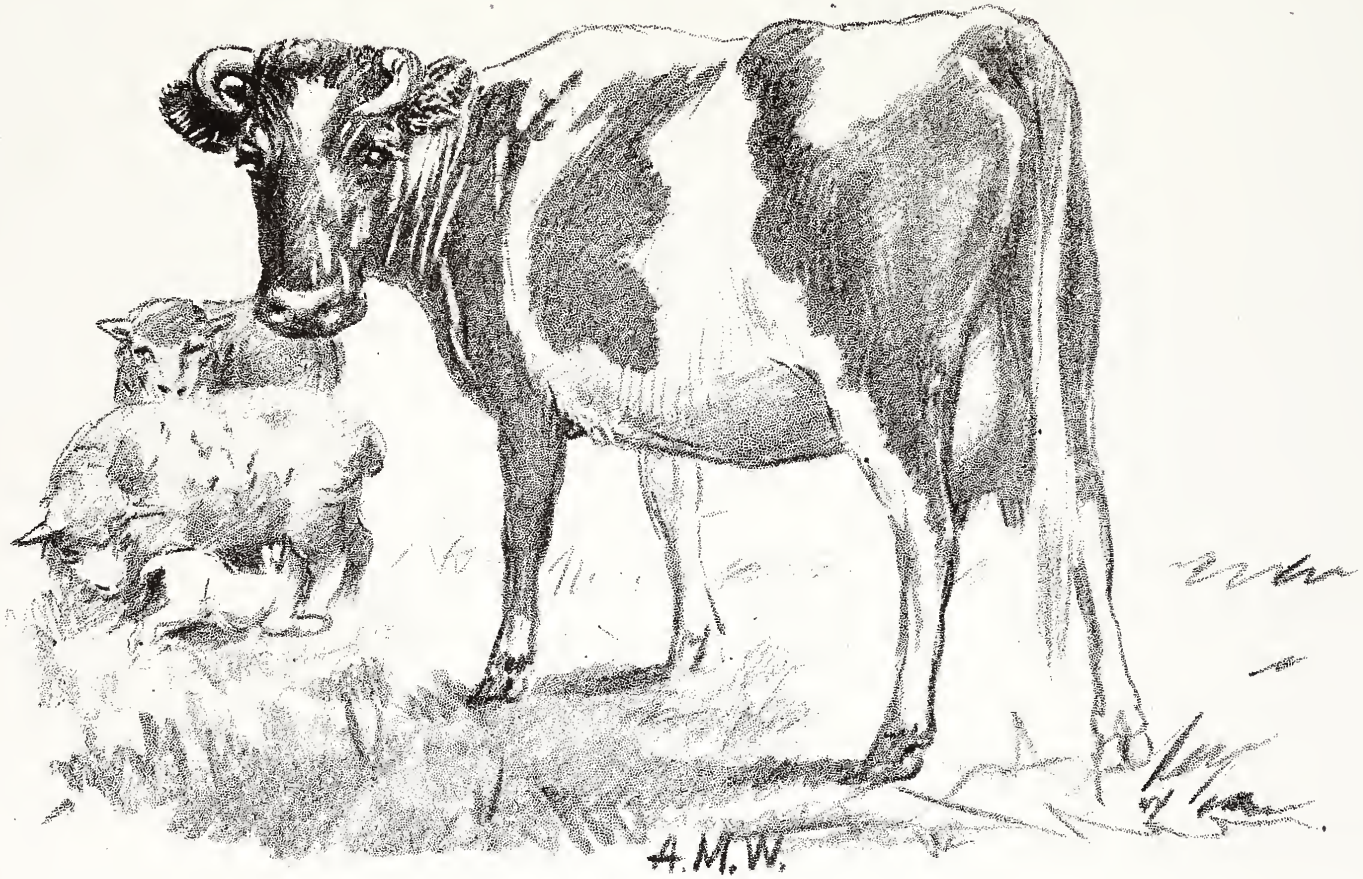


*A COURT IN CHIOGGIA+GEO. A HOPKINS

÷ HEAD OF HORSE ÷ E.W. PALMER



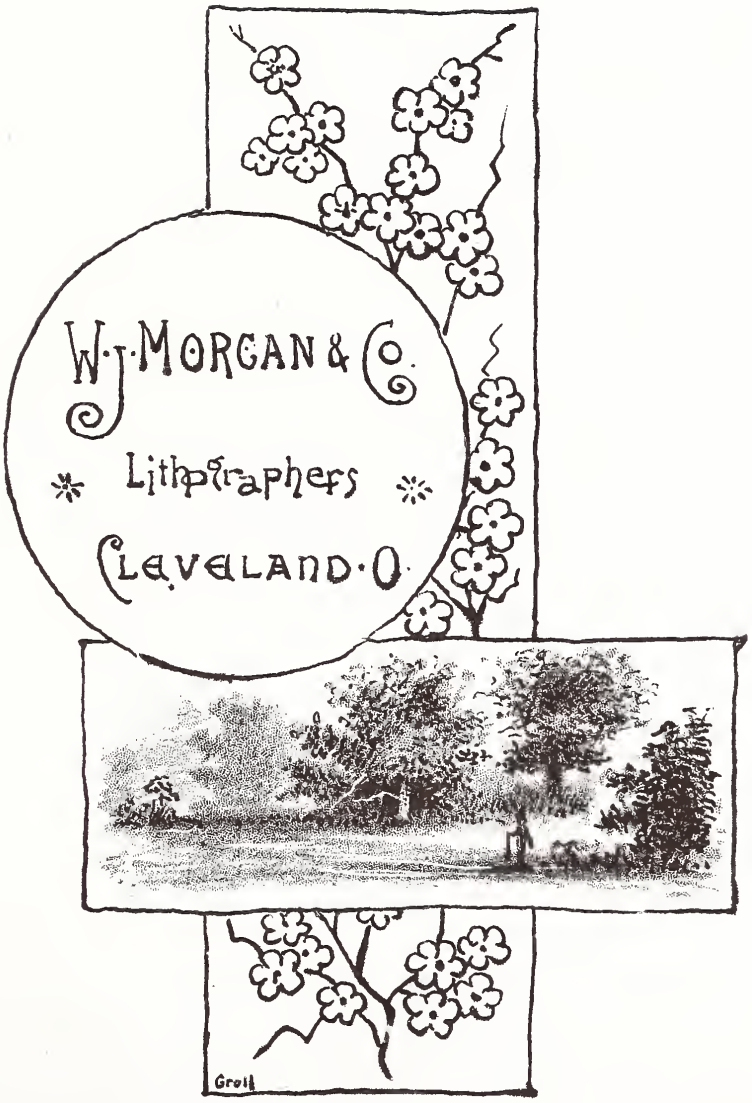
THE GARDENER—AUG. BANDLOW

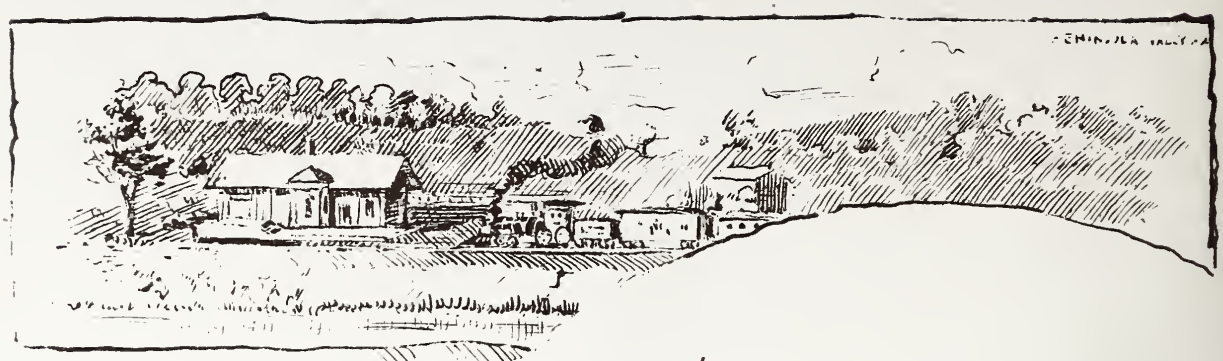


STUDY OF COW & SHEEP A.M. WILLIARD.

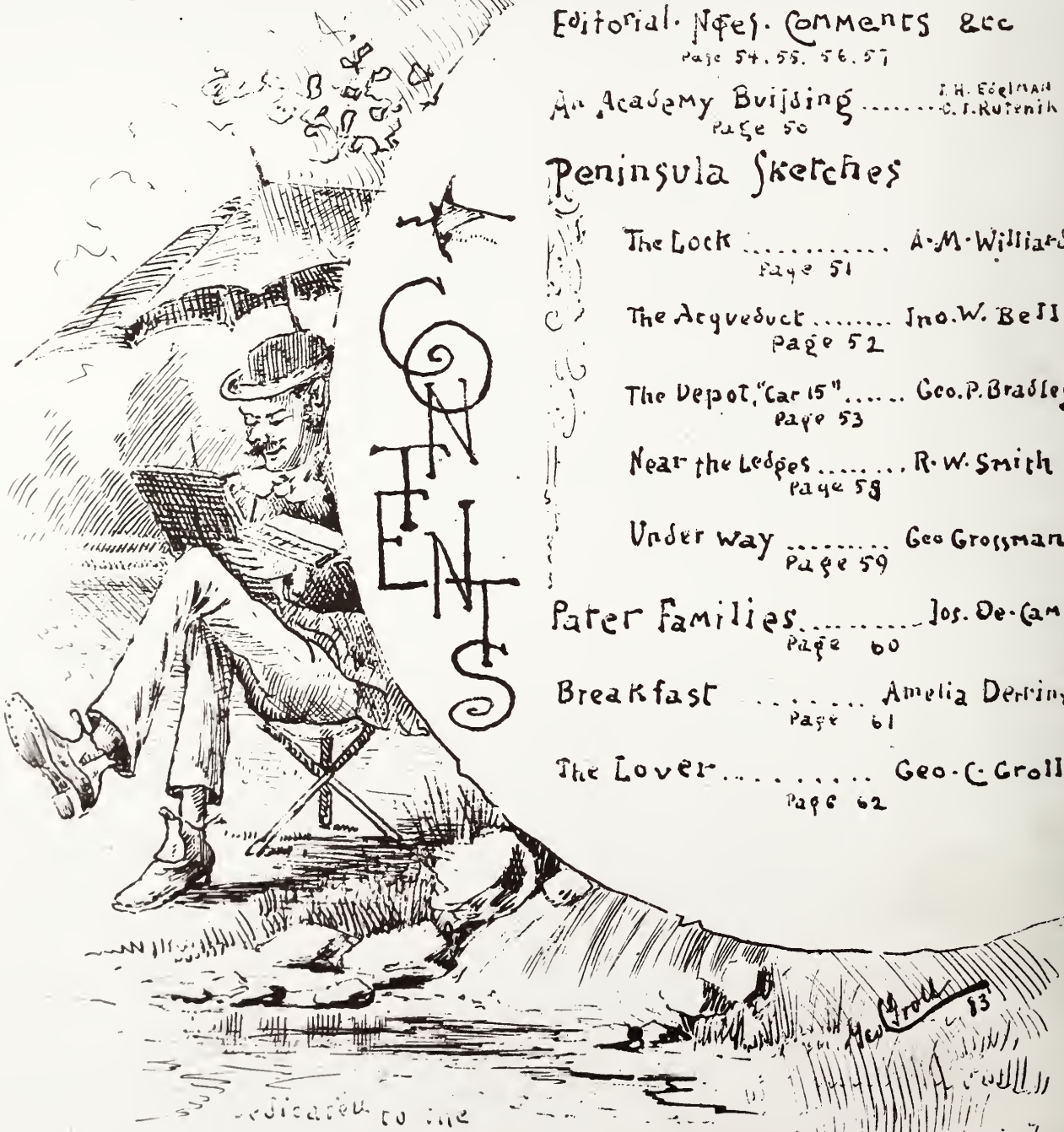
PORTRAIT. J.O. ANDERSON

-+-CHILDS HEAD-+- L. RITTER


W·J·MORGAN & Co.
Lithographers
CLEVELAND·O.
Groll



CONTENTS



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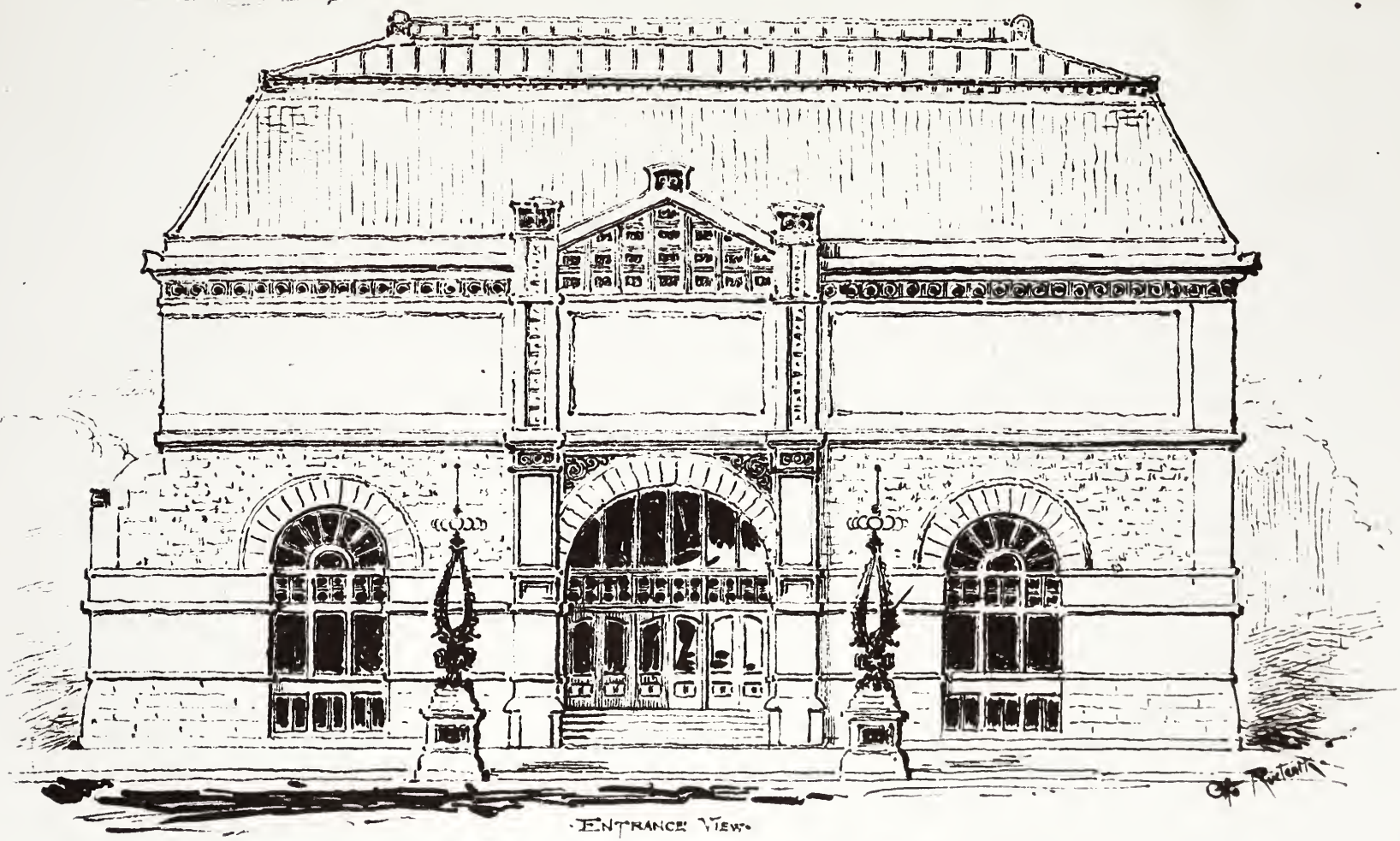
VALLEY R. R. Co.



Entrance View

Proposed Design Cleveland Academy of Art

LONGCERES

THE ACQUEDUCT. J.W. BELL

THE · DEPOT · CAR · 15 · Geo. P. Bradley

THE SKETCH BOOK.

Vol. I. No. 5. CLEVELAND, OHIO. MAY, 1883.

THE SKETCH BOOK,
PUBLISHED MONTHLY. - - - - - $2.50 PER YEAR.
All Subscriptions begin with No. 1 of Each Volume.
W. H. ECKMAN, - - - - - - - - - - Editor.
Room 27 City Hall Building, Cleveland, Ohio.
W. J. Morgan & Co, Lithograph Press.

The patience of our friends and patrons has been grievously tried by the failure to issue The Sketch Book on schedule time. We have been clothed in sackcloth and ashes thereat; but with this number we ascend out of the gloom into an atmosphere of "glorious promise," and expect to carry friends and patrons with us.

The Sketch Book was originated by a "small but select" coterie of the Life Class members of the Art Academy, and was hurried into existence with but a modicum of premeditation, and entirely innocent of organization; while all were willing to faithfully discharge their self-imposed task, in preparing the work, an innate and characteristic modesty prevented any individual member of the staff from assuming to stir up the dilatory, and thus it is that May ripened into July before No. 5 was issued.

The staff has been organized and, with this number, The Sketch Book enters upon a new lease of life, which, if our friends will aid us, will become a healthy and vigorous existence.

It is singular how great minds do move in the same channel. That gem of wisdom, "Drawing is a fancy study," evolved from the inner consciousness of the Cleveland Educator, burst upon the world simultaneously with that meteoric flash from the brain of the Rev. Jasper:—"De Sun do move."

The Sketch Book is not a Journal of Art, "devoted to the promulgation of æsthetic philosophy," nor does it promise to furnish any inspiration to the pilgrims seeking the dizzy heights of Parnassus; it is simply, as its name fully implies, a volume of sketches—a book of choice quotations from the artist's portfolio, as it were.

One of the most active and aggressive opponents in the Board of Education to the reinstatement of drawing in our public schools is a "Sign and Ornamental Painter," who employs a number of master workmen; a knowledge of drawing is a pre-requisite to success in his trade, and his opposition can be accounted for only upon the hypothesis that his faith is strong in the adage that "artists are born, not made."

The staff agonized considerably over some caustic criticisms made upon several pronounced cases of bad spelling in previous numbers. Direct reproduction of written matter precluded the effective application of the proof reader's scalpel upon the offending words. There was no remedy after the deed was done. We have discarded reproduction in this corner and shall hereafter anathematize the stupid typo, pronounce maledictions against the pervese type and exterminate the careless proof-reader, as all ably conducted journals do under such circumstances.

It is suggested that the Academy building, when erected, should be opened with a Grand Loan Exhibition, and, as we are possessed of an abiding faith in the success of the effort to erect such a structure, we stand fully committed to the suggestion. Why not duplicate the grand achievement of 1878? It would seem that the enthusiasm and energy which made of the "Great Loan" such an unprecedented success, might well be enlisted in the interest of the Academy.

It is none too early to inaugurate a move in that direction, as much of the excessive labor performed by the committees of '78 was necessitated by shortness of the time allotted for preparation.

The next number of The Sketch Book will be devoted entirely to illustrations of the great natural beauties of the surroundings of Lake Chautauqua, together with realistic sketches of camp life found in the encampments of the Cleveland Grays, the Knights Templar and the Canoe Club; a full staff of artists with pen, pencil and crayon is enlisted for the purpose. The serious, the comical, the picturesque, the sublime and the ludicrous features of the occasion will be faithfully recorded, and the number will be a portfolio of Mid-Summer reminiscences worth preserving.

The following will comprise the staff of artists: A. M. Willard, Otto H. Bacher, Geo. C. Groll, Joseph DeCamp, R. Way Smith, J. W. Bell, Geo. L. Grossman, DeScott Evans, and Miss Amelia Derringer.

Descriptive letter press will accompany the Sketches.

Some evenings since a party of prominent citizens assembled at the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Gardner, and listened to a very interesting talk upon the subject of Manual Training. Prof. Woodward, Principal of the St. Louis Manual Training School, being present by invitation, in a very able manner set forth the aim and intent of the system. The results secured in the three years during which the school has been in operation, have been, in his opinion, most gratifying and satisfactory. Drawing is one of the most important studies taught in this school of *practical education*, and is continued through the entire course of three years. Without instruction in drawing a Manual Training School or any other school would be barren of practical results, except in graduating a generation of students unfitted for any manual labor; and yet the Board of Education of this proud city banishes drawing from our public schools, because it is a "fancy study."

THE ACADEMY.

The apparent inactivity of the Board of Trustees of the Academy corporation has given rise to expressions of impatience on the one hand, and of doubt as to the accomplishment of the purpose for which the corporation was formed on the other; the one is as unwarranted as the other. The Board and the Executive Committee have deemed it wise to consider very carefully the several propositions brought forward, and to act only when the best attainable plan has been decided upon. It must be understood that at the inception of the

project, a somewhat vague and indefinite idea of the full scope of the matter was had, that from time to time this uncertainty disappeared, and from the temporary structure, to be erected at a minimum cost, the proposed Academy building has developed into proportions commensurate with the dignity of the end and purpose to be served.

It is true that no tangible evidence of progress has been shown, walls have not been raised, neither has ground been broken; but the determination to carry out the work to an ultimate accomplishment is as clearly defined now as it was twenty months ago, when the letters of Incorporation were issued, and the friends of the project may find ample cause for congratulation rather than for impatience at the delay.

WANTED—A GALLERY.

The entire absence of any properly constructed and sufficiently commodious place in this city, where works of art can be exhibited, deprives our citizens of an opportunity to see many fine collections and individual pieces. But recently, a member of the American Society of Artists sought in vain for a suitable place to exhibit the works of that Society, which has upon its rolls the familiar names of many of the most noted American Artists. A few months since, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, then on a visit here, expressed a desire to exhibit his works, brought from England and then in New York city, but an exhaustive search for a suitable room proved ineffectual. Some years since, when David Neal's great picture "Mary Stuart and Rizzio," since made familiar by an excellent chromo, was about being sent to its San Francisco purchaser, an effort was made to secure it for exhibition, but was abandoned, because no place suitable could be found. We all remember to what great disadvantage DeBouf's "Prodigal Son" was exhibited in Case Hall, and who that was connected with the Loan of '78, does not recall the great hall of paintings and statuary, so rich in beautiful productions and so superbly arranged, but so poorly lighted as to detract materially from the effect. The anxiety, labor and expense involved in devising and erecting the requisite artificial light is a matter of painful history with those having it in charge.

It certainly is no credit to a city with a population of over 200,000 people, renowned for its natural and cultivated beauty, its exceptional society, the offspring of liberal and generous impulses and of great wealth, to acknowledge that not even a temporary abiding place for the products of genius can be found within its borders.

DRAWING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Some weeks since the local Board of Education refused by a small majority to pass an order re-establishing the study of drawing, discontinued about a year ago, in the public schools. The main argument of the opposition was to the effect that Drawing is one of the "fancy"—that was the term—branches of education, so wholly ornamental as to be of no practical use to the great majority of children attending the public schools, who must, upon leaving school, enter at once into the struggle of life, and that the children of the rich man would alone be benefitted in acquiring the "accomplishment." Strangely enough the friends of the measure seemed by their silence to acquiesce in this false reasoning, and no word was uttered in refutation; yet it would seem that the most casual consideration of the subject would at once discover the utterly illogical character of the assertion.

Without stopping at this time to enter into a discussion of the merits of the study itself, for such a discussion, however conclusive might be the argument, would avail nothing were so unwarranted an assertion to remain unanswered, attention is directed to the following facts, which it is believed must convince any candid mind that all human wisdom is not concentrated in the brains of the Solons who preside over the destiny of our public schools.

The gentlemen undertake to divide the rising generation into two classes, to wit: the sons and daughters of wealth and the children of the vast multitude of commoners; and they are unanimously agreed that the latter, rather than the former, should be regarded as the public wards, so far as the use of the common free schools are concerned. Accepting the division as a natural one and the expressed preference as being wholly in harmony with the fundamental principles of our Magna Charta, it would appear that the relative merit of every study, including drawing, taught in the public schools might be determined by a very simple process; as for instance: The sons of the wealthy graduate from the public schools into the college and seek to fit themselves for a professional career; they become statesmen, lawyers, doctors, preachers, diplomats, authors, journalists, bankers, merchants, railroad magnates, manufacturers or politicians. To what extent a knowledge of drawing will be of *practical* use to men engaged in these vocations it will be difficult to determine.

As to the daughters of luxury and ease, the claims of society are so exacting as to preclude close study, and the necessity for practical application does not exist.

On the other hand, the vast army of producers is recruited from among the sons and daughters of the middle class—the great commoners of the land—artists, architects, engineers, designers, artisans, machinists, jewelers, furniture-makers, pattern-makers, carvers, engravers, masons, carpenters, builders, potters, decorators, painters, founders, and in truth the entire host of workers is to be found in embryo among those scholars of our public schools whose circumstances require that they graduate from the text book into the busy battle of life, and it should be apparent to the most obtuse mind, that, in either of the trades or vocations named a knowledge of drawing is not only one of practical utility but an absolute pre-requisite to success; without such knowledge the apprentice cannot become a master workman, but must ever remain a mere mechanical tool, subject to a higher intelligence, an intelligence which can plan, devise and lay out the work.

Drawing is the alphabet of a practical education, of immeasurably more moment to the rising generation of producers than many of the studies which form a part of the public school, and which it would be a rank heresy to speak of as mere accomplishments. It might be pertinent to ask of what possible *practical* use such studies as Latin, Greek, Rhetoric, Music and Philosophy are to the majority of students who cannot follow them up, and what harvest is the scholar to reap from the long hours of study devoted to Physics, Chemistry, Geography and History, who does not expect or hope to enter into a vocation where such knowledge may be applied.

DRAWING SCHOOLS.

Some years since a law was passed by the Massachusetts Legislature providing for free drawing schools throughout the State. A circular was issued asking the opinion of authorities on the advisability of such a step; we quote from some of the replies:

"If we are ever to have a system of Industrial as well as Art education, or if any provision is to be made for the future occupation of our pupils in the public schools, *Drawing must be introduced as the very alphabet and key of the whole scheme.*"—Dr. Henry Barnard, *Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.*

"On *general principles*, the workingman is entitled to the same educational facilities, proportionately, that are so liberally accorded to the so-called 'educated classes.' The alphabet of this *technical education is Drawing.*"—Hon. Geo. F. Hoar.

"Skill in mechanical labor is always associated with a nice sense of form and proportion. This sense is to be trained by Drawing. * * A boy who spends two hours a week in drawing, and the rest of the time in working at machines, or at the bench, learns his business faster, and becomes more skillful at it, than he who works all the time. * * It is calculated that the productive efficiency of every machine shop would be increased thirty-three per cent. if every journeyman could read any common working drawing and work by it."—Prof. C. O. Thompson, *Principal of the Worcester Technical School.*

"No one can question the utility of the Art of Drawing, as its usefulness may be seen and felt in almost every trade and business of life. * * The first step to be taken to elevate public taste, and to secure to our Industrial classes the skill which would in consequence be demanded, is to cause Drawing to become a regular branch of instruction in all the common schools of the State."—Prof. Geo. E. Gladwin, *Worcester Technical School.*

"Such instruction will make our nation richer, by making our Artisans more tasteful and skillful, and by developing the latent talent of the industrial classes. Without this cultivation no people can aspire to become a first-class manufacturing nation, nor will they be able to compete successfully with the products of skilled industry in the great markets of the world. * * The whole nation is deploring the lack of good ornamental designers. We are becoming tired of sending so many millions to Europe for articles that we might produce cheaper at home if we had skilled designers."—Prof. Louis Bail, *Scientific School, Yale College.*

"The instruction of men, women and children in those branches of Drawing which are applicable to the industrial arts, may be expected to obtain from them, in a greater or less degree, the benefits of an increased development of the powers of perception, a new means of expression, and new sources of enjoyment. Drawing gives a new sense and a new language; and not only is its exercise a delightful recreation in itself, but it opens the eye of the mind to the endless beauties of nature and art. It is thus an invaluable element in general education. To the workman it is of the greatest practical use. If he does not carry it so far as to become a skilful draughtsman himself, it yet enables him better to understand drawings made by others and to work intelligently from them, and to represent, however rudely, things that cannot well be explained by words. He is a more intelligent and serviceable workman. If he attains to real skill in the use of his pencil, and develops the tastes and talents that cannot, without this training, be either discovered or made use of, he becomes a valuable person at once. Every branch of our manufactures is suffering for the want of just this intelligence and skill.—Wm. R. Ware, *Prof. of Architecture, Mass. Inst. of Technology.*

Prof. Ware closes his letter with the following statement of facts, which in themselves constitute a strong argument in favor of giving to the study of drawing the prominence which its importance merits:

"At the Universal Exhibition of 1851, England found herself, by general consent, almost at the bottom of the list, among all the countries of the world, in respect of her art manufactures. Only the United States, among the great nations, stood below her. The first result of this discovery was the establishment of Schools of Art in every large town. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867, England stood among the foremost, and in some branches of manufacture distanced the most artistic nations. It was the Schools of Art and the great collection of works of Industrial Art at the South Kensington Museum that accomplished this result. The United States still held her place at the foot of the column."

THE SKETCHES.

No. 4.

Geo. C. Groll, opens and closes No. 4 with very effective decorative pieces; the frontispiece being noticeable for the artistic treatment of the drapery and the exquisite grace of the reclining figure.

Of the remaining ten pages six are devoted to heads; that on page 38 is a vigorous and life-like likeness of Mr. Bacher, by his friend Jos. DeCamp. The transfer was not altogether satisfactory, the delicate half-tints in the very fine original being somewhat blurred in the reproduction, owing mainly to the excessive heat prevailing at the time of printing.

Dan Wehrschmidt gives us the not uninteresting face of a boy, on page 39, in every line of which we read a boundless faith in the master under whom the artist expects soon to study. That Mr. Herkomer on his recent visit and through his work should have impressed Mr. W. is not strange, but the artist was born in Dan, and while we may read the story of his admiration for the master between the lines of his sketch we may be sure to find him asserting himself in the fullness of time.

Kenyon Cox graces page 40 with a weather-beaten physiognomy worthy of close scrutiny. The face, in itself, is a "study" in more senses than one, and Mr. Cox has made the most of an excellent subject.

The strongly drawn profile with the broad and effective masses, on page 41, is contributed by Miss Anna P. Oviatt, a member of Mr. Bacher's class of last winter. The head is finely drawn.

"Portrait. J. O. Anderson," is the title of as choice a bit of black and white as the volume contains. We quarrel with the title, for which neither artist nor editor is responsible, but need not go far beneath the surface to discover that the somewhat intent look of the "pose" is directed at a looking-glass in the neighborhood and that pose and artist are embodied in an identical individuality.

Louis Ritter doubtless found both inspiration and subject in the fields among the daisies and butter-cups, as such innocence as he has so prettily depicted on page 47 never bloomed in the conservatory; there is, however, a tremor in the mouth suggestive of a leaven of mischief.

"A Court in Chioggia," by Geo. A. Hopkins, page 42. Bright skies, luminous shadows and the inevitable bead stringers. The story of brilliant sunshine is aptly told by the unbroken mass of light, in which the outlines are almost lost, and the clearly defined shadows. Small as are the figures, they find their place naturally and are full of action.

Geo. P. Bradley and E. W. Palmer share page 43. The sketch is a near approach to a sleepy village, a very lonesome country road leading up to a very lonesome community. The sketch, like the artist, is too modest by half. There is none of the "fiery untamed steed of the desert" in Palmer's tribute, he is evidently a frequenter of the hack stands.

"The Gardener" is not up to Mr. Bandlow's best efforts; had the imagination of the artist run riot, as the garden(?) has been allowed to do, we should have a sketch worthy the sterling young artist.

The Agricultural Almanac furnishes no pedigree for Mr. Willard's Cow, and we are uninformed as to whether it carried off a blue or a red ribbon at the last county fair.

THE SKETCHES.

No. 5.

The excellence of Mr. Geo. C. Groll's contribution to this number is recognized at a glance by those who have given any attention to that class of illustration combining the conventional and realistic, which, within the past few years, has been brought to a very high state of perfection in the art publications and magazines. To produce harmony in the two elements requires a very nice discrimination and a keen sense of the value of lines, and a successful achievement in this direction is evidence that the artistic spirit is inherent. Mr. Groll has been a conscientious student, and a successful career is assured to him. The Table of Contents, inscribed to the Valley road, and the unique "Lover" from the "Seven Ages of Man," on page 62, are from his pencil.

THE ACADEMY BUILDING.

On page 50 is shown the front elevation of a structure designed by Mr. John H. Edelmann, as an Academy building, and submitted to the Trustees, no action having yet been taken thereon. The drawing, prepared for The Sketch Book by Mr. Otto S. Rutenik, represents a frontage of one hundred feet, and an extreme height of fifty-three feet; the depth, as shown by the accompanying plan, being also one hundred feet. The plan is made with direct reference to the use to which the building is to be put, and with a view to the greatest economy of space. The lower portion of the walls is of stone, the remainder of brick with terra-cotta ornamentation; the slate roof to be surmounted by a sky-light framed in iron.

However plain may be the appearance of the building, as shown in the drawing, it can readily be seen that it is susceptible of the most elaborate ornamentation; as for instance, the unbroken surface of brick wall may at any time be enriched by medalions or panels of terra-cotta, marble or bronze in relief; the imposing entrance may be beautified and the crest of the walls may be peopled with figures.

THE PENINSULA SKETCHES.

The beautiful valley through which the Cuyahoga finds its sinuous way to the lake offers to the artist rare and tempting opportunities for sketching, and since the building of the Valley Railroad the easel has become a familiar feature of the scene along the line.

On pages 51, 52, 53, 54, 59 and 60 will be found a selection from a few portfolios of a "Sketching Picnic" composed of over fifty members of the Academy, who, after a quick run over the smooth rails, disembarked from "Car 15" at Peninsula and immediately scattered over as choice a bit of outdoors as could be wished for. All the lazy romance of the canal, which has well-nigh faded into a mere memory of the past is revived in "The Locks," by Mr. Willard, and "The Aqueduct" by Mr. Bell, both of which are "true to the life," and effective as true. Geo. Grossman in "Under Way," revives still more forcibly the "lang syne" when the tow-path constituted an important factor in "rapid transit." From these reminders of the past to the glimpse of the present, as shown in "The Depot—Car 15," by Mr. Bradley, is but a little step; the "poetic realism" in either sketch shortens the distance, and we fail to realize that we are in the presence of two generations of human progress. "Car 15" will be an apt reminder of a "red letter day," the pleasures of which are set to the credit of the genial officers of the Valley road.

Miss Derringer introduces herself on page 61, through the medium of a very dainty "Breakfast" of cuttle-bone and chickweed; a pretty conceit well told.

Jos. DeCamp enriches page 62 with the finely drawn head of a citizen of Cincinnati, to whom, more than to any one else, the artist is indebted for the opportunity accorded him to prosecute his art studies, which he has so brilliantly improved.

THE CLEVELAND EXHIBIT.

Mr. Otto H. Bacher who has charge of the Cleveland exhibit at the Detroit Loan Exhibition, which opens September 1st, has secured the following paintings:

From the collection of Mr. H. B. Hurlbut, "All Asleep," F. Schleisinger; "A View in Berkshire, Mass.," A. B. Durand; "Landscape," B. C. Koekkoek; "A Cup of Tea," E. Munkascy; "The Tired Gleaner," Jules Breton; "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," Carl von Piloty; "Still Life," Blaise Desgoffe; "Pastoral," A. Troyan; "At the Piano," G. Max; "A Head," F. A. Kaulbach; "The Nun," David Neal: "After the Ball," Banguiet; "Head," J. G. Jacquet; "Asking Alms," J. G. Vibert; "La sortie du Maitre," S. Worms; "Philosopher," Walter Gay; "After the Hunt," Leon Y. Escosura.

From Col. John Hay: "A Gate in Algiers," Louis C. Tiffany; "Cottages," Corot; "Jim Bludsoe," A. M. Willard.

From General J. H. Devereaux: "The West Pier," Otto H. Bacher; "The Uninterrupted Conversation," Fredk. A. Bridgeman.

From Col. W. H. Harris: "Interior, Library," Walter P. Palmer.

From the collection of Mr. T. D. Crocker: "The Morning Prayer," A. Guillian; "Reverie," Jules Goupil; "The Young Student," G. L. Clough: "Parting," F. Compte Calix; "The Little Orange Peddler," J. G. Brown.

From the collection of Mr. R. K. Winslow: "The Wine Tasters," David Coll; "The Gold Clipper," C. Litschamer.

From Mr. H. R. Hatch: "The Children's Savings Bank," T. Schlinger; "Cattle in the Stable," Frank R. Voltz.

From Geo. W. Howe: "Still Life,"—.

From Mr. Joseph Perkins: "Priest Blessing the Pasture," Prof. W. Riefstahl.

From Mr. Horace P. Weddell: "Portrait," Rembrandt Peale.

From Mr. James F. Clark: "The Tea Party," Auguste Serrare.

From Mr. M. C. Younglove: "The Italian Fisher Girl," Otto Meyer.

From Mr. D. S. Davis: "Portrait," Willis S. Adams; "Interior, Antwerp," Willis S. Adams.

The foregoing constitute but a few of the works that will be taken Mr. Bacher is still at work collecting.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The local studios are in the main devoid of novelties during the heated term.

Miss Bertha von Hillern and Miss Maria J. C. Becket of Boston, are busy with brush and pencil at Strasburg, Va.

Sion L. Wenban, who left this city seven years ago, has been pursuing his studies at Schleisheim, a suburb of Munich; quite recently he took unto himself a wife.

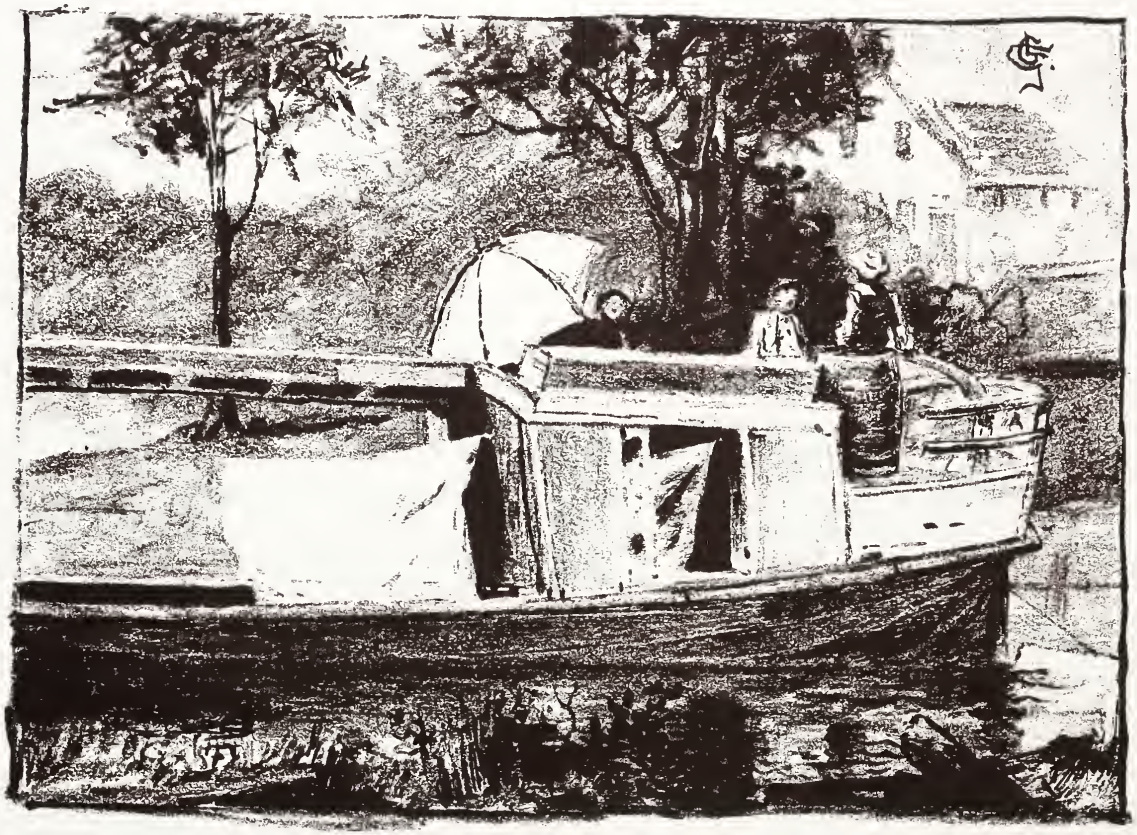
Mr. Joseph DeCamp, whilom instructor in the School of Design, has returned to his home in Cincinnati. "Jo" made a host of warm friends and admirers during his short stay.

Frank H. Tompkins is a member of Prof. ———— class in the Royal Academy, Munich. He has great faith in the Professor as an instructor, and is making satisfactory progress.

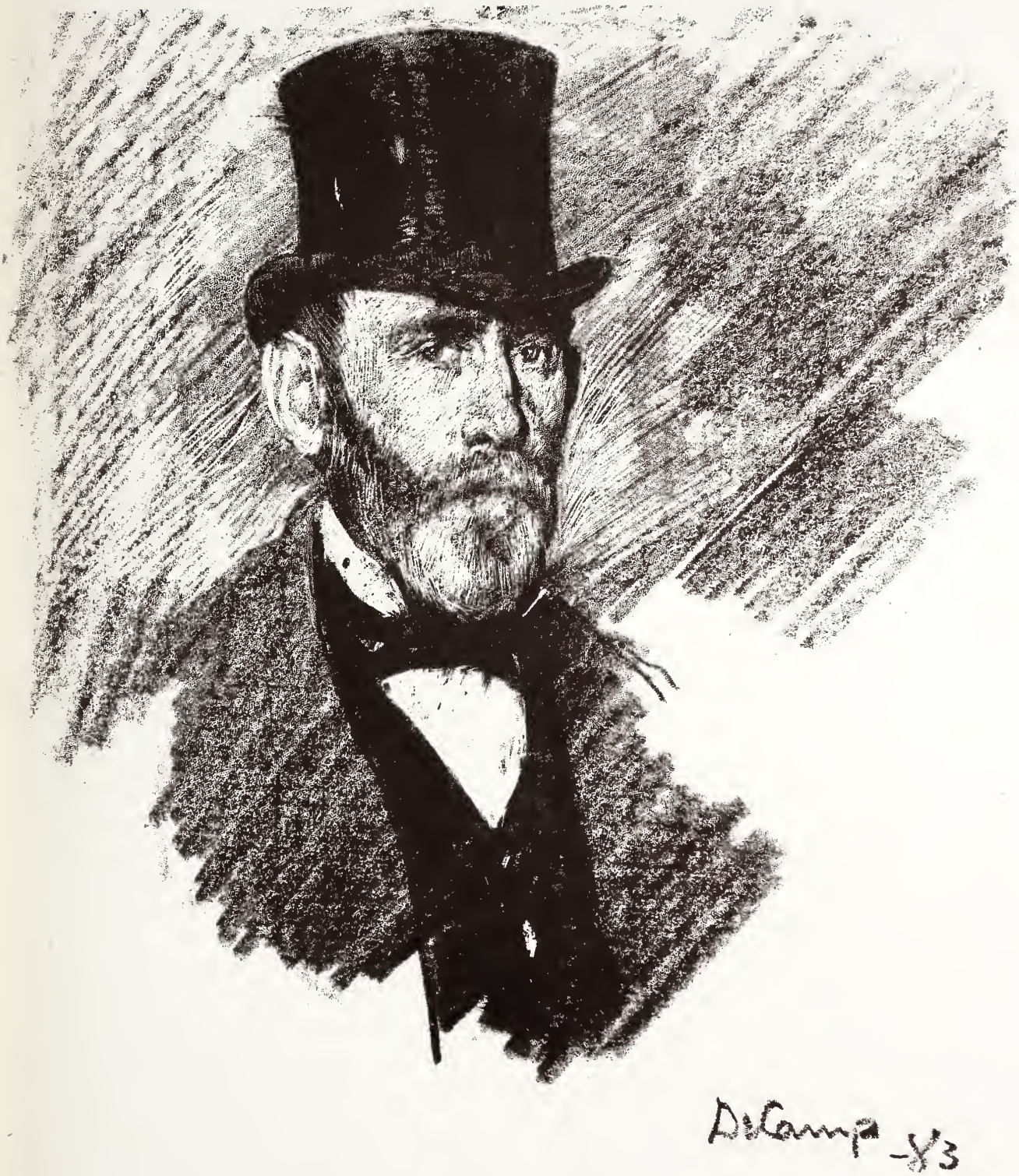
Miss Luella M. Varney, the promising young sculptor will sail for Europe early in the fall; she will resume her studies under Signor Cantalissima, dividing her time between Florence and Rome. Miss Alma Royer who has achieved some success in portraiture, will accompany her.

A catalogue of the ten thousand volumes in the Reference Hall of the Public Library has just been issued in a handsome quarto. Many of the choicest and rarest gems of literature are enumerated, and scholars, students and the reading public owe to Mr. Librarian Beardsley a hearty acknowledgment for the perfect and thorough manner in which he has accomplished the very laborious task of compilation. Mr. Beardsley's scholarly attainments and universal knowledge of books pre eminently fit him for the responsible position he so ably fills.

Near The Ledges. R.W. Smith



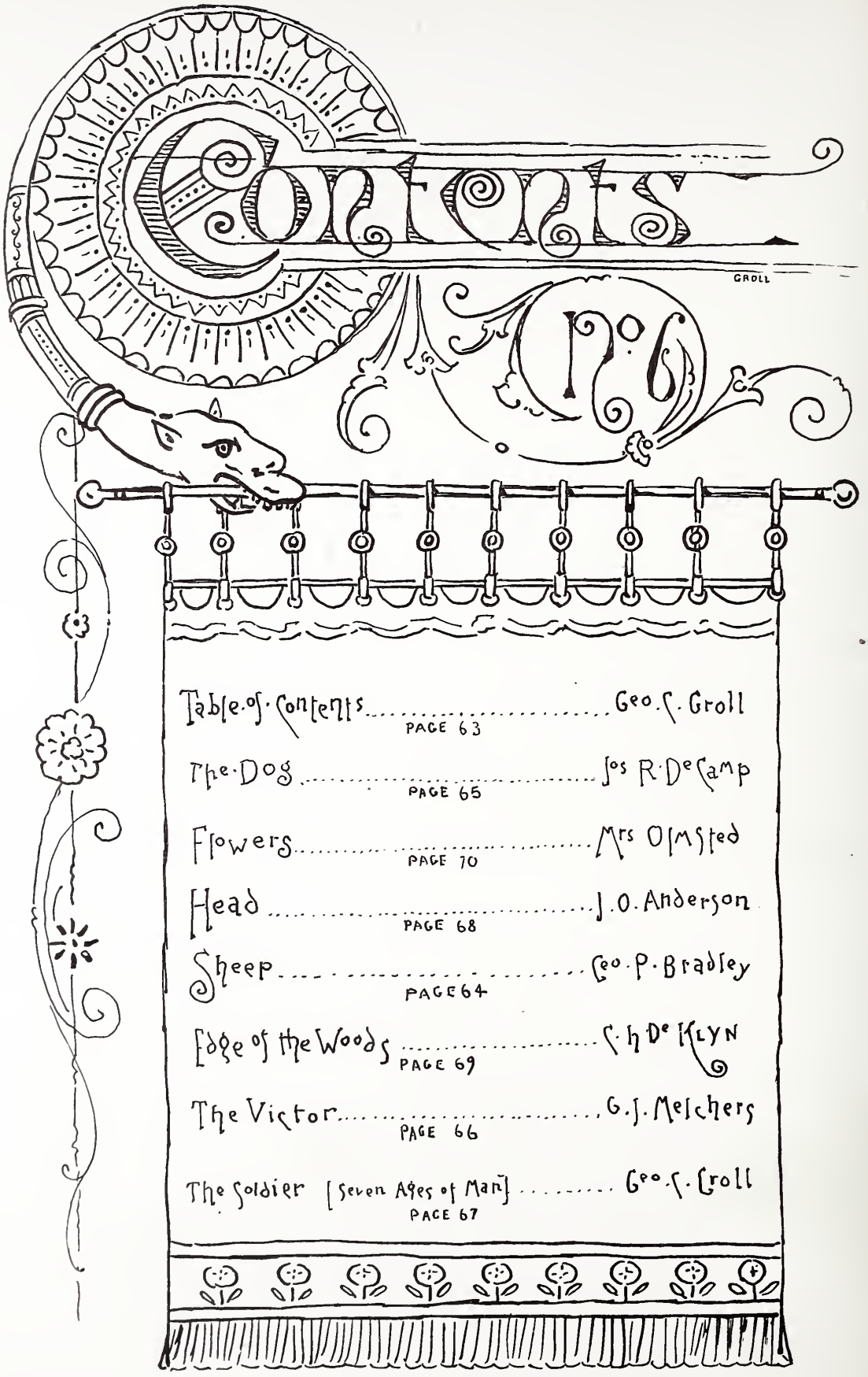
Under Way · Geo Grossman



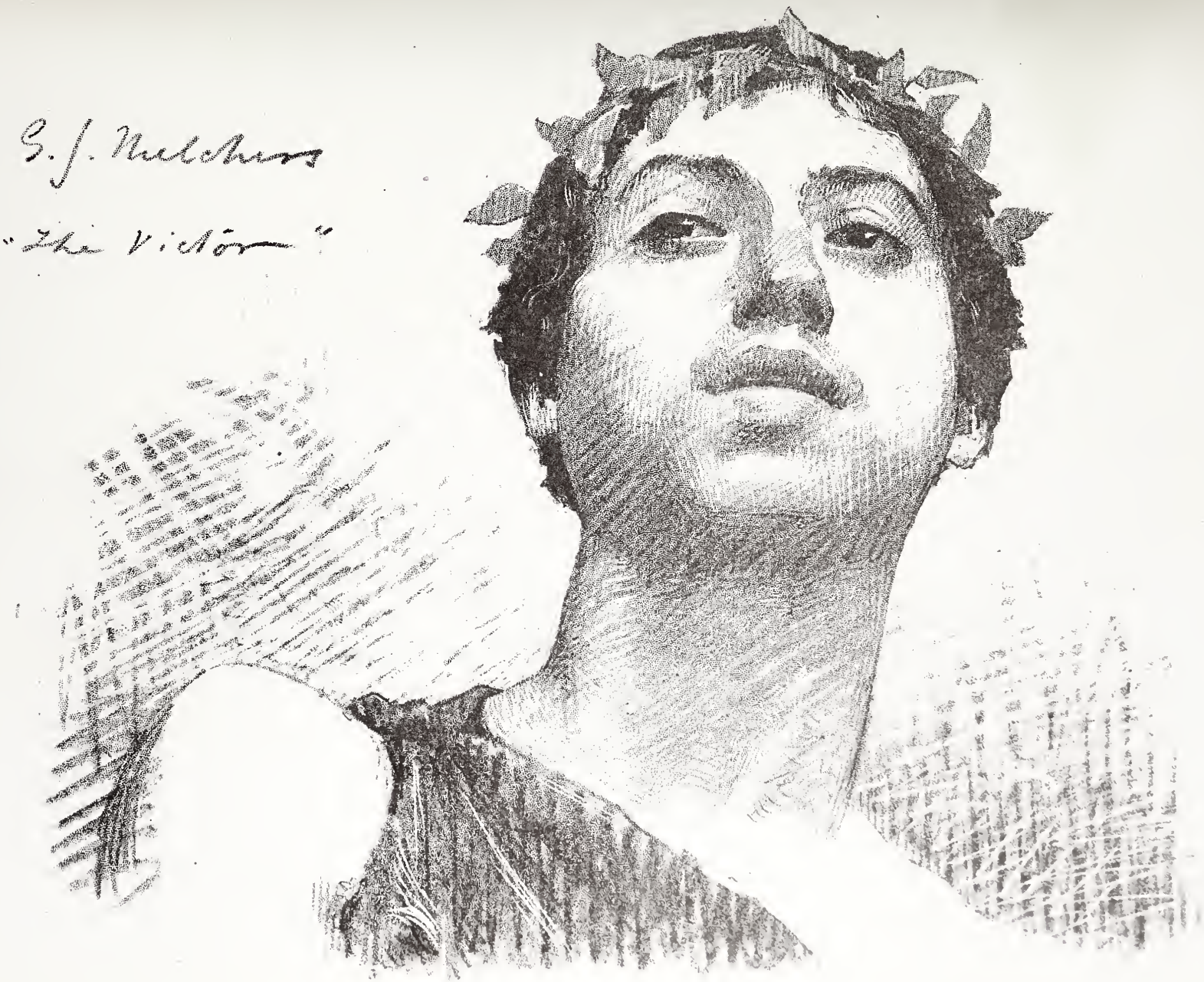
· PATER · FAMILIES · Jos. DeCamp

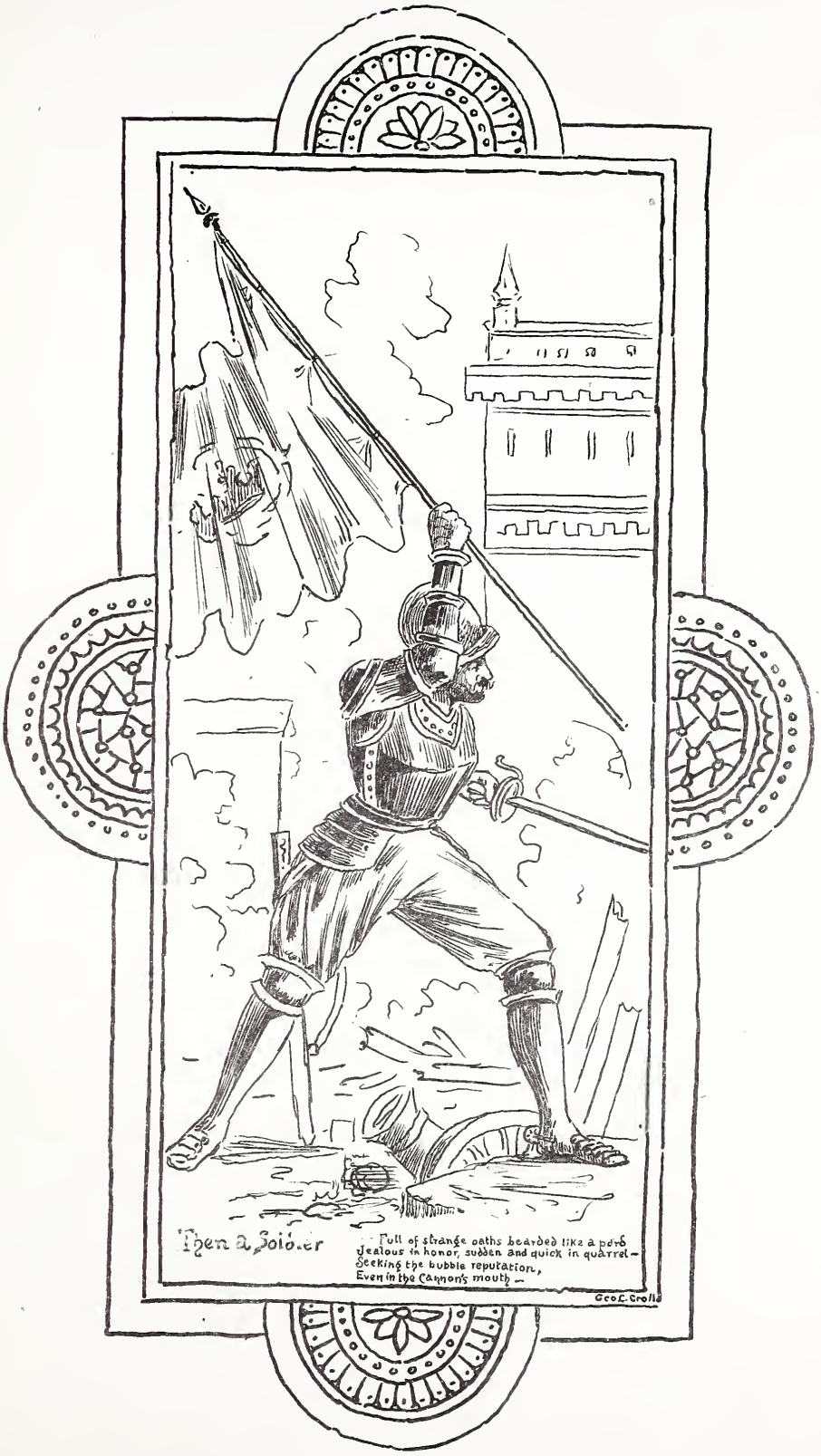
BREAKFAST ·:· Amelia Derringer

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN · THE LOVER · GEO. C. GROLL

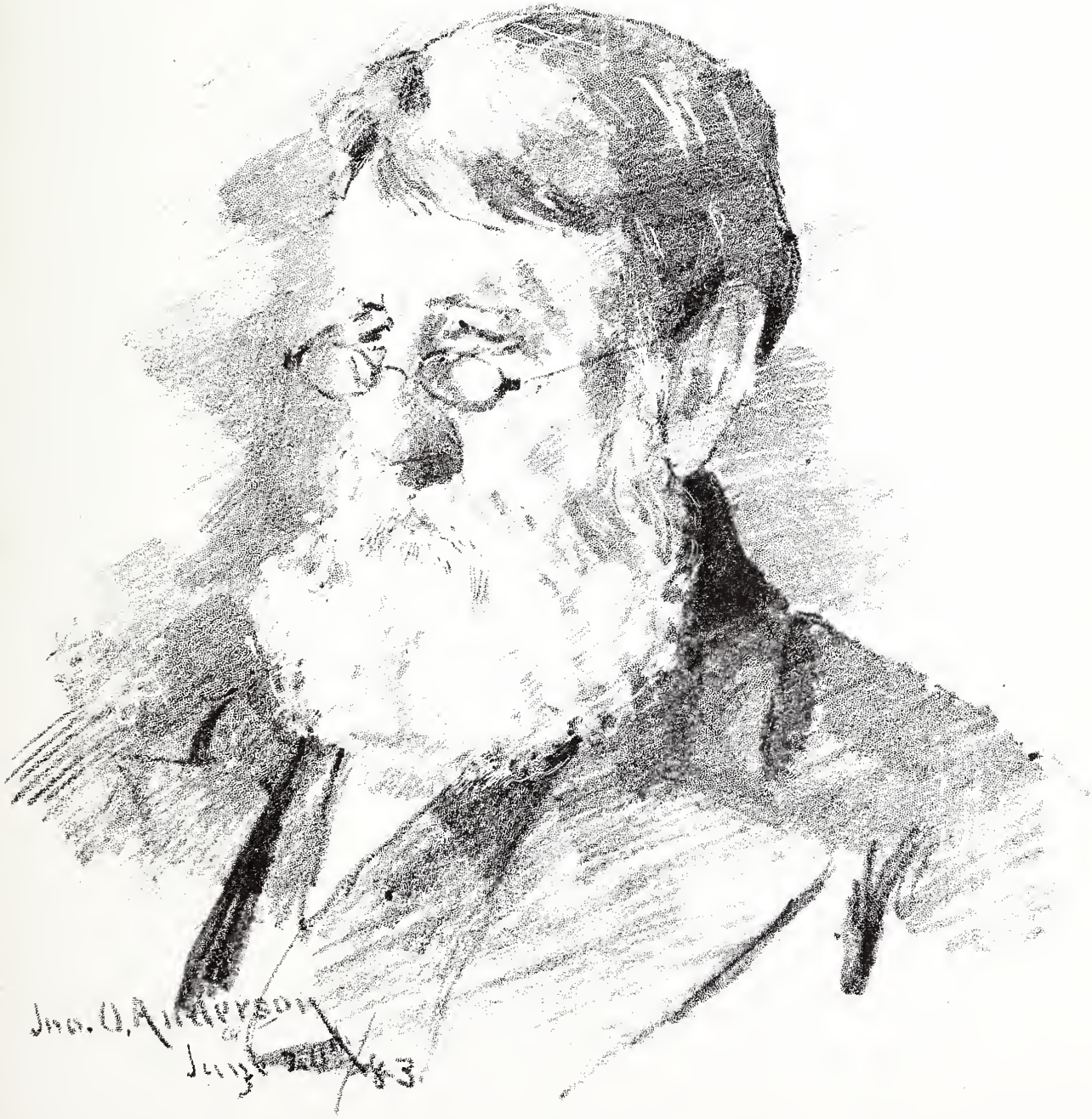



"Misery"
Jack's heir.


S. J. Melchers
"The Victor"

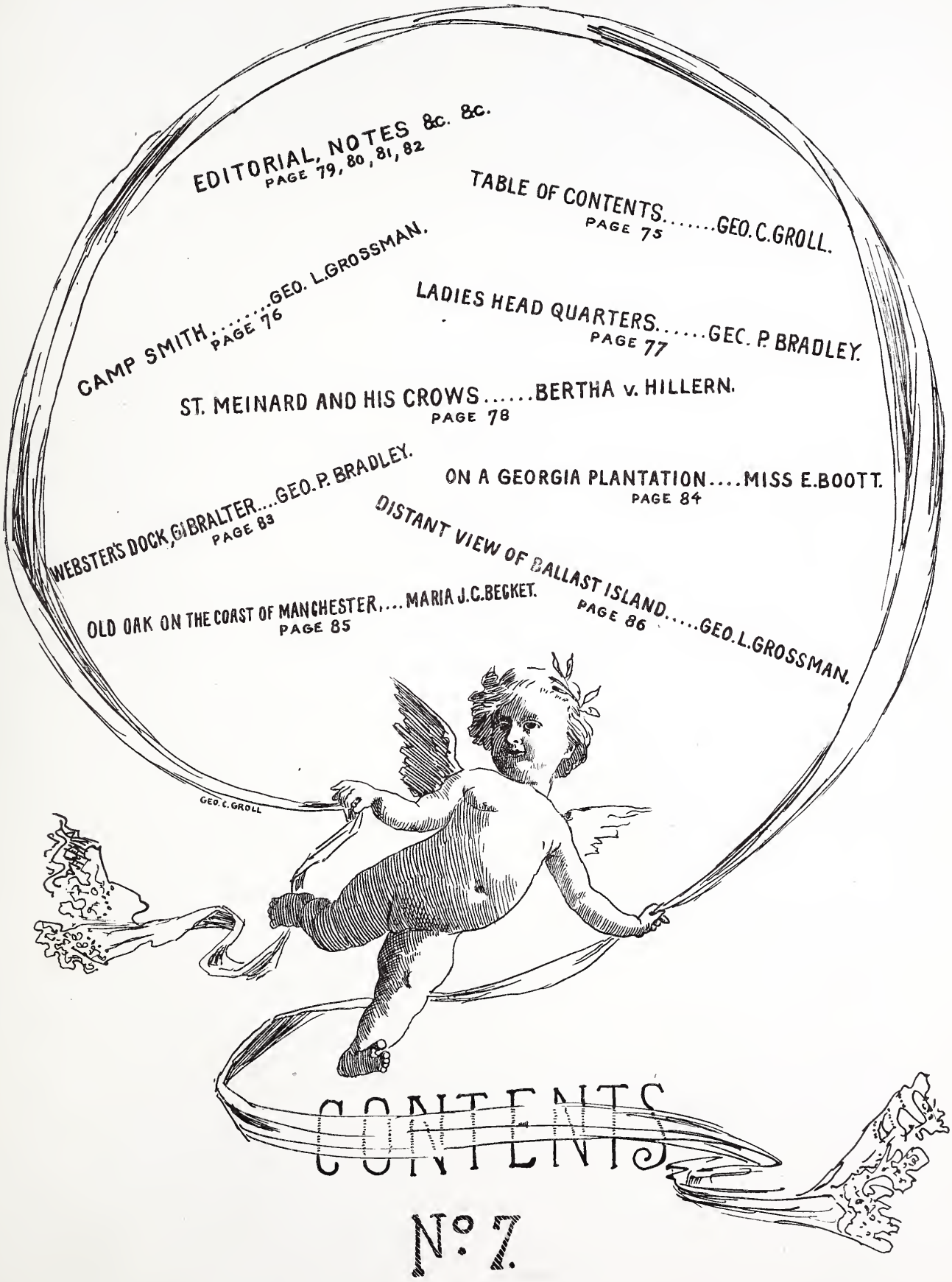


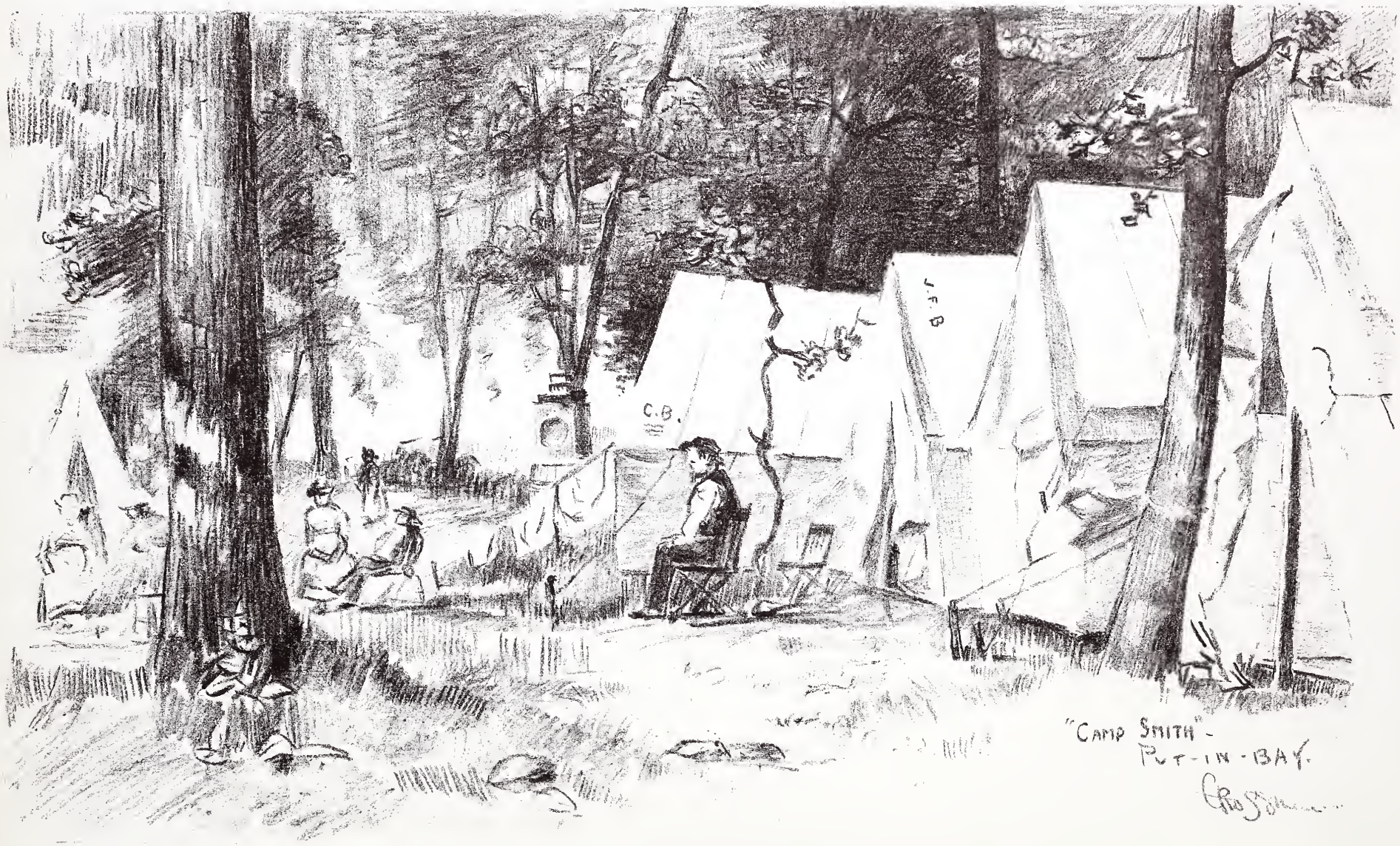
-:- The Seven Ages of Man -:- The Soldier -:-


Jno. O. Anderson

The Edge of the Woods. [C.F. DeKlym]
1883.


H.O.


EDITORIAL, NOTES &c. &c.
PAGE 79, 80, 81, 82
TABLE OF CONTENTS.....GEO. C. GROLL.
PAGE 75
CAMP SMITH.....GEO. L. GROSSMAN.
PAGE 76
LADIES HEAD QUARTERS.....GEO. P. BRADLEY.
PAGE 77
ST. MEINARD AND HIS CROWS.....BERTHA v. HILLERN.
PAGE 78
WEBSTER'S DOCK, GIBRALTER....GEO. P. BRADLEY.
PAGE 83
ON A GEORGIA PLANTATION....MISS E. BOOTT.
PAGE 84
DISTANT VIEW OF BALLAST ISLAND.....GEO. L. GROSSMAN.
PAGE 86
OLD OAK ON THE COAST OF MANCHESTER,...MARIA J. C. BECKET.
PAGE 85
GEO. C. GROLL
CONTENTS
No. 7.



"Camp Smith" -
Put-in-Bay.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

Vol. I.
No. 7.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

JULY,
1883.

THE SKETCH BOOK,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. - - - - - $2.50 PER YEAR.

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W. H. ECKMAN, - - - - - - - - - - Editor.

Room 27 City Hall Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

W. J. Morgan & Co, Lithograph Press.

"THE SKETCH BOOK" is, as its name implies, a book of Sketches. Finish *is neither desired, nor in any great degree possible by the process employed; the character of the subject is all that is aimed at, and simplicity of method is a merit rather than the reverse.*

INDUSTRIAL DRAWING.

No branch of education taught in school or college brings to the graduate such immediate and satisfactory returns as that of drawing, as applied to the industrial arts. Designers in the metals, in wood and in the plastic substances, draughtsmen, engravers, lithographers, etc., are in constant demand and at high rates of compensation; this demand is constantly increasing, and will continue to increase for many years to come, while the rates paid for good work by masters of these arts will continue to go higher as public taste advances. Good work in this direction will always demand good pay, and the public is learning to distinguish the good from the shoddy with a celerity which will soon compel our manufacturers to produce nothing but that which is good.

These are simple facts; the argument and illustrations, which are abundant, are left for the future while attention is now directed to the class formed in the Academy, under the direction of Mr. Otto S. Ruetenik. Mr. Ruetenik is a designer and draughtsman of unusual ability and long practical experience. He is enthusiastically devoted to his art, and enters upon the class work with such spirit and confidence as presages an abundant success.

The work of this class, which meets on Thursday of each week, is thus laid out in the Academy prospectus:

"Architectural Drawing; Drawing of Ornament and Furniture Drawing:

"*Architectural Drawing.*—Suitable plans and elevations from the *American Architect* will be drawn to scale, inked and colored, and when sufficient facility in working with the instruments and knowledge of architectural detail have been acquired, the student will be helped in working out plans of his own.

"*Drawing of Ornament.*—Selected ornament of the best period, including stained glass design, will be studied, and when adequate freedom of drawing and knowledge of ornamental forms have been gained, designing of ornament will follow in such practical application as may suit each individual student.

"*Furniture Drawing.*—Tables, mantles, sideboards, etc., by the best designers will be drawn to scale and in full size, until students are sufficiently advanced, when they will receive assistance in the original design of any furniture they may choose.

The class will occupy the two rooms of the Academy during its session, the larger room being used by gentlemen and the smaller by lady members of the class."

An analysis of the foregoing quotation is sufficient to show what great practical results may follow from such a course of instruction. Not only will the artisan, the mechanic and the builder receive benefit, but it opens the door to women for the acquirement of a sound, practical knowledge of the Decorative and Constructive arts at the hands of an instructor who daily applies his knowledge to constructive and creative purpose. It is to be hoped that the class may be formed at once.

THE CLEVELAND ACADEMY.

The eighth annual prospectus of the Academy has been issued in pamphlet form, but as a number of changes have been made since its issue, the following very liberal extracts from the corrected copy are made:

THE MANNER OF INSTRUCTION

adapted at the inception has been adhered to, and the results have been most satisfactory. This manner of instruction is based upon the principal that the student must work out the problem for him or herself, and that only such instruction, direction and guidance should be given as will enable him or her to avoid the repetition of inevitable errors. Abundant, repeated and close criticism of the work by those amply qualified accomplishes more practical and lasting results than constant direction, which tends to make the student dependent, weakens his individuality, and breeds mannerism.

THE TERM.

The term of 1883–4 begins September 10, 1883, and ends June 1, 1884. Sketching parties to be formed during the summer months. The Academy has enjoyed unusual privileges for carrying its members to favored localities for sketching during the summer months, when the heat in town becomes too oppressive for indoor work. These privileges are accorded alike to all class members.

THE CLASSES AND INSTRUCTORS.

The classes for the term are arranged as follows, the day classes being in session from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.:

Monday—Class in Landscape painting in oil; Adam Lehr. Class in Charcoal drawing; Geo. L. Grossman.

Tuesday—Class in Etching; Joseph R. De Camp. Class in flower painting in oil and drawing in black and white; Miss Anna P. Oviatt.

Wednesday—Class in Landscape and still life painting in oil and drawing in black and white; Miss Sallie Rayen. Class in Modeling in Clay; C. M. Buxbaum.

Thursday—Class in Architectural drawing, Ornament and Furniture drawing; Otto S. Ruetenik.

Friday—Class in Landscape and still life painting in oil, and drawing in black and white; Miss May Remington. Class in Modeling in Clay; C. M. Buxbaum.

Saturday—Class in Portraiture, figure painting and landscape in oil and drawing in black and white; Joseph R. De Camp.

Besides the above, all of which will be held in the Academy rooms, are the following:

Tuesday—Class in Landscape painting in oil; J. W. Bell, in the studio room, No. 21 City Hall.

Wednesday—Figure and Drapery painting in oil: De Scott Evans, in the studio room, Raymond residence, corner Superior and Bond streets.

EVENING CLASSES.

Sketch Class—Monday and Thursday, under the immediate direction of Mr. John H. Jennings, assisted by Mr. Geo. A. Bradley, Miss Amelia Duerringer and others.

Composition Class—Thursday.

Life Class—Friday, under the full direction and control of the committee.

Lectures on Artistic Anatomy and art topics, on Tuesday as announced

The evening classes meet at 7 P. M.

CLASS RECEPTIONS.

On the last Monday in each month, day and evening, is given an informal reception at which the class work is exhibited, together with the latest work of local artists.

TERMS:

Membership fee one dollar, payable upon application.

Day classes for all classes, excepting that in modeling, each class having one day in each week, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., $5 per month, payable monthly in advance.

Modeling class, two days in each week, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., $25 per quarter, payable in advance. All members at day classes are admitted free to the Monday and Thursday evening Sketch classes, to the Wednesday evening Cast class, and with their friends to all lectures and receptions.

Evening class, $5 for the entire term, payable in advance Members of the evening classes are admitted to all evening classes, lectures and receptions, excepting the life class.

Special terms will be made to applicants for admission to two or more day classes.

Free admission to the classes may be secured upon proper and satisfactory representation being made to the Board of Trustees.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The following extract from a private letter, written by a well known Cleveland artist now studying in Munich, is of interest to artists and students, as being the expression of a conviction, regarding the schools, arrived at through observation and study under the most favorable conditions. The sentiments carry all the more weight inasmuch as the letter was not written for publication.

Speaking of the yearly exhibition of students' work, just closed, and referring to his standing—third in his class with an honorable mention, the writer continues:

"It amounts to nothing, though, as many fellows get medals who are never heard of again; it will likely be the means of advancing me into another room with older painters next Semester. I care very little about it, or the school either. A person must have enough experience somewhere to be able to draw and to see color; the rest is beyond any school.

"I have had a fine opportunity for comparing schools at the International Exhibition. The Germans are the best in a small way: their schools and technique are better, they are all a good school can make—clever painters. The French are the artists—not by virtue of a better school, but by reason of their individuality: the men who make their exhibition excellent have long ago broken away from any school; not that they don't understand drawing and color, but rather that they use them as masters, for their own ends and in their own way. I need only mention Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Henner, etc., to give you an idea of what I mean. Leibl, our modern German Tenniers, also has a master piece of its kind, but he, too, has left the school far behind.

"I must see something more than school to interest me. I do not mean to decry the school, for all these men have been through them and have gone beyond them—a person who thinks them unnecessary will find to his sorrow his great mistake: I mean simply, that after having learned to draw, and to see and use color, to know the truth of superficial appearances, a person should not waste time in securing a certain technique or manner, but let the manner come naturally—from the impression his study of the subject seriously makes upon him.

"There are master pieces in the exhibition that upset every theory of the different schools about technique; the men who painted them certainly possess great knowledge, technical and otherwise, but they have used their own invention, some one way and others another way.

"The French lead as artists, with Henner at the head, in my estimation; he is poetic and classic, but a wonderfully strong man in design, color and drawing. The Spanish have the next best display, many large canvases boldly and finely painted. Holland has a small but good showing. Austria and Hungary are nearly German. Italy has a great many bad things, but contains one large painting which, to me, is the best thing in the entire exhibition. The German collection is very large and fine, some wonderful painting, but I, being very un-German in character, it neither appeals to or interests me. England has no distinct exhibit, but is best represented by Herkomer's "Last Muster," which is a masterpiece of its kind, although it is laughed at by the Germans for its clumsiness of execution.

"It is more difficult to speak of American art—it is a more delicate subject, and I have a prejudice in favor of my own countrymen; if the truth must, however, be said, there is a very apparent difference—not in their favor. A man who paints without the influence of great works of art, without sufficient study—perhaps without models, and without having been at first firmly on his feet in regard to drawing and color, can hardly be expected to compare in his work with those who have been under these influences all their lives and have had all these advantages—other things being equal. * * * I do not consider the American exhibit as representative; the works are principally from artists in New York and here, the Paris fellows and many good painters in New York and outside of New York are not represented. * * The best things that my artist friends in Cleveland have done would add materially to the American exhibit here, and would compare favorably with any part of it. Toby Rosenthal has a fine painting from Scott's 'Marmion;' David Neal has his 'Cromwell,' which you may see later, as Mr. H. B. Hurlbut has bought it—it is very fine; Chase has some good portraits; Shirlaw has a small picture which the discerning (?) committee has skied Harnett, a Philadelphian who couldn't get into the school two years ago, has a large

still life which the Germans think a master-piece; it is very fine, wonderfully deceptive, and reminds one of the old German masters. These are among the best and are very creditable to our art. There are many other good things, but to compare them with a room full of astonishing master-pieces like best French or Spanish rooms, the difference is strikingly apparent; one is good, always interesting, the other is great, America is not ready for such an art, and never can have it until she has public galleries—places which invite artists to fill the space. I believe there are men in America who have painted drawing-room pictures and 'pot-boilers' from necessity, who, under more favorable circumstances whould have filled these suppositious galleries with something worthy of it, and would have added at once to the dignity of American art. Men who have moral, mental and physical strength enough to become great in a proper sphere of art, are crowded into dilettanteum. The Hercules who should do the task is playing with a distaff."

PRESS COMMENTS.

The Sketch Book.—No. 5 of this charming collection of artistic studies is quite as delightful as its predecessors, which is saying very much. Nothing has been attempted west of the Alleganies so full of original merit as this is. It reflects much credit upon the artistic atmosphere of Cleveland.—*Toledo Blade.*

The fifth number of the Sketch Book shows evidences of increasing merit, has a number of admirable sketches reproduced on stone by its own peculiar method, and gives much reading matter devoted to the art of sketching and drawing. The manner of its advocacy of drawing in public schools is keenly to the point and irresistible. The Sketch Book is issued monthly by the Cleveland Academy of Art, with W. H. Eckman, editor, Cleveland, Ohio, at $2.50 per year. —*LaCygene (Kan.,) Journal.*

The Sketch Book, the publication of which was begun by the Cleveland Academy of Art a few months ago, has reached its fifth number, with marked evidences of improvement. The novel process by which the drawings on prepared paper are transferred directly to the stone without the intervention of the point has developed remarkable capabilities for soft effect of shade and shadow, and the work of the artists who contribute regularly to the pages of the Sketch Book is graceful and interesting.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Sketh Book No. 5.—The fifth number of the Sketch Book, issued by the Cleveland Academy of Art, is a very attractive volume. The first design is an entrance view of the proposed Cleveland Academy of Art, as designed by Mr. John H. Edelmann, the drawing being by Mr. Otto S. Rutenik. There are some sketches of Peninsula views by A. M. Willard, John W. Bell, George P. Bradley, R. W. Smith, and George Grossman, all artists of high talent, and some fine drawings by Joseph DeCamp Amelia Duerringer, and George C. Groll, also talented Cleveland artists. This is the first number issued since Mr. W. H. Eckman began devoting his entire time to its publication, and under his management it bids fair to enter upon a healthy and vigorous existence.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The fifth number of the Art Academy Sketch Book, the first under the personal management of Mr. W. H. Eckman, made its appearance yesterday. Scarcely enough can be said in commendation. Mr. Eckman is an accomplished and experienced writer. The editorial departments therefore, are not lacking in originality and force. The letter press is perfect and but one criticism can be made on the typographical appearance; the quotation marks seem to be a trifle over-worked. Style is much a matter of taste, however, so that comments are not in order. The sketches are without exception good, the improvement in this respect over the last number being almost startling. Greater care is also evidenced in the work of the reproducer, wherein also the last number is superior to the preceding. The Peninsula sketches are exceedingly attractive. Among the miscellaneous pieces, "Breakfast," a pretty little conceit, by Miss Amy Duerringer, calls for favorable remark.—*Cleveland Herald.*

It is very gratifying to observe an increasing interest in art matters here in Cleveland, and to note efforts of a substantial character to promote proper culture in art. The growth in this direction has been very marked within the past two years, and there is now flattering promise that in the not remote future Cleveland will occupy a prominent place among the art centers of the country. As a valuable aid to this result, the publication was begun in January, under the auspices of the Cleveland Academy of Art, of an altogether novel and unique work, entitled the Sketch Book, the proceeds of which are to go into the funds of the Academy. It will be published monthly, and will contain original sketches, reproduced on stone by a process entirely new in this country and only employed by the well-known lithographers of this city, Messrs. W. J. Morgan & Co. Each number will also be enriched by brief biographies of the artists who contribute. The first number contained thirteen sketches by Cleveland artists. Future issues will contain contributions from artists in every portion of the country. This novel enterprise ought to meet with liberal encouragement. A volume of this Sketch Book, which can be had for $2.50—the subscription price per year—would be an elegant acquisition to any library.—*Railroad Index.*

The Academy of Art, Cleveland, O., furnishes the only art magazine which, like *The Studio*, devotes itself purely to artists' affairs. It came to us for several months in the shape of a dozen engravings from interesting sketches, stitched in a low-toned red cover. The Sketch Book was originated by a *coterie* of the members of the Cleveland Art Academy, and "was hurried into existence with but a *modicum* of premeditation, and entirely innocent of organization. While all were willing to faithfully discharge their self-imposed task in preparing the work, an innate and charasteristic modesty prevented any individual member from stirring up the dilatory." An editorial staff has now been organized, and with No. 5 we find four bright pages of letter press, which adds exactly what was needed to complete the journal. The current number contains some fine lithographic-appearing reproductions of sketches around and about Cleveland, by Messrs. Willard, Groll, DeCamp, Smith, Bell, Grossman, and Miss Duerringer.

There is a sketch of the proposed Academy building, which is soon to be erected. The letter press is devoted largely to vigorously and rightly pounding the Board of Education, for refusing to re-establish drawing in the public schools, which was discontinued a year ago on the argument "that drawing is one of the fancy branches of education." We most heartily wish the Sketch Book success in this loyal effort as well as in the race for life.—*The Studio.*

The Sketch Book. No. 1.—This is the first number of a monthly art journal which is to be issued by the Cleveland Academy of Art. It is a quarto, with a nice terra-cotta colored cover, and contains fifteen drawings of different sizes reproduced by means of a process which Mr. Morgan claims is entirely new in this country. Mr. Morgan secured it in London from the inventor. The effect is much the same, however, as those to which we are accustomed in our illustrated exhibition catalogues. The sketches reproduced are by students of the Academy or by Cleveland painters—such as Mr. Willard, Mr. Otto Bacher and Mr. Herman G. Herkomer, the nephew of the English artist. Some of them are very nice—especially Mr. Herkomer's "Life on the Ocean"—and others are of varying degrees of significance. Really poor workmanship, however, is to be found in only one or two. It is not proposed to limit the drawings in future numbers to local productions only. The publishers are ambitious enough to propose securing, as far as it is possible, representation in its pages of every known American artist at home and abroad. We may wish them all success and congratulate them on the appearance of their initial number—that is, so far as the sketches themselves are concerned. The letter-press is perfectly explanatory, being confined to biographical notices of some among the artists represented. A less exalted style of panegyric would be in better taste, and a little careful proof-reading may obviate the recurrence of some unfortunate orthographical mistakes.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Sketch Book No. 5.—The last number of the Sketch Book, just out, is exceedingly interesting in its subjects, and attractive in its designs. The improvement over the one before is very marked. The absence of reproduced written matter much improved the book, and now the addition of letter press proves as much of an improvement as did the absence of writing. The editorial department is under the charge of Mr. W. H. Eckman, and is as complete and neat as the most fastidious newspaper man could wish. The sketches are far above former efforts in this production, and with one exception are almost perfect. The greater part of them are sketches made at a picnic of the Art Academy some time ago at Peninsula. The prettiest and most natural one that has appeared in any number of the Book, is The Aqueduct, by J. W. Bell. It is a sketch of the canal aqueduct at Peninsula and is so natural that a person the least bit conversant with that part of the county would recognize it at a glance. A very pretty mate to this sketch could be made from the same subject in the winter time, when the water is frozen in huge icicles underneath the 'duct. Mr. Bell has every reason to be proud of his production. The lock, by A. M. Willard is an interesting and well wrought sketch of the lock near the aqueduct. George Grossman's sketch, "Under Way," is a picture of a canal boat about to "set sail," and is very pretty. Miss Amelia Duerringer's sketch, "Breakfast," is quite pretty and natural, showing a dainty canary receiving its early repast at the hands of a matronly looking woman. R. W. Smith has the only really poor sketch in the book, entitled "Near the Ledges," as it is utterly impossible to make head and tail to it. The other productions are, "Proposed Design for Cleveland Academy of Art," by J. H. Edelman and O. S. Rutenick; "The Depot, Car 15," by George P. Bradley; "Pater Familias," by Joseph DeCamp; "The Lover," by George C. Groll, and are all well executed.—*Cleveland Sentinel.*

ARTISTS DIRECTORY.

Anderson, J. O., Keokuk, Iowa.
Bacher, Otto H., Raymond residence, corner Superior and Bond streets, Cleveland, O.
Bandlow Aug., 18½ Scovill avenue, Cleveland, O.
Bell, John W., 21 City Hall, Cleveland, O.
Becket, Miss Maria J. C., Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth avenue, corner Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.
Bradley, Geo. P., 414 Superior street, Cleveland, O.
DeCamp, Jos. R., 429 Court street, Cincinnati, O.
Duerringer, Miss Amelia, 308 Perry street, Cleveland, O.
Evans, De Scott, 914 Kennard street, Cleveland, O.
Groll, Geo. C., 215 Aaron street, Cleveland, O.
Grossman, Geo. L., 100 Alabama street, Cleveland, O.
Herkomer, Herman G., Dyneham Busby-Herts, England.
Hillern, Miss Bertha von., Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth avenue, corner Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.
Hopkins, Geo. E., Pike's Building, Cincinnati, O.
Holden, Sarah G., Georgetown, Colorado.
Lehr, Adam, 1111 Lorain street, Cleveland, O.
Palmer, E. W., 22 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, O.
Tompkins, Frank H., Academie den Bildenden Kunste, Munchen, Bavaria.
Turner, Ross, 12 Water street, Boston, Mass.
Wehrschmidt, D. A., 526 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.
Wenban, Sion L., Schleissheim, via Munchen, Bavaria.
Willard, A. M., Seeleye Court, Cleveland, O.

THE SKETCHES.

Number 6.

From "way down in Maine" Mrs. Helen Olmsted sends us a bunch of color and fragrance, simple and modeste in its natural prettiness: Page 70.

Again Mr. George Groll opens the book with a striking conventional contents-tablet and closes it with the fourth act in the drama of life—the soldier period of our poor weak humanity.

The very forlorn group, on page 64, by Mr. Bradley, is not to any great extent an incentive to hilarity. If the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, it is meet that he blow but lightest zephyrs in this section, as the mutton is closely shorn.

The fine head, on page 68, by Mr. Anderson, is another fine example of his excellent understanding of the medium used, as shown in his former drawing on page 46, No. 4. The effects secured by simple treatment need not be pointed out, as they are manifest.

Mr. DeKyln, page 69, introduces himself through "The Edge of the Woods," suggestive of cool and shade, to say nothing of flies, gnats, mosquitoes, crawling things *ad lib.*, bird music and the usual concomitants of the "boundless contignities of shade."

On page 73 Mr. G. S. Melchers, of Detroit, gives us as striking a head as has appeared in the pages of the Sketch Book. The head is from a painting by the artist, bearing the title of the sketch, and is certainly a most vigorous, healthy and aggressive frontespiece of what we may reasonably presume to be a militant character.

"Kick my dog, kick me." More than a few albums contain canine portraits; why not the Sketch Book? Pugs, poodles, coachies, spaniels, terriers, and now "Misery," a dog with a prime pedigree, full of promise, a priceless treasure, and the recent gift of a young gentleman to his best girl. The portrait is perfect: Joseph DeCamp, page 65.

Number 7.

The Sketch Club, or rather a select section thereof, visited the camp of the Veteran Seventh Regiment, on Put-in-Bay Island, and the artistic results of the visit will be found on pages 76 and 77, by Mr. Geo. L. Grossman, and on pages 78 and 83, by Geo. P. Bradley. The camp presented no military appearance beyond that given to it by the tents, as the Veterans take with them their families and make of the camp a community of kindred spirits gathered annually for a summer holiday.

The Seventh Regiment has such a war record as but very few other regiments made in the late unpleasantness; it early gained the soubriquet of "The Fighting Regiment." Pitched battles and innumerable skirmishes, marches and counter-marches making good the title, and these annual gatherings of the survivors affords an opportunity for fighting the battles over again. The camp numbered over fifty tents, and was was pitched on the bluff point on the north-east side of Put-in-Bay Island, about two miles from the steamboat landing.

"Saint Meinrad and His Crows," by Bertha von Hillern, page 84, The drawing is the subject of a painting by Miss von Hillern, which was much admired in Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, where it was placed on private exhibition last winter, and sold before being publicly exhibited. Attached to the sketch, as received, was the following explanatory note. The legend says, "He went out from a Monastery in Switzerland in a great forest to live alone; here he built a hut for himself, and a chapel; but many people sought him out for his great virtues, and when he was murdered in 861, by two robbers, the pet crows pursued them, attacking them with such fury that the people of the town to which the assassins had fled, recognizing the crows as those of Meinrad, suspected that wrong had been done him, and so discovered his body and executed his murderers. On the spot where he 'used to pray in the shadow of a mighty tree,' now stands Einsiedeln, and a famous shrine."

Miss Booth, on page 86, revives a host of irrepressible reminiscences in which the irrepressible conflict, the irrepressible contraband, the irrepressible bummer are all concentrated in the complacent hero of the clever sketch. Out of consideration to the artist, a Bostonian, we suppress any allusion to the irrepressible Butler, who, we believe, invented "contraband."

On page 85 Miss Maria J. C. Becket is represented by a sketch of "The Old Oak on the Coast of Massachusetts," a veritable veteran of the forest monarchs holding vigil over the waste of waters at his feet.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ross Turner, who has been in Venice during the past summer, will sail for New York Oct. 1st.

Mr. J. C. Rolshoven, of Detroit, and Mr. Oliver D. Grover, both pupils of Frank Duveneck, were honored at the Munich Exhibition by having their work placed on the line.

Fortunate for the Academy.—The management of the Art Academy are to be congratulated upon having secured Miss Anna P. Oviatt, of Richfield, as instructor in flower painting and black and white drawing. Miss Oviatt, who has been a pupil of Otto Bacher, is the possessor of remarkably good judgment in coloring, and as evidenced by her contributions to The Sketch Book is particularly strong in draughtsmanship. The progress of her classes is assured. Miss Oviatt will enter upon her duties at the Academy next week.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Misses Bertha Von Hillern and Maria J. C. Becket. This industrious and talented pair of friends and artists, who hunt in couples and together work their ideas out on canvas, have in the present exhibition at Denver pictures that are warmly praised by the *Republican* of that city. They will also have, it is stated, paintings in the Cincinnati Art Exhibition, to open on the 5th prox.; in the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, with a drawing each, in the official catalogue; and in the New England Institute Exposition, soon to open in Boston. *The Artist*, of Boston, and The Sketch Book, of Cleveland, also grace their pages with drawings by these excellent artists.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Mr. Joseph R. DeCamp, who has accepted the position of Instructor in Painting and Etching in the Academy, is a native of Cincinnati. He was for some years, previous to his coming to this city last summer, a pupil of Mr. Frank Duveneck in Venice and Florence. The Duveneck class has very justly come to be regarded by American students who go abroad as a most desirable one, and as Mr. DeCamp took high rank in the class, we are fully assured of his ability to direct so important a class. During his stay abroad Mr. DeCamp enjoyed a close intimacy with Mr. Whistler, the eccentric painter-etcher, and with Mr. Otto Bacher, both of whom are recognized as among the best living etchers; such intimacy could not but have its influence upon the work of a student so earnest as Mr. DeCamp, and in placing him in charge of the class in etching the student may be amply assured that the instruction received will be grounded upon the best principles of the beautiful art.

EXHIBITIONS AND SCHOOLS.

Mr. Frank Duveneck's Florence class will be augmented by a Boston delegation of students.

American Art Association, New York, Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th. Studies. T. A. Wilmurt, collector, 54 East 13th street., New York.

Museum of Fine Art, Boston, Mass. Oct. 16th to Nov. 27th. General exhibition. Chas. G. Loring, curator. Receive to Oct. 1st.

Pennsylvania Academy and Museum of Fine Art, Philadelphia, Pa. Oct, 29th to Dec. 8. Drawings due Oct. 8th. Geo. Corliss, secretary.

Metropolitan Museum of Art. Oct., 1883. April, 1884. Copies of Old Masters by American artists. Correspondence solicited. John W. Mansfield, in charge.

The Art Students' League, of New York, begins its season October 1st, with the following corps of Instructors: T. W. Dewing, C. T. Turner, Walter Shirlaw, Wm. M. Chase, J. S. Hartley, Frederick Deilman. The League is an exceptionally fine school for artists and art students.

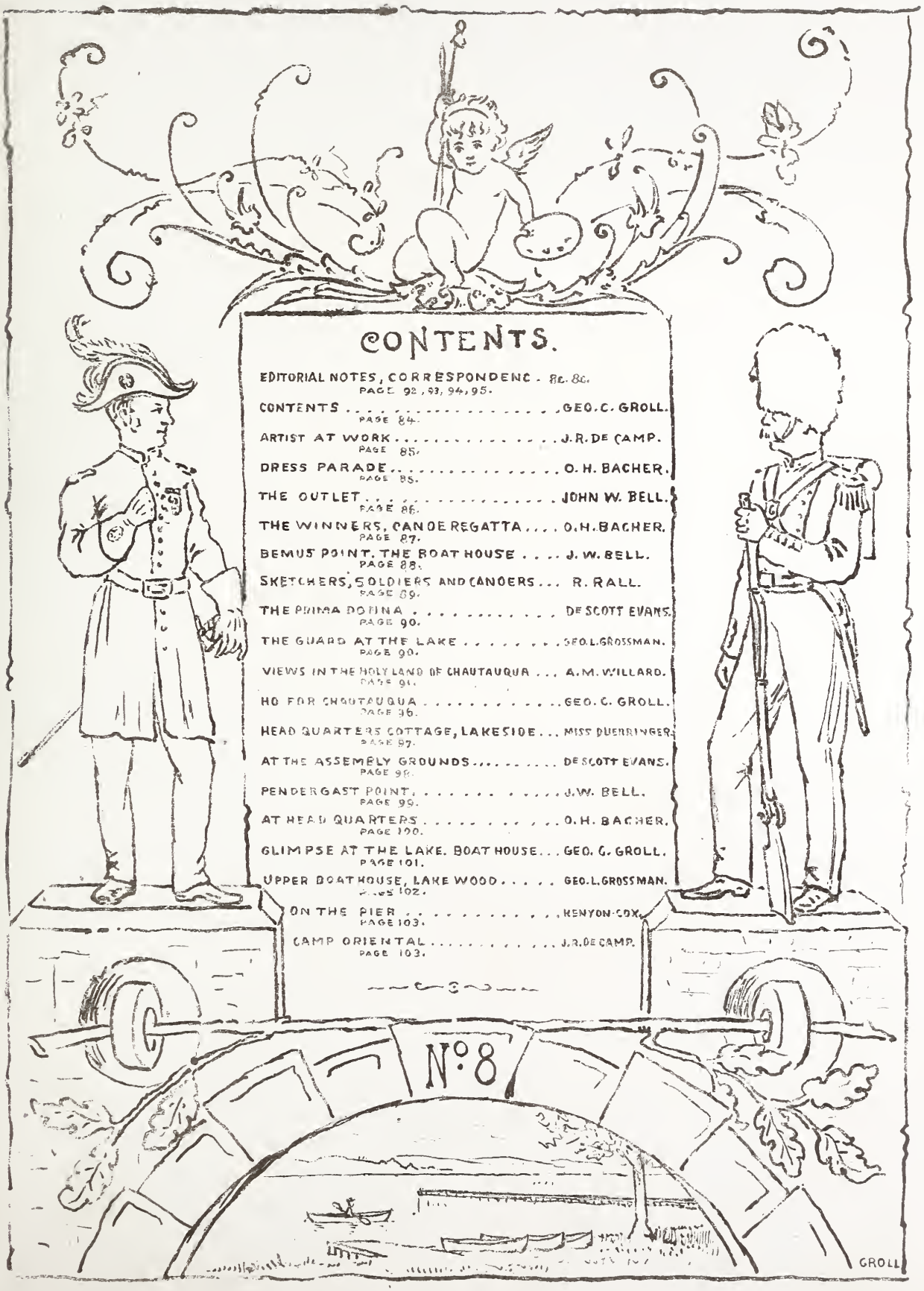
National Academy of Design, New York, Autumn Exhibition opens on Monday, Oct. 22nd, closes Nov. 17th. Works will be received from Oct. 3rd to Oct. 6th inclusive. Varnishing day, Oct. 19th. Artists are required to consign their works to some agent in New York. T. Addison Richards, Corresponding Secretary, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street.


Gibralter

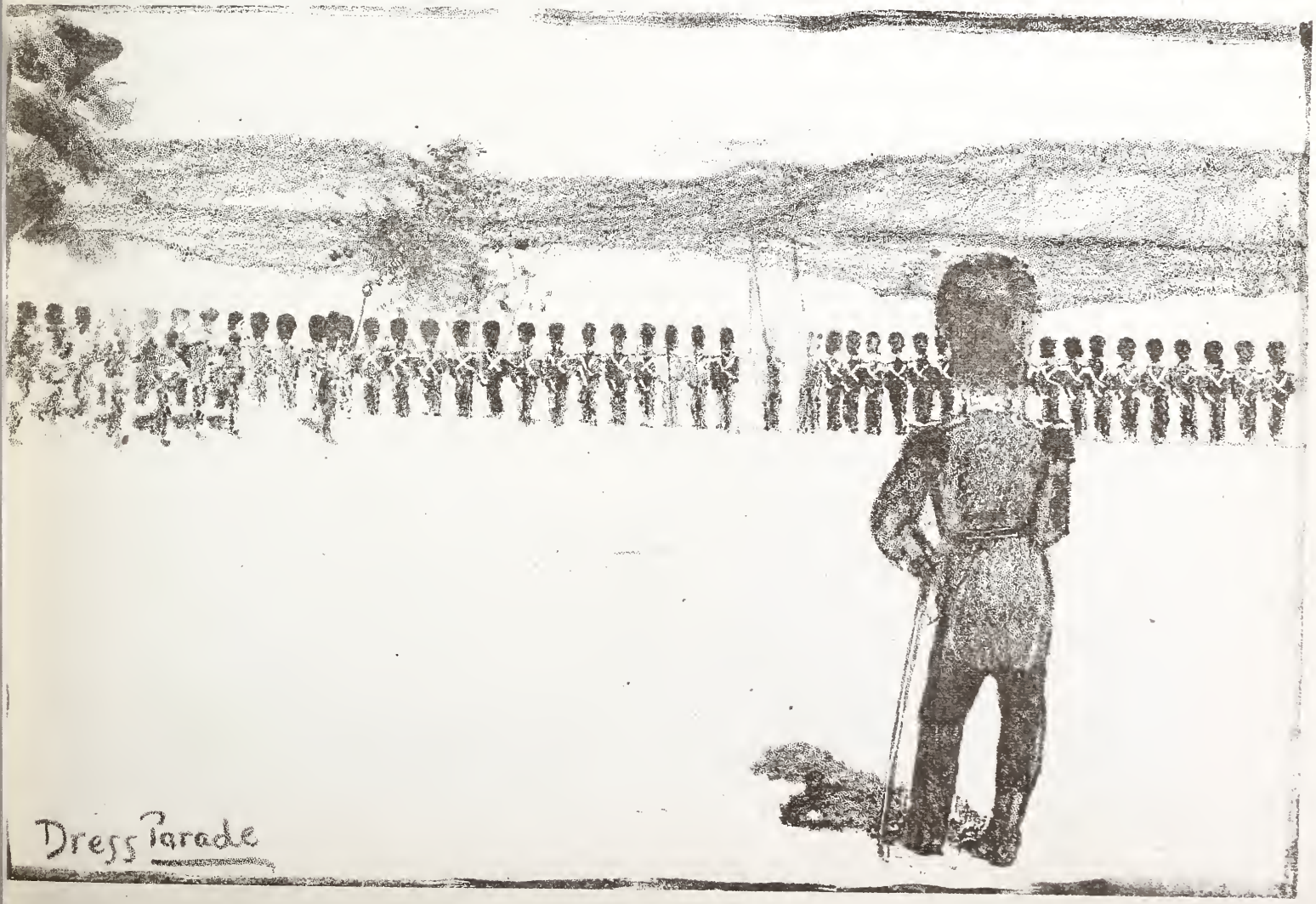

TP3
Webster's Dock

On a Bacchic Plantation.

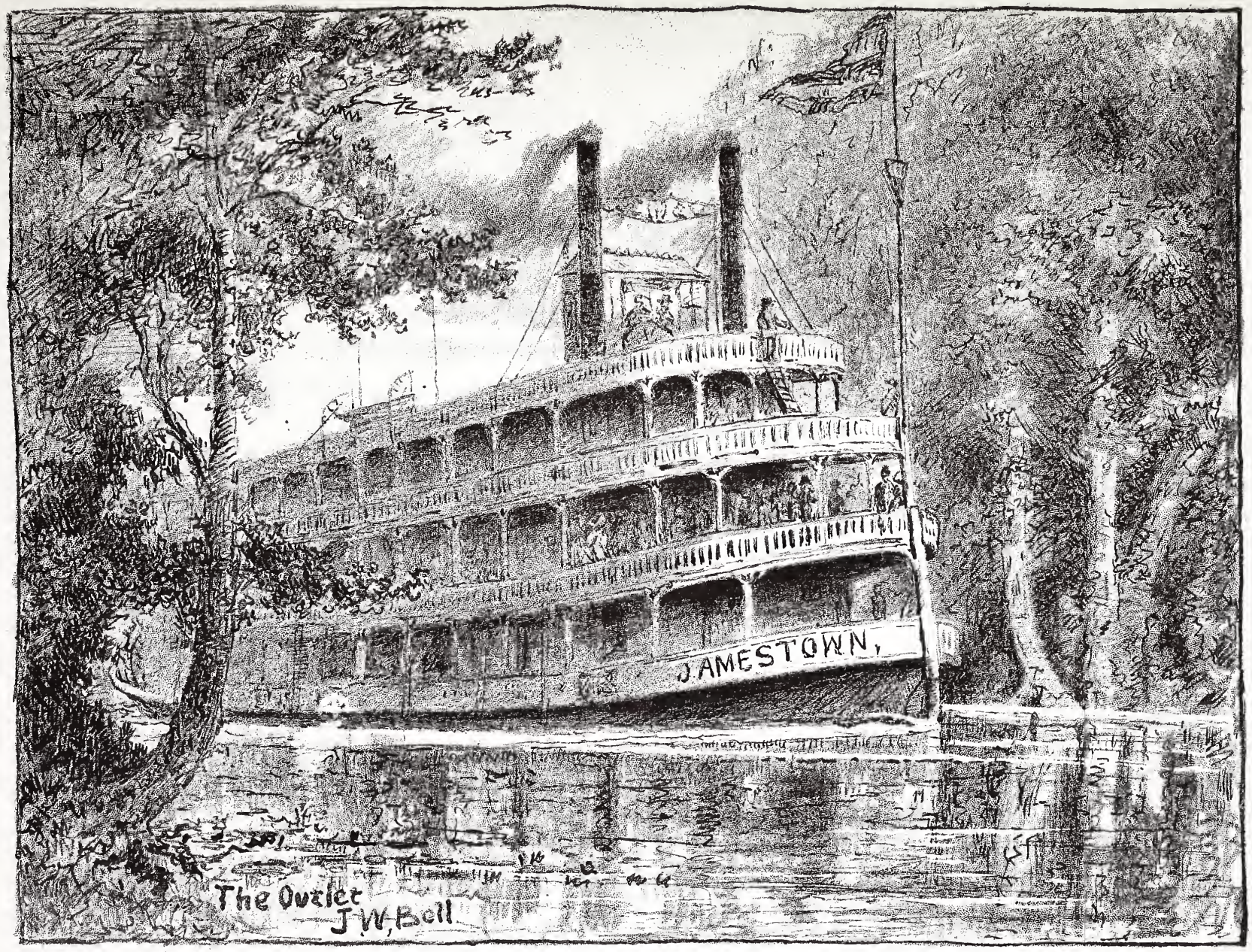
Old Oak on the Coast of Manchester - by the Sea.


CONTENTS.
EDITORIAL NOTES, CORRESPONDENC . 8c. 8c.
PAGE 92, 93, 94, 95.
CONTENTS . . . . . GEO. C. GROLL.
PAGE 84.
ARTIST AT WORK . . . . . J. R. DE CAMP.
PAGE 85.
DRESS PARADE . . . . . O. H. BACHER.
PAGE 85.
THE OUTLET . . . . . JOHN W. BELL.
PAGE 86.
THE WINNERS, CANOE REGATTA . . . . O. H. BACHER.
PAGE 87.
BEMUS POINT, THE BOAT HOUSE . . . . J. W. BELL.
PAGE 88.
SKETCHERS, SOLDIERS AND CANOERS . . . R. RALL.
PAGE 89.
THE PRIMA DONNA . . . . . DE SCOTT EVANS.
PAGE 90.
THE GUARD AT THE LAKE . . . . . GEO. L. GROSSMAN.
PAGE 90.
VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND OF CHAUTAUQUA . . . A. M. WILLARD.
PAGE 91.
HO FOR CHAUTAUQUA . . . . . GEO. C. GROLL.
PAGE 96.
HEAD QUARTERS COTTAGE, LAKESIDE . . . MISS DUERRINGER.
PAGE 97.
AT THE ASSEMBLY GROUNDS . . . . . DE SCOTT EVANS.
PAGE 98.
PENDERGAST POINT . . . . . J. W. BELL.
PAGE 99.
AT HEAD QUARTERS . . . . . O. H. BACHER.
PAGE 100.
GLIMPSE AT THE LAKE. BOAT HOUSE . . . GEO. C. GROLL.
PAGE 101.
UPPER BOAT HOUSE, LAKE WOOD . . . . . GEO. L. GROSSMAN.
PAGE 102.
ON THE PIER . . . . . KENYON COX.
PAGE 103.
CAMP ORIENTAL . . . . . J. R. DE CAMP.
PAGE 103.
No. 8
GROLL

"Our boys at work."

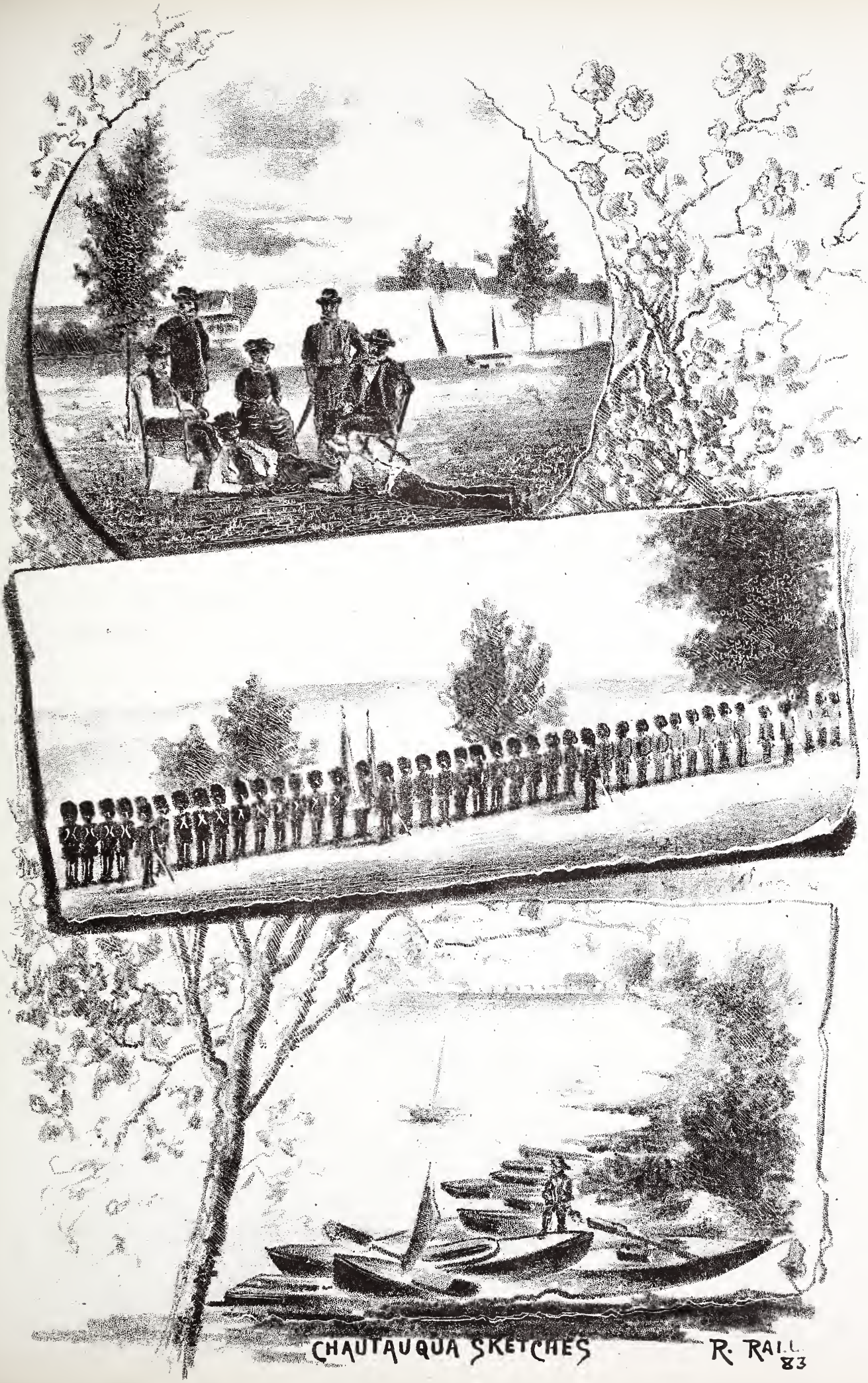


Dress Parade


JAMESTOWN,
The Outlet
J.W. Bell


2nd Prize
1st Prize
Upset Paddle
Race
1st Prize
Man
Medal


Bemus Point
J W Bell
83


CHAUTAUQUA SKETCHES
R. RAIL
83


The Prima-donna


GROSSMAN


MT ZION.
VESUVIUS
MT CARMEL.
MT OF OLIVES.
THE SEA OF GALILEE.
Sights in the Holy Land of CHAUTAUQUA.
COME YE SINNER POOR AND NEEDY
TICKETS 45 cts
Miss Mertle, did you enjoy your trip?
Brother Whatsname.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

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W. J. Morgan & Co, Lithograph Press.

CHAUTAUQUA.

It is perhaps a work of supererogation to give the geographical location of Lake Chautauqua, as there are few people whom The Sketch Book will reach without a place in their memories devoted to pleasant hours spent on its silvery bosom, along its forest-fringed grassy shores, and in its hotels. It is the objective point toward which, with each recurring summer, a vast army of those who seek pleasure, make their way. The number has increased with every year until it is Legion. No one ever went to Chautauqua but duplicated the visit. The place grows on one. It has been said of the prairies, the vast pasture plains of the great West, that one who has inhaled their pure ozone laden atmosphere and strained his vision over their limitless expanse for the period of a week, ever after has a yearning for the grass fields — a yearning that his presence among them alone can satisfy. The same is more or less true of Chautauqua; the invigorating air, the beautiful surroundings — natural and artificial, and the informal manner of living which obtains, leave such happy remembrances that one who sojourns on the lake for a time, however brief, finds within him an ever-present desire to visit the spot again. And each successive visit but endears the place. There may, however, be one or two persons within the sphere of this publication's usefulness who have no information as to the exact location of the lake. To such it may be said that the sheet of water which gives a name to everything in the angle of the Empire State, is situated in the extreme western county, the north end of the lake being but a few miles from Lake Erie. Chautauqua is eighteen miles long — from the head of the outlet to Mayville, and is from one to three miles in width. There are several interesting natural facts to be stated with reference to this body of water. Its level is 730 feet above that of Lake Erie, and 1200 feet above the Atlantic. Although from Mayville, which lies at the head of Chautauqua, Lake Erie may be plainly seen, the waters of Chautauqua find their way to the ocean through the Mississippi instead of the St. Lawrence. There are no visible inlets, and the source of water supply is from underlying springs. Many of the older residents of the vicinity who took up their abode in Chautauqua county when the country was young, and before geologists had formed the intimate acquaintance with the earth's formation they now enjoy, make some extremely wild assertions concerning the character of the Como of America. The belief is more or less widespread that the depth may be determined only by the radius of the earth. The bottom is very irregular, and a profile would very much resemble a miniature mountain range; but it is probable that with the proper weight of lead at the end of the line, mud would be reached much nearer the top than the native Chautauquan imagines.

* * *

The great popularity of Chautauqua as a place for a few days' resort may be ascribed in part to the ease and comfort with which it may be approached. It is less than a day's travel from any given point. The pilgrim from Cleveland enters one of the elegantly appointed parlor cars of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railway, and in five and a-half hours, almost before he has had time to completely surround the contents of the daily paper, he is at Lakewood. From Cincinnati the trip may be made over the main line of the same road in fourteen hours, from Chicago in eighteen, and from New York in sixteen hours. The country, especially the western part of Pennsylvania, through which the road passes, is beautiful, and the rapid transit presents an ever-changing panorama of magnificent views.

* * *

The landscape as seen from the lake is perfect in its loveliness. The scenery, while not so grandly magnificent as that of the Adirondack and Catskill region, is much more pleasing. The eye wearies of Nature in her rugged forms; there is a sameness about mountain scenery which palls on the fancy after a time. It is wearisome from its bold, self-asserting angularity. The soft, undulating curves of "The Place of Fogs," the forest fringed summits of the hills, the green meadows and the golden stuble fields, furnish pictures which never tire, and which have furnished motives for more attractive work by artists than all the eastern part of the State. The white houses nestling among the orchards, the red barns and the rail fences of the thrifty farmers, instead of detracting from the picture give a certain degree of character to the view. It is at night at Chautauqua that the true lover of nature derives the grandest pleasure. There is something about the serene stillness, the silvery shimmer of the waters, and the uncertain outlines of the hills which softens the soul and gratifies the æsthetic part of the beholder's nature, when the same surroundings in the daylight would make no impression. A sheet of water, whether great or small, with its resistless movements is suggestive of eternity. It defies time, and is the same forever. The face of the land may be changed in appearance, the lake remains unaltered. As the writer sat on the boat landing at Lakewood watching the broken image of the moon in the ceaselessly moving waters, thoughts of Him who had created the mysteriously formed lake, and who had stilled the waters on the Sacred Sea, arose. The grand lines of a grand poet came forth involuntarily:

> "O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
> All space doth occupy — all motion guide;
> Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight;
> Thou only God! There is no other god beside."

* * *

Of the places of resort along the lake little need be said. They are well known. Long Point, Bemus Point, Maple

Springs, Chautauqua Point, and Fair Point each have their admirers. The last named place was the original abode of the Chautauqua Idea which has of late years become so widespread. Chautauqua graduates are found in every community, and their numbers at this year's session of the C. L. S. C. ran up into the thousands. Space forbids, even if the character of this publication would warrant, any extended definition of the Chautauqua Idea or its results. Mayville, two miles distant from Fair Point, is a town of considerable magnitude and pretension. Jamestown, two miles down the outlet, is one of the pleasantest, most thrifty little cities of the East. Of all the points on the lake, however, Lakewood is and will continue to be the most popular. It has the advantage in location, scenery and hotels.

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THE name "Chautauqua," with its evident Indian origin and musical liquid sound, gives rise in the minds of the inquiring to endless speculation as to the meaning, and after that the cause of the application. Traditionary lore is always interesting and becomes the more so as the pursuit for facts becomes difficult. With Chautauqua the search has but few attendant drawbacks. There is but little mystery to unravel in this case. Among the multiplicity of traditions the seeker for information has but to choose that which seems to him best. A spirit of candor compels the admission that "Chautauqua," in the language of the Seneca's, meant simply and only — The Place of Fogs. It is brief and expressive, but it removes the smallest vestige of interest, it rudely disturbs the silvery web of romance. Many of the stories are not without a certain picturesque beauty, and would furnish material for a library of dime novels. One of the most popular of the traditions was given to the writer by a resident of the Salamanca reservation, the Aborigine being encouraged in his narrative by frequent memory quickeners in the nature of several fingers of Jamestown red liquor. The legend is substantially as follows:

Years ago when the country was comparatively new, a party of young men of the Western Reserve decided to make a starring tour through the East. They packed their brief gripsacks, adorned their swarthy frames with a fresh, beautiful coat of blue clay and keel — the colors used by the prehistoric amateur in art — tied on their base ball shoes, and set forth bearing with them the benisons of their proud parents and the requests of their best girls for new teeth bracelets, and necklaces of New Yorkers' ears. On and onward the devoted band of excursionizing carpet-baggers moved until they reached that section of the country "where the Mohawk gently glides in its clear, winding way to the sea." Here they met a party of the ancient Mohawkers, who loudly proclaimed themselves to be lords of the causeway. The Ohio men decided to arbitrate the question on the spot, and the sun was presently obscured with fragments of copper-hided New Yorkers and ultra-marine-hued Ohioans. The Mohawk ran a deep red color for the three weeks next succeeding the scrimmage. But this is anticipatory. The battle continued until there was not a sufficient number of the excursionists remaining to constitute a ward caucus, and the original followers of St. Tamemund, or Tamany, lay around as promiscously and numerous as defeated candidates after a convention. The tide of victory was with the New Yorkers, however, and the visitors concluded that they had gone far enough toward the East. Then their forethought in attiring themselves in the fleet running-gear was apparent, After concluding to depart they wasted but little time in preliminaries, but at once proceeded on the return trip. They annihilated distance in a way which would have made Rowell tired. When they struck the hemlock hills of the interior they missed their reckoning and wandered about for weeks, lamenting the cold day on which they left Ashtabula county. When hope had forsaken them, and the last hunting-shirt had been put in the way of assimilation, a new comer appeared in camp. She was radiantly beautiful as an autumn morn, the incarnation of all that was considered lovely in prehistoric woman, and she assumed the contract of piloting the shattered remnants of the Buckeye delegation back to their wigwams. For three days they followed their female Moses across rivers and through forests, until a point was reached where the blue waters of Lake Erie could be seen in the distance, smiling and shining in the summer's sun. Cautioning her followers not to abandon the shore line until they reached their homes, the mysterious maiden with a wave of her shapely hand, faded away — vanished as the morning mist, and left nothing but a golden remembrance. Before leaving the spot the warriors named it Sheh-tokh-gweu—"The place of the Mysterious Disappearance." The lake which lay back of them received the same appellation, which, in a corrupted form, it retains to this day.

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There are worldlings who scoff at the mere mention of Chautauqua, for the reason, as they give it, that the atmosphere is essentially religious. It is possible that the moral standard of the several points open for visitors, is rather too elevated to be entirely congenial to the souls of those to whom reference is made, but, that the temporary residents or the practices of any of the Chautauqua lake resorts are so exclusively moss-backed and bigoted in their piety as to be objectionable to the veriest skeptics, is untrue. At Fairpoint the exercises might possibly bring up visions of pulpits—if this be objectionable—but the exercises are also of such a character, that even the most liberal adherent to the Ingersollian belief might find his mind a trifle more developed, his views somewhat more liberal in the right way, and himself the possessor of a vast deal of valuable information, by a close attendance upon the meetings of the C. L. S. C. As a pleasure resort, a place to seek and mingle with society—society the most refined and cultured—the points on Chautauqua present opportunities not offered by the watering-places of the seaboard.

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Trolling for bass and pickerel was a highly popular employment during the encampment, yet the records fail to show that any one made a catch. There are traditions to the effect that fish have been caught in the lake, but the month of August is evidently not the time of year in which the symmetrical black bass, or the gentle muscalonge yearn for spoons and red flannel. Either this, or they have all been taken. Years ago the lake, according to the native Chautauquans, was literally alive with fish, and tons were taken out every

winter. The method employed was not one which would recommend itself to a sportsman. The practice was to cut a hole in the ice, construct a close hut over it, so as to completely exclude the light, and build a fire on a jack rigged for the purpose. All that remained for the fisherman to do was to sit down and wait. The fish, inquisitive as women, would rush in droves to the illuminated circle, and an expert spearsman could slaughter them by the thousand.

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The presence at Lakewood at one time of Oriental Commandery K. T., the Grays, the Canoe Club, and Sketch Club of Cleveland, gave to the place a great interest for people of this city, and largely swelled the tide of travel that way. The ten days' encampment of the Grays was a period long to be remembered by those so fortunate as to be there. It was a time filled with the most unqualified pleasure for all. From reveille till taps, and for several hours before and after, the day was devoted to nothing but enjoyment, and the diverse ways in which it was obtained forbade the idea of monotony. Canoeing seemed to be the favorite amusement. The sport is at once the most exhilarating, healthful and pleasurable of the entire card of athletics. There is a sense of freedom from all restraint to be found in a "Racine" which cannot be found elsewhere. The cranky craft, of which there were nine, including the elegant boat presented Commodore Gardner by the Grays, were well patronized, and their bottoms had little opportunity to remain dry. At night, when all other resources failed, the ball-room invited participants in, and spectators to the dance. The evenings are invariably so cool, that midsummer dancing is not a burden at Lakewood. Taken from the first day of the encampment until the time of striking the tents, there was not a minute but had its particular pleasure and not an unpleasant incident occurred, although several of a character directly contrary might be recounted.

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Since the days of James Fennimore Cooper, who located the principal scenes of one of the famed Leather Stocking romances on Chautauqua lake, every possessor of a lead pencil, who enjoyed that privilege so dear to the heart of the American—that of seeing his productions in print—has deemed it his duty to contribute his quota to Chautauqua literature. The writer, as will be evidenced by the preceding, is no exception. No apology will be offered. It is customary, and the reading public must stand it. It does seem singular, however, that with so much written of it, in such varying degrees of atrocity, Chautauqua retains its popularity.

"McIntyre."

THE CLEVELAND ACADEMY.

The prospectus of the Cleveland Academy has just been issued. The classes for the season of 1883–4 open on Monday, Sept. 10th, 1883. Classes are formed as follows:—Oil painting, portraiture, landscape, drapery and still life on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday of each week; Drawing from casts and the draped model on Wednesday and Saturday of each week; Modeling in clay on Monday and Wednesday of each week; Etching on Friday of each week; Wood Engraving on Tuesday of each week; Architectural drawing, drawing of ornament and furniture drawing on Thursday of each week. Conventional and Decorative drawing on Tuesday of each week. The foregoing are Day classes in session from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. The Evening classes are as follows:—Sketch class, Monday and Thursday; Cast class, Wednesday, Life class, Friday; Composition class, Thursday. Lectures on artistic anatomy, perspective and kindred topics on Tuesday evenings. Regular monthly Receptions on the last Monday, day and evening, of each month.

The following constitutes the corps of Instructors:—Messrs. A. M. Willard, Jos. R. DeCamp, DeScott Evans, J. Walter Bell, C. M. Buxbaum, Adam Lehr, Geo. L. Grossman, John S. Jennings, Geo. C. Groll, Otto S. Rutenik, Geo. P. Bradley, Miss Sallie Rayen, Miss May Remington, and Miss Anna P. Oviatt.

The terms are as follows: Membership fee $1.00. Day classes $5.00 per month, embracing instruction on one day each week during the term, excepting for the modeling class $25.00 per quarter, two days instruction each week during the term. Members of the day classes are admitted free to all evening classes, lectures and receptions. Evening classes $5.00 for the entire term.

Further information can be had by application to or addressing the Secretary, W. H. Eckman, No. 27, City Hall Building.

The prospectus sets forth the following in explanation of the class in Architectural drawing, drawing of Ornament and Furniture drawing:

"*Architectural drawing.*—Suitable plans and elevations from the *American Architect* will be drawn to scale, inked and colored, and when sufficient facility in working with the instruments, and knowledge of architectural detail has been acquired, the student will be aided in working out plans of his own.

Drawing of Ornament.—Selected ornament of the best periods, including stained glass design, will be studied, and, when adequate freedom of drawing and knowledge of ornamental forms have been gained, designing of ornament will follow in such practical application as may suit each individual student.

Furniture Drawing.—Tables, mantels, side-boards, etc., by the best designers, will be drawn to scale and in the full size, until students are sufficiently advanced, when they will receive assistance in the original design of any furniture they may choose."

DETROIT LOAN EXHIBITION.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE SKETCH BOOK.]

Detroit, Aug. 31st, 1883.

The hanging of pictures at the Detroit Loan Art Exhibition is unfinished, and the rooms are as yet in a somewhat chaotic state, so that no complete account of the exhibition can be given.

Cleveland makes a very fair showing with a choice, if not large collection, the gem of which is Jules Breton's "Tired Gleaner," the property of H. B. Hurlbut, Esq. It is not one of Breton's great pictures, but is a piece of eminently sound and wholesome painting. There are also good pictures by Troyon, Munkacsy, Fritz August Kaulbach and others, and a Tofano, the property of Mr. Dan P. Eells, very interesting in the painting of a face seen through a brown veil. Lastly, there are several paintings by Mr. Bacher, one of which "a Venice," with blue sky and water and the Doge's Palace, Campanile, &c., sending their long reflections down into the foreground, is a charming bit of subtle color and delicate painting.

The Boston collection contains little of interest with the exception of Duveneck's "Turkish Page"; a gaudy and scattered "Cleopatar

Embarking on the Nile," which it would be difficult to believe that so great an artist as Merson had really painted, were it not for some good bits of detail that show his hand; and a feebly executed, if well-intentioned composition of semi-classical figures by Frank Millet.

Mr. Melchers, of Detroit, exhibits several interesting pictures among which is the head of "The Victor," of which he has kindly furnished the SKETCH BOOK with a drawing.

Several Detroit gentlemen exhibit private collections, of which the best, perhaps, is Gen. Alger's. He has an exquisite Corot, one of the best pictures in the halls; a carefully finished sheep picture by Rosa Bonheur; some capital examples of Diaz; two rather extravagant canvasses by Innes, &c. A better picture by Inness is in the large entrance hall and is almost all of very interesting which that room contains. Mr. McMillan, of Detroit, exhibits some pictures, of which the most interesting to students will prove to be an early "View of Rome," by Fortuny (?), which, if genuine, is totally unlike his later work.

A brilliant instance of Fortuny's later style is in the collection of Mr. Haseltine of Philadelphia, and will be worth studying in connection with the other to show the great change of style and method. The rest of Mr. Haseltine's collection consists, as was to be expected, of clever, *saleable* pictures, principally of the modern French and Italian schools—what are known as "dealer's pictures" *par excellence.*

There are also an exhibition of "Colonial" portraits, &c.; a room devoted to the Detroit Water Color Society; a room of etchings and engravings, where we noticed three little Whistlers, one of them very charming, and some fine, strong work by Seymour Haden, Parrish, &c., and where there are to be some of Mr. Bacher's plates; and a room of black and white drawings from *Harper's* and the *Century.* This last will probably contain some of the SKETCH BOOK work. Lastly, there are interesting collections of oriental photographs, pottery, and bric-a-brac. X.

THE SKETCHES.

The appearance in this number of several drawings made from photographs may possibly invite criticism, inasmuch as THE SKETCH BOOK is represented as a portfolio of original sketches. The desire to make the number complete—a fitting tribute to beautiful Chautauqua, together with the fact that several hours are consumed in the preparation of many of our original sketches, must be a sufficient explanation of the use of the friendly lens; it was not consistent with the eternal fitness of things to ask the complacent posers, who faced the camera to remain in pose for two or three hours while the limner worked out what the dry-plate caught in half as many seconds. Sufficient merit inheres to these drawings to entitle them to the place they occupy, the varied treatment of the subjects alone inviting study and consideration. The plates used were made by Messrs. Chas. H. Comstock and Fred. Keith, of the Canoe Club, and developed by Mr. Decker, of Euclid avenue. The drawings from these plates will be found as follows: "On the Pier," drawn by Kenyon Cox, page 103; "Camp Oriental," drawn by Jos. DeCamp, page 103; "Our Artist at Work," a Sketch Club group, drawn by Jos. R. DeCamp, page 85; "Dress Parade," the Grays, drawn by Otto H. Bacher, page 85; "Dress Parade," sketches by R. Rall, page 89.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

"At Headquarters"—page 100. Mr. Otto Bacher gives us a very realistic camp scene, a consultation between the commanding officer of the Grays, Col. John N. Frazee, and the Commodore of the Canoe Club, Mr. Geo. W. Gardner, both figures in most excellent drawing and as nearly like as the nature of the medium used will admit in such small figures. The officer of the day, in full uniform, the sentry on his round, and the tents in the near distance fill up the page. In composition and tone but little more could be desired. On page 87, Mr. Bacher presents careful studies of the prize winners in the Canoe regattas. The races, sail and paddle, and manouvers of the Canoe Club constituted such a marked feature in the ten days' enjoyment at Lakewood as to warrant the immortalization of the four heroes so effectively portrayed on the page.

MR. DE SCOTT EVANS illustrates one phase of Fair Point in his sketch, "At the Assembly Grounds," on page 98, which is not altogether germain to the "Chautauqua Idea," but always has been, is and will ever remain a chapter in the mid-summer holiday of the fair and the brave. "The Prima Donna," on page 90, won the hearts of all the camp and the plaudits of all who were fortunate enough in that large concourse to hear the sweet notes of her clear, strong voice.

No page in the number probably will commend itself to the picture-enjoying public so highly as that presented by MR. WILLARD—91. MR. WILLARD is inimitable in portraying the initial impression of a situation leavened by an apparent insincerity, and "Views in the Holy Land of Chautauqua" are to be taken, not as caricatures, which they are not, but as the essence of the situation at Fair Point, as seen through the artist's eyes. The story is too well told to require or even to admit of a review.

LANDSCAPE.

"Bemus Point," looking south from Long Point, and "Pendergast Point," from Fluvanna, by MR. BELL, on pages 88 and 99 respectively, are two carefully drawn and very realistic glimpses of the quiet and peaceful scenery of the lake. In his sketches, as in his paintings, MR. BELL evinces close study, and his work commends itself to public taste. The sketch of the Jamestown on page 86 crystalizes the memory of a day made pleasant and most enjoyable to the Sketch Club and Canoe Club by Captain Ed. Pitcher, her genial commander.

The fragrance of an embryo romance clings about "The Pier and Boat House," (page 102) located near Lakewood, sketched by MR. GROSSMAN, which reached a climax the week preceding the advent of the Sketch Club. The vicinity of the pier was the Mecca of soldier, sailor and sketcher, but the divinity of the place eluded every endeavor to secure a counterfeit semblance, and the Sailor Lass, native to the manor born, retained her *incognitio*, so far as THE SKETCH BOOK is concerned. On page 90 MR. GROSSMAN adds two small but characteristic bits of the locality.

MR. GEO. C. GROLL illuminates the Table of Contents, page 84; presents a very realistic view of the N. Y., P. & O. depot, page 96, at which the party embarked, while the two sketches on page 96, trifling in themselves, are reminders of the time and place.

MISS DUERRINGER'S sketch of "Headquarters Cottage," page 97, is one of the numerous cottages about Lakewood, this particular one being then occupied by the beauty, as the canvas tents were occupied by the chivalry of Camp Oriental.

CAMP NOTES.

THE boundless resources of wit confined within the rotund form of J. Walter Bell, of the Sketch Club, made perennial sunshine at headquarters.

MISS DUERRINGER and Miss Varney intrepidly braved the dangers of the deep in the dainty canoes, and were unanimously voted honorary members of the Canoe Club.

THE uniform courtesy of officials and employes of the "Nyp and O" road won the esteem of the sketchers. Agent Garfield was master of the situation and equal to every emergency.

"STUFF" is accepted in the studio as a term expressive of excellent qualities. "Dot's the stuff" became a familiar slogan in camp, which rallied soldier, canoer and artist to a common center.

THE personnel of the Sketch Club was as follows: A. M. Willard, Geo. C. Groll, Otto H. Bacher, Jos. R. DeCamp, De Scott Evans, J. W. Bell, Geo. L. Grossman, Miss Amelia Duerringer, W. H. Eckman and Will E. Lewis.

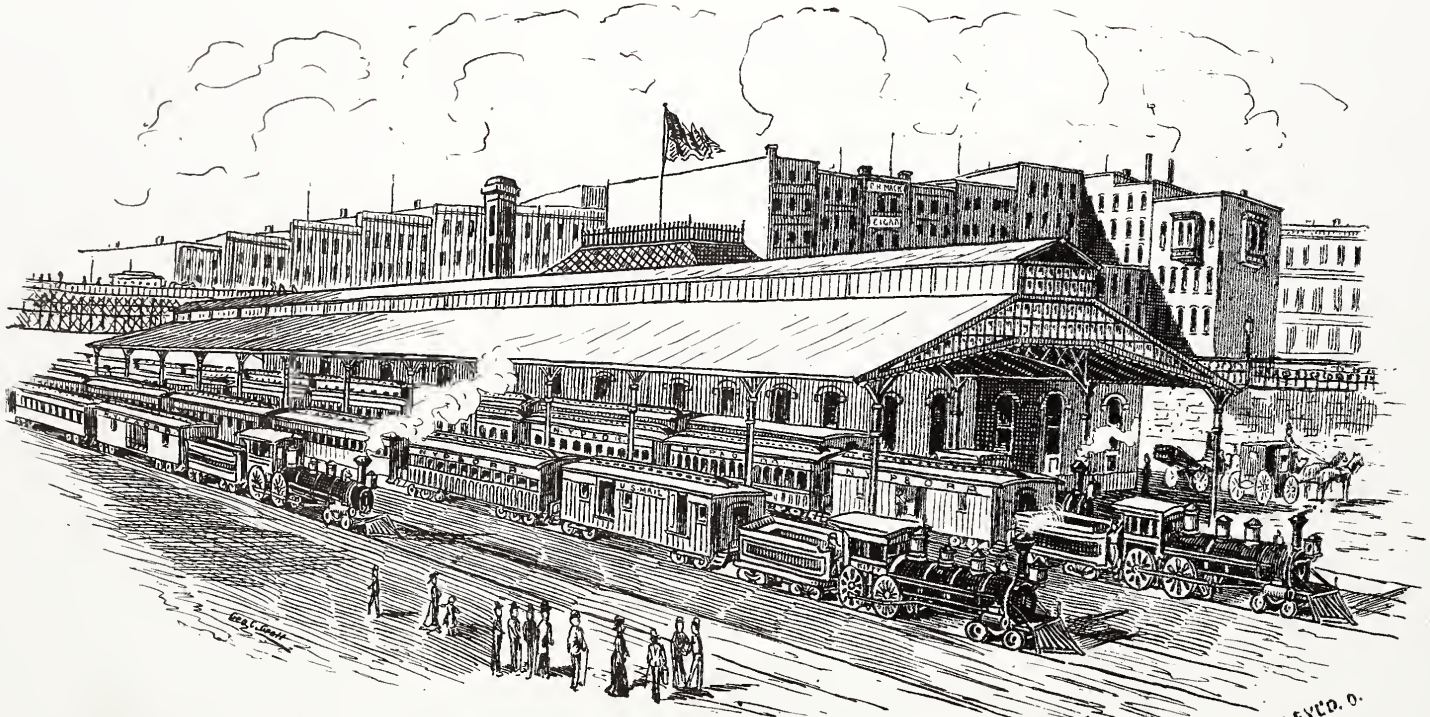
VICE COMMODORE COMSTOCK AND FRED KEITH—Fritz—of the Canoe Club, tried their powers as amateur photographers with most excellent results. From the thirty photos taken a number of drawings were made for this number.

BACHER, DeCamp and Grossman distinguished themselves as expert canoers. The former treated himself to an unpremeditated bath while sailing, to the amusement of a large concourse of spectators. DeCamp crowded the winner of the sailing race, while Grossman executed a variety of acrobatic feats from the deck of his canoe.

DURING the ten days in which the Sketch Club enjoyed the hospitalities extended by the Cleveland Grays in camp, no incident occurred to mar the pleasure of the club, and for the unalloyed enjoyment of the mid-summer holiday the club renders its heartfelt acknowledgements to every officer and man of the distinguished company.

THE Sketch Club nearly lost a valuable member, and Mr. George Grossman mourns the destruction of a sketch in color, as the result of the ubiquitous small boy's recklessness. The artist was seated near the water's edge taking memoranda for an especially pleasing sunlight and water effect. Suddenly a bullet from a 32-caliber target rifle passed over Mr. Grossman's shoulder within two inches of his face, and crushing through the sketch block found a permanent stopping place in a tree. The shot was fired by a youth whose aim was nearly as defective as the judgment of his parents who turned him loose with the engine of destruction. The boy was engaged in shooting at a mark. Mr. Grossman ruefully remarked as he exhibited his perforated sketch in camp, that he was disposed to permit children to enjoy themselves, and live up to their privileges, but he had decided objections against having his work ruined.

MR. C. M. BUXBAUM, who arrived in this country from Hungary some eighteen months ago and who for the past six months has been Professor of Modeling in the Normal Schools, Toronto, Canada, is now occupying temporary quarters in the Art Academy rooms. He is engaged upon a bust of Mr. G. A. Selzers' little daughter, and is about to undertake a life-size bust of Hon. Harvey Rice.



HO · FOR · CHAUTAUQUA


AMELIA DUERRINGER.
83.

At The Assembly Grounds


Pendergast Point
J W Bell '83


GEO. C. CROLL
83
LAKE CHAUTAUQUA


LAKEWOOD
N.Y.

On the Pier -

"Camp O[illegible]"

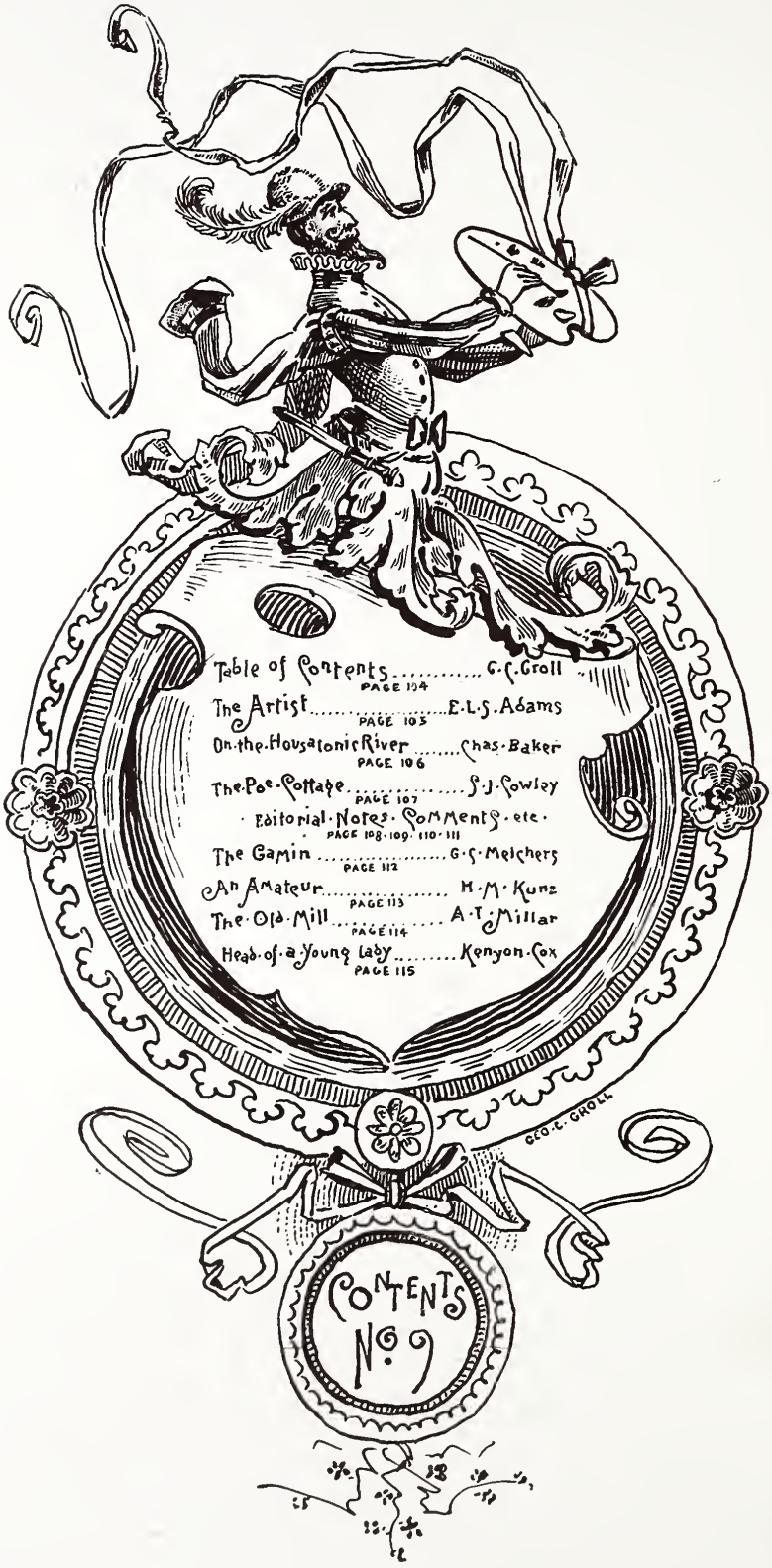
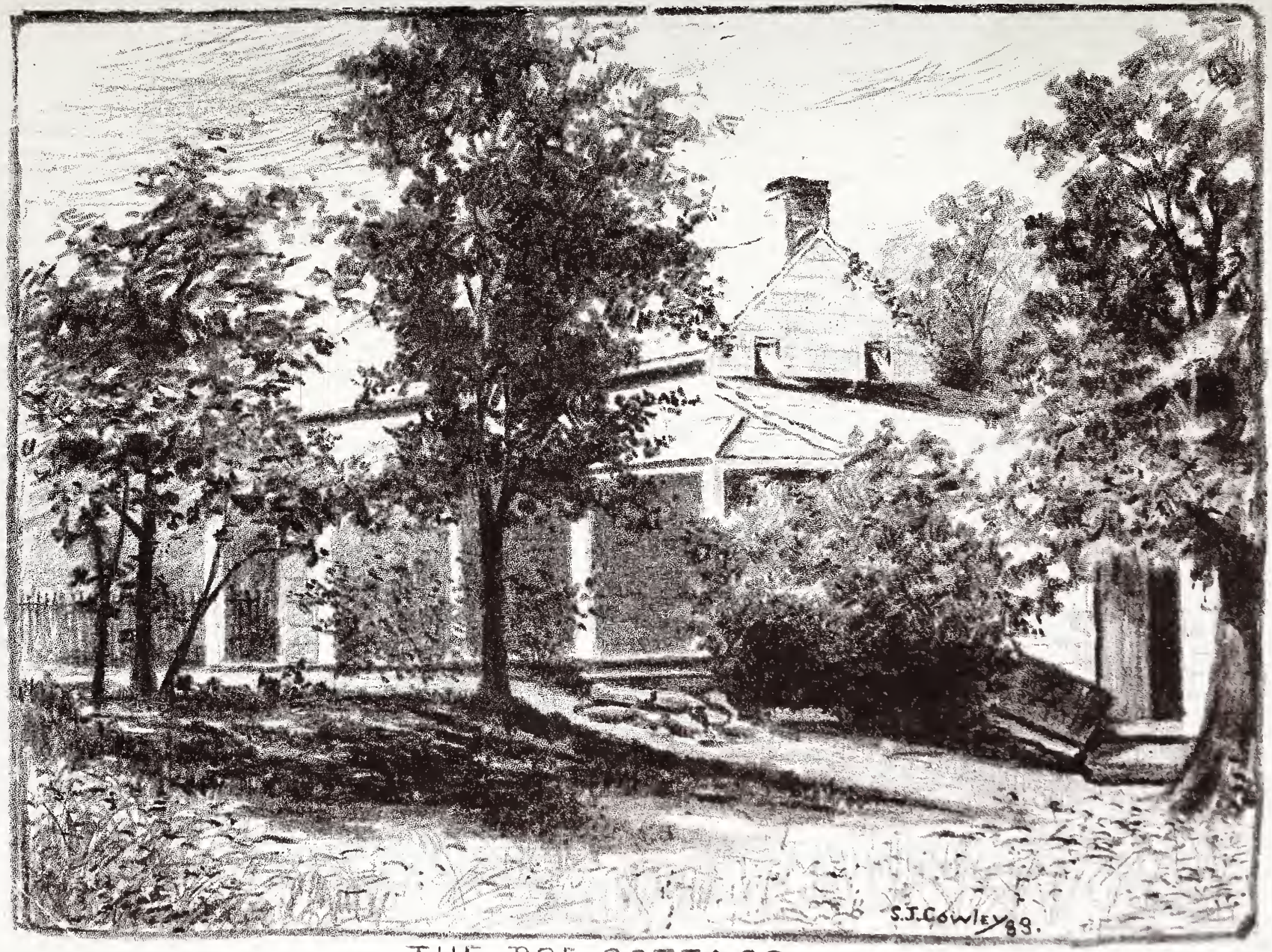


Table of Contents ..... G. C. Groll
PAGE 104
The Artist ..... E. L. S. Adams
PAGE 105
On the Housatonic River ..... Chas. Baker
PAGE 106
The Poe Cottage ..... S. J. Cowley
PAGE 107
Editorial Notes, Comments, etc.
PAGE 108, 109, 110, 111
The Gamin ..... G. S. Melchers
PAGE 112
An Amateur ..... H. M. Kunz
PAGE 113
The Old Mill ..... A. T. Millar
PAGE 114
Head of a Young Lady ..... Kenyon Cox
PAGE 115
GEO. C. GROLL
CONTENTS
No. 9


Chas Baker 83 — Housatonic River, at Gt Barrington Mass. —



THE POE COTTAGE
Fordham N.Y.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

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DRAWING.

"True ease in writing comes from Art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

As POPE says of writing so may it be said of drawing. So closely in fact do these twin sister accomplishments resemble each other, in so far as the acquirement of true ease in their exercise is concerned, that what is said of the one may with equal force be said of the other. Taken in the sense in which the Poet has used the term, namely the conveyance of thought in correct symetrical language, it is admitted that Artist and Poet may possess an innate consciousness of truth and beauty, lacking to a degree in the multitude; that to draw does not constitute the Artist, any more than that to write makes the Poet; but to say that the multitude, by that "same Art not chance" cannot acquire the self same ease in drawing as in writing is not only illogical, but wholly at variance with a reasonable knowledge of our mental capabilities.

As between elementary drawing and the formation of the letters of the alphabet there is no difference; in the one instance an object is represented in the other a symbol, in both the identical functions are exercised, the eye and hand, and simple lines constitute the medium of expression in either. No argument seems necessary to sustain the proposition that the child will learn to place upon paper an approximate semblance to a familiar object, easier than to transcribe the letters of the alphabet just as he will recognize an object and become acquainted with the use more readily than he will become on familiar terms with his a. b. c.

The consciousness of truth and of beauty is universally inherent, and the desire to give it sensible expression is equally universal. Men of all nations and all climes have devised methods of expressing ideas by arbitrary signs or symbols, and every race has developed a pictorial art; in fact the art of picture making—that is of drawing so far antedates that of writing as to make the latter a comparatively modern art, which is to say man found it easier to draw pictures than to write, to represent on a flat surface the outward semblance of familiar things with greater facility than to transcribe arbitrary forms, which in themselves, convey no meaning. Centuries of time passed before man attempted to draw even the simplest forms, and, if we may judge from the remnants of antiquity left us in her potteries, &c., other centuries elapsed before any but the simplest forms were expressed; for still other centuries the hieroglyphic served him, but we seek in vain for the date when the ancient marshaled his uncouth figures into words and sentences. The drawings resurrected from beneath the dust of untold ages furnish no clue to the beginning of this art, while we fix with a reasonable certainty the invention of letters.

Drawing is a universal language, for all men and all time; it is a potent educator which appeals to our understanding and quickens our sensibilities at an earlier age and with more abiding persistency than any other agent. Writing is of necessity a restricted mode of expression, and the mutation of word language is such that we scarcely recognize our mother tongue as our fore-fathers used it. (It may be well to say, in parenthesis, that this is *not* an argument in favor of a return to the hieroglyh.)

The act of drawing, and by this is meant the mere projection upon a flat surface of a tangible object as it is reflected in the eye—requires no mental effort, the hand is simply called upon to copy a picture already made; the mental faculty is exercised in measuring the values in the picture to be copied and if the hand fails to produce a satisfactory result the vision is at fault. "Having eyes ye see not" may be accepted literally, and, in this sense, it may be said that learning to draw is simply learning to see.

Divesting the art of drawing of all mystery and, for the moment ignoring "principles," it is found that a drawing—any drawing is a simple combination of lines; there are but two kinds of lines, straight and curved, and to represent any object requires simply sufficient observation and judgment to give to the straight and curved lines their respective value; this value is dependent upon and fixed by the relation which any given line may sustain to all other lines in the thing sought to be represented whether it be a letter of the alphabet or an object of form. The hand is an obedient and willing slave to the will, and that must indeed be an erratic will which exacts performance in the creation of a letter of the alphabet, but gets entangled in a maze of uncertainty when the same hand is required to make the same lines in producing some other form equally as simple.

A declaration of inability to draw may safely be accepted in some cases, as we have seen the test applied, and, as the victim pointed to his achievement with a fiendish relish, as a proof positive, we were forced to admit that he was beyond all doubt right, but when the mangler of form insists that he cannot learn to draw, he insists upon a moral, mental and physical debasement which, if well founded, would render him a hideous personification of total depravity (blind men are accepted) and a *rara avis* of the first water.

IT cannot be amiss at this time to urge upon the Board of Trustees of the Academy, the desirability of progressing toward the accomplishment of the purpose for which the association is formed. The times are propituous; peace and quiet, and prosperity abide with us, no economic, financial or political convulsions threaten us; so far as we know the public pulse, it will receive the gift of an Art Academy, such as the Board contemplates, with a generous throb of appreciative welcome, and we are convinced that the private purse of the public spirited citizens will be opened for a purpose which must commend itself strongly; why then should there be any further delay in pushing the matter to completion.

The officers, directors and incorporators have long since agreed that to have an academy is eminently desirable, every

lover of art, who mourns the lack of a gallery wherein works of art may be seen, is in sympathy with the effort to create such a gallery and when it is provided the whole people of our city will say amen.

It is true that a no inconsiderable sum of money will be required for the purpose, but it would be cause for the most poignant regret were the project to fall from a lack of means to carry it out, and the Board of Directors may well consider the effect a failure from such a cause may have upon any future effort in the same direction.

There have doubtless been drawbacks and ample causes for delay, in fact we believe the delay has been a wise one up to this writing, but the causes and obstacles do not now exist and the time "to make haste slowly" may well be said to be of the past.

THE SKETCHES.

We have received a number of fine pencil drawings during the past month from some of our artist friends, which, to our regret, we cannot use. We will cheerfully furnish the requisite proper material upon application.

In-as-much as the mid-summer number was crowded with the work of men at home, the genial coterie whose every day intercourse is a perennial feast of reason, wit and good fellowship, the present issue is given up entirely to the kindred spirits afar, with the single exception of page 104, into which Mr. Groll has infused poetic life as a contents page, to do which is to find the fire of inspiration under difficulties.

The fine head by Mr. Cox, on page 115, is one of a number of careful studies made during his too brief visit to this city last summer; the head of the sitter presents in itself a fine contour and the study recommends itself not only as a vigorous and masterly drawing, but as an easily recognized portrait of the young lady. Whatever quality may be lacking in the sketch as it appears is to be attributed to faulty reproduction.

On page 112, Mr. Melchers, of Detroit, introduces a gamin of the street, the true Bohemian; the utter sang-froid of the entire pose is wholly characteristic of the genus and the artist has immortalized the urchin. This is a most excellent supplement to "The Victor," which appeared in No. 6; the boy is father to the man, both are conquerers, one possibly by the sword the other by "Cheek" unquestionably—if he survives.

The Housatonic river has afforded Mr. Charles Baker a charming bit of landscape which he has treated in a truly artistic and delicate manner on page 106. The leafless trees are harbingers of chilly blasts and the artist has interpreted their prophecy right well.

The Amateur on page 113 by H. M. King, suggests and immediate waste of raw material to be spread upon an inoffensive canvas, which, later on, will be called a picture and be given with a gorgeous frame to some bosom friend, to be hung upon the wall, as worsted mottos are hung—reminders of the "Vanity of Vanities all is Vanity."

E. L. S. Adams, of Chicago, is represented on page 105, by a finely drawn full-length figure, which we have christened "The Artist." The highest compliment we can pay the sketch is to say of it, the work is worthy of the handsome sitter protrayed.

"The Old Mill" has been and must ever be a theme for the poet and the artist, but whether in this instance we are called upon to moralize over the decay of a mighty power once potent for good through the agency of steam, or, whether "The wheel will never turn with the water which has passed" the artist, Mr. A. T. Millar, does not inform us.

"The Poe Cottage" on page 107, by Mr. Sam'l J. Cowley, of New York, merits something more than a passing notice, not so much on account of its inherent merit as a sketch, but because of its association. The sketch itself is copied from an oil painting ordered of Mr. Cowley by the New York Historical Society. It was in this humble cottage that Edgar Allen Poe wrote "The Raven" and ended in pain and bitterness a life of unsatisfied yearning, vain regret and such wonderous outbursts of genius as have thrilled the hearts of the people not alone of this but other lands. Space will allow but scant extracts from a long and interesting descriptive letter sent by the artist with the sketch. In 1848 Poe removed from New York City to the village of Fordham and into the cottage to give to his invalid wife the freshness and quiet of the country. Says the writer:—"Having reached the terminus of the Third avenue railroad at the Harlem river, a tram car carries the visitor six miles to a point from which a short walk over a pleasant country road brings him to the cottage. * * The property has recently changed hands, and is now rented and occupied by Mrs. Decker an elderly widow lady who submits with due and proper patience to the beseiging hosts of curiosity seekers. * * The poet's dining room is long low and narrow in the rear extension of the main structure; a plain wainscoting reaches half way up the walls which are adorned with a few small pictures; on the eastern side the light is admitted through antique windows; upon the uneven floor stands the poet's table. * * Next to the dinning room is a large square sitting room which is used by Art students during the summer months as a studio. The walls are covered with sketches and paintings, and upon an easal in one corner is a large marine piece painted by J. O. Davidson, who has a residence near by and spends considerable time at the Cottage. Passing through this room you enter a small hall in the front part of the house, in which is a narrow winding stairway leading to the upper floor; here the ceiling slopes on either side quite close to the floor. A partition divides this floor into two equal parts, the front being again divided into three rooms in one of which the Poet died. In the large room in the rear the Poet wrote his principal poems. A large old-fashiond fire-place projects far into the room, on either side of which is a small window; from the window on the left a most beautiful view is had and this was the favored seat of the Poet, it was here that he penned "The Raven."

The Alden Printing Company—Printers to the Sketch Book, has just issued another of their natty poetical pamphlets; "Ferguson's Cat" and "The Perfect Wife" are dove-tailed with a choice selection of ads, in a most attractive and artistic manner. "William Brown of Oregon" was the first of this series.

The Detroit correspondent of the *Studio* pays the following merited compliments to a gentleman whose earnest zeal, discriminating judgment, and boundless liberality have guided him in the selection of one of the finest collections in the West, and to an artist whose future success is a promise nearly ful-

filled: "Gallery J, contains works brought from Cleveland, Ohio. Some of the finest works in the building, most of them belong to the private collection of Mr. H. B. Hurlbut, and show that gentleman to be an intelligent and discriminating collector. One of the first pictures here is a sketch of a little "darkey boy" by E. L. Henry, containing considerable character, and below it hangs a charming "Head of a Venetian woman" by Otto Bacher, of Cleveland, a young artist full of promise, who has recently returned to this country, after a five years residence in Europe, where he studied in Paris, Munich, Venice and Florence, working principally under the influence of Duveneck in Munich and Whistler in Venice."

THE CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

Special Correspondence of the Sketch Book.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 24, 1883,

In giving some account of the Art display of the Industrial Exposition here I shall confine myself almost entirely to the pictures by American painters (they are the great majority) merely noting that there are a few good foreign canvasses, including a Corot which I remember greatly to have admired years ago, but which is here invisible in the shadow of its own frame, and a strong and fine head of a Bretonne fish-wife carrying a wounded Sea Gull, by Jules Breton, in which the only fault I can find is the gray color of the Gull which is evidently meant for a low-toned white.

Probably the most interesting things in the exhibition are the three pictures by the late Wm. Hunt, of Boston. The portrait of Lincoln is sober, sombre and good. There is hardly more than a pretence of color, but the drawing and characterization could not be better and the large, quiet light and shade is impressive. Of "The Bathers," one is more doubtful. The study is interesting, but is it altogether successful? Its best quality is a certain largeness; but the arms of the upright figure are weak and the background is a dense green *curtain* immediately behind his head, not a distant mass of foliage.

The great "Niagara" seems to me an unequivocal failure. The mass and rush and roar, the size, weight, movement and sound of the falls, painting cannot give. Of form and color which it can give, what is there? A long, monotonous wall of emerald green and a formless flurry of white spray. Mr. Hunt has denied himself all that might be got from land and sky, in place of which there is a narrow dark streak at the top of his picture. The green of the water is good; of the spray, which is the most attractive material in the subject, he has only succeeded in making chalk; it is solid, heavy, opaque. I have a dim impression of two or three other nameless "Niagaras" in the exhibition, all illustrations of the common error that what is impressive in nature must be so in Art. There is better painter's material in the nearest fence corner.

The pre-eminence in size, among the pictures here is pretty evenly divided between Robert Hinckley's "Alexander at Persepolis" and A. H. Bicknell's "Battle of Lexington." Each fills a panel of the room, each is what is called an "ambitious effort," and in each the "ambition" is pretty much all the claim to notice. Mr. Hinckley occasionally paints a head well, barring a certain bricky color. He has a decided ability to paint small objects of still life. He has no great imaginative power and is not a draughtsman. With this equipment he might paint—he has painted—very pleasing genre pictures; but he is "ambitious" and he chooses a subject and a scale where his lack of imagination and his inability to draw the nude are displayed in the largest variety of ways and where his ability to paint what he sees is lost for lack of exercise, or only shows itself in a little dish of cakes or other still life, good in itself, but ludicrous in its position. And yet there can be no doubt that the mere size of the canvas and the assurance of the painter impresses many people more than would twice the knowledge and ability expended upon a modest subject and on a modest scale. As for Mr. Bicknell, it is difficult to tell what other qualifications than assurance he posseses.

Mr. Satterlee's "Convent Composer" is conspicuous here. I believe it is supposed to be fine in sentiment; it is certainly very bad in color. Mr. Vinton has a life-sized, full length portrait of Wm. Warren, which, on the contrary has no color at all. It is well drawn and cleverly painted; good Sculptor's painting one would take it for, like Paul Dubois, when he is not at his best. Like a sculptor his figure has no surroundings. He has not even attempted to give atmosphere or a variation of planes. A foot Mr. Satterlee, it must be as carefully distinguished from the choice of gray behind the figure the floor melts into nothing—paint—a background. Like a sculptor also there is only a faint pretence of color, and this only maintained in the lights. In the shadows all things are brown, as they say, at night all cats are gray.

Different as this negation of color is from the red and green badness of by a colorist as the scheme of his picture. A picture may contain nothing but gray, yet be a work of color, if the grays are distinguished among themselves, having their proper shadows and aerial distances, and may contain all the primary colors and have no *color*, if these have *not* their proper shadows and distances. Mr. De Camp's portrait of his father, for instance, is painted in uniform gray tones, yet it is a work in color. It is also a strong bit of portraiture, thoroughly characterized, yet dignified. Louis Ritter's little girl in white is a similar piece of work in gray which is by no means monochrome.

In Mr. Blashfield's "Minute Men" I can see no merit either of conception or execution. Instead of color or drawing he seems to rely on mere sparkle for his effect. The girl taking down the gun, whose preposterously broad back melts into the mere shadow of legs is perhaps the worst specimen of his drawing, and yet she is the only figure in motion. The others are *posed* and will evidently remain so until the hour is up.

The reliance on sparkle, sometimes got by mere roughness of surface sometimes by exaggerating small patches of color or shade, seems to be a weakness of a good many landscapists from Wyant to Harry Chase, and Bruce Crane. This, together with the exaggeration of from and the other tricks of the Pelouse School of Landscape, seems to make up the stock in trade of Bolton Jones. The manner must be easily learned, for there are dozens of pictures in every salon by M. Pelouse' pupils, and it is next to impossible to tell them apart.

D. W. Tryon's "Hay making" is a very nice bit of simple, straightforward painting. full of light and air; and Mr. Bromley's "Summer in France" is bright and pleasant.

Will H. Low sends a decorative composition, entitled "Arcades," which is pretty in feeling and pleasant to look at, though somewhat feeble in its drawing.

J. Carrol Beckwith's "Ethel" is Carolus Duran diluted and sweetened. The brilliant painting of the head, the dress, and the green curtain, are pure Carolus. Only there is less strength and less vulgarity and a little prettyness thrown in by way of sugar. It is not Carolus "straight" but Carolus and water.

Elihu Vedder has one or two small landscapes and a "Sleeping Girl," in neither of which is there much merit, although it is heresy to say so.

Mr. Bunce seems to consider color by itself without any apparent relation to the facts of the external world sufficient for a work of Art, and to be content when by a long continued process of painting in and scarping out again, he has produced on his canvas the rich texture and ripe color of a fine old musty cheese. He calls his pictures "Venice" &c., and, I believe goes to Venice to paint them, but he could paint them as well at home. He sends here a picture called "Satucket Hillside" which shows how curiously a yellow tree may find itself figuring instead of a yellow sail, and how independent Mr. Bunce is of anything outside of his own consciousness.

Mr. Bacher, whose pictures came late and were consequently hung in the corridor, shows a very different and a very real Venice in his "Ponte del Pistor." This is the Venice that really exists, with its pink bricks and white stucco and little bridges and long reflections streaming down the green canals; with its gaily dressed, brightly shawled girls, and the sunlight sparkling over all. His "Venetian Boats" I like less. It is a trifle chalky and wants air.

A quiet, gray portrait and a little landscape by Kenyon Cox and a little "Evening" piece by Geo. E. Hopkins complete my list.

In going into the water-color room one is confronted by an enormous full-length of "Ellen Terry as Camma." I should rather have taken it for an ideal picture of "green and yellow melancholy." It is almost

equally weak in form and unpleasant in color. In "Day," however, Mr. Brennan has redeemed himself from the latter part of the charge. The pale yellow and warm gray and blue make a charming color scheme, and if the meaning of it all is unfathomable and if the strange floating woman with a Japanese jug in one hand and a church in the other is a little shaky in drawing and altogether without modelling, it is "decoration" and one needn't mind.

In this room are also some pretty little landscapes by W. Hamilton Gibson, some cleverish but shallow sketches by Hopkinson Smith, some queer, little, black pastels by Mr. Muhrmann which I should like to like but can't understand, and a breezy, clever little sketch by Miss Elizabeth Nourse.

There are some good etchings by Foreign and American etchers, some beautiful wood engravings by Cole, some monotypes by Bicknell which almost make one forget his "Battle of Lexington," and some black and white drawings by Brennan and others. X. Z.

A REAL LIVE ETCHER.

"O. H. Bacher * * is a rising Cleveland artist, and being present in the building, in charge of the paintings in the Cleveland room, and withal an intelligent and genial young fellow, it will be no difficult matter for any one who cares to do so to make the acquaintance of a real live etcher, and enjoy from his lips a large amount of entertaining information in regard to art and artists, and particularly as to etching and etchers."—*Detroit Evening News.*

TWO PORTRAITS.

The following is taken from an article entitled "Art in the West," by Will O. Bates, which appeared in *The Continent* for Sept. 19th. Refering to the paintings in the Cincinnati Exhibition:

"Kenyon Cox has a panel full-length portrait of Henry L. Fry, a well known Cincinnati wood carver, in which the personal pecularities of the subjects are pushed almost to the limits of caricature. It is painted in monochrome, with the exception of the face and the Chinese lantern in the upper-right hand corner, and in boldness and spirit is a striking example of the strength and originality of this promising young Cincinnati artist. Quite akin in spirit and execution is Joseph De Camp's portrait of his father. Gray tones have seldom been better employed than by these two artists. Mr. De Camp is a young Cincinnati artist, an ardent admirer and disciple of Mr. Daveneck, who recently settled in Cleveland."

Both Mr. Cox and Mr. De Camp have contributed to the Sketch Book. On page 16, will be found an excellent portrait of Mr. De Camp by Mr. Cox; on page 26, is an equally good portrait of Mr. Cox by Mr. De Camp. On page 40 is a faithful copy of the head of Mr. Fry drawn from Mr. Cox's portrait and the "Pater Famalias" on page 60 is copied by the artist from Mr. De Camp's portrait, the two latter being the productions referred to in the article quoted.

PERSONAL.

Oliver D. Grover, of Chicago is studying in Paris.

Morston Ream has returned to his New York studio from a two months vacation in Europe.

Mr. Kenyon Cox, after a short visit to his home in Cincinnati, has taken a studio at West 55th street, in New York City. The sterling worth of the man, his eminent ability as an artist and his scholarly attainments must win for him a large measure of success and give him high rank among the strongest and best of our American artists.

Mr. Cowley, whose sketch of the "Poe Cottage" will be found on page 107, was for a number of years prior to 1881, when he removed to New York City, a resident of Cleveland. He began his Art studies in the Art Club, now the Cleveland Academy of Art, in 1877. Since his removal to New York he has been a continuous member of the Art Students League, under the instruction of Chase, Beckwith, Turner and De Wing, and during the past two years has attended the evening Antique Classes at the Cooper Institute. Mr. Cowley has just finished in crayon a photograph by Sarony of Mary Anderson, said to be the finest ever made of the beautiful star.

Mr. Joseph De Camp, having concluded to remain in the city during the winter, has organized a special class in Oil Painting, which will be in session daily, from 9 a. m., to 4 p. m., Mr. De Camp being in attendance on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. This class, owing to lack of accomodntions is limited in numbers. An Etching Class will also be formed for Wednesday of each week upon the application of ten students; instruction in this beautiful art is of such a character as scarcely to warrant the udertaking with a smaller number, and justice cannot be done by one instructor to a larger class.

Miss Bertha Von Hillern has just completed a canvas four and a half by six feet in size which is to find a permanent home in the parlor of the Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, having been ordered by the proprietor. The subject of the painting is based upon one of the beautiful eighth century traditions of Germany; the scene, a wood interior with figures, is laid near the early home of the artist, and she bent her every energy to a successful accomplishment of the work, which is pronounced a great success. The painting will be placed on exhibition before being delivered to its owner.

SCHOOLS AND EXHIBITIONS.

Students Guild of Brooklyn Art Association opens Oct. 1st.

Department of Schools, National Academy of Designs New York, opens Oct. 1st.

School of Drawing and Painting of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. begins its eighth year Tuesday Oct. 2nd.

The fall and winter exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, opens on Monday Nov. 15th.

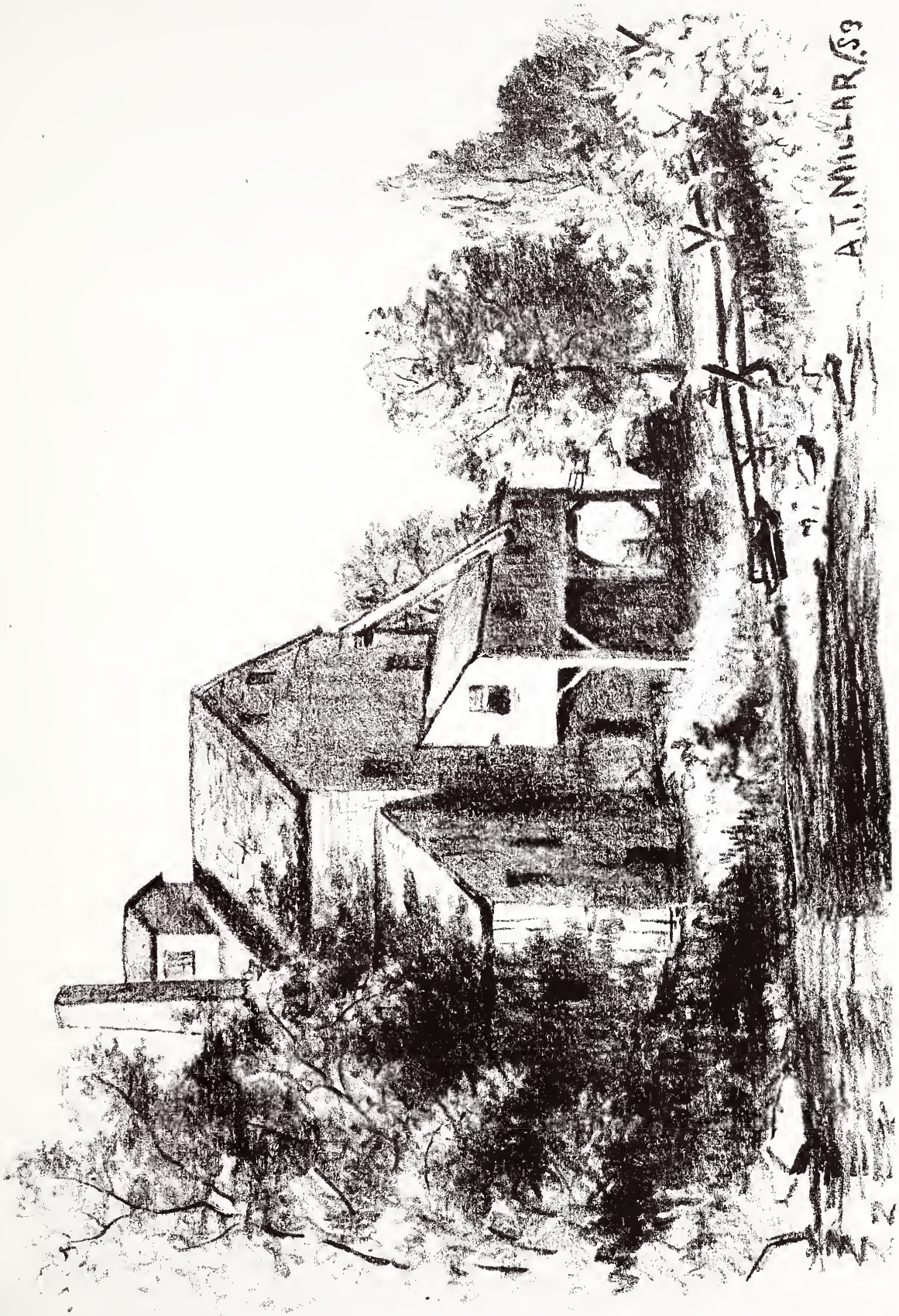
It is understood that a meeting of the Board of Trustees will be called for an early day to decide upon final action in connection with the proposed Academy building.

The works of J. McNiel Whistler are now on exhibition at Wunderlich & Co.'s gallery, 868 Broadway, New Yook. The draperies and accessories which constituted "the symphony in yellow and white" are arranged in the gallery as they were in his London Exhibition.

ARTISTS DIRECTORY.

Adams, Mrs. E. L. S., 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ills.
Anderson, J. O., St. Louis, Mo.
Bacher, Otto H., Raymond residence, corner Superior and Bond streets, Cleveland, O.
Beck, R. K., 546 East Market street, Pottsville, Pa.
Bandlow, Aug., 18½ Scoville avenue, Cleveland, O.
Bell, John W., 21 City Hall, Cleveland, O.
Becket, Miss Maria J. C., Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, corner Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.
Bradley, Geo. P., 414 Superior street, Cleveland, O.
Baker, Charles, 228 East 68th street, New York.
Bannister, C. M., 2 College street, Providence, R. I.
Brooks, A. F., room 37, 70 Monroe street, Chicago, Ills.
Cox, Kenyon., 143 West 55th street, New York.
Cowley, Sam'l. J., 47 West 3rd street, New York.
De CaMp, Jos. R., 27 City Hall, Cleveland, O.
Duerringer, Miss Amelia, 308 Perry street, Cleveland, O.
Evans, De Scott, 914 Kennard street, Cleveland, O.
Falconer, J. N., 110 St. Felix street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Groll, Geo. C., 215 Aaron street, Cleveland, O.
Grossman, Geo. L. 100 Alabama street, Cleveland, O.
Gay, Geo. H., 81 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ills.
Herkomer, Herman G., Dyneham Bushy-Herts, England.
Hillern, Miss Bertha von, Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, corner Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.
Hopkins, Geo. E., Pike's Building, Cincinnati, O.
Holden, Sarah G., Georgetown, Colorado.
King, H. M., 135 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.
Lehr, Adam, 1111 Lorain street, Cleveland, O.
Melchers, G. S., Moffat Block, Detroit, Mich.
Millar, A. F.
Oviatt, Anna P., Richfield, Ohio.
Palmer, E. W., 22 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, O.
Rayen, Sally., 212 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, O.
Rupert, A. J., 60 Lakeside Building, Chicago.
Tompkins, Frank H., Acedemie den Bildenden Kunste, Munchen, Bavaria.
Turner, Ross, 12 Water street, Boston, Mass.
Wehrschmidt, D. A., 526 St. Clair street, Clevelaud, O.
Wenban, Sion L., Schleissheim, via Munchen, Bavaria.
Willard, A. M., Seeleye Court, Cleveland, O.


S. J. Nicholson
- 83 -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Contents No. 10


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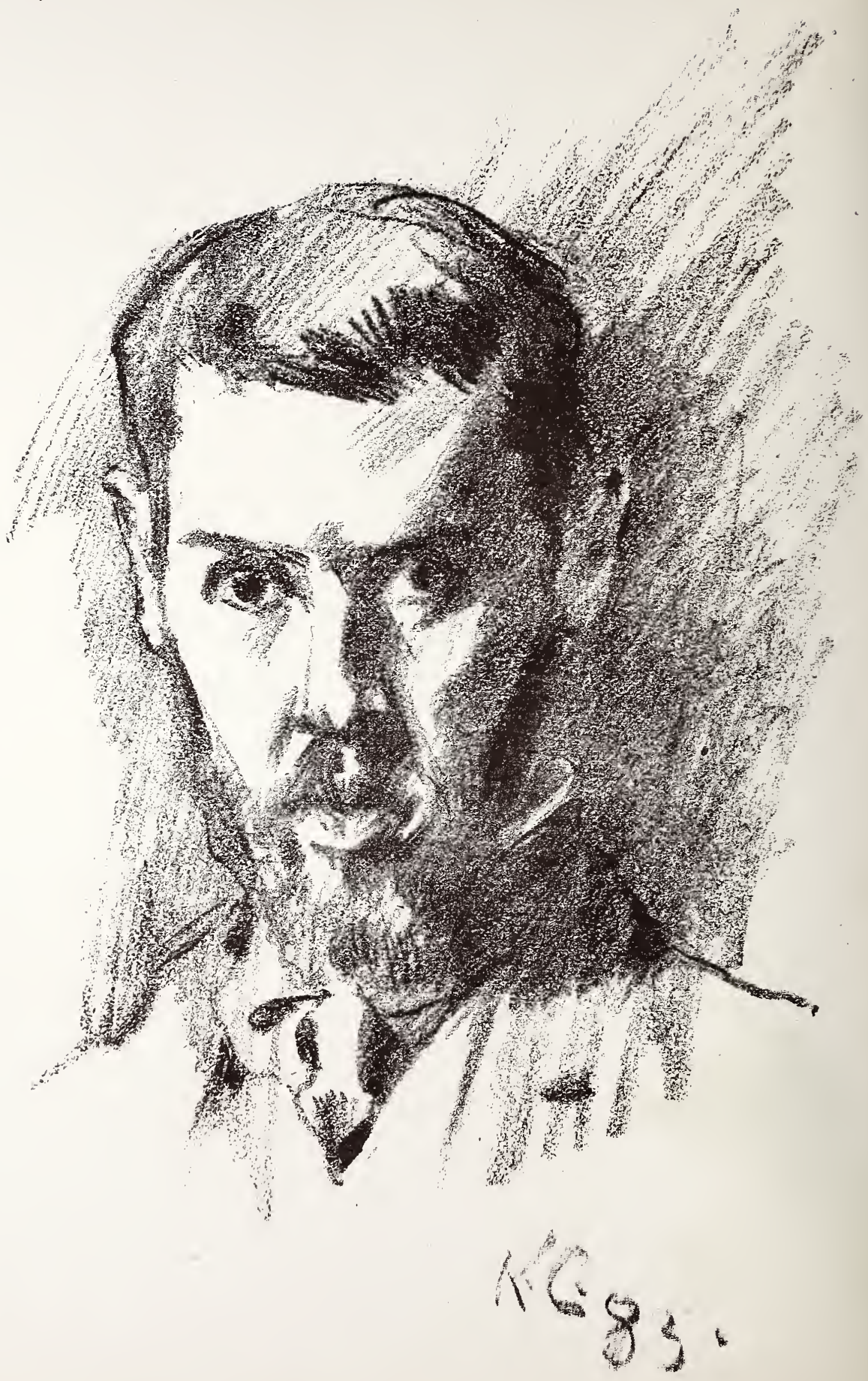
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DRAWING IN THE SCHOOLS.

USING the article on Drawing in the Public Schools, published in the May number as a text, *The Magazine of Art* for October, in a two-column article commits itself to such a curious admixture of false reasoning and presumptuous egotism as to invite comment. The modern writer, however sensible he may be when treating upon other topics, seems to consider it necessary to leave reason and logic behind and to enter at once into the realms of mysticism and unreason when he essays to write on Art; to such an extent is this true that we have come to accept their "views" with many grains of allowance. This particular writer gives us due and proper notice at the very outset that he is the infallible High Priest of Art and that the "mass of the people," the "educators" and the "friends of drawing" are all wrong.

Referring to the statement made in the SKETCH BOOK that the local Board of Education had refused to re-establish drawing as a study in the public schools, he says:—

"This incident shows once more how little the value of drawing as a study is understood as yet by the mass of the people, including not a few so called educators."

The mass of the people had no part in the stupid action of the Board of Education, and as this writer is opposed to drawing in the schools we presume he refers to such men as Dr. Henry Barnard, Prof. C. O. Thompson, Prof. Louis Bail, Wm. R. Ware, Hon. Geo. T. Hoar, and a galaxy of others equally well-known in his phrase "so-called instructors." There is a freshness in this quality of presumption that is inspirational.

* * *

"The opposition arises from contempt bred by ignorance, and it is unfortunately fed by the extravagant claims of the self appointed friends of drawing which have a not very dis-similar foundation. In the blind unintelligent enthusiasm for art, which has taken hold of so many persons, it has come to be looked upon as the panacea for all our social and industrial evils. It sounds very nice and very wise to talk about the great value added to the raw material by the art used in its shaping, and one of the favorite examples with which the multitude is dazzled is the bit of worthless clay transformed into a valuable vase by the creative genius. The main stress, as a matter of course, is laid upon the *value*, and everybody is advised to go into "Art" as the readiest means of converting dust into gold, and making everybody happy."

It requires a magnifying lens to get a clear understanding of this fulmination, but as *value* is emphasised and "Art" is adorned by quotation marks we may guess that the writer's esthetic nature is outraged because the "masses of the people, including not a few so-called Educators," attach value to the study of drawing, or "Art," as he will have it. We are fain to believe that that which is without value counts but little in this age, and surely we should waste no words in advocating any study if no value should attach to its acquisition; we boldly aver that it is precisely that value which incites us to advocacy of this study in the public schools, the only schools the children of the masses of the people can attend.

* * *

The article continues—"Furthermore, as all artists use brushes and pencils and begin by learning to draw, it is taken for granted that using brushes and pencils and learning to draw is all that is needed in the pursuit of art. And to convince people that it is so, we no longer "teach drawing" in our school but we "give art instruction. Possibly the advocates of this course have never stopped to consider what art really is, and possibly they never have considered that if drawing is art, and drawing can be acquired by everybody as writing can be acquired, then the economic value of art, upon which such great stress is laid, vanishes into the air. For if every one is an artist and can supply his own demand, where will be the need of the professional."

Mark the cunning which characterizes this bit of logic? First the solon creates a straw man, who believes that "using brushes and pencils is all that is needed in the pursuit of art" and thereupon forthwith knocks the straw man down, tramples upon him, holds him up to ridicule and utterly annihilates him in the following scathing words:—"It is not to be wondered at that people of good common sense should decline to have anything to do with a study which is advocated upon such unreasonable grounds." That is true, and furthermore it is astounding that a writer who presumably knows what art is should be guilty of creating so very bad a straw man.

* * *

We quote further: Drawing is not art, and does not necessarily lead to picture making, although it forms its basis, nor will it of itself make designers—unless they be of the sort who look upon ornamentation as a combination of all sorts of lines and "applying finials" to them, although it underlies ornamentation as it does all other forms of art."

This negative definition of art is confusing, but as the writer quotes the dictionary in the next paragraph we may seek light from the same source. We had in our blind ignorance always supposed that drawing not only did "necessarily lead to picture making," but that it *was* picture making; the dictionary says: "Picture, n. A drawing exhibiting a resemblance to anything."

"DRAWING, N. The representation of the appearance or

figure of objects on a plain surface by means of lines and shades, &c."

"DRAW, v. To form a picture or image."

The writer truly says: "It (the study of drawing) *cannot* be prosecuted without bringing into play the powers of observation, the exercise of judgment, and the subjugation of the hand to the impulse of the brain, and there is no possibility whatever for the pupil to sham or cram. Any one who has gone through a lesson of dictation drawing will know that. Now at no stage of the world's history has it been more necessary to develop the faculties, not only to have our wits about us, but to have them continually on the alert, than in this keen ninteenth century, soon to merge into the still keener twentieth century; and hence it is that it is found desirable to improve our systems of education by making them broader and more available in the development of those faculties which so far have been allowed to be almost dormant."

What a juggle of words and phrases have we here to convince us that drawing should *not* be taught in public schools.

"It is this general value," he continues, "that recommends the study, not merely the fact that a boy who can understand a simple working drawing may earn fifty cents a day more than without this knowledge." A brave definition of *value*, but we adhere to the belief that the specific value, the fifty cents if you please to insist, is the lever which moves us forward to our ultima thule. This general value, this intangible something which is nothing is for the Lotus eaters, and not for the men who live in this keen nineteenth century.

* * *

Further, "undoubtedly, many practical advantages will accrue to all pupils from the study of drawing, but its main end, as the end of all education, is the expansion of man's nature, the more harmonious development of his being, with all the consequences involved therein."

Oh, these phrase-makers, these coiners of juggling sentences, how they do sing sweet lullabys to our consciences, dulling our sensibilities and enshrouding our plain every day duty in a mist of sentimentality and unreason. Truly, "it is not to be wondered at that people of good common sense should decline to have anything to do with a study" which has no mission beyond "the expansion of man's nature, the more harmonious development of his being"—We can in our minds eye see the pedagogue expanding nature and instilling" harmonious development" into the being of his pupil. It is precisely this kind of argument which makes it possible for a Board of Education (?) to root out every study which can be utilized by the graduate of our schools. The student himself is infected by this sickly sentimentality and very naturally comes to believe that "the expansion of his nature and the harmonious development of his being" cannot be secured amid the clash of machinery and the noise of tools, but that his esthetic nature must be tuned to harmony in the quiet of the lawyer's office, the preacher's study, or behind a counter.

* * *

"To look upon drawing in the public schools, therefore, as a special study, fitted better for one class than another, is wholly erroneous."

Another straw man set up and incontinently knocked down.

"Nor are the public schools the place for such studies. It would be a sad thing if they were perverted into training shops for mechanics, or merchants, or what not. All we ask of them is to give us men and women with receptive minds and responsive bodily organs—not narrow specialists whose range of vision is limited to their training. To add professional training to such general culture will be the office of special schools. That there is need of such schools no one will undertake to deny. But we must take care not to confound general education with special."

The term "general culture" is the key note to this paragraph. The pupil in the public school is to acquire "general culture," but it would be a sad thing if he received "training"—Angels and ministers of Grace defend us, what is it?—This "general culture," is it the three Rs:?—Readin' Ritin' and Rithmatic, or is it, as we presume, a superficial knowledge of these, together with a smattering of Philosophy, Rhetoric, Grammar, History, Geography, Logic, Greek, Latin, German, French, Music, Astronomy, Botany, Physics, and so on to the end. To the extent that they may be pursued, these are all special studies—professional training is as good a term—but each and every one, mathematics possibly excepted, leads to the office, the study and the counter rather than to the work shop. The public schools are training shops for lawyers, doctors, preachers and professionals, and the pupils are per force, "narrow specialists, whose range of vision is limited to their training."

As to special schools we agree most heartily that such schools should be created for the study of the learned professions, for those who can afford to devote their time, but the school days of the children of the masses are limited, and the public school should afford them, not only general culture, but at least a modicium of such training as will fit them in some measure for the battle of life. No study can benefit them more than drawing.

The importance of the subject must be our ample apology for the space consumed in discussing it.

THE SKETCHES.

[TO OUR ARTIST FRIENDS: The generous responses received to our invitation to contribute to the SKETCH BOOK has placed us under a weight of obligation, which we can only hope to repay in part by a constant endeavor to improve the work. The best evidence of our appreciation of the good work sent is its reproduction and our regrets can find no clearer expression than the non-appearance of the rejected. To such as request a return of the original drawings we say that the process of re-production destroys the originals. Sketches made with any other medium than that furnished for the purpose cannot be reproduced.

We shall be pleased at all times to receive communications, art notes or gossip for publication and if artists sending sketches would give us some data relative to the subject matter of the sketch the interest in the sketch itself might be largely enhanced. It is suggested that sketches made from works in oil or water color would serve in some measure to acquaint the public with features of the artists more serious work.—ED.]

MR. GEO. C. GROLL opens the number, as usual, with "The Table of Contents" on page 116.

"A WINDY DAY, Nahant," by Mr. Baker on page 117, is a breezy reminder of delicious summer days whiled away under the shadow of a broad spread canvas. The music of the water, as it falls away from the sharp prow and gathers again in curling eddies in the wake; the sparkle of the spray, especially the saucy thimble full that comes in-board, and all the concomitants of a

day outside, come trooping forward from the recesses of memory as we look upon the brief sketch. The locality is nothing, the motion and action everything; the winds whistle alike and the same sweet lulebys are chanted by the tireless waves in all climes.

THE self same Venus who "rose resplendent from the sea" springs from the depths of space into the white glare of the sun; there is fire, and strength, and passion enough in the face to account for the seeming rashness of the act and the audacity of the conception is quite up to the presumption of the beautiful Goddess. Mr. Rupert has given us a very Militant Venus; that she will perform the "Transit" in safety goes without saying—page 118.

IT is with more than an ordinary pleasure that we present on page 119, a portrait of Mr. Kenyon Cox, drawn in the unctious crayon for which he expresses an utter dislike as a medium, by a no less distinguished limner than himself. The sketch is characteristic in as much as, aside from its merit as a striking portrait, it is a fair expression of an earnest purpose to measure the possibilities of the medium. How well the artist has succeeded may be judged by a comparison with this and the "Diana" in No. 3. (We are bound to say, in parenthesis, however, that the portrait of Jo. DeCamp in No. 2 must have been an "inspiration," as that bit of drawing has always had a wondrous liking for us.)

"RIAR," the three-leafed clover, which Miss Sally Rayen affixes to the sketch of an earnest young face on page 124, will grow a pace, and in the full tide of that success so well assured, another leaf will come. The sketch is something more than clever, and holds its own in the excellent company in which it is found.

"THE Tambourine Girl," page 125, by H. M. King, is a very proper damsel, neat, trim and tidy in her outward guise, but so modest and shy as to raise a doubt as to whether her soul is atuned to the jingle of an instrument so closely associated with the festive "end man" and the hilarious hurdy-gurdy, but we have no qarrel with either musician or artist; there is music in the sketch, and tambourine is a sonorous word.

THE arrogance of a pampered darling of the parlor lights up the countenance of a "Spaniel," contributed by R. K. Beck, page 126. No "cat tail" hint of swamp and marsh can deceive us into a belief that this cur of high degree ever retrieved a bird from the muck and bogs, or soiled his patrician locks in any dampness not tempered to his sensibilities. This dog is Fido, or Pet, or Byron, or Daisy or Rose, but never Jack, or Tom, or Nan, or Betts.

NO one can dispute the title which the artist has left for us to give to the dainty sketch on page 127, by Mrs. E. L. S. Adams, of Chicago. If the eyes are an echo of the lovely mouth, the artist has wisely veiled them behind the full fringed lashes, the veil is very luminous, however, and "the belle" is at least a mild coquette. There is a tender delicacy of touch in the drawing as well befits the beauty of the face.

THE *Studio* Publishing Co., New York, has announced its willingness to arrange for the collection, boxing and forwarding to Paris, in one shipment, all paintings contributed to the next *Salon;* this without charge to artist, certainly a most generous tender. Works must be ready for shipment from New York by February 15th.

THE ART STUDENTS LEAGUE, New York, opened with a comparatively small attendance, but commendable enthusiasm and determination to work on the part of teachers and members.

THE sketch exhibition now in progress at the rooms or the American Art Association, New York, embraces among the three hundred and sixty sketches on the walls the following by contributors to the SKETCH BOOK: "Study of a Pig," Elizabeth Booth; "Chioggio," O. H. Bacher; "Drying Clothes," E. Daingerfield; "Coming Through the Wood," Robert Blum; "Rest," E. A. Blashfield; "A Clear Morning," Walter L. Palmer, and "Sweet Sixteen," Charles Bridgman.

NUMBER 14, of the *Art Review Port-folio*, contains as a frontispiece, Mr. Otto H. Bacher's etching, "Auf Staufa Bruck," and a short biographical sketch of the artist, enumerating his German plates, twenty-seven in number. The later Venetian plates, produced by Mr. Bacher, had not yet appeared in this country at the date of this writing, and the writer in consequence had not seen the artist in his maturer development as an etcher. He concludes: "But judging by them as a whole, and even singling out merely the best of them, it is safe to say that in Mr. Bacher we may welcome a most original talent, with a quick eye for the important in nature, and therefore of great promise for the future."

THE Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy is interesting on account of the competition for the temple prizes which consist of $3,000, and a second, third and fourth—and which will be awarded to the four best pictures shown at the exhibition, and which illustrate a subject from revolutionary history. Only four pictures have been sent in, viz:—"Taking the Oath of Allegiance at Valley Forge," H. T. Cariss;" "The Singing of the Declaration of Independence," Sarah Dodson;" "The action between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis," F. F. English, and "The March to Valley Forge," W. T. Tregs.

The artists are all Philadelphians and Miss Dodson is the only one having studied in Europe.—*Studio.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have made arrangements whereby our regular subscribers may have the numbers of Volume 1 bound in a very handsome and substantial manner at a low price, to wit:—

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The first eleven numbers may be sent in for binding before the delivery of the December number if desired.

We can supply all back numbers.

The December number is now in the hands of the printer.

If sent in promptly the bound volumes will be delivered in ample time for holiday use.

THERE is a drawing of a dog in the June number of THE SKETCH BOOK by DeCamp that is worthy of being brought to notice"—*Studio.*

If the drawing attains a notoriety such as the dog and his immediate ancestor enjoyed, the fame of the artist is assured.

THE need of an art gallery in this city, which shall fix upon and adhere to a high standard of merit in what is exhibited, and from which the mounte-banks and hucksters shall be forever banished, is felt with ever increasing intensity by that class of our citizens who know the good and execrate the bad in art. The money-changers were whipped out of the Temple, and the day and hour is at hand when the temple of art should be purified.

THE Loan Exhibition, just closed in Detroit, and which has in every respect proved a great success, has inspired the Detroiters with such zeal and aroused such energy as bids fair to crystalize in a substantial art gallery. A site has been selected and over $30,000 has already been subscribed toward the building fund. One wing of the building is to be built at once, the balance of the structure is to follow as rapidly as means are secured. Shall it be said that our neighbors out do us in this respect?

PERSONAL.

MISS BERTHA VON HILLERN and MISS MARY J. C. BECKETT, the constant association of whose names entitle them to the soubriquet "Inseparables," have evidences of their summer work in the exhibitions of the American Art Association, New York, the Boston Art Museum and the Philadelphia Academy; the catalogue of the latter containing illustrations of the contribution of both artists.

COLE, the imitable and unapproachable *Century* Engraver fairly outdoes himself in the superb cuts illustrating "An American Artist in England" in the *Century* for November. The cut on page 16 is a most brilliant achievement which it would be difficult to criticise except in terms of unqualified praise and commendation.

The Modjeska on page 24, is another chief d'ouvre of the art in which Mr. Cole stands pre-eminent.

THE DETROIT LOAN.

THE Detroit Loan Exhibition, which closed its successful career Nov. 10th, was enriched during the last week by the following paintings, loaned by Mr. C. F. Hazeltine, of New York: "Spring and Love," by Mechetti—*Salon* of '78; "Nymphs at the Bath," Bougeareau; a landscape by Diaz; a cattle piece by Van Marck, and others of lesser mark. Mr. Lewis' Coldwater collection, comprising eight canvasses, was also hung. This collection embraces "The Twins," by Bougeaureau; "The walk of the Sultana," by E. Richter, and an Oriental group by Benjamin Constant. A Messonier, "The Departure," was also contributed by its Chicago owner. Bumont's "Temptation of St. Anthony," a Bougerean and a Fortunay were rejected by the Committee to save the modesty of the masses.

The exhibition is conceded to have been the best in an artistic sense of any heretofore held in the west.

As a result of the exhibition over $30,000 has already been raised towards a fund to be used in the erection of a permanent art gallery.

ARTISTS, DIRECTORY.

ADAMS, MRS. E. L. S., 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ills.
ANDERSON, J. O., St. Louis, Mo.
BACHER, OTTO H., Raymond residence, corner Superior and Bond streets, Cleveland, O.
BECK, R. K., 546 East Market street, Pottsville, Pa.
BANDLOW, AUG., 18½ Scoville avenue, Cleveland, O.
BELL, JOHN W., 21 City Hall, Cleveland, O.
BECKET, MISS MARIA J. C., Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, corner Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.
BRADLEY, GEO. P., 414 Superior street, Cleveland, O.
BAKER, CHARLES, 228 East 68th street, New York.
BANNISTER, C. M., 2 College street, Providence, R. I.
BROOKS, A. F., room 37, 70 Monroe street, Chicago, Ills.
COX, KENYON., 143 West 55th street, New York.
COWLEY, SAM'L J., 47 West 3rd street, New York.
DE CAMP, JOS. R., 27 City Hall, Cleveland, O.
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GROSSMAN, GEO. L. 100 Alabama street, Cleveland, O.
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RAYEN, SALLY., 212 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, O.
RUPERT, A. J., 60 Lakeside Building, Chicago.
TOMPKINS, FRANK H., Accdemie den Bildenden Kunste, Munchen, Bavaria.
TURNER, ROSS, 12 Water street, Boston, Mass.
WEHRSCHMIDT, D. A., 526 St. Clair street, Clevelaud, O.
WENBAN, SION L., Schleissheim, via Munchen, Bavaria.
WILLARD, A. M., Seeleye Court, Cleveland, O.

THE *Studio* is among the best appreciated of the current art publications on our exchange list. It has its own peculiar snap and vigor, intelligent, spicy, direct, and upon occasion caustic in its comments and criticism, fresh and gossipy in its correspondence and news; thoroughly devoted to American art and American artists it merits the success it has attained. It is just large enough, 12 pages, to demand of its able editor, Frank T. Lent, in all that appears in its columns, "the survival of the fittest" only. Excellent drawings, sketches and illustrations give added charm to its bright pages. The last number received Oct. 27, contains an article on James McNiel Whistler, which at this time has a peculiar interest, as Mr. W's works now on exhibition in New York have received almost as savage criticism at the hands of Yankee critics as they were subjected to by their English cousins. "J. W." treats of "art in America" in the most flowery language, garnished with lavish italicisms, while Kenyon Cox uses sledge hammer logic upon "The Philosophy of a High Sky Line." This latter article merits careful consideration at the hands of every artist and its directness should commend itself to the writers who tend to "gush" when art is their theme.

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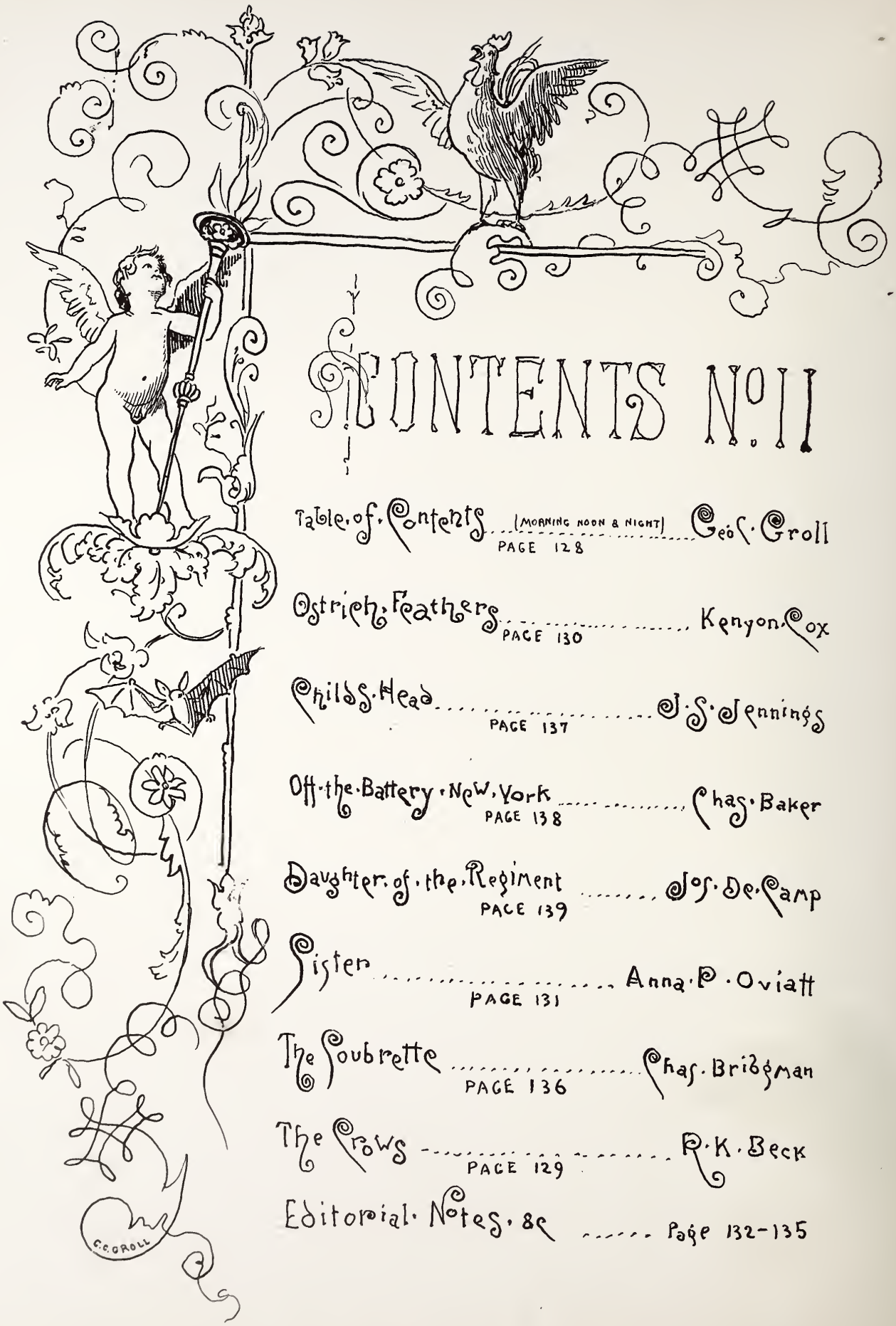
"RIAR"


Beck
'83



CONTENTS No. II


A. H. BECK
'03

OSTRICH FEATHERS -

Kenyon Cox - 1883 -

THE SKETCH BOOK.

VOLUME I.
No. 11.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

NOVEMBER,
1883.

THE SKETCH BOOK,
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A limited edition of volume 1, of the SKETCH BOOK, handsomely bound in cloth, with an illuminated cover, will be issued immediately after the publication of the December number. The work will contain over one hundred full pages of original sketches, rendering it a most valuable addition to any library of art works, and, with its unique and elegant binding, a handsome holiday present to any person of taste and appreciation. The edition will not exceed three hundred copies, and all desiring a copy should send their orders forthwith. Price, $3.00.

CONDITIONS PRECEDENT.

So much has been written and said about our non-appreciation, as a people, of art work that it may be well to consider, not the causes for this fancied lack of appreciation, but some of the conditions which must obtain, precedent to a recognition of art productions as a factor in the advancement of human intelligence and happiness.

It is with nations as it is with smaller communities, their development in any given direction is dependent upon natural causes; such a thing as a spontaneous outburst of interest in and knowledge of any factor to such advancement is unheard of. The community must be prepared to receive the light, else, however resplendent the dawn, the rays will fall upon blind eyes. To expect us to worship at the shrine of art who have but conquered nature's solitudes is asking too much. We are scarcely out of the log cabins built in the depths of primeval forests and fine linen don't fit us easily as yet.

A community, as such, must have passed beyond its chrysalis state before it can or will invite art to take up a permanent residence within its border. An embryo community cannot become the home of art, it must have its history, and its traditions; its "early settlers" must be well resolved into original elements, the veterans must enjoy their brief hour ere the crudities are relegated to oblivion and the new dawn bursts upon a new realm of art.

The community must possess wealth—large wealth—and this wealth must have passed out of the hands and beyond the control of those who toiled to accumulate it, and into the hands of the heirs who have enjoyed, in their home surroundings and in their education, that which wealth alone can give. Rarely indeed do the pioneers of a fortune—self-made men become patrons of the arts; when they do the motive is one of a purely pesronal character, rather than a desire to foster lofty aspirations. We have no quarrel with these gentlemen, who purchase fine works of art for the mere pleasure of possession and prize them at their money value only, but purchase so made, and works so held, are of little force in creating public taste for art work. The wealthy man must be a connoisseur, it is necessary that he should comprehend the nature and artistic value of his purchases, and the obligations their possession imposes upon him. It is an act of vandalism to retire a beautiful creation to the privacy of a dimly-lighted parlor, where none but the elect may be allowed to see even the uncertain outlines, and the wealth which perpetrates such an act is not the wealth referred to as being essential to the growth or progress of art in the community.

The community must have leisure, and must court the pleasures and recreations as a very important part of the business of life, while the wealthy men of a community are the most incessant toilers, as is true in this country, art remains an alien. It is requisite that the millionaires should cultivate their easy chairs, their dressing gowns and slippers, more persistently before the graces become acclimated. The gentle amenities need to be fostered outside the atmosphere of the office and of the shop; Apollo loves not the odor of barter and trade.

So long as the community insists upon eating its dinner at a mouth full, art will starve, or, what is worse, become and remain dispeptic. Two hours at least must intervene between soup and tooth-pick, before the divinity will condescend to abide in the land.

Art is essentially conservative, repelling all endeavor to force it into a militant attitude. One of the finest words in our language, "esthetics," has been converted into a term of ridicule by the doubtless well meant but absurd endeavor of a class of super-exquisites, to convert the nation into a community of worshippers at the shrine of beauty. The persistent bull-dozing—no other term covers the emergency—of other fanatics to stir up the depths and force art down our throats, whether we would or no, is even a degree worse and immeasurably more damaging. We laugh at Oscar Wilde and his proselytes, but we array ourselves in sack-cloth and ashes when the shadow of the other infliction falls across our pathway. From the one evil we may escape, as the "esthete" is an unobtrusive, negative, retiring sort of lunatic, dangerous only to those who cultivate him; but the other is a nemesis, a relentless scourge possessed of such adhesive force as to render helpless the victim once assailed. Art in such hands becomes a jumping jack, the poor, shuddering, shrinking divinity is held up by the hair of her head, while the elbow joints of her tormentor ache with pulling the string that sets her dancing to the music of ceaseless platitude.

When the conditions are fully met, when the heavens become clear, and the atmosphere is relieved of turmoil and confusion, then we shall find our Yankee land the home and center of art, such an art we believe as shall render this nation as pre-eminent in this as in every other means which carries the world nearer to the ideal existence.

"OUR students come back to us from Germany, from France, from the East. They show that they have acquired knowledge of drawing, skill in composition, routine in the handling of pigments. But the question whether there shall be a place for them in their own country, or whether, if they would not jeopard

the knowledge they have acquired, they must again exile themselves, is a question which they cannot answer. They have done and are ready to do their part. It now rests with their countrymen to do theirs." This was penned as a peroration to an article written by S. R. Koehler some three or four years since, at a time when the "new men" were just fairly being introduced to the American public. Shirlaw, Duveneck and Chase had but a year or two previous brought to us, as it were, the initial glimpse of a "new departure," the beginning of an art, which, while not ignoring the traditions, might develop into eclecticism. The new men followed these eminent pioneers in some considerable numbers and they have gone to their several American homes, opened studios and have awaited patiently the verdict of their countrymen as to whether "there shall be a place for them in their own country," or whether "they must again exile themselves." The answer which three years has brought is not satisfactory, and, while it may not be altogether fair to say that we have closed the doors against these earnest men and bade them seek elsewhere for an atmosphere where they may breathe and live, we give them but scant welcome, such welcome as chills and congeals the recipient, sapping his vigor and strength, changing enthusiasm into indifference, energy into listlessness, resulting finally, as it inevitably must, in confirmed cynicism. Of the men who have returned to us, bringing with them the ripe fruits of years of labor and study, willing and earnestly desirous of remaining, the great majority are being possessed of a single, all absorbing ambition—to return into exile. There is in this condition of things, or rather among the causes which produce it, a factor which is, in its nature, not altogether complimentary. Our American's boast that he is sufficient to himself requires pruning; he exhibits a moral cowardice in dealing with art which is foreign to him under almost any other circumstance. he mistrusts and fears his own judgment; he may be amply qualified to pronounce a verdict, but he prefers that his neighbor over the seas shall do it for him. He orders a picture from a name made famous by a foreign tribunal, when he might well find in his own neighborhood a genius worthy the bays, and who, upon encouragement and such sympathy as finds expression in quick appreciation, would eclipse the "name." The American respects and venerates success, he does homage to the man who has achieved success by being successful, and it may yet be years before he will open his door and give the native artist an opportunity to achieve success by this favored way, but that he will do it is the rock foundation upon which every hope for an American art is based. The "new men" of our day must accept the hardships entailed upon all pioneers, bravely doing battle for the right to the last, and their countrymen should seek earnestly for the light which will lead us all out of the wilderness.

TO ARTISTS AND ART STUDENTS.

We want agents and canvassers in every quarter to take subscriptions for the SKETCH BOOK. The commissions offered are unusually liberal, and the success of our canvassers thus far has been such as to warrant us in insuring large returns for the time given. We prefer to secure artists and art students as agents for very obvious reasons. The work carries with it its own commendation, and no assurance or "check" is required to secure subscribers in any intelligent community. Correspondence is solicited on the subject.

SUCCESS IN ART.

WITHIN the covers of the very fine *Catalougue of the Art Department, of the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics' Institute*, Mr. Frank T. Lent presents his views on "Success in Art," in each clear, terse and forcible language as to invite more than a mere cursory reading. The arguments and illustrations are so peculiarly applicable to the conditions which obtain at this time, in this country, that the writer would be known as a thorough American in thought and feeling, had he dated his screed from the wilds of Africa.

The writer recognizes at the very outset the existence of two distinct classes of artists, the Money-makers and the conscientous painters, and thereupon draws, with pre-Raphaelistic exactness, a picture of "the mercantile painter," which is equivalent to a personal introduction. "This class," says the writer, has secured public confidence:

First.—By honest effort, which in many cases, has been very stupid.

Second.—By continually exposing, in every possible exhibition, numbers of their works, thus obliging the public to become familiar with their names.

Third.—By clinging to time-worn subjects, which, however indifferently painted, are certain to be received and paid for by the public, on account of the attractiveness of the association.

Fourth.—By the prestige arising from their connection with art institutions, which they had secured years before art in our country attained even the advanced position which it now occupies, but which by no means indicates real merit."

The writer might well have omitted the qualifying clause in the fourth count of the indictment, which seems to hold the younger generation of artists as guiltless, as the art institutions afford in our own day the same haven, and clothe the young men with that same prestige "secured years before art in our own country attained even the advanced position which it now occupies."

The index finger on the sign board which points out the road, which these hungry worshippers of the golden calf follow, points to "Financial Success," is in this writer's language—— a "magnificent roadway, lined with costly buildings, both dwelling and stores. The stores are well stocked with paintings, and attended by glib-tongued and shrewd salesmen. The purchasers in them know nothing of art. They go to these magnificent magazines because the works offered for sale are recommended by the shop-men as being the proper thing to decorate their palaces. They never sit down before a picture with any other feeling than that inspired by its cost." How well it would have been to add that the dealer finds inspiration only in the weakness of his victim. His ignorance is in all probability even greater than that of his customer, but his love of gain has taught him a vocabularly of phrases which he coins into money. The ignorance of the buyer may be excused, as he may have lacked opportunity to inform himself, and he may buy his pictures as he buys a garment, "in style;" but the dealer may not paliate his iniquity upon such a plea, as, be he ever so ignorant, his constant association with pictures, and that cramming of "points," which is his stock in trade, must, in some degree, qualify him to distinguish the very bad from the very good. The exercise of such knowledge in behalf of his patron is "not business," however, and so the mercantile painter gets on to his

level very easily, and the dealer fattens on his good round dividends.

Of this class of picture manufacturers the writer says: "The pictures they paint are immensely clever and attractive for a time. The painters do not love their art, except for the delights which the bountiful remuneration may afford them. They hate to work because it is so methodical, so absolutely soulless. Their pictures are but repetitions of each other (for such repetition of what is found to be popular is the key to financial success.) One must not do anything unlike his stereotyped style, else his work will not be desired."

The writer closes with this language. "There are two phases of art life which every young painter will do well to consider before he pushes ahead. The one will give him the inferior satisfaction which arises from such pleasure as money can secure. He will also be a favorite with the art public; for every painter whose work is sought after and appreciated by connoisseurs more intelligent than we have among us."

"The other will give him the truer and deeper satisfaction, although the luxuries of life and the plaudits of a shallow public may not be his lot, he may be sure that a striving for the serious will bring him out near the head, when at last his hair begins to whiten and his eyes to grow dim."

"It is with our young men to establish American art firmly. * * * The great future of America's art would be close at hand if a united effort could be made in the right direction. It depends on the painters to make this effort. If the public is to be educated the painters must be at it. There is already much of the right seed sown, and a careful cultivation will produce a hundred—aye a thousand fold."

There is in this last quotation a suggestion of an early awakening into a purer and better atmosphere, the precursors of which are not clearly discernable in this latitude. A united effort is impossible, so long as the mercantile painters paint merchandise, and the dealers prefer cent per cent to common honesty and fair dealing. The hucksters and Cheap-Johns must have their day, and we may, at the best, only hope that they may fatten rapidly and retire early to a serene seclusion, leaving to us nothing more than the unsavory tradition of their existence.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We have made arrangements whereby our regular subscribers may have the numbers of Volume 1 bound in a very handsome and substantial manner at a low price, to wit:—

Paper Covers illuminated in gold	$0 75
Full Covers " "	1 00

The cover design is the same as that used on the cover of the monthly parts, done in gold.

In order to secure the prices named it will be necessary for subscribers to send in their orders, together with the numbers to be bound before January 1st. We will send our agents to resident subscribers for the numbers and deliver them bound upon request.

The first eleven numbers may be sent in for binding before the delivery of the December number if desired.

We can supply all back numbers.

The December number is now in the hands of the printer.

If sent in promptly the bound volumes will be delivered in ample time for holiday use.

The preliminary steps to an academy exhibition to be opened early in December are being taken. No date has yet been agreed upon.

Mr. Bacher, while in Detroit, delivered himself of an informal talk on etching to a large and deeply interested audience. Mr. B. is amply qalified to dilate upon an art of which he has made himself a master.

The Detroit Loan Exhibition wound up with a Colonial Tea Party given Nov. 12. A purse of $1,000 had been subscribed for the purchase of a picture out of the exhibition, and each attendant at the tea party was allowed to vote for his or her choice. "Enoni," by Millet; "The Turkish Page," by Duveneck," and "The letter," by Melchers, were the favorite among a score. The exhibition, as a whole, netted a profit of from $3,000 to $5,000.

The Catalogue of the fifty-fourth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, which opened October 29, embraces the names of several contributors to the Sketch Book among them. Otto H. Bacher:—"Calle Manzoni, Chioggio, Italy," with an illustration and "Ponte Ca Rosa, Venice;" Miss Maria J. C. Becket—"Oaks at Newburyport, Mass.," with an illustration, and a charcoal—"Oak on the battlefield of North Mountain;" Elizabeth Boott—"The Grandfather" and "Fan and Ozaless;" Kenyon Cox—"Thistle down," with an illustration; Bertha von Hillern—"September day in the woods, Harper's Ferry," with an illustration. "Sheep in Locust Grove, near Fisher's Hill, Va.," and a charcoal "Oak on the battlefield of North Mountain, Va.;" Gari J. Melchers—"Paternoster," with an illustration, and "An Atina Woman," and A. J. H. Way—"Mallard Ducks" and "Striped Bass."

The catalogue is a very fine one, handsomely printed on heavy paper, with an illustrated cover and tail piece by F. L. Kirkpatrick. The illustrations by the contributing artists are most excellent.

STUDIO CHAFF.

As a young lady contributor to the Sketch Book sat sketching under the shade of a friendly tree, she was beset by a bevy of youngsters, just let loose from the neighboring school. "Hello fellows," shouted one of them as the self-forgetful fire of inspiration lighted up his countenance, "I'm going to be one o' them kinder cranks some day."

An active member of the academy had for some time been endeavoring to secure a Chinaman for a sketch class pose, but without success; fabulous sums had been offered to various washee men without avail. It was but recently that the reason for the celestials disinclination was discovered "No siree blob," said Wah Lee—"Melica man paint him Chinaman on a flence." The effort was not renewed.

He came into the sanctum in a quiet, unobtrusive way and modestly stated his case. "Sir, I am well up in art, I know pretty much all of it and have a class in art at home, but I don't know just exactly how to paint trees and I thought I'd just step in and learn while I'm waiting for a train." He was consigned to the tender mercies of a neighbor, who inculcated a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of wood interiors in one short hour and pocketed his fee with touching complacency.

THE SKETCHES.

It is a work of superorogation to do more than refer to Mr. Geo. C. Groll's ever recurring idealization of about the dryest page in any and every book—a table of contents, and yet there is a freshness about the designs which tempts us to tarry a moment and analyze the simple lines which grace the page.

Whether Mr. Beck had been cultivating the fellowship of the famous "Three Black Crows," or whether Dore's too utterly weird rendering of Mr. Poe's unfathomable Raven inspired him when he perpetrated "The Crows," we know not, but he volunteers the statement that the boss crow in the upper corner fell a victim to his skill as a marksman. The absence of everything but the head suggests a possible unhappy politician in the vicinity, who has paid for an indiscretion by "eating crow."

"Ostrich Feathers," page 130. Yet again Mr. Kenyon Cox embellishes a page with a flash of his inimitable pencil. As the head in number 9 was a grouping of masses entirely, the absence of lines being a noticeable feature, so with this the story is told wholly in lines; in both, as well in fact as in all of Mr. Cox's contributions, the excellence of the drawing first attracts us and in turn the tone secured, even with distasteful medium, holds us to closer scrutiny and greater admiration. "Ostrich Feathers" is not a leaf from "Afric's Sunny Clime," but a very recognizable portrait of a very enthusiastic and ambitious student in art.

Miss Anna P. Oviatt's "Sister," on page 131, recalls the remarkable excellence of the head, her first contribution, in No. 4; that this does not suffer by the comparison in paying rich tribute to the "Sister." While it is no part of our purpose in the notes on the sketches to commend or criticise, the very marked talent of the very young artist, whose studies have been of the briefest, merit a momentary forgetfulness. The sketch is well conceived and finely drawn, except possibly a slight showing of diffidence and uncertainty; the heavy massing of the back-ground tends to a harshness of outline and obtrudes the broad hat brim into such prominence as to detract materially from the face, which should be the prime factor in the sketch, every other feature being subordinated; these are all minor points however, which the artist has doubtless recognized and which are readily avoided, in fact their absence in the head in No. 4, is evidence of a possible experiment in this direction, or a temporary forgetfulness of the harmonies to be sustained. The germ of success is with Miss Oviatt, and a close study of her contemporaries of the Sketch Book will bring forth good fruit.

There is such sufficient vivacity and sparkle in Mr. Charles Bridgman's subject, page 136, as to have earned for it the title we have chosen. "The Soubrette," somewhat demure possibly, but with an advertised reserved force for fun, frolic and mischief, which renders the sitter as attractive in herself, as is the sketch, for it merits as such.

Of our local artists none are more earnest in their devotion to truth, and conscientious in its interpretation by the light they have, than Mr. Jennings, and the child's head on page 137 is an expression, in the language of light and shade, of these sterling qualities; close, careful, honest, earnest work, show themselves in every feature of the sketch.

"Off the Battery," page 138, by Mr. Baker, suggests a concourse of historical big wigs and a long vista of events which go to make up American history inseparably associated with our artist's point of view, but sketch books are not made to marshal the "great majority," or to print retrospects with even so excellent a text as Mr. Baker gives us.

"The Daughter of the Regiment" turns back a leaf in the volume of Time and the "Sketch Club," is, in fancy, back again on Lake Chautauqua. The fair lass, who donned the Shako and shouldered the axe, enjoyed her little brief glory as a "soldier bold," but the fierce attack of an August sun fretted her spirit and weared her soul, long ere Mr. DeCamp had transfixed the vision and immortalized the victim.

ARTISTS' DIRECTORY.

Adams, Mrs. E. L. S., 4020 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago, Ills.
Anderson, J. O., St. Louis, Mo.
Bacher, Otto H., Raymond residence, corner Superior and Bond streets, Cleveland, O.
Beck, R. K., 546 East Market street, Pottsville, Pa.
Bandlow, Aug., 18½ Scoville avenue, Cleveland, O.
Bell, John W., 21 City Hall, Cleveland, O.
Becket, Miss Maria J. C., Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, corner Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.
Bradley, Geo. P., 414 Superior street, Cleveland, O.
Baker, Charles, 228 East 68th street, New York.
Bannister, C. M., 2 College street, Providence, R. I.
Brooks, A. F., room 37, 70 Monroe street, Chicago, Ills.
Cox, Kenyon., 143 West 55th street, New York.
Cowley, Sam'l J., 47 West 3rd street, New York.
De Camp, Jos. R., 27 City Hall, Cleveland, O.
Duerringer, Miss Amelia, 308 Perry street, Cleveland, O.
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Falconer, J. N., 110 St. Felix street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Groll, Geo. C., 215 Aaron street, Cleveland, O.
Grossman, Geo. L. 100 Alabama street, Cleveland, O.
Gay, Geo. H., 81 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ills.
Herkomer, Herman G., Dyneham Bushy-Herts, England.
Hillern, Miss Bertha von, Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, corner Dartmouth street, Boston, Mass.
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Holden, Sara G., Georgetown, Colorado.
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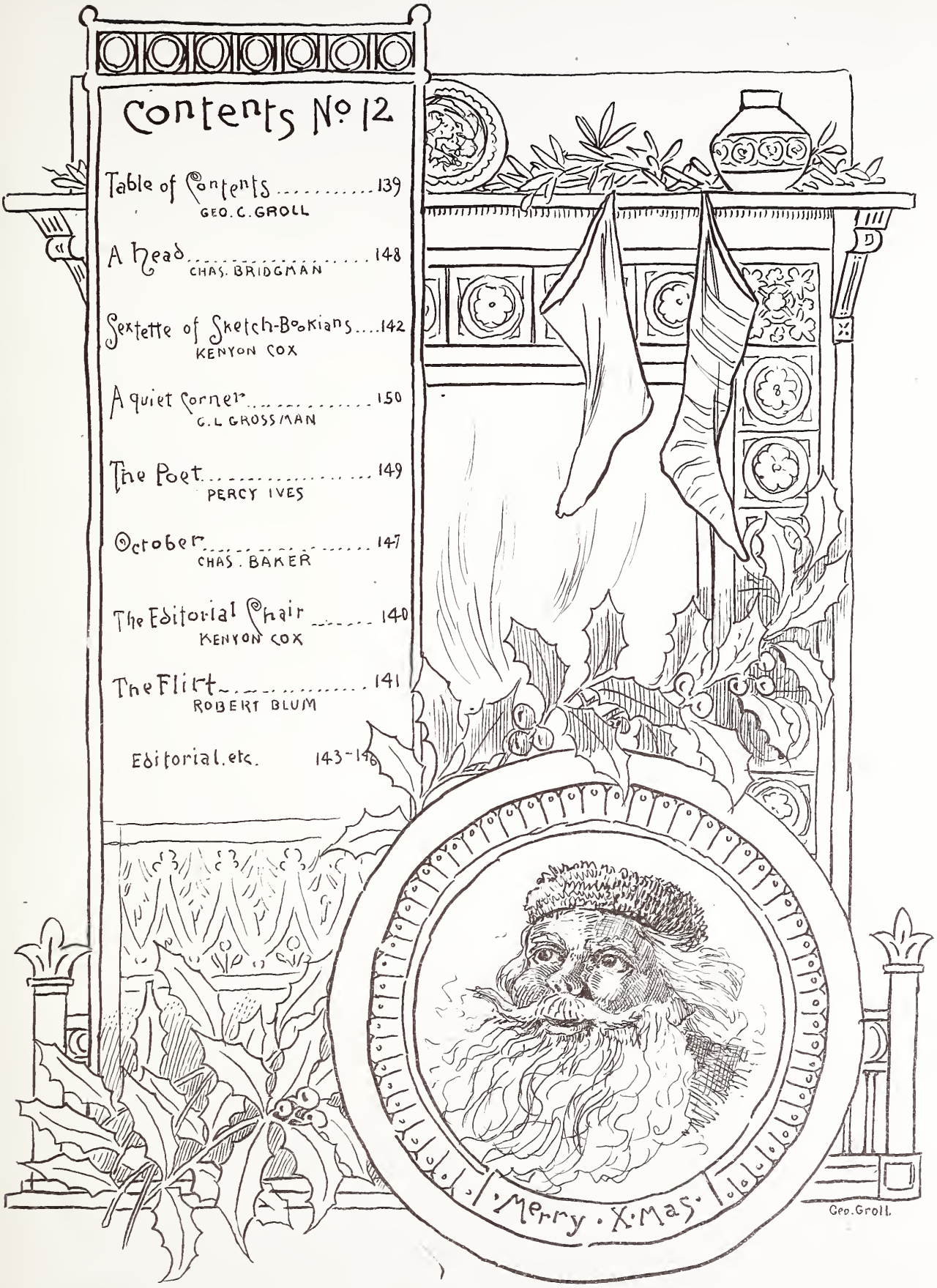
Melchers, G. S., Moffat Block, Detroit, Mich.
Millar, A. F.
Oviatt, Anna P., Richfield, Ohio.
Palmer, E. W., 22 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, O.
Rayen, Sally., 212 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, O.
Rupert, A. J., 60 Lakeside Building, Chicago.
Tompkins, Frank H., Acedemie den Bildenden Kunste, Munchen, Bavaria.
Turner, Ross, 12 Water street, Boston, Mass.
Wehrschmidt, D. A., 526 St. Clair street, Clevelaud, O.
Wenban, Sion L., Schleissheim, via Munchen, Bavaria.
Willard, A. M., Seeleye Court, Cleveland, O.

From *The Studio* we gather the following in relation to the prizes to be offered through the National Academy of Design next year:—The Thomas B. Clarke composition prize for the best American figure subject painted in this country. The award to be made within four weeks after the opening of the annual exhibition. No Academician is to be allowed to compete. The Julius Hollgarten prizes are for the best paintings shown at the annual exhibition by artists under thiry-five years of age. Prizes; first $300, second $200, third $100.


JSJ.


Off Battery Newport

Contents No 12



"The Editorial Chair."

Kenyon Cox - 83.


Blum
1886.


A SEXTETTE OF SKETCHBOOK-IANS.
AC.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

VOLUME I.
No. 12.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DECEMBER,
1883.

THE SKETCH BOOK,
PUBLISHED MONTHLY, - - - *$2.50 PER YEAR.*
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W. H. ECKMAN, Editor,
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W. J. MORGAN & CO., - - - - - *141 & 143 St. Clair Street.*
LETTER PRESS BY
THE ALDEN PRINTING CO., - - - - - *74 Frankfort Street.*

A limited edition of volume 1, of the SKETCH BOOK, handsomely bound in cloth, with an illuminated cover, will be issued immediately after the publication of the December number. The work will contain over one hundred full pages of original sketches, rendering it a most valuable addition to any library of art works, and, with its unique and elegant binding, a handsome holiday present to any person of taste and appreciation. The edition will not exceed three hundred copies, and all desiring a copy should send their orders forthwith. Price, $3.00.

THE FUTURE PROMISE.

GRADUALLY but surely we are working out of the trammels which have bound us to the past, and in nothing is this more noticeable than in expressions of the thinkers and writers upon modern art, more especially American art, not as it is to-day but as it is destined to be. That the art literature of the day fills so many volumes is in itself a proof that the people are seeking for right, and, as work upon work is published — and sold, the writers themselves become freer and bolder in their sentiments and things are written and accepted, which, but a few years ago, would have been deemed rank heresy. We are daring to doubt the sanctity of "the dust of ages," and, what is still better, we do not fear to step out into the open sunshine of our ninteenth century reason and philosophy and adjudge ourselves men and women of as full stature as our ancestors who lived when the world was young. Science has long since cast away the shackles which held it to tradition; politics and relgion stand upright and avow themselves as beyond and above the superstitions which held millions in servile bondage and degradation, and the mighty shadow of the past which awed the artist and frightened the laymen is losing its terrors.

Sentiments, such as are expressed in the following liberal quotation from an article by E. H. Clement, published in the New England Institutes Catalogue, attest the progress being made in the direction of free thought on the subject.

The future art, it cannot be doubted, will represent, as the art of the past has done, the events, the scenes and the personages that shall be recognized as contributing the most toward the then existing condition of the most favored society. Not to soldiers and princes will be ascribed the credit and the glory of the civilization of the twentieth century, which will probably be nowhere more distinctive and complete than in America; to the inventors, the philanthropist, the scientists, the reformers, the thinkers, poets and artists themselves will fall the most fit and inspiring commemoration of the epoch through art. The art of the old masters will be venerated as is that of the pious carvers and painters of what we now call early art. But as their sumptuousness of color and bold voluptuousness of subject were the fit expression of the luxury and munificence of the splendid, unconscious selfishness of a ruling aristocracy, the best expression of civilization to their date, so their style would be precisely the most unfit for our own humane and intellectual democracy of the futnre. What makes the weak and crude art of the pre-Raphaelite painters valuable and interesting to-day is its utter genuineness of spirit and of representative character. What makes the art of the sixteenth century so imperious to-day is its perfect embodiment of the imperial spirit, strength, wealth and ambition of its age. A like representative fitness will make the art of the twentieth century what it shall be. As surely as mind is ever conquering matter, so surely will the progress of the world go on making fire-wood of the institutions of the past, ecclesiasticism, militarism and caste. It will go on not with the sword, but with science; not with the oppression of the lower by the upper class, but by the raising of the lower to the level of the upper. All art that glorifies the mere prowess of physical strength or beauty, mere rulers, priests, and nobles, will be studied only as the art of the old monks, or of the ancient East, for the teaching it conveys of its time. The art of the twentieth century will occupy itself with the steps by which the twentieth century rose and with the great minds that taught the world to take these steps.

Our own nineteenth century master-spirits that did for their age what the popes, the grand dukes, the doges and the tyrants did for their comparatively poor and petty day, shall have an equally worthy representation in the grateful record that art, as humanity's deepest, sincerest, most abiding utterance, never fails to make. The modern science, the modern fine arts, the modern philosophy, the modern philanthropy (indeed there is no other), and, above all, the modern democracy, sweeping away every old world land-mark, have all to be yet duly celebrated in art. Since art has never failed to do justice to its epoch heretofore, art will find ways to do justice to the twentieth century. As the modern scientific knowledge and spirit have gradually invaded and established themselves, even in the forms of poetical expression, so they must do also with the elements of design and pictoral representation. The poet of to-day paints a flower or a sun-set, not only in different, but in better and more accurate terms than a poet of the eighteenth century. The painter of to-day, thanks to science, should and will draw man and nature with a surer intelligence as to what lines mean, and with a wider and deeper appreciation of man's relations to nature and to his fellow men.

TO ARTISTS AND ART STUDENTS.

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THE SKETCHES.

MR. PERCY IVES' fine drawing—"The Poet," on page 149, merits the beautiful epic written by Mr. Walter Buell for THE SKETCH BOOK. The head is not altogether an ideal one, being, as we understand, a portrait; be that as it may, epic and sketch deserve close association. The noble head might well be that of Cimon.

THE POET.

WALTER BUELL.

A story runs that at Miletus lived
A minstrel famed beyond all other bards
For passing sweetness of his touch and song.
Whene'er at eventide he played his lute,
The winds, among the heavy-foliaged palms
Were silent, as if mutely to admit
That Cimon's songs were sweeter than their own;
And if, at morning, he should chance to sing,
All trills and warblings of the feathered host
Were hushed in silent wonder at the lay.
Among the minstrels who were gathered at
The stately banquets of th' Ionian king,
When Cimon entered none of all might dare
To raise the voice or sound a quivering string.
And so they hated him, until, at last,
One who stood second in the king's esteem,
Vowed he should die, confiding that the wreathes
Which bound the singer's brow should be his own.

That night when Cimon, at the royal board,
Had sung an old heroic song of war—
Of stalwart gods at battle in the clouds;
Of Jove's fell thunders from the Olympian height—
The king called out to bring two cups of wine—
One for himself, one for the weary bard—
That he might pledge the sweetest singer who
Had ever touched the minstrel's harp in Greece.
The cups were drained; the honored singer sat,
As none before, upon the king's right hand;
But when the monarch, turning to command
Another lay, looked into Cimon's face,
He saw that never mortal man again
Might hope to hear the music of his lips.

In anger then the king an edict gave,
That every bard be banished from his court,
Until one came with skill to risk his life
In test against the dead man's minstrelsy:
Then, binding myrtle round the silent harp,
He hung it at the window of his hall,
Till such an one, approved in worthiness,
Should come to charm the music from its strings.

One night, as king and courtiers silent sat
About the table, suddenly they heard
A wondrous strain of music in the air,
As if the cold hand of the murdered bard
Were come to life; again there came the sound
Of singing, such as mortal ears ne'er heard,
The lays that Cimon had been wont to sing.
And, when they sought the wonder to explain,
They found the wind was playing on the harp,
And birds, awakened by the harmony,
Were singing Cimon's songs, as he had done.

So, at Miletus, never minstrelsy,
Save that of wind and birds for many a year
Was heard, and nightly from the harp
Sounded the tones and songs that Cimon loved,
Until the good king died: then, as his heart
Ceased throbbing, all the harp strings broke at once,
And never more did summer winds or birds
Make music in Milesean banquet hall.

L' ENVOI.

Whose hands have touched the chords of human love
And human sympathy, by tune or song,
Dies not, although his heart may cease to throb;
Dies not until the world itself is dead

To those who know the victims of Mr. Cox's stunning caricatures on page 142, the few eccentric lines will tell their own story, and as four of the suffering sextette have already appeared in the pages of THE SKETCH BOOK, doubtless the acquaintance is a very large one. There is a sublime hideousness in the naked simplicity of the lines, which go to make up these travesties on human physiognomies, that is fascinating to the student of human nature.

CARICATURE is a venerable art, and we pay the Egyptians no mean compliment in expressing the belief that they held it in such high esteem as to adorn their temples with caricatures. The Assyrians, the Cyprians, all the Asiatic nations, and, above all others, the Egyptians practiced it. We pay these latter people but a shabby compliment in denominating the vast concourse of sculpture and painted figures with which they adorned their temples, as serious art, when a reasonable consideration of the question would lead us to believe that they sought to relieve the oppressive gloom of their vast piles by a touch of "funny business." The Egyptian must have had an occasional laugh, and what could he have better laughed at than the grotesque harlequins he carved in such multitudes. He doubtless enjoys many a posthumous grin at the sober earnestness with which we regard his astonishing productions. Mr. Cox is no Egyptian, but he is a right royal caricaturist.

ON page 140 Mr. Cox is represented by "The Editorial Chair." Just why a head should be denominated a chair is beyond our reckoning, except upon the hypothesis that the artist, when he drew it, was animated by the same frolicsome spirit which brought forth the sextette.

MR. ROBERT BLUM, whose animated magazine illustrations are widely known and appreciated, "The Bull Fight" in *The Century* for November being among his latest, contributes an exquisite figure on page 141. The bewitching poise of the head, the lithe, willowy figure and the grace in the arms and hands suggests the title we have given it. The *ensemble* is perfect.

THE head on page 148 is by Mr. Charles Bridgeman and is an exceedingly clever realization of the American young lady. Pretty of course, without prejudices, intelligent, bright, healthy and happy, aggressive, spontaneous, self-reliant and jolly.

"OCTOBER" is probably among the choicest months in the year, and Mr. Charles Baker gives us an artists conception of the beauties of the season on page 147. The sketch is full of feeling and sentiment.

THE leaves were abundant when George Grossman pictured the sylvan nook. It is a "Quiet Corner," which runs well out into Lake Chautauqua, from whence a beautiful panorama of water, hill and woodland is visible.

STUDIO CHAFF.

"I DON'T CARE anything about learning to draw, but I do want to take a few lessons in oil painting, so that I may paint some holiday presents." And it is for this we have an art school.

A WELL-KNOWN dealer in bric-a-brac apologized to a customer for the broken arm and severed toes of an exquisite little Venus de Medici, offering it at a discount on account of damage.—*Fact.*

A FEW DAYS since a lady enquired of an academy teacher in the class room as to a class in modelling.

"There is no class in modelling," was the reply.

"Really," said the lady, looking at the antique plasters, "I thought from the very crude and unfinished casts you have, that they must be the work of students."

"Yes, mam; good morning."

VOLUME I.—FINIS.

WITH this number Volume 1 of THE SKETCH BOOK closes. Every disadvantage attended its inception and apologies for delays, and sins of omission and of commission, have been found necessary from time to time, but every promise has been redeemed.

The reception accorded the work from the outset has been most flattering, and the growth of its popularity, indicated by a constant increase of its circulation, is a powerful incentive to deserve the meed of appreciation by increased effort to improve the work.

The original intent to present a portfolio of sketches has been adhered to, and it has been left to those who have turned over the leaves to please themselves as to which are good sketches and which are poor; no criticism has been attempted, not because the drawings have been above and beyond criticism, but simply because the work of the artist-contributors is presented at its full value—for just what is worth, and its appearance is, in a measure, a criterion of inherent merit.

A very large percentage of our subscribers are residents of Cleveland, and much that has been written has been addressed to them as such; that we have so respectable a constituency at home has been most gratifying and encouraging.

Cleveland has not yet become an art center, such as it should be, and such as its external appearance might lead the casual sojourner to believe that it really was, but we are very willing to believe in and hope for a brilliant future; to the attainment of that end THE SKETCH BOOK is fully committed, now and hereafter.

The noticeable improvement made in the work since its birth must be our sufficient promise of future effort.

A NUMBER of local artists met in Mr. Smith's studio Friday afternoon with a view to organize an "Art Union;" the main purpose of the proposed union being to secure a permanent exhibition room, independent of the dealers, where their own productions and those of other artists might be exhibited and offered for sale. That there is a great lack of harmony as between the dealers and the artists is true, it is also true that the artists are driven to take some such step to protect themselves, but whether it is wise just at this juncture to attempt the creation of another art organization in this city, which must look to the public for means to create it, is a question for these gentlemen to consider. The Art Academy has a charter as an incorporation which is ample to cover the interest of these gentlemen; one of the chief purposes of the incorporators is the erection of just such a gallery, and the public, especially that portion which would ordinarily aid a project of the kind, will naturally hesitate to give that encouragement so essential. Let the gentlemen bend their energies to building up the Academy and their gallery will be assured them, not as a temporary abiding place of uncertain tenure, but as a permanent home.

MR. BACHER has just returned from Detroit and is prepared to see his friends at his studio.

MESSRS. OTTO H. BACHER AND JOSEPH DECAMP are about to open a joint class in drawing and painting that promises to be a success.

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Table of Contents. Volume I.

NOTE:—The following errors in paging have been perpetrated by the publishers, to wit;—Pages 54, 71, 72, 73, 74, 79, 80, 81, 82, 92, 93, and 94 are omitted; pages, 58, 75, 76, 77, 78, 84, 85, 86, 87, 96, 97 and 98 are repeated.—ED.

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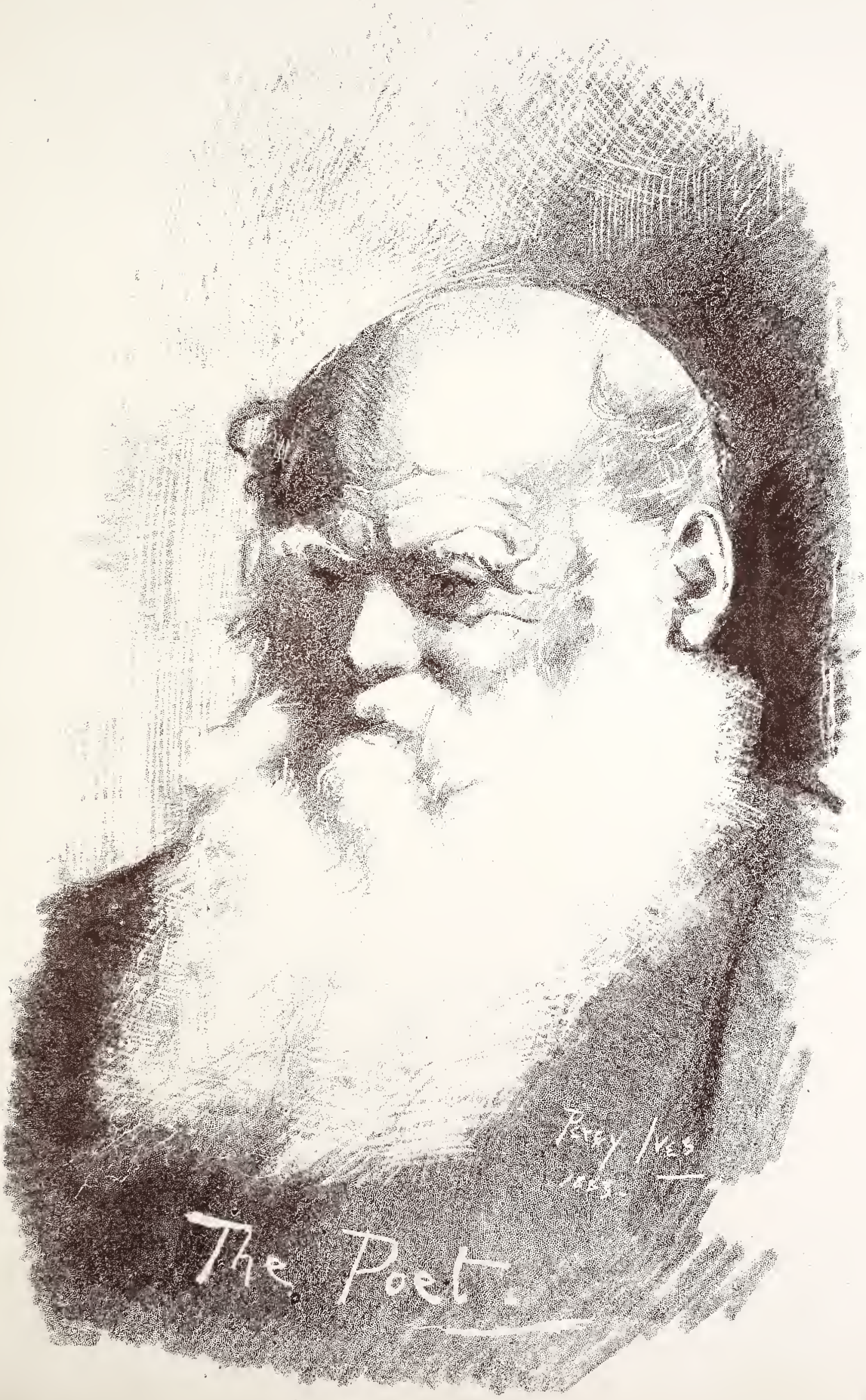
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