

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 08191154 1

WHAT PICTURES
TO SEE
IN AMERICA



LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

atmosphere have gripped truths that will live. There is a reminiscence of Rembrandt in his mellow light and his manner of using it.

Sargent's "William M. Chase" dominates room 20, and well it may, for it is a splendid portrait of one of the great leaders in the American school of art. The portrait was a gift by the pupils of Mr. Chase.

The "Harp of the Winds" (Fig. 48), by Homer D. Martin (1836-1897), is one of the pictures sent to Germany several years ago to represent American art. A happy choice it certainly was. The delicate color and filmy atmosphere harmonize like delicious music. It is well named the "Harp of the Winds," for the breeze stealing through the slender poplars must be whispering a sweet melody to the bowing trunks and waving branches, and they in turn are repeating the strain to the placid water where they are mirrored. This picture is a symphony, a poem and a color harmony. Homer Martin, except for a few weeks' study with William Hart, was a self-taught artist.

The portrait of Augustus Saint Gaudens (the American sculptor, 1848-1907), by Kenyon Cox, has had quite a history. The original picture, painted in 1887, was burned in Saint Gaudens' studio at Windsor, Vt., in 1904. Mr. Cox painted this replica in 1908, a

year after the sculptor's death, from the studio studies he still had. The figure in the bas-relief, that Saint Gaudens is represented as working on, is William M. Chase, his friend and companion. They were about the same age.

One of the best beloved pictures in the Museum is "Joan of Arc" (Fig. 49), by Bastien-Lepage (1848-1884). The school children never tire of the peasant girl who saw visions and dreamed dreams. Bastien-Lepage paints Joan with wide-open eyes seeing a spiritual vision and hearing celestial voices. The shadowy figure in the background dressed in armor foretells how she is to fulfill her mission to her beloved France. Her story is so familiar that only a few words are necessary to bring it clearly to mind. Joan was only thirteen when she repeatedly heard a voice say, "Joan, fail not to seek the church." For three years these voices came and finally urged her to immediate action. "For," they said, "you must help the king and save France." The state of France in 1428 was terrible. England was besieging the country; the insane king Charles VI died in 1422, and left the kingdom to Henry V of England. The rightful heir, Dauphin Charles, was weak and indolent, with no army, no money and no energy. Joan's visions and voices had been treated with

Dup. to
Be kept



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

WHAT PICTURES TO
SEE IN AMERICA

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS

A POPULAR HISTORY OF PAINTING

With 300 Illustrations

8vo. \$2.50 net

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN
EUROPE IN ONE SUMMER

Illustrated. 12mo. \$1.35 net

WHAT SCULPTURE TO SEE IN
EUROPE

Illustrated. 12mo. \$1.35 net

FAMOUS PICTURES OF REAL
BOYS AND GIRLS

Over 50 Illustrations

12mo. \$1.25 net



Hark, the Lark! Winslow Homer. Milwaukee, Layton Art Gallery.

[See page 277.]

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN AMERICA

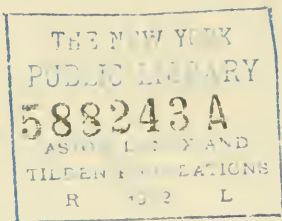
BY
LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

AUTHOR OF
"Pictures and Their Painters," "What Pictures to
See in Europe in One Summer," "What
Sculpture to See in Europe," etc.

WITH OVER 200 ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
JOHN LANE COMPANY
MCMXV

LNO.



Copyright, 1915, by
JOHN LANE COMPANY

TO
MY CLASSMATES
OF
GRANVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE

INTRODUCTION

SEE America first! was never a wiser watchword than it is now, particularly as regards its treasures of art. To-day it is possible to find in the museums of our various cities paintings that form a consecutive history from Giotto through Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt and Velasquez to the modern masters of European and American art.

That the general tourist may see and comprehend the value of the vast number of paintings collected in our museums from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a careful selection must be made of special examples to be seen first. It is my purpose to act as a guide; pointing out to the hurried sightseer a few of the masterpieces in each gallery that these may serve as incentives to a further study of the pictures as time and inclination permit.

To "guide" through a museum does not mean to exhaust all its treasures; consequently let me insist that the two hundred and more

INTRODUCTION

examples mentioned in this volume are simply so many sign posts to assist those who wish to see intelligently without having had previous preparation.

It has been no easy task to collect data and photographs from the length and breadth of this great country; in fact, it would have been impossible except for the kindly co-operation of the museum authorities of the various cities in suggesting their best pictures and sending photographs for reproduction. I wish that I might mention by name all who have aided in the work and thus thank them publicly for their assistance. As this is not feasible, the chapters devoted to the various collections will bespeak my appreciation of their wisdom. The courtesy of the Detroit Publishing Company has been invaluable in solving the vexed copyright question and making possible many illustrations which otherwise could not have been used.

I have unwillingly omitted collections in several cities because repeated efforts have failed to gain the hoped for co-operation of those in charge of the galleries.

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT.

NEW YORK CITY, *June, 1915.*

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS .	23
II. BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS (Continued)	41
III. NEW HAVEN, YALE SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS, THE JARVES COLLEC- TION	58
IV. NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART	67
V. NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART (Continued) .	79
VI. NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART (Continued) .	90
VII. NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART (Continued) .	106
VIII. NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART (Continued) .	120
IX. BROOKLYN, INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES	134
X. BROOKLYN, INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES (Continued)	145
XI. PHILADELPHIA, THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS . .	154
XII. PHILADELPHIA, W. P. WILSTACH COL- LECTION	164
XIII. BALTIMORE, WALTERS GALLERY .	176

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIV. WASHINGTON, D. C. The CORCORAN GALLERY OF FINE ART . . .	179
XV. PITTSBURGH, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE .	191
XVI. SYRACUSE, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS .	202
XVII. ROCHESTER, THE MEMORIAL ART GALLERY	208
XVIII. BUFFALO, FINE ARTS ACADEMY, AL- BRIGHT ART GALLERY	215
XIX. TOLEDO, THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART	222
XX. DETROIT, MUSEUM OF ART . . .	228
XXI. MUSKEGON, THE HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY, GALLERY OF ARTS . .	239
XXII. CHICAGO, THE ART INSTITUTE . .	247
XXIII. CHICAGO, THE ART INSTITUTE (Con- tinued)	260
XXIV. MILWAUKEE, LAYTON ART GALLERY	270
XXV. MINNEAPOLIS, INSTITUTE OF ARTS .	280
XXVI. INDIANAPOLIS, JOHN HERRON ART INSTITUTE	288
XXVII. CINCINNATI MUSEUM	297
XXVIII. NEW ORLEANS, ISAAC DELGADO MU- SEUM OF ART	310
XXIX. FORT WORTH, TEXAS, CARNEGIE PUB- LIC LIBRARY	316
XXX. ST. LOUIS, CITY ART MUSEUM . .	322
XXXI. SACRAMENTO, E. B. CROCKER ART GALLERY	330
XXXII. SAN FRANCISCO, INSTITUTE OF ART	339

ILLUSTRATIONS

Hark, the Lark! Winslow Homer. Milwaukee, Layton Art Gallery
(Frontispiece)

FIG.	PAGE
1.—Early Portrait of Philip IV. Velasquez, Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	26
2.—Don Baltazar Carlos and his Dwarf. Velasquez. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	26
3.—Old Man. Rembrandt. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	27
4.—Dutch Interior. Pieter de Hooch. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	27
5.—Jealous Husband. Nicolaes Maes. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	32
6.—The Usurer. Gabriel Metsu. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	33
7.—Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Van Dyck. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	33
8.—Portrait of Washington. Gilbert Stuart. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	38
9.—Slave Ship. Turner. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	38
10.—The Harvesters Resting. Millet. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	42
11.—Dante and Virgil. Corot. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	43
12.—Blacksmith of Lyme Regis. Whistler. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	47
13.—The Halt of the Three Wise Men. La Farge. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	50
14.—The Sphinx. Elihu Vedder. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	50
15.—The Misses Boit. John Sargent. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	51
16.—Fog Warning. Winslow Homer. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	51
17.—Isabella and the Pot of Basil. Alexander. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	54
18.—Madonna and Child. Fra Angelico. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts	55
19.—Saint Anthony Tempted by the Devil. Sassetta. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection	60
20.—Coronation of the Virgin. Sano di Pietro. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection	61
21.—Madonna and Child. Gentile da Fabriano. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection	61
22.—Hercules Killing Nessus. Antonio Pallaiuolo. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection	66
23.—Adoration of the Magi. Luca Signorelli. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection	66
24.—James Stuart, Duke of Richmond. Van Dyck. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	67
25.—Young Woman with a Water Jar. Vermeer. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	70
26.—Madonna and Child. Bellini. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	70

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG.	PAGE
27.—A Doge in Prayer Before the Redeemer. Tintoretto. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	71
28.—Mars and Venus United by Love. Veronese. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	72
29.—Walt Whitman. Alexander. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	72
30.—Peace and Plenty. George Inness. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	76
31.—Delaware Valley. George Inness. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	76
32.—Connie Gilchrist. Whistler. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	77
33.—Northeaster. Winslow Homer. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	78
34.—Master Hare. Reynolds. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	82
35.—An Interior. Pieter de Hooch. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	82
36.—The Sower. Millet. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	83
37.—The Hay Wagon. Jules Dupré. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	83
38.—Morning on the Seine. Daubigny. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	86
39.—Ville d'Avray. Corot. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	86
40.—The Edge of the Woods. Rousseau. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	87
41.—The Sheepfold. Jacque. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	87
42.—Lachrymae. Leighton. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	90
43.—Professor Emerson. Lenbach. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	91
44.—Among the Lowly. L'Hermitte. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	91
45.—After the Bath. Sorolla. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	93
46.—Washington Crossing the Delaware. Leutze. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	94
47.—Expectation. Israels. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	94
48.—Harp of the Winds. Homer Martin. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	98
49.—Joan of Arc. Bastien-Lepage. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	98
50.—The Boy with a Sword. Manet. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	99
51.—Grand Canal of Venice. Turner. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	100
52.—Hille Bobbe. Franz Hals. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	102

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG.	PAGE
53.—The Old Fiddler. Ostade. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	103
54.—A Dutch Kermesse. Steen. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	103
55.—The Fox and Wolf Hunt. Rubens. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	108
56.—St. John the Evangelist. Murillo. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	109
57.—The Nativity. El Greco. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	109
58.—Four Saints. Correggio. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	112
59.—Christopher Columbus. Piombo. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	112
60.—St. Zenobius. Botticelli. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	113
61.—St. Christopher. Pollaiuolo. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	116
62.—Madonna and Child. Di Credi. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	117
63.—Portrait of a Young Man. Holbein. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	117
64.—The Old Woman Cutting her Nails. Rembrandt. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	122
65.—Portrait of Rembrandt. Rembrandt. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	122
66.—Pilate Washing His Hands. Rembrandt. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	123
67.—The Merry Company. Franz Hals. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	126
68.—Young Girl Asleep. Vermeer. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	126
69.—Christ and the Pilgrims of Emmaus. Velasquez. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	127
70.—Federigo Gonzago. Francia. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	128
71.—Portrait of Filippo Archinto. Titian. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	128
72.—Madonna and Child. Dürer. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	130
73.—The Crucifixion. Fra Angelico. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	131
74.—Betrothal of Saint Catherine. Memlinc. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City	131
75.—Triptych, Scenes from the Life of St. Laurence. Taddeo Gaddi. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	136
76.—Triptych, Miracles of St. Laurence. Taddeo Gaddi. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	136
77.—Virgin and Child in the Sky. Lorenzo Lotto. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	137
78.—Portrait of Whistler. Giovanni Boldini. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	140

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG.	PAGE
79.—Portrait of the Artist's Mother. Paul Delarouche. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	141
80.—Street Scene. Eugène Isabey. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	142
81.—Cottage in the Woods. Harpignies. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	143
82.—Harvester's Meal. L'Hermitte. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	143
83.—Unruly Calf. Winslow Homer. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	146
84.—Adoration. John La Farge. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	147
85.—In the Studio. Whistler. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	148
86.—Iridescent Moonlight. Julius Olsson. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	149
87.—Cattle by the Pool. De Bock. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	149
88.—St. Francis. El Greco. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	152
89.—The Waste of Waters is Their Field. Ryder. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences	152
90.—Portrait of Mrs. James Madison. Stuart. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts	156
91.—Portrait of Frances Anne Kemble. Sully. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts	156
92.—Lady With a White Shawl. Whistler. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts	157
93.—A New England Woman. Cecelia Beaux. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts	157
94.—Death on the Pale Horse. West. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts	160
95.—The Violinist. Van der Helst. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts	161
96.—The Last Supper. Tiepolo. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	166
97.—St. Sebastian. Ribera. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	166
98.—St. Anthony. Murillo. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	167
99.—River Scene with Barges. Ruisdael. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	170
100.—Old Brighton Pier. Constable. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	170
101.—Solitude. Millet. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	171
102.—Short Cut. Inness. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	172
103.—Lady With the Yellow Buskin. Whistler. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	172
104.—The Last Day of the Condemned. Munkacsy. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	173
105.—Barbaro After the Hunt. Rosa Bonheur. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia	173
106.—Sunset in the Woods. Inness. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	180
107.—Niagara Falls. Church. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	180
108.—The Road to Concarneau. Picknell. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	184

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG.	PAGE
109.—Delaware River. Redfield. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	184
110.—The New York Window. Hassam. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	185
111.—Wood Gatherers. Corot. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	188
112.—Hamlet on the Seine. Daubigny. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	188
113.—Drinking Place. Troyon. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	189
114.—Interior of a Cottage. Israels. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.	189
115.—Sarasate. Whistler. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	192
116.—Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester. Abbey. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	193
117.—The Wreck. Homer. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	193
118.—Sycamore Hill. Redfield. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	196
119.—Suburbs of Antwerp. Cazin. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	196
120.—Boulevard des Italiens. Raffaelli. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	197
121.—Portrait of Her Grace, the Duchess of Rutland. Blanche. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	197
122.—The Great Bridge at Rouen. Pissarro. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	198
123.—Spring Morning. Hassam. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	199
124.—Portrait of a Boy. Benson. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	199
125.—Portrait of Mrs. Maurice Greiffenhagen. Greiffenhagen. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	200
126.—Portrait of Henry Nicols. Stuart. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh	200
127.—The Time of the Red-Winged Black Bird. Davis. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse	204
128.—Long Pond. Ranger. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse	204
129.—The Portrait. Weir. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse	205
130.—Mother and Child. Hawthorne. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse	205
131.—Bringing Home the Cows. George Inness. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester	210
132.—Oxen on the Beach. Sorolla. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester	210
133.—Morning on the River. Jonas Lie. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester	211
134.—Girl Waiting. Lavery. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester	212
135.—New Orleans Negro. MacCameron. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester	212
136.—Woodland Pool. Lillian Genth. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester	213
137.—Group of Sturdy Oaks. Ranger. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo	218
138.—Laurel Brook. Redfield. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo	218
139.—The Church at Old Lyme. Hassam. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo	219
140.—The Lady with the Macaw. Dewing. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo	219
141.—Sunlight on the Beach. Homer. Museum of Art, Toledo	224

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG.	PAGE
142.—Spring Morning. Tryon. Museum of Art, Toledo	224
143.—Landscape. Ranger. Museum of Art, Toledo	225
144.—Woodstock Meadows in Winter. Harrison. Museum of Art, Toledo	225
145.—Writing a Letter. Dewing. Museum of Art, Toledo	226
146.—Abigail Meeting David with Presents. Rubens. Museum of Art, Detroit	232
147.—Portraits of an Italian Nobleman and Wife. Bellini. Museum of Art, Detroit	232
148.—Virgin and Child. Massys. Museum of Art, Detroit	233
149.—The Fencing Master. Melchers. Museum of Art, Detroit.	233
150.—Before Sunrise, June. Tryon. Museum of Art, Detroit	236
151.—The Miniature. Reid. Museum of Art, Detroit	237
152.—Anne, Viscountess Irwin. Hogarth. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan	242
153.—Portrait of Sir William Lynch. Gainsborough. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan	242
154.—Portrait of Mrs. Bailie. Raeburn. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan	243
155.—Portrait of Don Juan Jose Perez Moro. Goya. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan.	243
156.—Study in Rose and Brown. Whistler. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan	244
157.—Ecstasy. Blakelock. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan	245
158.—Portrait of Harman Hals. Franz Hals. The Art Institute, Chicago	248
159.—Portrait of a Girl. Rembrandt. The Art Institute, Chicago	248
160.—Music Lesson. Ter Borch. The Art Institute, Chicago	250
161.—Golden Wedding. Ostade. The Art Institute, Chicago	250
162.—The Family Concert. Jan Steen. The Art Institute, Chicago	251
163.—The Castle. Ruisdael. The Art Institute, Chicago	252
164.—The Water Mill. Hobbema. The Art Institute, Chicago	253
165.—Portrait of Marquis Spinola. Rubens. The Art Institute, Chicago	256
166.—Portrait of Helena Dubois. Van Dyck. The Art Institute, Chi- cago	256
167.—The Assumption of the Virgin. El Greco. The Art Institute, Chicago	257
168.—The Two Sisters. Sorolla. The Art Institute, Chicago	257
169.—Early Morning. Inness. The Art Institute, Chicago.	260
170.—The Home of the Heron. Inness. The Art Institute, Chicago	261
171.—The Coming Storm. Keith. The Art Institute, Chicago	261
172.—General Dearborn. Stuart. The Art Institute, Chicago	264
173.—In the Studio. Whistler. The Art Institute, Chicago	264
174.—Alice. Chase. The Art Institute, Chicago	265
175.—The Two Disciples at the Tomb. Tanner. The Art Institute, Chicago	265
176.—The Song of the Lark. Breton. The Art Institute, Chicago	266
177.—Bringing Home the New Born Calf. Millet. The Art Institute, Chicago	267

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG.	PAGE
178.—Returning from the Market. Troyon. The Art Institute, Chicago	268
179.—The Beggar. Manet. The Art Institute, Chicago	269
180.—The Wood Gatherers, Bastien-Lepage. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	272
181.—The Water Mill. Mauve. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	272
182.—The Coast of Scheveningen. Mesdag. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	273
183.—An English Landscape. Constable. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	273
184.—Landscape. Corot. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	278
185.—Sunset in Georgia. Inness. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	278
186.—Silent Devotion. Marr. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin	279
187.—Portrait of the Second Earl of Clarendon. Lely. Institute of Art, Minneapolis	282
188.—Portrait of a Lady. Mierevelt. Institute of Art, Minneapolis	282
189.—Madonna and Child with Two Angels. Master of San Miniato Altar-piece. Institute of Art, Minneapolis	283
190.—Marriage. Melchers. Institute of Art, Minneapolis	283
191.—The River in Winter. Symons. Institute of Art, Minneapolis	286
192.—The Deer in the Forest. Courbet. Institute of Art, Minneapolis	287
193.—Portrait of James Whitcomb Riley. Sargent. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis	288
194.—Dorothy. Chase. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis	289
195.—Portrait of William Merritt Chase. Beckwith. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis	289
196.—November Morning. Tryon. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis	292
197.—Old Mills on the Somme. Schofield. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis	293
198.—The Crest. Redfield. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis	294
199.—Venetian Lace Makers. Blum. Museum, Cincinnati	299
200.—Portrait of Robert Blum. Alexander. Museum, Cincinnati	300
201.—Whistling Boy. Duveneck. Museum, Cincinnati	300
202.—Flower Girl. Duveneck. Museum, Cincinnati	302
203.—Portrait of Auguste Rodin. Alexander. Museum, Cincinnati	302
204.—A January Day. Schofield. Museum, Cincinnati	303
205.—The Caulker. Hassam. Museum, Cincinnati	306
206.—Woman in Pink and Green. Tarbell. Museum, Cincinnati	306
207.—Public Entry of Christ into Jerusalem. Haydon. Museum, Cincinnati	307
208.—The Followers of Huss. Brozic. Museum, Cincinnati	307
209.—Frozen River. Rosen. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans	312
210.—On the Rocks After the Storm. Koopman. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans	312
211.—Snow and Flood in Flanders. Huys. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans	313

ILLUSTRATIONS

FIG.	PAGE
212.—Spanish Gypsy Girl. Henri. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans	314
213.—Portrait of Clementina Beach. Stuart. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas	316
214.—The Coming Storm. Innëss. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas	317
215.—Sunlight in the Woods. Symons. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas	317
216.—December. Ochtman. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas	320
217.—Manana Point. Dougherty. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas	320
218.—The Fuller Boy. Fuller. City Art Museum, St. Louis	322
219.—The Coming Storm. Inness. City Art Museum, St. Louis	323
220.—Wood Sawyers. Walker. City Art Museum, St. Louis	323
221.—At Sunset. Murphy. City Art Museum, St. Louis	326
222.—Another Marguerite. Sorolla. City Art Museum, St. Louis	326
223.—Charity. Chavannes. City Art Museum, St. Louis	327
224.—Madonna and Child. Luini. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento	332
225.—Venus and Adonis. Correggio. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento	333
226.—The Three Wise Men. Van Dyck. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento	336
227.—Gypsy. Murillo. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento	336
228.—The Yosemite Valley. Hill. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento	337
229.—A Landscape. Corot. Institute of Art, San Francisco	340
230.—The Return of the Flock. Millet. Institute of Art, San Francisco	341
231.—The Watering Place. Jacque. Institute of Art, San Francisco	341
232.—Village Scene. Daubigny. Institute of Art, San Francisco	344
233.—Landscape. Rousseau. Institute of Art, San Francisco	344
234.—Cattle. Troyon. Institute of Art, San Francisco	345
235.—Cow. Dupré. Institute of Art, San Francisco	345
236.—Summit of the Sierras. Keith. Institute of Art, San Francisco	346
237.—The Mountain Top. Keith. Institute of Art, San Francisco	346

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN AMERICA

CHAPTER I

BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

LOGICALLY our art tour in America begins with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and as we are searching out, as far as possible, masterpieces in painting, we will go directly to the Spanish room, the third one on the left.

The splendid portrait of Fray Feliz Palavicino, by El Greco (1545?-1614), is of itself sufficient proof of the value of this collection. Fra Feliz himself wrote, in a sonnet to the artist,

"Let nature try:
Behold her vanquished and outdone by thee!
Thou rival of Prometheus in thy portraiture."

What would he have said if his portrait had been painted by Velasquez?

The two paintings by Velasquez (1599-1660) in the room are fine examples of the

great master's art before and after his personal friendship with Rubens and his stay in Italy. While neither Rubens nor Italy greatly influenced the individual characteristics of Velasquez' art, yet they came just as the young artist was developing into the man of mature judgment. The portrait of "Philip IV" (Fig. 1) is certainly that of a mere youth. To understand the real significance of this likeness in Boston we must recall the beginnings of the unique friendship between Velasquez and the young king of Spain.

Philip III of Spain died in 1621 and his son, then in his fifteenth year, succeeded him as Philip IV. Two years later, in 1623, Velasquez, then twenty-four, was invited to Madrid and appointed court painter, with his home in the palace. It is evident from accounts of early biographers of Velasquez that he completed a portrait of the youthful king, Philip IV, August 30, 1623—two years after he had ascended the throne of Spain. That it was regarded as a great success at court is proved by a recorded remark of the Premier Duke who declared, "the king's portrait had never been painted before." He simply ignored other portraits to the chagrin of the older men. Edwin Stone, B.A., in his work on Velasquez, says, "this first likeness of the monarch . . .

though possibly a full length, was probably nothing more than a bust. . . ." Is it possible that this Boston portrait is a replica of that famous first likeness of the young king, or is it a copy of the portrait of Philip IV in the Altman collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City? (See page 126.) At least we are confident that Philip shows the immaturity of a boy still in his teens. The assumption of royal dignity is apparent in his whole attitude. The hand resting on the sword-hilt has the nervous tension denoting the uncertainty of youth; the pose of the head has none of the assured arrogance of the later portraits, especially that one owned by the Marquis of Lansdowne, London (see Fig. 190, "Pictures and Their Painters").

When in 1628 Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) came to Spain, Philip appointed Velasquez to visit the galleries with the distinguished Flemish artist. We can imagine the delight of Velasquez at having this honor.

How he must have hung on the words of the handsome courtly man, nearly twice his years, whose fame was known in every country. For nine months these two men, destined to stand out as the greatest geniuses of their respective countries, enjoyed a companionship of rare quality.

The picture of "Don Baltazar Carlos and his Dwarf" (Fig. 2) is no doubt one of the first of the numerous portraits Velasquez painted of Philip's oldest son. Don Carlos was born in 1629, the same year that the artist went to Italy—possibly later in the year. Probably it was a hint from Rubens, about the value of the Italian painters, that suggested to Philip the idea of sending Velasquez away; at least the king provided him with ample funds and the Count Duke, Olivares, also made him a gift of money and gave him letters that admitted him to the very best that Italy had to offer. For nearly two years Velasquez revelled in the museums and copied the works of the great artists. But at the beginning of the year 1631 he received a hint from Olivares that the king was getting a little impatient to have a portrait painted of the young prince, Don Carlos, then in his second year. To paint the first portrait to the heir to the throne of Spain was no small honor! Velasquez returned at once to Madrid.

If the Boston portrait is the earliest of Don Baltazar Carlos, as the museum authorities claim, it is indeed a treasure of great value. The little prince is dressed in a queer mixture of babyhood clothes and a boy's toy armor. He wears a steel gorget or collar under the



Fig. 1—Early Portrait of Philip IV of Spain.
Diego Velasquez. Boston, Museum of Fine
Arts.



Fig. 2—Don Baltazar Carlos and his Dwarf. Diego Velasquez.
Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 3—Old Man. Rembrandt. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 4—Dutch Interior. Pieter de Hooch. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.

white lace turnover and a sash of official order. His right hand rests on a toy sword and his left on a baton. The dark green dress embroidered with gold enhances the clear skin and flaxen baby hair. The poor little dwarf is a pathetic wee figure. It was the custom in Philip's court to have dwarfs for the amusement of the grown members of the royal household, as well as for the children's playmates. Velasquez painted some wonderful portraits of these court dwarfs, some of whom were big in intellect and quite superior in wit and wisdom to the poor fools who employed them.

The Dutch paintings in the next room are fine examples of Rembrandt and the Little Masters of Holland. That picture of the bald-headed, wrinkled "Old Man" (Fig. 3), hanging low on the opposite wall, claims us first, for most probably it represents Rembrandt's father. Émile Michel, the great French critic, says of the portraits of the artist's father, "Down to the present time their identification has been based merely on hypotheses more or less plausible." He then proceeds to name no less than nine plates—one plate with three heads on it—most of them signed with Rembrandt's monogram and dated 1630, and eleven paintings of this period, all from the same model. His description of these pictures cer-

tainly coincides with the painting before us. He writes:—

“They represent a bald-headed old man with a thin face, long nose, bright eyes, full and rather red eyelids, thin compressed lips, a mustache turned up at the ends, a short beard and a mole on the chin.” As Rembrandt’s father died in Leyden and was buried in St. Peter’s church April 27, 1630, the son could not have been more than twenty-three when he made the various portraits mentioned above. Another very strong proof that these pictures are of Rembrandt’s father is that Émile Michel himself found in the Cassel Gallery a pair of small portraits painted by Gerard Dou, who was a pupil of Rembrandt from 1628 to 1633, and says of them, “One is undoubtedly the artist’s mother and the other is of the same type as the plates and paintings of the man accepted as his father.”

Such guarded statements from Michel, and other careful biographers, are helpful in giving us an insight into the early life of the great master. Probably no artist ever has been enveloped in such a mass of fairy tales regarding his life as Rembrandt; and, after the most exhaustive investigation, no artist’s life is shrouded with greater mystery. The date of his birth even is questioned—we accept July

15, 1606. It is fairly certain that Harmen van Ryn (Herman of the Rhine), his father, was a miller of Leyden, that Rembrandt was the fifth of six children, that he was sent to a Latin school—but did not find Latin to his taste—and that his father insisted that he should study art. After three years of training under home talent he was sent to Amsterdam to study with Lastman, but in six months returned to Leyden, in 1624, and for six years the members of his own family were his principal models. At this time he began making those marvelous paintings and etchings of his mother (see Fig. 137, page 204, "Pictures and Their Painters") that, together with Whistler's painting of his mother, stand for universal motherhood.

The picture of "Mercury and Danae," in the same room, Rembrandt painted twenty years later; it is signed and dated 1652. Not often did he choose mythological subjects, and in this painting it is not the story that holds us but the marvelous light, veritable sunlight, that embraces the weeping Danae and encourages the messenger with his gift of gold. Were there ever such luminous shadows! they fairly quiver with suppressed light waves; in fact, the woman dipping water from the low, round

stone basin has caught the golden beams and set them free again.

Acrisius, Danae's father, warned by an oracle that his daughter's child would be the cause of his death, shut her up in an inaccessible brazen tower. But the all-powerful Zeus, having seen her beauty, as was his custom, promptly fell in love with her. The brazen walls were of no avail against the seducing power of the gifts of gold Zeus sent to Danae nor could they prevent the birth of the wonderful child Perseus. When Acrisius found that he had been defeated, he caused the mother and child to be sealed in a brazen chest and set adrift on the sea. The chest was found, however, by a fisherman, Dictys, and both Danae and her baby were taken to king Polydectes of Seriphus, where Perseus grew to manhood. Just what episode in the story of Danae Rembrandt refers to is a question.

Rembrandt was a law unto himself; he knew the secrets of the sun and used this magic knowledge to catch his rays and entangle them with the painter's pigments. Other artists have given marvelous effects of sunlight, but Rembrandt alone defied the sun; he alone has given actual sunshine and sunshine that is never hidden under clouds. Of the six hundred pictures by Rembrandt, more than a sixth

are in the United States. We shall note many of them as we visit the various galleries, and thus through his works shall become better acquainted with the great master.

The "Little Masters" of Holland were little only in the size of their paintings. The Dutch people wanted pictures for their homes in the seventeenth century. Holland had thrown off the Spanish yoke; the church no longer dictated as to the kind of art and commissions for cathedral pictures had ceased. Business guilds and domestic life were now the subjects of paramount importance. The artists went out among the work-a-day people and into the homes and there in the daily occupations found scenes for the little gems that to-day are our great masterpieces.

Look at this "Dutch Interior" (Fig. 4). Was there ever a simpler scene or one more delightful? Surely a woman lighting a fire and another woman with a basket, evidently on her way to market, and a little dog impatient to start, is a sight perfectly familiar to us and yet who thought of it as a picture? But when Pieter de Hooch (1630-1677?) shows it to us we feel the charm of the homely scene and exclaim, "How did he transform it?" Then we begin to realize that he has done it by giving the poetry and beauty of sunlight and

color on material objects. It is the home made beautiful through the medium of light and shade and color.

Now look at the picture again. The sun, casting a direct ray across the sill of the outer door, floods the remainder of the room with reflected light, bringing out the values of the red curtains at the window, the newel post and the lower stair step; then the diffused light enters the living room and here the red slipper of the woman standing, the flame in the fireplace and the rich stuffs at the window and on the mantel are bright spots of color that brighten and give joy to the scene.

Although de Hooch took most of his subjects from humble life, he was an aristocrat in his manner of painting them. His heart was full of love for the sunshine of life and he radiates that love from all his works.

Nicolaes Maes (1632-1693), though a pupil of Rembrandt, never lost his own individuality. At first he painted portraits, humoring the people because they wanted likenesses, but in portraiture he was not at his best. He loved the life of the people and the home. In the "Jealous Husband" (Fig. 5) we feel the element of the home, but we do not for one moment forget the people. The husband, standing on the lower stair step with



FIG. 5—Jealous Husband. Nicolaes Maes. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 6—The Usurer. Gabriel Metsu. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 7—Charles I and Henrietta Maria. Sir Anthony Van Dyck. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.

one hand raised as though to grasp a bell rope and the other hand stroking his chin, is the center of interest. We recognize at once that his suspicion is aroused and that the leer in his eyes bodes no good to the couple in the other room. The woman sitting by the window conversing with the man beside her is wholly unconscious of impending trouble. Even without the title Maes has, by the attitude of the man on the stair, made us feel that his suspicions are unjust.

Maes painted comparatively few pictures of everyday life but these few are superb. They give us just those intimate glimpses into the homes and record those incidents of daily life that tell us the character of the people of Holland and show how little human nature changes. Boston has a rare treasure in this little gem.

The *genre* scenes of the little Dutchman are so full of life episodes that each one is like a bit of neighborhood gossip, and our interest in them makes us party to that gossip. What business have we to pry into the whys and wherefores of this woman parting with her jewels to "The Usurer"? (Fig. 6.) Yet here we are just as keen to peep into the shop and watch the old money-lender and see how he treats the woman as though we too hated the

one and were a friend to the other. We are sure that the woman is rich, for Gabriel Metsu (1630-1667), unlike de Hooch, chose most of his subjects from the well-to-do people; he loved ebony furniture, damask hangings and oriental rugs. The glitter of the gold and silver coins poured on the rich table cover seems to mock at the woman's tears. What are tears to the hard cash she has received for her treasures! See how Metsu has balanced the composition; the sitting money-lender, with a pair of scales in one hand, raises his head while she lowers hers a trifle and wipes the tears away as she holds out a paper, hand balancing hand. The consummate skill of each actor in the little drama is a master stroke of genius. After all it was what this man and woman were doing that interested Metsu. He liked to surround them with luxurious things but these were kept subordinate to their own individuality.

Never did two peoples, originally of the same stock, show greater differences in development after they were freed from the yoke of a foreign power than the Dutch and the Flemish. The sturdy Dutch people became individual and self-assertive, with an art that represented their characteristics. The pleasure-loving Flemish people, less independent, yielded

more readily to the influence of the French on the south and retained their love for the pageantry of feast days and saints' days, and the church was still the chief patron of the arts.

Now as we turn to the works of Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641), the second greatest artist of Belgium, we are not surprised at the wide divergence in the character of his work from that of Rembrandt and the "Little Masters." When Fromentin, the famous French art critic and artist, designates Van Dyck at the end of his life as "a Prince of Wales dying upon his accession to the throne who was by no means fitted to reign," he expresses in a nutshell the exact standing of Van Dyck as an artist—a prince but not a king in his art.

Van Dyck went to England in 1632. He was received at court with great distinction, was knighted by King Charles I, given a pension for life and appointed painter to the king. The picture of "Charles I and Henrietta Maria and their Children," in the Boston Museum (Fig. 7), is one of Van Dyck's numberless paintings of the royal family. The older child became Charles II and the little one James II of England. In this work, as in all his pictures of royalty, the artist has given

such a "born to rule" air to his figures that he makes them even more royal than they are. He delighted in picturing satin brocades and embroidered velvets of such firm texture as would stand alone in their own strength. Notice especially the hands of the king and queen; they are royal hands, but they are Van Dyck's royal hands. They seem to bear no intimate relation to the particular person to whom they are attached. We wonder whether if the hands were detached they could find their owner again or if they would fit some other person just as well (see page 257). Queen Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry IV and Maria de' Medici of France, is said to have won the love of the errant prince Charles by a single glance.

Gilbert Stuart's "Portrait of Washington" (Fig. 8) is a picture we must see. Though other cities claim Stuart originals of Washington, the artist himself says, in a note at the foot of a letter from the President, preserved by his daughter: "In looking over my papers to find one that had a signature of George Washington, I found this, asking me when he should sit for his portrait, which is now owned by Samuel Williams (the Marquis of Lansdowne) of London. I have thought it proper that it should be his, especially as he owns the

only original painting I ever made of Washington, except one I own myself. I painted a third, but I rubbed it out. Signed, Gt. Stuart."

The portrait Stuart owned was sold by the artist's widow to the Washington Association and, in 1831, was presented to the Boston Athenæum, hence the name; it is simply loaned to the Museum.

The Washington portrait for Samuel Williams, referred to in Stuart's letter, was sent to England and is known as the Lansdowne Washington. It is a full-length figure, though Washington sat for the head only.

Of course Stuart made many replicas of the Athenæum head (the original artist alone can make a replica), but Washington sat only three times to the great artist. That this portrait was never finished is not surprising, for one of the criticisms often made of Stuart was his careless painting of accessories, to which the artist would reply, "I copy the works of God, and leave the clothes to tailors and mantua-makers."

The peculiar expression around Washington's mouth is probably due to his false teeth, or rather bars. In a letter to his dentist of Oct. 12, 1798, he writes: "I find that it is the bar alone both above and below that gives the lips the pouting and swelling appearance

—of consequence, if this can be remedied all will be well. . . . George Washington.” This letter was written a year before the president’s death and after Stuart painted his portraits. Stuart himself said, in reference to the Athenæum head, “When I painted him, he had just had a set of false teeth inserted, which accounts for the constrained expression so noticeable about the mouth and lower part of the face.” He probably meant the bars.

The arrangement of Stuart’s palette was simplicity itself, yet his wonderful skill in laying colors has left his canvases nearly as fresh to-day as a century ago. Benjamin West would say to his pupils: “It is no use to steal Stuart’s colors; if you want to paint as he does, you must steal his eyes.”

Probably Turner’s “Slave Ship” (Fig. 9) caused more criticism pro and con than any other picture ever brought to our shores. Every gradation of opinion was expressed from Ruskin’s extravagant encomium where he says: “I believe, if I were reduced to rest Turner’s immortality upon any single work, I should choose this [the “Slave Ship”]; the color is absolutely perfect,” to the frank disapproval of our own George Inness, when he says that it is “the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It



FIG. 8—Portrait of Washington. Gilbert Stuart. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 9—Slave Ship. Turner. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.

is not even a fine bouquet of color." We may not agree that it looks like a "tortoise-shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes," yet we do feel that Turner needed to use common sense in painting chains and sharks and human beings in the water. The lurid light streaming through the trough of the angry sea intensifies a scene already too horrible. It seems a pity that a man who first revealed to us the sunlight in all its glory should ever play with it until the glory faded and only light remained to uncover ghastly details. However, when William Morris Hunt was asked if he thought the "Slave Ship" was worth ten thousand dollars, he replied,

"Well, I see a good many ten thousands lying around, but only one *Slave Ship*."

But what could we expect of a man so erratic as Turner? Listen to Wilkie Collins' memory of him: "A shabby, red-faced, oldish man—sitting on the top of a flight of steps, astride a box, with his dirty chest of colors, and worn brushes, and a palette of which the uncleanliness was sufficient to shock a Dutch painter." He was probably trying to "checkmate"—the artist's own word—some brother artist. Gruff and uncouth he was, yet his sense of humor kept him from being angry when he was the one checkmated. One "varnishing-

day," in the Academy, he found that a Venetian sky by William Jones killed his. Chuckling, he said, "I'll outblue you, Joney," and he added ultramarine to his own until he deadened the other. But Jones was not to be outdone. When Turner had gone he painted his own sky white, leaving Turner's outlandishly blue. Turner laughed when he saw it next day and admitted, "Well, Joney, you have done me now."

No doubt Turner was a miser in life, except for the loving care of his father, but we can forgive him, for, after his death, it was found that his one aim had been to leave an immense fortune to benefit poor artists. (See page 100.)

CHAPTER II

BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

(Continued)

TO the right of the corridor we enter the rooms of modern painting. One of the pictures that marks the revolution which split French art and set the two factions—classicists and romanticists—at variance is “The Pieta,” by Delacroix (1798-1863), the leading spirit in the romantic movement. The younger artists, his companions, were sick and tired of the rule-by-thumb standard of the Academy and insisted on seeing nature themselves and representing what they saw. The classicists condemned them, insisting that their work was the “massacre of art” and that they simply worshiped the ugly. But the movement grew under opposition and out of the honest striving for simplicity and truth, which was the real underlying principle, after many years came the Fontainebleau-Barbizon School of 1830.

When we speak of the Barbizon artists somehow Jean-François Millet (1814-1875) is the first man to come to our minds in connection with the little town. Millet was not the first of the 1830 men to find the ideal spot but he was the artist who became the most intimately associated with it. On his first arrival, when he smoked the great initiating pipe with Rousseau and Diaz, his smoke "rings" were so original that he was neither a "classicist nor a colorist," according to the ideas of his artist friends, but, as he said, "just put me down in a class of my own!" Until his death, he was the living, moving spirit of Barbizon—the tiny village at the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau.

Millet was born a peasant and he always remained a peasant. No one can look at "The Harvesters Resting" (Fig. 10) without feeling the warmth of the close relationship and intimate knowledge that the artist had of these men and women—not, however, in the sense of these particular harvesters, but of all peasant laborers who by the sweat of their brow make the soil yield its increase. It is self-evident in Millet's paintings that he represents the dignity of manual labor and still keeps the laborer a true peasant. Simply because his figures are uncouth and seemingly of the earth does not mean that they are specially down-



Fig. 10—The Harvesters Resting. Millet. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 11—Dante and Virgil. Corot. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.

trodden; but it does mean that digging and grubbing, sowing and churning, harvesting and spinning to make a living are tasks that bow the shoulders and bend the back and cause physical aches and pains. Doubtless the harvesters gathered against the great straw stacks have expressed themselves as tired, but what a splendid tired it is! Their bodies bend and stretch and twist like sturdy oaks tried by the storms and stress of countless days of exposure. There is, however, no lack of interest in the resting group concerning the little episode of the standing man and girl—whatever it is. The warmth of the personal touch draws us very close to these peasants.

Millet deals with the elemental verities of life. Stop a moment and look at "The Shepherdess." Yes, she does look stupid! But all day long through numberless days she has watched those sheep alone. She is simply a child of nature as she sits there on the hill-top. If she were restless and uneasy she could not be a shepherdess. Millet has imparted to her just the element that fits her for her work. Listen to his own words: "I would wish that the beings I represent should have the air of being consecrated to their position and that it should be impossible to imagine that the idea could occur to them of their being other than

that which they are—the beautiful is the suitable.”

No two artists of the Barbizon school were more unlike than Millet and Corot (1796-1875). That they did not understand each other their own words testify. Millet says:

“Corot’s pictures are beautiful, but they do not reveal anything new.”

Corot says of Millet:

“His painting is for me a new world; I do not feel at home there—I see therein great knowledge, air, and depth, but it frightens me; I love better my own little music.” If Millet’s work is “The Poem of the Earth,” then Corot’s is “The Music of the Earth.” Every tree branch and twig sing for gladness. If you listen closely when enjoying one of his morning or evening anthems you will surely hear the breeze whispering a ditty to the quivering leaves. And no wonder, for Corot was up to greet the sun and catch the first faint note his vivifying ray awakens. The artist says:

“Bam! the sun is risen. Bam! . . . all things break forth into glistening, glittering and shining in a full flood of light. . . . It is adorable. I paint! I paint!” A little later his tone changes. “The sun aflame burns the earth. Everything becomes heavy . . . We can see too much now. Let us go home.” That

is it—a misty mystery hangs over his paintings. The trees drip with moisture; the dew is scarcely gone from the grass.

We need not be surprised at Corot's trees; he lived among trees and knew them and loved them. His home at Ville-d'Avray (see Fig. 39), a few miles from Paris, is still guarded and caressed by them. Let us stand beside his lake near the house; there are willows in scattered groups, soft gray, smooth-barked, dull green beeches, and silver-leaved poplars hovering on the bank; and across the water Lombardy poplars stand tall and grim like sentinels at a castle gate. The classic landscape of "Dante and Virgil" (Fig. 11) is one of Corot's early morning pictures. The opening words of Dante's *Inferno* vividly picture the somber setting of the scene. He writes:

"Midway upon the journey of our life
I found myself within a forest dark,
For the straightforward pathway had been lost."

Full of sleep he wanders all night and in the morning has come to the foot of a mountain. He begins to ascend the desert slope but is met by

"A panther light and swift exceedingly."

He thinks to return but

"The time was the beginning of the morning,"

and all nature is astir. A lion comes,

"He seemed as if against me he were coming,
With head uplifted and with ravenous hunger.

And a she-wolf, that withal hungerings
Seemed to be laden in her meagerness."

Dante now gives up the ascent, but says,

"While I was rushing downward to the lowlands,
Before mine eyes did one present himself."

It is Virgil. He has come to guide him to his beloved Beatrice, where, he says,

"With her at my departure I will leave thee."

When James Abbott McNeil Whistler (1834-1903), in his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," said, "As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or color," he no doubt gave the keynote to his religion in art. But when we come to consider the portraits of his "Mother," "Carlyle," "Little Rose of Lyme Regis," and "The Master Smith of Lyme

THE
PUPILS

OF THE
SCHOOL

1888



FIG. 12—Blacksmith of Lyme Regis. Whistler. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.

Regis," we are not sure that he told the whole truth of his religion. Surely the character of his sitters as the "subject matter" is just as important in these pictures as is his "harmony of color." We admit that not often was Whistler interested in people *per se*, but when he was, who could or did show greater insight into their character?

Look at the folded arms of the "Blacksmith of Lyme Regis" (Fig. 12). Was ever a smithy more sure of his strength? We could say of this man,

"He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

It is possible, however, as we study carefully the sideways glance of the master smith's eyes, that Whistler is also peering out of those pupils and with that baffling hint of mysterious understanding that held even his creditors at bay. The closer we observe the works of the master painter the more convinced we are that in each work he has left a vital, living part of himself. Even "Little Rose," in her calm rebellion—that she has pitted herself against the whole world no one will deny—has a suggestion of child understanding far beyond her

years. Back of those eyes is an uncanny spirit of mocking self-assurance that only love and faith could conquer. These two small half-length portraits are unusual examples of Whistler's work, for he usually painted life-sized, full-length figures.

The opalescent tone of the painting of "The Halt of the Three Wise Men" (Fig. 13), by John La Farge (1835-1910), has the same jewel-like quality of his stained glass windows. Prismatic colors were, to La Farge, the strings from which he drew the most exquisite harmony. He interpreted nature through his color sense and whether he wrote with pen or with brush the same vision of delicate shimmering color rises before us. Look at the blending tints hovering over the level plain beyond the Wise Men and their attendants and note the subdued glory gathered into the equipment of the little company in the foreground. Now listen to his color scheme in his "Letters from Japan": "Our rooms open on the water—that same blue water spangled with sunshine and fading into sky the white milky sunset which was like a brilliant twilight The still heat of the sun burned across our way, spotted by the flight of many yellow butterflies. . . . The heated hills on each side wore a thin inter-

lacing of violet in the green of their pines their highest tops shine through with a pale-faintness like that of the sky. A vivid green against the background of violet mountains except where the sun struck in the emerald hollow above the fall. A rosy bloom, pink as the clouds themselves, filled the entire air the spray, the waves, the boat, the bodies of the men glistening and suffused with pink."

John La Farge is rightly called the Nestor of our painters. His chief characteristic was "to do" modified by "to know." He had a "nervous activity, unappeased by any effort, unsatisfied by any experience, and seeking and seeking again." His insatiable desire to know led to his marvelous discoveries in stained glass—he was the inventor of modern stained glass windows and, by a process entirely original, he made that material as subservient to his needs as the pigments on his palette (see page 148).

Elihu Vedder (1836-) is unique and original in his portrayal of "ideas." Even in "The Sphinx" (Fig. 14), a subject used by several older artists, he preserves the idea of infinity in the vastness of the outlying desert and of unsatisfied questionings in the silent,

mysterious watcher that so long defied the inquisitive excavators. The riddle of the Sphinx is one of the myths of ancient Greece.

The Sphinx, a monster with a lion's body and the upper part a woman, crouched on top of a rock on a highroad of Thebes and stopped every traveler to solve her riddle and if the answer was not correct she killed the victim. The king and queen of Thebes, Laius and Jocasta, had one son, but an oracle prophesying that he was dangerous to the throne, Laius left him on Mount Cithæron with feet pierced and tied together. A herdsman of Corinth found the child and took him to king Polybus, who adopted him and, because of his swollen feet, called him Œdipus.

When Œdipus was grown he met Laius in a narrow road on his way to Delphi. Neither would give place to the other and Œdipus killed Laius, not knowing that he was his father. The Sphinx was afflicting the country at the time with her riddle. Œdipus, nothing daunted, went to hear the riddle. She said: "What is that which in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?" Œdipus answered, "Man, who in childhood creeps on hands and knees, in manhood walks erect, and in old age with the aid of a staff." The Sphinx was so angry at his



FIG. 13—The Halt of the Three Wise Men. John LaFarge. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 14—The Sphinx. Elihu Vedder. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 15—The Misses Boit. John Sargent. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 16—Fog Warning. Winslow Homer. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.

wisdom that she threw herself from the rock and died. The people of Thebes were so grateful that they made Œdipus their king and he married Jocasta, not knowing that she was his own mother. A terrible pestilence and famine soon overtook Thebes and when Œdipus learned from the oracle what he had done, he put out his own eyes and wandered forth attended by no one but his daughter Antigone.

Another example of Vedder's work in the museum is "Lazarus"—a weird, strange picture full of the miraculous spirit. Vedder always gives the impression of invisible powers stirring in the garments and of mysterious happenings among the surrounding objects. A swish of wings is heard in the swirling draperies.

Certainly "arrested action" was never a truer description of any portrait of John S. Sargent's than in that of "The Misses Boit" (Fig. 15). The children have stopped just for a moment to watch the artist paint; he "dashes it right off carelessly" but with a rapidity of skill that is directed by an acutely trained mind. An Englishman once said of Sargent, "As the Americans say, he works like a steam engine." Sargent's concentration of mind is such that when a line is once drawn it remains—he does nothing in a hurry.

The decorative quality of the picture of the Boit children is like that of any harmoniously furnished room after four little girls have entered and given the warmth of childhood to the furniture. These little girls are darlings; but all children are darlings when their lives are regulated by the taste and skill of thinking parents. Taste and skill, yes, those are the qualities that Mr. Sargent puts into his pictures. Nothing is done in a haphazard manner, but the beauty of it all is that no trace of the manner of doing is felt in the result. Each little girl has a definite personality, yet who can fathom the method by which the artist has brought out that personality? We only know that what he has done "lives and breathes and moves and quivers."

John Singer Sargent was born in Florence, Italy (1856), but he is a true American, the son of a retired Philadelphia physician, and he has never lost his Americanism with all his years of living abroad. His boyhood days were spent among the natural beauties and rare art treasures of sunny Florence, and there he began drinking in that great wealth of lore that comes out so naturally and fascinatingly in everything he does.

Winslow Homer (1836-1910), though

trained entirely in American schools, was big enough in spirit to grasp the great essentials of true art and give to the world an art that appeals to humanity. Old ocean was never lashed to canvas in his moods of fury until Homer bound him. At first he used the angry or sullen waves as simple settings for scenes somewhat anecdotal in character but always human in interest. In the "Fog Warning" (Fig. 16) the boatman is one of that company of "shipmen who had knowledge of the sea." The man shows no hurrying born of fear in the long sweep of the steady arms nor yet does he ignore the danger of fog and storm—his courage, born of experience, is cautious, steady and enduring.

Homer knew the ocean as few people knew it. His home for years was at Scarborough, Me., out on a spit of sand where the sight and sound of the ocean were ever present. Here he made those stupendous masterpieces of old ocean—veritable portraits of the mighty deep "when the floods lift up their waves." (See page 78.)

One of John W. Alexander's most exquisite harmonies in color and feeling is "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" (Fig. 17). The long lines of the soft grayish-green filmy robe, the

graceful curve of the lovely arm and the pathos of the sad, pale face make a picture to be remembered. We love it as a work of art and also because it brings to mind that pitiful story as told in Keats' poem of "Isabel."

Isabella was a beautiful Florentine maiden living with her two brothers. They had planned to marry her "to some high noble and his olive trees." They found, however, that one Lorenzo, their servant, had dared to love her and that she, "Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!" returned his love. It was nothing to the brothers that these two loved each other. Lorenzo must die. They beguiled him out of Florence beyond the Arno to a forest where they slew him and buried him. They told their sister that Lorenzo had been sent in haste to foreign lands. She waited until her heart grew sick, but no Lorenzo came. At last, in a vision of the night, Lorenzo stood by her bedside. He told her of his murder and just how to find his grave. In the morning, with an aged nurse, she followed her lover's description until she came to the large flint stone, the whortleberries, the beeches, and the chestnuts and under the fresh mound she found her lover. She took the precious head and kissed it.



FIG. 17—Isabella and the Pot of Basil. John W. Alexander. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.



FIG. 18—Madonna and Child. Fra Angelico. Boston, Museum of Fine Arts.

“Then in a silken scarf
She wrapped it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And covered it with mold, and o’er set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept wet.”

Her brothers, wondering why she always sat by her pot of Basil, stole it and when they found Lorenzo’s head, they fled from Florence. Isabella pined and died with the pitiful wail on her dying lips,

“O cruelty, to steal my Basil-pot away from me.”

Downstairs in the Museum is a room devoted to the very early schools of painting in Italy and the north. These pictures hold an important place in the history of art and are well worth our inspection, even if our time is limited. It is not the beauty of the pictures that attracts us, but the fact that, after centuries of the so-called dark ages, the art instinct was awakened in individual men at various centers and they began to paint pictures, mostly of religious subjects. Their technical knowledge came, as it were, from their inner consciousness, and after centuries of evolution in painting, this consciousness grew into the skill of the great Renaissance.

Of the early religious painters Fra Angelico

(1387-1455) is the one who stands for pure religion, and with him died religious art *per se*. When the Dominican Brothers came to Florence to their new home in San Marco they felt that their "Angel Brother" was the one to decorate the walls of their cells in the monastery. And to-day on those walls are the pure, fresh, beautiful frescos by Fra Angelico—as much of an inspiration to us as they were to his brother monks five hundred years ago.

No one can look at this exquisite little gem of Fra Angelico's, the "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 18), without feeling the sincerity of the artist. The angels on either side of the throne are beings too pure for this earth, but they are perfectly suited to be attendants to the Virgin mother and her divine Child. The face of the kneeling donor is a bit of portraiture that would be amusing were it not that his whole attitude is that of child-like devotion; and St. Peter's earnest solicitude in his behalf gives the scene a religious significance of importance. The figure of the knight at the right is truly wonderful; he is stiff and formal, but the metal armor covers a real body—not often did Fra Angelico succeed in getting a body inside the clothes of his figures—and his face is that of someone whom the artist knew. Those sharp eyes looking out of the corner of

the eyelids are seeing the world. Fra Angelico has given considerable life to this knight, whoever he was; the halo around his head indicates that he was a martyr for Christ's sake.

There are fine examples of the primitives in this gallery of early paintings—examples that are of rare value to students in the history of art. We are justly proud that now we have in our various museums of America a comprehensive collection of paintings from the earliest periods through successive stages to the Renaissance. In New Haven we shall examine the Jarves collection, at Yale University, and there continue with special pictures of artists who came after Fra Angelico. (See pages 61 and 131.)

CHAPTER III

NEW HAVEN, YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

PROBABLY the most comprehensive group of early Italian paintings in the world is the Jarves Collection of Primitives at Yale University. In the various galleries of Europe we find more famous single pictures of early art but nowhere is there quite so complete a history in consecutive examples. When James Jackson Jarves, between 1850 and 1860, collected in Europe one hundred and sixty pictures to represent the development of the great Italian schools of painting and brought them to America he did us a service of incalculable value. Nevertheless, through our ignorance, it has taken a half century for us to recognize that we have the collection and also that it would be greatly to our credit to know the pictures.

We can no longer laugh at the "wry-necked" madonnas or shapeless bodies of the saints

when we realize that the queer, childlike efforts of the early artists were the forerunners of the great masterpieces of the Renaissance. Then, too, the fact that we, in our public and private galleries in America, have fine examples to represent all the stages in the growth of the art of the world is just cause for pride, if we use these treasures in gaining honest culture.

Sassetta, an artist of Siena, has often been called the Fra Angelico of Sieneſe painting, though his interpretations of the early religious legends have very little of the naïve seriousness of the angel painter of Florence. In his picture of "Saint Anthony Tempted by the Devil in the Shape of a Woman" (Fig. 19), he has given the saint a worldly wisdom that is delicious in its quaint naturalness. The expression of fretful resentment on the girl's face tells plainly that her charms, if she ever had any, have been lost on the holy man. His reproof—he is undoubtedly telling her to go home and attend to her household duties—is evidently most distasteful to her. The charming simplicity of the scene is delightful. Could anything picture the gloom of the forest more vividly than the narrow road losing itself in the darkness of the trees? And was ever a re-

treat more solitary, guarded as it is by an unexplored wilderness?

Sassetta, whose real name was Stefano di Giovanni, was really discovered by our own art critic, Mr. Bernard Berenson, for until the latter's researches, Sassetta was lost to the world.

A pupil of Sassetta, Sano di Pietro, became one of the leading men of Siena, but unlike the Tuscan painters, he made very little advance in his art over that of a hundred years before. He could tell a lively story with his brush and could combine his colors with gold most skillfully. In the "Coronation of the Virgin" (Fig. 20) he has used a favorite subject of his time and has given it with a most craftsmanlike precision. The men-saints in the picture are undoubtedly prominent citizens of Siena, but the women-saints are as alike as china dolls, except the dainty angel musicians at the foot of the throne. They may be the artist's progressive daughters.

The Sienese school is wonderfully well represented in the Jarves collection. We must remember, however, that, excepting a few men, the art of Siena did not fulfill the promise of Duccio, its founder, therefore these pictures are interesting mostly to special students of art. If Duccio had had a Giotto to follow



Courtesy of the School of Fine Arts of Yale University.

FIG. 19—Saint Anthony Tempted by the Devil. Sassetta. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection.



Courtesy of the School of Fine Arts of Yale University.

FIG. 21—Madonna and Child. Gentile da Fabriano. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection.



Courtesy of the School of Fine Arts of Yale University.

FIG. 20—Coronation of the Virgin. Sano di Pietro. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection.

him, as Cimabue did, it might have been otherwise.

We have noted the place that Fra Angelico held in the religious art of Italy in discussing the fine example of his work in Boston (see Fig. 18), and now we have an equally fine painting by his contemporary, Gentile da Fabriano (1360?-1470?), in the Jarves collection. It is indeed a treat to find one of Gentile's rare and signed pictures. He painted the "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 21) before us about 1420, after he was fifty years old. The calm dignity of the Madonna resting in the quaint Gothic shrine, with the little Christ supported on a ledge in front of her, shows how well Gentile understood the true exaltation of motherhood.

Da Fabriano was first trained under Sieneese influence, with its careful finish in detail and color; then, being invited to decorate the ducal palace at Venice, he absorbed some of the marvelous color sense of the men of the island city and also gained in calmness of bearing in his figures from his assistant, Jacopo Bellini.

The jewel-like quality of his art shows the Flemish influence that had come into Italy. Gentile though, like his name, had a delicate, graceful manner of his own, combined with a broad human element that marked him as one

of the most original artists of his day. Roger van der Weyden, the famous Flemish artist, declared after seeing Gentile's frescos, that he was the greatest man in Italy. At least we agree that Gentile marked great advancement in the study of nature. He recognized in his pictures that the sun was an important part of a landscape, even though he put it in as a gold ball.

Now look again at the Virgin and note how delicately he has brought out the significant traceries on the halos and the border of the Virgin's robe. The fruits and flowers and pattern on the pillow mark him as no mean student of nature.

When we come to Antonio Pallaiuolo (1432?-1498) we at once feel his importance as a link in the continuous development of the Florentine school. From the time of Cimabue, a contemporary of Duccio, until the Renaissance there was a gradual growth, and artist after artist added his influence to the general advance. There were two Pallaiuolo brothers, both excellent goldsmiths, and both made excellent designs with sculpturesque qualities, but Antonio had a better understanding of the anatomy of the human body.

The picture of "Hercules Killing Nessus" (Fig. 22) represents a Greek mythological

story set in a real Florentine landscape of Pallaiuolo's time. He has given such a truthful picture of Florence that many of the important buildings can be distinguished; also his portrayal of the Arno valley with the winding stream growing into a rushing river is a bit of landscape painting truly wonderful. The tense, gaunt figures of the monster and Hercules vividly bring to mind the ancient prowess of the Greek hero.

The story of Hercules and Nessus runs in this wise. After Hercules had married Deianeira he lived quietly with her for three years. During this time they took a journey one day and came to a river where the centaur Nessus carried people across in his arms. Hercules forded the river himself but, foolish man that he was, he asked Nessus to carry his wife over the water. Nessus complied with the request and then took to flight with his burden. Hercules, hearing the cry of the captured Deianeira, shot an arrow at Nessus which pierced his heart. The dying centaur told Deianeira to save some of his blood, as it could be used for a special charm to preserve her husband's love. Not long after this she became suspicious that she was losing Hercules' love because of his attentions to Iole, a fair maiden prisoner. One day Hercules dis-

patched a messenger to his wife to send him the white robe he used when offering sacrifice. This was the opportunity to use her charm. She dipped the robe in the centaur's blood, washed and dried it. Hercules unsuspecting, donned the garment, but when his warm body touched it the poison penetrated the skin and intense agony gripped him. In his frenzy he hurled Laichas, who brought the robe, into the sea and wrenched off the garment, bringing great pieces of flesh with it. When Deianeira found what she had unwittingly done, she hanged herself. Hercules built his funeral pyre, laid his head on his club, spread his lion's skin over him, and commanded the torch to be applied. Serenely he waited until the flames did their work.

A strange bit of early history was revealed in the picture of "Hercules Killing Nessus." After its purchase in Europe, it was found upon examination that part of the original picture had been painted out—there was no figure of Deianeira at all. This was probably done through the influence of Savonarola, the great Florentine reformer, who held that mythological subjects and all nude figures were sacrilegious. Possibly Pallaiuolo painted it out himself. The upper layer of paint was care-

fully removed and Deianeira was revealed in all her original beauty.

The "Adoration of the Magi" (Fig. 23), by Luca Signorelli (1441?-1523), is one of the real gems of the Jarves collection. The exquisite yellows and amber-like browns, combined with the low tones of the dark robes set against the vivid blue of the distant sky and neutral gray-green of the hills and plains, make a picture long to be remembered. Humble and sincere are these royal worshipers, but magnificent in the kingly gifts they have brought to the holy Child. Luca has preserved the legend of the Wise Men of the East that one was old, one middle-aged and one young, but he has not represented three nationalities or made one a negro. This charming group of contained men and women in its idyllic setting gives us an entirely new understanding of Signorelli. Usually he represents vigorously active people, often filling his composition with various sorts of bodily motions. In some of his scenes, as in his frescos at Orvieto, his complicated foreshortening has produced astonishing results. He was equal to portraying almost any position the human body could assume. We see a little of his anatomical knowledge in the square shoulders of the young king at the left. He is not afraid to make us realize

the muscles and joints under the garments and to show us that he understands the human body. Michael Angelo found inspiration in studying Signorelli's frescos at Orvieto.

The present catalogue of the Jarves collection was made in 1867, before students of art history began a careful study of the relative value of old paintings, consequently many of the ascriptions are erroneous. Many of the paintings labeled by Raphael, Botticelli, Masaccio, and other great masters, would be more correct with a question mark after the artist's name. I understand that a new catalogue is in the process of making.

At the time when Yale University loaned James Jackson Jarves money on two-thirds of his collection the late L. E. Holden of Cleveland, Ohio advanced him money on the other third. At the consent of the collector the mortgages were foreclosed. To-day many of the pictures of the smaller collection Mrs. Holden has kindly loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



Courtesy of the School of Fine Arts of Yale University.

FIG. 22—Hercules Killing Nessus. Antonio Pallaiuolo. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection.



Courtesy of the School of Fine Arts of Yale University.

FIG. 23—Adoration of the Magi. Luca Signorelli. New Haven, Yale School of the Fine Arts. Jarves Collection.



FIG. 24—James Stuart, Duke of Richmond. Van Dyck. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

CHAPTER IV

NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

WHEN we consider that it is less than fifty years (1871) since the collection of paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City was started, we may well congratulate ourselves on its collection to-day. That our men and women, whose talents lie in the accumulation of great wealth, dedicate the results of their power to uplift the nation through the treasures of the old world, speaks for the spirit of progress that permeates America. Naturally we can only hint at the vast number of picture treasures in the Metropolitan Museum in one short excursion, but our illustrations and suggestions will supplement the various catalogues of the paintings in the Museum.

The first picture to attract us at the top of the grand staircase is "James Stuart, Duke of Richmond," by Sir Anthony Van Dyck (Fig. 24). This is one of those splendid portraits

of royalty that Van Dyck knew so well how to paint. There was never any question as to the rank of his sitters; his strong characteristic was to stamp his court people with the insignia of office in every line of the body and in every detail of the costume. Van Dyck's life at the court of Charles I was just the opportunity for him to use his powers of observation in gratifying his love for beautiful stuffs, rare laces and jeweled ornaments. In this picture of the cousin of Charles I of England, Van Dyck has intensified the elegance of James' costume of luscious black velvet with the gold embroidered star and the exquisite lace collar. Also the duke's golden hair is the color note that emphasizes the silky luster of the cloak and the blue ribbon with its emblem of the Order of Saint George. The dog, too, is a foil that adds greatly to the ensemble.

Van Dyck was not only an untiring worker but the rapidity of his brush was a wonder to all. One time, when passing through Amsterdam, he called at the studio of Franz Hals and asked the aged artist to paint his portrait. In one sitting the picture was finished. Van Dyck looked at it critically and remarked facetiously that painting seemed easy; he believed he could do it. Hals, greatly amused at the audacity of the young man—he did not know

Van Dyck—offered to sit for his likeness. In an hour Van Dyck announced the portrait finished. Hals, expecting some fun, glanced at the picture only to exclaim: "Either you are the devil or Van Dyck."

The two little gems at either side of the large portrait are by Jan Vermeer van Delft (1632-1675). Perfect little masterpieces!—little in size only. Vermeer had a peculiar manner of placing his figures in the foreground of his canvas directly facing us. Notice that we fairly intrude ourselves into the presence of the "Young Woman with a Water Jug" (Fig. 25). Of course it is unfair, but who could resist a sly peep when Vermeer has given the opportunity? He seems to have removed a section of the wall, for nothing of the ceiling or floor is visible. What a simple scene, yet how charming it is! The exquisite color of the oriental table cover and the bright metal of the ewer and basin are resplendent because Vermeer's marvelous light has touched them. Light in his pictures seems a living, moving presence.

His originality in the use of color, a tender yellow against blue, and his shadows of "moonlight blue" seem to surround the rich draperies, hangings and table covers. Vermeer, though the strongest man of the little Dutchmen,

dropped into oblivion until very recent years because his name was omitted from a work on the Netherland painters in 1718. To-day, however, a work of his is a rare treasure.

The "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 26), by Giovanni Bellini (1428-1516), is the only specimen of that artist's work in the Museum. Bellini was the founder of the Venetian school. He was the first artist to really paint live children—true the Christ Child is stiff in pose, but he has baby flesh as warm and soft as any baby in Venice. The note of sadness in the mother's face is that of accepting the will of God with no complaint. See how truthfully the artist has combined the beauty of girlhood with the softened charms of motherhood. How the tender flesh of the Child glows against the deep blue of the Madonna's mantle.

"A Doge in Prayer before the Redeemer" (Fig. 27), by Tintoretto (1518-1594), was once owned by John Ruskin. It hung in his dining room and was considered by him one of his most precious possessions. It was exhibited in London once at the Royal Academy, in 1896.

Tintoretto painted the picture as a preliminary study for a mural painting. The doge kneeling in the center of the picture was probably Advise Mocenigo, elected Doge of Venice



FIG. 25—Young Woman with a Water Jar. Vermeer. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 26—Madonna and Child. Botticelli. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



Fig. 27—A Doge in Prayer before the Redeemer. Tintoretto. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

in 1570. No doubt the picture is to celebrate Venice as a sea power; in the background are a number of gayly decked ships representing the commerce of the world. The men on the right are St. John the Baptist with the lamb, St. Augustine in a yellow cope, St. John the Evangelist with an open book. The floating figure of the Savior in light blue is attended by angels.

Tintoretto's real name was Jacopo Robusti; his nickname came from the fact that his father was a dyer and young Jacopo often helped in the trade. Often his artist companions called him "Il Furioso," and gave the just criticism on his too rapid work that "Tintoretto is often inferior to Tintoretto." Though he painted so many pictures that to-day "they are rotting on the walls of Venice," yet we are proud that we own four in the Museum (see galleries 28 and 29).

We are fortunate in having one painting by Paolo Veronese (1528-1588). In the picture of "Mars and Venus United by Love" (Fig. 28) Veronese has portrayed mythological people in an original manner. Many artists have used the theme of Mars' love for Venus, but usually somewhere in the scene stands Vulcan, the jealous husband, watching his lovely spouse. That the most beautiful of the god-

esses should be married to the most ill-favored of the gods—Zeus gave Venus to Vulcan in gratitude for the thunderbolts he had forged—was indeed unfortunate. That she was faithless to Vulcan when his handsome brother Mars (sons of Zeus and Juno) appeared, was not surprising—her various loves were almost equal to those of her amorous father, Zeus.

No man knew better than Veronese how to please the merchant princes of Venice. His canvases are filled with people clothed in fine apparel, but his imagination is restrained and his workmanship good. Look at the resplendent Mars. Were golden armor and gorgeous cloak ever more fitting garments for the soldier god? The soft, warm flesh of the lovely Venus glows and pulsates under the dull blue drapery so frankly held to protect and reveal her beauty. Veronese painted quickly and lightly, enveloping his canvas with a transparent atmosphere that charms us. He came at the close of the Renaissance in Italy and kept his work up to the high excellence of his inheritance.

Before leaving this room of masterpieces we must look at Mr. Sargent's splendid portrait of Henry G. Marquand, the man whose scholarly collection placed this museum among the



Fig. 28—Mars and Venus United by Love, Veronese, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



Fig. 29—Walt Whitman, Alexander, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

THE
PUBLIC
ASTOR
TILERS FOR
A

world's galleries. He was also big enough to realize the value of consecutive study and allowed his gift to be separated into its respective schools.

Stop a moment in front of Ruisdael's (1628-1682) "Landscape" and recall the influence of the Dutch landscapists on the English school, with Constable as its leader, and then on the French Fontainebleau-Barbizon school. Also look at the "Young Painter," by Rembrandt, and the delicious idyl of home life, "A Visit to the Nursery," by Netcher.

In the next gallery (12) "Walt Whitman," by John W. Alexander (Fig. 29), dominates the room. Possibly it is because Whitman was our most typical American poet that we feel his presence, but more probably it is because Mr. Alexander has preserved his own nationality in representing this true American man of fourscore years. It is just such typical pictures as this, and scores of others by our own men, that show our nationality and give us an American art. Foreign influences may guide, but they do not obliterate our inheritance.

Can you not hear this brave old poet repeat that heart-rending tribute to our martyred hero:—

“O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we
 sought is won.

* * * * * * * *

But O heart! heart! heart!
 Leave you not the little spot,
 Where on the deck my captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.”

This gallery is largely made up of early American portraits, most of them by Gilbert Stuart. “The Muse of Painting,” by John La Farge, is very beautiful with its opalescent quality, like that of stained glass.

In the next room (13), mostly of modern American artists, is that gorgeous “Scene from King Lear,” by E. A. Abbey. Cordelia in this picture is one of those marvelous creations of the human brain that exists for us as a real person. Abbey has painted a portrait of Shakespeare’s Cordelia—and Cordelia lives as do Jeanie Deans, Dinah Morris, Uriah Heep, Rip Van Winkle, and scores of others. They are individuals whose influence lives on through all time. What a splendid Cordelia she is! How noble and dignified and true and womanly. Our hearts burn with indignation, against the jeering, flippant, untrue sisters who in their very attitudes of scorn show their unworthiness as daughters.

You will recall the scene—King Lear has decided to divide his kingdom in three parts, each daughter a part. He asks, in turn, “Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?—Goneril, our eldest born, speak first.” And then “what say our second daughter, our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.” Both daughters speak honeyed words from false hearts. And when he asks Cordelia he fails to understand that in her answer speaks the true daughter. Abbey has chosen the moment when the poor, deluded, broken-hearted old king, having severed all ties with his youngest, his best beloved daughter, leaves the room. Cordelia turns to her sisters and gives those memorable words of reproof:

“Ye jewels of our father, with wash’d eyes
Cordelia leaves you; I know what you are;
And like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam’d. Love well our father:
To your professed bosom I commit him.
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him a better place.
So farewell to you both.”

The decorative quality of this painting is superb, and in the delineation of character Abbey has rarely equaled the figures of Cordelia and King Lear. Was anything ever more ex-

pressive of crushed love and hopes than the bent old man feebly leaving the room in a state of collapse after his denunciation of Cordelia? The picture of the dog is a bit of *genre* painting of rare excellence.

George Inness (1825-1894), with his poetic instincts, gave a subtle meaning to his interpretations of nature that proved him a genius. He was never prosaic or commonplace, though at times erratic and unequal. Always the poetry of scenes is fascinating. In his "Peace and Plenty" (Fig. 30) we greatly appreciate his tact in uniting the immensity of the out-of-doors and the human element and at the same time preserving perfect harmony between them. First the men in the wheatfield interest us, then the bordering river, where our eyes follow the stream as it winds off in the distance and is lost in the great beyond, as naturally and as dreamily as in real life. The rays of the afternoon sun glitter on the water and turn the sheaves of wheat into burnished gold. At times real stray sunbeams find the tranquil scene and then the whole landscape is transformed into a glory of light.

In his "Delaware Valley" (Fig. 31) we watch with delight the drifting clouds as they hang low over the surrounding hills.

The portrait of "Connie Gilchrist" (Fig. 32)



FIG. 30—Peace and Plenty. George Inness. Metropolitan
Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 31—Delaware Valley. George Inness. Metropolitan
Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 32—Connie Gilchrist. Whistler. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

is one of Whistler's rare examples of a figure in motion. Connie Gilchrist was a popular dancer at the Gaiety in London in 1876. She is represented as on the stage with a skipping rope. Whistler has caught her just as she will be off in an instant, as light as a feather, and under the gleaming footlights her mellow brownish-yellow costume will shimmer and twinkle like a butterfly in the sun. A color poem the painting certainly is! It reminds us of the Jersey meadows in the fall when the grasses and sedges are flaunting their feathery tops, catching every golden ray until they vie with the topaz in gradation of color. Possibly the charm of the color harmony in this painting is enhanced by the "Lady in Green." It may be that the hanging committee were playing into the hands of Whistler and Alexander—one of the comforts of this museum is that few of the pictures are screaming at each other.

Now turn around and look at William M. Chase's "Fish." They may slip out of the picture before we have time to examine them, for no real fish were ever more slippery. Fish are not usually chosen for drawing-room ornaments, excepting gold fish, but we should consider it a rare privilege to possess Mr. Chase's fish.

We unconsciously draw our cloaks closer as we look at Winslow Homer's "Northeaster" (Fig. 33). The spray dashing against the brown-black rocks fairly strikes our faces and the great breaking wave is bound to overwhelm us. What a restless, resistless force is moving those mighty waters! The swish of the spray and the roar of the breakers fill our ears as we drink in the grandeur of the scene.



FIG. 33—Northeast, Winslow Homer, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

CHAPTER V

NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART (Continued)

“**M**ASTER HARE” (Room 15) is one of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ rare pictures of boys (Fig. 34). His girls, so familiar to us, stand for typical English young girlhood—and lovely young misses they are too. No artist ever came nearer to the heart of children than did Sir Joshua, the bachelor painter, and no one knew better how to unlock the wealth of affection locked up in the reticent, rather austere painter than the girl of a dozen years. He showed just that deference to her sex that is dear to the shy miss’s haunting sense of her due; and she saw in the dignified courted man of the world a being to be worshiped.

In “Master Hare” Reynolds has caught the baby at the winsome moment when he sees the bird beyond his reach and is eager to show that he understands, as he points with his tiny finger. Many of Reynolds’ pictures have a

transparent, brilliant quality that had baffled all research until Gilbert Stuart discovered that he had mixed wax with his paints to give greater transparency to the colors. Once when Stuart was copying a portrait by Reynolds in a warm room he noticed that one of the eyes was moving downwards. In an agony of mind, for the picture was a most valuable one, he quickly removed it to a cold room and gradually and cautiously worked the eye back in place. But for this accident, Reynolds' secret might have been unsolved.

We believe that Reynolds loved boys just as well as girls when we remember his courtesy, in 1770, to the boy named Buckingham. This boy, knowing that his father knew Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President of the Royal Academy, called at the artist's studio and asked Sir Joshua if he would paint him a flag to carry in a procession at the close of his school. The great painter smiled, for his every hour was worth dollars, but he told him to call at a certain time and he would see what he could do for him. The boy called at the specified hour, and we can imagine his delight when Sir Joshua presented him with a flag a yard square decorated with the King's coat of arms. An exceedingly proud boy carried the flag and a very proud school felt the honor, but Sir

Joshua was the proudest because he had helped make the boys' parade a success.

For real homey pictures, Pieter de Hooch (1629-1677) leads the van. True, he represents Dutch homes, but the spirit of the home is the same whatever the nationality. In his picture of "An Interior" (Fig. 35) he has taken the most ordinary circumstance of the household routine of daily life and has made it delightful. Though it is a common scene, it is far from commonplace after de Hooch's brush has touched it. How naturally the little maid turns to speak to the dog as she proceeds with her special service. And the smiling approval of the mistress is just the human element that brings us close to this tidy home. The caressing sunlight, coming through the door and window, is another strong note of the individuality of this "little master." Was there ever a brighter spot than that open space beyond the porch?

De Hooch loved to picture several rooms leading into each other and then out into the broad sunshine. Look through the open door at the right of the picture and see how he has increased the interest of the scene by the peep into another room. Then the luxuriant vine and the inviting tree speak eloquently of comfort and enjoyment. He imbues the material

things that stand for the home with the warmth of a living presence, while the real persons in his pictures are of secondary importance; in fact he usually added his people as an afterthought to help bring out the effect of the sunlight. Notice that almost invariably he has a checked or plaid floor with the bright sunlight falling athwart it or illuminating it with diffused light. Rare, rich garnets and deep yellows, softened by the surrounding atmosphere, have a personality in his pictures. Almost nothing of the personal life of de Hooch is known, except that he was born in Delft and died in Amsterdam, at least he was in that city as late as 1670.

"The Frugal Meal," in the next room (16), was a favorite subject of Josef Israels (1824-1911). We feel that the artist must have sat with many a peasant household and eaten of their simple meal. The warmth of companionship is more than that of one looking on from the outside.

Israels, born of Jewish parents, began the study of painting at sixteen. At first he simply followed in the footsteps of others, but as he saw deeper into life his art expressed more of living character and less of material things. Like Kipling, he could have said:

"The people, Lord, thy people, are good



FIG. 34—Master Hare, Reynolds, Metropolitan
Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 35—An Interior, Pieter de Hooch,
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 36—The Sower. Millet. Metropolitan
Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 37—The Hay Wagon. Jules Dupré.
Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

enough for me!" It was as though his very heart and soul yearned to express on canvas the lives of the peasant people as he knew them. As time went on, he simplified and blended form and color until they became living and sentient things in the luminous atmosphere surrounding them. But never for one moment did he lose the essential element in a picture or make us feel that his sentiment had deteriorated into sentimentality. Few artists in their own lifetime have come into their own from a financial standpoint as did Israels. His pictures ran up into the tens of thousands of dollars while he was still living, and he could enjoy the sense of pleasing the public without lowering his high standard of work (see page 95).

The Vanderbilt gallery (16) has a large number of fine examples of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon School of 1830. Here we find Millet's "Sower" (Fig. 36). This is probably the best known of the master's works in this country. Millet once wrote: "Devoid though the peasant's toil may be of joyousness, it nevertheless stands, not only for true human nature, but also for loftiest poetry." No scene of his fulfills these words more truly than the "Sower." The poetry of the soil, that is it. I have stood dreamily looking at the rhythmic

swing of those capable arms when suddenly the sun steals into the room and the picture lights up until the man and his oxen on the hilltop beyond are lifted into the loftiest heights and the scene awakens thoughts too deep for words. One day a boy of a dozen summers stood by me before the picture. At last he said, wistfully,

“I wish I could see the man’s face!” He felt the power of it, but like the rest of us, wanted to get nearer to the cause and boy-like wanted the man’s face to explain the mystery.

Now turn to the “Water Carrier.” There is no question about seeing the face on this woman, but does it explain the power of the picture? I think not. We have to acknowledge that rarely do people working incessantly in the fields and at household tasks express mental activity in their faces. But look at the set of the head on the square shoulders and at the upright body and well balanced buckets. That woman is the head of the home. She has gone out to the well at the end of the path for water for her own household. No paid attendant could take on the air of proprietorship that that woman has.

“The Forest of Fontainebleau,” by Diaz, is one of those insistent pictures of nature that steal into our very heart of hearts. The light

falling on the open space beckons us and the delicious shade of the splendid trees in the foreground holds us. Diaz (1808-1876) was of Spanish parentage, though born in Bordeaux, France. He was among the first men to go to Barbizon and it was his big pipe that Millet smoked (see page 42). No one loved to paint October scenes better than he. He loved the brilliant color that the finger of Jack Frost brought out in tree and vine. He was a practical man with a big joyous heart, ever ready to help a needy friend. When he died Dupré, one of his pallbearers, said of him: "The sun has lost one of its most beautiful rays."

To the left of Diaz's "Forest of Fontainebleau" is an "Autumn Sunset," by Jules Dupré (1812-1889), that must be seen to appreciate the gorgeous effect of the setting sun through broken clouds that overspread the sky. Broad fields stretch away in the distance; cattle and sheep and peasants are grouped here and there, and over all hovers a golden light—red California gold.

In the next room (17) is "The Hay Wagon" (Fig. 37), by Dupré. Dupré and Diaz both began their art education in a porcelain factory, where they studied design; these two were often called the decorative painters of the

Barbizon school. It is little wonder that Dupré captivated the public with his rustic scenes. The great charm of the "Hay Wagon" is its simplicity and the human element that enters into the scene. A storm is brewing. The family hurrying home have come to a sandy, sidling road leading around a curve. The woman with the child beside her on the hay guides the horse, while the man pushes the wagon from behind. The sense of strain in the man's low-lying body makes one feel the heavy road and the creaking wheels plowing through the loose sand.

"Morning on the Seine" (Fig. 38), by Daubigny (1817-1878). I once saw an old gray-headed artist standing before Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs." After a long silence he said, with an indrawn breath, "It is a Corot; there is nothing more to be said!" then turning to a Daubigny near by, he remarked, "And this man we love. He comes so close to us with his sunny meadows and shady streams." Daubigny loved the atmosphere; he bathed everything in it. How the feathery young trees at the left rustle their delicate leaves, and the crinkly waves break away from the ducks as they waddle in the ooze. The square tower that marks the center of the tiny village on the low hill is a silhouette against the gray-



FIG. 38—Morning on the Seine. Daubigny. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 39—Ville d'Avray. Corot. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 40—The Edge of the Woods. Rousseau.
Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 41—The Sheepfold. Jacque. Metropolitan Museum of Art.
New York City.

blue sky, but toned and softened like muffled music. Daubigny was born in Paris, but his little house-boat on the Seine was dearer to him than any fine mansion in the gay city.

The "Ville d'Avray" (Fig. 39), by Corot, was the village where the artist spent most of his life. The peasant woman half kneeling in the foreground, as a spot of color, gives an added charm to the quiet scene. Corot's human beings are simply a part of the song or anthem or spiritual essence that he somehow fixes on his canvas, the illusive quality of which is bewildering. That he did not always make plain the character of the living object he himself tells. He says, "Oh! the beautiful fawn-colored cow! . . . I am going to paint her . . . crack! there she is! Famous, famous!" He sees Simon, a peasant, afar off but not daring to approach, so he calls him to come. "Well, Simon, what do you think of that?" pointing to the cow. "Oh, well, Monsieur," says Simon, "it's very beautiful, of course!"

"And you see well what I meant to paint?" asks Corot.

"Why, of course, I see what it is," Simon insists, "it's a large yellow rock you've put there!" But who can fathom the power that lay behind that brush?

Théodore Rousseau (1812-1867) was a

strange mixture of gaiety and gloom. At times happy and light-hearted, he was the life of the little company at Barbizon; then there would come days of despondency and he would wander off into the forest with no companion save the trees he loved so dearly. He would often be gone days at a time, drinking in strength from his silent guardians. These periods of solitude perfected in him that sublime sentiment and love of warm rich color so characteristic of his compositions. He loved trees, and no lover was ever more ardent in picturing his beloved.

These old oaks, full of leafage at "The Edge of the Woods" (Fig. 40), are splendid in their strength begotten of many a winter's storm and summer's parching sun. And how tenderly he has pointed out the smaller trees in the open country, arranged against a deep blue, cloud-flecked sky. No wonder he used to say of trees, "I wish to converse with them, and to be able to say to myself, through that other language—painting—that I had put my finger upon the secret of their grandeur."

Charles Jacque's sheep are always amusing; he understands so well the stupidity of the innocent things. Nothing is more picturesque in nature than a flock of sheep in a green field with the sun playing hide and seek among

them, and Jacque knew just how to bring out the picture element. He also could gather them into the fold when the sun is low in the west and preserve the note of contentment that comes when the flocks are cared for.

Was there ever a brighter scene than this "Sheepfold" (Fig. 41) with its pushing, reaching sheep, most of them after the same wisp of straw? See the chickens industriously scratching and picking to find every grain regardless of the restless bunch. The scene is a familiar one to every farmer, but we doubt if the poetry and beauty of it was ever found until such an artist as Jacque brought it to light. Look at the dancing light over the woolly surfaces. The slanting rays of the sinking sun have developed a wealth of beauty, and the artist touch has revealed it to us. Jacque was born in Paris in 1813 and died there in 1890, but he spent much of his time at Barbizon, where he painted landscapes and animals.

CHAPTER VI

NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART (Continued)

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON (1830-1895) was the seventh president of the Royal Academy, London, from its beginning one hundred years before. He was not only an artist but a man of broad culture. As an artist he adhered to the Greek school in the ideal of making beauty of form paramount, rejecting every truth that did not include beauty of line. This rule stamped his works as sculpturesque, yet left them cold and dead as pictures.

The lovely "Lachrymae" (Fig. 42), resting her head on her arm supported by a white marble column, is exquisite in her attitude of grief, but no chord of sympathy is awakened in us. She certainly is a beautiful classic figure, perfect in symmetry of line, with garments suggestive of sorrow, yet we feel that the composition would be more effective cut in marble.



FIG. 42—Lachrymae. Leighton. Metropolitan Museum of Art.
New York City.



FIG. 43—Professor Emerson, Lenbach, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

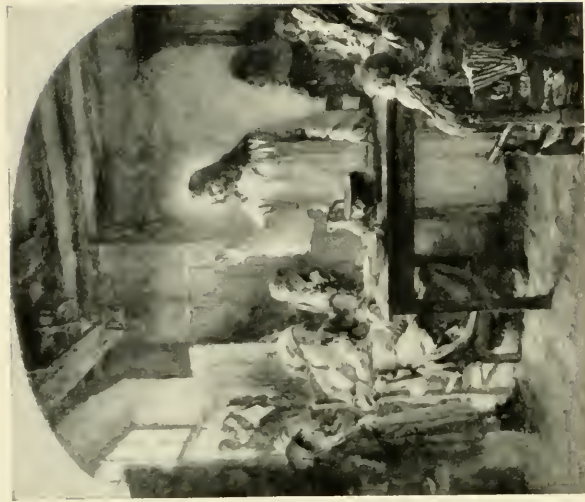


FIG. 44—Among the Lowly, L'Hermittle, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

Leighton's thorough knowledge of classical lore opened up a wide field for choice of subjects—subjects suited to his tenor of mind. He was original in his conception of the old themes and always correct and elegant in drawing and in carefully laid colors. These traits were most acceptable to the English people and brought Sir Frederick princely prices for his pictures.

Nothing could be in greater contrast to Sir Frederick's art than the portraits by Franz von Lenbach (1836-1904). The likeness of "Professor Emerson" (Fig. 43) is one of the masterpieces of portraiture. The strength of character that shines out from those piercing eyes is tremendous. Lenbach looked into the eyes of his sitters and there found the ruling principle of their lives. It is not surprising that he began every picture with the eyes and supplemented them with the other features of the face and the hands. He has here represented old age, but only in the frail body have the years made themselves felt; the professor's mind is as clear as a bell. And how wonderfully Lenbach has made us feel the square shoulders and broad chest, though they are only suggested in the dark background.

In the next room is a dear little girl by von Lenbach, a portrait of his daughter. Lenbach

was the son of a carpenter and worked at the bench when a boy. That he was proud of it is evident from a remark he made to the Princess Bismarck when riding with her one day. They were passing a carpenter at work on a peasant's cottage, when he said, "I, too, was at that trade in my youth." The artist's portrait of Bismarck, "the Man of Blood and Iron," is to Germany what Stuart's portrait of Washington is to America. When Lenbach died all Germany mourned his loss.

A modern religious picture that rings true is "Among the Lowly," by L'Hermitte (Fig. 44). We linger before this picture because the spirit of reverence in it holds us. It is well to stop in our mad rush and feel (they do not see) with this peasant family the holy presence of a guiding power. We need the silent rebuke that this picture brings. These are no idle words—this blessing—spoken hurriedly and perfunctorily, possibly no words are spoken at all, but the living bond between the Father and his children has come in answer to a heart need. Yes, L'Hermitte has pierced our worldliness and touched the religious spirit that makes us all akin. How he did it, who can tell? Somehow artistic merit of color, of atmosphere, of form are forgotten in the feeling expressed.





Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America.

FIG. 45—After the Bath. Sorolla. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

Possibly the most startling acquisitions ever made to the Museum are Joaquin Sorolla's pictures. So startling is his representation of sunlight in "Beaching the Boat" (loaned to the Museum) that we involuntarily shade our eyes. His color scheme indexes the originality of the man. Skillfully used whites and reds and yellows are balanced by blues and violets of wide range, and these are used with the greatest rapidity of touch. Sorolla says of swiftness in work, "It came to me together with my earliest sympathy with nature. My studies in the open air cannot admit of lengthy execution. I feel that if I paint slowly, I positively could not paint at all." One critic writes that it is his crisp, small touches of the brush that give intense vibrations of sunlight.

Did the sun ever kiss two young people with greater fervor or with a more tender caress than it has these two "After the Bath" (Fig. 45)? Sorolla, the peasant painter, sympathetic, spontaneous, truthful, steady-nerved, and a master of technique, is the "peasant realist of Spain." Impressionism in his hands is healthy realism. These children of nature have the actual coloring of life and are surrounded by an atmosphere quivering with heat. Not all his pictures attract us as do these splendid cattle and unconscious young people

but they do not irritate us like the works of the mediocre "Impressionists," where the seemingly crude colors are laid against each other in patches and daubs nearly as thick as one's little finger, and where to know the subjects the pictures must be seen through the big end of a telescope.

At the opposite end of the room is "Washington Crossing the Delaware" (Fig. 46), by Emanuel Leutze (1816-1868). This is the most famous picture of any American historical scene. Leutze, born in Germany, was brought to Philadelphia when a mere child. He returned to Europe and studied in the Düsseldorf Academy. He was a man cast in a big mold. With great enthusiasm and high ideals, he returned to America ready to push the new movement of the Academy—to overcome the artificial and try to produce something of the life of the present. That he did not understand the tremendous force of the breaking ice in the Delaware River is probably due to the fact that he made his study for the painting watching the breaking ice in the Rhine at the foot of his own garden in Düsseldorf. General Washington could hardly have stood up with that dignified attitude in such a frail boat on the real Delaware at Trenton, December 25, 1776. Then, too, the use of the



FIG. 46—Washington Crossing the Delaware. Leutze. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 47—Expectation. Israels. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

flag is an anachronism, as it was not adopted until six months later, June 14, 1777. Nevertheless Leutze has imparted a spirit of patriotic enthusiasm to the scene that overbalances all defects in the picture as a work of art.

The soft mellow light caressing the expectant face and the dainty bit of muslin in Israels' "Expectation" (Fig. 47) has revealed a secret of the home that draws us very close; he has reverently touched the heart of motherhood. Israels, like Millet, saw beauty in the peasants. He entered their homes as a sympathizing friend and in his pictures he makes us feel their joys and their sorrows. True sentiment, he shows, is elemental and like all fundamental truths is quiet and unobtrusive in its workings.

There is always a touch of pathos in his pictures, even when he represents the happy side of life. We can see it in the two young faces of the "Bashful Suitor" hanging near the picture of "Expectation." Both are so near the great joy of life, yet an unseen something suggests uncertainty. The wide expanse of landscape and these two young beings trembling on the verge of the great problem of their lives are portentous of suffering and sorrow. But he was an optimist, this sunny-hearted, genial man. His somber color and light and

atmosphere have gripped truths that will live. There is a reminiscence of Rembrandt in his mellow light and his manner of using it.

Sargent's "William M. Chase" dominates room 20, and well it may, for it is a splendid portrait of one of the great leaders in the American school of art. The portrait was a gift by the pupils of Mr. Chase.

The "Harp of the Winds" (Fig. 48), by Homer D. Martin (1836-1897), is one of the pictures sent to Germany several years ago to represent American art. A happy choice it certainly was. The delicate color and filmy atmosphere harmonize like delicious music. It is well named the "Harp of the Winds," for the breeze stealing through the slender poplars must be whispering a sweet melody to the bowing trunks and waving branches, and they in turn are repeating the strain to the placid water where they are mirrored. This picture is a symphony, a poem and a color harmony. Homer Martin, except for a few weeks' study with William Hart, was a self-taught artist.

The portrait of Augustus Saint Gaudens (the American sculptor, 1848-1907), by Kenyon Cox, has had quite a history. The original picture, painted in 1887, was burned in Saint Gaudens' studio at Windsor, Vt., in 1904. Mr. Cox painted this replica in 1908, a

year after the sculptor's death, from the studio studies he still had. The figure in the bas-relief, that Saint Gaudens is represented as working on, is William M. Chase, his friend and companion. They were about the same age.

One of the best beloved pictures in the Museum is "Joan of Arc" (Fig. 49), by Bastien-Lepage (1848-1884). The school children never tire of the peasant girl who saw visions and dreamed dreams. Bastien-Lepage paints Joan with wide-open eyes seeing a spiritual vision and hearing celestial voices. The shadowy figure in the background dressed in armor foretells how she is to fulfill her mission to her beloved France. Her story is so familiar that only a few words are necessary to bring it clearly to mind. Joan was only thirteen when she repeatedly heard a voice say, "Joan, fail not to seek the church." For three years these voices came and finally urged her to immediate action. "For," they said, "you must help the king and save France." The state of France in 1428 was terrible. England was besieging the country; the insane king Charles VI died in 1422, and left the kingdom to Henry V of England. The rightful heir, Dauphin Charles, was weak and indolent, with no army, no money and no energy. Joan's visions and voices had been treated with

contempt, but at this juncture a company of soldiers invaded her native village of Domrémy, burned the church and pillaged the houses. To Joan this was a direct punishment for her delay, but when she applied for help to the head officer, he said,

“The girl is crazy; box her ears and take her to her father.” Joan insisted, exclaiming,

“I will go if I have to wear my legs down to my knees.” It was her timely appearance that saved the City of Orléans, and by her efforts the indolent Dauphin was crowned Charles VII of France at Rheims in 1429. If she could only have gone back home to her sheep fold and her spinning, France and England both would have been spared one of the most disgraceful events in all their history. The trial of Joan of Arc was shameful and inhuman. It was held under the direction of the English and conducted by one of her own countrymen, Bishop Beauvais. As we look at her in this picture we say with real sorrow, “Poor girl! the very stones of France must cry out at the injustice of your cruel death.”

Bastien-Lepage used to say, when people asked how he painted:

“I have no fixed rules and no particular method. I paint things just as I see them, sometimes in one fashion, sometimes in an-



FIG. 48—Harp of the Winds. Homer Martin. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 49—Joan of Arc. Bastien-Lepage. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 50—The Boy with a Sword. Manet. Metropolitan Museum of Art.
New York City.

other, and afterward I hear people say that they are like Rembrandt or like Clouet." He was often called the peasant realist of modern France.

"The Boy with a Sword" (Fig. 50), by Edouard Manet (1832-1883), was one of the startling innovations in portraiture of this leader of impressionism, and perhaps the most attractive one—an unquestioned masterpiece. Manet, like Millet, was searching for fundamental truths and getting away from the set rules that were killing all originality in the French art of his day. An extremist, one who is not afraid to break with tradition, is necessary to the progress of the world. The extremist never has the approval of the general public, and rightly so, but we gratefully acknowledge that it is his courage of conviction that lifts the world out of a rut to a higher plane.

As we look at the "Dead Christ," next to the attractive boy gazing so frankly at us, we say this is not a pleasant picture. It may be decorative and all that, but we do not admire it and are glad to turn from it to the saner, more wholesome boy. Of course the subject is not a wholesome one, yet the great masters of the past, Titian for example, gave us pictures of the dead Christ that attract us. Manet

certainly carried his point and created a great movement that to-day is bearing abundant fruit. He says of his determination to break with the past and invent something better, "Each time I paint I throw myself into the water to learn swimming. . . ." His personality was exceedingly pleasing; his brilliant intellect and sparkling wit gave to his conversation a piquancy most delightful and yet that cut through the crust of insincerity with the delicacy of a surgeon's lancet.

Gallery 24 is largely filled with Turner's work. We feel as we comprehend his pictures the peculiar sensation of blinded vision that comes when stepping into bright sunlight. The pictures seem to glow with a self-producing gleam. At first we are conscious of nothing but light in various shades of yellow, orange and red. But we will stop before the "Grand Canal of Venice" (Fig. 51) and let our eyes adjust themselves to the brilliant tones. Soon gondolas and fishing boats separate themselves from the crowd and each one becomes a unit in the sumptuous scene; next the Campanile rising in the distance makes itself felt against the amber sky; then Santa Maria della Salute on the right calls us, and we wish to enter with the procession climbing



FIG. 51—Grand Canal of Venice, Turner, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

the marble steps. The picture is full of the spirit of Venice.

It would be hard to find a more unique genius than Turner—a weird, silent boy who was a dunce in school, and a strange, mysterious man who startled the art world with his genius. Mr. Ruskin says:—"There is no test of our acquaintance with nature so absolute and unfailing as the degree of admiration we feel for Turner's paintings." Few of us, however, can know nature in such magical moods or in such splendid attire as Turner depicts her. He seems to have formed a partnership with the sun and then to have outdone Old Sol in dazzling the eyes. Even with the sun's powerful rays we cannot fathom the mystery of some of the artist's works. And neither can we fathom the mystery of the man. We know that in early life he was disappointed in love and that he shunned society and became morose, taciturn, miserly, dirty and unlovely except to his father. We also know that his pictures, glowing with such glorious light, must have come from a heart filled with the sunshine of love.

The Dutch room is filled with masterpieces. There are four splendid Rembrandts, one of the artist himself when in middle life. We shall discuss Rembrandt at length under the

Altman collection (see page 120). We are always interested in Franz Hals (1584?-1666). Athena-like, he appeared a full-fledged artist. He did not follow a long line of painters, but out of his own genius he developed a power that produced pictures inferior to none. We know little of the daily life of this wonderful man, but his portraits of the people around him are veritable biographies of the Dutch people of his time. The story that he loved the ale-house all too well may be true, but his convivial habits certainly did not prevent him from leaving some of the finest character sketches of ale-house *habitués* that have ever come from the brush of a painter. The laughing young smoker might be walking the streets of Amsterdam to-day. He would find plenty of his old companions.

"Hille Bobbe" (Fig. 52) was a fishmonger of Haarlem. There are two other portraits of her—one in the Berlin Museum and the other in the museum at Lille. It is possible that this picture was painted by Hals' son, the younger Franz Hals, yet its close similarity to the Berlin portrait, except that there is no beer mug on the table, favors the older Hals. With the swift, bold strokes of the realist's brush the "Witch of Haarlem" is brought before us just at the moment she has satirized her com-



FIG. 52—Hille Bobbe. Franz Hals. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 53—The Old Fiddler. Ostade. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 54—A Dutch Kermesse. Steen. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

panions with her coarse wit. Doubtless Hals himself had often felt the sting of her ale-house jokes. She is a perfect caricature of Athena, but true to the life of her own social strata.

Now we turn from "Hille Bobbe" to "Vrouw Bodolphe." Here is the true goddess of wisdom, and probably it was just such balancing power that kept Hals at his best in his art. Was there ever more force of character expressed in the grasp of the hands? That grand woman knew her own mind. There was no question of equality between Herr (the companion portrait) and Vrouw Bodolphe, for both recognized the comradeship of the other.

Adriaan van Ostade (1610-1685) was a favorite pupil of Franz Hals. Like his master, he knew the work-a-day people and also enjoyed their pastimes with them. This picture of "The Old Fiddler" (Fig. 53) transports us directly to a little Dutch town and there gives us a peep of the home, the itinerant musician and the resting place of the working men and women. How did Ostade ever crowd so much into one small canvas, without giving the least feeling of being jostled by too close contact? If there were no people in the dimly lighted thatched barn in the foreground, much of the warmth of personality would be lost. The little

cottage in the bright sunshine would lose in its homey element were it deprived of the companionship of the drinking company. But our interest naturally centers around the old fiddler, for there the children play and the mother with her baby has stopped to listen to the music. Van Ostade's luscious color, soft golden light and moist atmosphere are the magic that makes "The Old Fiddler" live as a masterpiece.

Jan Steen (1626-1679) is represented by one picture in the Museum, "A Dutch Kermesse" (Fig. 54). Again we find an artist of the alehouse—in fact, it is said of Steen that he had no studio, but set up his easel in public places and painted the scenes before him. In his inimitable manner he has pictured a village festival with all its drunken jollity, but in which the picturesqueness of the surroundings has softened the coarseness of the human element. The bright costumes against the soft green of grass and trees and the fleecy clouds and sparkling water under the low arch of the stone bridge are enchanting. How nature touched by a master's brush softens man's vulgarity!

Steen has often been called the Dutch Hogarth, but, unlike the English master, his pictures of vice are a little too attractive to be effective as reformers. One critic says of

Steen, "If he had been born in Rome instead of Leyden and had been a pupil of Michael Angelo instead of van Goyen, he would have been one of the greatest artists of the world."

CHAPTER VII

NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART (Continued)

THE luxuriance of Rubens' pictures index, in a measure, the luxuriance of his life. He was born, lived and died on the crest of the wave of fortune. His birthday was the feast day of Sts. Peter and Paul, so his given names, Peter and Paul, may have presaged his impetuosity and saneness in the quantity and quality of his work. A thousand pictures remain to his credit, most of them immense in size. He once wrote, "I confess that, by reason of a natural bent, I am better qualified to create large works than little curios." Of this tremendous output of pictures by this great Flemish master we have less than fifty in America, the smallest per cent. of any of the great masters of the seventeenth century. We are fortunate, though, in having one of the Rubens' hunting scenes, painted between 1612 and 1616, that brought him recognition from

aristocratic circles of foreign countries, especially England.

"The Fox and Wolf Hunt" (Fig. 55) is a replica of a painting bought from the artist in 1616 by the Duke of Arschot for \$2,500. The original picture is said to have been lost. Our painting of "The Fox and Wolf Hunt" is probably not so large as the first picture, but comparing it with an engraving of the original it is easy to see that it has been cut down, especially at the top and bottom. Some critics have asserted that the animals were not by Rubens, but were painted by Snyders. This seems impossible, as Rubens said at that time that Snyders could paint dead animals, but not living ones. It may be that the small section of landscape was painted by Jan Wildens. It was Rubens' custom in his large paintings to make the first drawing, and then his pupils would add the details, and afterward Rubens would go over the whole painting with his brush. There is no question about the final brush strokes in this picture; they are master strokes by Rubens.

The two figures on horseback at the right are Rubens himself and his first wife, Isabel Brandt. Notice the marvelous flesh tints in these portraits. Is it any wonder that it was said of him, "His flesh colors alone baffled

every one of his pupils and imitators"? But he was not only a master of human physiognomy and human flesh that glows as under a tropic sun, but he knew the animal world as few know it. His horses are superb—his own stables were filled with choice breeds—and his picture of the hunt shows him master of animal portraiture. Look carefully at the struggling, snorting victims and the overpowering force of the hunters. There is perfect order in the confused mass, for a master mind is guiding the issue where reason overrules brute force. The Rubens who is watching the scene from his horse is no more contained than is the Rubens who is making the picture. We have the feeling that a perfectly balanced mind is handling the great hunting scenes, though at times we shiver with real pain as the teeth and claws of the ferocious beasts tear and rend the flesh of horse and rider. Again, in "The Holy Family," Rubens shines forth in his inimitable flesh tints.

The large picture in the next room (28), by Tintoretto, is a Venetian religious painting in which the costumes of the assembled company reflect the fashions in Venice at the time of the Renaissance. One might say that the picture is religious in name only, but that is scarcely true. Tintoretto has combined the



Fig. 55—The Fox and Wolf Hunt. Rubens. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 56—St. John the Evangelist, Murillo, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 57—The Nativity, El Greco, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

miracle of the loaves and fishes with the miracle of Christlike love in the hearts of these fashionable women as they care for the poor little outcasts they are fondling so tenderly. The picture was probably painted for some founding society, as the company in long white robes in the middle distance seem to represent a religious order. Though the Savior and St. Peter, the only ones dressed in Oriental costumes, really belong to the miracle, yet the boy carrying the basket of bread and fish certainly feels the influence of the Savior's words, for he staggers under his basket as though its weight were increasing.

Hanging at the opposite end of the room is "St. John the Evangelist" (Fig. 56), by Murillo (1617-1682). It is the only example of this Spanish artist in the Museum—in fact, there are but few Murillos in this country. The artist represents St. John in the act of writing. The eagle, the apostle's attribute as the evangelist, refers to his inspiration in heavenly wisdom and love. The golden cup is another symbol that recalls the tradition that St. John was repeatedly offered poisoned wine to drink, but that the poison either left the cup as a serpent or that it had no effect on the saint, while the bearer of the cup fell dead at his feet. St. John's robe is usually blue or

green, but Murillo has substituted pale yellow, though he adheres to the red draperies that signify divine love. The various shades of red have special symbolic meanings.

Murillo was at his best as an artist in his "Beggar Boys"—he painted a number of them in the beginning of his career—for in them he produced masterpieces that vie with Velasquez' children of the Spanish court. But when Murillo became the popular religious painter of the seventeenth century he lost much of the spontaneity and originality that he showed in his *genre* subjects and came very near being a mere sentimentalist. It is a curious comment on his countrymen that very few, if any, of his "Beggar Boys" paintings are in Spain to-day.

Now look at "The Nativity" (Fig. 57), by El Greco (1548-1614), a forerunner of Velasquez and Murillo. There is no sentimentality in this night scene, rather a "veiled conflagration" seems about to burst forth. Never before had the infant Savior been the source of light, though later artists often used this method. The Apocryphal gospel, "The Protevangelion," says: "But on a sudden the cloud became a great light in the cave, so that their eyes could not bear it. But the light gradually decreased until the Infant appeared." El

Greco was a Cretan but, strange to say, his impetuosity and sudden breaking away from the narrow, bigoted beliefs of the Spanish of the Inquisition period, passed without reproof and the new day, begun in Spanish art with him, reached its climax in Velasquez and was still felt by Goya.

The latter artist, Goya (1746-1826), is well represented by "The Jewess of Tangier," a small canvas, yet glowing with an inner life that not even her elaborate brocaded costume and sparkling jewels can eclipse.

As we turn to Correggio (1494-1534) and look at his "Four Saints" (Fig. 58) we recognize at once that sunny Italy has come into the picture. Correggio, though not a deep thinker, was most original in his use of light. He gave to it a decorative quality, often disregarding its legitimate source, that is charming. Correggio was unique in his training or rather in his lack of it, for it is not known that he studied under any master. His drawing and foreshortening proclaim him a remarkable genius, and his flesh tints are so natural and fresh that it seems impossible that the work was done four hundred years ago. The four saints in this painting are: on the left, St. Peter with his keys and St. Martha with her foot on the dragon's head; on the right, Mary

Magdalene, dressed in yellow with a red cloak and in her hand the jar of ointment, and St. Leonard.

The latter was a much beloved courtier of King Theodobert in the sixth century. He spent much of his time visiting prisons and interceding for captives whom the king often pardoned. He grew weary of court life and retired to a desert near Limoges, France. One day the king and queen were journeying through that section when the queen was smitten with the pains of childbirth and likely to die. The prayers of St. Leonard relieved the pain and brought her through safely. In gratitude the king gave him a large portion of the forest and there St. Leonard founded a religious community. He wears the brown robe of the Benedictines and his chain refers to his work among prisoners. His name signifies "Brave as a Lion." "The Four Saints" is the only work by Correggio in the Museum.

The portrait of "Christopher Columbus" (Fig. 59), by Sebastiano del Piombo (1485-1547), was probably painted for Ferdinand Columbus, who wrote a life of his father. The artist possibly may have seen Columbus, though this portrait was painted after the great discoverer's death (1506). At least the portrait has that warmth of personality which



FIG. 58—Four Saints, Correggio, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 59—Christopher Columbus, Pomba, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 60—St. Zenobius. Botticelli. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

marks a real likeness. We can well imagine that such a man was capable of battling with the unknown seas, as well as with adverse fortune among his own countrymen. We are not surprised that Queen Isabella of Spain aided this man looking out at us with his confident smiling eyes. The inscription on the painting is interesting for its definite information. It reads:—"This is a wonderful likeness of the Genoese Columbus who was the first to penetrate in a barque to the region of the Antipodes." When we remember that Christopher Columbus lived at the time of the great Renaissance when Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci were startling the world with their powers, we look with keener interest on this portrait. Piombo was a favorite of Michael Angelo, in fact the latter had such confidence in his genius that when a contest was to be held with Raphael, Michael Angelo chose Piombo for the competing artist. Very anxious that his young *protégé* should succeed, he drew in the figure of Lazarus himself in "The Raising of Lazarus" which Piombo painted. Raphael's picture was his immortal "Transfiguration."

As we examine the three scenes of "St. Zenobius" (Fig. 60), by Botticelli (1447-1510), we smile at the quaint simplicity of the artist.

On the left he represents a funeral procession stopping while St. Zenobius restores the dead to life. The center scene represents a company journeying with the relics of a martyr. The leader of the band has fallen from his horse and been crushed to death. St. Zenobius meets the company and brings the dead man back to life. On the right are three scenes. In one St. Eugenius, while very sick in his little room, hears that his relative has died without receiving the last sacrament. St. Zenobius brings him blessed salt and water and tells him to go with it to his relative. St. Eugenius is seen as the single figure running to the group in the foreground. There he sprinkles the corpse with the holy water and his relative revives.

This panel is one of four that formed part of a chest. The colors are as fresh as the day they were painted, four hundred years ago. Botticelli probably represented the art of the time of Lorenzo de' Medici better than any of his contemporaries. He could picture religious or mythological scenes, and as Ruskin says, "He was the only painter in Italy who understood the thought of the heathen and Christian equally." His figures show that he had little knowledge of the anatomy of the human body, yet he was a great master

of line. To really understand the beauty of Botticelli's work one must see his "Spring" in Florence and his Madonnas. His painting of the "Calumny of Apelles" is, says Vasari, "as fine a production as possible."

The fresco of "St. Christopher" (Fig. 61) is only attributed to Pollaiuolo, yet in comparing it with his "Hercules Killing Nessus" (see Fig. 22) many of the same characteristics appear in both, such as the muscular development of the knees and neck of St. Christopher and Hercules, and the rather peculiar growth of the hair. Mr. Berenson believes that the fresco was designed by Antonio Pollaiuolo and executed by his brother Piero. He also states that this is the fresco that Vasari refers to as painted for San Miniato-fra-le-Torri in Florence.

The story of St. Christopher is one of the quaintest and most fascinating of all the legends of the early saints. He was born in the fourth century in Canaan and, as he grew up, because of his great size, was called Offero, the bearer. His pride was in his size and strength. He stipulated that he would work for no one who feared an enemy. At first he was the follower of a great king, but he soon found that the king feared the devil. Then he hunted up the devil and became his follower,

but again he discovered that whenever, in their wanderings, they came to a shrine of the Crucified One the devil made a wide detour to avoid passing that way. Offero accused the devil of being afraid and left him to find the Savior. An old hermit advised him to fast and pray, but Offero refused. The hermit directed him to a deep wide river, often swollen with rains and where many were lost in crossing, and said, "Go there and carry people over." Offero went, and year in and year out he carried everyone in safety. At last Jesus saw the faithful work of one who would neither fast nor pray. He came one stormy night as a little child to be carried over the river. Offero took him on his shoulder, and with his palm-tree staff started over. The child grew so heavy that the giant nearly perished. On the opposite bank he placed his burden on the ground, saying, "I feel as though I had carried the whole world on my shoulders." Then Jesus answered, "You have carried the Maker of the world. From henceforth thou shalt be called Christ-Offero, the Christ-bearer." He went as a missionary of the cross and was martyred at Samos. He is the saint of earthquakes, fire and tempest, and often with his pictures is the inscription, "Whoever shall behold the Image of Saint



FIG. 61—St. Christopher. Pollaiuolo. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 62.—Madonna and Child. Di Credi. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 63.—Portrait of a Young Man, Holbein. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

Christopher shall not faint or fail in that day."

Lorenzo di Credi (1450-1537) was one of the followers of Savonarola and, obeying the orders of the great preacher, burned all his pictures of mythological subjects. Most of his remaining works are small easel pictures of religious subjects painted in oil on wood. The "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 62) in room 30 is on wood. Di Credi had very little imagination, yet his sincerity and technical ability give to his pictures a ring of truth that holds us. The expression of sincere devotion in the kneeling Madonna is so genuine that it begets in us a like feeling. We forget the stiff doll-like baby in the spirit of adoration that hovers over the scene.

That Savonarola's influence on the artists of his time deepened the spiritual significance of their art is unquestioned. He no doubt had many works destroyed that we regret to-day, but by far the larger proportion were works that did not ring true—and the artist felt it. That Savonarola was not a destroyer of true art has been proved by several incidents where, through his influence, masterpieces were saved.

All of di Credi's pictures are in a wonderful state of preservation—what a pity that such technical knowledge in preparing pig-

ments could not have extended to the greater masters of his time.

The "Portrait of a Young Man" (Fig. 63), by Hans Holbein, the younger (1497-1543), bought for the Metropolitan Museum in 1906, is a splendid example of Holbein's early work. It is hard to realize that a boy of twenty was such a master of portraiture, yet if the date 1517 on the wall at the left in the painting is correct, Holbein could scarcely have been out of his teens. When we remember that he was only just of age when he painted that great masterpiece, "The Meyer Madonna," it is not surprising, for the homely faces of Meyer and his wife are superb pieces of portraiture. In them the young artist in a simple straightforward manner has expressed strong genuine emotion. In the portrait of the young man we again find the outspoken character sketch of an honest artist. Holbein has not hesitated to record a certain discontent in the small eyes regarding us from the corner of the eyelids and in the full lips parted with a dissatisfied query. The young man's attitude is that of a certain personal impatience because of proscribed restraint. He was probably the son of the bailiff of Lucerne or he may be Ambrose Holbein, the artist's brother. That he is passing the period of youth is seen in the sug-

gested double chin, the well-set nose and the enlarged hand. The character of the rings—the one on the index finger is either an Egyptian intaglio or a signet ring with a coat of arms—suggest that he may be a classical scholar. Certainly his whole bearing is that of one who knows his own importance. His costume of simple low-tones in black, green and red is very attractive against the fine quality of the flesh tints. The longer we sit looking at this portrait the more we are convinced of Holbein's understanding of the personal element in character. The picture is painted on paper like the artist's "Adam and Eve," in Basel, Switzerland, belonging to the same year—1517.

CHAPTER VIII

NEW YORK CITY, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ALTMAN COLLECTION

NO collection of paintings bequeathed to any museum in America has ever attracted such widespread interest among the people as has the Altman collection since its bequest to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And rightly so, for no collection of paintings by an individual ever represented such an array of masterpieces. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Altman made this marvelous selection of the works of the great masters during the last eight years of his life; and each picture represents his own personal preference. This personal preference, however, never intruded itself when the judgment of experts was against a purchase, but no expert ever persuaded him to buy when the picture did not suit his own personal taste. This last statement reveals the secret of the uniformity of these paintings as representative works of the period.

There are in America to-day a larger number of the paintings of Rembrandt than in any one country of Europe and of this number thirteen were bought by Mr. Altman. As we enter the Altman rooms "The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails" (Fig. 64) is the first picture to attract us. This painting, done after popularity had waned with Rembrandt, is the rarest gem of them all. No one can help but feel the deep sympathy for old age that filled the artist. That seamed and wrinkled face is typical of the care-worn, sorrow-wrecked woman of all time.

Rembrandt, under the pinch of poverty and the sting of neglect, broadened and deepened in his art and in his understanding of human life until his brush strokes were like search-lights revealing the depths of the soul. This picture is simply of a poor old woman intent on cutting her nails, with a pair of sheep shears it seems, yet we are overcome with the power of it—no details, dull in color, homely in subject, but bathed with a light that was never on land or sea. Rembrandt's light! What cared he for poverty or neglect with such a comforter at hand? Little did the purblind people of Amsterdam understand their own stupidity; the man they were neglecting had refused to lower his standards of art by

catering to their whims for portraits of themselves; they thought they were punishing him. Were they, we ask, when we have this superb portrait of an unknown old woman in the place of their likenesses?

Now turn and look at the "Portrait of Rembrandt" (Fig. 65), painted by himself. He made this portrait in 1660, two years later. The artist is now fifty-four. Can you not feel how the "little cares and anxieties of daily life" torment him? He knows within himself the superiority of the gifts that are his, but he realizes how powerless he is to cope with people in high places. The lift of the eyebrows that wrinkle his forehead is that of whimsical impatience, yet the spark in his eyes denies defeat. The mouth is drawn and the mark of undeserved neglect is evident in the premature wrinkles, but a certain merry pride lurks in the tilted cap and raised head. A pang of pity shoots through us, only to be replaced by one of keen satisfaction that he, the neglected, is remembered and they, the aristocrats, are forgotten. Rembrandt painted more than fifty self-portraits. At first they seem simple experiments in light and shade, or the study of fantastic costumes, or the expression of the happiness of his life with his beloved Saskia, but as life's burdens grew heavy they became



FIG. 64—The Old Woman Cutting her Nails. Rembrandt. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 65—Portrait of Rembrandt. Rembrandt. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



Fig. 66—Pilate Washing his Hands. Rembrandt. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

deep studies in psychology and represent the evolution of his own character.

Turn now to the "Portrait of Titus," the "Golden Lad" as Rembrandt called this precious son. The boy is fourteen, the last child of the four children of Saskia—she died, it is supposed, at his birth. The wide-set eyes and full upper lids mark his artistic inheritance, but the far-away haunting expression seems a premonition of his death in early manhood. The brave effort that this delicate dreaming boy made to stem the tide of his father's misfortunes was worthy the son of the great master. When only sixteen he and Hendrickje Stoffels, a peasant girl of North Holland, opened a shop for the sale of Rembrandt's precious collection, but with small success. Rembrandt painted many portraits of Titus, dressing him in fancy costumes as he was fond of doing, also using him as a model in various religious pictures—the young Christ, Daniel, Tobias and others.

The "Man with a Magnifying Glass" is believed to be a portrait of Titus the year he died, 1668. He was in his twenty-eighth year, yet this man looks at least fifty. It may be that ill health and anxiety over his father's affairs have prematurely aged the son. The

expression about the eyes is the same, though deep sadness has crept into them.

But the pathos of Rembrandt's life is found in the pathos of Pilate. The master painted "Pilate Washing His Hands" (Fig. 66) as the end was near. Pilate has given up the struggle. The demands of the populace are too much; the odds are against him. He is a grim old man showing the marks of his leadership in the past but too far spent to pit his strength against numbers. Could anything show more plainly the master's yielding to an aged and feeble body—not of artistic vigor—under the constant stress of heart sorrow and neglect? It is not despair but a dull pain of indifference. Pilate washes his hands as a sign of innocence, but the Christ has gone out of his life. Rembrandt, unlike all other artists, does not bring the Christ into the scene. The boy holding the basin is one of the dearest bits of *genre* painting of all Dutch art. His merry twinkling eye and winning smile remove him from the tragic scene and make him simply a boy in the home, called on to perform a service for an aged guest.

"The Toilet of Bathsheba" is one of the most, if not the most, exquisite of Rembrandt's subject pictures. It was the last picture bought by Mr. Altman and has an uninterrupted his-

tory since early in the seventeenth century. It was painted in 1643.

Franz Hals (1623-1669) was the real founder of the Dutch school. He sprang full blown into public notice, but, like Rembrandt, his life went out in obscurity. "Hille Bobbe" (Fig. 51) was one of his alehouse friends and in "The Merry Company" (Fig. 67) are a few more. Not very refined companions we must admit, and yet Hals has made them delightful. All the works by Hals selected by Mr. Altman represent the artist at his gayest. The artist doubtless dashed off the heads in "The Merry Company" at a sitting, probably with his own beer mug before him, and then finished the elaborate details later when the excitement of the moment was past. Hals' membership in two Haarlem societies—"The Branch of the Vine" and "Love First of All," is sufficient proof that the jolly people whose portraits he painted were well known to him.

Of the splendid examples of the "Little Dutchmen" Vermeer's "Young Girl Asleep" (Fig. 68) is perhaps the rarest. Vermeer left but thirty-eight pictures—he died at forty-three—and of those eight are in America and three in the Metropolitan Museum (see Fig. 25). In 1696 twenty-one of these pictures were sold at auction in Amsterdam. One of

this number, catalogued as "A Drunken Maid Servant Asleep Behind a Table," was the Altman picture. We again have the direct view into the room without being duly admitted, so common with Vermeer, but as the occupant is asleep, we are allowed to look through a door into the room beyond where is a table and a picture hanging on the wall above it. We have the diffused light embracing every object, which is one of the artist's chief characteristics. The Turkish rug, blue dishes and girl's costume are carefully noted in every detail, but with a breadth of handling far removed from any pettiness. How delightful these little masterpieces would be as daily companions.

When Mr. Altman bought Velasquez' "Philip IV" from the descendants of the original owners, who bought it from the artist in 1624, he received with the picture a document signed "Diego Velasquez." In this document the artist states a certain sum of money and says, "I have received on account of the three portraits of the king and of Count Olivares and of Señor Garceperez, in witness whereof my signature given at Madrid on the 4th of December, 1624." This seems to relegate the Boston portrait of Philip IV (see Fig. 1) to the place of a replica or a copy.



FIG. 67—The Merry Company, Franz Hals, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 68—Young Girl Asleep, Vermeer, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



FIG. 69—Christ and the Pilgrims of Emmaus. Velasquez. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

“Christ and the Pilgrims of Emmaus” (Fig. 69) appears to be an undisputed Velasquez of his early days, when he was not more than nineteen or twenty years old. As a representation of the early powers of the great Spanish master it is indeed a wonderful work. He has almost no grasp of the spiritual significance that comes through deep experiences in life; the disciples simply represent uncomprehending surprise at the sudden revelation too big for their minds. But the vigor of modeling, the stability of the things represented, the perfect outlines and accurate placing of the figures and wonderful skill in workmanship make a great masterpiece of painting.

Dear little “Federigo Gonzaga” (Fig. 70), who looks out at us so frankly and simply, is really a remarkable boy, and this portrait of him by Francia (1448-1517) is specially precious to us because Federigo’s mother said of it four hundred years ago, “It is impossible to see a better portrait or a closer resemblance.”

Federigo was the son of Francesco Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, and the famous Isabella d’Este. The Marquis at one time was a general in the Venetian army, but he changed his allegiance and in 1509, when a commander of the Milanese forces, was taken prisoner by the Venetians. Through the influence of the pope

he was released, but in return his little son Federigo, then ten years old, was demanded as a hostage to be sent to the papal court. His mother wished a portrait of her boy, so on his way to Rome he stopped at Bologna where his father was at that time. Lorenzo Costa was asked to paint the portrait, but as he could not, Francia was given the commission July 29, 1510. On August 10th the finished picture was delivered. Isabella writes further of the picture: "I am astonished to find out that in so short a time the artist has been able to execute so perfect a work. One sees that he wishes to show the perfection of which he is capable." It seems incredible, but later Isabella gave the picture of her boy to Zanimella, a gentleman of Ferrara who had done her some service. From this time the painting disappeared until 1872, when it appeared in the Christie auction rooms, London, in the collection of Prince Jerome Bonaparte. It was identified by Herbert Cook as the lost portrait of Federigo Gonzaga.

The "Portrait of Filippo Archinto, Archbishop of Milan" (Fig. 71) is the first painting of Titian's (1477?-1576), the great Venetian master, to be added to the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum. In this portrait we have not only a work of a famous artist but



Fig. 70—Federigo Gonzaga, Francia, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.



Fig. 71—Portrait of Filippo Archinto, Titian, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

also a picture of a prominent man in Italy. Archinto, born in Milan in 1500, was first trained for the law, then he went into the church and became one of the workers in the cause of the Jesuits. He was governor of Rome for a time and was sent as a legate to Venice from 1554 to 1556, when Titian probably painted this portrait. An amusing story is told of Archinto while he was governor, showing his Solomon-like wisdom. A question arose as to which of two men, a German and a Spaniard, was the father of a certain child. The governor sent for some wine and food and told the child to eat. This he did, but refused to drink anything but water. Archinto told the German that the boy was no child of his, for had he German blood in his veins he would never drink water when he could get wine.

Some of the greatest and most far-reaching climaxes in the history of the world happened during the life of Titian, the centenarian artist. The printing press and America lead the discoveries. Charles V and William the Silent changed the status of nations and Luther made possible the personal equation in religion. Under such an awakening the artists of Italy and Germany naturally expanded into giant masters. The courtly Titian soon attracted

the attention of the world emperor and nobleman, and titled gentlemen were pushed aside, for, said Charles, "There are many princes, but there is only one Titian."

At the time Albrecht Dürer painted the "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 72), in 1519, he was devoting most of his time to engraving. He had written to a friend ten years before, "I wish from now on to confine myself to my engravings; had I so decided years ago I might now be the richer by a thousand florins (about \$500.00)." But Dürer, like Michael Angelo, could turn to his painting with the undiminished ardor of his early years and produce not only this masterpiece—the most famous of nearly a dozen similar compositions—but the "Four Apostles" for his native city, Nuremberg.

The unique costume of Saint Anne gives an interesting bit of German sisterhood biography and the wholesome young virgin mother and plump baby boy speak volumes on the knowledge of home hygiene of the sixteenth century in Germany. The pyramidal arrangement is like that of Raphael's madonna pictures, and the soft lovely color brings to mind what Dürer wrote while in Venice, "I have also silenced the painters, who said that I was a good engraver but did not know how to manage colors." A



FIG. 72—Madonna and Child. Dürer. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 73—The Crucifixion. Fra Angelico. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.



FIG. 74—Betrothal of Saint Catherine. Memlinc. Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York City.

German type of mother and baby the madonna and Child certainly are and most lovable too. The simple spirit of devotion in the bowed head marks the artist's genuine sincerity, that is found in all his religious pictures.

"The Crucifixion" (Fig. 73) is one of Fra Angelico's (1387-1455) few sad scenes in the biblical story. It was rarely that this angel brother ever painted a sad incident; life to him was full of holy joy. Even the crucified One shows no agony in his body or his face. The group of surrounding figures express glad expectancy rather than despondent grief. There is here the same element of spiritual purity, of unhuman holiness, and the same type of sweet faces divinely tender that characterize the "Madonna and Child" (see Fig. 18) in the Boston Museum. Fra Angelico knew almost nothing of perspective. His use of color reminds one of a child, though the flowing robes in some of his angels are soft and harmonious in tone; this came more from a happy accident and simply emphasizes his unaffected simplicity in expressing his preferences.

The Altman collection is particularly rich in examples of the work of Hans Memlinc (1430-1494), the Flemish artist. In the "Betrothal of Saint Catherine" (Fig. 74) is brought out more of Memlinc's genius than in his portraits,

splendid as they are. This picture, painted before his famous Saint Ursula shrine, is one of three versions of the same subject. One of them was painted for the Hospital of Saint John at Bruges and has that quality of church dignity that raises it above the humble worshippers. Not so with this almost *genre* picture of a religious subject. Here is a lovely garden scene where the Madonna is really a human mother and the Christ Child shows some of the traits of true babyhood. He could really laugh and coo if only the saints understood how to make him. Saint Barbara sits at the right reading. In the background is her tower with its three windows, the emblem of her life and martyrdom. Her father, a rich Eastern nobleman of the fourth century, loved her so dearly that he shut her in a tower to keep her safe. She became famous as a student of the stars, but she heard of the gospel of Christ and sent to Rome secretly for someone to teach her. One day after she became a Christian some workmen sent by her father came to put two windows in her bathroom. She ordered them to put in three, and when her father asked why she had three windows she replied, "Know, my father, that through three windows doth the soul receive light—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; and the three are

one." Her angry father then knew that she had become a Christian and finally succeeded in putting her to death. Saint Catherine on the left is another saint of the fourth century. She was the daughter of Costes, a half-brother of Constantine the Great, and her mother was the queen of Egypt. She early became a Christian and was espoused to the Savior in a dream, and in the morning found the ring still on her finger. Many stories are told of the persecutions she endured because she refused her royal lovers. The Marriage of Saint Catherine was a favorite subject with the Renaissance artists. She is always represented clothed in rich garments and often wearing a crown. The picture of the young man kneeling back of Saint Catherine in this picture is doubtless a portrait of the one for whom the picture was painted (the donor), but his name is not known. The two angel-musicians, especially the one smiling down at the baby, are charming; in fact, the whole composition, possibly excepting the madonna and the two saints, shows a spirit of realism far beyond Memlinc's earlier works.

CHAPTER IX

BROOKLYN, INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

THE Central Museum of the Brooklyn Institute has such splendid examples of particular phases of painting in various countries and of special artists that we shall confine ourselves to some of these in our first study of the pictures. In doing so we shall not only gain a working basis but shall more fully appreciate the wisdom shown in the selection and arrangement of these treasures.

Perhaps the room devoted to the old Italian masters is not so attractive at first as the alcove devoted to Mr. Ryder's lovely landscapes, but the old masters form the foundation in painting, like the Bible and Shakespeare in literature. Then, too, when we look with comprehension at such a picture as Taddeo Gaddi's (1300-1366) "Triptych, Scenes from Life of St. Laurence" (Fig. 75), its child-like naïveté captivates us. Taddeo knew a number of in-

teresting incidents—legends of course—about St. Laurence and he proceeded to tell them in a simple, straightforward manner, perfectly well understood by the people of his time.

Very little is known of the life of St. Laurence, but it is believed that he lived, and legend reports him a Spaniard of the third century. St. Laurence early went to Rome and became a favorite of Sixtus II, then bishop of Rome, and was given charge of the treasures of the church. When Sixtus was condemned to death as a Christian, he besought St. Laurence to distribute the wealth of the church to the poor. When the Emperor Decius, tyrant of Rome, discovered that the treasures were gone he ordered St. Laurence to restore them. St. Laurence promised to do so in three days and, when the time was up, appeared before the emperor with a band of poor people, saying, "Behold, here are the treasures of Christ's church!" The angry ruler commanded him to be tortured by roasting on a gridiron until he should confess what became of the treasures. But St. Laurence only cried out, "I am roasted, now turn me and eat me!"

Taddeo Gaddi in the first panel shows St. Laurence before the Emperor Decius, and in the second panel the emperor's order is being carried out. Was ever a story told more real-

istically or more effectively? The young saint, unconscious of physical pain in his joy at being allowed to suffer for Christ's sake, raises his head and smiles at his persecutor, but the young attendant with the bellows, overcome with horror, turns away from the scene. We may smile indulgently at Taddeo's quaint composition, yet the spirit of sincerity in it sinks deep in our hearts. The third panel is a curious mixture of scenes from the death of St. Laurence and St. Stephen. Legend gives various versions of the burial of these saints, but they all agree that when they were placed in the same coffin St. Laurence moved to the left to give St. Stephen the place of honor. For this act he was called "The Courteous Spaniard."

The "Triptych, Miracles of St. Laurence" (Fig. 76) refers to certain acts of the saint after death. In the first panel to the left an angel and a demon are contending for the soul of Saint Henry II, Emperor of Germany from 1014 to 1024, when St. Laurence appears with a golden cup. It occurred in this wise: A hermit, hearing a rushing noise outside his hut, opened his window and called. "We are demons," came the answer. "Henry the emperor is about to die at this moment, and we go to seize his soul." The hermit begged them



FIG. 75—Triptych, Scenes from the Life of St. Laurence. Taddeo Gaddi. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

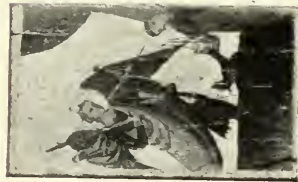


FIG. 76—Triptych, Miracles of St. Laurence. Taddeo Gaddi. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



FIG. 77—Virgin and Child in the Sky. Lorenzo Lotto. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

to stop on their return and report. A few hours later the fiends knocked at his window and swore that all had gone wrong. St. Michael, the angel of Judgment, had laid Henry's good and evil deeds on the scales and the latter weighed to the earth, but at this point "the roasted fellow," as the demons called St. Laurence, threw into the light pan the holy cup and defeated them. The central scene represents St. Laurence rescuing souls from purgatory, and the right hand one shows him distributing alms to the poor.

The "Virgin and Child in the Sky" (Fig. 77), by Lorenzo Lotto, nearly two hundred years later, is a charming picture by a most individual Venetian painter. Lorenzo, a deeply religious man, was so true to his convictions that Aretino, the life-long friend of Titian, wrote of him: "O Lotto, good as goodness, and virtuous as virtue itself!" Early in life he spent four years in Rome where, under the influence of Raphael, his art deepened and broadened, but in no wise lost its originality.

The charm of the "Virgin and Child in the Sky" is in its entire freedom from cant. The "Adorers on Earth" at the bottom of the picture are sincere worshipers honestly offering their whole beings to the glorified ones. These people are not creatures of Lotto's brain, but

real men and women occupying various positions in the church and state of Lotto's time. No artist, not even Titian, excelled Lotto as a portrait painter. His deep insight into character and abhorrence of the immorality of the age made him choose his sitters from among the virtuous, and in their faces may be read something of his own sensitive self-consciousness and religious aspirations. Lotto was never married, and spent much of his time wandering over the country, leaving specimens of his art in his wake. He refers once to portraits of Luther and his wife—perhaps he knew the grand reformer personally.

Another picture of special interest among the masterpieces in the Brooklyn Institute is the "Altar-piece," by Sano di Pietro (1406-1481). Excepting the "Coronation of the Virgin" (see Fig. 20), we have no other example of Sano's work in America. This "Altar-piece" has never been retouched in the slightest degree, and even the ancient frame has the original gilding, now dulled by age. In 1904 the picture was exhibited in Siena, at the exhibition of Ancient Art, in a room devoted entirely to Sano's paintings. Although Sano lived in the same century with Masaccio his works belong to the century before; they have the devotional feeling, pure, sincere, childlike,

of the Middle Ages. The artists of Siena took no active part in the new movement started in Florence. Their isolation and backwardness literally dropped them out of sight, even in the study of Italian painting, until very recent years.

The most striking picture in the Museum is Giovanni Boldini's "Portrait of Whistler" (Fig. 78). As we stop before it I hear you exclaim, "So that is Whistler!" Yes, "the Whistler whom the world knew and feared." Do you remember the portrait of his mother? He has the same flat cheeks and hollow temples; the frontal bone has the same curve over the eyes; the wrinkle that begins at the base of the nose and drops to the chin is there; the mouth is the same, only the son smiles half contemptuously, half kindly, but the mother's mouth expresses no transient emotion, only the habitual control of years. We feel like asking, "Was this the true Whistler?" Probably not the one his mother knew, but the one Boldini knew. Whistler himself said of it, "They say it looks like me, but I hope I don't look like that!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, in mentioning this portrait in their biography of the artist, say that "it is, however, a wonderful presentment of him in his very worst mood, and Mr. Ken-

tedy (who went with Whistler to Boldini's studio) remembers that he was in his worst mood all the while he posed. It is the Whistler whom the world knew and feared."

Giovanni Boldini, born in 1845 in Ferrara, Italy, has lived in Paris since 1872. In his portrait of Whistler he shows that sensitive appreciation of the caprices of a high-strung, easily irritated nature that has made him famous as a painter of women with nerves. Whistler hated posing and took little naps in between. But Boldini caught him in his waking moment with photographic exactness, so like him that Mrs. Pennell says, "You might be looking at Mr. Whistler's reflection in the glass as he sits there, his right elbow on the back of his chair, his head resting on the extended fingers of the hand, the other hand holding his hat on his knee in this sort of achievement no one can be compared to M. Boldini."

The French school of the nineteenth century is well represented in the Museum, and some of the examples are specially interesting as representing artists not usually found in our galleries—artists, too, who were helpful in bringing about the regeneration of French art. We are all more or less familiar with the reproductions of the "Princes in the Tower," by



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 78—Portrait of Whistler. Giovanni Boldini. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



FIG. 79—Portrait of the Artist's Mother. Paul Delaroche. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Paul Delarouche (1797-1856), but very few of us have thought of him as an innovator. To understand why Delarouche stepped aside from the beaten path we must look at the "Portrait of the Artist's Mother" (Fig. 79). Could the son of that mother conform to Academy rules and regulations? True, Delarouche was not big enough to break away entirely, but he was able to extract the best from both the classic and romantic and use it in his own individual way. He fell short in invention—perhaps he lacked the determined chin of his mother or her far-seeing eyes—but he had her strength to protest and her will to make the protest a constructive one. His eclectic methods, which acted as a check to the excessive freedom to the romanticists who knew no rules, became the name of a school founded by him. That he drew to his studio such young men as Jean François Millet, Gerôme and Israels proves the forcefulness of his personality and that he had something more substantial to offer than dead rules and flighty theories.

Again we look into the face of his mother, for in that face we recognize the power behind the throne. What splendid mothers artists have had! This artist-son, knowing well the mother's heart-prayers that follow and strengthen his aspirations, must feel the moth-

er-love guiding his hand, for his likeness of her goes straight to our hearts. A collection of portraits of mothers by artist sons would be wonderfully inspiring.

Eugène Louis Gabriel Isabey (1804-1886) was a miniature painter of note during Napoleon's time. One of his pictures, "Isabey's Boat," that had immense success at the French Salon in 1820, was a portrait group of himself and family. At this time Eugène was a lad in his teens. The son's talents turned more to marine-painting. In 1830 he went to Algiers in an expedition of that year as royal marine-painter. This "Street Scene" (Fig. 80) has much of the Algerian spirit in it. That narrow passageway, with its bordering acute-gabled houses serrated against the sky, leads into uncanny byways of the mysterious Orient. The strange fascination thrown over us by a street scene like this is a curious example of the power artists have over our imaginations and emotions.

Another French artist whose individuality marks him as an original thinker was Henri Harpignies (1818-). He literally forged his way to greatness through the power of his will—he compelled admiration rather than gained it. His picture of the "Cottage in the Woods" (Fig. 81) holds us by its very solidity.



FIG. 80—Street Scene. Eugène Isabey. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



FIG. 81—Cottage in the Woods. Harpignies. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



FIG. 82—Harvesters' Meal. L'Hermitte. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Strong and substantial are fitting words to describe it. No cyclonic wind could disturb those trees, but could the evening breeze whisper among their branches? No terrific storm could break down that cottage, but could the perfumed air or song of the birds penetrate those walls? The solid framework is there but the pleasing nothings that, like courtesy, make life run smoothly are lacking. Harpignies' own career did not always run smoothly. In 1863 his works were refused at the French Salon, which so angered him that he destroyed in a moment of time his picture of "Wild Ducks," on which he had worked for months. Three years later, however, his "Evening in the Roman Compagna," now in the Luxembourg, Paris, was accepted with enthusiasm and awarded a medal. We could never love his landscapes, though we are compelled to admire their sturdy qualities.

Leon L'Hermitte (1844-) is a follower of Millet, but not an imitator of him. He sees beauty and truth in the work-a-day people and has the genius to make us see it. The human element in the "Harvester's Meal" (Fig. 82) is strong and compelling in its appeal to us. A primitive scene this, almost elemental in its significance, which leads us to the source of labor—to the very beginning of the great in-

dustries that make the world hum to-day. Sowing, reaping, repairing, and food supply are centered in the home. The little group expresses the simple content of those whose labors supply the daily needs. L'Hermitte is quick to appreciate the calm that surrounds those who wait on nature for variety, recognizing that the seasons change but that among the French peasants the ceaseless regularity of passing days brings a content rarely disturbed. In his religious pictures (see Fig. 44) the trusting faith of the simple folk takes deep hold of us. I have seen strong business men and gay society women stand reverently before his "Among the Lowly," in the Metropolitan Museum; and the little children come near to it as though waiting for the Savior to bless them too.

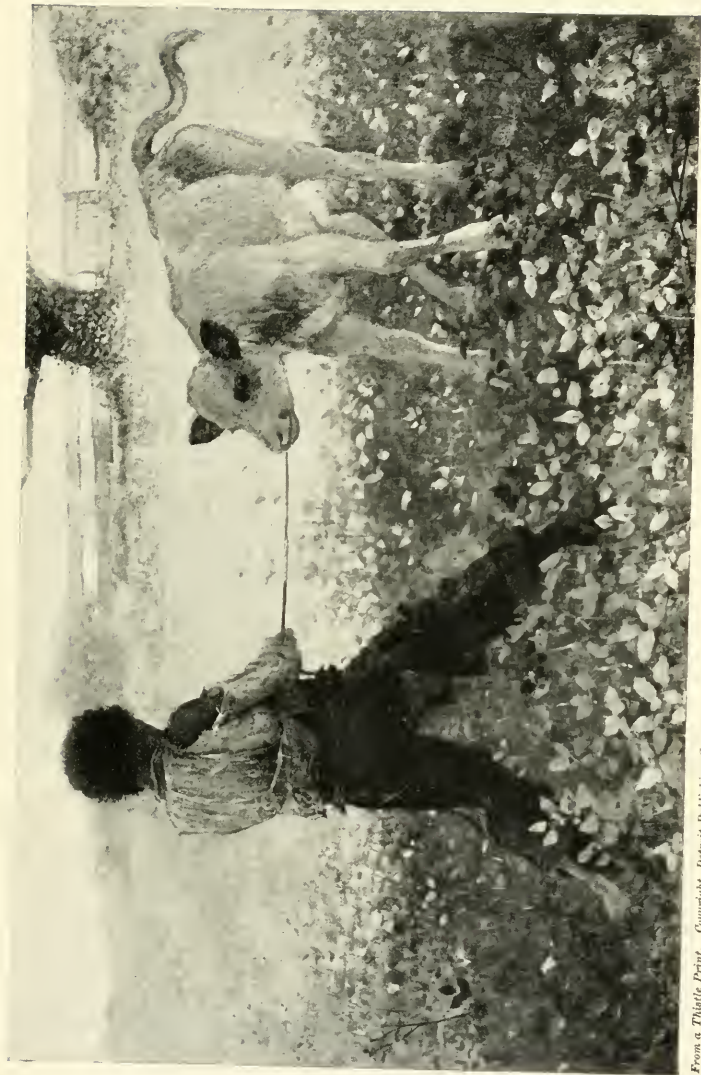
CHAPTER X

BROOKLYN, INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES (Continued)

THE Museum has a splendid collection of paintings by American artists. Some of the pictures are of peculiar interest, as they represent rather unusual moods of the artists. "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" is perhaps the most uniquely original picture that George Inness ever painted. No words can describe his subtle portrayal of gloom vibrant with hope. The blue haze that envelopes the crags and hovers over the abyss seems to dissolve from the white-robed figure of the Savior, and as we fix our eyes on the Holy One our fears fall away and a feeling of elation lifts us to the heights. It is strange that such a vision should have come to an artist who had spent his life picturing scenes familiar to each one of us. Was it because he was nearing that country from which no traveler returns that a new inspiration came to him?

Winslow Homer's "Unruly Calf" (Fig. 83) is a treasure of rare value to the Museum. Not often did Homer make so perfect a *genre* picture as this—a simple, usual occurrence in the life of a half-grown farmer boy. How well Homer understood that no animal is more likely to take a sudden stand for no earthly reason than a half-grown calf—particularly a pet one—and that no brute, for its size, can be more firmly rooted to the ground. Its four legs are so many posts set to brace each other. Why the animal stops no one can tell. It is sheer stupidity, I suspect. The boy may pull and twist at the rope with all his strength; but what cares that big-eyed quadruped for a rope around his neck? The scene is delicious in its entire truth to nature. The atmosphere of the country is perfect; the disgust of the boy and the contrariness of the calf are simply bits of real life that make us forget everything but the outcome of the struggle between the two. Homer knew that especial episode well; perhaps he is the very boy who was sent to bring the calf home. The whiff of the country that such a picture brings is a veritable tonic to tired bodies and fagged brains.

John La Farge stands alone in the modern art world—a painter, a mural decorator, a discoverer of the adaptability of opaline glass,



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 83—Unruly Calf. Winslow Homer. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



FIG. 84—Adoration. John La Farge. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

and a writer. Yet he entered his career under protest, for, as he said, "No one has struggled more against his destiny than I; nor did I for many years acquiesce in being a painter, though I learned the methods and studied the problems of my art. I had hoped to find some other mode of life, some other way of satisfying the desire for a contemplation of truth, unbiased, free, and detached."

La Farge was a dreamer and a student, and these opposite qualities gave him the double power of one "who not only sees the world as a pageant of colored light, but has found means to express his visions." One characteristic of his art was the pose or gesture of his figures. Although he had made a special study of anatomy, he never allowed his scientific knowledge to interfere with the significance of the emotion he wished to express. This thought is admirably brought out in the examples of his work in the Museum. In "Adoration" (Fig. 84) the pose of the figure to the minutest detail is suggestive of the most exalted worship of a Higher Being. The elongated body is in perfect harmony with the uplift of the soul, as expressed in the shining face. Our eyes follow easily and naturally the long folds of the white robe from the extended foot to the raised hands—the hands alone express

adoration—and the lifted head. The stained glass window from this painting is in the Church of the Paulist Fathers, Columbus Ave. and 59th Street, New York City.

She is certainly a dainty miss sitting "In the Studio" (Fig. 85) turning the leaves of the pattern book. Mr. Chase never gave a more personal note to a young woman than he has to this one. She simply dominates the studio. There are many interesting objects around the room that might claim our attention were it not for her presence. And what a picture it is—painted with all the abandon of the painter-artist! The inspiration came suddenly, no doubt; the girl and the book, perhaps, unexpectedly fell into position and the picture immediately shaped itself in the artist's mind. Mr. Chase's alert artistic sense has made him particularly sensitive to the pictorial qualities of bits of still life, of dainty interiors, of busy back-yards, and monotonous stretches of low bushes and sand dunes; he has made them all sing under his magic brush.

A recent accession to the Museum is "Tridescent Moonlight" (Fig. 86), by Julius Olsson. The picture was exhibited in the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy, New York City (1914). When Mr. Olsson chooses old ocean as his theme he is throwing

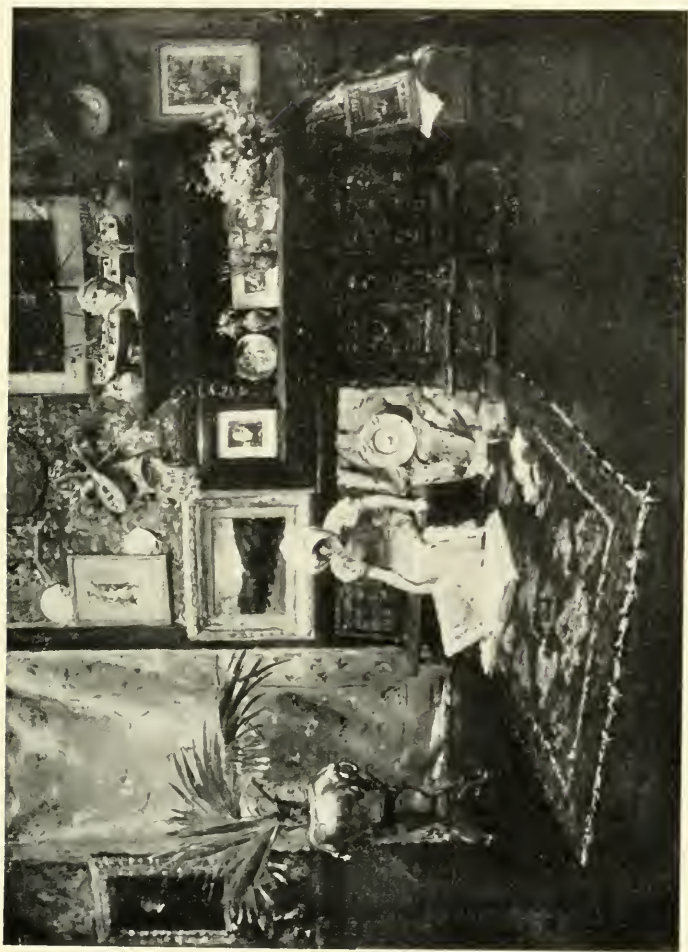


FIG. 85—In the Studio. Whistler. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



FIG. 86—Iridescent Moonlight. Julius Olsson. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



FIG. 87—Cattle by the Pool. De Bock. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

out a challenge that might be accepted by the lovers of Winslow Homer. Not often, however, did Homer woo the mighty deep in so playful a mood as Mr. Olsson has here pictured it. The coming of the tide under the fitful glances of the moon, the artful charmer, is as merry a dance of wavelets as one ever sees. One moment every tiny crest laughs and sparkles with an iridescence rivaling the opal; then suddenly the tiny waves darken and viciously dash against each other—what care they for fun when their mistress has hidden her face. Mr. Olsson has caught Mistress Moon unawares and has transferred to his canvas the opalescent splendors of her silvery light on the restless waters.

Landscape painting really began its existence in Holland, and even to-day the Dutch landscapists hold a prominent place among modern landscape painters. Their themes of flat polders, low-lying hillocks, shaded pools, and windmills against a moist sky are intimate pictures of the sturdy little sea-locked country, and from these pictures we learn to know her and love her.

Some of the Dutch artists seem to prefer the ever-varying aspects of land and water—and no spot on earth changes more often in a small space; others love the dooryard and its

barking, cackling noises; always the home element is dear to these artists. De Bock sees nature in her contented mood when the "Cattle by the Pool" (Fig. 87) stand knee-deep in the tall grasses and sedges, chewing their cud with a content that defies understanding. The spirit of the Barbizon school still hovers over De Bock; we feel it in the quivering treetops and moist vegetation, but it is only a haunting reminiscence, this spirit of those 1830 men, for De Bock's own artistic instinct has a personal power that holds us. None of those artists could excel his superb grasp of the light on the pool—a light that vibrates with veritable wave-lengths. Then, too, see how the sparkle of the birch trees enhances the rich green of the others and the poetic delicacy of the single tree.

As we turn to the Ryder collection we first stop before the splendid El Greco of the Museum. Works of the Spanish masters are not so plentiful in our museums but that each example claims our special attention. "St. Francis" (Fig. 88) has all the elements of the tragic side of life, but pictured with the restraint that marks El Greco at his best. Just what event in the life of St. Francis the artist had in mind it is impossible to tell, but it was after the saint had received the stigmata, as the mark in his

hand shows. El Greco has preserved the inherited refinement of the saint in the sensitive hands, with their slender fingers and shapely nails, and in the clear-cut features of the gentle face.

The life of St. Francis stands out as the most beautiful example of Christlikeness the world has ever known. From the time he gave up position, wealth and influence and said to his father: "Henceforth I recognize no father but Him who is in Heaven," until his death he never swerved from his devotion to Christ. He was the founder of the Franciscan Order, one of the three mendicant orders of friars. St. Francis' given name was Giovanni but, when a mere lad, his father had him taught French, which gave him the nickname of Francesco the Frenchman. St. Francis was born at Assisi in 1182 and died there in 1226, and two years later was canonized by Pope Gregory IX. He was one of the very few saints said to have received the miraculous stigmata. It is possible that St. Francis did have these marks on his body after fifty days' fasting and prayer, for great exaltation of spirit, with prolonged mental contemplation of the Savior's suffering and death, might have left some mark on his physical body. At least all the artists from Giotto through the Renaissance show the

stigmata in picturing the saint, though it is said that St. Francis, in meekness of spirit, tried to hide the marks that were so like those of his blessed Lord.

The collection of Albert P. Ryder's pictures in the Museum, a recent acquisition, will grow in value with the passing years. Our first impression is that an exquisite color scheme has been carried to the *n*th power of perfection. It seems as though all nature had been put under bond to contribute of her wealth. The very smallness of the pictures enhances their gem-like qualities. That tiny canvas picturing a woman in red walking down an avenue of yellow autumn-colored trees is a veritable carbuncle set in Etruscan gold. Each dainty creation is a revelation in the jewel-like quality of pigments and in the artist's deep sense of the value of color in interpreting his theme. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the beauty of Mr. Ryder's pictures in a black and white reproduction, for so much of their real significance lies in the harmony of the color tone; yet the underlying thought is still there, even in a half-tone. No one can mistake the meaning of "The Waste of Waters is Their Field" (Fig. 89). That strong vigorous scene tells the life-story of those toilers of the sea in a simple straightforward manner. To those



Fig. 88—St. Francis, El Greco, Brooklyn
Institute of Arts and Sciences.



Fig. 89—The Waste of Waters is Their Field,
Ryder, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

men the scudding clouds and rolling waters present as many moods to be reckoned with as the changing temper of a mob swayed by the impulse of the moment. Strong and alert, they humor and coax the elements, but never lose control in holding the power in leash that might bring destruction.

CHAPTER XI

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

TO try to represent the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts with six illustrations is simply absurd. We can only sketch briefly one of the several special themes of art represented in the gallery, then suggest some others to take up as we have time and opportunity.

As a portrait gallery the Academy has few if any equals in America—possibly the “Who are you?” is responsible for this. And the portraits of beautiful women, many of them famous, are a marked characteristic of the collection. Another interesting feature is that America’s distinguished woman portrait painter, Miss Cecilia Beaux, a native of Philadelphia, is represented in the Academy with one of her inimitable portraits.

For the sake of a little system we will begin our study with Gilbert Stuart, the first American portrait painter. The likeness of “Mrs.

James Madison" (Fig. 90) is not only very attractive as representing a beautiful woman but as portraying a woman of whom we have a vivid word picture in a letter of a contemporary, and probably a personal friend of Mrs. Madison's. Mrs. W. W. Seaton wrote of her: "I would describe the dignified appearance of Mrs. Madison, but I cannot do her justice. 'Tis not her form, 'tis not her face; it is the woman altogether whom I should wish you to see. She wears a crimson cap that almost hides her forehead, but which becomes her extremely and reminds one of a crown, from its brilliant appearance, contrasted with the white satin folds and jet black curls; but her demeanor is so far removed from the hauteur generally attending on royalty that your fancy can carry the resemblance no further than her dress. In a conspicuous position every fault is rendered more discernible to common eyes, and more liable to censure; and the same rule certainly enables every virtue to shine with more brilliancy than when confined to an inferior station in society; but I, and I am by no means singular in my opinion, believe that Mrs. Madison's conduct would be graced by propriety were she placed in adverse circumstances in life."

After Gilbert Stuart painted the portraits of

President and Mrs. James Madison they hung on the walls of Montpelier until 1817, and later they were sold. The portrait of Mrs. Madison then went to her niece of Baltimore.

Thomas Sully was born in England, but as most of his time was spent in America, he is classed among our artists. Not always did his portraits of women represent the true womanhood that America is so proud of, but occasionally there were genuine sparks of inspiration in his brush, and then he would produce a masterpiece of portraiture. One of his really good portraits is "Frances Anne Kemble" (Fig. 91), better known as Fanny Kemble.

A beautiful and a brilliant woman was Fanny Kemble, with a heart warm and tender for the misfortunes of others. When twenty years old (1829) she began her public career at Covent Garden, London in *Romeo and Juliet*, under her father's management, to reclaim the fortune of her family. She took the part of Juliet; her father was Romeo and her mother the nurse. From the first she was a complete success and in three years reclaimed the family exchequer. She came to America with her father in 1832 and was enthusiastically received; from then until her death in 1893, she spent much time in this country. Her marriage to a Georgia planter, Pierce



Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Fig. 90—Portrait of Mrs. James Madison Stuart.
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.



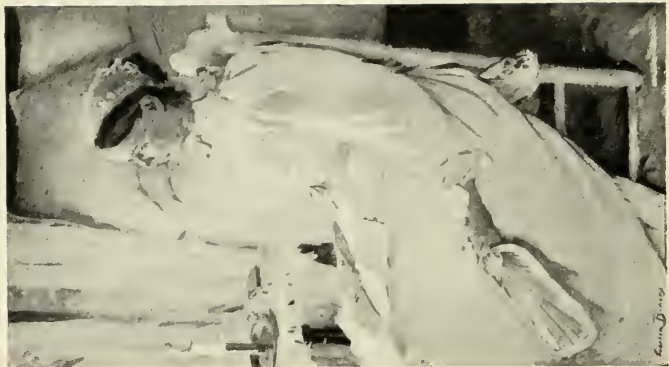
Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Fig. 91—Portrait of Frances Anne Kemble, Sally.
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.



Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

**FIG. 92—Lady with a White Shawl. Whistler.
Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.**



Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

**FIG. 93—A New England Woman.
Cecilia Beaux. Pennsylvania
Academy of Fine Arts.**

Butler, in 1834, was not a success and after fifteen years she was divorced and resumed her maiden name. Her writings are well known, and her grandson, Owen Wister, is one of our distinguished authors to-day.

Sully has certainly pictured the woman of genius in the glorious eyes, wide-set and shining with love and sympathy. How modern in composition; everything is subordinated to the head, yet the contour of neck and shoulders, firm hand and arm give strength to the well-poised head. Sully was practically self-taught. From his ninth year, when his parents came from England, until grown to manhood he lived in South Carolina, away from art centers. The influence of his talents was soon felt, however, when his likenesses of Southern beauties and men of affairs became known.

Naturally there is a marked contrast between Sully's portraits and those of William M. Chase. The latter stands as a trained master, but individual and original. It matters not one whit who this "Lady with a White Shawl" (Fig. 92) is; she is every inch a woman and gently born. It is the shawl that designates the woman's character, for only one to the manner born can wear a shawl characteristically. My friends of the round-should-

dered type, did you ever try to wear a shawl and have it bunch around your neck? It is not surprising that, in the Paris Exhibition of 1900, the place of honor was given to the "Lady with the White Shawl." Mr. Chase's portraits give the ensemble of the person. It is pose, natural not artificial, that the artist seeks. An amusing story is told of his little daughter's understanding of her father's quickness to catch a subject at the right moment. One day as she stood by the window looking at the sky, she called, "Papa, come quickly! here's a cloud posing for you." The vitality of his figures testifies to his keenness in grasping individual characteristics. Mr. Chase's success as an artist has been phenomenal. Even as early as 1869 (he was then thirty) a St. Louis gentleman said to a friend, "Come with me; I have a young man who paints so well that I dare not tell him how good his work is." The St. Louis people were so impressed with his genius that they gave him a purse for a long stay in Munich. That his early promise has been more than fulfilled it is needless to add.

"A New England Woman" (Fig. 93), by Cecelia Beaux, was one of the paintings exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1896 that took the French people by storm. In acknowledgment

of her talents she was given the honor of associate membership in the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts and four years later, after exhibiting in the Paris Exhibition, she was selected an *associataire*, a rare honor for a woman. Miss Beaux inevitably keeps in close sympathy with her sitters—she is not representing a type but a particular person. The article “a” gives exactly the idea, for though no name is given we feel that the New England Woman is some one the artist knew, and she has made us know her too. There is much that is New England, however, in this special woman. She may not live in the Eastern States but she has the air that marks the descendants of Puritan blood. This portrait belongs to the earlier years of the artist’s work when she often made her pictures studies in white, black and gray. These studies show just that intimate quality that portrays character—this woman’s habit was white; she decked herself, her chair, her bed, her stand, her doorway in white because white suited her. The touches of color that peep out at us are like flashes of humor that come unexpectedly in the conversation.

Miss Beaux literally forged her way to success. Nothing was too small for her to use in gaining a definite end. At first it was certain geological survey work, then china painting,

then crayon portraits from photographs, and much of the time teaching, always gaining knowledge and applying it to her art. Completely absorbed in doing her best, whatever her task, inch by inch she gained power, and in the words of William James, she suddenly became conscious that she was one of the competent ones of the world and that the world acknowledged her as a master-painter.

But for the stories of the wonderful precocity of Benjamin West as a boy-artist, and his painting of Indians in their native dress in the "Death of General Wolfe," it is doubtful if he would have been considered an American artist at all. It is true that he was born near Philadelphia and spent his boyhood in the Quaker City; and he may have painted his baby sister with a brush from pussy's tail, but that this early precocity did not bear much artistic fruit in later life his many hundred canvases testify. If it had not been for his business ability, clever success with George III and his presidency of the Royal Academy one wonders if as an artist he could claim any special attention—probably not.

"Death on the Pale Horse" (Fig. 94), West's most widely known picture, is painted in the grand style he assumed in his large compositions, possibly thinking to follow in the



Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

FIG. 94—Death on the Pale Horse. West. Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.



Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

FIG. 95—The Violinist. Van der Helst. Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

footsteps of Michael Angelo. He has taken his theme from Rev. 6:8, "And I looked, and beheld a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed after him, and power was given unto him over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth." In looking at the painting we find that West has literally followed the words of St. John. While the few simple words of the evangelist leave a clear picture of horror in our minds, this painted picture of West's is so full of confusing details that the significance of the scene is lost in the chaos of figures. What a picture this would have been if Michael Angelo had conceived it!

Here is a Dutch painting, "The Violinist" (Fig. 95), of rare excellence. The artist, Bartolomeus van der Helst (1613-1670), excelled as a portrait painter pure and simple. The people of Amsterdam wanted their likenesses made and van der Helst was ready to please them; they wanted guild pictures in which each man had equal prominence, and again this artist was ready to humor them. Of one of these guild pictures, "The Banquet of the Civic Guards" (see "Pictures and Their Painters," Fig. 143), Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "This is, perhaps, the first picture of por-

traits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other I have ever seen." It was just such a series of portraits in a large guild picture that Rembrandt refused to paint; he was making a picture, not recording individual likenesses. Consequently, van der Helst became popular and prosperous, and Rembrandt lost prestige and faced poverty.

But when we look at "The Violinist" we realize that van der Helst could also paint a pleasing picture. The beautifully modeled head and hands are in perfect harmony with the picturesque costume van der Helst knew so well how to paint. The velvet breeches and satin doublet gleam and shimmer in a most illusive manner; the loose blouse with its full sleeves is perfectly simple, yet very effective. There is nothing eccentric in this young violinist; his face is that of the born artist—the wide-set eyes, fullness above the eyelids, generous nose, broad forehead, shapely mouth and chin, and his absorbed air—all are of one whose whole soul goes out in his music.

"The Violinist" is one of van der Helst's most characteristic pictures and in a measure represents the rather unique place this artist held in Dutch art. He lived at the time of Hals and Rembrandt and the little Dutchmen, but

his art is more that of the generation before, when to make a precise likeness was the aim and end of a portrait painter. That "The Violinist" is a treasure of rare value to the Academy is especially true because of the small number of Dutch pictures in the permanent collections of America.

The numerous canvases of the American landscape painters in the Fine Arts Academy are of great interest because of the beauty of the examples of the individual men. "The Brook," by Charles H. Davis, has the soft singing quality of running water slipping along over the pebbles content with its lot. "The Skaters," by Gari Melchers, shows the bell-like crispness of the artist's best work. "The Fox Hunt," by Winslow Homer, is a typical work of this most original of American artists. "Sailing in the Mist," by John Twachtman, is so delicate and ephemeral that it seems like a dream caught on the canvas or some wandering spirit held for a moment. It was with a spiritual vision that the late Mr. Twachtman saw nature, a vision given to few artists and understood by few.

CHAPTER XII

PHILADELPHIA, WILSTACH GALLERY

ONE unique circumstance connected with the Wilstach collection of paintings is that its first public home was in Memorial Hall, which during the Centennial Exposition in 1876 contained the first world exhibition of paintings in America. The collection itself embraces the works of artists through a wide range of time, who represent the development of art in various countries in Europe and America.

Giovanni Battiste Tiepolo (1696-1770), born a hundred years after Paolo Veronese, founded his art on that great decorative painter's work, and brought the Venetian school in the seventeenth century to a standard of excellence far in advance of his time.

In the "Last Supper" (Fig. 96) Tiepolo has given a scene of activity; each actor plays an individual part, yet perfectly harmonious in its

relation to the central thought. The Savior's appearance is more that of the "Transfiguration" by Raphael and "The Last Judgment" by Michael Angelo than of the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. The disciples lack the marvelous facial characteristics of da Vinci, yet they express great variety of emotions as they ask the question, "Is it I?" As a piece of decoration this "Last Supper" has never been surpassed by any artist, and few have equaled it in expressing genuine questioning.

Tiepolo's brush work was of that transparent quality that gave lightness and *verve* to his compositions, which they still retain. His wonderful inventive power was combined with a wide knowledge of what constitutes pictorial art. And to-day painters are recognizing the rare value of his mural decorations and brilliant easel pictures.

The paintings from the Spanish artists are specially characteristic. In Ribera's "St. Sebastian" (Fig. 97) the heavy shadows, so marked a feature of his paintings, are very evident, yet he has given a fine example of his instinctive color sense. He has treated the gruesome subject with a restraint quite unusual for him. The peculiar dark tone that seems to belong to the Spanish school is specially pronounced in Ribera, and when used,

as he sometimes was accustomed, against blood-red in his martyr subjects, often intensified his torture scenes to the point of horror. It is not so in "St. Sebastian." The sympathy of the attending women is so genuine and tender and the lovely baby angels are so much like human children that the scene simply awakens a sense of pity.

Much of the story of St. Sebastian is founded on history. He was a noble Roman youth, a commander of the Pretorian Guards and a great favorite of the Emperor Diocletian of the third century. When the emperor found that Sebastian had become a Christian, in his love for him he tried to persuade him to give up his faith. But Sebastian replied: "O Cæsar, I have ever prayed in the name of Jesus Christ for thy prosperity, and have been true to thy service; but as to the gods whom thou wouldst have me worship, they are devils, or at best, idols of wood and stone." Diocletian ordered him bound to a stake and shot to death with arrows. The archers pierced him with many shafts and left him for dead. At night the widow of one of his friends who had been martyred came to take his body to bury it, but found him still alive. She took him to her house and cared for him. Upon his recovery he went to the palace and stood where he knew



FIG. 96—The Last Supper. Tiepolo. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.



FIG. 97—St. Sebastian. Ribera. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.



FIG. 98—St. Anthony. Murillo. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.

Diocletian could see him. The amazed emperor exclaimed,

“Art thou not Sebastian?” and he answered:

“I am Sebastian, whom God hath delivered from thy hand, that I might testify to the faith of Jesus Christ and plead for his servants.” The angry emperor commanded that he be beaten to death and his remains thrown into the Cloaca Maxima. His body was found by the Christians and buried in the catacombs. No saint has been more often represented by the old artists than St. Sebastian with the arrows.

Ribera, called *Lo Spagnoletto*, the little Spaniard (1588-1656), early went to Italy to study. He was so poor that a cardinal, taking pity on him, attached him to his retinue, but Ribera, finding that the spur of poverty helped him to do better in his art, soon left his easy life. He was the forerunner of Velasquez.

Murillo has painted several pictures of St. Anthony of Padua, but most of them represent the saint with the Christ child. In this picture of “St. Anthony” (Fig. 98) the lilies and crucifix designate that the artist is representing St. Anthony of Padua and not St. Anthony of Egypt of the fifth century.

St. Anthony, a Portuguese by birth, became

a Franciscan monk and went to Morocco to convert the Moors. His health failed and he was compelled to return to Europe, but diverse winds landed him in Italy and he came to Assisi just as St. Francis was holding the first chapter of his Order. St. Anthony became next in authority to the founder and was noted for his wonderful eloquence as a preacher. He died when only thirty-six. Many miracles are attributed to him. One of the most unique states that once when preaching the funeral sermon of a rich man and denouncing his love of money, he exclaimed, "His heart is buried in his treasure chest; go seek it there and you will find it." The friends opened the chest and sure enough there was the man's heart; then they examined the man's chest and no heart was there.

Murillo's (1618-1682) religious pictures lack the spontaneous originality of his beggar boy subjects. They have a certain sweetness and pietistic fervor that often appeals to the votaries of the church, but they come too near to the sentimental to live as great masterpieces.

Of the modern Spanish artists Sorolla leads the van with a splendid example of his work in "The Young Amphibians." Sorolla is particularly happy in representing bathing and swim-

ming scenes. The effect of the dazzling light of a hot day on moist bodies, tumbling waves and dripping hair gives him special delight. He plays with it like a magician and produces results that are just as startling.

Landscape for its own sake was not used as a picture motive until the Netherland artists came to the front in the seventeenth century. The latest of these Dutchmen, Ruisdael and Hobbema, painted many pictures of the Dutch country, though they found little favor among their own people. Their pictures went to England and there influenced the growth of landscape painting.

The "River Scene with Barges" (Fig. 99), by Jacob van Ruisdael (1625-1682), is one of the pictures of which Fromentin, writing of Ruisdael, says, "He has left us of Holland a portrait which I will not call familiar but intimate, lovable, admirably faithful, which never grows old." Water in Holland is such a part of the country that a landscape without including it as a dominant feature would be untrue. Ruisdael rarely painted sunlight—the sun's influence is felt in this picture—which gives his skies a gloomy effect and darkens his shadows. Almost nothing is known of the artist's life except that he was neglected by his countrymen and died in the almshouse.

We will now go over into England and see what Constable, the English artist (1776-1837), has done. Of "Old Brighton Pier" (Fig. 100), his own words are the best introduction when he says, "Tone is the most seductive and inviting quality a picture can have." Constable confined his working hours chiefly to the period of the day from ten to five, though, as he says, his great desire as a painter of nature was to paint "light—dews—breeze—bloom and freshness—not one of which has been perfected on the canvas of any painter in the world." He was a close student of the Dutch landscapists; unlike them, however, he saw vivid green mixed with brown as he looked on the fields and tree-covered hills. But it is the sky with its varying aspects that we remember in Constable's pictures. He gave it such a personal quality that to say a "Constable sky" brings it before us.

He could scarcely have chosen a spot where a wide expanse of sky gave him a greater variety of cloud effects than at Brighton Beach. His marvelous skill in picturing

". . . the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky"

is comparable with that of Shelley in verse. Probably the artist's early employment in a



FIG. 99—River Scene with Barges. Ruysdael. Wiltach Gallery, Philadelphia.



FIG. 100—Old Brighton Pier. Constable. Wiltach Gallery, Philadelphia.



Fig. 101—Solitude. Millet. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.

un-
then
s in
and-
izon
here
eing

1830
101)
his
side
now
; the
for-
great
that
been
wall,
tes-
nion
the

Fig.
quiet
zist
; and
Cut"
In

CHESTERTON'S AMAZING NOVEL



BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

"With 'The Flying Inn,' Chesterton sets the seal on his versatility; it is a medley that out Chestertons Chesterton."

—*Boston Transcript*

"A book that makes you want to get up and shout. . . . which is a good feeling; a book like a brass band marching and playing over hills with strong youths stepping to it; in fact, it's Mr. Chesterton at his amazing best."

—*Hildegard Hawthorne*
in the *New York Times*

"There is an astonishing deal of rollicking good stuff in the book, wit, satire, drollery, philosophy, and an amazing trick of character-drawing in a style that mingles realism, the fantastic, even the passionate and fanatic."

—*New York Evening Post*


Second Edition. Cloth, \$1.30 net

At All Bookstores


JOHN LANE CO.

NEW YORK


LOCKE'S GREATEST SUCCESS



**THE
FORTUNATE
YOUTH**



WILLIAM J. LOCKE



☞ A glorious romance of life and love and valor, and Mr. Locke's best since "The Belovèd Vagabond."

☞ Introducing the most lovable hero in all Locke's galaxy of lovable characters.

☞ To a ragamuffin slum boy is vouchsafed a Vision Splendid that raises his soul above his grubby surroundings. Thereafter, possessed with the idea that the future holds for him a glorious destiny, he presses forward undauntedly to the achievement of his great ambitions.

With 8 illustrations by
ARTHUR I. KELLER

Large 12mo. Decorated Cloth, \$1.35 net

At All Bookstores

JOHN LANE COMPANY New York

windmill was the beginning of his intimate understanding of the moods of the clouds. When his "Hay Wain" was exhibited in Paris in 1824, it greatly impressed the French landscape painters, the founders of the Barbizon school of 1830. They recognized that here was a man who saw nature through seeing eyes.

Naturally we turn next to one of these 1830 men, and in looking at "Solitude" (Fig. 101) recognize that Millet has here expressed his true self. He was wont to say, "The gay side of life never shows itself to me. I do not know where it is. The gayest thing I know is the calm silence which is so sweet both in the forest and in the fields." The solitude of a great mind is expressed in the profound silence that hovers over this lonely spot. That it has been the habitation of man in the past the wall, with its solitary standing gateway pillar, testifies, but the fallen stones of its companion and the unbroken snow now intensify the lonely scene.

It is just the reverse in the "Short Cut" (Fig. 102) by George Inness. There is the quiet countryside where nature is in her laziest mood, but the rushing train in the distance and the tottering old man crossing the "Short Cut" mark the unrest of the human element. In

this lovely idyl Inness has touched the keynote to the world's progress; the moving train is the connecting link that binds the quiet village to the throbbing heart of the great city. George Inness was the forerunner of our American school, which to-day leads in landscape painting. He was a man of deep thought and of distinct individuality. Even at the end of his career, after many changes in style, he had lost none of his artistic enthusiasm or originality. To know one work of George Inness is to know all his works, though some of them did not come up to the full standard of merit.

In the Corcoran Gallery are many of the works of the later landscapists of the American school (see page 179).

A most illusive portrait by Whistler is the "Lady with the Yellow Buskin" (Fig. 103). She turns as she passes, seemingly to glance at us, but where she is going or where she came from are entirely beyond our knowledge. Her personality is tantalizing. She uses no art to draw us, yet we would follow, if only to solve her identity. Certainly Whistler has here brought together simplicity and skill in the most perfect manner.

Yes, Mr. John C. Van Dyke is right, "It is the maximum of effect with the minimum of

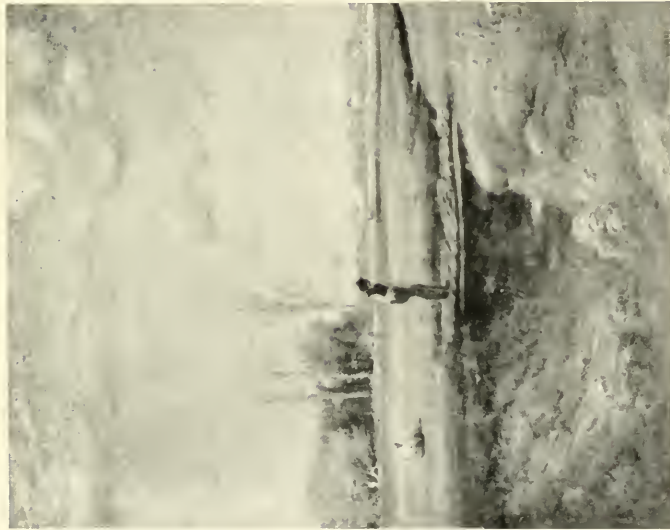


FIG. 102—Short Cut, Inness, Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.



FIG. 103—Lady with the Yellow Buskin, Whistler, Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.



FIG. 104—The Last Day of the Condemned. Munkacsy. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.



FIG. 105—Barbaro After the Hunt. Rosa Bonheur. Wilstach Gallery, Philadelphia.

effort" that places Whistler among the great portrait painters of the world. The mysterious essence we call personal charm that hovers around his people is of the spirit, for it is rarely that he represents beautiful women or handsome men. In fact, the reverse is so prominent that we almost feel an impatience at his perverseness, then we smile for we know that he has made us admire his people in spite of ourselves.

One of the most curious instances of the sudden reversal of fortune is connected with the painting of "The Last Day of the Condemned" (Fig. 104) by Michael de Munkacsy (1846-1900). Munkacsy was a Hungarian. Early in life he was left an orphan in extreme poverty but, nothing daunted, he determined to be educated and to become an artist. Then came a trial that would have defeated a lesser man. He was attacked with a disease of the eyes. For six months, in a hospital with the thought of total blindness continually before him, he dreamed and planned this picture, which he called his masterpiece. When he came from the hospital, poverty again stared him in the face. He started his picture on the back of an old church pew, but was too poor to buy paints to finish it. His friends advised him to give up art and go back to his

trade, that of a carpenter. Just at this crisis Mr. Wilstach, the collector of this gallery of pictures, visited Munkacsy's studio. He recognized the young man's merit and bought the picture. When it was completed, he sent it to the Paris Salon. Instantly Munkacsy was recognized as a great genius, and immediately poverty and obscurity gave place to wealth and to world-wide fame.

The picture represents a Hungarian custom. It is the prisoner's last day before execution. Relatives and friends and the simply curious are allowed to visit the condemned. Some have brought offerings for a mass, others human sympathy. Around the wife and little daughter center the pathos of the scene. Munkacsy's richness in color adds greatly to the dramatic quality of his compositions. He is probably best known by his "Christ Before Pilate," though his *genre* pictures are well loved because they represent the homely human side of life.

"Barbaro After the Hunt" (Fig. 105) is without question a fine picture of a vigorous dog exhausted from great excitement and prolonged action. Rosa Bonheur (1822-1899) knew animals well, yet she lacked the artistic quality of the Barbizon animal painters. Possibly much of her popularity was due to the

fact of being a woman artist. Her position was unique to say the least. Dressed in the blouse and pantaloons of the French peasant boy she frequented the various fairs and studied the animals in their natural surroundings. As a woman she stood, and still stands, for all that is womanly, and as an artist she was the first woman to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honor. When Emperor Napoleon III decided that her sex should not interfere with her receiving the cross, the Empress Eugénie came to her studio and, says the artist, "Saluting the new knight with a kiss, she pinned the decoration to my black velvet jacket."

CHAPTER XIII

BALTIMORE, WALTERS GALLERY

PROBABLY no private collection of pictures in this country has contributed more to the education of school people than Mr. Walters' Gallery in Baltimore. It is usually open to the public for a specified fee, but special arrangements are made again and again that public and private school students may have the benefit of the treasures in the gallery. The collection has always held a unique place because of its value as an educator, but this is particularly true since the pictures have been carefully culled and rehung.

We have Mr. Walters' own statement, in regard to the rehanging of the Italian pictures, that his plan is to represent the history of Italian art rather than to fill his gallery with masterpieces. This gives the keynote of its great value to students. However, Mr. Walters has many masterpieces of rare excellence among his paintings. In fact, some of the ex-

amples of the old masters that form his collection could not be duplicated, even in Europe. The wonderful "Madonna of the Candelabra," though not painted exclusively by Raphael—the torch-bearing cherubs are doubtless by his pupils—is one of the most beautiful of the artist's Madonna pictures. Another real gem of the Italian section is the "Virgin and Child," by Fra Lippo Lippi. Browning has made us love Lippo Lippi; he is so human. The monk-painter was he—monk by force of circumstances, painter from choice. He could no more paint for the monks and

"Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh,"

than he could

"Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!"

And if he obeyed the Prior

"To rub all out, try at it a second time!"

his trials certainly never succeeded in leaving out the human element, for love had come into his own heart, and Lucretia peeps out at us from the Virgin. The Child, perhaps, is Filippino Lippi, the son that helped gain the papal pardon and a true marriage bond.

The "Virgin and Child with Saints and Donor," by Crivelli, is a fine example of the Venetian school. These two examples are splendid representations of the difference in the awakening of art in the fifteenth century of the north and south of Italy. Crivelli of the north, though a quarter of a century later, was still clinging to the almond eyes and long stringy fingers of the Orient, but Fra Lippo Lippi of the south had learned that beauty of face added much to the human interest of the Virgin.

An illustrated catalogue of the Gallery will soon be issued.

CHAPTER XIV

WASHINGTON, D. C., CORCORAN GAL- LERY OF ART

FROM May 10, 1869, when the late William Wilson Corcoran deeded to the public the Corcoran Gallery of Art "to be used solely for the purposes of encouraging American genius in the production and preservation of works pertaining to the Fine Arts, and kindred subjects," until now the gallery has been preëminently devoted to the American school. When, after a quarter of a century, a new site was chosen and a new building erected and opened in 1897, a new era dawned in the proper display of permanent works of our American artists. Over one-third of the artists represented in the Corcoran Gallery are American-born and of those a goodly number are now among the leading artists of the world.

As landscape art seems our special province, we naturally turn to George Inness (1825-1894) as America's great exponent in that

branch. A forerunner, an innovator and a modern, he stands as a revealer. The gallery is exceedingly fortunate in owning his "Sunset in the Woods" (Fig. 106). The picture is particularly interesting because of the artist's own words in regard to it. On July 23, 1891, Mr. Inness wrote of the "Sunset in the Woods:" "The material for my picture was taken from a sketch made near Hastings, Westchester County, New York, twenty years ago. This picture was commenced seven years ago, but until last winter I had not obtained any idea commensurate with the impression received on the spot. The idea is to represent an effect of light in the woods toward sundown, but to allow the imagination to predominate." We feel in this bit of personal revelation that we have drawn near to the original power of this artist's genius. If, in the hurry to sell to-day, there could be a little more of the Inness spirit of waiting until genius really burns, we might have fewer failures on the market. Why the public buys as it does is an unexplained mystery. However, if those with opportunities would live up to their responsibilities, the public would learn to buy good art, for only good art would be offered them.

Was it not worth the waiting to get that glow on the venerable old tree trunk and in the



FIG. 106—Sunset in the Woods. Inness. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



FIG. 107—Niagara Falls. Church. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

1911
1912
1913
1914
1915

opening beyond the big boulder? How we can feel the gloom creeping in and the darkness shutting down! A stillness is in the air; the hushed twitter of the birds and the nodding flowers warn us that night is near. The cry of the owl and the night insects grows bolder. Come! we must hurry for that brilliant glow—like the hectic flush—goes suddenly

“and leaves the world to darkness.”

George Inness was a true poet of nature; he pictured common scenes of the nearby meadows and woods and streams and gave them a new meaning.

Frederick E. Church was but a year younger than George Inness, but he lived till the dawn of the twentieth century (1826-1900). He early began to specialize in particular phases of nature, going to South America and Jamaica to study the tropical scenery and to Labrador to complete his famous “Icebergs.” Probably his painting of “Niagara Falls” (Fig. 107) brought him the most permanent fame. When it appeared, it was said that “indeed this work formed an era in the history of native landscape art, from the revelation it proved to Europeans.” He certainly bewilders the

mind with that stupendous volume of water pouring into the abyss below.

It is not surprising that the picture attracted favorable attention in Paris at the International Exhibition in 1867, where it received a medal of the second class. At that time comparatively few people in Europe had any definite idea of our country or knew anything about its natural wonders. To state that such a vast quantity of water was pouring itself year after year over a fall of one hundred and sixty-four feet was almost unthinkable by the old world travelers, familiar with the falls of Switzerland. What did it mean—that wide stretch of water reaching to the very horizon? Where were the mountains to stay its course? And where did the depths below lead to that were swallowing up the mighty waters? How calmly Church has marshaled his forces, until at the inevitable moment the great phenomenon is consummated.

After William Lamb Picknell (1852-1897), who was born in Vermont, had studied under George Inness in Rome and Gérôme in Paris, he went to ancient Brittany. And there he painted many pictures of the quaint old country. "The Road to Concarneau" (Fig. 108) shows the undulating coast of France bordering the Atlantic ocean. The dense coarse vege-

tation and low-lying sky suggest salt marshes, and beyond the wide expanse, the sea. How the straining horses and the man's hand on his aching back reinforce the gentle grade and emphasize the long shadows of the western sun. The toilers are homeward bound; the tired horses feel the weight of the wet seaweed, yet their forward-turned ears are signals that the end of the day is bringing the feeding stall and the seaweed bed. A quaint homely scene, yet full of charm.

Pinknell knew well how to hint at the interesting past of ancient Brittany. The ruins of the round tower, all but lost in the undergrowth, the splendid connecting roadway, marked by milestones, and running through wild wastes of vegetation to small hamlets, suggest the Roman rule. Concarneau is in Finistère, the most western portion of ancient Brittany, where the point of the coast is bounded both on the west and south by the Atlantic Ocean. The peasantry in this section still speak the ancient language, closely resembling the Welsh—probably they originally came from England in the fourth or fifth centuries—and they still wear the quaint old costumes and keep up many of the peculiar customs of the past.

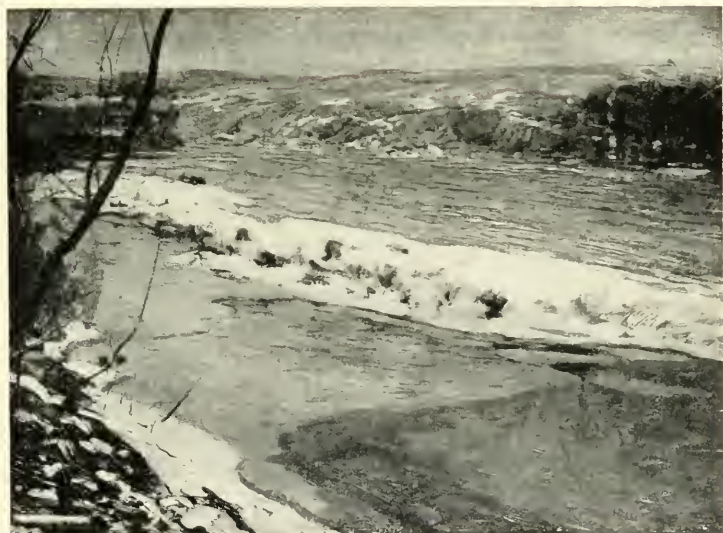
Could anything show wider variance than

Mr. Edward W. Redfield's "Delaware River" (Fig. 109) and "The Road to Concarneau"? One is untamed nature in her winter's mood, the other nature under man's centuries-old dominance. Both are roadways, but one is ever changing and the other never changing. No phase of nature is better understood by Mr. Redfield than winter. Possibly because December was his birth month, he was given a deeper knowledge of the old winter king. Certain it is he never fails to give the thrills that the biting air brings, whether it is to shiver as the dampness clutches us or to laugh as we glide over the soft snow.

It is cold along the Delaware River when the snow is caught in patches and skims of ice hold the water here and there, so no wonder the picture makes the flesh pimple a little. Only the other day I saw a number of paintings of winter scenes—one was Mr. Redfield's—and then realized as never before that it is Mr. Redfield's sympathetic touch that warms our hearts. He is picturing something dear to him, and the personal note in his simple lines appeals to us at once. Nothing extravagant, nothing overdrawn, just candid truth, is the element that made the artificial winter scenes slip in the background. The "Delaware River" was one of the paintings purchased



FIG. 108—The Road to Concarneau. Picknell. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 109—Delaware River. Redfield. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 110—The New York Window. Hassam. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

for the Corcoran collection from the First Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings in 1907, held in the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Mr. Childe Hassam was born in Boston in 1859. From 1889, when he was awarded the bronze medal at the Paris Exposition, until the present time his art has received nearly a score of medals and prizes as tokens of approbation from the critics of Europe and America. Probably the fact that Mr. Hassam is not only a genius but a thoroughly trained craftsman is the secret of his success. "The New York Window" (Fig. 110) is one of a number of similar paintings in which the artist is, doubtless primarily, dealing with light and its effect on the various objects, but personally we cannot look at the young woman as simply an object. She is far too individual for that. To one at all familiar with New York City houses and their high narrow-paned windows that catch the full light of the sky, this picture will touch a responsive chord. Only an artist with the sensitive appreciation of the effect of light that Mr. Hassam has could have originated these unique pictures. Who has used this theme in like manner—given a girl, a dish of fruit or spring blossoms, a round table (see Fig. 123), a city window and light and color?

One American critic says of Mr. Hassam's daring methods and originality, "I am inclined to believe that the amazing satisfaction of his art can best be explained by the accuracy of his accentuation, the perfection of his emphasis in color." That he is a master of color we frankly admit, though at times we are stupefied and turn away feeling that he is beyond us. Not so with this lovely picture. The New York window has taken on a new character since Mr. Hassam has shown it to us.

Mr. Hassam was one of the Ten American Painters who separated themselves from the National Academy in 1898 and began a rather unique existence—if we may express it so—by exhibiting their paintings at the gallery of Durand-Ruel, New York City. A few years later, through the kindness of Mr. Montross, they continued to exhibit at the Montross Gallery, New York City. Now, however, most of the men are again members of the National Academy and exhibit there annually.

The original men who formed this unique group were:

John H. Twachtman, J. Alden Weir, Gardner Symons, Joseph De Camp, Thomas W. Dewing, Edmund W. Tarbell, Robert Reid, Willard L. Metcalf, Frank W. Benson, Childe Hassam.

After Mr. Twachtman died in 1902, Mr. William M. Chase was elected to take his place. The works of these men will be noted in the various galleries as we go from city to city.

The Corcoran Gallery also has some fine examples of the Barbizon school. Corot's "Wood Gatherers" (Fig. 111) is of special interest because the artist signed it after he was confined to his bed, a few days before his death. It seems that Corot took, as the first motive for this picture, an old study from another artist of a landscape with St. Jerome at prayer. He made several sketches from it, enlarging and transforming the landscape, changing the principal figure, St. Jerome, and adding others. Then he named it the "Wood Gatherers." The several sketches show the transformations made from the original study to the finished landscape, measuring forty-four inches by sixty-three inches.

Corot has here lost nothing of the poetry of light and atmosphere, and the shimmery gray-green trees are just as full of invisible moisture as in his earlier days. How much more human are the wood gatherers and the little group entering the wood road than a praying saint could have been. Corot has come very close to the great heart of humanity in this

picture, as he expresses the sympathy of his own loving heart. He was rightly called the "happy one" of the 1830 school, for his heart was full of sunshine and that sunshine is reflected in every stroke of his brush. Everybody loved Corot. William Hunt said of him, "Corot was strong, stanch, decided, cheerful about his own things. When I saw him last he was seventy-seven. He said, 'If the Lord lets me live two years longer, I think I can paint something beautiful!'" He lived just two years. In his last moments he moved his right hand to the wall as though he were painting and said, "Look how beautiful it is! I have never seen such admirable landscapes."

Daubigny in a frank, straightforward manner shows us scenes lying right before us. If we are standing by the river looking at the low-lying fields beyond, Daubigny calls our attention to the ducks crinkling the water, the swamp grass waving in the breeze, the men loading hay in the meadow, the tall trees against the soft blue-gray sky, but all with that dreamy soothing touch that gives nature her healing qualities (see Fig. 38). Look at this landscape of a "Hamlet on the Seine" (Fig. 112) and note how many details—details in groups, not in petty pin points—and yet how comprehensive. Our eyes wander over it, yet



FIG. 111—Wood Gatherers. Corot. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



FIG. 112—Hamlet on the Seine. Daubigny. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



FIG. 113—Drinking Place. Troyon. Coreoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.



FIG. 114—Interior of a Cottage. Israels. Coreoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

our mind is comforted. It is a bit of nature that needs no comment. It is simply a commonplace riverside hamlet, bathed in moist atmosphere with a cloud-flecked sky hovering lovingly over it.

Daubigny was the youngest of the 1830 men. He did not live at Barbizon, yet his rendering of nature, like that of the rest of the Barbizon men, was of the essence of things. He was a naturalist pure and simple.

Constant Troyon's "Drinking Place" (Fig. 113) is rightly named. Often we think of Troyon as an animal painter, when in reality he paints landscapes with splendid animals to supplement them. What a fine vigorous cow this is swinging down for her water in the "Drinking Place"! She has appeared at this particular spot just as Troyon set up his easel, and naturally she belongs in the scene. The hazy light of the gray day falling on her white hair reflects a silvery sheen that sings in the whole picture. How beautifully the tender green of the fresh sprouts on the willow stumps harmonize with the dull blue-gray of the cloudy sky. The fresh green bordering the glistening pool is caught in the surrounding atmosphere and adds its note of gladness. Troyon was a true landscapist, and understood just

how to please in making his pictures mirror actual scenes.

We soon learn to know Josef Israels' pictures. The "Interior of a Cottage" (Fig. 114) has the warmth of a personal presence that marks all his works. (See Fig. 47.) We feel immediately that this mother and her sleeping baby are approachable. The homeliness of the little cottage is glorified by the mother-presence. It is late in the afternoon; the long rays of the setting sun are pouring through the tiny window illuminating the pink baby face and hand, the soft color of the baby quilt and the muslin garment in the industrious fingers. Unlike many of Israels' paintings, we can here trace the source of the light, but the objects illuminated are still under the control of the artist.

CHAPTER XV

PITTSBURGH, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

THE collection of paintings at the Carnegie Institute is largely made up of the work of contemporaneous artists in Europe and America. Some of the examples are already widely known because of frequent reproduction and special exhibitions in various cities.

The portrait of "Sarasate" (Fig. 115) compels our attention and no wonder, for it is one of Whistler's most unique character sketches. Possibly the eminent Spanish violinist may be remembered quite as well through this representation of him as by his own wonderful career. I well remember the impression the portrait made when it was first exhibited in New York City about the year Whistler died, 1903. The picture was hung in the corner of a long room opposite an entrance door. I hesitated at the doorway because the presence of the master violinist was so intimate and

warm and his eloquent eyes and melancholy face were so instinct with life that I waited, hoping to hear again his interpretation of the mighty Beethoven. From Sarasate's physique and carriage, as Whistler portrays him, one might almost think it a portrait of the master painter himself in the guise of a master violinist. Sarasate and Joachim were dividing honors when the twentieth century opened—Sarasate died in 1908—and musical critics agree that "they will hold their places in the annals of violin playing as the representatives of certain elemental excellences in art."

Edwin Austin Abbey (1852-1911) certainly refuted over and over again the ridiculous assertion that story-telling pictures could not be true art. His pictorial interpretations of the "Holy Grail" in the Boston Library, "She Stoops to Conquer" and Shakespearian scenes have given those masterpieces in ancient legend and literature a significance undreamed of before. He not only entered into the spirit of the stories as their authors represented them but, adding his own personal characteristics, he has given to them an originality that stamps them as masterpieces in art.

Of course we are interested in the story underlying Abbey's portrayal of special scenes,



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 115—Sarasate. Whistler. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 116—Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester. Abbey. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 117—The Wreck. Homer. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

yet that does not detract from our enjoyment of the picture itself. As we stand before "The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester" (Fig. 116) we feel the fascination of the beautiful, haughty woman. Our instinctive sense of what is due womanhood is being outraged. We recognize that here is represented an elemental truth in civilized life. Even the fact that overweening ambition has brought to pass this punishment does not prevent the artist from centering the charm of the composition around the Duchess.

The story told in Henry VI, Act II, Scene 3 is in outline that Eleanor plotted that her husband Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the Kingdom, should supplant his nephew, King Henry VI, and she would step from the rank of second lady in the realm to that of queen. When her schemes were disclosed, her fellow-intriguers were put to death and she, said King Henry,

"Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment."

The painting represents the moment of Eleanor's speech to the Duke of Gloucester who, dressed in mourning, listens with bowed head.

“Ah, Gloster ; teach me to forget myself !
For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet ;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.”

There is no question about Winslow Homer standing for American art. It was his picture in Paris in 1900 that compelled foreigners to note the fact that he was more than an American painter. It was then that just a faint suggestion entered the minds of Europeans that America might have an art of its own in time. Were it not for the stupidity of it, the idea—for it is now only an idea—that we have no art would be amusing. Yet it still clings to the minds of some of our own people, as well as to those of our contemporaries across the water. Our artists are something like the children who never grow up, in their parents' eyes. But why even mention a circumstance so far in the past, and especially when discussing a painting by Winslow Homer?

“The Wreck” (Fig. 117), American in setting, has the spirit of the follow-the-sea-folk that Homer put into his earlier works. The

merciless power of the ocean is the underlying theme, yet the unflinching courage of the life-saving crew is the human element that holds us. Homer's profound reverence for the mighty waters that cover the deep was sweetened by his great sympathy with humanity. A man of strong imagination, tempered by a self-control that gripped him, he centered his art on a broad and wholesome understanding of man's strength and nature's powers.

One of the men who are leaders in American art is Edward Willis Redfield. He was the first American landscape painter to see one of his paintings, bought by the French government, hung in the Luxembourg, Paris. He is best known as a painter of winter, a theme befitting his strong, simple lines. His keen appreciation of the latent power buried under the snow and ice and hidden in the gaunt leafless trees infuses a sense of life into his winter scenes. The barrenness of the aspect gives no hint of a dead world—nature is simply accumulating forces as she sleeps. Possibly we never saw "Sycamore Hill" (Fig. 118) until Mr. Redfield showed it to us—

"we're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see,"

but when an artist whose heart is alive to God's universe fixes on canvas a bit of nature with the breath of heaven in it, we love it. Mr. Redfield is widening our ideas of winter and helping us to feel the pent-up joy of the close-locked earth. Many of his paintings are scenes from near his home in the Delaware Valley country, but their import cannot be confined to any special section; wherever is found snow and ice there is the essence of his art.

Jean Charles Cazin (1814-1901) was no doubt influenced by the 1830 men, though he was never classed with the Barbizon school. He was decidedly individual and very artistic in his manner of enveloping his paintings in a blue-gray haziness. True, this prevailing tone gave an indefinite sameness to his landscapes, yet we feel that it is Cazin's means of expressing himself. In his painting of a "Suburb of Antwerp" (Fig. 119) the rank growth along the stream is softened and harmonized in the gray atmosphere with the old rambling house and distant cloud-streaked sky, yet the lovely light beyond the house and reflected in the water gives a note of gladness to the scene. Cazin was a rapid painter and some of his compositions show a lack of care that detracts from their real value as works of art.

One wonders if Jean François Raffaëlli him-



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 118—Sycamore Hill. Redfield. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 119—Suburbs of Antwerp. Cazin. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 120—Boulevard des Italiens. Raffaele. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

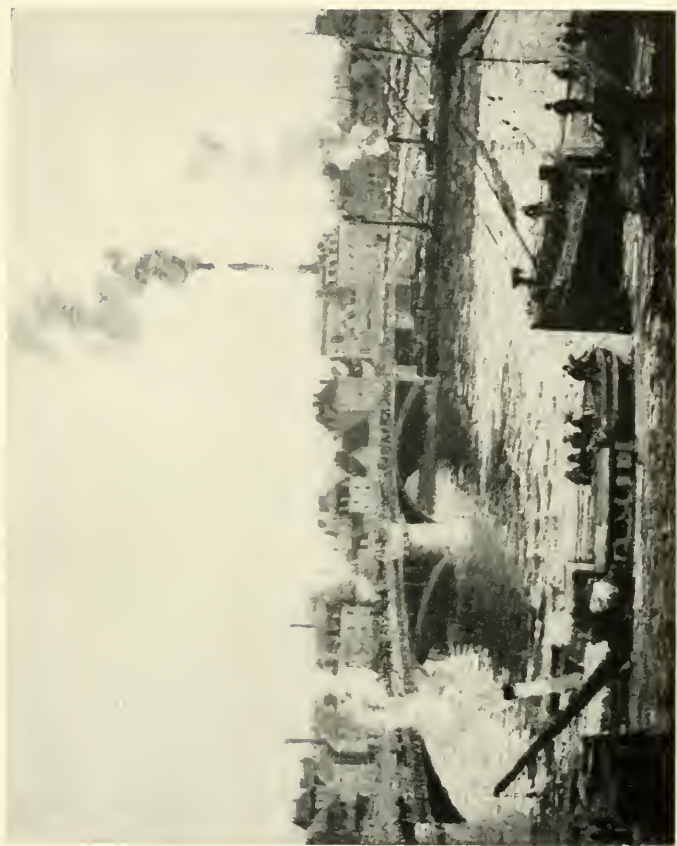
FIG. 121—Portrait of Her Grace, the Duchess of Rutland. Blanche. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

self is sitting at one of the tables sketching the crowd as it passes in the "Boulevard des Italiens, Paris" (Fig. 120). How real is the young woman who is hurrying somewhere. She has an undertone of eagerness that compels interest, but I venture she could scarcely tell why she is eager, only that Paris is in her blood. Paris does get into the blood, and Raffaëlli knew it. Wonderful character sketches these likenesses are—veritable portraits. Look at the man with the dog and the waiter and the man selling papers and the woman by the signpost. Even the horses show the temper of the bus teams of Paris, especially those waiting near the clock. The longer we look at this picture the more impressed we are with Raffaëlli's intimate understanding of humanity.

It was Raffaëlli who dared to paint pictures with white as the prevailing tone—white against white, whites superimposed on whites. I once saw on exhibition, in New York City, dozens of Raffaëlli's canvases and the impression was that of a world decked in white—and a wonderful world it was, too. Not only did he dare to use white in his own original way but to invent paint-crayons, and with these he drew his outlines in rough and sketchy lines, thus gaining a poetic effect that captivated the art world.

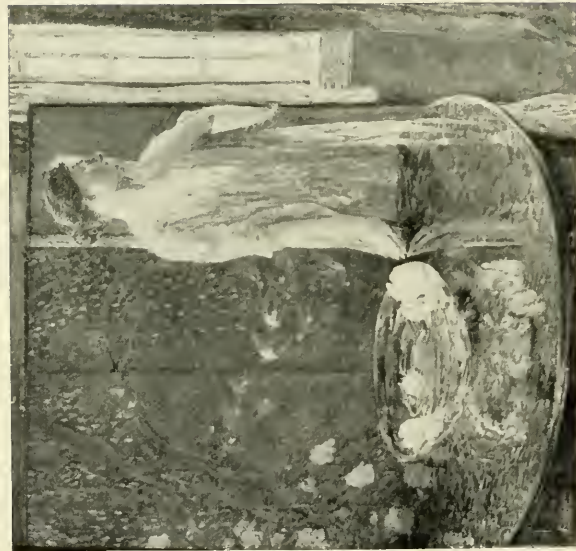
A new portrait has been added to the collection of the Carnegie Institute that is compelling attention. The "Portrait of Her Grace, the Duchess of Rutland" (Fig. 121), by Jacques Émile Blanche, grips us and will not let us go. Is it Her Grace or the artist's interpretation of Her Grace that fascinates us? We frankly admit that a certain amount of romance lingers around a Duchess of Rutland ever since the fair Dorothy Vernon, by eloping with Sir John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland, in the sixteenth century, brought the famous Haddon Hall into the Rutland family. This baronial mansion is one of the finest examples of medieval architecture in England. Though not occupied, it is in fine repair and draws many tourists to it yearly. Then again, Sir Charles Manners, fourth Duke of Rutland, who protested in 1775 against the taxation of the American colonies, inherited Haddon Hall from his grandfather in 1779.

Among the works of artists of the Independents of the so-called Impressionist school those of Camille Pissarro and Childe Hassam stand out most prominently. In "The Great Bridge at Rouen" (Fig. 122) Pissarro has illustrated most forcibly the real import of the original impressionist, Manet. To paint things as they impress the beholder, through



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 122—The Great Bridge at Rouen. Pissarro. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 123—Spring Morning. Hassam. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

FIG. 124—Portrait of a Boy, Benson. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

the medium of light and air, is in a measure the underlying principle, but that light and air are playing strange pranks with some of the devotees of the independent movement is self-evident. Certainly liberty has become license when a picture gives no impression at all unless a volume of light and air ten feet and more in thickness is between the beholder and the picture. But not so with Pissarro's pictures. Keyed in high color, he preserves the picturesque and emphasizes just enough of particular objects to give unity and hold the interest. The longer we look at the great bridge the more we are impressed with the artist's clever understanding of the effect of air and light and his restraint in using them.

With Childe Hassam an entirely different *modus operandi* is apparent, for a remarkable personality is behind it. "Spring Morning" (Fig. 123) is tantalizing in its hints of the rebirth of animate things. The thoughts that are stirring in the young woman—or is it in our own mind—are fraught with intense feeling. Not even the birds skimming across the screen are more intent. A dreamer is she? yes, but a spring dreamer where all is possibility. Light and air caress the canvas until color and form have become component parts with them and the whole picture sings in harmony, but with-

out loss of solidity, the quality that the later independents are gaining.

In no portrait has Frank W. Benson caught the vital spark more truly than in his "Portrait of a Boy" (Fig. 124). Curious, a little doubtful and a hint of rebellion at being disturbed are the dominating traits that mark this boy, and in those traits this boy is a universal boy. A boy is self-centered, wanting to be let alone; a girl is self-centered, expecting notice. Mr. Benson's brush has caught a certain brightness of color and light that speaks a language of its own. No one could mistake his manner of entangling the sunlight in the hair and garments of his open-air figures. It is not always, however, that his portraits have the charm and personality of this boy; at times he seems so obsessed with the artistic quality of his work that the element of likeness is all but eliminated from the portrait.

When the portrait of Mrs. Maurice Greiffenhagen (Fig. 125), by Maurice Greiffenhagen, was added to the permanent collection of the Institute it was a decided gain in the already fine examples of modern portraiture in the museum. That the picture received honorable mention in the International Exhibition in 1907 was evidence that its charm and vital-



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

Fig. 125—Portrait of Mrs. Maurice Greiffenhagen. Greiffenhagen. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.



Copyright, Carnegie Institute.

Fig. 126—Portrait of Henry Nicols, Stuart. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

ity found a responsive chord in the minds of the judges—and well they might.

A recent purchase is the "Portrait of Henry Nicols" (Fig. 126), by Gilbert Stuart. This is an addition of great value, not only as a genuine example of a splendid portrait by Stuart but because Henry Nicols was one of the pioneers of the eastern shores of Maryland—his family came to America at the time of Lord Baltimore. He was a man of refinement, and hospitality was a marked feature of his Maryland mansion. Mr. G. C. Mason writes in his "Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart": "It is related of him that he determined to have his portrait painted by Stuart, and to this end, attended by his bodyguard, he drove from Baltimore to Boston in his own carriage, giving three weeks to the journey. Stuart rewarded his enthusiasm by painting a remarkably fine head of him."

CHAPTER XVI

SYRACUSE, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

SYRACUSE may well be proud of its fine collection of representative paintings of American art, now a permanent possession of the museum. Simplicity, the prevailing note in the landscapes of Charles H. Davis (1856) in the museum, could well be taken as the keynote of the whole collection. We recognize the freedom from artificiality and the seeking for simple natural truths that have governed the selection of all the paintings. Themes big with life's truths meet us on all sides, but rarely do we feel that the artists have gone beyond their depths and failed; rather they have frankly expressed an idea full of significance.

"The 'Time of the Red-Winged Black Bird'" (Fig. 127) is one of Mr. Davis' delightful sonnets on a special phase of nature, spring being

the particular rule for this sonnet. The red-winged black bird. What bird-lover has not watched him sitting quietly on the topmost branch of some bare tree in an inaccessible boggy marsh, watching his mate nesting? We think of him as gregarious but not always does he love a crowd nor is he scratching an acquaintance often as Tennyson says,

“The red-wing flutes his ‘O-ka-lee!’”

How simply Mr. Davis has expressed the security of the bird's chosen retreat. The faint wheel tracks lead to the stream and there stop. Probably the little stream, swollen by the spring rains, washed over the marsh and then settled into a deeper bed, too deep for a wagon to cross—we think this might be so. The red-wing knows. This bit of nature is lovely in its soft green garments, tinged with rainbow tints on underbrush and rocky slope. Mr. Davis is thoroughly at home in his interpretation of these solitary places, for he is often called the hermit of Mystic, Connecticut, where he lives with nature and paints what he sees. His “Clouds” is one of the latest acquisitions to the museum.

Ten years ago an English critic called a group of American landscape-painters “the

rising sun in art," and in the group was Henry W. Ranger (b. 1858). I know you will exclaim at his "Long Pond" (Fig. 128), "How much like Corot!" Yes, it is similar to the great French landscapist, but is it the same? It took courage to enter the path Corot trod, and only a man who knew his own strength would have dared do it. When we stop to think, however, why should not other artists see nature as Corot saw her? Mr. Ranger's unafraid frankness wins us at once. He is not imitating another, but expressing his own personality somewhat in the same manner of another. It is Corot-like, this "Long Pond," but it is not Corot; the trees are firmer and more steady, the composition more definite, yet the atmospheric effect is just as luminous and all-embracing. What if it does show the influence of the Barbizon school? Does that make it a less original production by Henry W. Ranger? The controversy still rages that Shakespeare borrowed his plots, but somehow Shakespeare still continues to be the great Bard of Avon and Ranger, though Corot-like, remains the American artist, and his landscapes are representative of the leading landscapists of America.

The "Portrait" (Fig. 129), by J. Alden Weir (1852-), is specially interesting as a like-



FIG. 127—The Time of the Red-Winged Black Bird. Davis. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse.



FIG. 128—Long Pond. Ranger. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse.



FIG. 129—The Portrait. Weir. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse.



FIG. 130—Mother and Child. Hawthorne. Museum of Fine Arts, Syracuse.

ness of the artist's daughter. It is difficult to decide when Mr. Weir is at his best, in portraiture or in landscapes. The museum is fortunate in owning splendid examples in both branches of his art. Again note that it is the simplicity of composition, tempered with a self-restraint which has eliminated everything but the essentials, that charms us. The arrangement of the hair, the gown, the pose—all are in perfect harmony. There is no catering to the ultra-modiste that savors of the ridiculous, either in artist or subject. (See *Ten American Painters*, page 186.)

In the picture of the "Mother and Child" (Fig. 130) Charles W. Hawthorne is at his best. The young woman is a beautiful type of motherhood. The mystery of a new life lies in the depths of those wide-open eyes, yet she scarcely comprehends its meaning. She feels the pride of possession as never before, for a great responsibility is knocking at her heart; the faint smile of ownership is giving place to the awe that comes when the young mother first recognizes that the child is her very own. How lovely is the wealth of sunlit hair that like an aureola frames her face, and how the tender color of her robe emphasizes the warm flesh and draws us very close to her! We love the baby.

There are little personal incidents connected with Mr. Hawthorne's young days as an artist that endear him to us and help us to better understand his perception of the inner life of his sitters. One of these incidents had to do with his practice days at Shinnecock where Mr. William M. Chase was conducting his famous criticisms before a large and admiring class of students. Mr. Hawthorne's enthusiasm for his chosen work was greater than his worldly means in those days, so he was not among the privileged ones to attend the distinguished teacher's classes. One day, however, he was sketching on the seashore when Mr. Chase came swinging along the beach. Not specially noticing young Hawthorne, but possibly thinking him one of his own students, he stopped and looking closely at the sketch, remarked,

"Young man, why don't you come to my criticisms?" Mr. Hawthorne hesitated, probably not wishing to give the real reason, but Mr. Chase, in his quick nervous manner, added,

"Come to the next one," and walked on. This was the desire of young Hawthorne's heart, but alas, his wardrobe was not as rich as his artistic talent. The Chase students soon understood the state of affairs and young Hawthorne appeared at the next day's criticism

well clothed and with his picture. He chose his seat in the corner on the topmost tier of benches, and looked down on the assembled students and the great teacher. It was Mr. Chase's habit to put a canvas on the easel and call out, "Whose picture is this?" The owner would stand up and then the criticism was given. On this day everything proceeded as usual until Mr. Chase put a special picture on the easel and instead of asking the usual question, he turned and faced the corner where Mr. Hawthorne sat, and raising his finger and pointing straight at him, he said,

"Young man, you'll be a painter!" It was several minutes before the enthusiastic students were ready for the next criticism

CHAPTER XVII

ROCHESTER, MEMORIAL ART GALLERY

TO follow the profession of a famous parent and yet keep one's originality requires a peculiar kind of genius. Not only living up to an established standard but the prejudice of a "rich man's son" is the millstone that weighs one down. However, when George Inness, Jr. began his career as an artist and worked in his father's studio in New York, he very soon claimed recognition as a painter of animals and a painter, too, who understood the spirit of the animals he represented. Rochester is fortunate in possessing one of his finest paintings of cattle, "Bringing Home the Cows" (Fig. 131). In this picture we feel his inherent love of evening when moist clouds hang low and a soft radiance fills the air. That poetic instinct for "all phases of the ever-varying atmosphere — and all phases of illumination" of the elder Inness is

the inheritance that has given power to the son. Mr. Inness' warm sympathy for the life of the great out-of-doors is that of the men of 1830 in France, but with an added note, aspiration, to the tillers of the soil. A stiffness is in the backbone of the American farmer that lifts the head skyward. If he does not reach the goal himself his children will. And the brisk step of the toiler! See how he expresses the eager home-coming of man and beast at the end of the day of toil. How full of sentiment this prosaic scene is, and why not?

What a contrast is this cattle scene of Sorolla's "Oxen on the Beach" (Fig. 132) with the cows of Inness. Sorolla's "figures breathe out light"; Inness envelopes his in a moist quivering atmosphere. Sorolla shows us the glare of the sea, Inness the haze of the land. But was ever such vivid color and such vitality of life recorded on canvas as Sorolla has recorded there? Is it any wonder that the public caught its breath in dazed wonder at the audacity, shall I say, of his use of color? And what a combination! The very best understanding of his color scheme is given by a critic of his own Spanish people. This critic says, "His canvases contain a great variety of blues and violets balanced and juxtaposed with reds and yellows. These, and the skilled use of

white, provide him with a color-scheme of great simplicity, originality and beauty." We may not love the glare of the sun on the sand and the water, but we are bound to admit that never before has an artist in very truth given the actual sensation of that glare on our eyes. We do not seek Sorolla's pictures for rest, but for exuberance of life. Even the grewsome picture of "Crippled Children at the Sea Shore," in the Church of the Ascension, -New York City, gives hope of help, if not of health. The picture we love is "After the Bath," loaned by the Hispanic Society to the Metropolitan Museum (see Fig. 45), for in it he has expressed the innocence and joy of youth, when the heart is pure and the mind clean and wholesome.

One of the younger artists of to-day who has struck an original note is Jonas Lie. He is original not so much in the choice of subjects, for others have used much the same, but in his manner of treatment. We have again an artist who sees the poetry of labor, but he sees it from an angle all his own. At first we might think his individuality is due to the section of country he has chosen—he has painted many pictures of the Panama canal section—but in the "Morning on the River" (Fig. 133) the same personal note is there. The sense of depth and height in both the "Morning on the



FIG. 131—Bringing Home the Cows. George Inness. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester.



FIG. 132—Oxen on the Beach. Sorolla. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester.



FIG. 133—Morning on the River. Jonas Lie. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester.

River" and the "Culebra Cut," Metropolitan Museum, is that of strength and durability and also emphasizes the power of man's mind to overcome great natural obstacles. There is a wonderful charm in his straight lines—they give such stability to his compositions, and the strange glamor of light and shade and steel-blue color grips us like steel girders. We feel almost under the power of some titanic monster, only that the pale light creeping in lifts us as it follows the straight columns of smoke reaching skyward and glints the scuttling clouds with ever-varying tints. The artist's early training under Brooklyn Bridge and beneath skyscrapers has given him an astonishing insight into the artistic value of vertical lines.

Mr. Lie's pictures are found in many of the galleries over the country. In fact, the public is recognizing that Mr. Lie has come to stay. As Michael Angelo said to the young sculptor who was anxious about placing his statue, "Do not trouble yourself about the light on your statue. The light of the public square will test its value." In other words, the opinion of the public very largely settles the question of worth.

Two decidedly contrasting portraits in the museum are "Girl Waiting" (Fig. 134) by

John Lavery and a "New Orleans Negro" by Robert MacCameron. Each artist represents a distinct national type rather than an individual. Mr. Lavery is really an Irishman; but trained in Scotland, he stands for the Glasgow painters. A man of unusual parts, Mr. Lavery has excelled in several branches of art. His colleagues often say of him, "there is very little he cannot do," and when challenged with this statement, the artist replies—and an Irish-Scotch twinkle is in his eye—"Yes, I can do a great many things in my own way." As a portrait painter few equal him to-day. As we study this young woman "Waiting" we agree with the critic who designated Mr. Lavery as a great picture-builder. Her pose gives just the sense of romance that arouses our keenest interest; and the delicate color harmony so rich and luscious warms our heart and makes us feel comfortable. What a comely young woman she is too, and how well her quaint bonnet becomes her! This is a portrait good to look at and comfortable to live with.

Now turn to the "New Orleans Negro" (Fig. 135). To those who know the colored people in the southland this portrait speaks volumes. Mr. MacCameron has delved deep into race characteristics and with unerring skill has pictured a composite negro perfectly

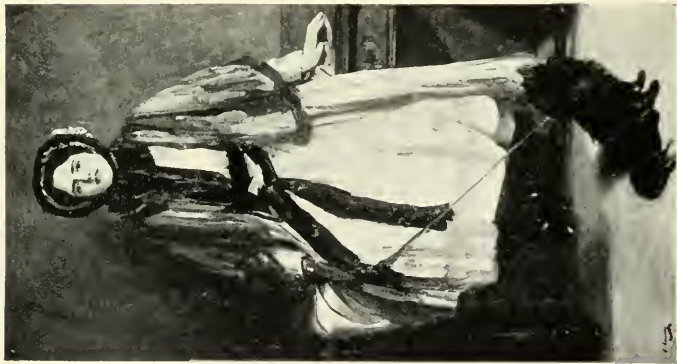


FIG. 134—Girl Waiting. Lavery. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester.



FIG. 135—New Orleans Negro. MacCameron. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester.

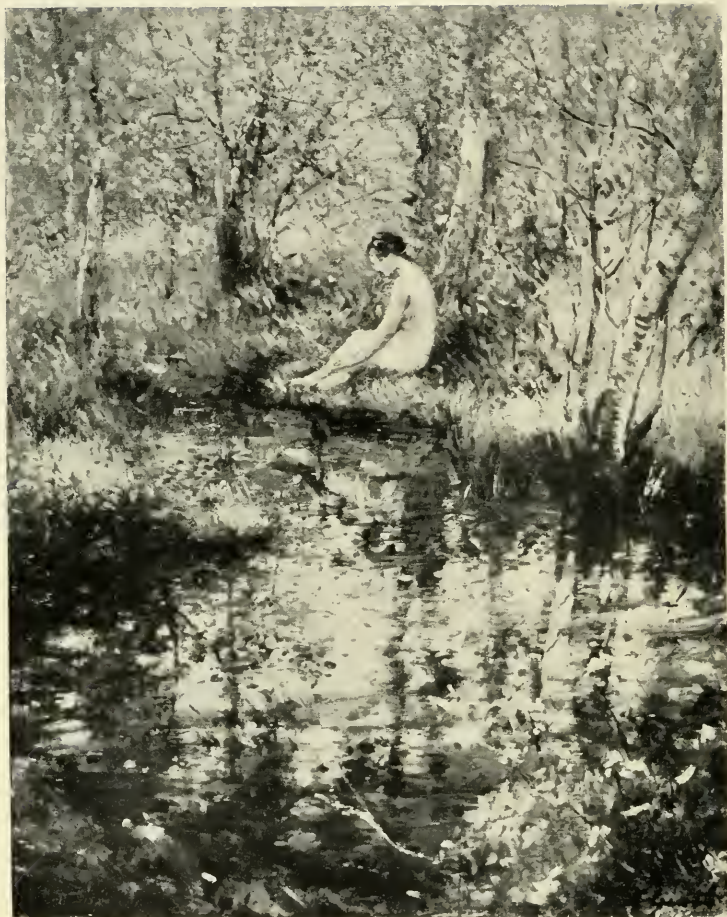


FIG. 136—Woodland Pool. Lillian Genth. Memorial Art Gallery, Rochester.

individual in answering to the name of John or James. He not only notes the flat nose, the thick open lips and white teeth, the half sleepy sensuous eyes and stocky neck but the poise of the bullet head with its tendency to tip backward. Who has not seen this identical negro slouching along the street ready to guffaw at the slightest provocation? Good-nature to excess when controlled and unprovoked, but sinister and unreasoning when once aroused is written on every feature. This is one of Mr. MacCameron's earlier pictures, yet in it he shows the keen insight into the underlying principles that govern human beings which characterized his later works. The marvelous portrait of Auguste Rodin in the Metropolitan Museum is sufficient proof of the artist's power to make individuals live on canvas. We feel the personality of the great French sculptor and realize that a master has made him live before us. We regret exceedingly that an artist who grasped the elemental truths as did Mr. MacCameron could not have lived the full number of years. He died in 1912.

Surely a fairy has touched Miss Lillian Genth with her magic wand and then transported her to some woodland dell where only fairies dwell. Not that this "Woodland Pool" (Fig. 136) cannot be found on this old earth of

ours, but it has taken Miss Genth with her "vital, optimistic, stimulating" art to find it for us. Over and over she draws us aside from the work-a-day world into lovely woodland retreats and there quiets and soothes our overheated brains. Her nude figures, breathing a wholesome, sane joy are as much a part of the secluded dell as the trees, the pool and the sky. How empty this retreat would be without the warmth of the lovely vision in the flesh. The light playing upon the healthy form is like the wind playing upon the swaying branches.

Miss Genth has found the key that unlocks a new world to us. It is interesting, too, that we are permitted to know that Miss Genth first found the key in Brittany when she posed a nude figure out-of-doors. A new world opened to her as the light played over the pink-tinted surface. And later, under the brilliant American light she fitted her key and unlocked the secret of sunlight playing upon vital human flesh. Her figures in the open and beside the waters and under the spreading branches have assumed the character of an autograph and, like the latter, can never grow monotonous to those who love them. Miss Genth is already represented in many of our public museums.

CHAPTER XVIII

BUFFALO, N. Y., ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY

THAT American artists have come to stay is a fact so patent that he who runs may read. And those directors of our art museums who are taking special pains to obtain fine examples of these men are showing a wisdom that is big with future power. Like the development of art in all countries, there are in America artists who, looming up in the initial work, have never lost their standing, because their art was founded on right principles.

The collectors of the Albright Art Gallery, with the seer's insight, have selected for their American art section splendid canvases of these leaders. That George Inness leads the van is not surprising. His "Coming Storm" has just the elements that gave him the leadership a half century ago—a scene at our very door, with homely beauty etherealized by the delicate *envelope* of moisture-laden air. None

knew better than Inness how to help us see the exquisite beauty of color, ever varying with the conditions of the atmosphere.

Then a quarter of a century later comes Henry W. Ranger with his strong individuality. Possibly none of his pictures has more of the sturdy qualities that mark him as an artist than this one of a "Group of Sturdy Oaks" (Fig. 137). The oak, the monarch of the forest, has from time immemorial held a peculiar place in civic and religious ceremonies. The Druids venerated it; ancient European peoples held that within its bark lived gnomes and fairies; in Greek myth it is dedicated to the god of thunder; to wear a chaplet of oak leaves was a special civic honor among the Romans; and England's oaks of honor commemorate many events of historic importance. These oaks of Mr. Ranger's invite us to enjoy their cool shade, and as we do so let us recall one of the curious legends that lingers around these noble trees.

The monks of Dünwald near the Rhine were rich and avaricious. Near them a young nobleman owned wide ancestral acres which they determined to acquire by fair means or foul. The young nobleman, knowing that his inherited right was centuries old, was determined to hold his property. He tried the

judges but they were too afraid of the church to give a just decision. At last he promised to relinquish his estate if the monks would grant him one more season of planting and harvesting his crops. This the monks hastened to grant and gave the young nobleman a legally written contract signed and sealed by them. They now watched with great interest, and considerable glee, to know what kind of crop was to be harvested. The seeds were sown and the plants appeared and, to their chagrin, they were not wheat or oats but young oaks. They were fairly outwitted, for before the trees were grown to the top of their cloisters the monks were all dead and the cloister itself crumbled, while the sturdy oaks still stood.

We feel as we enjoy Mr. Ranger's oak trees that he has pictured Emerson's trees spreading themselves

“. . . in the air
As if they loved the element and hastened
To dissipate their being in it.”

A Ranger painting showing another side of the artist's genius is the “Long Pond” (see Fig. 128).

And now after another quarter of a century we have Edward W. Redfield, a modern, an independent, yet one who knows that liberty is

not license. When he chooses winter as his theme, as in the "Laurel Brook" (Fig. 138), and pictures it in such frank simple language, we love him. The optimistic spirit of that scene would dissipate the worst case of the blues. The brook pays no heed to old winter except to laugh as it works its way in and out over the obstructions thrown in its way. The laurel shakes her dark shiny leaves and laughs as the white burden slips to the ground. Even the stark trees are snug, with their feet buried in the soft snow. The short strokes, used with the restraint of one who is not carried away by a fad, have given just the right amount of vitality to that dark, merry brook.

Mr. Redfield is decidedly individual, yet his individuality is not of the eccentric order. We realize that these men with independence in methods of painting—which may or may not please us—are yet too close for the public to gain a proper sense of proportion of their work. That any art, be it literature, music, sculpture, or painting, is kept up to the proper standard of excellence by a certain infusion of new ideals, is self-evident, but just how far those new ideals are to be permanent acquisitions is a question settled by time. Millet used to say, "Art is a language and—all language is intended for the expression of ideas." And



FIG. 137—Group of Sturdy Oaks. Ranger. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.



FIG. 138—Laurel Brook. Redfield. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo.



FIG. 140—The Lady with Maceaw. Dewing.
Allbright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

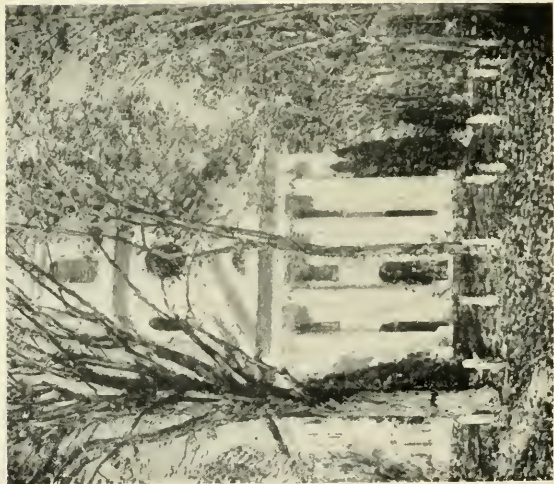


FIG. 139—The Church at Old Lyme. Hassam.
Allbright Art Gallery, Buffalo.

again he said, "The artist's first task is to find an arrangement that will give full and striking expression to his ideas," and to these tenets he added the scathing criticism: "To have painted things that mean nothing is to have borne no fruit." The parable of the fig tree might be read with profit by those whose ideals seem to be the new rather than the fruitful.

If Mr. Childe Hassam meant to convince the world that shades in color exist which only the artist, with his trained eye, can reveal, he has proved his point, just as he has convinced the world in every new theory he has advanced. We have followed him with delight as he pictured "The New York Window" (see Fig. 110) and "Spring Morning" (see Fig. 120), and now in "The Church at Old Lyme" (Fig. 139) he gives us another phase of his art. Interesting, of course it is! That church is so typically New England; its tall spire, Ionic columns and plain whiteness are much like many a historic American church that to-day is being repaired and reclaimed as belonging to Colonial days. How we are fostering the old to gain a past for ourselves! But this church at Old Lyme may or may not be ancient. The trees that shelter it so lovingly are mere striplings, but no carved choir screen was ever more lacy or

delicate in pattern than they. The light sifting through the interlacing branches and fluttering leaves has gathered into itself all the tints of the autumn and has left its delicious color on every object. Can you not hear the chimes ring out on the clear air or the clock striking its note of warning that time is fleeting? Look! the people are gathering—the dry leaves crackle under their feet—the young people glance shyly at each other as the parents cordially grasp each others' hands—strains from the organ summon all to enter—a hush, then the congregation breaks forth,

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in mutual love.”

Silence, the minister prays! Yes, the spirit of worship is in this church at Old Lyme (see *Ten American Painters*, page 186).

Possibly we might be better pleased if Thomas W. Dewing would always represent a robust type of American womanhood in his paintings. “The Lady with the Macaw” (Fig. 140) is a delicate, lovely woman and probably has the nervous energy that would outstrip many of her plumper sisters, yet a wholesome, pink-fleshed woman is not only a pleasing picture but holds possibilities of great re-

serve force. We love the soft hazy atmosphere Mr. Dewing knows so well how to use in developing his delicious tones. His color is like that of ripe fruit, mellow and illusive. How the rich, warm blood of the American girl of to-day glows under his atmosphere and color; and how she gains in dignity and poise in his compositions that are so full of strength and repose! We are reminded in many of his paintings of what Mr. Kenyon Cox says: "Horizontal lines will suggest repose, vertical lines will suggest rigidity and stability, curved lines will convey the idea of motion." Our artists need to give our American women just these qualities if they are to keep abreast of the wholesome, well-trained, up-to-date woman and represent her as she is in her true womanhood (see *Ten American Painters*, page 186).

CHAPTER XIX

TOLEDO, MUSEUM OF ART

THE Toledo Museum of Art has a collection of nearly sixty paintings by American artists—a collection, too, that embraces some of the representative pictures in American art.

George Inness, in his painting "After a Spring Shower" in the museum, shows that sensitive appreciation of the charm of nature's transition period which only an artist atune to every mood understands. It is this seeing nature through spiritual eyes that is giving our landscapists to-day their power and that was the keynote of Inness' art—getting away from the mercenary and artificial and opening wide the joy and gladness of God's great out-of-doors. How sweet and clear and pure the air is, and how our whole being responds to the uplift of that spring day.

And now we turn to Winslow Homer, and again the petty and mean sink out of sight in

the glorious "Sunlight on the Beach" (Fig. 141). "The sun reflecting upon the wind of strand and shore, is unpolluted in his beams." The great ocean and the rockbound coast give back his power and glory. Homer, with his spiritual vision, saw it and wonderfully he has revealed it to us. A marvelous revelation is Winslow Homer's interpretation of the mighty deep. Its majesty and power reflect the One "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand." And then the human side is so warm and intimate. The steamer steadily nearing port speaks volumes; the joy of the home-coming is in the glad sunlight that sparkles on the dark green waters around it and dissipates the mist of the land-storm sweeping out to sea.

While the ocean became more and more the real theme of Homer's paintings, yet he never lost sight of its relationship to man. The artist's heart was big with human sympathy and not even constant communion with the roar of waters in his home on the Maine coast could make him forget man in his art.

What better can we do than stand quietly and drink in the beauty of Dwight W. Tryon's "Spring Morning"? (Fig. 142.) Spring morning! the words themselves mean everything that is delicate, fresh, full of joy, the joy that

“cometh in the morning.” Mr. Tryon, with Inness and Homer and men like them, stand for American landscape painting. They have given the national spirit that proclaims to the world our independence. Never was there a more individual interpretation of a spring morning than this lovely, tender picture of it. The light creeping up the horizon is lifting the mist, though it still lingers in the feathery tree-tops to kiss each tiny leaf-bud. The moist air is fragrant with the delicious odors of spring flowers and the tender grasses. All nature is singing praises to Him whose mercies are new each morning. For years Mr. Tryon has been gently and persistently leading the American people into an appreciation of the beautiful in nature. It has been a steady growth with the artist and his followers—clean, pure, upright, and progressive, never losing sight of the fundamental lessons of the masters of the past, but adding to those fundamentals a better understanding of God’s first temples.

Then there is Henry W. Ranger, born in New York City ten years later (1856), who sees nature from an entirely different angle. Bolder, more pictorial, he commands our attention from the very dominance of his particular color emphasis. Tryon’s “Spring Morning” is a shy bashful picture, holding



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 141—Sunlight on the Beach. Homer. Museum of Art, Toledo.



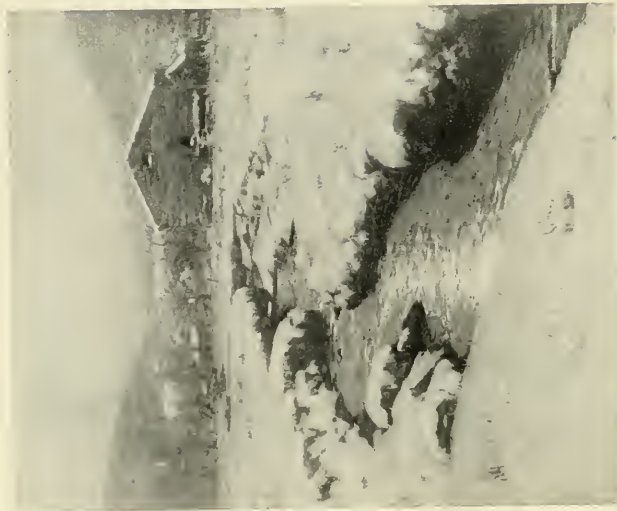
From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 142—Spring Morning. Tryon. Museum of Art, Toledo.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 143—Landscape. Ranger. Museum of Art, Toledo.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 144—Woodstock Meadows in Winter. Harrison. Museum of Art, Toledo.

us by its very shyness. Ranger's "Landscape" (Fig. 143) grips us with its rugged trees resplendent in their rich brown bark and brilliant leafage under the glowing sun. What a splendid picture, and how we can enter into the enjoyment of the man under the shade of those trees.

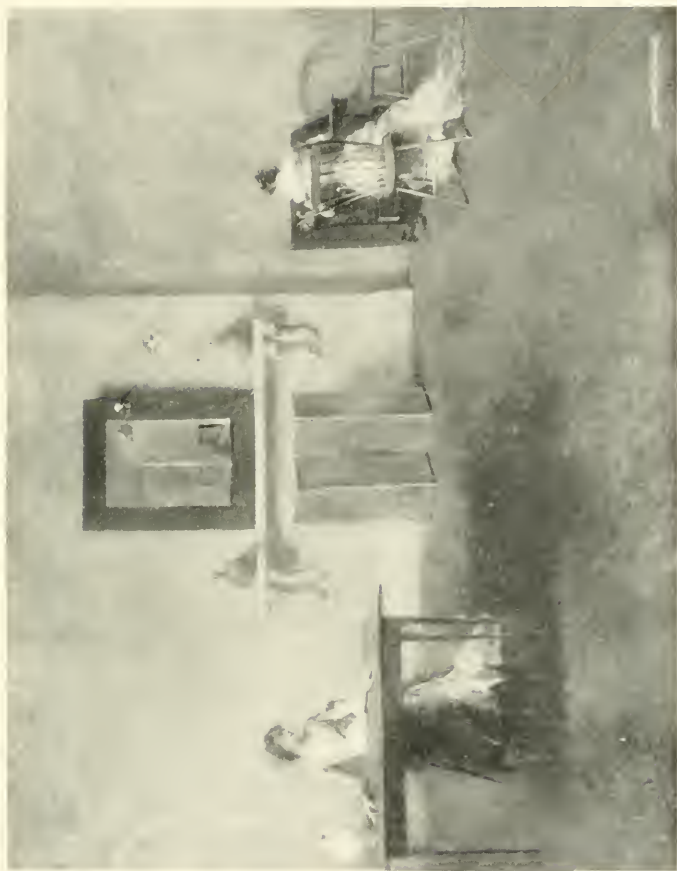
It is our province, as the lay public, to try to understand the works of artists who are sincerely and sanely picturing for us the world we live in. We may not personally enjoy some particular picture, but we can be sensitive to whether it rings true or not. To those of us who are familiar with country scenes all the year round the paintings of our landscapists will form quite a complete monthly calendar. We are becoming very well acquainted with the winter king; we come upon him so often in the various galleries, and are conscious that his stern, uncompromising reign is a favorite theme of the year's seasons. It is exceedingly interesting to follow the artists' treatment of winter—as various as the artists are different one from another.

"Woodstock Meadows in Winter" (Fig. 144) by Birge Harrison is a very personal scene. Let us stand in the loft window of the barn and allow our eyes to follow the course of the little stream. Yes, it is the same brook we

paddled through barefooted only a few summers ago. See, the murky sky smiles at times, then the sun smiles too. The water sparkles and glistens as each tiny drop acts like a self-appointed mirror. We are seeing a beauty in this leaden day and this cold running water that we would scarcely have taken time to see had not the artist shown it to us. Mr. Harrison says: "I believe it is one of the artist's chief functions to watch for the rare moods when nature wafts aside the veil of the commonplace and shows us her inner soul in some bewildering vision of poetic beauty."

Mr. Harrison is a native of Philadelphia (b. 1854) and was first trained in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and then studied at Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. As early as 1882 the French government bought one of his paintings. He is also well known as a critic and writer on art.

Mr. Thomas W. Dewing, a native of Boston, is one of the original Ten American Painters (see page 186). His paintings have a quality all their own, so insistent that when once felt it is impossible to overlook. His pictures are like letters from a personal friend; each one is distinct, and yet each has the familiar phraseology of the writer. In "Writing a Letter" (Fig. 145), at first the element of



From a Thiele Print. Copyright, Incent Publishing Co.

Fig. 145—Writing a Letter. Dewing. Museum of Art, Toledo.

CHAPTER XX

DETROIT, MUSEUM OF ART

THE Detroit Museum of Art, with its representative collection of works of the masters from various countries of Europe, may well be the pride of the city of Detroit. These paintings were gathered while the "old master" craze in America was in its infancy, and when there was less reason for exploiting spurious works of art. Great care was taken in selecting the special pictures and in acquiring an indisputable history of them from the artist's studio until the present ownership; also, the paintings have been passed on by expert men whose judgment is unquestioned.

To possess a Rubens is of itself a rare good fortune, for of all the old masters in America there are the fewest of his works, but to own such a splendid example as "Abigail Meeting David with Presents" (Fig. 146) is indeed to possess a treasure. Rubens (1577-1640) was

so unique as a man and an artist that words fail to give an adequate idea of him. A portrait of him, by himself, hangs above me as I write. I look into the calm, alert face and wonder. We may well ask what gave him the power to produce fifteen hundred works—the greatest number ever coming from one brain. And what gave him that marvelous power to negotiate the most difficult diplomatic missions, the power to meet on equal terms rulers and men of state of most of the ruling countries of Europe, the power, in short, of the most perfect self-control in his art, in his diplomacy and in his social life.

Fromentin says of his paintings: "He who has seen one of his pictures knows them all. His colors are simple, and only appear complicated on account of the results achieved by the painter and the part he makes them play." Then later he adds, "The means are simple, the method elementary, but employed by a hand magnificently agile, adroit, sensitive and composed."

The luxuriance in the painting of "Abigail and David" is indeed that of an orchestral chorus when every musician calmly plays his part, but the outburst of music is tremendous. We feel that these men and these women are on the very verge of acting and speaking.

Abigail is saying, as she points to the presents, "And now this blessing which thine handmaid hath brought unto my lord, let it be given unto the young men that follow my lord," and see how eagerly the young men press forward to receive the gifts. The simple Bible story as told in I Samuel 25 has the dramatic element that would lead up to just such a scene as this. Samuel was dead; David had gone down to the wilderness of Paran, south of Judah, and on his return he sent ten young men to Nabal, a man of great wealth in sheep and goats, who was at his sheep-shearing at Carmel. "But Nabal was churlish and evil in his doings." "Greet him," said David, "in my name, and tell him we have preserved his shepherds from harm and ask him to give something to us." But Nabal sneeringly asked, "Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse?" and he refused to send aught to David. This angered David, and he determined to go and destroy Nabal and all his possessions. But Nabal had a wife, Abigail, who "was a woman of good understanding, and of a beautiful countenance." One of Nabal's young men told Abigail how her husband had "railed on him" and also told her of the goodness of David and his men when they were in the wilderness. "Then Abigail made haste,

and took two hundred loaves, and two bottles of wine, and five sheep ready dressed, and laid them on asses but she told not her husband Nabal and when Abigail saw David, she hasted, and lighted off the ass and fell before David on her face."

How vividly the Bible story is told and how entirely Rubens has entered into the spirit of oriental luxuriance in these Flemish costumes of the seventeenth century. The two young women doubtless represent Rubens' two wives, Isabel Brant and Helena Fourment. The latter was only a girl of sixteen when Rubens married her at fifty-five, four years after his first wife died. (For other paintings by Rubens, see Figs. 55 and 165.)

When we turn to the "Portraits of an Italian Nobleman and his Wife" (Fig. 147) by Giovanni Bellini (1428?-1516), we realize that a wide space of time and country has intervened from Peter Paul Rubens. Bellini lived a century and a half earlier. He and his brother Gentile worked with their father Jacopo in Venice, but when the father found that his two sons could work alone he separated from them and each in turn became an independent worker. Among the first works of Giovanni Bellini were portraits from life which Vasari

says gave satisfaction, but it was not until he was old that he made portraiture a specialty. It is a curious bit of history that has come down to us how Giovanni Bellini, when four-score years old, "introduced the custom into Venice that whoever had attained a certain degree of eminence should cause his likeness to be portrayed by himself (Giovanni Bellini) or some other master."

Now, as we look at these portraits we are convinced that they represent people of prominence, although we do not know their names. On the tablet suspended at the top of the canvas can be read "Joanes Paulus & Aug nis," but that throws very little light on their identity. Bellini, however, has given us two decidedly interesting personalities in these portraits. The young woman, well matured, has the air of one used to the elegance that her costume implies and, while serene and even-tempered, would be quick to detect injustice and not slow in speaking her mind. Her husband, not so steady of purpose, would not hesitate by fair means or foul to appease his noble wife if only he could gain her approval. How severe the design of the picture, yet how satisfactory; they sit at ease, these two, and are as much of a personality to us as though living to-day.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 146—Abigail Meeting David with Presents. Rubens. Museum of Art, Detroit.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 147—Portraits of an Italian Nobleman and Wife. Bellini. Museum of



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

Fig. 148—Virgin and Child. Massys. Museum of Art, Detroit.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

Fig. 149—The Fencing Master. Melchers. Museum of Art, Detroit.

Bellini no doubt was one of the greatest delineators of character of northern Italy in his day. It was the aim of art to paint character. In Venetian coloring he equaled the best. Dürer, who visited Venice, wrote much about Bellini. In one place he says, "I am much attached to him. He is very old, but still the best in painting" (see Fig. 26).

Quentin Massys (1466-1531?), known in his own time as the "Blacksmith of Antwerp," was Dutch by birth but Flemish by training. His father was a blacksmith and Quentin's skill in metal-work is shown in an exquisitely designed well-curb, one of the treasures of Antwerp to-day. Massys' calling in life was changed, however, by a certain pretty girl who had stolen his heart and whom he wished to marry. But her father refused his consent unless the young metal-worker became a painter. Love knew no bounds and Quentin soon proved himself as able a genius with the brush as at the forge.

The painting of "The Virgin and Child" (Fig. 148) is a fine example of Quentin's temerity in making the figures almost life-size, subordinating the landscape and buildings to a mere setting. The virgin is really a young woman of considerable character. Her motherly solicitude in guarding the baby's

back and her sweet interest in his caress are charming bits of realism. Her faun-colored dress and red robe are rather unusual in color, but decidedly attractive with the out-of-door setting. The white cap, with its sibyl-like folds—another of Massys' innovations—and the V neck give an almost modern touch to this painting of four centuries ago.

Of the Dutch pictures in the museum Pieter de Hooch's (1630-1681) "A Dutch Interior" is a splendid specimen. No one knew better than this little master how to make a home scene sing with joy. The light has to find its way through a window and a hallway, but it loses none of its vivifying qualities as it touches the happy mother and her treasure, so recently come to bless the home. How perfectly simple the scene is, yet how full of the home element. We never tire of the pictures of the little Dutch masters, whether they represent home scenes or tavern scenes.

We must stop a moment and look at David Teniers' "Room in an Inn" (1610-1690). Then the landscapes by Ruisdael and Hobbema must not be overlooked.

A picture in the Detroit Museum that attracted considerable attention a half century ago is "The Court of Death," by Rembrandt Peale (1787-1860). The picture was painted

in rivalry of West's "Death on the Pale Horse," in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (see Fig. 94). The attention it received was due not so much to merit as to the fact that it was exhibited over the country and that colored reproductions of it were given as premiums and sold everywhere. As an allegory it is interesting. The old man in the foreground, supported by the young woman, "Hope," and approaching "Death," the figure in the center, is the artist's father. The one figure of special artistic merit is "Hope."

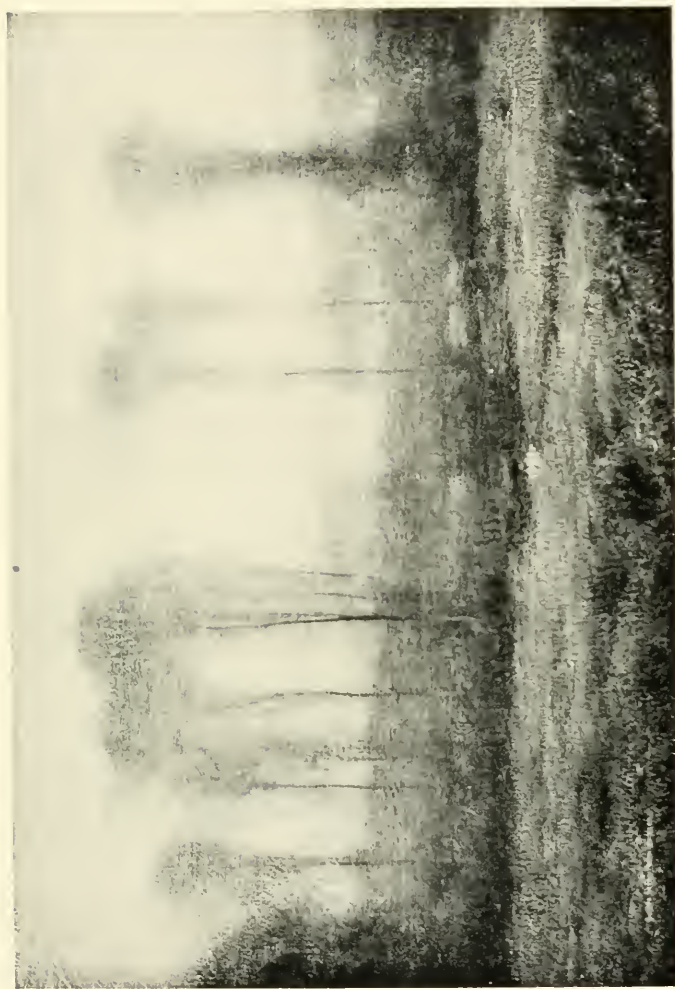
The American school is well represented in the museum. Naturally the works of a native artist of Detroit are of special interest. Mr. Gari Melchers (1860-), born in Detroit, had his training in Paris but, contrary to prophecies twenty years ago, he has developed an American spirit in his art that even the French influence of his early years could not obliterate. The "Portrait of Mrs. Melchers" is one of his most strikingly characteristic works. There is a certain dash in design and color that marks the individuality of the artist. He knew his model and has dared to run the gamut in a dashing color riot; yet a certain restraint in both model and artist grips us.

"The Fencing Master" (Fig. 149) speaks

for himself. Like Moroni's "Tailor" in the National Gallery, London, he has dignified his work. No other recommendation is necessary but this man to convince one that fencing is the kind of exercise to produce men. If those of our American young men who slouch along the street, with head pushed forward and feet shuffling behind, could have the inspiration of this portrait, I am sure they would square their shoulders and walk like men of affairs—and they soon would be. This fencing master never worked for men but with them.

Mr. Melchers was accorded unusual honor at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition (1915) in having a special gallery set apart exclusively for his work. Only a few other artists, leaders of various schools, had this same privilege given them. Mr. Melchers is the professor of art in the Academy of Weimar, Germany.

Our American landscapists certainly awaken a great variety of emotions in us. They seem almost to vie with each other in presenting the various moods of nature—at times she is frankly outspoken, and then shyly reticent; in the latter mood Dwight William Tryon (1849-) seems to know her best. Like Corot, Mr. Tryon thinks it no hardship to be up before sunrise to surprise nature as she



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

Fig. 150—Before Sunrise, June. Tryon. Museum of Art, Detroit.



From a Thistle Print Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 151—The Miniature. Reid. Museum of Art, Detroit.

dons her morning dress. We are out-of-doors with her "Before Sunrise, June" (Fig. 150), but we feel like intruders invading a sacred shrine. The hush in the air fairly stifles our breath; not even the birds are awake. How tenderly he has lifted the veil, that we, too, may see the trees all shimmering in their early bath and the grass still wet with the glistening dew and the flowers lifting their heads. The sky is beginning to smile; all are making ready to greet the great orb of day. We linger long before this morning anthem. Tenderly and lovingly it has lifted our souls into the very presence of the Creator and sends us forth stronger men and women because of its influence.

Mr. Tryon (1849-), a native of Hartford, Conn., is professor of art at Smith College. From the beginning of his career—he was a pupil of Charles Daubigny of the Barbizon school—there was a lyric note in his art that has strengthened with years. Then, too, Mr. Tryon has kept abreast of the modern spirit and in his own inimitable way.

"The Miniature" (Fig. 151) is one of Robert Reid's brilliant decorative pictures, in which he has combined everything that contributes to forming the true portrait of a woman. There is the artist's usual skill in

short broken pastel strokes, in a woven network of strong colors, leaving the canvas partly covered to enhance the vitality of the whole. But aside from all this, there is the woman, individual in every line, from the pose of her head to the flirt of her gown around the table leg. Decorative? yes, but it is especially so because Mr. Reid knew how to catch the woman at the right moment. No man, not even an artist, could have told this woman how to take that particular position. The tender modeling of the head, with its glorious hair, is a perfect delight. Mr. Reid is one of the Ten American Painters who broke away from the Academy in 1897 (see page 186).

CHAPTER XXI

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN, THE GALLERY OF FINE ARTS IN THE HACKLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY

OF the smaller art museums in America perhaps none is more worthy of special mention than the Hackley Gallery at Muskegon. Its fifty-four oil paintings in the permanent collection from English, French, Dutch, Spanish, and American art are a keystone for further additions that no future critics or unpublished information can displace. It is indeed rare good fortune for an art gallery to start with so perfect a nucleus around which to build. We feel, after visiting some of our galleries, that if over the entrance doors could be blazoned the prayer, "From our friends, O Lord, deliver us; we can take care of our enemies!" much of the art given or bequeathed might be diverted, and thus lift a great burden from the conscience of our directors and curators.

One of the most noticeable features of the paintings in the Hackley Gallery is the number of splendid portraits. Among these "Anne, Viscountess Irwin" (Fig. 152), by William Hogarth (1697-1764), grips us by the uncompromising expression of her honest blue eyes. Hogarth was as clever a genius as ever wielded a paint brush. Keen witted, clear-sighted, unafraid, he struck at the very heart of society life in England and the eighteenth century—the heart of it, too, that reached to the very depth of Billingsgate and linked it with the highest in the land. Unless a sitter was willing to have his innermost thoughts exposed he found it wise to avoid Hogarth. If we would know the moral condition of England at this time a collection of Hogarth's paintings will inform us.

This portrait of Anne, Viscountess Irwin surely shows a spirit kindred to the artist's. The clear searching eyes, with their hint of humor, the arched eyebrows and forehead, marked with the defining line at the temples of her highness, are very similar to the artist's as seen in the portrait of himself and his pug dog Trump in the National Gallery, London (see Fig. 127 in "What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer"). It was Hogarth's keen insight into individual motives that gave

him the power to paint portraits that live today. This portrait, so fresh in color and beautiful in technique, is typical of the enduring quality of the artist's pigments. Besides his portraits he painted many series of pictures illustrating the condition of society. He seldom, however, let his desire "to point a moral, or adorn a tale" interfere with his making a picture, though we confess that many of them are terrible in their realism.

Hogarth was really the first English artist of any note. A quarter of a century later came Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) and Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788), who raised English portrait painting to a rare standard of excellence. In the "Portrait of Sir William Lynch" (Fig. 153) Gainsborough shows himself in full sympathy with his sitter. A subtle undertone of personality breathes forth from the canvas and makes us feel the presence of the man. Gainsborough was a born artist, following no prescribed rules; the moods of each individual subject played upon his sensitive nature, and when artist and subject supplemented each other the portrait was one of which his great rival, Sir Joshua Reynolds, would say, "I cannot think how he produces his effects." These rivals were as unlike as two artists could well be—Sir Joshua trained

in all the fundamentals of the past and most exacting about the clothes, while Gainsborough was diametrically opposed to set methods and special clothes. The two men were not friends when in the full vigor of their careers, but when Gainsborough was stricken down he sent for Sir Joshua and when his untimely end came it was Reynolds who was at his bedside and Reynolds who helped bear his pall.

Sir Henry Raeburn (1756-1823) was a Scotch Border portrait painter, coming twenty-five years later than Reynolds and Gainsborough. The curious design on his shield of a "rae(roe)-deer drinking from a burn or rivulet running at its feet," makes it likely that his family tree began on the hill-farm of Raeburn; at least it is quite certain that the early Raeburns were roving shepherds. Sir Henry was very early left an orphan with no means of support, but it was his good fortune to be put in a hospital a little south of Edinburgh, where he was well trained in the fundamentals of an education before starting on his art career.

He soon rose to distinction in his life-like portraits of the Scotch people. This portrait of "Mrs. Bailie" (Fig. 154) fairly startles us with its warmth of life. We hesitate to stand staring at her for fear she may suddenly speak,



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 152—Anne, Viscountess Irwin. Hogarth. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 153—Portrait of Sir William Lynch. Gainsborough. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan.



From a Thieltie Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 154—Portrait of Mrs. Bailie Raeburn. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan.



From a Thieltie Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 155—Portrait of Don Juan Jose Perez Moro. Goya. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan.

and cover us with confusion at our lack of good manners. She is so modern in her gown, with its low corsage and high standing collar and dark sleeves. This is a portrait that will not let us go, and compels us to come again and again to feast our eyes on its beauty.

Still another portrait of unqualified worth in the Hackley Gallery is Francisco Goya's (1746-1828) "Don Juan Jose Perez Mora" (Fig. 155). Very recently a rare opportunity was given in New York City to see a loan collection of Goyas from private owners in America. Except in Spain, no European public gallery has so large a number of representative canvases of this Spanish artist as were brought together in this exhibition, and never before has it been possible for us in America to understand the marvelous genius of this strange man.

The fates gave a curious twist to Goya's personality, combining in him those contradictory traits that make and mar a human life. A wild, heedless boy without self-restraint, his first decade was spent wandering at will, fostering his inborn talent to express himself in pictures. One day a monk found him decorating a wall with a pig of such artistic merit that he persuaded the parents to have the boy placed in a studio to learn drawing. Young

Goya, just in his teens, began his artistic training but his lawless nature could not be held within four walls. Then, too, art in Spain had little to offer at this time. Velasquez and Murillo were men of the past, and Spanish art in the eighteenth century was nil. Goya, clever, excitable and pleasure-loving, with wandering propensities and a tendency to surfeit himself, was often embroiled and driven hither and yon, always turning right side up, however, in every adventure and always gaining a knowledge of life, until finally he began to record his impressions of the passing show.

Now let us look again into the face of Don Juan to appreciate what a psychologist Goya was. He saw people with the eyes of a constructive critic, and in the individual he summed up the dominating weakness or strength that had filtered through their ancestors. The last years of Goya's life were pathetic in the extreme. Totally deaf, depressed and morose, subject to fits of ungovernable passion, with every faculty for joy burned out, he, with his little grandson Mariano, went to France where in 1828 he died at Bordeaux. In 1899 his remains were taken to Spain and buried with honor in Madrid.

We are specially interested in Whistler's "Study in Rose and Brown" (Fig. 156), for



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 156—Study in Rose and Brown. Whistler. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan.



From a Thistle Print. Copyright, Detroit Publishing Co.

FIG. 157—Ecstasy. Blakelock. The Gallery of Fine Arts, Muskegon, Michigan.

we have seen the child before, in Boston, and have a picture of her father in "The Blacksmith of Lyme Regis" (see Fig. 12). One of Whistler's peculiarities was his tendency to speak of his pictures as studies in some particular tints, even when they were likenesses of real people. He says, "Take the picture of my mother exhibited at the Royal Academy as an arrangement in gray and black! Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother! but what can and ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?" We can expect Whistler to make just such an absurd statement when his mood was that of Boldini's portrait of him (see Fig. 78). He was at variance with people just for the sake of annoying them. A "Study in Rose and Brown" would be less likely to appeal to humanity than the little Rose of Lyme Regis, the child that it loves. But Whistler never failed to emphasize the human element, and the human element, too, that belonged to the particular person when he was making a special study. Little Rose is as individual a personality, with her searching eyes of almost uncanny intelligence, as is the artist himself. Now look at her hands and see if we can rid ourselves of her influence as a living

power. Such a child lives as does Maggie Tolliver and Little Nell.

Ralph A. Blakelock is a man of many parts in his art. His innate love of color has given him an individual command of pigments most characteristic, and with no eccentric qualities to mar our pleasure in them; then, too, he has a subtle genius for leading us by a mysterious hint of untold beauties. The wonderful light draws us in "Ecstasy" (Fig. 157), though we feel that, like Wordsworth's

" . . . light that never was on sea or land,"

it is a will-o'-the-wisp that is leading us and that in the depths beyond is a world where fancy alone can feel at home. Such pictures express an exaltation that few of us can attain, yet it is good for our souls to contemplate the mysteries that haunt these solitudes. I once rode alone into the forest primeval above El Capitan. The lingering memory of those quivering depths of light and shadows is quickened by this picture of "Ecstasy"; the same spirit of solitude draws and repels, while that curious feeling of wanting to know but hesitating to intrude is present.

CHAPTER XXII

CHICAGO, THE ART INSTITUTE. DUTCH, FLEMISH AND SPANISH

THE Art Institute of Chicago at the present writing is the most popular gallery in America, if the number of yearly visitors is the test of popularity. We are proud to make this statement, for the more the people seek out treasures of art the more far-reaching is the influence of things that make for stronger and purer manhood and womanhood.

We will begin our picture tour in this splendid gallery with the "Portrait of Harman Hals" (Fig. 158), by his father, Franz Hals, one of the most wonderful of portrait painters. This likeness of the son and his large number of other paintings are the very best historical records extant to oppose the wild stories about Franz Hals' excesses in drinking and carousing. Harman shows no sign of being the son of a drunkard; rather there is a pride of bearing that says, "My father is paint-

ing this picture." That Franz Hals was perfectly familiar with taverns and their habitués we saw in "Hille Bobbe" (Fig. 52) and "The Merry Company" (Fig. 67), but we also saw that his steady hand and clear brain were those of one master of himself.

Is the modern spirit anywhere more pronounced than in the manner of treatment in this portrait? Impressionistic? Yes, but combined with the acutest perception of the character of his sitter. Hals' lightning changes from broad direct strokes, setting forth essentials, to the most careful finish, where at times even a lace pattern is noted, mark him as a marvel in technique. Never, however, does he allow details to mar the general impression or to interfere with the main issue—the character as represented in the heads and hands. Not always, though, does he adhere to individual character, for often it is national character that is brought out in his portraits.

We are particularly interested in this portrait of Harman Hals, for Harman, born in 1611, was the eldest son of the painter, by his first wife, who died when the boy was less than five years old. In a year the artist married again, and this time his wife, Lysbeth Reynier, seemed a more congenial mate. They lived together nearly fifty years and reared a large



FIG. 158—Portrait of Harman Hals. Franz Hals.
The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 159—Portrait of a Girl. Rembrandt. The Art
Institute, Chicago.

family of children. A younger son, Franz, was a painter and many times worked on his father's canvases, much to the confusion of critics to-day. It is not known definitely what profession Harman followed, but that he was a man of parts is very evident from his bearing and expression, as portrayed by his father.

As we turn to the "Portrait of a Girl" (Fig. 159), by Rembrandt, we realize that here is not only a portrait but a picture. Rembrandt, above all artists, painted or etched to give expression to his artistic instincts. He cared not whether his subject were a prince or a beggar; he made a picture good to look at. His marvelous light and shade gleams in the high lights like sunshine and in the shadows like pale moonlight. Rembrandt was a law unto himself; he followed no rule and allowed no criticism to interfere with the great truths he had to tell. His portraits are of the Dutch people of his own time, yet in them he has given not only national types but types that express humanity.

A deep thinker with broad sympathies, he early learned that the fundamentals in life are few and that those few can be told in strong simple terms. We know not who this girl is; she seems to be at a window casement, a rather curious observer of some scene near at hand;

she is capable of giving a just judgment on it, for her attitude is one of unbiased attention. Let us turn again to the Rembrandt paintings in the Metropolitan Museum, New York (see page 121), and to the Boston Art Museum (see page 27), for only by continuous study of the works of this marvelous master can we attempt to understand the full import of his art.

There are exceptionally fine examples in this gallery illustrating the work of the "Little Dutchmen" of Holland. These pictures, one by each master, are of rare value. In the "Music Lesson" (Fig. 160), Ter Borch (1617-1681) never betrayed his aristocratic tendencies more truly. This young woman is not simply a music pupil, but she comes from a wealthy home. The satin dress and fur-bordered jacket are of the finest quality, and well they may be, for the wearer is a lady of quality. This little gem is comparable to the "Officer and Young Woman," one of the real treasures of the Louvre, Paris (see "What Pictures to See in Europe in One Summer," Fig. 108). Note the same perfect brush work, the same carefully worked details, yet with no pettiness, the same clear-cut figures melting into their environment as part of a great whole. No color was ever more exquisite or lifelike, yet it is Ter



FIG. 160—Music Lesson, Ter Borch, The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 161—Golden Wedding, Ostade, The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 162—The Family Concert. Jan Steen. The Art Institute, Chicago.

Borch's own and not one of nature's own imitators.

His compositions were small, with seldom more than two or three people in them and few accessories. He seems to have specially loved music scenes—perhaps music was one of his own accomplishments. Ter Borch was a traveler and a student of the great masters, particularly Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt.

Now turn to Ostade's "Golden Wedding" (Fig. 161). Could anything have more opposite characteristics? The Golden Wedding! yet golden only in name and in Ostade's manner of treatment. The celebration is of the people and, from all appearances, is held in the barn or perhaps in a tavern. It is not a scene we would choose for a picture, yet when Ostade shows it to us we marvel at the beauty of it. The soft rich color that Ostade delicately gives to coat and head-dress, bodice and hose gleams and shimmers in its atmospheric covering like the sheen on a pigeon's breast. The scenes that this artist chooses may not be refined but his work never lacks refinement.

"The Family Concert" (Fig. 162) is one of the few pictures by Jan Steen, where the artist has pictured a home scene and possibly his own home. The boy with the bass viol may be the son who is learning to play on the flute

in the picture of the Steen Family (see Fig. 25, "Famous Pictures of Real Boys and Girls"). The man at the window playing on the guitar is the artist himself. The dog is certainly the same little animal in both pictures. Jan Steen was a pupil of Van Ostade but, unlike his master, he had a vein of sarcastic wit that he used without reserve in rather coarse flings at the foibles of his fellows. But with all his boorish tendencies he could not paint a coarse picture. Somehow the skill of his brush bewitched the pigments on his palette, and what was a scene of debauch in the tavern or on the street became on his canvas as delicate as a flower in color and treatment. It could be said of these men of Holland of the seventeenth century, "there were giants on the earth in those days," for surely they were giants in portraying little things in a big way.

There are fine examples of Ruisdael and Hobbema, the founders of Dutch landscape art, in the museum. The "Castle" (Fig. 163), by Ruisdael, signed by the artist on the face of the rock, may possibly be "Ruisdael Castle," southeast of Amsterdam, where the artist's family dwelt until about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when they moved to Haarlem. In Haarlem the family was known



FIG. 163—The Castle. Ruisdael. The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 164.—The Water Mill. Hobbema. The Art Institute, Chicago.

as "Ruisdael," the name of the castle and adjoining hamlet from which they came.

Very little is known of the personal history of Jacob Van Ruisdael, the distinguished landscape artist. The Ruisdael family, with all its branches, was a very large one and many of them bore the same given name and, to add to the confusion, a number followed painting as a profession. The best authorities say, however, that the great Jacob Van Ruisdael was born in 1628 or 1629 in Haarlem. When about twenty years old he was admitted to the Guild of Painters in Haarlem. When scarcely fifty his health was so precarious that he made a will in favor of his sister, provided she would pay their father certain sums due him. Under the greatest discouragement and ill health he continued to produce masterpieces in great numbers—some four hundred and fifty are attributed to him. In 1681 we learn that he was not only ill but in great want, so that his friends assisted in his support and gained admission for him in the almshouse of his native town; but this was not for long. He died in the spring of 1682, 53 or 54 years old. His landscapes are typically Dutch. Says Fromentin of his "Portrait of Holland": "I will not call it familiar, but intimate, lovable, admirable, faithful and one that never changes."

In the "Water Mill" (Fig. 164) we see Hobbema in all the glory of his sunshine pictures. The strong shadow tones of the foreground bring to greater perfection the joy of the light in the distant fields and on the wide expanse of sky, piled with fleecy clouds. How well the luxuriant trees by the water's edge hold their own against the warm white background and how cool and inviting is the limpid water that mirrors their stately heads.

Hobbema was probably a pupil of Ruisdael, but he knew nature better and was not afraid to let his brush tell about the trees and the sky and the water. He saw more of the sunshine in nature—possibly he was more optimistic in temperament because not hampered by a weak and sickly body. His paintings, however, found no more favor with his own countrymen than did those of his master, and many of the pictures of both these masters found their way to England. His masterpiece, "The Avenue," is in the National Gallery, London.

No two men could have been more unlike in their art career than Rembrandt of Holland and Rubens of Flanders. The former, except for a few years of popularity in Amsterdam, was neglected and died forgotten at sixty-three; the latter rode on the top of the wave of fame from the beginning to the end of his

career and died at the same age. Both worked the first half of the seventeenth century, Rembrandt in Amsterdam and Rubens in nearly every capital of Europe. Both artists stand to-day as the greatest exponents of Dutch and Flemish art—and among the greatest of the world.

When Rubens painted the "Portrait of Marquis Spinola" (Fig. 165) he put on record the personal appearance of a Spaniard of high military standing. Spinola was born in Genoa (1569) and in early life held a number of local offices in his native town. But by the time he was thirty years old he had, at his own expense, equipped a corps of nine thousand veterans. In 1602 he arrived in the Netherlands against the Dutch and English, and there a year later became the chief commander of the Spanish army. His military career in the Netherlands was one of almost unbroken success; one of his last achievements was the capture of Breda, a town a few miles southeast of Rotterdam, after a siege of ten months. Velasquez' great masterpiece, the "Surrender of Breda," in Madrid, represents Spinola receiving the keys of the city of Breda from Prince Justin of Nassau. If you will compare this picture of the great Spanish commander by Rubens with the one Velasquez painted you

will find that both artists have represented a man of power and dignity, sweetened by generous cordiality.

Rubens probably knew Spinola personally, for it was the Spanish general who advised the Archduchess Isabella, the Spanish ruler of the Netherlands, to send Rubens to Spain (see page 26), and when he went thither he no doubt realized that growing ingratitude of the Spanish court toward the Marquis Spinola which finally caused his death. Rubens' life was so closely connected with the political history of his age that to know one is to understand the other.

As we look at the portrait of "Helena Dubois" (Fig. 166), by Van Dyck, let us review briefly a conversation held between Jabac, a personal friend of the artist (Van Dyck had painted the friend thrice) and a writer of the seventeenth century. Jabac says in substance that he asked Van Dyck about the short time it took him to paint a portrait. Van Dyck replied that he had worked hard at first to gain both reputation and speed of execution to help him when he should paint for a living. Jabac gives some further points on Van Dyck's methods. The painter generally set a certain day and hour for the sitter and never worked a moment over the hour on one portrait, either



FIG. 165—Portrait of Marquis Spinola, Rubens, The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 166—Portrait of Helena Dubois, Van Dyck, The Art Institute, Chicago.

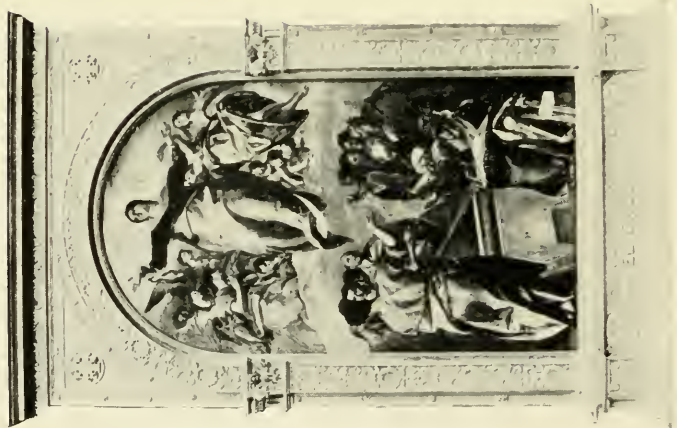


FIG. 167.—The Assumption of the Virgin. El Greco. The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 168.—The Two Sisters. Sorolla. The Art Institute, Chicago.

in rubbing or finishing. When the clock told the hour he arose with a bow, made another appointment of exact day and hour and the sitter was dismissed. The servant entered and prepared fresh brushes and palette, while Van Dyck received another person on appointment. Thus with great rapidity he worked on several portraits in a day. His method was to sketch in the face lightly, put the sitter in a previously thought-out position and then in a quarter of an hour, on gray paper with black and white crayons, he drew the figure and drapery. The drawing was then handed to skilled persons to paint the drapery from the sitter's own clothes, which Van Dyck had had sent to the studio. After this the master went over the picture lightly and gave it the art and truth which we there admire. Lastly, says the writer, "As for the hands, he had in his employment persons of both sexes who served as models." And now as we look at "Helena Dubois," by Van Dyck, after learning something of the personal habits of the artist from one who knew him personally, we can better appreciate the wonderful likeness.

"The Assumption of the Virgin" (Fig. 167), by El Greco, immediately brings to mind his "Nativity," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York (see Fig. 57). El Greco, the Greek,

whose real name was Domenikos Theotokopoulos, was a strange product of Greco-Spanish parentage, born in Crete, then a possession of Venice, and influenced by Titian. The Greek inscription on the white paper in the lower right hand corner of the painting pronounces El Greco the author of the picture. He painted it in 1577 for an altar-screen in a convent chapel of Santa Domingo el Viego. It was purchased by the Infanta Don Sebastian Gabriel, whose monogram, with the crown above, is on the back of the canvas. When this owner died, the picture was put on exhibition at the Prado, Madrid, and in 1904 the French firm of Durand-Ruel bought it and in 1906 sold it to the Chicago Art Institute.

El Greco was a mystic and a scholar, versed in all the ancient lore of Eastern mysticism and Greek philosophy. His home, far up the mountainside above old Toledo, welcomed dignitaries of church and state and fair ladies of renown. His portraiture shows a deep psychological insight for motives, but his religious pictures, governed by his strangely sensitive nature, portray the wildest ecstasy and the deepest gloom of the religious frenzy of the Inquisition. That El Greco was a singularly original genius no one will deny, but that his abnormal sense of color—a lurid flash of the

blackest shadows that somehow presage defeat in a sort of gleeful manner—leaves an unpleasant impression is equally true.

This unpleasant impression is not true of another original Valencian Spanish artist three hundred years later. Sorolla's light and color sense—shall we call it abnormal or supernormal—gives the impression of joyous sunlight; color and light are synonymous terms with him. "The Two Sisters" (Fig. 168) seem like creatures of the sunlight, so dazzling that involuntarily our own arm seeks to cover our eyes from the glare. How can we see anything but two glistening forms, with the sun and the water both blinding our vision? Is it imagination or is it a fact that Sorolla has imprisoned in his pigments so much of the glare of the sun that it makes our eyes ache as we look at this picture? To know Sorolla in all his glory we must see him at the Hispanic Society and the Metropolitan Museum, New York City (see Fig. 45).

CHAPTER XXIII

CHICAGO, AMERICAN AND FRENCH

ONE of the finest, if not the finest collection of paintings by George Inness in America is in the Art Institute of Chicago. Only when we can see a number of Inness' landscapes consecutively do we fully appreciate his words about the purpose of his pictures: "Some persons suppose that a landscape has no power of conveying human sentiment. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant." Now turn to "Peace and Plenty" and "The Delaware Valley" (see Figs. 30, 31), examples of his earlier works, and note how passionately full they are of the life of our kind. Man has redeemed the soil—the curse is removed and the earth is bringing forth her increase; it is nature harnessed. Wide in conception, it leads the mind into the beyond, but anchors it in the green



FIG. 169—Early Morning. Inness. The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 170—The Home of the Heron. Inness. The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 171—The Coming Storm. Keith. The Art Institute, Chicago.

fields at our feet. As years passed Inness narrowed the expanse of country represented and deepened the significance of each special scene. There is no mistaking the "human sentiment" that every landscape of his breathes forth. The earth is man's to have dominion over.

Who has not looked across the valley "After a Spring Shower" and watched the clouds lift and drift away as the sun broke through the rifts? Again the artist's own words index his art: "I would not give a fig for art ideas except as they represent what I perceive behind them Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds—all things we see—will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth."

As we linger before his "Early Morning" (Fig. 169) a feeling of reverence steals over us, for surely it is a morning prayer of thanksgiving. Tenderly and lovingly the rising mist kisses the green things as it passes, and the trees and the grass sparkle with joy at the caress. It is not a sentimental scene, this early morning, but a familiar one that finds an echo in our hearts.

When Inness selected the "Home of the Heron" (Fig. 170) as a bit of nature to be interpreted he told plainer than words could tell

his love for the out-of-the-way places where the mists and vapors hang low and the ever-varying atmosphere, illuminating and enveloping the whole, is like a veil revealing and concealing the charms of a beautiful woman. So intimate and familiar is he with this particular spot that even the heron, timid as she is, does not fly far from her home.

The collection of Inness landscapes gives us the very best idea of the works of this innovator—this artist who was the leader and founder of the American landscape. One critic says, "To see a collection of his pictures is to get a purely modern impression, an idea of the capture of illusive beauty, a beauty that flies yet lingers, a beauty about to go yet caught and held for one eternal embrace." Inness worked standing, very rapidly at first, then more and more slowly as he neared the completion of his picture, to secure the best results. It was his custom to stand at his easel from twelve to fifteen hours.

As we leave the Inness paintings let us stop a moment to look at "The Coming Storm" (Fig. 171), by William Keith (1839-1911). A very close friendship existed between this Scotch-American artist and Inness. At one time Inness made a long stay in California and while there shared Keith's studio. That these

two men influenced each other more or less is probably true. They were too original, however, and too genuinely in earnest to express themselves in their pictures other than individually, yet with a poetic spirit so characteristic of true nature artists.

A mysterious brooding of thoughts too deep for words lingers around "The Coming Storm." The soft green that forms the setting reminds us of Herculaneum bronzes in richness of color, and the banked clouds, tinged with the sun's golden rays, like a great uncut topaz vary with every wind puff. The quiet peace of the tiny cottages snuggled close to the protecting oaks is undisturbed—the storm is only transient. Keith once said, "The sentiment is the only thing of real value in my pictures, and only a few people understand that." To really appreciate this artist we must see a number of his paintings, and we shall do so in the galleries of California (see page 346).

Three very individual portrait painters are represented in the museum. In Gilbert Stuart we have the man who, upon seeing David's "Napoleon," said, "How delicately the lace is drawn; did one ever see richer satin? the ermine is wonderful in its finish; and, by Jove, the thing has a head!" This sentence tells the whole story of Stuart's dislike of anything

done for effect. A well-known remark of his, when even an intimate friend dared criticize his accessories, "I copy the works of God, and leave the clothes to the tailor and mantua-maker." The portrait of "General Dearborn" (Fig. 172) is an example of Stuart's very best work. George C. Mason, in his biography of Gilbert Stuart, in describing the painting of General Dearborn, says: "The mouth painted as only an artist of the highest order could paint it, with a faint smile lurking around the corners, gives the idea that the figure is about to speak in reply to some remark that has been made." Stuart painted on mahogany panels prepared under his special direction. The surface of the panel was made to look like canvas by passing the plane over the whole face, then across the surface at right angles.

Of Whistler's portrait rules "an arrangement" came first, then later the individual's personality. "In the Studio" (Fig. 173) is merely "an arrangement" pure and simple, only that the Whistler personality in his own figure is so compelling that, after all, it is a portrait too. Though basically American, was ever an artist more cosmopolitan than Whistler? Unique to the point of being eccentric as an individual, he never dropped to the vulgar to express his desire for something new in his art.



Fig. 172—General Dearborn, Stuart. The Art Institute, Chicago.



Fig. 173—In the Studio. Whistler. The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 174—Alice. Chase. The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 175—The Two Disciples at the Tomb. Tanner. The Art Institute, Chicago.

Egotistic he was in the extreme, but always holding to a definite idea of wholesome beauty. We may not agree personally with his ideas of what is beautiful and attractive, but we always feel the sweet purity of his artistic conceptions. That many of his themes were mere personal expressions of some abstract ideas floating in his fertile brain is undoubtedly true, and when extreme Whistlerians are ecstatically enthusiastic over his symphonies we feel like tapping our foreheads with a sly grin. There really is not much that we can say of "In His Studio," and he himself challenging us in a rather contemptuous manner—but is it contemptuous or only a challenge by one who is sure of himself?

"Alice" (Fig. 174), by William M. Chase, attracts us. She is so girlish and wholesome. Like a beautiful cultivated flower, she is the product of the guiding and pruning of a wise parent—a beautiful cultivated child of nature. She moves with the ease and grace of a young faun in his native home, perfectly unconscious of self, which is the height of perfected art. Mr. Chase commands our admiration and respect whatever his subject. It is his dignified reserve and moderation and his insistent originality that give him the place of honor to-day.

Henry O. Tanner is peculiarly interesting as an artist with negro blood in his veins. He was born in Pittsburgh and was trained both in this country and in Paris. He is a man of real talent in painting, and his exalted ideas have found expression in his many religious subjects. His painting of "The Two Disciples at the Tomb" (Fig. 175) is decidedly original. The disciples are undoubtedly Peter and John, who ran together to the tomb, and the moment when "that other disciple which came first to the sepulchre saw and believed." John has the vision in his eyes and the calm assurance in his face that marked his career as the beloved disciple, the St. John of the Revelations and the Gospel. The artist has caught the spirit of one who "saw and believed."

The Chicago Institute has a most comprehensive collection of the paintings of French art. We shall note just a few of the well-known masterpieces of the Barbizon artists and Manet's famous painting of "The Beggar."

In "The Song of the Lark" (Fig. 176) Jules Breton attained his highest point of excellence. He and Millet began painting peasant life about the same time, but Breton was not a deep thinker and rarely did he go below the surface in his peasant scenes. His religious



FIG. 176—The Song of the Lark. Breton. The Art Institute, Chicago.

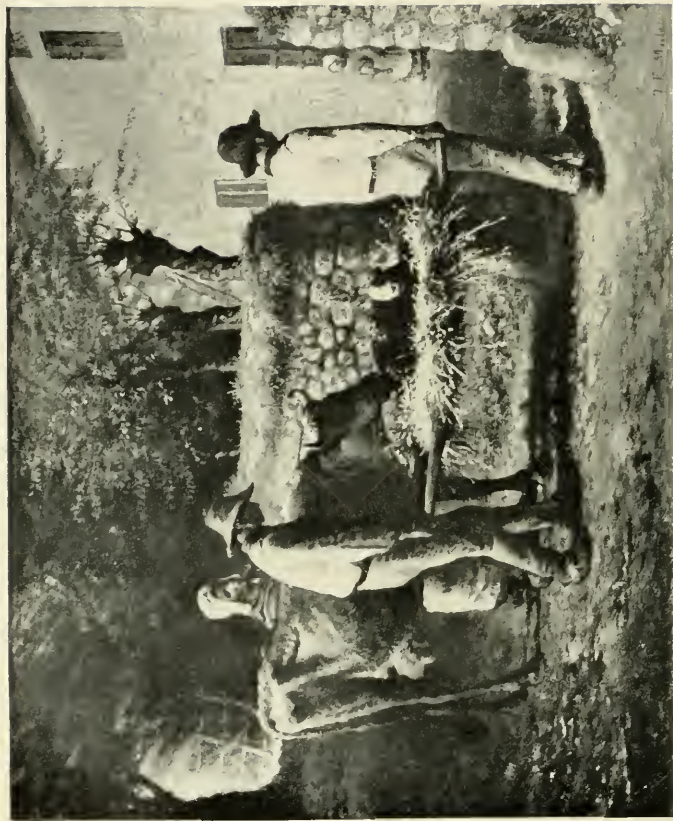


FIG. 177.—Bringing Home the New-Born Calf. Millet. The Art Institute, Chicago.

processions—and he painted a number—accurately represent what actually occurred, and in a style decidedly his own, yet there is little depth of religious fervor in the ceremony. He has struck a deeper note in the “Song of the Lark.” The girl is a simple peasant with the natural dignity of a Greek goddess. She sees the lark ascend, and eagerly listens to the receding song as he rises higher and higher and is finally lost to sight in the blue depths above. We are lifted out of ourselves by this peasant goddess, for Breton has here revealed a true child of nature simply and forcefully.

To one brought up on a farm and whose sympathies are with the helpless babies of the domestic animals Millet’s “Bringing Home the New Born Calf” (Fig. 177) arouses vivid mental pictures. How often has the favorite heifer or staid bossy of a dozen years been missing at the morning or evening milking-time, only to be found in some out-of-the-way place guarding her new-found treasure. And how eagerly the son and father place the helpless little creature on the soft straw bed in the barrow and carry it home, as the sun comes over the hill or in the gloaming when the night air is cool and damp. True, that is a French setting, but Millet has made it universal; wherever is found the true farmer, there this homey

picture will touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of the household. Though a scene of toil and anxious care, yet the poetry of it is there, for it radiates possibilities and hope and mother-love—the three elements that make life worth living.

Troyon more often used his animals as part of a landscape rather than as an animal picture with a landscape setting. Even in the "Returning from the Market" (Fig. 178), where the sheep and horses fill the larger part of the canvas, his broad conception of the big out-of-doors dominates the picture. The western sky is aglow with the long rays of the setting sun. The flying dust particles, acting as prisms, set the air aquivering, tinting trees and roadside with a rainbow glory. Yet he understood animals and has given a true insight into their characteristic traits. His pictures are poems of nature's animate and inanimate objects rejoicing over the joy of existing; Millet's pictures are poems of man's ability to earn his daily bread. One awakens the imagination, the other touches the heart.

"The Beggar" (Fig. 179), by Edouard Manet (1833-1883), is so insistent that unless we expect to put a coin in the outstretched hand we had better move on. When Manet painted his impressions of people in such por-



FIG. 178—The Return from the Market. Troyon. The Art Institute, Chicago.



FIG. 179—The Beggar. Manet. The Art Institute, Chicago.

traits as this and the "Boy with a Sword" (see Fig. 50), he was at his best. The very essence of the nature of each is revealed in a broad simple manner.

CHAPTER XXIV

MILWAUKEE, LAYTON ART GALLERY

WHEN Mr. Frederick Layton and his wife gave the now famous Layton Gallery to the City of Milwaukee in 1888, they bestowed a gift that in intellectual value is compounding interest to each succeeding generation. The pictures alone collected there have many rare treasures among them. We can hope to examine but a small number in our brief survey.

We are drawn at once to "The Wood Gatherer" (Fig. 180), by Bastien-Lepage (1848-1884), for in it we recognize a return to nature and a return, too, in a simple natural way without any forced process of primitive methods and crash color scheme. Bastien-Lepage was great enough to defy the Academicians in Paris and paint a scene as he saw it in his own back yard or wood pile. The impressionists may claim him among their leaders, but he certainly reached the satisfactory final stage

where the people could understand his work without going through the intermediate states that have brought so much annoyance to the art-loving public. This was probably due to his excessive early academic training and, we quickly add, the influence of Manet who was painting nature as it impressed him, but without the severe training as a foundation. That the latter interested the public later his "Boy With a Sword" (see Fig. 50) and "The Beggar" (see Fig. 179) are proofs sufficient.

Bastien—the artist assumed his mother's name Lepage—was rebuffed again and again in contending for the Prix de Rome. His defeats, however, were simply a spur to further original work, until finally success came, alas! only as he laid down his brush at thirty-seven. We can scarcely believe that the "Wood Gatherer" was painted by a pupil of Cabanel. Bastien has so frankly grasped the essentials of the simple scene. The general effect of gray interspersed with delicate greens and lovely flower tints is a harmonious blending of nature's own. This idyl of the wood gatherer and his little granddaughter is a bit of real life perfectly charming in its simplicity. It is simply an incident in the life of these two that has occurred many times, and which never loses its

joy for the little one and its thought of comfort for the old peasant.

"The Water Mill" (Fig. 181) is really one of the most attractive of Anton Mauve's (1838-1888) paintings. It is a small picture, eleven by seventeen inches, but big with the spirit that surrounds an old water mill. As we approach on foot we can hear the water pour off the wheel, then the swish of the current in the pool and close at hand the drip, drip, drip of the water falling from bucket to bucket. Very crude is this overshot wheel and evidently carefully tended, that no water be wasted as it comes from the race above. It is not often that a Dutch painter has given us so intimate a picture of the simple industries of Holland. Over and over we see the more pretentious windmill as it dominates the low country. The water mill, found in the out-of-the-way corners as we see it here, needs a slight elevation for its simple and economical work. The lone sheep browsing at will is probably a pet lamb that is allowed its freedom; and what a place to browse! Can you not smell the mint growing along the waste water course? And the ferns, how rank they are! though the air is raw and the trees stand stark and shivering.

Anton Mauve's home was only a short distance south of the Zuyder Zee, in the little

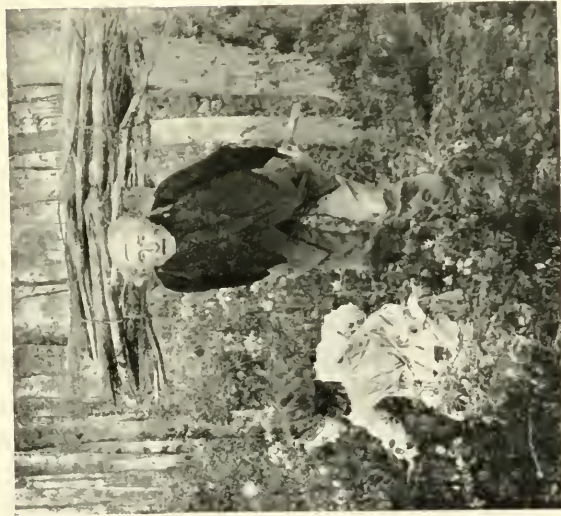


FIG. 180—The Wood Gatherer. Bastien-Lepage.
Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

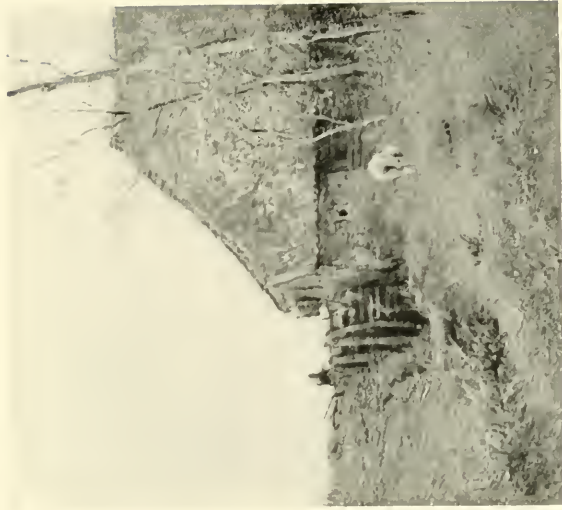


FIG. 181—The Water Mill. Mauve. Layton Art
Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



FIG. 182—The Coast of Scheveningen. Mesdag. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



FIG. 183—An English Landscape. Constable. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

village of Laven. His pictures are simple and direct statements of actual scenes, many of them the sand dunes near his home. Cool gray was his favorite tone and simple long lines mark his composition. These two are very soothing in such a picture as the "Water-Mill," but sometimes, as in many of his sheep pictures, this becomes too monotonous; we wish the sheep, the stupid things, would break away and disturb the long line of silvery backs stretching across our vision.

It is rather curious that a banker, and one who acquired his own wealth, should have been a painter and one of distinction. To be a Dutchman and a painter of the sea is natural, but among Dutchmen a painter and banker like Hendrick Willen Mesdag (1831-) is rather unusual. Mesdag saw the sea with his face to the north, and a fine strong sea he has portrayed it. Even his picture, "The Coast of Scheveningen" (Fig. 182) shows sturdy toilers battling with timbers and muscles against the tides of the incoming North Sea. It was the sterner aspect, a resisting sea, that attracted him—not the crowd of idlers at the resort, but the fisher-folk wresting their living from the very jaws of death. Yet there is no tragedy in this contest between the waters and the workers—rather a proud matching of

strength. Look out across the waters of the great North Sea, and note how the tall masts reaching even to the horizon seem to stand as guards holding the water in check. What a sense of freedom is in that wide expanse! Is it any wonder that the Dutch Republic was born among people who had that vision of sea and sky before them? Brave little Holland! How proud we are to claim some of her people!

There are three unique specimens of the development of modern landscape painting in England, France and America in the Layton Gallery. For the English example we turn to John Constable and look at his painting, "An English Landscape" (Fig. 183). This is not a very definite title, yet the picture is a typical English scene. Constable could not paint other than typical scenes of his homeland. He himself says: "I have always succeeded best with my native scenes . . . they have always charmed me, and I hope they always will." Old Crome, an artist contemporary of Constable, in a measure explained why we love Constable's paintings when he said: "Trifles in nature must be overlooked, that we may have our feelings raised by seeing the whole picture at a glance, not knowing how or why we are charmed."

Then, too, Constable, ever heeding Benjamin West's remark to him when a mere lad that "light and shadow *never stand still*," saw that real light played many pranks with the trees and grass. He not only saw green in vegetation, a step in advance of the Dutch landscapists, but he saw that green itself was moody and changeable under the stress of varying lights and moisture. No one knew better how to give the tender radiance of the dew or the gleam of the hoar frost. But the celebrated connoisseur Beaumont, while he admired Constable's landscapes, said he thought they ought to have more of the quality of an old brown fiddle. Constable, without answering a word, went into the house and brought out an old brown fiddle and laid it gently on the green lawn beside Beaumont. This was sufficient answer.

We look again at "An English Landscape" and feel that the intimate warmth of the home is the element that draws us. The landscape might easily be called "The Home," and possibly Constable's own home. There is the windmill—his father was a miller on the Staur—there are the clouds that the son learned to love while tending the long-armed giant, and there is the straw-thatched cottage and the quiet industry, loved so well by the artist.

Quite naturally we turn to the Barbizon artists after looking at a painting by Constable. Those men of 1830 in France recognized that the English painter had demonstrated a great truth, in painting nature as he saw her. When we class Corot with the Barbizon artists, we do so remembering that he never lived in the little hamlet at the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau; but his spirit was that of those independent men. In truth, Corot, often called the Fra Angelico of landscapists, is in a class by himself. All artists loved him—the classicists because he had classic tendencies, the revolutionists because he gave the very essence of nature—all loved him; he was “Père Corot” to everyone.

His “Landscape” (Fig. 184), whatever it is, is the adjective that defines him. Words are useless in creating the impression that one obtains from seeing one of his paintings. A Corot is a Corot. Miss Anderson very beautifully expresses it when she says, “For Corot the morning comes down from God out of heaven divinely veiled, and adorned like a bride for her husband.”

When George Inness painted “Sunset in Georgia” (Fig. 185), he was sixty-five and at the zenith of his art career. With Inness began the war between the old and the new in

American landscape painting, and in him the modern American landscapists found their strongest advocate. He saw in the Barbizon artists, as against the Hudson River school, a freedom from the restraint of painting petty details that touched his American sense of the bigness of the great out-of-doors, and he came home to find the subjects for his own paintings at his very door. These two traits, expanse of vision and intimate scenes, are the touchstones of his art. Even in the "Sunset in Georgia" we feel that he has chosen a favorite spot on the estate of his friend. With his poetic nature all aglow, he has given a poem on canvas that shows the glory of the fragrant wood and the shimmering water and the phantom steamer, for it seems but a phantom. The old negro servant, true to his native instinct, has stolen down to watch, feeling in his soul the charm and mystery of the coming of the outside world.

We are becoming so accustomed to thinking of Winslow Homer as the painter of the ocean that we feel a little surprised when we see his other pictures. The surprise, however, is an exceedingly pleasant one in the Layton Gallery, where the picture is "Hark, the Lark!" (frontispiece). The charm of the ocean is in it—the salt air, the stiff breeze, the sand dunes,

but above all the free life of the fisher folk. Yes, I know there is the sad story of those who follow the sea, but people who stop at the song of the lark are not all sadness. What eager comely faces these young women have! and how far removed from the peasant folk of the old world. Native-born American women are these toilers, with aspirations that lift their souls to the heights and make of drudgery something more than simply existing. Surely Wordsworth's words:

“Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
 Singing, singing,
 With clouds and sky above thee ringing,
 Lift me, guide me till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!”

would find a response in the hearts of these three. It is meet that this American-born and American trained artist, Winslow Homer, should furnish the frontispiece to a volume discussing “What Pictures to See in America,” and that this picture should represent true American-born women with souls attuned to the music of God's feathered worshipers.

Carl Marr is a native of Milwaukee, born in 1858. Like many another genius who fails



FIG. 184—Landscape. Corot. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



FIG. 185—Sunset in Georgia. Inness. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Fig. 186—Silent Devotion. Marr. Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

of recognition at home, he went to Europe and by sheer perseverance made a name for himself. His home-coming several years ago was looked upon as a great acquisition to America, and rightly so. While mural decoration is an exceedingly strong branch of Mr. Marr's art, he has many splendid figure pictures. "The Wandering Jew" (see Fig. 317, "Pictures and Their Painters"), in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, received a medal from the critics of Germany and "The Flagellants," his chef-d'œuvre, was bought by his native city. "Silent Devotion" (Fig. 186) is one of his simpler canvases and possibly for that reason one of his most attractive ones. The young wife is the very essence of peaceful thinking untroubled by doubts. She has listened to the Word and her mind has wandered on into realms of the unreal, yet with no searchings for the unanswerable problems. The play of light on that woman, unconscious of the world, is as beautiful as anything in modern art. The mobile pensive face, the shapely arms and hands, the expression of perfect ease in the supple body are all there, yet the illusive charm is the filmy palpitating atmosphere that envelops the whole.

CHAPTER XXV

MINNEAPOLIS, INSTITUTE OF ART

THE Minneapolis Institute has perhaps one of the newest galleries in our country and one laid on an extensive scale. The building, which had its inaugural exhibition in January and February, 1915, is but the first unit or about one-seventh of the entire plan. Already the permanent collection of paintings contains some rare examples of old masters and a generous number representing American art.

Quite the most attractive picture in the gallery is Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the "Second Earl of Clarendon" (Fig. 187). Just one glance at the beautiful child disarms criticism against the above statement. When we recall the part the Earl of Clarendon played in the time of the Charleses of England, this boy has a keener interest for us. His sweet innocent face gives no hint of the corruption and rascality that was to mar his life. Sir Peter has caught the air of the child of court surround-

ings and with rare skill has woven it into an exquisite *genre* picture. The warm intimate companionship between the great dog and the little earl is just as real as in Ter Borch's "Boy and Dog" (see "Famous Pictures of Real Boys and Girls," Fig. 28), only that this dog shows the protective instinct of an animal trained to watch over a precious charge. The tones of the picture are rich and harmonious. The boy's yellow hair and bronze-colored slip are thrown into relief by the warm brown of the background in a most pleasing manner.

Sir Peter Lely (1617-1680), born in Germany, was of Dutch ancestry. He was trained in the Netherlands and worked in Haarlem until 1641, when he went to England with the Prince of Orange, William II, who was betrothed that year to the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I. Lely soon became popular by his portraits of the beauties of the gay court—pictures of not very great merit, we are bound to admit. Lely's family name was Van der Faes until his father assumed the name Lely, because he was born in a house bearing the sign of a lily.

Another picture that attracts us is "A Portrait of a Lady" (Fig. 188), by Michiel Mierevelt (1567-1641), a Dutch artist fifty years older than Sir Peter Lely. This is a typical

portrait of Mierevelt's in the portrayal of lace and jewels and elegant stuffs. He was in his element when the aristocracy came to him for their likenesses. At first he painted altar-pieces for the Church of Delft, but when his portraits attracted the people he was quite willing to please them, and turned his entire attention to that branch of his art. He is one of the earliest portrait painters of the Dutch people, and from the number he painted must have equaled Franz Hals, his younger contemporary, in rapidity of work.

The Dutch people were especially pleased to have themselves put on record. They were interested in their own affairs, in their business guilds and their homes. The pictures that pleased their vanity—for they were vain, and rightly so, of their success in throwing off the Spanish rule and establishing their own identity—were those representing them as individuals and as prosperous. Portrait painting brought financial success, consequently few artists could withstand the lure of lucre. Forty years later Rembrandt refused to cater to the public vanity, and fought poverty and neglect. To-day Rembrandt stands as a great master, Mierevelt as a recorder of the wealth of the prosperous. There is no doubt but that the lady in the portrait had plenty of worldly goods



FIG. 187—Portrait of the Second Earl of Clarendon.
Lely. Institute of Art, Minneapolis.



FIG. 188—Portrait of a Lady. Mierevelt. Institute
of Art, Minneapolis.



FIG. 189—Madonna and Child with Two Angels.
Master of San Miniato Altar-piece. Institute of
Art, Minneapolis.



FIG. 190—Marriage, Melchers. Institute of Art,
Minneapolis.

and no lack of pride in her Dutch ancestry. Her name is unknown, as are many of the people Mierevelt painted.

A very interesting painting of ancient Italian art in the Institute is a "Madonna and Child with Two Angels" (Fig. 189), by the Master of the San Miniato Altar-piece. Many very admirable old paintings in Europe have been done by artists whose names are still unknown. Doubtless documents will be found later to establish their identity, but until then their paintings are designated by some special work, as in the case of the Master of the San Miniato Altar-piece, or as associated with some great artist whose name and works are well known.

This "Madonna and Child with Two Angels" was probably painted about 1418. The painter shows the influence of the earlier men, as Fra Angelico, Masaccio and Fra Filippo Lippi—the baby's short neck reminds us strongly of Fra Filippo's children—yet there are too many dissimilar points in the work to call the artist an imitator. The painting was formerly owned in England and for some time was in the Grosvenor Gallery. Its splendid state of preservation is doubtless due to the thick covering of varnish that the English use on old paintings, and when removed the sur-

face was practically undamaged. The sweet sincerity of the Madonna and the child-like action of the Infant, together with the adoring angels, give a devotional spirit to the picture that marks the artist as true religious painter. The flesh tints are exquisite, and the pure color of the Madonna's robe and the filmy veil please us.

There is a fine showing of the paintings of American artists in the Emanuel Walter Collection in the Institute of Art. Of the Ten American Painters (see page 186) four, Twachtman, Tarbell, Reid, and Hassam, have representative examples in the permanent gallery. The works of other men equally well known hold our interest. We stop to look at John W. Alexander's "Ray of Sunshine" because it compels us. The soft radiance illuminating the picture is a touch of nature that sings on in our hearts forever. A ray of sunshine is a bit of energy that never ceases; it may change as it has under Mr. Alexander's hand, but its power is still there.

Gari Melchers' pictures have a strength and virility all their own. The bride in "Marriage" (Fig. 190) is not one whit less womanly because she stands unflinchingly by the side of the man; the ceremony is to her a bond that holds for life; she sees far beyond the moment

and feels that her own soul is responsible for the step she is taking. Not so the man. To him this is the supreme moment; he now possesses what he has sought, and cares very little for what the future has in store. Mr. Melchers is very dependent upon the individuality of his subjects, as are all true artists, and he never fails to make us feel that character is the basis of his portraits. One of his most remarkable portraits is that of Dr. William Rainey Harper, late President of the University of Chicago.

The two paintings of "The River in Winter" in the Institute by two of our Independents are splendid examples of the individual force that governs our American landscapists. Each man is true to himself and each sees the river in his own way. The "River in Winter" (Fig. 191), by Gardner Symons, is flowing steadily through the valley, where for ages it has been eating out the crumbling banks, making a lake of itself, then drawing in its forces because the rocks and trees compel it, only again, however, to tear out new material with its collected force. Mr. Symons has vividly portrayed the history of that sullen water in its devastating moods. The heavy cold of the dark ice-laden river penetrates to the very marrow—the air is cold; the snow is cold; the water is cold;

not even the sun cares to linger, for the winter king is in no mood to give out joy, though he makes us wish for the open fire in the home near the river.

But Mr. Symons can depict a winter scene full of joy as we may see in the "Sunlight in the Woods" (see Fig. 215). These two scenes show how sympathetically he approaches his subjects and how susceptible he is to the ever changing aspect of nature. We might name our landscapists "Interpreters of Nature," for such is the burden of their theme, only unfortunately not always are their renderings understood by us, the public; when not comprehended, both they and their pictures fall by the way.

Gustave Courbet (1819-1877) was a strange man. He despised the conventional and artificial and made himself heartily hated by his insistence in exploiting the ugly and commonplace. He took pride in saying, "I am not only a socialist, but also a democrat and a republican . . . and I am a sheer realist." A sheer realist! that explains his art. He was not an interpreter, but an exact recorder of nature, and nature usually in her most cruel, most uncompromising attitude. This state of mind did not prevent Courbet from painting superbly, for he was a thoroughly trained



FIG. 191.—The River in Winter. Symons. Institute of Art, Minneapolis.



FIG. 192—The Deer in the Forest. Courbet. Institute of Art, Minneapolis.

craftsman, nor did it keep him from grasping great truths and ignoring petty details.

"The Deer in the Forest" (Fig. 192) is an unusual Courbet, as it has none of the brutal qualities that so provoked the antagonism of the French people. He seemed to gloat in picturing scenes that would shock the sensibilities of society-bound Paris. But in this picture the artist is showing just what he saw, with no comments as to the sentiment of the scene and no disturbing details. The forest is there and the lure of its depths is in the underbrush and crowded trees. The light playing over the glossy fur of the mother and her fawn and creeping up the tree trunk is superb, and yet no longings stir within us. Art without sentiment is no more uplifting than social reform work without the touch of human love and sympathy.

CHAPTER XXVI

INDIANAPOLIS, JOHN HERRON ART INSTITUTE

INDIANA is particularly fortunate in having a portrait of her most distinguished literary son in her capital, and painted by America's most famous portrait painter. When John Singer Sargent (1856-) painted the "Portrait of James Whitcomb Riley" (Fig. 193) he gave the world a masterpiece of rare value. It is easy, from Mr. Sargent's likeness of him, to grasp the genuine quality in Mr. Riley that has made his dialect writing a success.

When Mr. Riley chose Benj. F. Johnson as a sobriquet he created a real character. An aged, uneducated rustic was Johnson, who said of himself, in his own words, "from childhood up tel old enough to vote, I allus wrote more or less poetry, as many an album in the neighborhood can testify, . . . from the hart out." The public at once recognized the ring



FIG. 193—Portrait of James Whitcomb Riley. Sargent. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.



Fig. 194—Dorothy, Chase, John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.



Fig. 195—Portrait of William Merritt Chase, Beckwith, John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

of truth in the "Old Swimmin' Hole" and scores of other poems. Mr. Riley began to absorb the characteristics of the "hoosier"—perhaps derived from "Who's yere?"—when a mere child. He was the constant companion of his father, an attorney-at-law, and on court days in some obscure corner of the courtroom he was unconsciously preparing for his future career. Several of his earlier years were spent wandering over the country decorating the fences and roadsides with business signs to please the people and entice their trade. At one time he even had yearnings toward portrait painting, but signs brought larger returns for his time.

With such a man as James Whitcomb Riley for a subject, Mr. Sargent must have felt the tingle of a war-horse on his mettle. And the portrait is proof that he recognized the subtle traits of the man who is known as the "Burns of America." The portrait is true to the man—humorous yet ever kindly, witty with no sting, seeing weakness but with the sympathy of a true friend, quick to scent the absurd but quicker to heal the hurt—such is a true picture of James Whitcomb Riley.

When William M. Chase combines portraiture and *genre* painting, as in "Dorothy" (Fig. 194), he makes a picture that is simply be-

witching. "Alice" (see Fig. 174) has a charm all her own, as she skips away laughing at her own power to please us; but "Dorothy" has more of the challenge of the young miss who feels her power, but wants you to know that she feels it. Both have the unconscious grace of childhood, with the awakened conscience of young girlhood just making itself felt. Individually "Alice" and "Dorothy" are as distinct in character as the two girls must have been in real life. Mr. Chase never leaves any uncertainty as to the personality of his subjects. They demand our attention by the force of their presence. We could no more ignore "Dorothy," or succeed in forgetting her, than we could evade the influence of any strong character that has entered the room where we are.

Mr. Chase is a native of Indiana, and it is most fitting that he should not only be represented by his own work but that a portrait of him should be in the John Herron Institute. And who could have portrayed "William Merritt Chase" (Fig. 195) with more sympathy than J. Carroll Beckwith (1852-)? Both men are westerners—the west of thirty years ago. Mr. Beckwith is a native of Missouri. Both he and Mr. Chase went to study in Europe at an early age, Mr. Chase to Munich and

Mr. Beckwith to Carolus Durand, in Paris. Mr. Beckwith has painted the portraits of many notable persons in Europe, particularly several cardinals of Italy. He has exhibited in the Paris exhibitions and our own Academies. His portraits have much of the same direct personal element that Mr. Chase gives to the likenesses of his sitters.

We are not surprised that the pupils of Mr. Chase, who is here looking us in the eyes so frankly, could see beauty in the forlorn, wind-swept, undulating country of Shinnecock. It is the recognizing of beauty in just such barren wastes that marks Mr. Chase as the true artist. The spontaneity of his pictures is one of their greatest charms. His inspiration, like the sparkle on champagne, must be caught at the moment, and his work is that of a trained master, with every faculty under perfect control. No one can paint more delicious fish than Mr. Chase, and his red peppers make one's mouth water. One wonders if the cook ever has a chance to get these articles of food into the oven, if the master spies them first.

The Herron Art Institute has a fine collection of paintings by the American landscapists of the second half of the nineteenth century, men who are still producing wonderful pictures of nature shifting her scenes from sea-

son to season. We never tire of these paintings, for we have grown up with the originals and love them as we love our own vine and fig tree. We frankly confess that it has taken our American artists to open our eyes to the beauty of them.

Who can look at Tryon's "November Morning" (Fig. 196) without feeling the thrill of the stiff breeze lifting and swaying the tall grass and crisp bushes? Was there ever such riot in shades of brown, soft luscious cream tints deepening into glistening chestnut and rich seal brown, yet with the summer's green still making itself felt? Everywhere and over all hangs a gray tone as elusive as the odor of rosemary off the coast of Spain.

Mr. Dwight W. Tryon is one of the earlier of the landscapists following George Inness. He was born in 1849 in Hartford, Conn. A pupil of Charles Daubigny, he has the same love of his master for homey scenes—yes, and homely scenes, too, only they are not homely after he has touched them. I doubt if many persons could look out on a chilly November morning, after seeing his picture of it, and grumble, "Oh, what a disagreeable morning!" as shivers creep up and down the spine. Mr. Tryon has revised Thomas Hood's description of "November." Of course Hood was correct

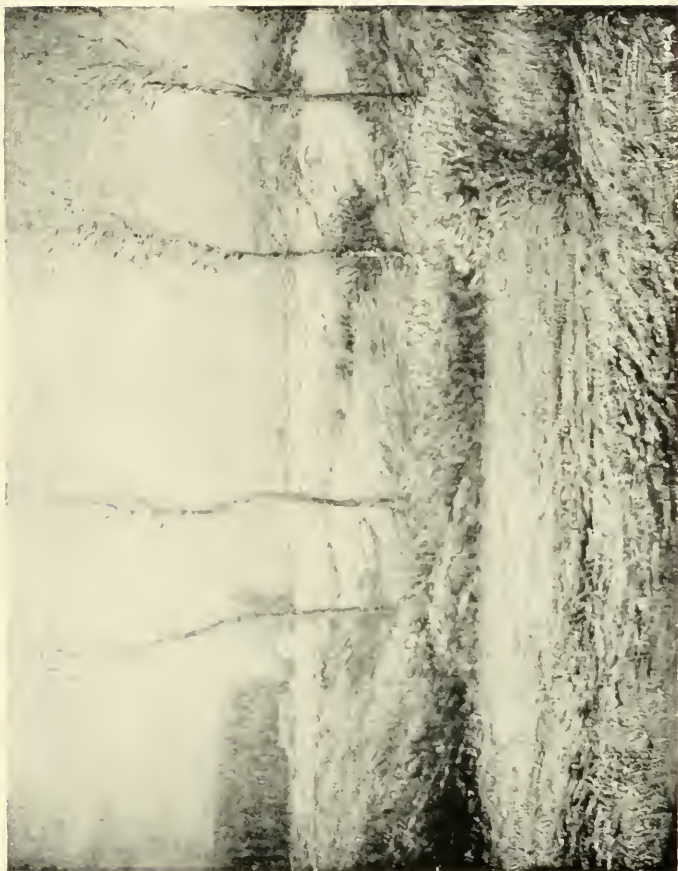


FIG. 196—November Morning. Tryon. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.



FIG. 197.—Old Mills on the Somme. Schofield. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.

so far as the mere facts are concerned, but his angle of vision saw only the drear, and Mr. Tryon is just as correct in picturing the cheer.

Mr. Tryon has a way of arranging his composition that is very pleasing. He uses some permanent and familiar landmark, such as a row of trees or an old fence, as the sequence of long lines, and encloses all between the distant sky-line and an intimate bit of dooryard or meadow-brook at our very feet.

Twenty years later than Mr. Tryon a number of embryo artists, destined to become masters and add a new element to American art, arose in various sections of America. Among them were Elmer W. Schofield, born in Philadelphia in 1867, and Edward W. Redfield, born in Bridgeport, Delaware, in 1868. It takes a peculiar kind of wisdom to strike into hitherto untrodden paths and wander so far afield that the old, with its fundamentals, is not lost. These two young men and a few others had that wisdom and, while many others have fallen by the way, they are binding the old and the new into an art that prophesies much for America.

The "Old Mills on the Somme" (Fig. 197), by Elmer W. Schofield, is a quiet scene, yet we feel that the whirr of the stones and the hum of the belts fill the air with the music of in-

dustry. The open door and the snug well-kept air of the buildings indicate the thrift of labor. The ancient buildings beside the picturesque, ragged old stream peer anxiously into the deeper pool and smile as they see their own faces. The snow clinging to the stones and water-grass seems to catch up the smile and give it back to us. The shimmer of green and purple-brown that lurks in the shadows and around the bare trees has the tantalizing quality of the opal and defies too close scrutiny of its exact tint.

Of the American landscapists now nearing the half-century mark probably Mr. Redfield is the most widely known, though as one critic says, "He was no precocious prodigy, and it is doubtful if anyone realized . . . that he was destined to become one of the foremost painters in America, whose work would receive general and substantial recognition before he had turned forty." He was the first American landscapist from whom the French Government bought a picture to hang in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

"The Crest" (Fig. 198) is another of Mr. Redfield's winter scenes. Let us turn to his "Delaware River" (see Fig. 109) and "The Laurel Brook" (see Fig. 138) that we may un-

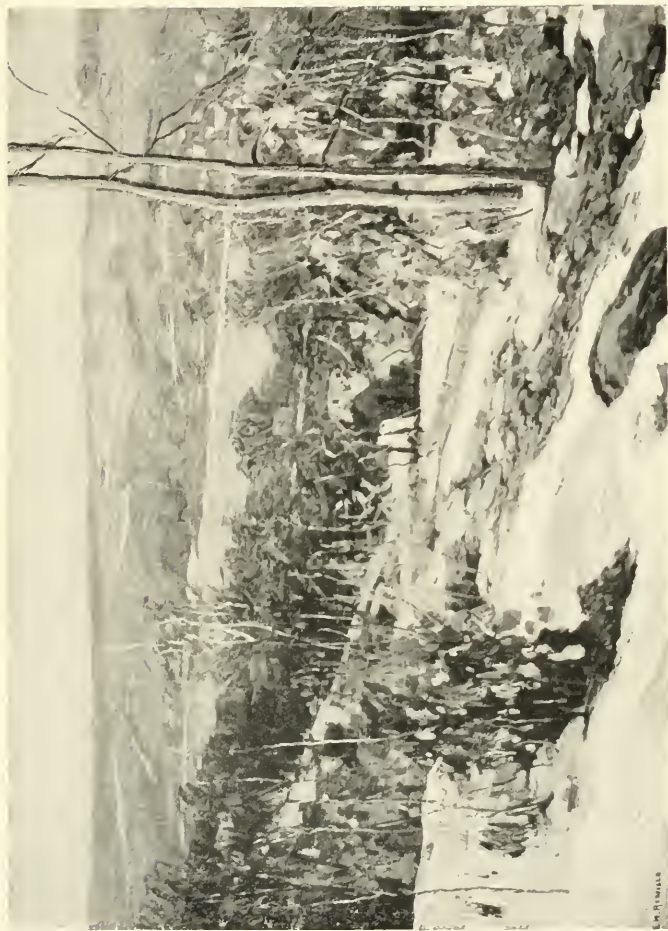


FIG. 198—The Crest. Redfield. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis.



derstand how impossible it is to mistake one of his pictures, and yet to realize how entirely distinct and individual is his every picture. Mr. Redfield changes his point of view in dealing with the cranky, uncertain king of winter, but he does it to help us to a better appreciation of the whimsical vagaries of a monarch subject to powers beyond him. A certain desolateness hangs over the bare hillside and heavy flowing river in "The Crest," but the tiny settlement snuggled against the rough sidling road and the glistening snow caught in the hollows suggest that hope still lingers.

It would be impossible for Mr. Redfield to paint a hopeless winter, yet he never fails to make us feel the true spirit of the frost king. There is no sentimental masking of the desolation that follows in the wake of snow and ice. At one time we feel the light fluffy snow that, like a wool comforter, is soft and warm, then again the heavy wet snow that, like a cheap cotton comforter, weighs down with no semblance of warmth and comfort in it. Mr. Redfield works almost exclusively out of doors, and very rapidly, so that many canvases are the result of a season's work. To have one of his winter scenes on the wall of a living-room brings joy the season through. In winter the

296 WHAT PICTURES TO SEE

home is the cosier because of the presence of his literal portrayal of winter, and in summer there comes from it a breath of crisp cold air deliciously refreshing.

CHAPTER XXVII

CINCINNATI, MUSEUM

THE latest acquisition to the Cincinnati Museum, and perhaps the most important painting of all its possessions, is the "Portrait of Philip the Second," by Titian. This picture was donated to the museum by Mrs. Mary M. Emery. The history of the picture is complete from the brush of the Venetian master to the walls of the Cincinnati Museum. Briefly it is as follows: "It appears to have been painted in 1550 from sittings given by Philip the Second in Augsburg. It remained in the possession of Titian, passing at the time of his death, 1576, to his son who in the course of a few years sold Titian's house and its contents to Christofero Barbarigo. It remained in this family over three hundred years, passing into the possession of the Giustiani branch in Padua, and is referred to as still being there in the later eighties. We next hear of it in Lenbach's possession, and after Lenbach's

death, 1904, it was sold by his widow in 1911 to Agnew in London. Then for a short time it was in possession of Sir Hugh Lane, from whom Mrs. Emery bought it in 1913."

That the portrait was owned by Franz von Lenbach is sufficient guarantee that it was a most valuable example of Titian's art, for of modern artists probably no one was more familiar with the great Italian than Lenbach, the famous German portrait painter of Munich (see page 91). Lenbach, when a young man, was specially noted for his knowledge of the art of the old masters and for his superb copies of their works, particularly of this portrait of Philip the Second, of which he made several copies. We regret exceedingly that no photograph was available for an illustration, so we must forego a reproduction of this valuable portrait.

Quite naturally we turn next to the works of a native of Cincinnati, Robert Frederick Blum (1857-1903). After his death in 1903, his sister Mrs. Haller assisted in collecting a large number of his paintings and studies for the museum. The addition of these representative works by Blum was an acquisition of immense value to the students and lovers of art. Mr. Blum was less than twenty when he settled in New York City, and almost imme-



FIG. 199.—Venetian Lace Makers. Blum. Museum, Cincinnati.

diately success came to him. He was a man of keen perceptive powers, alive to the merits of others, ready to be influenced, but never dominated by the genius of other artists. He made many journeys to Europe and one to Japan. The results of these visits are seen in the subjects of his paintings, but not unduly in his manner of work.

One of the most attractive of his pictures is the "Venetian Lace Makers" (Fig. 199). So true to life is this group of young women gossiping over their pillows, as their deft fingers manipulate the thread and pins, that we scarcely believe it is only a picture before us. How many times have we stood in the doorway of some lace room back of San Marco, Venice, and watched just such a scene as this. See the sun stealing in through the cracks in the Venetian blind and boldly pouring through the open door and window. And how it brings out the eagerness of the faces and plays with the hair and sparkles on the beads and makes each dress and apron and basket like an illusive elf of first one tint then another. Firmly and delicately the artist has placed the scene before us with no superfluous details; simply and clearly the story, if we may call it a story, of the Venetian lace-maker is made a reality to us.

Mr. Blum's studies of Japan were really the first to introduce the American people to the charm of that land of the cherry blossom and chrysanthemum. As a mural decorator, Blum's sense of the appropriate is beautifully shown in Mendelssohn Hall, New York City.

To have a portrait of "Robert Blum" (Fig. 200), and by John W. Alexander, too, is a mark of special good fortune. As we look in his face, it is easy to understand why this man could remain individual in his work, and still gather inspiration from his associates and strength from the old masters. Those clear dark eyes are seeking for truth, but their steady depths index a mind that is reasoning and analyzing and absorbing. Then, too, there is a genial quality shining out at us that accords well with the easy and, without doubt, natural attitude he has taken to converse with a friend. And that Mr. Alexander knew Robert Blum intimately we have a right to assume from the warmth of personality of this portrait.

Another artist of special importance in the Cincinnati Museum is Frank Duveneck. He was born across the Ohio River in Covington, Ky. (1848), but Cincinnati is the proud owner of a large number of his works. Mr. Duveneck, as an instructor in the Academy, has trained and influenced numberless students of



FIG. 200—Portrait of Robert Blum. Alexander, Cincinnati.



FIG. 201—Whistling Boy, Duveneck. Museum, Cincinnati.

the middle west who now stand as masters in the modern art of America.

It is no easy task to select special pictures to illustrate his work from among the many fine examples in the museum. Probably the most popular picture is the "Whistling Boy" (Fig. 201), selected by the artist himself as one of his gifts to the museum. The painting is signed with Duveneck's unique monogram, followed by "Munich, 1872." What if this particular boy is a German, he is nevertheless any whistling boy of any country or any clime. How naturally a poet, a musician or an artist drops into simple direct unvarnished meter, rhythm or line when picturing the elemental in life. No one is interested specially in anything about this boy but the puckered red lips and the tune that comes from them. The boy's listless attitude and dreamy eyes give the character of the music he is remembering and softly reproducing. We could never tire of that boy. His mellow whistle is of one already comprehending the philosophy of living. The sketch of the boy's clothes proves that Mr. Duveneck understands impressionism, even in the extreme, but that he is master of it.

And that the artist could master details broadly the "Flower Girl" (Fig. 202) is ample proof. Here again Mr. Duveneck chooses a

typical figure from a typical class, only this time the class is confined to sunny Italy and to the city where the flowers that bloom in profusion give it its name. We will admit that the majority of the artist's subjects are from foreign parts, but we are conscious that Frank Duveneck never loses his own identity in any of them. The flower girl is decidedly an Italian young woman, with all the characteristics of her race, yet we see her sitting on the edge of the wall through the eyes of Duveneck, the American artist.

The Cincinnati Museum is especially rich in fine examples of the art of America, from its inception until it became an established fact as American art. Just a few specimens will give the significance of this branch of the collection so that one can easily trace the tendency and growth of our own masters. We have had a splendid example of John W. Alexander's portraits of American men in "Walt Whitman" (see Fig. 29) and "Robert F. Blum" (see Fig. 200), and now in this magnificent portrait of "Auguste Rodin" (Fig. 203) we see his mastery of French traits. It is a master-portrait of a master-sculptor. Was ever anything more original than that pose? A thinker has stopped as he crosses the room, for a special thought has come and he must examine



FIG. 202.—Flower Girl. Duveneck. Museum, Cincinnati.



FIG. 203.—Portrait of Auguste Rodin. Alexander. Museum, Cincinnati.

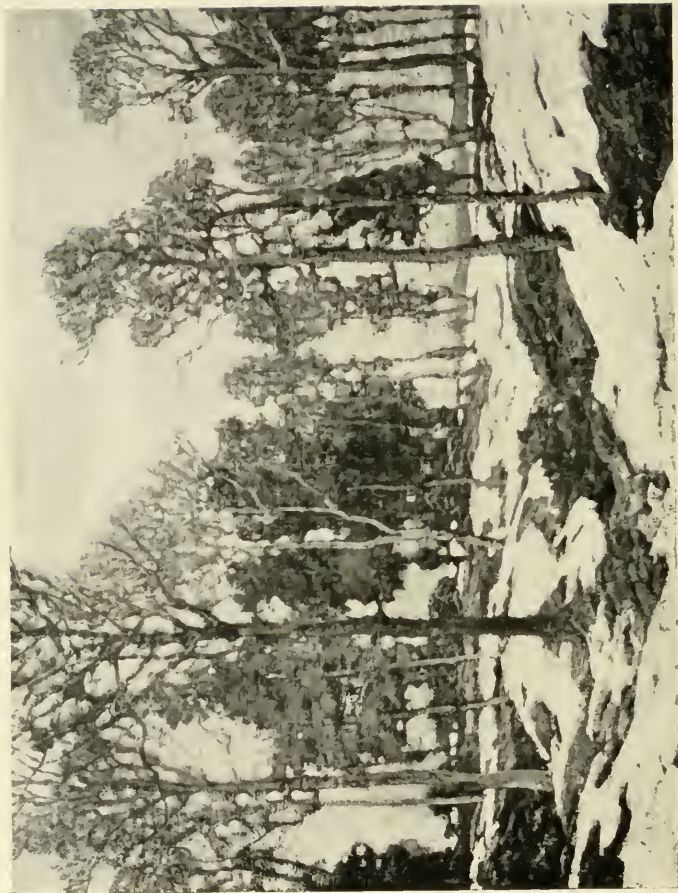


FIG. 204—A January Day. Schofield. Museum, Cincinnati.

more carefully the bit of work he has in his hand. Almost can we fathom the intent of that master mind, but not quite, for he is too deep for the most of us. Very few are the pigments that Mr. Alexander uses, but with those few he obtains results that are simply marvelous. Original, individual and distinguished are the attributes of Mr. Alexander and his work. The artist's figure subjects have a charm all their own and one that puts them in a class by themselves (see Fig. 17).

There are several of the modern men who seem infatuated with winter and whose winter scenes have that breath of reality that fairly makes us feel the frost in the air and hear the creak of the snow under our feet. Of these scenes of special moods "A January Day" (Fig. 204), by W. Elmer Schofield, is particularly typical. The artist has attained just that quality of atmospheric illusiveness that leads us through this open wood into the fields and then beyond into the unknown. We care not for the hard broken patches of snow nor for the bare places where brush-heaps and stones are gathered, as we follow his lead. The spirit of winter is in this open wood. The dancing light and shade, the blue cloud-flecked sky, the tall gray trees and the shorter glossy green ones, the whistling wind creaking the bare

branches and soughing in the evergreens—Mr. Schofield has made us conscious of it all. And color! what is the color of nature in winter but the haunting sense of something gone or something that is coming again? Even the glow of the setting sun in the west is but for a moment. The real radiance is the undertone coming from within the bare trees and brown earth. Every true painter of winter makes us feel the hidden power temporarily held in leash.

Light and atmosphere are the strong characteristics of Childe Hassam. You may remember "Spring Morning" (see Fig. 123) and how vitalizing these are as they play over and around the young woman by the table. If it is true that Mr. Hassam uses his figures simply to play upon them in his marvelous rendering of nature, he certainly gives them such vitality that the place would be void without them. Even in "The Caulker" (Fig. 205) the man attracts us, as small a part of the picture as he is, not because he is human but because there is something vital in his being there at all. Again, color to Mr. Hassam is a real, an innate power. He is really "creating design by means of color," says one critic (see *Ten American Painters*, page 186).

Possibly one of the most unique and strik-

ing features, if we may call them such, of the modern American artist is his choice of subjects. Again and again it is some special aspect of the great mechanical problems that face the world. In "The Caulker" the great hulk of the ocean vessel hints at the tremendous traffic on the seas; the pictures of the Culebra cut suggest the open waterway between the continents; the many paintings of the night furnaces of Pittsburgh tell of the great industries that govern nations. Then, too, there are the pictures of river dredging, the building of bridges, the digging of tunnels, and the laying of railroad tracks. We do not say that the artist chooses his subject for any other reason than artistic value, but we do believe that the dignity of labor has no better exponent than the artist when he helps the public to see beauty in the work of everyday life. Mr. Kreisler, the eminent violinist, was right when he said recently, "I believe that art is to be the uplifting power in America."

Impressionism in Edmund C. Tarbell's paintings is a sane and harmonious use of color, united with sufficient amount of form and detail. When we remember how, in the movement a quarter of a century ago, the pendulum swung, as usual, to the extreme in the lack of all form and detail and in the riotous use

of violent color, we are specially gratified with the sanity of the men who have come to stay. If "color impression" is the essential element of impressionists, then Mr. Tarbell has relegated that element to its proper place. As we look at the "Woman in Pink and Green" (Fig. 206) our sensation is that produced by harmony. The perfectly balanced cool and warm tones of the young woman's costume are a vital part of the soft rich light that caresses the whole. Then, too, the composition is exceedingly attractive artistically. It might be a quiet corner in some summer hotel; the young woman, sufficient unto herself, is in no hurry; the women at their embroidery are self-centered—just a bit of conventional life of singular charm under the refining influence of Mr. Tarbell's brush. If only his people had a little more of the active alert element, so characteristic of our time, possibly their refinement and sincerity would strike a deeper chord in the heart of picture lovers. As it is, we love them and go away feeling that it was good for us to have seen them (see *Ten American Painters*, page 186).

The painting of the "Public Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" (Fig. 207), by Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786-1846), not only has a curious history but it represents a special ten-

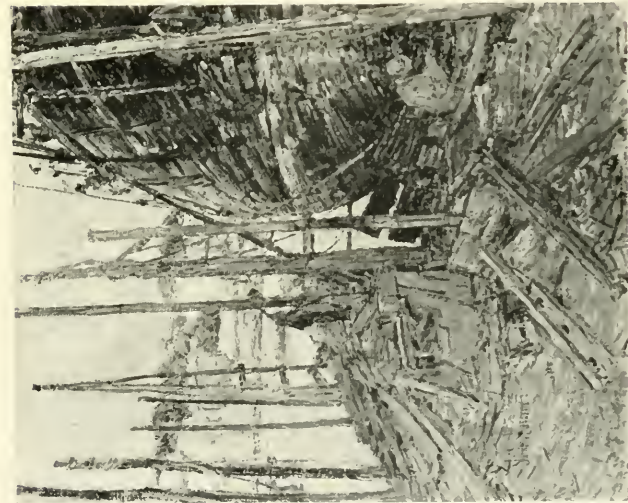


Fig. 206—Woman in Pink and Green. Tarbell, Museum, Cincinnati.



Fig. 205—The Caulker. Hassam, Museum, Cincinnati.



FIG. 207—Public Entry of Christ into Jerusalem. Haydon. Museum, Cincinnati.



FIG. 208—The Followers of Huss. Brozic. Museum, Cincinnati.

dency in the art of England early in the nineteenth century. We have the authority of John Sartain that the picture was bought for a gentleman in Philadelphia and exhibited for some years in a special gallery. Then it was placed in the Academy of Fine Arts on Chestnut Street, but when, in 1864, the Academy building was burned, a fireman cut the painting from the frame and dragged it out "like a torn and mangled blanket." After it was repaired it was sent to Cincinnati and placed in the Cathedral. The painting is loaned to the museum by the Right Reverend William Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati. The picture is painted in the "grand style" that Haydon stood for, both in his painting and his writing. He never succeeded, however, in convincing his associates in the Royal Academy that the "grand style" was what they wanted, though he assailed them bitterly. The controversy grew so heated that he was refused membership in the Academy, and then he established one of his own in which Landseer, the animal painter, studied. The public failed to appreciate his talent, and financial troubles finally drove him to commit suicide. It is possible that his arrogant manners helped to defeat the "grand style" and laid forever that false idea of art.

CHAPTER XXVIII

NEW ORLEANS, DELGADO MUSEUM OF ART

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the awakening of America's general public to the value of good pictures in education is the restraint that cities, away from the centers, are using in selecting examples for their museums. The strong tendency to-day is to discard everything that does not measure up to good art, regardless of a sentiment that has really become sentimentality in holding on to trash. If homekeepers would only go and do likewise! Naturally this adherence to high ideals in selecting art cuts down the number of examples of original work, and wisely so.

In the smaller galleries we find that most of the originals are by less known artists of to-day, but the character of the works selected is of a high order. This is specially true of the permanent collection in the Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans. There are,

however, a number of excellent examples of well known modern artists, whose works stand for great art, among the loaned paintings in the museum.

The painting about which a wholesome sentiment clings is "Frozen River" (Fig. 209), by Charles Rosen (1878-). The museum has two paydays each week and the first picture purchased from the admission fees (25 cents each) was "Frozen River." How quickly our interest is enlisted and how grateful we are for the wise selection.

Mr. Rosen, a native of Pennsylvania and a pupil of Mr. William M. Chase, is young in years, but already he has had many marks of honor and respect in prizes and club memberships. His works speak for him in no uncertain language. The scene of the "Frozen River" is of no special significance, but the intense cold of a winter morning brooding over it is that of any river where the mercury drops below zero. How plainly we understand the treachery of the undercurrent that comes to the open under the tree and bushes. We feel that unsuspected airholes lurk over the white surface. What a splendid example of contending forces are the tumbled and contorted rapids, caught at last by the stronger force. Who could look at this strong, vigorous paint-

ing of winter's tightest mood without a feeling of weakness to battle with it? The cold lowering sky hovers over the colder white expanse, and even the dark green-blue water is struggling against the power that threatens it. Mr. Rosen has caught the spirit of winter and has made us feel its power.

Another picture of nature in one of her changeable moods is "On the Rocks after the Storm" (Fig. 210), by Augustus Koopman (1869-1914). The storm has spent itself and the sunlight is bursting through and illuminating the scudding clouds and fast-running water. What a glorious light it is, too, and how it spreads itself from surf to whitecap. Mr. Koopman has captured the very magic of sunlight, and has fixed it on canvas in a radiance scarcely believable. The glory of the scene is such that not even the victims of the storm can mar it. What matters the storm now that the clouds are smiling again?

Mr. Koopman was born in South Carolina, and after special training at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, went to Paris. He received a number of medals from America and Europe, and his works are in many of our museums.

An entirely distinct scene from nature is "Snow and Flood in Flanders" (Fig. 211), by



FIG. 209—Frozen River. Rosen. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans.



FIG. 210—On the Rocks after the Storm. Koopman. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans.

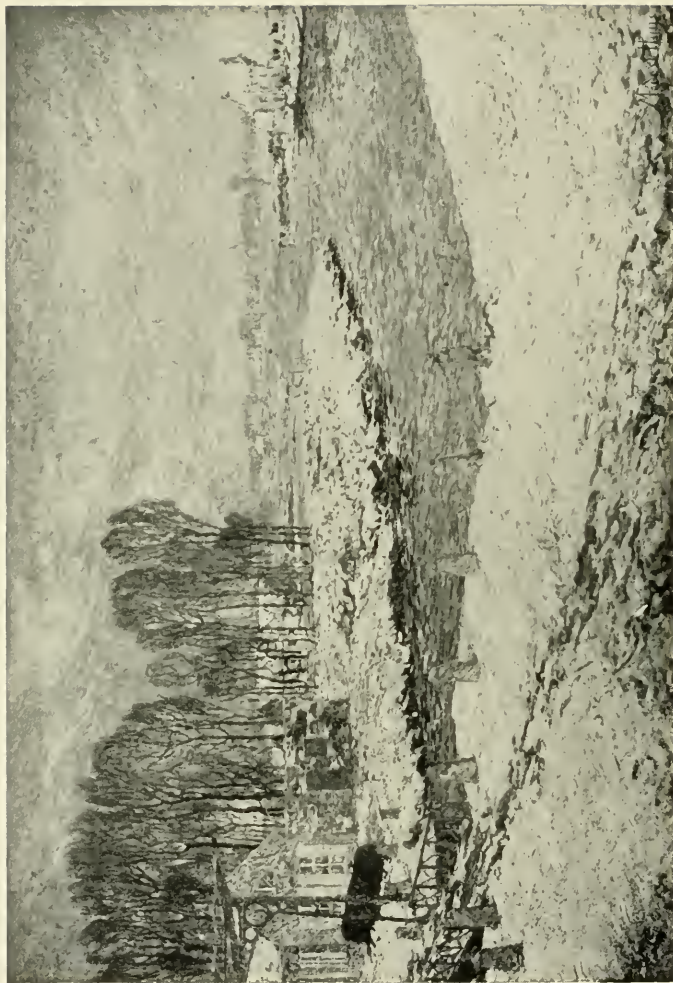


FIG. 211.—Snow and Flood in Flanders. Huys. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans.

Modeste Huys. Here is a low flat country with distances hemmed in on all sides by the habitation of man, and the whole overshadowed by clouds so low that they touch the ground at the horizon. The devastation is that of an unruly child who has broken away from restraint. Nature in Flanders is usually subservient to man but here she has rebelled, and man is helpless. The straight trim trees stand aghast as the ancient landmarks disappear and the trim banks holding the water dissolve before the flood. Mr. Huys knows his native land well and understands what havoc the elements make when once they get the upper hand. One trembles for the little homes that creep so close to the floods. How excellently he has composed his picture. The little foot-bridge, holding firm to the island, keeps open the path to the homes beyond the trees. The jut of land, with its solitary tree and a cow wading out in the shallow water, is a secure spot for the home anchored there. Then see how naturally our eye is drawn to the distant scene by the soft light that is gathering force from the light behind the clouds. The flat low-lying snow is heavy with moisture, and the chill in the air is that of a water-soaked atmosphere.

One of the very interesting loans in the mu-

seum is the picture of a "Spanish Gypsy Girl" (Fig. 212), by Robert Henri. Mr. Henri stands for modernity in the art world to-day. His aim is to gather up the essential elements as they impress him, and in broad swift strokes present the picture to us; sometimes, we must admit, he is so disdainful of details that we fail to catch the impression—due perhaps to our stupidity. It is not so in the gypsy girl. No one could possibly mistake this child of sunny Spain. Again Murillo's "Beggar Boys" are before us, but with an added element drawn from the new world. Mr. Henri's broad synthesis of Spanish characteristics in the happy-go-lucky children of the vagabond race—who may originally have come from Egypt—is that of one who sees racial traits as well as those of environment. The picturesque quality in this free child of nature is perfectly bewitching. The wide-set eyes that twinkle with fun index her innate sense of the artistic—not that she knows anything about being artistic. How the dusky hair, drawn back from her low broad forehead, tones with her brilliant shawl and brown skin, and how the light loose frock intensifies the smiling face. The whole picture centers in that face, for in it the artist has not only typified the Spanish gypsy girl, but a particular gypsy girl.



FIG. 212—Spanish Gypsy Girl. Henri. Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans.



Robert Henri was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1865, and is one of the leading teachers of art in America. His several years of independent study in Italy, Spain and France broadened his understanding of the fundamentals as demonstrated by the masters of the past, without in the least undermining the true American spirit of his art.

CHAPTER XXIX

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE state of Texas is to be congratulated that the Carnegie Library at Fort Worth has one of Gilbert Stuart's splendid portraits, with a perfectly authenticated history. This portrait is unique, too, in being that of a lady who was a pupil of Stuart. Miss Clementina Beach, the subject of the "Portrait" (Fig. 213), was one of those splendid women who helped mould the young women of our Republic. Miss Beach was born in Bristol, England, and came to America about 1800, when she was scarcely twenty-five years old. In conjunction with Mrs. Saunders, she opened a school for young women in Dorchester, Mass. She was ambitious also to know something of portrait painting, so between the years 1810 and 1815 she sat to Gilbert Stuart for this portrait, and afterward copied the picture, making it a standard for her own work. The



FIG. 213—Portrait of Clementina Beach. Stuart. Carnegie Public Library,
Fort Worth, Texas.



FIG. 214—The Coming Storm. Inness. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas.



FIG. 215—Sunlight in the Woods. Symons. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas.

original portrait went to a relative, Miss C. R. Smith of Lenni Mills, near Philadelphia, and later was inherited, together with the copy, by Mrs. Emmons Rolfe, Fort Worth. We look with satisfaction into the face of this fine woman, and are gratified that women of her stamp instilled fundamental truths into the girls of America a hundred years ago. That their works do follow them is evident in the steady, level-headed young women of to-day—the young women who are not carried off their feet by ists or isms, but who move steadily forward in their high calling, whatever that calling is, saying to all that success means, “To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.”

“The Coming Storm” (Fig. 214), by George Inness, is another picture that is cause for just pride to the city of Fort Worth. To own an Inness is more of an honor each year, and to have one of his storm pictures is particularly gratifying. Inness was especially felicitous in representing the states of the weather, if such a prosaic term may be used for his poetic portrayal of nature’s moods. He makes us feel the summer’s heat—hot, drowsy, quiet, shimmer under the noonday sun, also the coming storm when the air is heavy with gathering moisture. The clouds heap themselves to-

gether in wild masses, literally driving out the sunshine as they hurl their thunderbolts across the valley. A glorious sight, that moving mass now shrouding the hilltop! A hush is in the valley; not even the treetops feel the fury of the coming storm. The sunlight twinkles and glows on the gathering clouds, as though defying the onrush. A thrill of pleasure is ours in a scene like this, for often we have watched just such a storm gather. Inness never fails to bring to us a sense of nearness—as something that warms our heart and makes us happier. Usually it is summer that appeals to him, the time when the earth rejoices and nature is giving her fullest bounty.

The later artists, many of them, turn to winter for their inspiration. They are dealing with light, and never is light as fickle as when it plays about the snowdrifts and through the stripped trees. The "Sunlight in the Woods" (Fig. 215), as Gardner Symons shows it to us, is frankly coquettish as it slips in and out catching this bare trunk and that snow bank, this dark evergreen and that bubbling water tumbling over the rough stones. The wood and stream are full of the glee of laughing children playing hide and seek in the soft clean snow and hiding behind boulder and tree trunk. In imagination can you not see the children?

and do you not feel the gladness and sparkle that the winter sun has brought to the wood and stream and barren trees, standing knee-deep in the snowdrifts? Mr. Symons has a certain American independence that is delightful. He is bound by no rule that does not harmonize with his own originality. His independence is controlled by clear-sighted good sense.

The Museum has a number of fine examples of the later men of the American landscape school, the men who are not only manipulating light, as the organist manipulates his instrument, but interpreting the various aspects of nature. Naturally there is a similarity of subject and treatment among these men, when they choose nature in her bleakest moods. The subjects of the two paintings, "December" (Fig. 216), by Leonard Ochtman, and "Manana Point" (Fig. 217), by Paul Dougherty, would have but little interest for us were it not for the individuality of the artists.

"December" is certainly a raw bleak month in this section, wherever it is, and the scene itself is not one to hold us, but Mr. Ochtman commands us to halt. Now we begin to realize that here is beauty of the most enchanting kind. See how well balanced it is. Our eyes follow along the narrow pass between the low

sloping hills and the broken line of trees, conscious that the sunbeam struggling to break through the clouds is calling us. We see its light reflected in the pool in the foreground and follow it on and on, realizing that we are under a spell. After all, is the scene bleak and drear? Is it not rather one of hope?

These men have opened vistas in the realm of light of which we never before were conscious. We may not always agree with their methods, possibly because of ignorance, but they have set us to thinking. The lovely soft radiance that envelopes this winter scene speaks to our souls; we are learning to love winter scenes when the brush of a genius shows them to us.

"Manana Point" is just as drear, with its wild waste of waters. With what rush and swirl they lash the sturdy rocks at the point, and then defeated pour back to gather force for the next attack. The foam and roar of the water is like some wild beast lashed into impotent rage. And see how wonderfully the light plays upon the seething mass, until the whole is a sea of glory! Mr. Dougherty undertook a daring deed when he thought to fashion that stupendous onrush in paint, but he was equal to the task. The vibrations of light quiver and palpitate under his brush-strokes



FIG. 216—December. Ochtman. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas.



FIG. 217—Manana Point. Dougherty. Carnegie Public Library, Fort Worth, Texas.



until the whole mass of water is ready to burst its bonds while we watch it; and then the sullen retreating mass glides back as though ashamed. The power in that tumult is tremendous—the spirit of the great deep is there.

CHAPTER XXX

ST. LOUIS, CITY ART MUSEUM

THE City Art Museum of St. Louis has an interesting and varied collection of paintings. There are pictures by many of the nineteenth century artists from most of the countries of Europe, and a goodly number representing American painters. Four of the six pictures selected for illustrations give the general trend of American painting and of two men who are beginning to claim attention, after years of more or less obscurity.

George Fuller is an artist whose pictures just at present are being brought before the public. He was born in Deerfield, Mass. in 1822 and the little training he ever had was gained in Albany, N. Y. and in Boston. When his "Quadroon" in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City was exhibited in the early sixties, or possibly in the fifties, the criticisms were so adverse, it is said, that for eighteen years the artist sent nothing more to the exhi-



FIG. 218—The Fuller Boy. Fuller. City Art Museum, St. Louis.



FIG. 219—The Approaching Storm, Inness. City Art Museum, St. Louis.



FIG. 220—Wood Sawyers. Walker. City Art Museum, St. Louis.

bitions. Much of his painting was done late in life. Fuller was unique in his work, for without the very fundamental of all art—drawing, he yet produced with color and atmosphere a sentiment in his pictures that contains the very essence of poetry.

“The Fuller Boy” (Fig. 218) has a charm that nothing can mar. He is a real child, with the quaint earnestness of one used to hearing and instinctively understanding the family problems. This boy could have felt intuitively the father’s hurt over a rejected picture, but could only express his sympathy in a dumb, childlike devotion.

“The Approaching Storm” (Fig. 219), by George Inness, is one of several by this title that the artist painted (see Fig. 214). But Inness never was any more monotonous in painting a storm than a storm itself is monotonous. He was quick to catch a unique demonstration of the elements and its effect on surrounding nature. The storm in its onrush has roused to an unusual pitch the young cow in the foreground, as she hurries to shelter. The rapidly moving clouds seem to change position before our very eyes, so vividly does our imagination picture the storm bursting upon the land. Somehow George Inness gets into our blood whether he is portraying the minutest

details, as in his earlier works, or whether he is getting the effect through the simpler methods. In "Peace and Plenty" his unconventional composition, with its broad expanse of fields and winding stream leading to the mountains in the distance and his pleasing color full of sunshine, fills us with the joy of the country; and in the "Approaching Storm" the rumble and crack of the thunder and lightning make our blood tingle just as they used to when we were children.

The power of touching the mystery of familiar things was one of Inness' strong points. There lingers in and around his landscapes that human warmth which makes the world akin. He was always a student, but he never had pupils. He used to say when asked how many pupils he had, "I have had one for a very long time, and he is more than enough for me. The more I teach him the less he knows and the older he grows the farther he is from what he ought to be."

Horatio Walker, a Canadian by birth (b. 1855), is nevertheless an American artist. He is our Millet in painting. The workers of the soil have gained new beauties from his brush; they are not French peasants, but men and women; the new world has opened wide the doors of opportunity and a new hope has

entered into their lives. Mr. Walker always preserves that sense of fitness in his figures which is the true test of harmony. We feel in the "Wood Sawyers" (Fig. 220) the rhythm of well-balanced workers, where work is done with the least energy. The rapidly falling sawdust shows no hitch in the moving blade. Of course it is a homely scene, but full of the feeling of home comfort. The increasing pile of wood hints at the comfort of a good kitchen fire; then, too, the men work with the steady purpose of those having a vision of home before them. Mr. Walker uses the rough clothes of the sawyers and the varied angles of the blocks of wood as so many radiating surfaces for the light. The rich low tones of his canvases are like a harmony on the bass notes of an organ.

"At Sunset" (Fig. 221), by J. Francis Murphy, is a melody on the harp; as delicate and tender as the wind sighing in the trees, it draws us irresistibly, for we enter the very realm of the artist's own vision. Never were the lingering tints of sunset or the first gleam of the morning enveloped in a more caressing atmosphere than in Mr. Murphy's pictures. His perception of nature is like that of the lover for his lady love. He sees her as through a veil, where the light reveals only to confuse

the vision. "The Sunset" is to be enjoyed as we enjoy a dream; it is reality, but the moment we try to make it real the bloom is gone.

"Another Marguerite" (Fig. 222) is a very unusual picture by Sorolla—unusual in that most of his pictures are out-of-door scenes where the sea plays a prominent part. The tragedy of a life is pictured in this humble scene. The story of Marguerite as pictured in Goethe's "Faust" is the world story of woman's insanity when the feared becomes flesh and blood. She commits the crime ere the mother-instinct can assert itself; then the real tragedy begins. The awful agony that follows the deed that took the life of her own child is of itself a punishment worse than the ingenuity of man can devise against her. This Marguerite is a girl of the people. The scene is a third-class railroad car of Spain. There is no one to plead her cause, no one to prevent her arrest, none to interfere when the cord bound her hands together. The roughest box car is good enough for such a criminal. Two guards for one frail woman, and she scarcely recovered from giving her life-blood to another life. Who knows but that the guard with his face turned away is the real cause of the tragedy? The train rattles over the rails, going, going, but what cares she where? Was



FIG. 221—At Sunset. Murphy. City Art Museum, St. Louis.



FIG. 222—Another Marguerite. Sorolla. City Art Museum, St. Louis.



FIG. 223—Charity. Chavannes. City Art Museum, St. Louis.

ever human woe more intense than in the drooping form and white drawn face of this Marguerite? The light that sparkles on the gay handkerchief around the bundle of clothes and the polka spots in her dress mocks at the gloom rather than relieves it. There is one little ray of pity in the thoughtful face of the guard behind her, but he, though an officer of the law, is only a creature of it. With perfect quiet and restraint the artist has represented one of the most terrific tragedies that ever comes into a woman's life. The intense feeling is there, but with no unseemly demonstration. The longer we look at that stricken woman the deeper our sympathy for her and the more our hearts yearn over the erring ones in life. Such a picture goes deeper than a sermon, for it shows life itself. If we could only draw that weak sister close—she is so real as she sits there before us on the rough bench.

This picture of "Charity" (Fig. 223), by Puvis de Chavannes (1824-1898), is as far removed from Sorolla's manner of painting as can be imagined, yet both artists have employed the simplest means to attain the desired end. As we look at the pale flat-toned picture a feeling of peace steals over us because of the harmony in design, color and sentiment.

It is that of perfectly tuned instruments. With Puvis a new spirit came into the art of mural decoration in France, a spirit that finally revolutionized that branch of painting in Europe and America. No one was willing to believe this innovator, however, even when he demonstrated that the keynote of mural decoration is "its clinging to the surface, and its being easily taken in with the wall in the same key." His pictures, pale in color and flat in tone, were out of place, to say the least, among the exhibitors at the Salon and the committee could see no further than the Salon walls, and refused him. Puvis worked on, following his own ideals, while others laughed and ridiculed and made scathing criticisms. Gradually, however, he convinced the more enlightened that he was right, but not until he had passed his threescore and ten years did the French people publicly acknowledge the genius of one of their most gifted sons. In 1895 a great banquet was given in his honor in Paris at which sat nearly five hundred of the most eminent men in France. This belated tribute came after the whole world was acknowledging him as the greatest mural painter of his time. But the honor came to him, and Puvis de Chavannes rightly received his own. We are pleased that

Boston was among the first cities to do him honor and that the decoration in the Boston Library is one of the masterpieces of this great master.

CHAPTER XXXI

CALIFORNIA—SACRAMENTO, E. B. CROCKER ART GALLERY

THIRTY years ago the city of Sacramento received from Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker a gift of inestimable value, in the E. B. Crocker Gallery. The building was erected ten years before by Mr. and Mrs. Crocker to contain the rare treasures they were collecting in their travels through Europe. The excellent judgment shown in the selection of the paintings justifies our warmest praise, both as to the art schools represented and the pictures chosen. Naturally we can mention but a few of the splendid original examples of the score or more old masters; but to name Dürer, Holbein, Hals, Rembrandt, Rubens, Ribera, Tintoretto, and Del Sarto is proof of the collectors' understanding of the value of old masters as a basic foundation for the real study of the art of any country.

The "Madonna and Child" (Fig. 224), by

15 ?), is doubtless of the artist, before the appearance of the paintings is only of late years and requires special attention. The principal reasons: first, from whom most of the art of the period is taken, just a slight comment and his work was fresco painting rarely visited by the pictures were attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. To exploit Luini, a man many another men. Possibly he, too, it's beautiful frescos. The mixture of artist and the business standard for his obscure certain fatality hang him no end of trouble guilty one. Twice the force was strong that

Those from whom we have been keen to take advantage of the monks of the Church is a pity that Bernardino

did not murder more men that we might

Handwritten notes:
 Sir Peter Bell (1617-1680) was
 the grandson of Robert Ansell -
 formerly named as the 1st Baron of
 the King's Justice and the 2nd of
 the King's Justice and the 3rd of
 the King's Justice and the 4th of
 the King's Justice and the 5th of
 the King's Justice and the 6th of
 the King's Justice and the 7th of
 the King's Justice and the 8th of
 the King's Justice and the 9th of
 the King's Justice and the 10th of
 the King's Justice and the 11th of
 the King's Justice and the 12th of
 the King's Justice and the 13th of
 the King's Justice and the 14th of
 the King's Justice and the 15th of
 the King's Justice and the 16th of
 the King's Justice and the 17th of
 the King's Justice and the 18th of
 the King's Justice and the 19th of
 the King's Justice and the 20th of
 the King's Justice and the 21st of
 the King's Justice and the 22nd of
 the King's Justice and the 23rd of
 the King's Justice and the 24th of
 the King's Justice and the 25th of
 the King's Justice and the 26th of
 the King's Justice and the 27th of
 the King's Justice and the 28th of
 the King's Justice and the 29th of
 the King's Justice and the 30th of
 the King's Justice and the 31st of
 the King's Justice and the 32nd of
 the King's Justice and the 33rd of
 the King's Justice and the 34th of
 the King's Justice and the 35th of
 the King's Justice and the 36th of
 the King's Justice and the 37th of
 the King's Justice and the 38th of
 the King's Justice and the 39th of
 the King's Justice and the 40th of
 the King's Justice and the 41st of
 the King's Justice and the 42nd of
 the King's Justice and the 43rd of
 the King's Justice and the 44th of
 the King's Justice and the 45th of
 the King's Justice and the 46th of
 the King's Justice and the 47th of
 the King's Justice and the 48th of
 the King's Justice and the 49th of
 the King's Justice and the 50th of
 the King's Justice and the 51st of
 the King's Justice and the 52nd of
 the King's Justice and the 53rd of
 the King's Justice and the 54th of
 the King's Justice and the 55th of
 the King's Justice and the 56th of
 the King's Justice and the 57th of
 the King's Justice and the 58th of
 the King's Justice and the 59th of
 the King's Justice and the 60th of
 the King's Justice and the 61st of
 the King's Justice and the 62nd of
 the King's Justice and the 63rd of
 the King's Justice and the 64th of
 the King's Justice and the 65th of
 the King's Justice and the 66th of
 the King's Justice and the 67th of
 the King's Justice and the 68th of
 the King's Justice and the 69th of
 the King's Justice and the 70th of
 the King's Justice and the 71st of
 the King's Justice and the 72nd of
 the King's Justice and the 73rd of
 the King's Justice and the 74th of
 the King's Justice and the 75th of
 the King's Justice and the 76th of
 the King's Justice and the 77th of
 the King's Justice and the 78th of
 the King's Justice and the 79th of
 the King's Justice and the 80th of
 the King's Justice and the 81st of
 the King's Justice and the 82nd of
 the King's Justice and the 83rd of
 the King's Justice and the 84th of
 the King's Justice and the 85th of
 the King's Justice and the 86th of
 the King's Justice and the 87th of
 the King's Justice and the 88th of
 the King's Justice and the 89th of
 the King's Justice and the 90th of
 the King's Justice and the 91st of
 the King's Justice and the 92nd of
 the King's Justice and the 93rd of
 the King's Justice and the 94th of
 the King's Justice and the 95th of
 the King's Justice and the 96th of
 the King's Justice and the 97th of
 the King's Justice and the 98th of
 the King's Justice and the 99th of
 the King's Justice and the 100th of

F. B. KEECH & CO.,

7 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

New York,

Sept 15 1916

Miss Christina White

609 24th St

We have credited your account this

day with:

CHA

CALIFORNIA-CROCKER

THIRTY years received from Crocker a gift of E. B. Crocker Gallery erected ten years ago. Crocker to contain were collecting in the. The excellent judgment of the paintings in praise, both as to and the pictures mentioned but a few examples of the same but to name Dürer, Rubens, Ribera, Titian proof of the collection value of old masterpieces the real study of. The "Madonna

Bernardino Luini (14 ?-15 ?), is doubtless one of the earlier works of the artist, before he came under the influence of the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci. It is only of late years that Luini has claimed any special attention. This was due to three principal reasons: first, Vasari, the biographer from whom most of the history of the early artists is taken, just mentions his name with a slight comment and no data; second, most of his work was fresco painting done in small towns rarely visited by tourists; third, his later pictures were attributed to the great master, Leonardo da Vinci. Just why Vasari failed to exploit Luini, a man much more worthy than many another mentioned by him, is unknown. Possibly he, too, was not familiar with Luini's beautiful frescos.

That Luini was a strange mixture of artist and "ne'er-do-weel" from the business standpoint was probably one reason for his obscurity; and again, he had a certain fatality hanging over him that brought him no end of trouble, though he was never the guilty one. Twice he had to flee because evidence was strong that he had committed murder. Those from whom he sought protection were keen to take advantage of his genius. The monks of the Church of Saronno even said, "'Tis a pity that Bernardino did not murder more men that we might

have received from him more such gifts," referring to "The Nativity" that Luini painted for them as a thank-offering. Luini cared very little for the money value of his paintings, if only he was given a place to sleep and enough to eat. Consequently his life was one continual move from place to place, ever leaving valuable treasures of his brush, but ever made to feel that he was scarcely paying for his keep. After he went to Milan, about 1500, his painting took on the character of da Vinci's work, though he was never a pupil of the great master and perhaps never saw him. It is not true, however, that Luini was simply an imitator of Leonardo, for he never lost the sweet naïveté of the primitives and always held to the true loving spirit of his own gentle nature. It is not surprising that he was influenced by the great Leonardo, for his artistic nature was quick to appreciate true genius.

We feel as we look at this "Madonna and Child" that there is real sincerity in the mother, as she raises her eyes to heaven, and the Baby is a little darling, very human and child-like. This is not sentimentalism, but a young mother full of devotion and just a little awed at the mystery of the young life given her to train. The gravity of the responsibility grows upon her, and more and more often does she turn



FIG. 224—Madonna and Child. Luini. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento.



FIG. 225—Venus and Adonis. Correggio. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento.

her eyes to heaven for wisdom from above to guide her.

Very little is definitely known of the early life of Correggio (1494?-1534), except that he was born in the town that gave him his name, about 1494. Numberless curious legends and stories have arisen from time to time about this original painter, for original he certainly was, but it is doubtful if Antonio Allegri, or Correggio as we know him, would recognize any of them. The one thing we do know is that he was a painter par excellence and that his pictures express the living, physical beauty of humanity to the very acme of sensuous pleasure.

We are bound to admit, as we look at "Venus and Adonis" (Fig. 225), that Correggio lacks strength in portraying the deeper emotions of life, yet his figures are alive and all play a definite part in the composition. For a climax, as it were, there is his magic veil of light and shadow and color, so individual that only the word Correggiosity can describe it—the real charm that bewitches us.

The story of "Venus and Adonis" has just the element that appealed to the artistic sense of Correggio. Venus, playing with her son Cupid one day, wounded herself with one of his arrows. She pushed the boy away, little

realizing that she was infected. But when she saw Adonis shortly after, the proud queen of beauty who had spent her life adding to her charms, found herself overcome with love and compelled to follow the beautiful boy in the hunt over hills and dales. She pleaded with Adonis to be careful and not hunt the fierce animals that might turn and destroy him. She left him with this warning and drove away in her chariot drawn with white swans. But Adonis, too brave to hunt small game only, attacked a wild boar and was slain by the ferocious beast. Venus, hearing the cries as she drove through the air, came swiftly, only to find her beloved dead. As she mourned, she said: "Your blood shall be changed into a flower; that consolation none can envy me." She sprinkled nectar on the blood and in an hour a beautiful flower sprang up, which the wind blew open and then blew away. It was called Anemone or Wind Flower. Correggio has chosen for his picture the moment when Venus is pleading with Adonis to be careful.

"The Epiphany" or "Three Wise Men" (Fig. 226) is one of Anthony Van Dyck's very attractive religious pictures. The sweet gentle expression of the mother accords well with her air of reserve, and for once Van Dyck has given hands that exactly express the exclusive-

ness of one of whom it was said, "Blessed art thou among women." The representation of the Epiphany by the old artists varies greatly in the north and south. Among the Flemish artists, especially Van der Weyden, the Christ child is actually on the star that appears to the Wise Men, giving the literal meaning of the Greek word, *epiphania*—*epi*, upon, *phaino*, show. Van Dyck seems to have accepted this version, and as there is no stable or other accessories, this picture may represent the appearance of the Mother and Child to them on their journey to Bethlehem. Among the Italian artists the scene usually represents the Wise Men arriving at the stable, where the Mother and Child are surrounded by Joseph and the animals. The quiet dignity in this scene adds much to its spiritual significance. The calm earnest faces of the Wise Men express depth of devotion that presages the consummation of the coming of the Holy One.

Next to possessing one of Murillo's "Beggar Boys" is the pleasure of owning a "Gypsy" (Fig. 227) by him. This Spanish artist was at his best when painting the rank and file of his people. His "Beggar Boys" series, most of them now in Munich, are a set of most vivid pictures of the life of those jolly pests of the southland. They are comparable in excellence

to Velasquez' portrayal of the children of the Spanish court of the seventeenth century. If Murillo (1618-1685) could only have understood that his real genius lay in representing the picturesque vagrant of Spain, whether it was the child, with the restlessness of childhood, or the adult with the *wanderlust* raised to the *n*th power, he might have ranked with Velasquez as a great master, but when the church claimed his talent most of his pictures fell to the level of a religious sentimentalist.

As we compare the "Gypsy" with his "St. John" (see Fig. 56) how quickly we feel the vitality of the one and the insipidity of the other. In the keen, sly descendant of Egypt, who has gained her knowledge of life by living it, Murillo has given a character sketch as true to-day as when he knew her—for he certainly did know her. His appreciation of her native insight into the weak points of humanity and of her wit in playing on the credulity of her fortune-seekers marks his genius as a painter of *genre* scenes.

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, native of Palos, a town near Seville, was very poor and, as a young artist, only succeeded in keeping body and soul together by painting in the market-place catchy scenes and selling them for a mere pittance to whomsoever would buy. Nat-



FIG. 226—The Three Wise Men. Van Dyck.
Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento.



FIG. 227—Gypsy. Murillo. Crocker Art
Gallery, Sacramento.



FIG. 228.—The Yosemite Valley. Hill. Crocker Art Gallery, Sacramento.

urally the ubiquitous boy was most often in the line of vision, in his efforts to fill his capacious maw and know all that was happening. To be trained in such a life-class was a rare opportunity, and necessity compelled Murillo to use it. Thus he was able to give to the world masterpieces of inestimable value.

Among the first artists to picture the marvels of our Western mountains was Thomas Hill (1829-). Born in England, he came to this country with his parents in 1841 and settled in Massachusetts. Twenty years later he went to San Francisco, where he began representing the wonders of California. One of Hill's most widely known paintings—doubtless because of the Prang chromo reproduction—is the "Yosemite Valley" (Fig. 228), now in the Crocker Gallery. The picture is a marvel in perspective; in the near distance is El Capitan towering a sheer four thousand feet above the Merced River, the tiny stream that has come rolling and tumbling through the narrow valley from the falls at the other end of the valley, six miles away. The surrounding rocks are a strange rampart of sentinels, irregular in size and shape, but forming nearly a complete wall enclosing the deep narrow depression. The Yosemite Valley, or Grizzly Bear as the Indians named it, is one of those freaks

of mother earth where suddenly, eons ago, she lowered a small part of herself down into the depths below and then became stationary, forming a wee snug valley about seven miles long and a half to two miles wide, protected by a sheer wall. The falls that have been pouring over nooks and angles of the rocks for ages have made no appreciable impression in wearing away the hard foundation—at least not since the valley was discovered in 1851.

CHAPTER XXXII

CALIFORNIA — SAN FRANCISCO INSTITUTE OF ART. EMANUEL WALTER COLLECTION

AS we study the Emanuel Walter Collection we are impressed with the comprehensive selection of paintings representing the Barbizon artists; and when we remember that the men identified in the early thirties with this little town, at the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, formed the most important group of art creators since the great Renaissance, we recognize the far-reaching wisdom of the collectors. A well-laid foundation in the establishment of an art gallery speaks volumes for high ideals in training the rising generation. The lives of the Barbizon men stand for sobriety, restraint and sympathetic friendship, and their works are the expression of themselves.

The pictures collected in this gallery, representing the 1830 men, are not the best exam-

ples of their work, but fortunately the drawings of several of the masters supplement the lack of adequate paintings and also help us to better understand their methods of work.

We never tire of beginning our picture tour with the works of those splendid men, and Corot is the one we turn to first. Though he did not live in the little village, his spirit permeates the Barbizon days and his happiness was a power in the lives of all. We cannot mistake "A Landscape" (Fig. 229) of his, for he never fails to leave a part of himself on the canvas. We can no more define that lingering essence of Corot than we can define the perfume of the violet or the fleeting resemblance that reminds us of one long since gone. With mediocre artists, assumed mannerisms compel our recognition; this is not true of Corot. Modest and retiring, seeking rather to efface himself, he takes the firmer hold of our hearts. What is it that holds us in the simple "Landscape"? Is it the little pond full of obstructions struggling to reflect the feathery trees? Is it the low-lying hamlet in the distance? Perhaps it is the joy of the trees flaunting their swaying tops in the moisture-laden air.

Joy and happiness are not the attributes of Millet. He says of joy in nature: "For my part I have never seen it; as its nearest ap-



FIG. 229—A Landscape. Corot. Institute of Art, San Francisco.



FIG. 230—The Return of the Flock. Millet. Institute of Art, San Francisco.



FIG. 231—The Watering Place. Jacque. Institute of Art, San Francisco.

proach I have seen some hours of calm and peacefulness." You will remember that Corot and Millet never quite understood each other. Corot's happy, joyous landscapes did not sink deep enough into the subsoil for Millet, and the latter's rugged grasp of nature's relentless demands was too severe for "le bon Papa, Corot." After all, these two men simply supplemented each other, for each saw only in part.

This simple drawing of "The Return of the Flock" (Fig. 230), with its wide horizon beyond the gate, breathes forth the calm of daily routine; morning and evening this scene repeats itself, always the same yet never monotonous, for true heart sympathy is poured out on these children of nature—"and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his sheep by name . . . for they know his voice." This little sketch, full of the Gospel story, brings us close to the religious teachings of Millet's youth. After years out in the world he revisited his old home, but alas, the devoted grandmother and the waiting mother were gone; but he found his old teacher, the Abbé Jean Lebriseux. They embraced each other, as the tears ran down their cheeks, and the Abbé asked, "And the Bible, François, have you forgotten it, and the psalms, do you re-read them?" "They are

my breviaries," Millet answered. "It is from them I draw forth all that I do."

The struggle for mere existence that was his almost to the end never dimmed the faith of his boyhood, but our hearts are wrung with the pathos of it all. About the time he finished "The Angelus," which finally brought one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he wrote to his friend Sensier, "We have only wood for two or three days. . . . I am suffering and sad." And to-day a scrap of paper bearing a sketch by Millet is a rare treasure. Are we repeating the same tragedy with our own artists? We may well ask the question.

We naturally think of Charles Jacque as a painter of sheep, for most of his paintings are of these animals. It is particularly gratifying to find this signed drawing of a scene entirely distinct from his usual manner. There is not the warmth of his personality in this that we feel in "The Sheepfold" (see Fig. 41), though he preserves the true sentiment of the Barbizon artists. The horses at "The Watering Place" (Fig. 231) and those hurrying thither have the typical eagerness of the whole equine family, when consumed with thirst. None of these men ever confined his pictures within the limits of a particular scene, but embodied in

them the essence that makes all scenes a living reality.

Was there ever a more intimate picture of the daily doings in humble homes than in this "Village Scene" (Fig. 232), by Charles Daubigny? The clothes on the line tell the story of the early morning hours and the woman on the doorstep, apparently waiting for her friendly neighbor or the homecoming of the workers, expresses the community spirit that dwells in the hamlets of the old world. All day men and women labor in the fields, but at night they return to the cluster of little homes, and there snuggled close together, the joys and sorrows of each belong to the whole. Daubigny, as none other of the Barbizon men, came very close to the heart throbs of homes among the lowly. Even in such landscapes as his "Morning on the Seine" (see Fig. 38) an atmosphere of close fellowship hangs over them, for in Daubigny's art of the countryside the whole world's akin—that kinship which means success through coöperation. An inscription by Karl Daubigny, son of the artist, on the back of this painting, affirms that the picture was painted by his father.

When Theodore Rousseau made his "Landscape" (Fig. 233) sketch—for it is nothing more than a thought expression—he gave us a

glimpse into the tangled growth of underbrush and gnarled trees that was drawing him into the forest. While in one of his morbidly critical moods, nothing he did suited and many canvases were destroyed. On one occasion Jules Dupré was in time to save a canvas, "Border of the Woods," and persuaded Rousseau to turn it to the wall a month; then when the month had passed the artist examined the canvas in Dupré's presence, and finally said, "Well, I am going to sign it; it is finished." As an innovator, Rousseau provoked a storm of criticism and was refused entrance to the Salon. Much of his work was experimental, in his searchings for truth, which changed its character at various periods of his life. The broad sweeping brush of his early work pleased the progressives, but angered the narrow-minded; this was followed by a more restrained mood, when his pictures found favor with the public, but at the end of his career he went back to his first love. One cannot be long with a collection of his paintings without feeling the influence of the man—big, strong and loving, yet susceptible to moods of deepest gloom, when only his beloved trees of the forest could bring him comfort.

It is no more possible to think of Constant Troyon's animal pictures without a landscape



FIG. 232—Village Scene. Daubigny. Institute of Art, San Francisco.



FIG. 233—Landscape. Rousseau. Institute of Art, San Francisco.



FIG. 234—Cattle. Troyon. Institute of Art, San Francisco.



FIG. 235—Cow. Dupré. Institute of Art, San Francisco.

than it is to think of his landscapes without animals. The two go together as naturally in his conception of nature as sunshine and shadow. In this picture of "Cattle" (Fig. 234) it is hard to tell which attracts us more, the palpitating life of the group in the foreground or the glory of the sky. The real genius of the Barbizon artists lay in their ability to make us feel the scene as they felt it. It was not a photographic reproduction of some special spot, but they worked into their pictures the atmosphere, the undefined vital part that lingers in the mind long after the material vision is erased. This is particularly true with the landscapes of Troyon, where his living, breathing cattle come in as a natural part of the changing scene.

This is a fine "Cow" (Fig. 235) of Julien Dupré's. She has all the qualities that stand for a family cow—quiet, gentle and dignified. She would be quite willing that the children should learn to milk her, but no foolishness would be allowed. Her bag full of milk is the family supply, and any undue prolonging of the milking process might interfere with her ability to give full measure. Dupré knew this "Cow" and has portrayed her good points with the eye of a connoisseur. His knowledge of her kind is not academic, but a real sympa-

thetic understanding of cows in general. Julien Dupré (1851-) is much younger than the Barbizon men, but in his animal and *genre* subjects, he is following with skill the trend of their teachings.

The paintings of William Keith are much better understood after seeing a number together in the San Francisco Institute of Art. Being a man of moods, his pictures vary greatly in their appeal to us. We may not be able to appreciate the full significance of the "Summit of the Sierras" (Fig. 236), yet we are lifted into a realm of everlasting snow in spite of ourselves. Were it not for the warm, comforting greens and venerable storm-broken trees, companionable in their very ruggedness, the vision of the mountain tops would be almost too much for our poor earthbound minds. It is little wonder that he whose pictures were largely subjective should have felt the lure of California. He was steeped in the beauties of that wonderful country, and there found scenes that fitted his every mood. With a mind and heart full of mountains and valleys, trees ever green, and a sky whose glories are unthinkable to the uninitiated, it is not surprising that he could say, "I feel some emotion," and immediately paint a picture to express it. Many times the mountains called



FIG. 236.—Summit of the Sierras. Keith. Institute of Art, San Francisco.



FIG. 237.—The Mountain Top. Keith. Institute of Art, San Francisco.

him, sometimes in a mood of exaltation and again of quiet and meditation. The "Mountain Top" (Fig. 237) is a fitting ending to our picture tour. We now understand as never before that America stands to-day as the great treasure house of the art of the world, and her people through these art treasures must stand for that broad intellectual and spiritual strength that will bring universal peace.

INDEX

- ABBEY, EDWIN AUSTIN**, 74-76, 192,
 193-194
 Scenes from King Lear, 74-76
 Holy Grail, 192
 Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of
 Gloucester, 193-194
- ALEXANDER, JOHN W.**, 53-55, 73-74,
 284, 300, 302-303
 Isabella, The Pot of Basil, 53-55
 Walt Whitman, 73-74, 302
 Lady in Green, 77
 Ray of Sunshine, 284
 Portrait of Robert Frederick Blum,
 300, 302
 Portrait of Auguste Rodin, 302-303
- ALTMAN COLLECTION**, 25, 120-133
- ANGELICO, FRA GIOVANNI**, 55-57, 59,
 61, 276, 283
 Madonna and Child, 56-57, 131
 The Crucifixion, 131
- ANGELO, MICHAEL**, 66, 105, 113, 130,
 161, 165, 211
 The Last Judgment, 165
- BARBIZON**, 41-44, 83-89, 150, 171,
 174, 189, 196, 276, 277, 339-346
- BASTIEN-LEPAGE, JULES**, 97-99, 270-
 272
 Joan of Arc, 97-99
 The Wood Gatherer, 270-271
- BEAUX, CECELIA**, 154, 158-160
 A New England Woman, 158-159
- BECKWITH, J. CARROLL**, 290-291
 Portrait of William Merritt Chase,
 290-291
- BELLINI, GIOVANNI**, 70, 231-233
 Madonna and Child, 70
 Nobleman and Wife, 231-233
- BELLINI, JOCOPO**, 61
- BENSON, FRANK W.**, 186, 200
 Portrait of a Boy, 200
- BLAKELOCK, RALPH A.**, 246
 Ecstasy, 246
- BLANCHE, JACQUES EMILE**, 198
 Portrait of Duchess of Rutland, 198
- BLUM, ROBERT FREDERICK**, 298-300
 Venetian Lace Makers, 299
- BOLDINI, GIOVANNI**, 139-142, 245
 Portrait of Whistler, 139-142
- BONHEUR, ROSA**, 174-175
 Barbaro After the Hunt, 174-175
- BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS**, 23-
 40
- BOTTICELLI, SANDRO**, 66, 113-115
 St. Zenobius, 113-115
 Calumny of Apelles, 115
- BRETON, JULES**, 266-267
 The Song of the Lark, 266-267
- BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND
 SCIENCES**, 134-153
- BROZAC, VOESLAV**, 308-309
 The Followers of Huss, 308-309
- BUFFALO, ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY**,
 215-221
- CAMP, JOSEPH DE**, 186
- CAZIN, JEAN CHARLES**, 196
 Suburbs of Antwerp, 196
- CHAVANNES, PUVIS DE**, 327-329
 Charity, 328
- CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND**, 35, 68
- CHASE, WILLIAM MERRITT**, 96, 97,
 148, 157, 158, 187, 206-207, 265,
 289-291, 311

- Fish, 77
 In the Studio, 148
 Lady With White Shawl, 157
 Alice, 265, 290
 Dorothy, 289-290
- CHICAGO, THE ART INSTITUTE, 247-269
- CHURCH, FREDERICK E., 181-182
 Icebergs, 181
 Niagara Falls, 181
- CIMABUE, GIOVANNI, 61
- CINCINNATI MUSEUM, 297-309
- CONSTABLE, JOHN, 170-171, 274-275, 276
 Old Brighton Pier, 170-171
 Hay Wain, 171
 An English Landscape, 274-275
- COROT, JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE, 44-46, 86, 87, 187-188, 204, 236, 276, 340
 Dante and Virgil, 44-46
 Dance of the Nymphs, 86
 Ville d'Avray, 87
 Wood Gatherers, 187
 Landscape, 276
 Landscape, 340
- CORREGGIO (Antonio Allegri), 111-112, 333-334
 The Four Saints, 111-112
 Venus and Adonis, 333-334
- COURBET, GUSTAVE, 286-287
 The Deer in the Forest, 287
- COX, KENYON, 96, 221
 Portrait of St. Gaudens, 96
- CREDI, LORENZO DI, 117-118
 Madonna and Child, 117
- CRIVILLI, CARLO, 178
 Virgin and Child with Saints and Donor, 178
- DAUBIGNY, CHARLES, 86-88, 237, 343
 Morning on the Seine, 86-87, 343
 Hamlet on the Seine, 188-189
 Village Scene, 343
- DAVID, THEERAERT, 263
 Portrait of Napoleon, 263
- DAVIS, CHARLES H., 163, 202-203
 The Brook, 163
 Time of the Red-Winged Blackbird, 202-203
- DE BOCK, THÉOPHILE, 150
 Cattle by the Pool, 150
- DELACROIX, FERDINAND VICTOR EUGÈNE, 41
 The Pieta, 41
- DELAROUCHE, PAUL, 140-142
 Princes in the Tower, 140
 Portrait of the Artist's Mother, 141-142
- DEL SARTO, ANDREA, 330
- DETROIT MUSEUM OF ART, 228-238
- DEWING, THOMAS W., 186, 220-221, 226, 227
 The Lady with a Macaw, 220-221
 Writing a Letter, 226-227
- DIAZ, DE LA PENA, NARCISCO VIRGILIO, 42, 84-85
 The Forest of Fontainebleau, 84-85
- DOU, GERARD, 28
- DOUGHERTY, PAUL, 319-321
 Manana Point, 319-321
- DUCCIO, DI BUONINSENGNA, 60
- DUPRÉ, JULIEN, 345-346
 Cow, 345-346
- DUPRÉ, JULES, 85-86, 344
 The Hay Wagon, 85-86
- DÜRER, ALBRECHT, 130-131, 233, 330
 Madonna and Child, 130-131
- DUVENECK, FRANK, 300-302
 Whistling Boy, 301
 Flower Girl, 301-302
- FABRIANO, GENTILE DA, 61-62
 Madonna and Child, 61-62

- FRANCIA, FRANCESCO (Raibolini), 127-128
Portrait of Federigo Gonzago, 127-128
- FULLER, GEORGE, 322-323
The Quadroon, 322
The Fuller Boy, 323
- GADDI, TADDEO, 134-137
Scenes from the Life of St. Laurence, 134-136
Miracles of St. Laurence, 136-137
- GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS, 241-242
Portrait of Sir William Lynch, 241
- GAUDENS, AUGUSTUS SAINT, 96
- GENTH, LILLIAN, 213-214
Woodland Pool, 213-214
- GOYA Y LUCIENTES, FRANCESCO, III, 244
The Jewess of Tangiers, 111
Portrait of Don Juan José Perez Mora, 243-244
- GOYEN, JAN VAN, 105
- GRECO, EL DOMENICO THEOTOKOPOULOS, 23, 110, 150-152, 257-259
Portrait of Fray Feliz Palavicino, 23
The Nativity, 110-111, 257
St. Francis, 150-152
The Assumption of the Virgin, 259
- GREIFFENHAGEN, MAURICE, 200-201
Portrait of Mrs. Greiffenhagen, 200-201
- HALS, FRANZ, 68-69, 102-103, 125, 162, 247-249, 282, 330
Hille Bobbe, 102-103, 125, 248
Vrouw Bodolphe, 103
Herr Bodolphe, 103
The Merry Company, 125, 248
Portrait of Harman Hals, 247-249
- HARPIGNIES, HENRI, 142-143
Cottage in the Woods, 142-143
Wild Ducks, 143
Evening in the Roman Compagna, 143
- HARRISON BIRGE, 225-226
Woodstock Meadows, 225-226
- HASSAM, CHILDE, 185-186, 198, 199-200, 219-220, 284, 304-305
The New York Window, 185-219
Spring Morning, 199, 304
The Church at Old Lyme, 219-220
The Caulker, 304-305
- HAWTHORNE, CHARLES W., 205-207
Mother and Child, 205
- HAYDON, BENJAMIN ROBERT, 306-308
Public Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, 306-308
- HELST, BARTOLOMEUS VAN DER, 161-163
The Violinist, 161-162
- HENRI, ROBERT, 314-315
Gypsy Girl, 314
- HILL, THOMAS, 337-338
Yosemite Valley, 337-338
- HISPANIC SOCIETY, 210, 259
- HOBBEEMA, MEINDERT, 169, 252-254
The Water Mill, 254
The Avenue, 254
- HOGARTH, WILLIAM, 240-241
Portrait of Anne, Viscountess Irwin, 240-241
- HOLBEIN, HANS, 118-119, 330
Portrait of a Young Man, 118-119
Meyer Madonna, 118
Adam and Eve, 119
- HOMER, WINSLOW, 52-53, 78, 146, 149, 163, 194-195, 222-223, 224
Fog Warning, 53
Northeaster, 78
Unruly Calf, 146
The Fox Hunt, 163
The Wreck, 194-195
Sunlight on the Beach, 223
Hark, the Lark! Frontispiece
- HOOCH, PIETER DE, 31-32, 81-82, 234
Dutch Interior, 31-32
An Interior, 81-82
Dutch Interior, 234

- HUNT, WILLIAM MORRIS, 188
- HUYS, MODESTE, 313
Snow and Flood in Flanders, 312-313
- INDIANAPOLIS, JOHN HERRON ART INSTITUTE, 288-296
- INNESS, GEORGE, 76, 145, 171-172, 179-181, 208, 222, 224, 260-262, 276-277, 317-318, 323-324
Delaware Valley, 76, 260
Peace and Plenty, 76, 260, 324
The Valley of the Shadow of Death, 145
Short Cut, 171-172
Coming Storm, 215, 324
After a Spring Shower, 222, 261
Early Morning, 261
Home of the Heron, 261-262
Sunset in Georgia, 276-277
The Coming Storm, 317-318, 324
The Approaching Storm, 324
- INNESS, GEORGE, JR., 208-209
Bringing Home the Cows, 208-209
- ISABEY, EUGÈNE LOUIS GABRIEL, 142
Street Scene, 142
- ISRAELS, JOSEF, 82-83, 141, 190
The Frugal Meal, 82
Expectation, 95
Bashful Suitor, 95
Interior of a Cottage, 190
- JACQUE, CHARLES, 88-89, 342-343
The Sheepfold, 89, 342
The Watering Place, 342-343
- JARVES COLLECTION, 57, 58-66
- KEITH, WILLIAM, 262-263, 346-347
The Coming Storm, 262-263
Summit of the Sierras, 346
The Mountain Top, 347
- KOOPMAN, AUGUSTUS, 312
On the Rocks After the Storm, 312
- LA FARGE, JOHN, 48-49, 74, 146-148
The Halt of the Wise Men, 48
The Muse of Painting, 74
Adoration, 147
- LAVERY, JOHN, 211-212
Girl Waiting, 211-212
- LEIGHTON, SIR FREDERICK, 90-91
Lachrymae, 90-91
- LELY, SIR PETER, 280-281
Portrait of Second Earl of Clarendon, 280-281
- LENBACH, FRANZ VON, 91-92, 297-298
Portrait of Professor Emerson, 91
Portrait of Artist's Daughter, 91-92
Portrait of Bismarck, 92
- LEUTZE, EMANUEL, 94-95
Washington Crossing the Delaware, 94-95
- L'HERMITTE, LEON AUGUSTIN, 92, 143-144
Among the Lowly, 92, 144
Harvester's Meal, 143-144
- LIE, JONAS, 210-211
Morning on the River, 210-211
Culebra Cut, 211
- LIPPI, FRA LIPPO, 177, 283
Virgin and Child, 177
Lotto, Lorenzo, 137-138
Virgin and Child, 137-138
Portrait of Luther, 138
- LUINI, BARNARDINO, 331-333
Madonna and Child, 330-333
- MACCAMERON, ROBERT, 212-213
New Orleans Negro, 213
Portrait of Auguste Rodin, 213
- MAES, NICOLAES, 32-33
The Jealous Husband, 32-33
- MANET, EDOUARD, 99-100, 198, 266, 268-269, 271
The Boy with a Sword, 99, 269-271
Dead Christ, 99
The Beggar, 266, 268-269, 271

- MARR, CARL, 278-279
 The Wandering Jew, 279
 Silent Devotion, 279
- MARTIN, HOMER, 96
 The Harp of the Winds, 96
- MASACCIO, TOMMASO, 66, 138, 283
- MASSYS, QUENTIN, 223-234
 The Virgin and Child, 233-234
- MASTER SAN MINIATO ALTAR-PIECE, 283-284
 Madonna and Child with Angels, 283-284
- MAUVE, ANTON, 272-273
 The Water Mill, 272-273
- MELCHERS, GARI, 163, 235-236, 284-285
 The Skaters, 163
 Portrait of Mrs. Melchers, 235
 Fencing Master, 235-236
 Marriage, 284-285
- MEMLINC, HANS, 131-133
 Betrothal of St. Catherine, 131-133
 Shrine of St. Ursula, 132
- MESDAG, HENDRICK WILLEN, 273-274
 The Coast of Scheveningen, 273-274
- METCALF, WILLARD L., 186
- METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, 25, 67-133
- METSU, GABRIEL, 33-34
 The Usurer, 33-34
- MIEREVELT, MICHAEL, 281-283
 Portrait of a Lady, 281-282
- MILLET, JEAN-FRANÇOIS, 42-44, 45, 46, 85, 95, 99, 141, 143, 171, 218, 266, 267-268, 324, 340-342
 The Harvesters Resting, 42-43
 The Shepherdess, 43
 The Sower, 83-84
 The Water Carrier, 84
 Solitude, 171
 Bringing Home the New Born Calf, 267-268
 Return of the Flock, 341-342
 Angelus, 342
- MILWAUKEE, LAYTON ART GALLERY, 270-279
- MINNEAPOLIS, INSTITUTE OF ART, 280-287
- MORONI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA, 236
 Tailor, 236
- MUNKACSY, MICHAEL DE, 173-174
 The Last Day of the Condemned, 173-174
 Christ Before Pilate, 174
- MURILLO, BARTOLOME ESTÉBAN, 109-110, 167-168, 244, 314, 335-337
 Beggar Boys, 110, 314, 335
 St. John the Evangelist, 110, 336
 St. Anthony, 167-168
 The Gypsy, 335-336
- MURPHY, J. FRANCIS, 325-326
 At Sunrise, 325-326
- MUSKOGON, GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, 239-246
- NEW ORLEANS, DELGADO MUSEUM OF ART, 310-315
- OCHTMAN, LEONARD, 319-320
 December, 319-320
- OLSSON, JULIUS, 148-149
 Iridescent Moonlight, 148-149
- OSTADE, ADRIAAN VAN, 103-104, 251, 252
 The Old Fiddler, 103-104
 The Golden Wedding, 251
- PALLAIUOLO, ANTONIO, 62-65, 115-117
 Hercules Killing Nessus, 62-65
 St. Christopher, 115-117
- PEALE, REMBRANDT, 234-235
 The Court of Death, 234-235
- PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, 154-163

- PICKNELL, WILLIAM LAMB, 182-184
The Road to Concarneau, 182-184
- PIOMBO, SEBASTIANO DEL, 112-113
Christopher Columbus, 112-113
Raising of Lazarus, 113
- PISSARRO, CAMILLE, 198-199
The Great Bridge at Rouen, 198-199
- PITTSBURGH, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, 191-201
- RAEBURN, SIR HENRY, 242-243
Portrait of Mrs. Bailie, 242-243
- ROSEN, CHARLES, 311-312
Frozen River, 311-312
- RAFFAËLLI, JEAN FRANÇOIS, 196-197
Boulevard des Italiens, 197
- RANGER, HENRY W., 204, 216, 224-225
Long Pond, 204
Group of Sturdy Oaks, 216
Landscape, 225
- RAPHAEL, SANZIO, 66, 113, 130, 165, 177
The Transfiguration, 113, 165
Madonna of the Candelabra, 177
- REDFIELD, EDWARD WILLIS, 184-185, 195-196, 217-219, 294-296
Delaware River, 184-185, 294
Sycamore Hill, 195-196
Laurel Brook, 218, 294
The Crest, 294
- REMBRANDT VAN RYN, 27-31, 32, 96, 99, 101, 121-125, 162, 248-249, 251, 254-255, 282, 330
Artist's Father, 27-29
Mercury and Danae, 29-31
The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails, 121-122
Portrait of Rembrandt, 122-123
Portrait of Titus, 123
Man With a Magnifying Glass, 123-124
Pilate Washing His Hands, 124
The Toilet of Bathsheba, 124-125
Portrait of a Girl, 249
- REID, ROBERT, 186, 237-238, 284
The Miniature, 237-238
- REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, 79-81, 161-162, 241-242
Master Hare, 79-80
- RIBERA (LoSpagnoletto), JOSÉ DE, 165-167, 330
St. Sebastian, 165-167
- ROCHESTER, MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, 208-214
- RODIN, AUGUSTE, 213, 302-303
- RUBENS, PETER PAUL, 24, 25, 26, 106-108, 228-231, 254-256, 330
The Fox and Wolf Hunt, 107-108
The Holy Family, 108
Abigail Meeting David with Presents, 228-231
Portrait of Marquis Spinola, 255-256
- RUISDAEL, JACOB VAN, 73, 169, 252-253
Landscape, 73
River Scene with Barges, 169
The Cattle, 252-253
- ROUSSEAU, THEODORE, 42, 87-88, 343-344
The Edge of the Woods, 88
Landscape, 343-344
Border of the Woods, 344
- RYDER, ALBERT P., 134, 150, 152-153
The Waste of Waters is Their Field, 152-153
- SACRAMENTO, CROCKER ART GALLERY, 330-338
- SAN FRANCISCO INSTITUTE OF ART, 339-347
- SANO DI PIETRO, 60, 138-139
Coronation of the Virgin, 60, 138
Altarpiece, 138-139
- SARGENT, JOHN SINGER, 51-52, 72-73, 96, 288-289
The Misses Boit, 51-52
Portrait of William M. Chase, 96
Portrait of Henry G. Marquand, 72
Portrait of James Whitcomb Riley, 288-289

- SASSETTA, 59-60
St. Anthony Tempted, 59-60
- SAVONAROLA, 64, 117
- SCHOFIELD, ELMER W., 293-294, 303-304
Old Mills on the Somme, 293-294
A January Day, 303-304
- SIGNORELLI, LUCA, 65-66
Adoration of the Magi, 65-66
- SNYDERS, FRANZ, 107
- SOROLLA, JOAQUIN, 93-94, 168-169, 209-210, 259, 326-327
After the Bath, 93-94
The Young Amphibians, 168-169
Oxen on the Beach, 209
Crippled Children at the Seashore, 210
The Two Sisters, 259
Another Marguerite, 326-327
- ST. LOUIS, CITY ART MUSEUM, 322-329
- STEEN, JAN, 104-105, 251-252
A Dutch Kermesse, 104
The Family Concert, 251-252
- STUART, GILBERT, 36-38, 74, 80, 92, 154-156, 201, 263-264, 316-317
Washington Portrait, 36-38, 92
Portrait of Mrs. James Madison, 154-156
Portrait of Henry Nicols, 201
Portrait of General Dearborn, 264
Portrait of Miss Clementina Beach, 316-317
- SULLY, THOMAS, 156-157
Portrait of Frances Anne Kemble, 156-157
- SYMONS, GARDNER, 186, 286-287, 318-319
The River in Winter, 286-287
Sunlight in the Woods, 286, 318-319
- SYRACUSE, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, 202-207
- TANNER, HENRY O., 266
The Two Disciples at the Tomb, 266
- TEN AMERICAN PAINTERS, 186
- TENIERS, DAVID, 234
Room in an Inn, 234
- TER BORCH, GERARD, 250-251, 281
The Music Lesson, 250
Officer and Young Woman, 250
Boy and Dog, 281
- TEXAS, FORT WORTH, CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY, 316-321
- TIEPOLO, GIOVANNI BATTISTE, 164-165
The Last Supper, 164-165
- TINTORETTO, JOCOPO ROBUSTI, 70, 108-109
A Doge at Prayer before the Redeemer, 70-74
Feeding the Five Thousand, 108-109
- TITIAN (Tiziano Vecelli), 99, 128-130, 251, 297-298
Portrait of Filippo Archinto, 128-130
Portrait of Philip the Second, 297-298
- TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART, 222-227
- TROYON, CONSTANT, 189-190, 268, 344-345
Drinking Place, 189
Returning from the Market, 268
Cattle, 345
- TRYON, DWIGHT W., 223-224, 236-237, 292-293
Spring Morning, 223-224
Before Sunrise, June, 237
November Morning, 292
- TURNER, JOSEPH MILLORD WILLIAM, 38-40, 100-101
Slave Ship, 38-40
Grand Canal of Venice, 100-101
- TWACHTMAN, JOHN, 163, 186-187, 284
Sailing in the Mist, 163

- VAN DYCK, SIR ANTHONY, 35-36, 67-68, 256-257, 334-335
 Charles I. and Henrietta Maria and Their Children, 35-36
 Portrait of Helena Dubois, 256-257
 James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, 67-68
 The Three Wise Men, 334-335
- VASARI, 115, 231, 331
- VEDDER, ELIHU, 49-51
 The Sphinx, 49-51
 Lazarus, 51
- VELAZQUEZ, DIEGO RODRIGUES DE SILVA Y, 23-27, 110-111, 126-127, 167, 251, 255, 336
 Portrait of Philip of Spain, 23-27, 126
 Portrait of Don Baltazar Carlos, 25-27
 Christ and Pilgrims at Emmaus, 127
- VERMEER OF DELFT, JAN, 69, 125-126
 Young Woman with a Water Jar, 69
 Young Girl Asleep, 125-126
- VERONESE, PAOLO, 71-72, 164
 Mars and Venus United by Love, 71-72
- VINCI, LEONARDO DA, 113, 165, 331, 332
 The Last Supper, 165
- WALKER, HORATIO, 324-325
 Wood Sawyer, 325
- WALTERS GALLERY, BALTIMORE, 176-178
- WASHINGTON, D. C., CORCORAN GALLERY, 179-190
- WEST, BENJAMIN, 38, 160-161, 275
 Death of General Wolfe, 160
 Death on the Pale Horse, 160-161
- WEYDEN, ROGER VAN DER, 62
- WHISTLER, JAMES ABBOTT MACNEIL, 46-48, 76-77, 139-142, 172-173, 191-192, 244-246, 264-265
 The Blacksmith of Lyme Regis, 46-47
 Little Rose of Lyme Regis, 47-48
 Carlyle, 46
 Portrait of Connie Gilchrist, 76-77
 Portrait of the Artist's Mother, 139
 Lady With the Yellow Buskin, 172-173
 Portrait of Sarasate, 191-192
 Study in Rose and Brown, 244-246
 In the Studio, 264-265
- WEIR, J. ALDEN, 186, 204-205
 Portrait, 204-205
- WILDENS, JAN, 107
- WILSTACH GALLERY, 164-175



