



THE  
ASTERPIECES



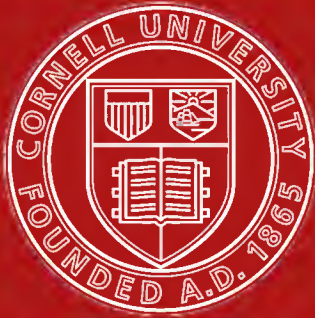
OF THE  
EXHIBITION



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W. W. BROWN

*Columbia*

FROM THE ART GALLERY OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1876







ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

The  
MASTER PIECES OF THE

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION  
OF 1876



*The Art Gallery*



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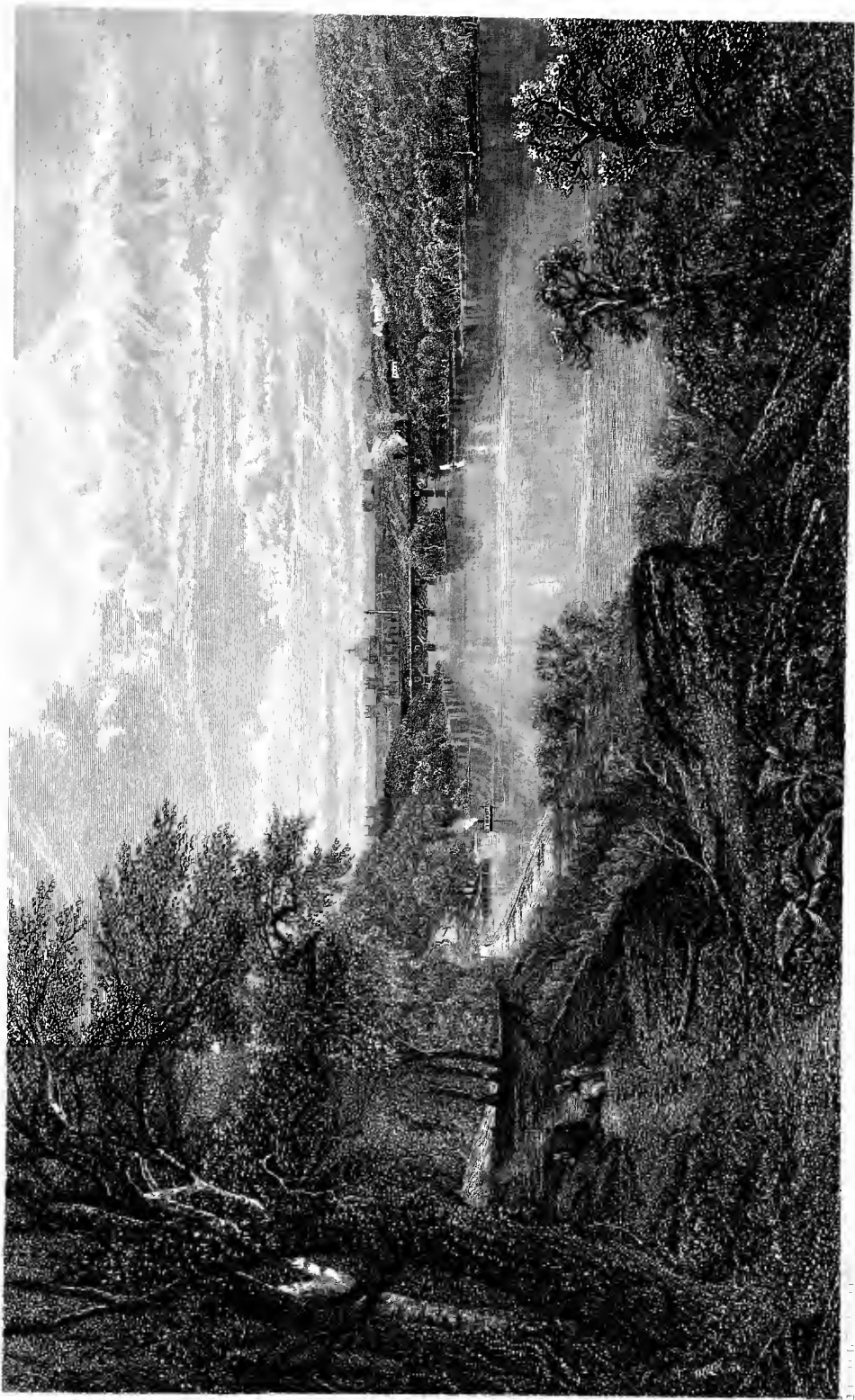
AMERICA.

This model is exhibited 1876.









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U. S. International Exhibition, 1876.









THE FALLING OF MOSES







E. J. POYNTER, A. R. A. PINK

POSTER, N. Y.

FEEDING THE SACRED IBIS IN THE HALLS OF KARNAC.

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GENOVA.

3. International Exhibition 1876.

SCOTT & BARRIE,  
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OUR HEROIC SOLDIER













THE READING GIRL.

By Miss M. C. C. C.

1840. No. 11.









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DR. JOHNSON IN THE ANTECHAMBER OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

U.S. International Exhibition, 1876.

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THE GENIUS OF STEAM.

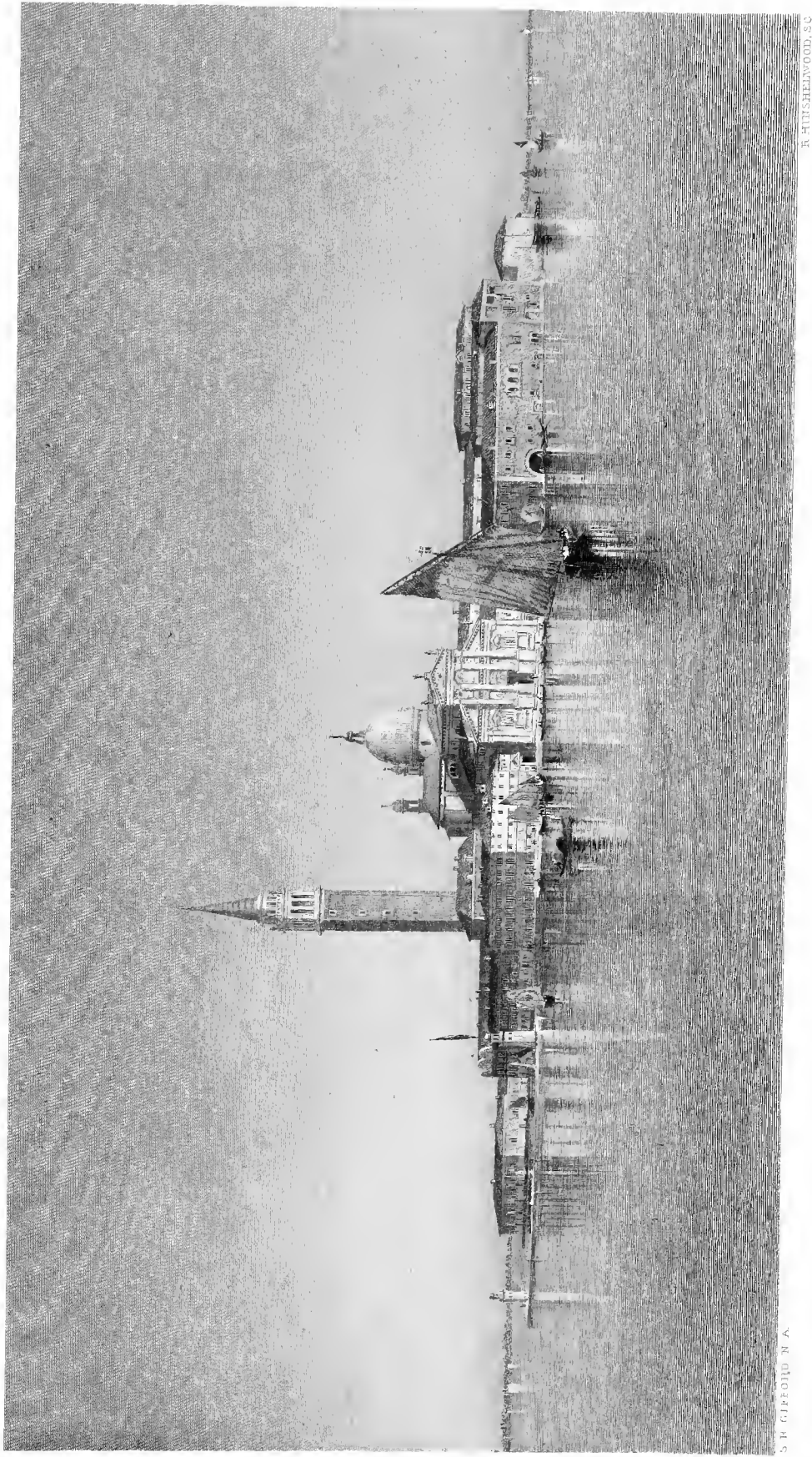
U. S. International Exhibition: 1876

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SAN GIORGIO-VENICE.

U. S. International Exhibition 1876.

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THE GENIUS OF ELECTRICITY.

FROM THE STATUE BY ANTONIO ROSETTI, ROME.

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BREEZY DAY OFF DUBLIN

U S International Exhibition 1876

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*Chicago, 1876*









VENUS.

U. S. International Exhibition 1876.

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P. A. DE VIL. 6311

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THE HUNTERS.

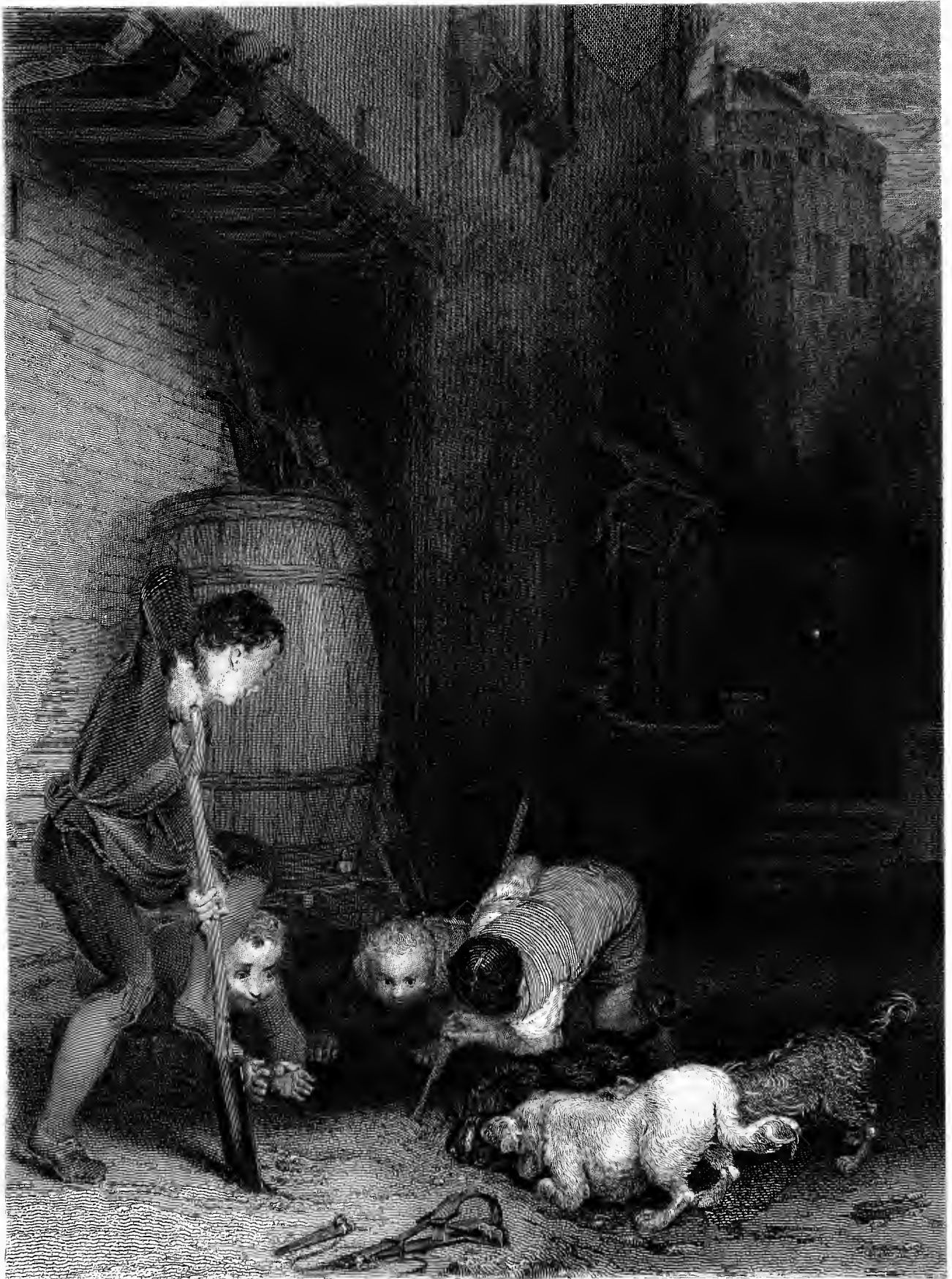
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SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. PINXT

J. D. ARMYTAGE, ENG.

THE RAT HUNTERS.

U.S. International Exhibition 1876

GERRIE & HARRIE,  
12, Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.







PI. ANTONIO. ENGR.

THE TRIAL OF SIR HARRY VANE.

U. S. International Exhibition, 1876.

GIÉLIE & BARRE  
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ALEX JOHNSTON, FINCH

P. LIGHTFOOT SCULPT

# THE COVENANTERS' MARRIAGE.

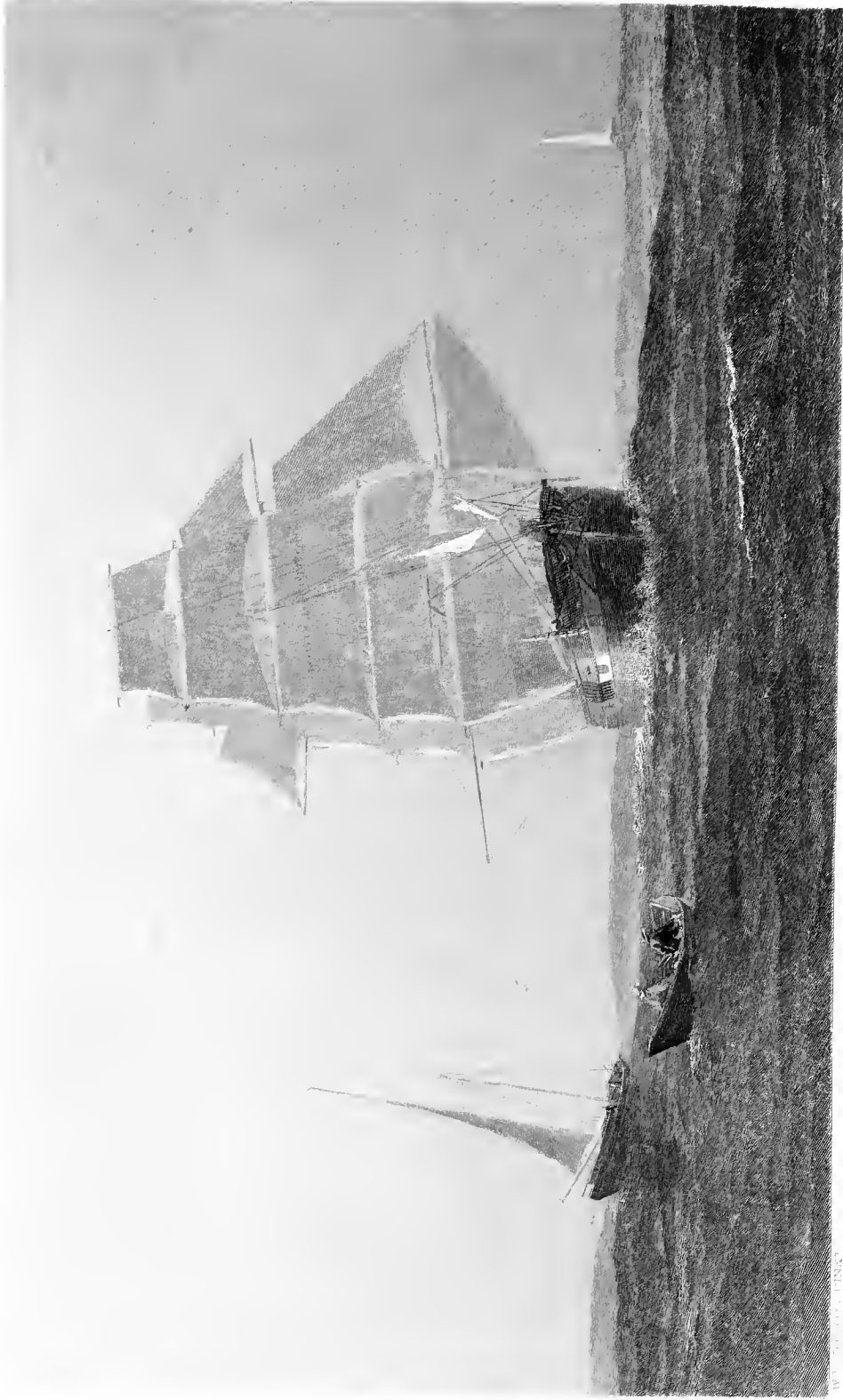
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"Lightfoot" 1877









FOG ON THE GRAND BANKS.

U. S. International Exhibition 1876.

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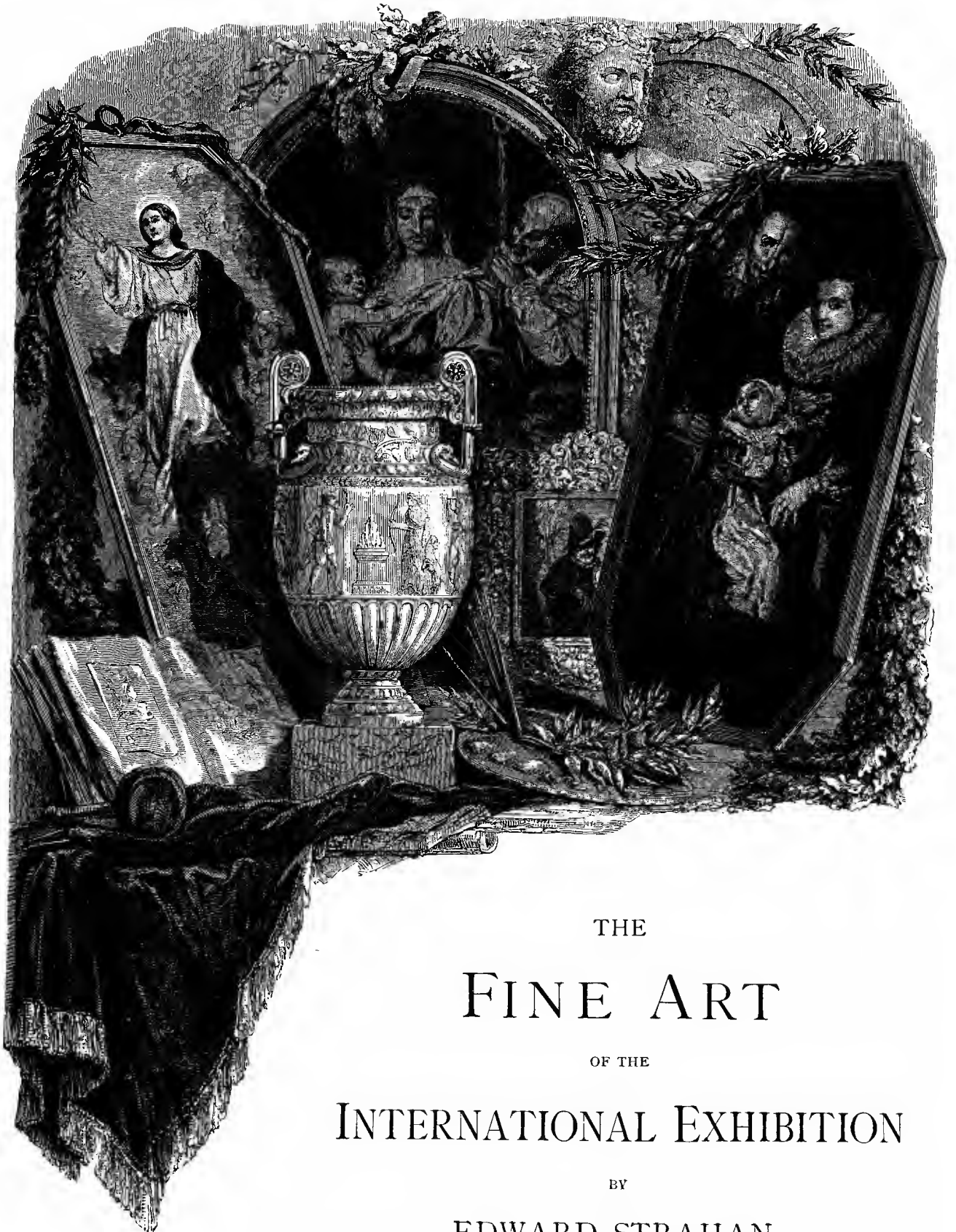


“BRUG HOVE TO FOR A PILOT.”

U. S. International Exhibition, 1876.

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THE  
FINE ART  
OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

BY  
EDWARD STRAHAN.

Vol. 1.





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# THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1876.

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THE people of the nineteenth century find themselves inheritors of the great classical revival of the beginning of that century. An American, WEST; a Frenchman, DAVID; and a German, MENGES, led the æsthetic taste of the civilized world in 1800. Every art-school, as has been well observed, starts from a pagan revival or renaissance. There is, as it were, a fund of the vital principle in Greek sculpture and Roman mural painting and Attic vase-painting which immediately goes to work and fortifies a fresh school of *plastic*, just so soon as any accident brings the work of the ancients prominently before people's attention. At different times the resuscitation of Greek specimens creates the career of Nicolo in Pisa, of Leonardo in Milan, of Michael Angelo in the Medici gardens, of Raphael when he enfranchises himself from Perugia, of Poussin on leaving France, of Albert Dürer on reaching Venice, of Velasquez in Spain, of Rubens in Antwerp, as well as of our triad of painters, Menges, West and David. David, then, in France, and West, in England, were restoring classical art with all their force at the beginning of this country's career.

But what *is* art? A convenient definition, one which Taine the critic is fond of using, we owe to one who never meddled with paints or marble, who was not, correctly speaking, either a painter or a sculptor, yet who helped on the cause of art in his day with an energy of practice and a blaze of enthusiasm which has rarely been equaled before or since. This was Benvenuto Cellini, the immortal *jeweler* of the sixteenth century; and he says in effect that



H. Makart, Pinxt.

Caterina Cornaro Receiving the Congratulations of Venice.

Van Ingen & Snyder, Engrs.

the aim of art is "to produce a representation of a beautiful human figure, with correctness of design and in a graceful attitude." If we can approve *this* definition, and keep it in mind, it will greatly simplify our estimate of the men and works we shall have to examine during our excursion in the paths of modern art. It is a definition that would have been approved, without much modification, by both the able artists who started our century for us. David found the French captivated by the shepherdess-pictures of Boucher and Fragonard. He found them insisting that art was clouds, art was gauze, art was roses, art was hearts and darts, art was Cupids and nymphs disporting in the sky, art was idiots in white satin who pretended they were herdsmen, art was amorous ladies and sexless creatures in silken breeches vacantly giggling in flowery gardens, art was the beauties of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, the ephemeral etchings of Madame de Pompadour, the sweet, liquid Elysium of Watteau. David met this warm, steamy, enervated tide of feeling, and said coldly, "*Art is the representation of beautiful human figures, with correctness of design and in noble attitudes;*" and by uttering this theory with perseverance and distinctness he completely stifled a whole national school of painting and sculpture, set in motion an influence that is perfectly distinct in his country to this day, and spliced again a cord that was being frittered and fretted away by the French of his time—the cord, I would say, that united the art of France with the great classical *line* of art; for the fine arts, if we take this direction of them and consider it the central direction, stretch back in one unbroken thread through Italy and antiquity. There is not the slightest break—from David to his master, Vien, who expressed some recognition of classical correctness at a time when the shepherdesses were all in favor, and antique art was a bore, who spent much of his time in Rome, and who was beggared by the Revolution—from Vien to Poussin, who tried his best to make an Italian of himself, and was glad to clean the brushes of Domenichino—from him to the grand masters, Raphael, Leonardo, Angelo, who indeed married Clerical Art (the art of the churches) with their left hands, but gave their right hands and their whole hearts to the pagan renaissance of their day, and whose schoolmasters were the Greek statues which the spade then turned out hour by hour in the teeming soil of Italy—from Italy to Italy's political captive and intellectual conqueror, Greece, and from Greece to her mysterious old oracle, Egypt. There is not the slightest

logical hiatus from Egypt four thousand years ago to David in 1800, and from David to Ingres and Gérôme, if we take this clear definition of classical art, that it is "*the representation of beautiful human figures with correctness of design and in noble attitudes.*"

If we take any other definition we shall find the thread very short. If we say it is Christian asceticism, we shall indeed see it most profoundly expressed by Dürer and Fra Angelico, but it is doomed to come to a sudden end when the hot vital flame of the pagan renaissance touches the thread. If we call it mere composition and light-and-shade—*picturesqueness*, in fact—it shows what wonders it can do under Rembrandt, but is unable to assert itself in any long



*Aurora: J. A. Bailly, Sc.*

among the etchers and workers on the illustrated press!—Christian acerbity, among the pre-Raphaelites!—and landscape, among the hosts of practitioners. To talk to any of these specialists, alone by himself, you would fancy there was no other kind of art. But the art of tradition and history is the art which

coherence or history; if we call it *landscape* sentiment, we find it goes back but a little way, and under Hobbema and Ruisdall soon drowns itself in a Dutch canal; if we call it *still-life*, it reaches its highest development among the Dutch flower-painters, and buries itself, as Edmond About says, in a Rotterdam tulip. These specialties make very large claims now-a-days, and have influential schools—flower-painting and “still-life,” among the vase-painters and panel-decorators!—“picturesqueness,”

Cellini loved with all his passion and all his turbulence; and this is the art of "*representing a beautiful human figure with correctness of design and in a graceful attitude.*"

Under this tradition, beautified from old Greece and ennobled from Egypt, Art has completely filled the south of Europe with a bland, lambent, civilizing wave of feeling. Classical art, coming from Egypt and Etruria, invaded Italy with a hundred thousand marble statues; dived under the soil, and reappeared in Raphael; spread eastward to Venice, to revel in the luxury there; took a northward turn, and inspired Correggio in Parma and Rubens in Flanders; and so, modified according to race and clime, visited the grave hidalgos, and overshadowed the easels of Murillo and Velasquez; came finally to France, and found a witty nation industriously worshipping artificial flowers. Here, in the person of David, it struck down frivolity as with an arm of marble, and prepared the foundations of the greatest school of art at present existing. Thus is art homogeneous and continuous in the south of Europe.

All the while there was, lying in the cold water, and separated from the European continent by an apparatus of chopping, perpendicular waves which the best sailors have not often been able to regard without nausea—an island, which it is impossible for us to regard with indifference, because it is our parent. This island was called Albion, Angle-land or England. It had always given the Continent a great deal of trouble. Cæsar went over and made it partly an Italian island; Saint Austin went over and made it partly a Christian island; William of Normandy went over and made it partly a French island; none of which reforms are to our purpose until Benjamin West in 1763 put on his broadbrim and went over and helped to make it an island of painters.

The history of England, in relation to European civilization, has been most singular. Although insulated by the sea, England has never been willing to remain detached from the great mental movements of Christendom. Full of originality and the instinct to express herself, she mingled forcibly with all the politics of the Continent; she visited and colonized savage shores in every part of the globe, until to-day, bursting out of Britain to stretch herself over India, she is, as Disraeli says, an oriental rather than a European power. The moment printing was invented she took her place at the head of modern letters; but in Art her development was extremely fitful and peculiar.

Let us not for an instant surmise that the Saxon or Gothic mind is incapable of art; the cathedrals of Germany and England show a race artistically equal—at the time when *cathedrals* were the expression of art—with the Latin race. But England, at the great revival of oil-painting, was found in a very strange attitude. Conscious of noble deeds and personal worth, fond of visiting but remote from visitors, she needed above all things the *portrait-painter*. For



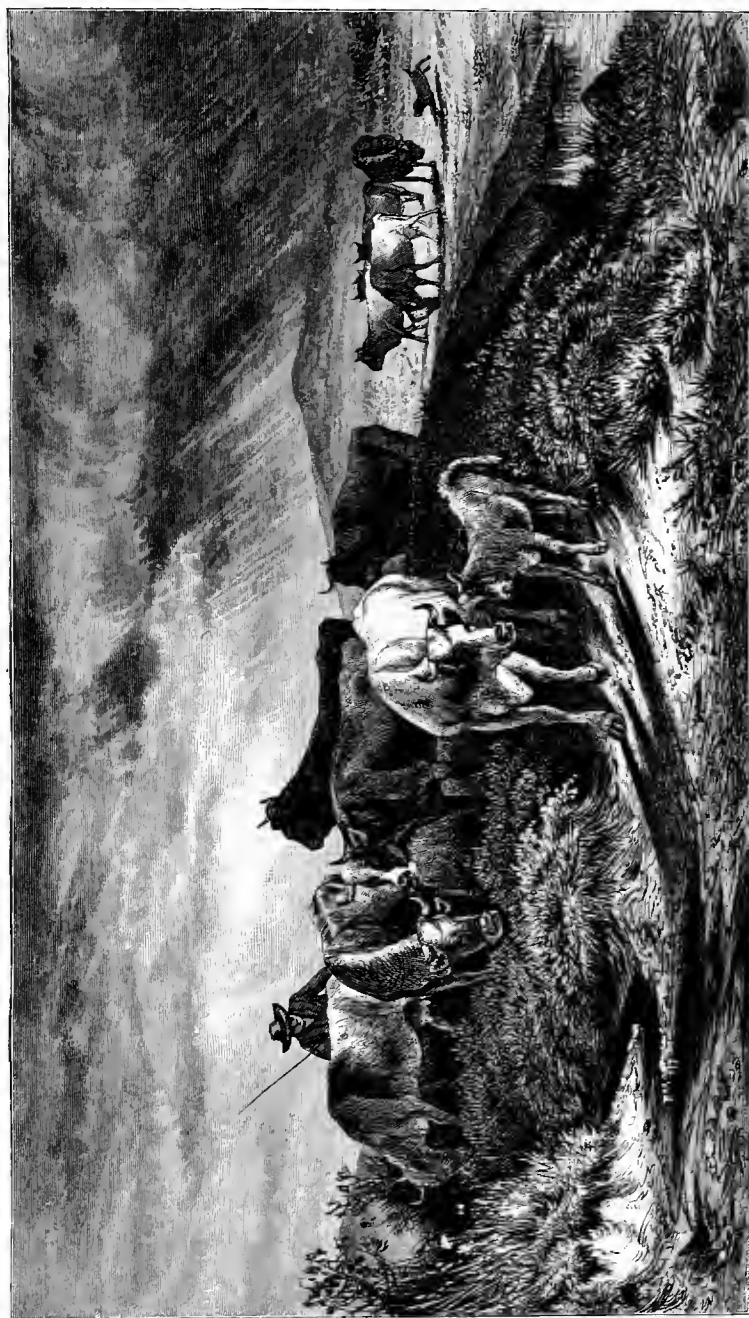
J. W. Champney, Pinx.

Van Ingen &amp; Snyder, Eng.

"Your Good Health!"

a long time, instead of forming her own celebrators, advertisers, commemorators—whatever we choose to call them—she summoned them from the ends of the earth. Zucchero was sent for from Italy to paint Queen Elizabeth, as Holbein had been sent for from Augsburg to paint Henry VIII; Vandyck was tempted from Antwerp to paint Charles I, as Lely was, from the virtues and the sugar-cured hams of Westphalia, to paint Nelly Gwyn. At the close of the last century, however, one *great native name* in portraiture had risen into

full renown: Reynolds had represented with superb talent the heroes of the Augustan age, and he was an Englishman. Unsurpassable in portrait, Reynolds



*Pan Ingen & Sijster, Eng.*

*Return of the Herd.*

*Peter Moran, Pinx.*

was a tyro in all else; if he tried an ideal scene, it would be good in so far as it depended upon the attributes of portraiture, and entirely wanting in force



for its *other* attributes. Beside him and his rival in portraiture, Gainsborough, and the splendid satirist, Hogarth, the artists of the country were hardly noticed; there was nobody fit to assert seriously and effectively the principles of classical art, and there never had been—nobody able to paint the grand English battles, nobody capable of placing a Christian lesson in fresco, with any beauty, in the domes of the churches. Dazzled by the splendor of Reynolds's genius, and drilled by the influence of all the English tradition, which had been pouring imported portraitists into the land for full three hundred years—"Portraiture," said the people, "is Art, and Art is Portraiture." "Not quite so," said West, in effect, as he stepped quietly upon the scene: "*Art is the representation of human beauty, ideally perfect in design, graceful and noble in attitude.*"

That was what West had to say; that was the eternal burden of his preaching. He was a man of influence and success in his day, and England would have done well if she could have carried out her academic education on his line. Not a great man, nor a perfectly successful follower of Beauty, he was eminently sane and sensible. He invented the *camera obscura*; he had the pleasure of making Reynolds wince, by venturing to paint "The Death of Wolfe" with the innovation of modern uniforms, instead of Roman garments. His whole course of work was a standing rebuke to the undisciplined fancies of FUSELI. As for portraiture, he cheapened that by painting very poor likenesses himself. It is safe to say that he gave the nation more ideas in the way of balanced composition, elegance, sound training, and conception of the great thoughts of the renaissance, than she had had up to his time. Under his presidency the Academy was a safe school for the study of *human beauty*, of *accomplished design* and of *grace in attitude*. Unfortunately, however, what he could teach and what he knew was not quite represented in what he wrought. His works are left; his teaching is forgotten. His influence was a strong one for half a century; but the English nation could not long rest in the spirit of his teachings, and the school of West, after correcting FUSELI, extinguishing BARRY, and giving a fair start to ALLSTON and TRUMBULL, fell into utter despair, and blew out its brains in HAYDON. English art took up the *anecdotic* vein of HOGARTH, which was followed with ability by WILKIE and MULREADY. Its landscape school, invented by WILSON, became accomplished in CONSTABLE, incommensurable in TURNER. On the death lately of MACLISE—a rather weak,

distorted reflection of Paul Delaroche—the last classic tradition seemed to die out. The prominent men of the moment, like HUNT and MILLAIS, are experimenters, *chercheurs*. Except LEIGHTON, there is scarce any one capable of putting up a correct frescoed figure in an archway of the Kensington Museum. The development of the nation, taking another of its strange caprices, has gone over to industrial art. There is not an Englishman now living whose endeavor could be said to be, in Cellini's sense, to represent *a beautiful human figure, with correctness of design and in a graceful attitude*.

That was the way in which our century of art was started for us in the two foremost countries of the world. West and David, in their day, met on equal terms, and West received an ovation in the Louvre. Both are bywords of a slight contempt in the mouths of unthinking persons now, but not in those of considerate men. They found it their business to take their two nations by the shoulders, break off old habits suddenly, and set them in the eternal way of art, the one way that has produced great works in time gone by—the study of *beautiful human form, correct design, graceful composition*. They wished to knit the career of their countries to the great fabric of art which has come unbroken from antiquity. The corresponding influence was exerted at the same time on Germany by RAPHAEL MENGES, who walked with all the accuracy at his command in the footsteps of RAPHAEL SANZIO. *He* painted with the search for classic beauty, and he founded the Dresden Gallery of antique statuary. That was the spirit of 1800—a *revival of classicism*. West's light went out completely in England and this country; but in France, the torch brandished by David was never quite suffered to drop to the ground. His principles are assiduously practised at this moment; and France, let us confess, is the first art-producing country to-day.

It has taken some little time thus to set up these two worthies firmly on their legs. But it seemed worth while to do so, because a period has now supervened when painters trade on very limited specialties, making reputations out of some small attainment that would only be a fraction of the discipline of a thorough-going classic artist. But, as we have just said, the traditions of David still form an equipment for various painters of reputation in the country he adorned. It must not be supposed, however, that David was quite alone. There is a whole group of artists belonging to the epoch of the French Revo-

lution, whose works compare together with a certain harmony. There was GÉRARD, whose "Cupid and Psyche" is a painting that suggests some pure, cold group of ancient sculpture; there was PRUDHON, whose faces caught the subtle, penetrating smile so often represented in the works of Correggio. Of Prud-



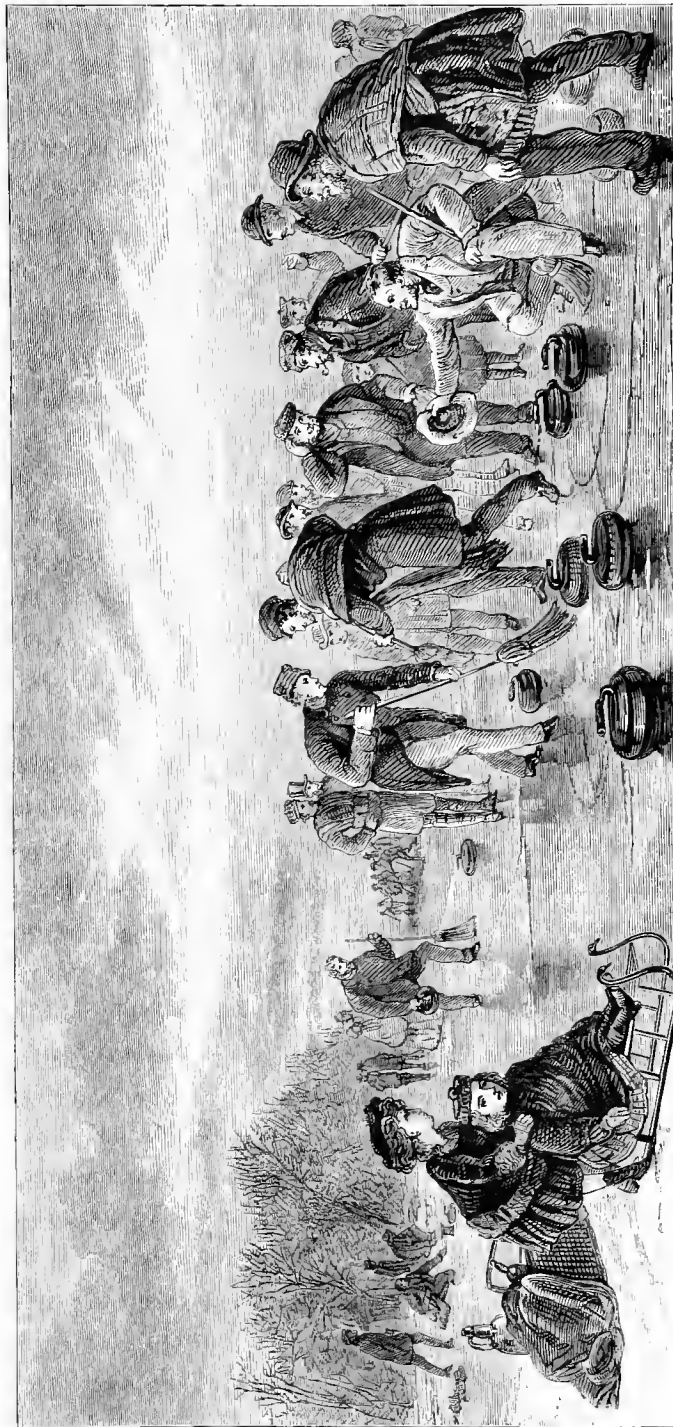
J. W. Landerbach, Eng.

The Last Struggle.

W. M. Brachett, Plns.

hon's women, a critic has said, they are grisettes, of the Restoration period, but designed by a painter of Athens; and there was GIRODET, a ripe and classic draftsman, but afflicted in his coloring with a tinge of green; of whose famous Bible scene delineating the Flood, Thackeray remarks that it is a venerable man in a green Deluge, clinging to a green tree in a green old age.

The way in which DAVID's time connects with our own time may be quite



*J. G. Brown, Pinx.*

*Curling in Central Park, New York.*

*J. H. Landerbach, Sc.*

simply explained. Only lately, in 1867, died the most faithful of his pupils, the great painter INGRES. We know of no specimen of Ingres in this country

except lithographic studies of his figures; but who that has seen it can forget his dignified "Apotheosis of Homer," painted for a ceiling in the Louvre, but replaced by a copy on account of its singular value. In this great composition, amidst Homer and his fellow-bards, sit two woman-forms, supposed to represent the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The sacred anger of the warlike *Iliad*, the deep fatigue of the travel-tossed *Odyssey*, are something memorable; they look like grand primitive nymphs, conceived in the same spirit that designed the vast Fates of the Parthenon. These two female forms, in their austerity and uncontaminated beauty, remind us strongly of *Delaroche's* woman-spirits, depicted in the central part of his principal work, "The Hemicycle." The figures by *Delaroche* we refer to are those intended for *Greece, Rome* and *Fame*. In *Delaroche* we have nearly the same largeness of style as in *Ingres*—Titan women, each filled and inspired with a single idea. We look at the women of *Ingres*—such as we have named and such as his exquisite *Fountain* (or *La Source*)—at the women of *Delaroche*, finding in them a something that is not of our time, a something learned from the plain, grand Past, and we say, For this thank master David. Observe, there is a certain advance in these figures beyond the loftiest thoughts ever reached by David; but the direction is the same; it is not that a disciple is never to get beyond his teacher. David, in all he did, kept much of the rigidity, the uncomfortable determination never to be caught napping, which always marks the schoolmaster. But shall not the pupil, crowned with honor and sympathy, keep up a veneration for the wise and cautious old pedagogue?

We will just mention some others in whom we believe the school of David to be kept up or produced. *DELAROCHE*—his works, his *Death of Elizabeth*, his *Execution of Jane Gray*, his *Princes in the Tower*, his *Hemicycle*, are quite familiar from engravings—kept the accent of David quite as plainly as he did that of his master, Gros. The clean drawing of David has cast an influence on the *Hebe*, the *Beatrice* and the *Marguerite* of *ARY SCHEFFER*; it has not been for nothing in the elegant work of *GLEYRE*—you remember his pictures, the *Separation of the Apostles*, the Pompeian girls washing an infant, and resembling ivory statuettes, in the gallery of Mr. Johnston, of New York; and above all, his masterpiece, one of the loveliest dreams ever fastened upon canvas, the scene where an old poet sits alone on the shore, while past him floats a boat

in which all the muses are singing. It lingers in the highly-finished work of LÉOPOLD ROBERT, whose fame rests chiefly on his *Fishermen of the Adriatic* and the other pendants of that fine group of three pictures, where the life of modern Italy is treated with the balanced harmony of antique bas-reliefs. It is shown most clearly in the classic work of GÉRÔME and all his school—he and they the most legitimate descendants of David; yes, in the noble and sculptural composition of the *Death of Cæsar*; in the *Gladiators hailing Vitellius in the Amphitheatre*, in the *Alcibiades*, the *King Candaules*, and all that line of paintings of the most eminent living classicist, a clear ray of illumination from the age of the renaissance is visible. Another painter, who has not forgotten this academic influence, though he takes vast liberties in making use of it, is Couture. His masterpiece, the *Decadence of the Roman Empire*, is a vast coloration of Veronese-gray, spotted here and there with rich blots of brilliancy, like ribbons on a plain dress. The figures are life-size, and subjected, without slavish fidelity, to the rules of classic design. Another classicist, of singular chaste elegance, is FLANDRIN. His frescoes in the old church of Saint Germain-des-Près are masterpieces of thoughtful simplicity, while he is most analytical in portraiture, and his likeness of Napoleon III makes the emperor look like the very serpent of wisdom. CABANEL is a classicist in about the same degree as COUTURE, though in a different way. His feeling of grace is very exquisite, to an almost effeminate degree; his conception of Venus is tender as a rose-leaf, soft as marrow, without any notion of the dignity of a Queen of Love. His *Florentine Poet*, *Nymph and Faun*, and *Aglaia* are exquisitely beautiful. BAUDRY is a painter almost the equal of Cabanel; his *Fortune and the Infant*, at the Luxembourg, is a luscious piece of flesh-modeling; and his interior decorations of the new opera-house are exceedingly choice. BOUGUEREAU and MERLE are pseudo-classic in taste, exhibiting to the full that preponderating search for elegant form which shows that the classic graft has taken firmly, and altered the nature of the sap in the whole tree. Their style, shows, too, that waxy smoothness adopted by the prize scholars who have been sent to Rome, in imitation of Raphael and of Angelo. When such scholars return to Paris they are called *Italians*, and wear their nickname often for ever. Their pictures, if they go on showing the recollection of the antique rather than a feeling for modern life, are called *academic studies*, or *académies*, whatever they may rep-

resent. HÉBERT, with his lovely, consumptive Italian girls, devoured by the *malaria*; and BONNAT, with his healthy, rich transcripts of peasant life in Italy, are a pair of admirable painters, whose works, however, can seldom be found in this country. And so the influence of the antique dies gradually away, over a line of artists of great personal force and originality, like the great DECAMPS, or like JULES BRETON, who paints the poetry of pastoral life so tenderly, or like MILLET, who paints its grime, its cark and care. In these painters there is but a faint reflection of the Greek, or of the dictum of Benvenuto.

The reader may have been surprised at our tracing a resemblance to David in Ary Scheffer, in Cabanel; but these resemblances seem like identity itself



*Blanche Nevitt, Sc.*

*Cinderella.*

when we think of the contrasts offered by the *rebels* to his school. Think of DELACROIX, with his turbulent riot of color and form. It is the property of an academy, we may say, to succeed not only by its successes but by the reactions against it. Victor Hugo would not have been so great a dramatist but for the protest he felt against the classic stage. So Delacroix was forced by classicism into his full power and glory of counteraction. The classical painters indeed seem to stand together in a mass, when we compare them with Delacroix, or with COURBET, who paints with massive, vulgar strength the life of the senses; or with MANET, who was told in despair by his master, GLEYRE, "*You will be the Michael Angelo of bad art!*" or with the landscape specialists, like *Rousseau, Dupré, PASINI, and BELLY*; or with the incident-painters, the *reporters*



L. Abna Tadmira, Fux.

The Vintage Festival.



or *journalists* of the brush, who have painted on every battle-field, from VERNET in Africa to YVON in the Crimea.

VIBERT and ZAMACOIS are anecdotic or incident painters of another sort, the latter now deceased, all too early. His dwarfs and courtiers and monks, his matchless *Education of a Prince*, show how his thoughts and genius survive him, still lively and alert. The *last* great promise to go out in death was REGNAULT, who seemed to have the world of art at his feet. As Zamacois came from Spain to fight the Prussians, so did REGNAULT participate in the glory and sadness of the war. In the last sortie from Paris, when the order was given to fall back, his undaunted spirit caused him reluctantly to obey, and linger for "one shot more," which cost *him* his life, and *us* the young and talented artist.

Tennyson lately, in dedicating to the Queen his completed collection of "Idylls," took occasion to speak of "art with poisoned honey stolen from France," an allusion which it would be hard for him to justify, because very little of the French art-method, whether it be poisonous or not, has ever got into England in any way. But the laureate has an old grudge against the French nation, which he cannot allude to without the least little delicate aquiline curl of a sensitive nose; and perhaps, after all, he was not speaking of the fine arts, to which he seems never to have paid any attention, but of dramas or romances. We are about to leave art in France, at any rate, whether dangerous or not, and say a few words about a new art-development which is attracting attention under the name of the Roman school. It must be called the Roman school because the practitioners are Spaniards. The geographical name is a poor one at any rate, and we had better allude to the school as the members themselves designate it, as the school of the *spot*—the spot or blot, or, in the French language, the *tache*.

It is to be observed that one great and unexpected benefit of the French Academy has accrued in the education it has given to other nations. Paris has been of late years filled with strangers of every race, who have brought into the atelier some of their national artistic habits, and have looked at the model in a different way from the way of the French. Thus does a great academy receive the benefit of new suggestions in return for the routine benefit she confers.

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Among these foreign students were Hollanders, recollecting the secret of the old Holland school, which sees nature in a succession of *taches*, which reckons the tree standing against the sky, the herd moving in the lush pasture, the distant windmill printed against the vapors of a watery climate, not as so many rotundities, but as blots against the groundwork; *that*, in fact, is the true impression made upon the optical sense, rather than the impression of relief or modeling, which is the result of experience and calculation. The Holland painters, in their masterly simplicity, often had the courage to paint nature precisely as they found it printed on the eye, as a composition of color-patches. Something of this kind had been going on in the history of Spanish art. Certain masters of Spain, by the exclusive study of "values," had arrived at a method of translating all the flash of open-air color upon the canvas. Values, you know, are the degrees and reliefs which one tint makes against another or against a deeper or lighter shade of itself. The Spaniard Zurbaran's painting is "melted," as the critics express it, "in a certain interior flame;" and GOYA's shadows are broad blotted suffusions. Now, a *classical* painter, like Poussin, looking at a group or at any kind of scene, pays special attention to the sweep and meaning of the *boundary-lines* dividing the objects. To dwell upon this and refine upon it, as the classicists do, is almost inevitably to forget the pursuit of *values*, the relief of shade upon shade. The new school trains the eye differently. Look, now, upon the scene as a simple mosaic of spots; get the exact tone, the precise degree of light or dark, the actual way in which one color relieves against or reflects from another; make yourself thoroughly impartial; a lady's face is before you: think of it as if it were a figure in a kaleidoscope, but study the shapes made by the high-lights against the planes of the features, and the precise boundary and tone of the shadow. A child is playing in a garden; study him as if he were a bouquet of roses, but place him in his exact relations of tone with the shrubbery and the sky. By watching in this spirit, you surprise nature at her secret tricks; you find how she gives emphasis to a tint by an extremely subtle contrast, by saving herself up for the point of greatest brilliancy and purest delivery of the color; you notice how objects placed together reflect mutually a thousand audacious hues. Now paint these things as a study of tints, and as a study of light and shade, getting each hue into place in its proper situation, size and outline, hardly knowing

whether you are painting a lady or a camel. You must not set down the tints you see in the open air, neither; they will not produce the effect of nature so. Painting is not materializing colors: it is translation; chiaroscuro is not matching values: it is translating them. To succeed in all this, you will have your hands pretty full; and you will have been a pretty good draftsman if, while attending almost entirely to your patches, you have produced a figure



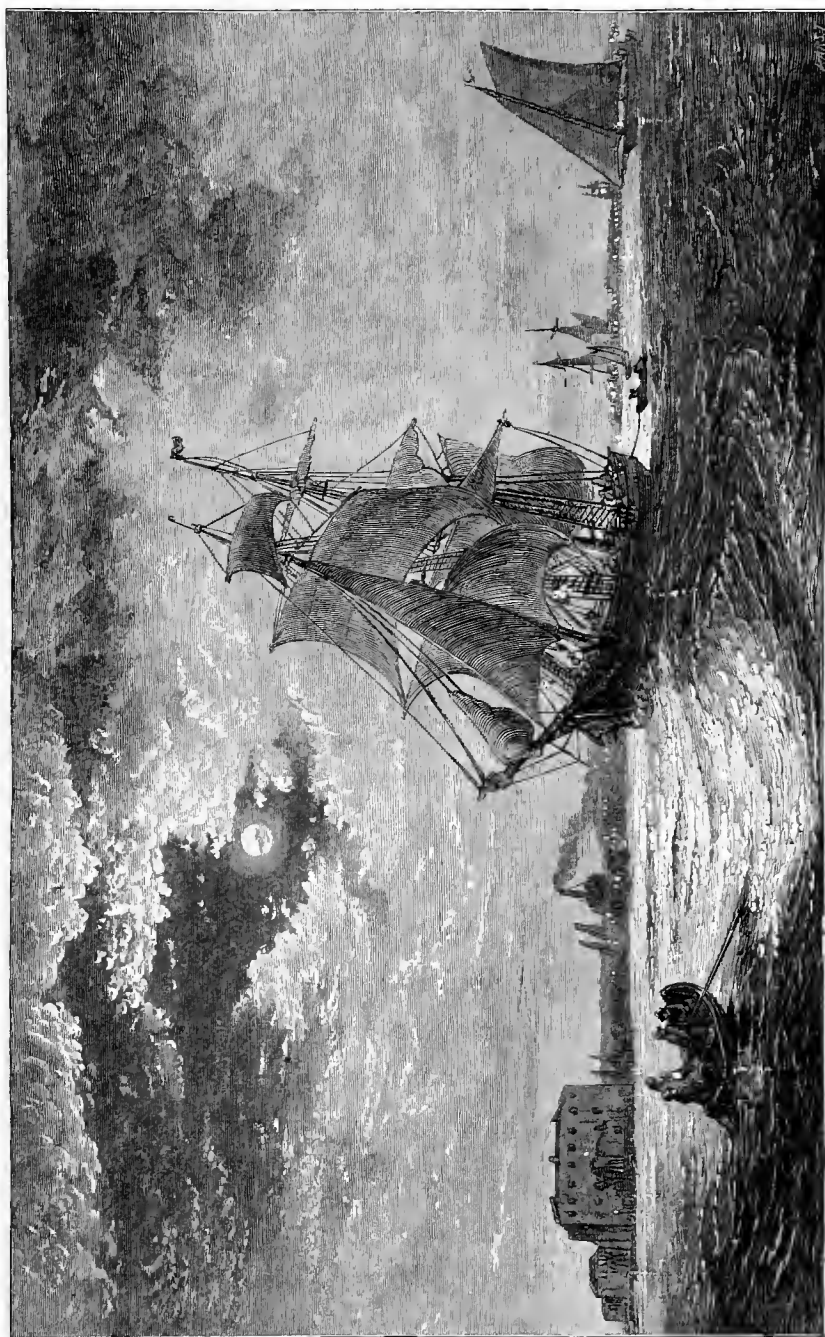
Emily Sartain, Pinx.

Van Ingen &amp; Snyder, Eng.

*The Reproof.*

that will pass muster in drawing. If you succeed, you have turned out a study *à la tache*. Now, REMBRANDT could make a figure look bright by manipulating his shadows into that tremendous depth he uses. BOLDINI will make a figure look bright when relieved against a brilliant light-blue sky, and without putting a speck of black in his picture. Boldini, by-the-by, is driven to strange expedients in *translating* (that is the word, not rendering) the reliefs of nature. In

an example of Mr. Cutting's, the lady's satin dresses are set upon a local background as opaque and inky as the inkiest shadows sometimes employed by the



*S. W. Landwehrbach, Eng.*

*New York Harbor: Moonlight.*

*Ed. Moran, Pitts.*

Hungarian painter MUNKACSY. Painting "by the spots" need not be done in splendid colors either. The photograph is one of the best proficient of the

whole school, and the photograph works in monochrome. Nothing can exceed the calmness with which the photographs will blend and lose *outline* in the abandoned pursuit of *values*. Set photography to copying a number of persons scattered over a hill, getting berries or nuts. You probably cannot tell whether the objects in the picture are people or rocks, or incidents of the ground; but the *values* are relatively right; trust the camera for that. Photography has in this way been a foster-father to the school, and given it many a hint. Some of the practitioners are by no means colorists. MADRAZO paints under a veil, sometimes, of light blue or purple; perhaps he has been fond of watching the broadened, "unified" values in *moonlight*. Now when to proficiency in translating the *spots*, you intend to add proficiency in expression and character, a sense of beauty, and the plastic feeling for elegant form, you had better prepare yourself by being a great man beforehand. You must *draw* so easily and well that you scarcely think of it as you carelessly sketch with your felicitously-chosen colors; you must color so naturally and easily and happily that you know just what two colors to blend for your tint, and what the proportion, by a second nature. Of course, if you are working to get the richness and directness of nature's colors, you never mix more than two paints together; and you cannot go over and mend and pare your outline, for mixing the wet tints kills the color. The truth is, in practice, a good picture in this style must be made over and over again. It is thus that FORTUNY is said to have worked; he made a study in light and shade, or repeated studies in color, ruthlessly sacrificing all but the ultimate picture, when the patchwork of blots is struck on in just the right way, so as to be perfect in *color*, perfect in *values*, perfect in *relief*, and at the same time masterly in *expression* and *drawing*. The utterly careless-looking sketch of FORTUNY's you are looking at may have been tried for again and again, like throwing a handful of darts through a quantity of rings—only when all the rings are filled and all the darts are gone home is the task perfect. It was such results as this that REGNAULT had been studying in FORTUNY's Roman studio, when he wrote, as we find it in his correspondence from Rome, "Oh, Fortuny, you keep me from sleeping!" "Ah, Fortuny, ta m'empêches de dormir!" We will quote the words of a late French critic, in balancing the good and evil of the method in question: "These youthful inventors work in imitation of certain Spanish masters. They sacrifice to color

their drawing, their relief and their perspective, in hopes of preserving with greater freshness the tint, the *blot*, to use the conventional expression. It would be too foolish to argue about this determined exclusion of modeling and painting; we will not reckon up all the qualities which make of this art something quite differently undertaken, and which fill it with a new order of difficulties. It is a mania, and time will judge it, alas! quickly enough. Speaking for ourselves alone, we feel that we are the contemporaries, the accomplices of these improvisations played upon the pencil; they bring out with a few touches certain accents of modern, contemporary life, and we cannot help finding more or less attraction in them."

The Spanish-Roman mode of painting is an example of the kind of spurts which take place in the career of art, whose progress advances not so much by a uniform flowing movement as by a series of ebullitions. A young painter has been struck by some unnoticed aspect of nature, or by an old master's picture in a gallery; he talks about it in his club, paints a few novel-looking studies, excites the emulation of his friends, and behold the formation of a fresh sect! Thus the young Mariano Fortuny, having observed an effect of light in a Peter De Hooze, and a dash of color in a Herrera, was equipped for the revelation of the "splashy" school. Similarly, in England, thirty years since, it occurred very suddenly to Gabriel Rossetti and Millais that the masters who wrought before the time of Raphael were sincerer copyists of nature than the great Renaissance painters, and safer examples for a tyro to follow. They began to work according to their convictions, and formed the school of the "pre-Raphaelites."

The term pre-Raphaelite is a misnomer (besides its awkwardness of form), for the practitioners in question do not pretend to follow the technical methods of the artists who preceded Raphael. They simply emulate the faithfulness and literal fidelity of those pioneers, while they freely deal in subjects connected with our own more complicated civilization. They apply the keen literal eyesight of Perugino and Masaccio to topics which would have made Perugino and Masaccio stare. Their peculiarity is their minute copy-work after nature as they see it. This addiction has given some of them a curious leaning towards the minutiae of natural objects. If Millais paints the drowning of Ophelia, we shall find Ophelia not so much the heroine of the scene as the

foliage of Ophelia's willow. The copy-work of nature is true beauty—nature not selected, nor cured of her irregularities and defects. Millais had rather copy an English girl's face for an Eastern scene than imagine an Oriental one; and this, artistically, is right enough. In his drawing of the "Pearl of Great Price," the good man who sells his all for the jewel is an Oriental, but his daughter standing by his side is a London housemaid. Other pre-Raphaelites, however, are more scrupulous than this; they must not only have a model to copy literally, but they will go to the ends of the earth to obtain the proper one. We have had described to us with minute and intimate good-fellowship the handsome young Jewish carpenter of Bethlehem, from whom



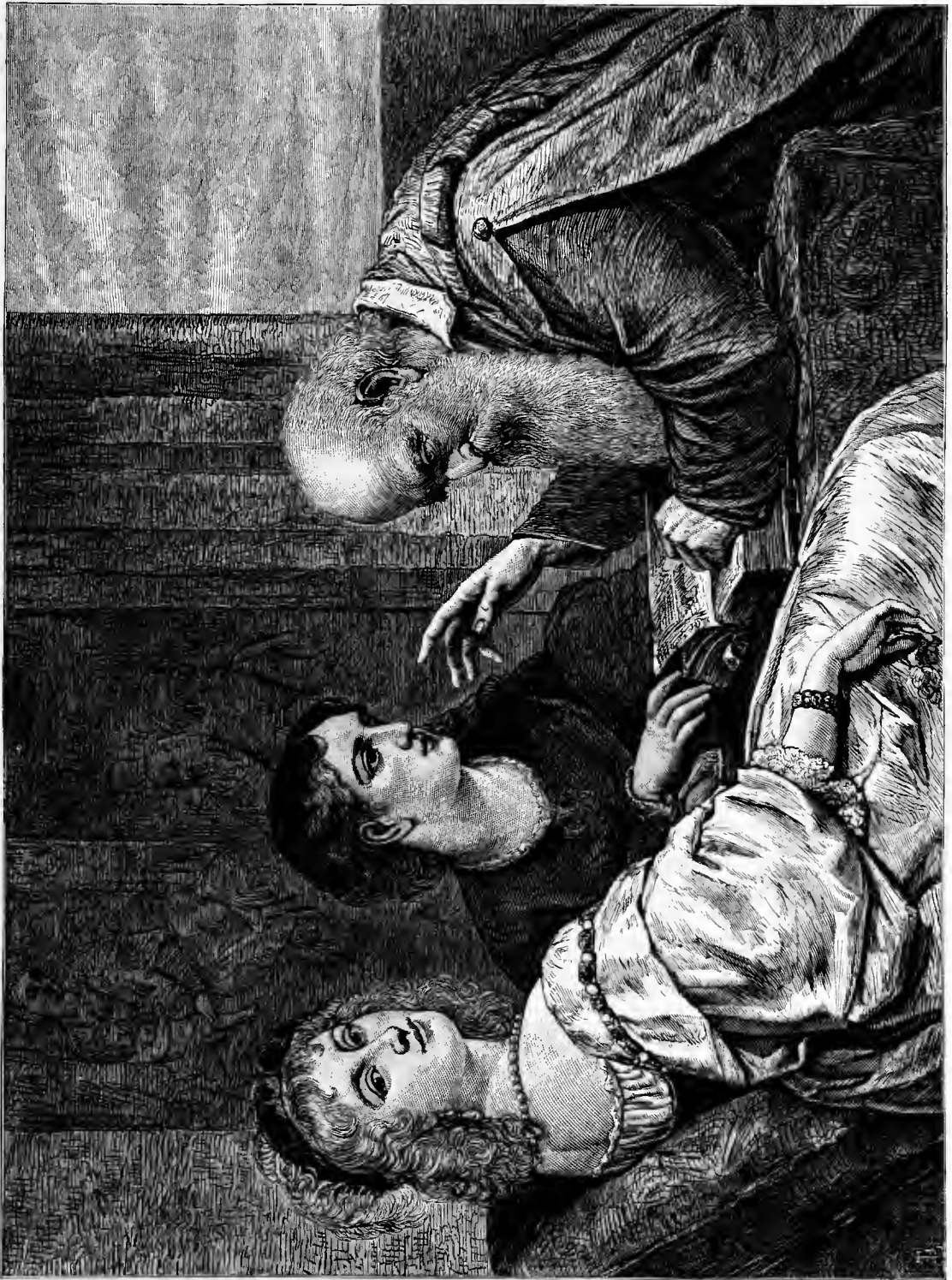
J. S. Hartley, Sc.

*The Little Samaritan.*

pre-Raphaelites follow their exemplars to a degree of pernicious fidelity; the masters before Raphael never thought of imitating atmospheric effect; it was the Venetians, with their love of landscape backgrounds, and Rubens, with his Flemish traditions, and Velasquez, who developed to a high degree the soft breathable sense of air in a picture, and the film of atmospheric distance

Holman Hunt paints his conception of the Saviour. This is well; but Mr. Hunt goes much further: for his picture of "The Awakened Conscience" he painted his background in a *maison damnée*; and we grieve to think of the inconvenience to which he would put himself if anybody should give him an order to paint the casting out of Mary Magdalen's seven devils or the shearing of Samson's locks. There are certain respects in which the British





*Sowing the Word.*

*D. Huntington, Pinx.*



which we feel to stretch between ourselves and any scene we contemplate in nature. When a lover of pictures learns to appreciate this quality in a work of art he is always on the lookout for it, and always miserable if he misses it. But most of the pre-Raphaelites paint away in perfect serenity without it, as their models, Perugino and Lippi and Giotto, did in their time.

We in America have had a very imperfect opportunity to contemplate the works of the English school. Some few years back, an importation was made of important English oil-paintings, and many of our readers will remember how they used to admire them arranged at the old Academy of Fine Arts on Chestnut Street—the knightly grace of “Prince Hal,” assuming the Crown, from the scene in Shakespeare, the minute carefulness of Holman Hunt’s scene from the “Eve of Saint Agnes,” and the pathos of “Romeo and Juliet in the Tomb,” by Leighton. The attempt to open a commerce in English pictures, in quantity, has not been attempted since. Mr. Henry Blackburn, it is true, lately brought over a quantity of good examples of the British water-color school; but difficulties with the custom-house have prevented a repetition of the experiment. The English are high appreciators and devoted buyers of the worthier works of their own countrymen, and purchase them at rates which exclude competition from abroad, so that British pictures are confined to Britain with a strictness known to no other national school of art.

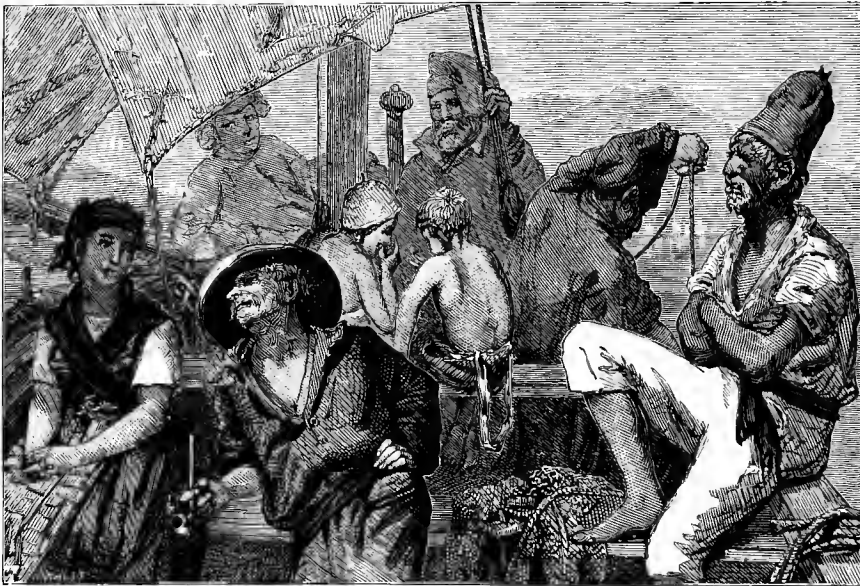
In noticing these successive upheavals in the geology of painting, it is impossible to omit allusion to the Munich school. Munich is to-day the most formidable rival of Paris as a centre of art, so far as its power to draw off the young students of America is concerned. About half a century ago Ludwig of Bavaria built the Glyptothek, or sculpture-museum, in the capital of his state, and this edifice was followed by an Odeon, a Pinathokek or picture-museum, and the Walhalla at Ratisbon. Cornelius, as Director, raised the Academy of Arts to a pitch of great eminence, and his successor, Kaulbach, continued to give the city prominence as an art-source, by his very imaginative and inventive but ill-colored works. It only remained for Piloty, in somewhat later times, to assert his claims as a colorist, for the school to unite every kind of importance as an educational nucleus. We shall revert immediately to Munich art in considering the talent of its pupil Maekart. It remains to notice, as the completion of the list of schools that have obtained

special attention here of late years, the Düsseldorf school, which burst upon America all in a mass a few years before the civil war, in the large collection of large pictures exhibited in Broadway, New York, and is already sunk in oblivion,—and the Belgian school, which has turned out, at its headquarters in Brussels, works by Leys, Alfred Stevens, Gallait and Knaus, worthy to rank with any productions of the time.

To revert to the Munich school: its most classical living practitioner is Karl Piloty, and its most adventurous offshoot is probably John or Hans Maekart. It is easy to recall specimens now-a-days to the recollection of almost any wide-awake person who “lives in the world,” because the subjects at least of all good works are, by means of prints and photographs, so widely disseminated. Many readers will accordingly remember Piloty by such compositions as his “Assassination of Cæsar” and his “Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn.”

His pupil, Maekart, has taken wider flights. He attacks nature on its decorative side, and paints works whose destination, like the works of the Venetian artists, is primarily that of making fine rooms look finer. We are here, be it noted, at the very antipodes of the pre-Raphaelite Englishman, the motive of whose work is to make the spectator think, to persuade him to be indifferent to apparent ugliness, and to chain his attention to some problem of character or intellect. The first works of Maekart's seen in this country were a large pair called “Abundantia,” representing the riches of the sea and land respectively, brought over last winter, and exhibited for a season in New York. For splendor of ornamental effect it is safe to say that nothing to equal them has ever been imported to our shores. With a dazzled pleasure that excluded minute attention, the eye grasped a cluster of soft colossal female forms, playing with shells or fruits, displaying the richest lustres of blonde flesh and gorgeous tissues, and revealing here and there, by a happy ingenuity, the flash of the gold ground on which the figures were painted. These were works of his youth, executed for the dining-hall of a particular house, and not intended to be judged by the strictest rules of plastic accuracy. On examination the eye could detect many a lapse of drawing, which seemed, however, not so much a want of ability as a condition of voluptuous carelessness, and a desire to fasten the color and the impression in all its freshness immediately upon the canvas. To the painter's youth

likewise belongs his composition of "The Seven Sins." Another of his works is "The Cleopatra," another "The Triumph of Ariadne." His "Catherine Cornaro," of which we give, from the original in the 1876 International Exhibition, the only cut that the public has seen, and a very good one—is perhaps his masterpiece. It seems to be inspired by the happiest influence from Paul Veronese, and plays the same part as one of that master's crowded compositions in elevating the mind to a state of proud and noble happiness by the contemplation of an ideal festival-world bathed in heaven's own silver



*F. D. Millet, Pinx.*

*In the Bay of Naples.*

light. The subject is that fair Venetian who endowed Venice with the realm of Cyprus. Catherine Cornaro, a noblewoman of Venice about the middle of the fifteenth century, became the wife and widow of the Cyprian king, James de Lusignan. After ruling the island as queen for a quarter of a century, she at length conferred the island on her native country by abdication—certainly the queenliest gift that Venice ever received. The painter in dealing with the subject has pleased his fancy with the various sumptuous images evoked by this passage of history—the singular idea of a lonely lady governing the island consecrated to Venus from the earliest dawn of fable, and then by a feminine caprice of abnegation giving up her state and becoming once more a

Venetian republican. He accordingly represents her seated on a wharf, whence steps descend into the sea, and whither the argosies of Venice direct their sails. Maidens kneel at her feet to offer her flowers and treasure; a statesman like a Venetian doge stands at the right hand of her throne; her courtiers



G. W. Maynard, Pinx.

F. Rae, Eng.

1776.

are women; forms of beauty surround her on every side; musicians peal out her praises through their instruments of gold. It is the pomp and wealth of the Renaissance in Venice. The appearance of this picture definitely secured for Maekart the esteem of his fellow artists, and made friends of some of his previous enemies, the critics. Among the latter, Bruno Meyer, who had

spoken very severely about some of the artist's earlier work, declared that Paul Veronese's paintings must have looked like this when they were fresh from the easel.

Another great pupil of Munich and PILOTY is here represented by Wagner's "Chariot Race," a picture already somewhat familiar to the American public by means of Moran's admirable etching of this masterpiece of modern genius. The admirers of the spirited etching have now the pleasure of beholding the original painting in all its beauty of color, and while dazzled with its action and splendor, will not forget the success of the American interpreter in his dashing engraving.

When Romulus induced the Sabine women to come to Rome, it was to see the chariot-racing that those ladies trusted themselves in the city of the "Sanctuary," and this, according to the legend, was the first circus, or exhibition for horse-racing, ever held. Another legend informs us that L. Tarquinius, about 600 B. C., commemorated his success in arms by an exhibition of races and athletic sports in the Murcian Valley, in which temporary platforms were erected by individuals for personal, family or friends' use. These platforms surrounding the course gave place, before the death of Tarquinius, to a permanent building with regular tiers of seats in the manner of a theatre; to this the name of "CIRCUS MAXIMUS" was subsequently given, but it was more generally known as *the* Circus, because it surpassed in extent and splendor all other similar buildings. A few masses of rubble-work in a circular form are now shown the visitor in Rome, as all that remains of the ever-famous Circus Maximus; and although there were a considerable number of buildings of a like nature in Rome, they are all destroyed now, with the exception of a small one on the Via Appia, called the Circus of Caracalla, which is in a good state of preservation.

In the chariot race, each chariot was drawn by four horses; four, six and sometimes eight chariots started at one time; the charioteer, standing in the car, had the reins passed around his back: this enabled him to throw all his weight against the horses by leaning backward; but this rendered his situation dangerous in case of an upset, occasionally resulting in serious accidents or death; to avoid this peril, if possible, each driver carried a knife at his waist for the purpose of cutting the reins.

The foremost driver in Wagner's picture has an air of mad hilarity and gratification in his face, and even in his whole bearing; and as he seems to wish to cast his eyes to see how much ahead he is of the driver on his left, who is imbued with carefulness and fixity of purpose, he little recks that one of his horses has reared in excitement, and may at any moment cause the loss of the race and imperil the lives of all concerned.

The enthusiasm of the Romans for the races exceeded all bounds. Lists of the horses with their names and colors, and those of the drivers, were circulated, and heavy bets made. The winning drivers were liberally rewarded with considerable sums of money, so that many of these charioteers, according to Juvenal, were very wealthy.

In Wagner's delineation of "The Chariot Race," he has embraced as many of the prominent features of an ancient circus as could artistically be brought within the canvas. To the left of us are the Emperor and his household; opposite to this imperial group, on the low wall, may be the president, or judge, and a number of spectators; near the ground of this low wall there is a grating: this undoubtedly is designed by the artist to indicate the proximity of the officiating priests' chambers. A portion of the pillar, on which were placed the conical balls, is behind this group, and a little further back is shown the cylindrical goal. The immense space between this and the Triumphal Gateway, and the great height of the building with its myriads of people, are not exaggerations, for according to very early writers this circus was several times enlarged until, at the time of Julius Cæsar, it was over eighteen hundred feet long (the length of the Main Building of the Centennial Exhibition), six hundred feet wide, and capable of containing three hundred and eighty-five thousand spectators. A further idea of the size of the Circus Maximus is formed by comparing it with the capacity of the Coliseum at Rome, which was capable of holding only about eighty-seven thousand people.

The mention of Piloty as a great master of great pupils, represented in this Exhibition, suggests another master represented by a pupil famous in the contributions already made to art, and worthily here represented in "The Vintage Festival," of which a very fine wood engraving furnishes a good interpretation on page 17—ALMA TADEMA, a Dutchman by birth, and a pupil of the late Baron Leys. His works are most agreeable and varied, and cer-

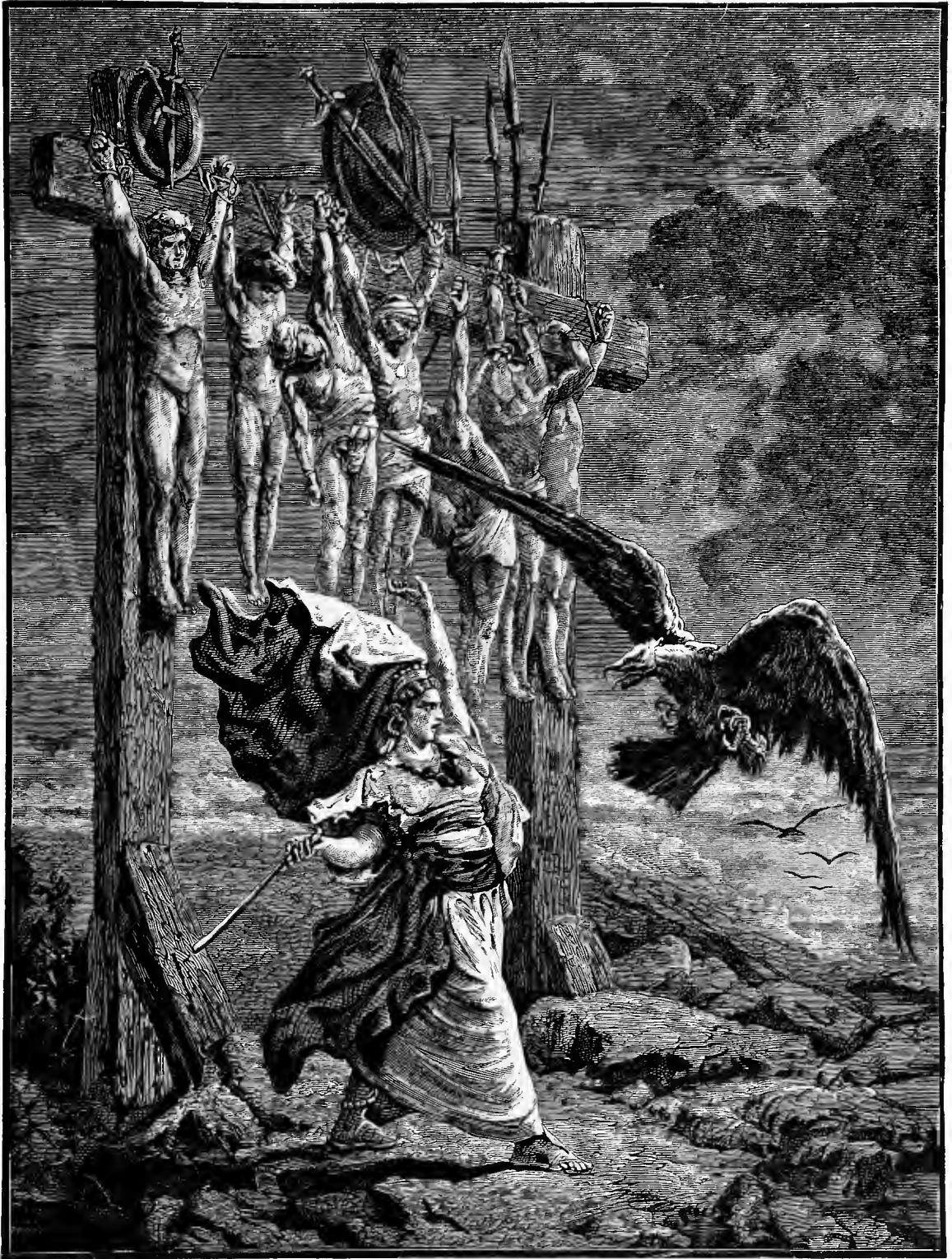


*E. Caroni, Sc.*

*The Telegram of Love.*

tainly more suggestive and instructive than pictures usually seen in public galleries, and they throw a light, evidently the reflection of a careful student,





G. Becker, Pinx.

Rizpah Protecting the Bodies of her Sons.

Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.



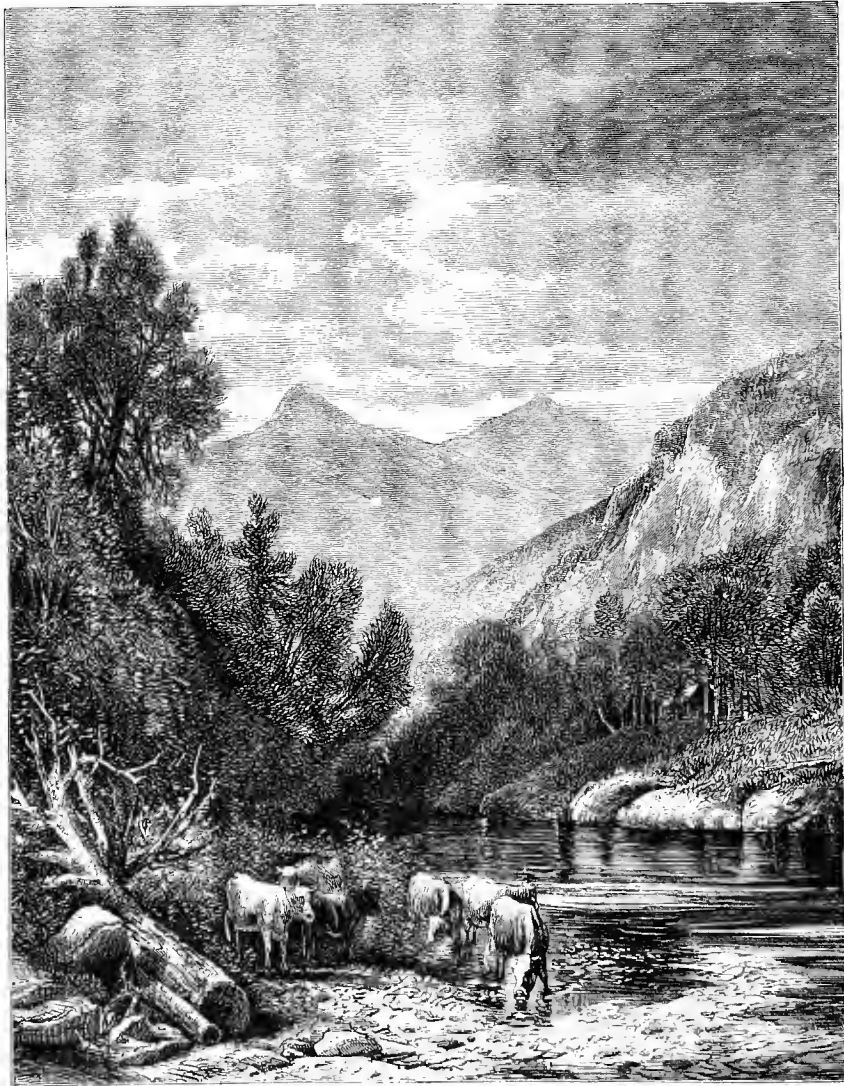
on the manners and customs whose eccentricity raised the cry of "O tempora! O mores!" from Cicero.

The painter of "The Vintage Festival," whose full name is LOURENS ALMA TADEMA, was born in Dronryp, in Friesland, and for many years resided in Paris, receiving medals in that city and in Brussels for the uncommon merit of his works. Since the Franco-Prussian war he has lived in London; the artists and art-lovers there have offered him that warm reception which their nation has ever accorded to foreign talent naturalizing itself among them, and which is at this moment enjoyed as well by Tadema's imitator, Tissot, as by the Americans, Boughton, Hennessey, Miss Lea, and Arthur Lumley, while its sincerity and cordiality remind us of the honorable treatment in England of Lely, Kneller, Vandyck, Rubens, and Holbein. Mr. Tadema is one of the most eminent living archæological painters; his works restore the antique life of Greece, Rome and Egypt with that fulness and accuracy of detail which his teacher, Baron Leys, conferred on mediæval subjects. He exhibits now at every annual display of the Royal Academy, and has contributed no less than six of his most important works to the English section of the International Exhibition. They are "The Vintage Festival," which we engrave, "The Mummy," "Convalescence," in oil-color; and "The Picture," "The Three Friends," and "History of an Honest Wife," in water-color—the last subject in fact being three pictures framed together on account of the connected theme. The "Vintage" (page 17) is of all these the most important. It represents the solemn dedication to Bacchus of the first fruits of the wine-press, selecting only the more elevated and dignified features of the ceremony—those deeply symbolic features, connected with the branches and fruits of the vine, the progress of the deity as a conqueror of the East, and his descent into hell, which touched the hearts of the early Christians, so that the Bacchic mystery was admitted as a type of the Christian, and the daughter of the first Christian emperor was buried in a casket enwreathed with Bacchic grapes and symbols, carved in enduring porphyry. In Mr. Tadema's exquisite picture we see the sacred procession winding into a Roman temple to offer homage to the planter of the vine. A beautiful priestess, crowned with grapes and holding a torch, advances toward the statue of the god at the left; turning her lovely face to the procession that follows her, she awaits the arrival of the offerings, while near the shrine some ardent

priests, with panther-skins tied around their throats, wave the cups of libation in ecstatic expectancy. Three flute-girls, with the double pipe bound to the mouth of each, a pair of dancers with tambourines, and a procession solemnly bearing wine-jars and grapes, advance along the platform, whose steps are seen covered with ascending worshippers and joyous Romans as far as the eye can reach through the colonnades of the temple. The perfect execution of a *pythos* or earthen wine-tub, enwreathed with the Bacchic ivy, and planted near the tripod in the centre of the scene, attracts attention. The grace and elegance of the chief priestess are positively enchanting. She forms as she stands a white statue of perfect loveliness, quite outdazzling the Bearded Indian Bacchus whose marble purity sheds a light around the shrine. The most unexpected success of the artist, however, is that sense of religious calm and solemn gratitude which he has managed to diffuse over a ceremony dedicated to such a power as the spirit of the grape. Everything shows that the *symbol* as accepted by the early Church was most prominent in his mind, and that he wished to represent the parallelism between the True Vine and its imperfect type. The worshippers, elated by a really religious rapture, proceed to the offering with all the decorum of the Christian *agape* or love-feast, and the ornaments of the temple—pictures and votive images—hang upon the columns precisely like the “stations” and ex-voto offerings of a modern Roman church. The technical qualities of the painting are admirable; the action and character of the figures are completely Roman; the texture of the different marbles is felicitously given, and the silvery flood of light and air deluging the temple successful in the extreme.

We would like to dwell with greater fulness on the works of this artist, both because he reveals and teaches so much, and because a certain austerity and simplicity in his style keep him a little above the comprehension of the vulgar. The limits of this work, however, have been strained to admit even so imperfect a glimpse of his merits, and we must pass to other subjects. We cannot quite omit mention, however, of “The Mummy,” conspicuous by its strangeness and antique truth, in which the interior of an Alexandrian palace, filled with funereal preparations, is treated in oil with all the luminous limpidity of water-color; nor of “The Picture,” in which a Roman painter’s shop is realized for us; nor of “The History of an Honest Wife,” a quaint and moving

story connected with the early Christianization of France. It is the peculiar distinction of Mr. Tadema to turn out in every picture a composition utterly unlike anything that has ever been painted before. The intense devotion of his mind to archæological research is rewarded by the unearthing of quantities



*Thos. Hart, Pinx.*

*Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.*

*Keene Valley, Adirondacks.*

of truths so old that they have the air of novelty; the texture and pattern of ancient garments, the ornaments of buildings in mixed transitional periods, the habits of a vanished civilization, are made to flash on the eye like a revelation. Not a shoe, not a finger-ring, but is of the epoch represented; the monstrous



*Jno. Constable, Pinx.*

*The Lock.*

frizzled wigs of the latter empresses, the thick plaited ones of Egyptian kings, the tasteless cumber of Pompeian or Roman colonial architecture, are set down

remorselessly, with a love of the bizarre that sometimes verges upon caricature. With all this book-learning, his style is generally direct, limpid and transparent to a high degree; the simple sweetness of his coloring, and the soft tide of air that is felt to play easily through his interiors, are as perfect as in the work of the most ignorant painter of natural appearances, who ever confined his copy-work to his "impressions."

We have in Mr. Tadema the artist of the grand Teutonic blood conferring his talent upon the English race of his adoption. It is singular, ever since the "Tedeschi" poured into Italy and revolutionized its architecture, how constantly they have enriched the blood of other nations with their intellect and art. The Teuton is not very flexible, but whatever he learns to do becomes a fixed fact in the world. Not a country of Europe but has gained in stable progress from the intermixture of the Gothic strain, and in America he has come to stay, and plants himself at every foot of our advance like a sheet-anchor. German talent—in the person of Mr. Schwarzmann—has adorned the Centennial Park with buildings, arbors and bridges; German talent, in the same personification, has furnished to the group of Exhibition buildings its two finest examples—the utterly diverse Memorial Hall, with its classic arcades, and Horticultural Hall, with its ornate Arabian splendor. A German artist, Mr. Pilz, was the author of the two statues of Pegasus, in bronze, which restively perch, with clipped wings, in front of the Art Building, where are enshrined the treasures we have to consider. A German artist, Mr. Mueller, prepared for the dome of the same hall the colossal figure of "Columbia," in persistent metal, to welcome the nations to the feast of Industry and Commerce,—the international peacemakers. This statue, by-the-bye, although it has been sharply criticised, holds forth a salutary meaning in the easily-read symbols of its posture: the hand, presenting no sword, but the peaceful bays; the bowed head of salutation and welcome; the crown of savage feathers, adorning the forehead of a Cybele of the wilderness, whose diadem has not yet crystalized into towers. As we pause, before entering, in the shadow of the shielding wing of the monumental Pegasus, we behold the fostering fortitude of Teutonic art realizing, strengthening, solidifying, and constructing the shelter of industry for all the world. The Memorial Hall, before us, spreading its vistas of circular arches to right and left, is just such a patient restoration of Roman architecture as Von Klenze might have drawn

upon cardboard to show to his patron, Ludwig of Munich; and, crowning every pedestal and pinnacle with art of the same national parentage, we see the shadows of the Industries, of America, and of the gigantic mountain eagle, throwing themselves from the parapets above to the sward beneath.

The *silhouette* or outline of the crest of Exhibition Palaces is a very rich and varied one, whether seen from a nearer or a more comprehensive view. An American artist, Mr. E. D. Lewis, has been struck with the effect they make, in crowning Lansdowne Terrace, from the opposite side of the Schuylkill, and has painted a beautiful, sunshiny, autumn-tinted picture of the same, which forms one of the ornaments of the American art department. Mr. Lewis has often been praised by Hamilton, the great landscapist, for his ability in making a painting "look luminous." This he does by a simple system of contrasts, without any heavy Rembrandt shadows or Carravaggio blackness. Whatever scene his pencil touches seems to be caressed by a ray of light. Some time since he went to Cuba, and painted "The Queen of the Antilles" in a large brilliant composition, and the magic sunshine of the tropics seems to have clung around his pencil ever since. Mr. Lewis, born to uncommon privileges among the best part of the Philadelphia social *mélange*, might have excusably sacrificed some portion of his art-industry to the prosecution of drawing-room successes; but though a genial and agreeable society-man, ready for any parlor knight-errantry, he toils at his profession in a steady, prolific way that no poor brush-wielder laboring for his pay can possibly surpass.

The mention of this brilliant landscapist reminds us that the United States have long claimed to have one of the foremost among the existing schools of landscape art—enthusiastic patriots used to say, the very foremost. Our natural scenery is certainly the widest in range, and among the most picturesque in detail, possessed by any country of the globe, and should be the inspiration of a noble style of delineation. The proud eminence awarded by native judges to our school of scenery-painting began with Thomas Cole, whose poetical and imaginative way of introducing allegory into landscape was much to the taste of "fifty years syne." His pupil, Church, and the eminent Albert Bierstadt, came next into prominence, with what began to be called the "panoramic" school of landscape, and the public saw with amazement vast scenes on enormous canvases, that seemed to compete in dimensions with the original

mountains and forests whose portraits were represented. This is not the place to speak of the wonderful works of Church—canvases so large and so minutely finished that each may be called an accumulation of miniatures.

Mr. Bierstadt, having established his reputation by a fine study of a church-portal, in the Düsseldorf style, called "Sunshine and Shadow," found himself famous, and began to turn his attention to the Titanic scenery of our



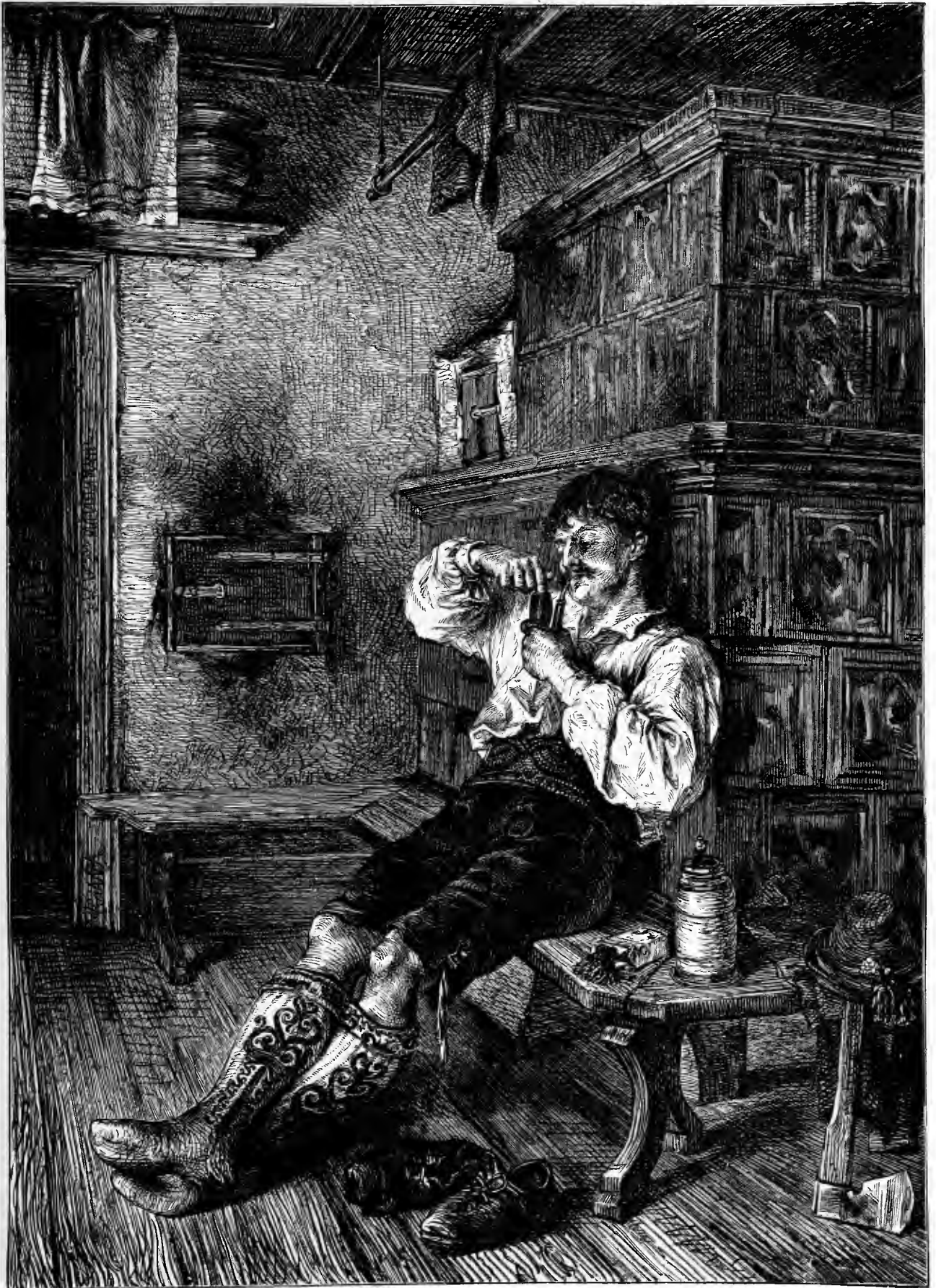
*E. Caroni, Pinx.*

*Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.*

*L'Africaine.*

far West, producing several very comprehensive and very striking pictures of the Rocky Mountains. To this class of subjects, which still forms the theme of his warmest predilection, belongs the scene of "Western Kansas," of which we present a careful steel engraving. It is one of the natural "parks" with which nature has bestrewn the American occident—scenes which, when man first bursts upon them, amaze him by their appearance of preparation and deliberate culture. Here is the tiny lake, with its trim island, such as kings construct





*K. Diebitz, Pinx.*

*I and My Pipe.*



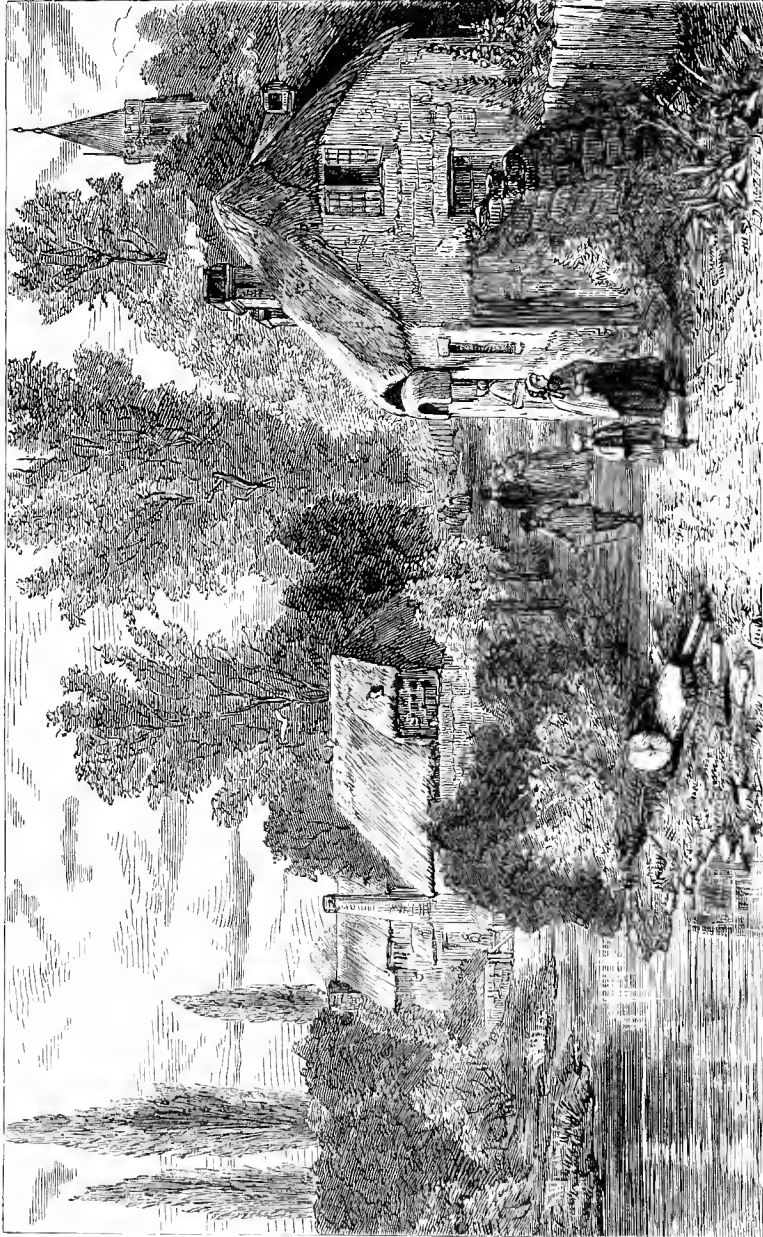
with dainty care for the grounds of their palaces. On the island, which is a natural bank of flowers, spreads an umbrageous and symmetrical tree—no spindling stem from the forest, but a well-rounded, broad, shadowy “park” tree; it is such a tree as Wordsworth describes in one of his prose prefaces, which being recommended to the owner as a profitable subject to fell for timber, the peasant replied, “Fell it! I had rather fall on my knees and worship it.” And, indeed, worship is the natural impulse in the presence of one of these gigantic overshadowers of the earth; trees, as Bryant reminds us, were the first temples. Mr. Bierstadt’s magnificent specimen makes a felicitous foreground incident for him; and others, only diminished by distance, spread far towards the horizon. The scene would be an English nobleman’s game-preserve; but, advancing ponderously from the left, intrude the mammoth brutes that no game-preserve on earth contains, except the Indian’s, and stamp it as the natural hunting-ground of the Native American. We see there the drinking-place of the bison, and the garden of the primitive red Adam. It is a fortunate thing that Mr. Bierstadt was able to spare so characteristic a specimen from his easel—though easel-pictures are hardly what this artist’s gigantic works generally would be called—and that the world of strangers collected here on the Atlantic seaboard should be able to travel thus, on the magical broomstick of one of his colossal brushes, into the heart of the Great West.

What the Centennial visitor from the *outré-mer* is first apt to see, however, is New York harbor, not the grassy ocean of the prairie. An attractive painting by Mr. Edward Moran, of New York, copied in the large wood-cut on page 21, shows that superb and starry spectacle of the land-lights of America, which first causes the immigrant’s eye to dance with hope and his heart to swell with ambition as he comes to conquer his opportunity among the free. Here is the city spread between the mouths of the Hudson and East rivers, here is the dull and ponderous fortification on Governor’s Island, all pierced and pricked with twinkling lights like a fairy scene in the theatre. How many sturdy men have looked upon the inspiration of these lights with irrepressible tears! For how many has the pause at Sandy Hook, the debarcation at Castle Garden, meant success, opportunity, renown even, in contrast with the certain continuance of degradation in that darker and older world! The able and successful men we can reckon around us, the public men who have risen to command, have in a

surprising number of instances been taken from the ranks of those strong, muscular, serious, plain men whom we see idling around the walks of Castle Garden in the first day of their unaccustomed liberty, waiting to "take occasion by the hand." Such are the seed of the new earth. To-day they are of the million—to-morrow of the millionaires. To-day they are nobodies, rocked over the flashing waves of the Bay into the embrace of that twinkling crescent of lights: soon they are individuals, entities, sovereigns, with every chance to conquer the esteem of their kind by power, wealth, or intellect. This is the sort of legend that seems to be whispering forth out of the rippled waves and rolling moon of Mr. Moran's picture, a fine augury to greet the subjects of European monarchs as they face it. The painter, a man of self-made progress in art, belongs to a family of brothers who are all curious instances of inborn talent and perseverance conquering a success among the American people, so hospitable to ideas. Mr. Edward Moran and his brother Thomas have enjoyed the advantages of an Americo-British art-education: they have profited almost as much by the English artist Turner as by the American artist Hamilton. Thomas Moran,—about equally known by his fine "Yellowstone" scene in the Capitol at Washington, as by the remarkable book-illustrations which he scatters from his home at Newark to the best magazines and art-publications of the land—can be judged in the Exhibition by five landscapes in widely-separated styles. The "Dream of the Orient" plainly shows his extraordinary admiration for Turner, of whose works he has made so many copies of the rarest fidelity; while "The Mountain of the Holy Cross" is more in the style of his monumental works at the Capitol.

Another brother, Peter Moran, is an accomplished practitioner in the more difficult line of cattle and figure painting; while a younger one, John, is one of the first topographical photographers in the country. By Peter Moran, the cattle-painter aforesaid, we present on page 9 the spirited subject, "The Return of the Herd." In a pleasant rolling country near the Brandywine or the Wissahickon the herdsman and his dog are driving home the cows after the soft afternoon storm which makes the herbage so tempting for a lingering bite. Mr. P. Moran's cattle are always obviously studied from nature. In the present picture, the black head of the central animal, relieved against the brightest sky where the storm breaks away, makes fine pictorial effect for the artist; and the

pretty play of the near cow and calf is true to life. The four brothers we have named live in different cities, but their starting-point was Philadelphia, of whose academic art-training they are creditable alumni.



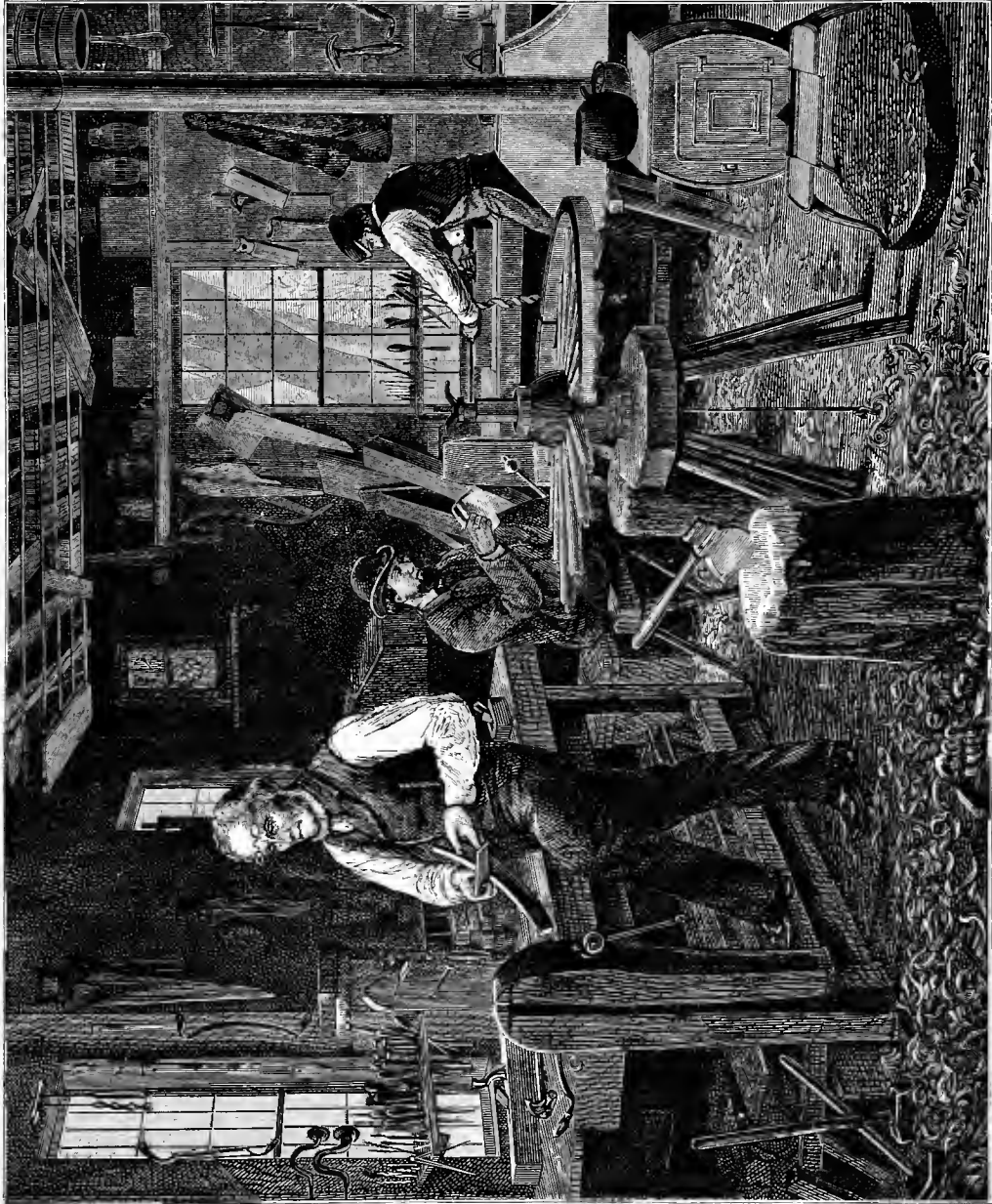
J. Dalzell, Eng.

Sunday in Devonshire.

A. F. Bellows, Pmx.

The steel-plate engraving from the picture called "Brig hove-to for a Pilot" can hardly be a representation of an American scene, from the presence of the windmill on the shore—though, for that matter, there are windmills on the

Long Island coast, and upon other exposed parts of the American seaboard. Something in the crisp freshness of the air and light—light and air not used by so many centuries of sea faring practice as the European—makes us



*Van Ingen & Snyder, Eng.*

*Wheelwright's Shop.*

*E. T. Billings, Pix.*

connect this picture with E. Moran's "New York Harbor," just above-mentioned, and assign the scene to our own shores. At any rate, it is a spirited and telling composition—the small pilot-boat dancing on the waves to get

alongside the statelier brig, whose half-lowered sails wrinkle and flutter in the wind, awaiting the trustworthy sailor who is to board the vessel as guide. The swift, racing wash of the water past the group of boats, without any very violent freshness or stormy motion, is given in a true seamanlike manner by Mr. M. F. H. De Haas, the artist. Mr. Maurice De Haas, as well as Mr. William F. De Haas, is a Holland painter, whose merit having attracted the attention of Mr. Belmont, the Rothschild of America, procured an invitation to visit these shores, and the promise of a career and a fortune. The Messrs. De Haas are doing well, and are not likely ever to forsake the country which has given them so pleasant a reception, and which they have beautified with so many meritorious works of art.

Marine artists like Mr. E. Moran or Mr. M. De Haas characteristically find their pleasure in beating about New York Harbor. Day after day, in the fine summer weather, they may be seen standing, Columbus-like, on the prow of some vessel (which is more likely to be a grimy steam-tug than anything handsomer), engaged in their own peculiar kind of exploration. Their game is worth the chase, and the booty they collect justifies their taste. Other artists, like Mr. Brown in the picture we engrave on page 13, choose the freezing winter-time, and the frost-locked mimic sea of Central Park. He has given us a careful and variously-discriminated crowd, mainly engaged in the noble old Scotch sport of "Curling." The compatriots of Burns, among the hardest players and hardest workers of the age, have transported the game to this country, where it attracts every winter the delighted wonder of the ignorant and the incapable. As the plaid-wrapped athletes send the heavy balls of Aberdeen granite vigorously across the ice, or carefully sweep the crystal floor to a state of frictionless purity for the next effort, or measure the distance between a couple of stones with noisy and angerless vociferation, they are sure to have an admiring crowd around them. The curious Yankee, not "native and indued unto that element," pauses to watch the missiles, with a modest conviction that he could improve them; the little school-girl, sledding with her brother, glides slower past the fascinating sports of the good-natured, manly contestants. It is a crisp, eager, jolly game, imparting to the tame picture of the city lake a spicy flavor of wild loch-sports in North Britain. This animated scene, crowded with small faces and figures very difficult to engrave, is one of

the most elaborate attempts of Mr. Brown, whose pencil, though loving rustic subjects, more generally seeks the softness and refinement of fair child-faces, and the delights of lovers, whose very whispers it essays to paint.

A sport better understood here is angling—a pleasure as cosmopolitan as its synonym, coquetry. Mr. W. M. Brackett, in a series one of whose subjects we represent on page 12, has delineated “The Rise,” “The Leap,” “The Last Struggle,” and “Landed.” Here is the suggestion of country streams, hissing into foam over the shingly rock, and curling up into peaceful sleep among the boulders of the shore. The noble captive, his silver mail availing him nothing in this unequal warfare, writhes and twists his flexible body into a semicircle, exposing to the air his elegant tail and his panting gills, already half-drowned in the long race. It is the last effort for liberty; shortly will come the usual reward of unsuccessful heroes in a lost cause—the martyr’s fire, the approval meted too late to benefit the recipient, and the apotheosis—of the supper-table.

The painter of the last-named picture, Mr. Brackett, hails from Boston, a metropolis whose art-development has always been the pet puzzle of the painting-world in America elsewhere. Nobody could tell who took the likenesses of Bostonians, who painted the landscapes of their surrounding country, who composed their battle-pieces, fruit-pieces, picayune-pieces, and masterpieces. A rumor got about that the Bostonians, in the moments of leisure they secured from the study of Emerson, dashed into the picture-shops and bought up all the Corots and Paul Webers they could find. These names represent two landscape-painters as opposite in style as anything that can be imagined. It would seem impossible that one city should be generous enough to contain them both. Corot, the Frenchman, paints vapory, dreamy, invisible landscapes, that nobody perhaps can fully understand: by summoning up all your resolution, coming up to a Corot very fresh, keeping the catalogue-title very distinct in your mind, and if possible turning the picture upside-down, you *think* you distinguish a tree, a fog, a boat, a pond, a bog, and a fisherman. Weber, of Philadelphia, on the contrary, is the distinctest of painters: everything with him is frank, fair, obvious painting, honest trees, white clouds and green weeds, in the style of Lessing. How should the Bostonians love the one and the other? Yet it has been generally asserted that each Bostonian had a Corot and a Weber on the two sides of the looking-glass in his “keeping-room.” The

Corot was to put him into a state of trance, and the Weber to wake him to realities of life, after an evening of Margaret Fuller and Bronson Alcott. Then it was known that one of Couture's pupils, William M. Hunt, was established

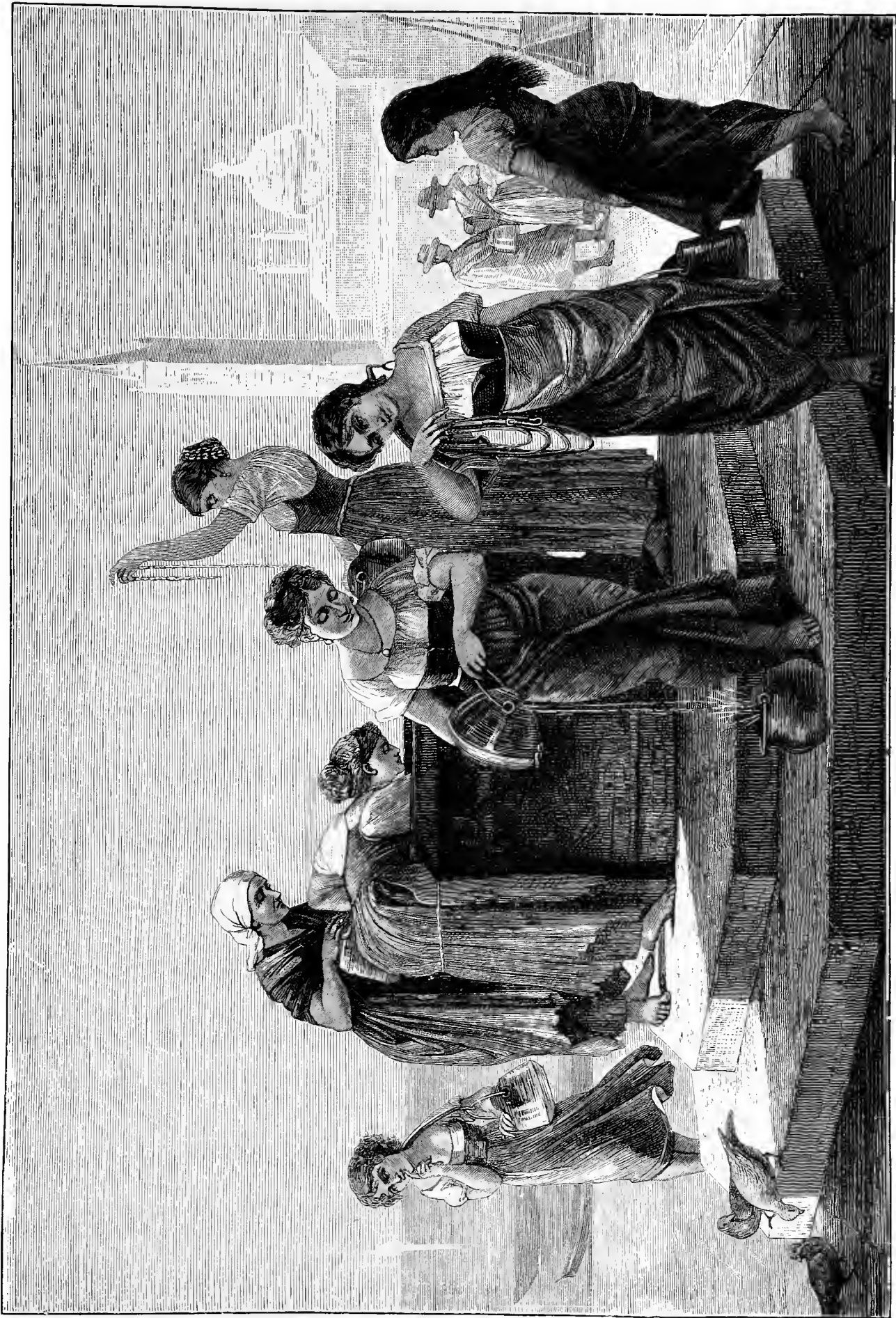


P. Guarnerio, Sc.

*The Forced Prayer.*

in Boston as a portrait-painter, and that the Athenians there, in their ardent way of elevating every novelty into a fresh superstition, had convinced themselves that there was no painter in the solar system equal to Hunt. True, he sent to the *Exposition Universelle* of 1867 a portrait of Lincoln, so vigorously





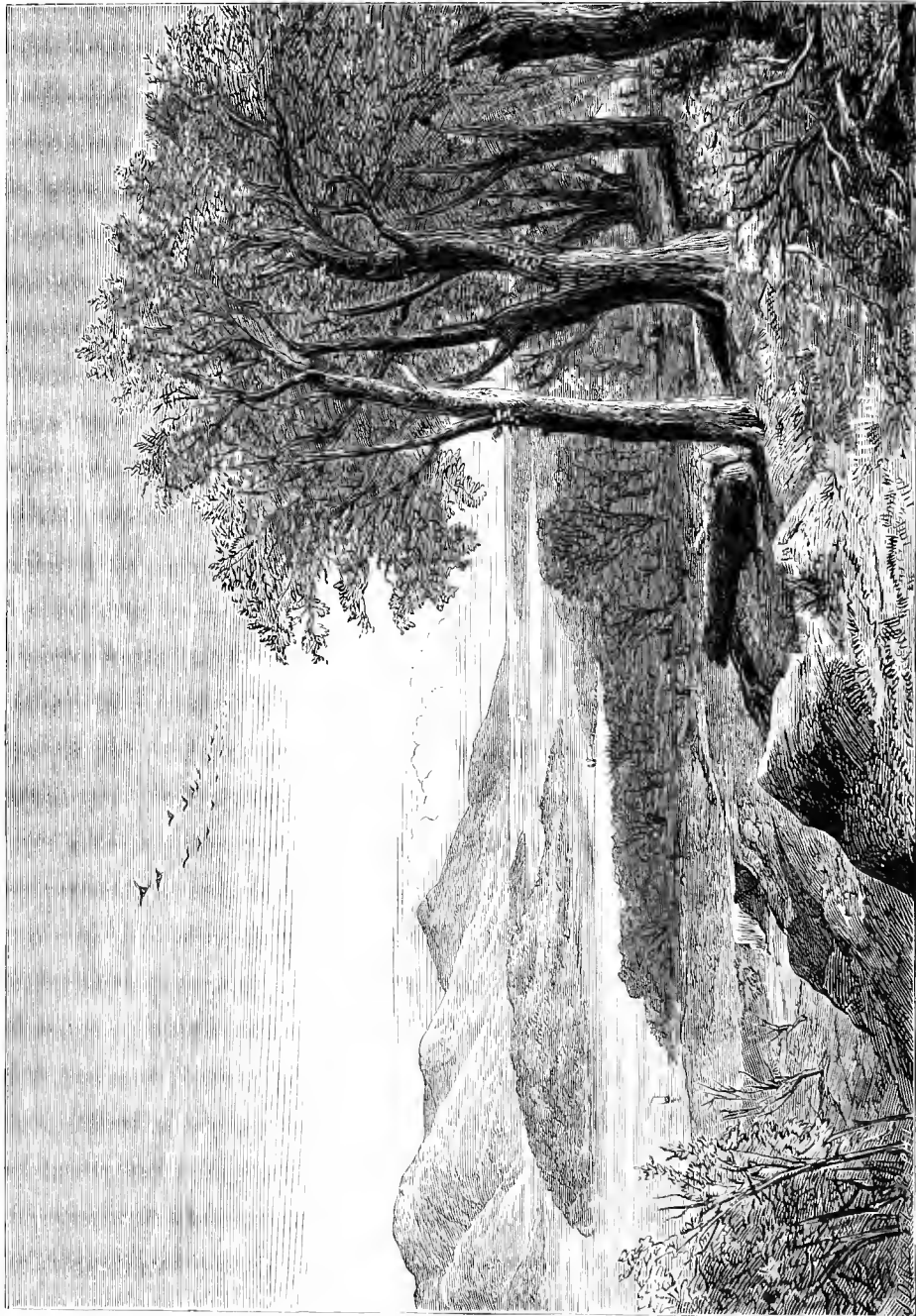


and invidiously thrown into shadow that every Frenchman beholding it came away convinced that the martyr President was a man of color. True, too, that though not without eccentricity, Mr. Hunt is an artist of ability. But the Bostonians, epical and self-contained, rarely divulged themselves in art to the outer world. Mr. Hunt could send his Lincoln to Paris, but he sent nothing to the Philadelphia exhibitions, and very seldom displayed his work in New York. Boston landscape, Boston marine, Boston figure-painting, were an Isis-mystery, probably intensely enjoyed by the civic mind, but veiled from all the world outside. Of late, a little corner of this Isis-curtain has been lifted. It is known that every Bostonian lately bought, and hung up in his sanctum sanctorum, a specimen from the auction-sale of young Mr. Longfellow's landscapes—the poet's son. It is known that Boston has a Millet. Of course. France has a Millet—or had—the painter of peasant-groups, so original, so racy of the soil, so grimy, so similar to a chapter of Thoreau. England, too, has a Millais, pronounced just like the French, and equally the favorite of a certain inmost circle of the elect. These postulates being given, it was obvious that Boston must in the course of time, and that as soon as possible, have a Millet too. She has got one now, and nothing remains to complete her ambition. Young Millet is a growing sapling, as yet in the developing stage, but, without joking, a young man of very decided promise. He sent to the National Academy Exhibition of 1876, a portrait of a lad, very frank, boyish, direct, and painted with engaging simplicity and robustness. We very decidedly like his *gondel-ried* in colors, entitled "In the Bay of Naples," and copied by us on page 28 from the original in the Centennial show. Who that has ever taken that primitive, antique sail from Naples to Capri in the old market-boat, would not warm to the picture of it, especially when executed with such freshness and wit? It is like a revived missing chapter from Pliny the Naturalist; behind our backs are the phenomena of that great volcano which cost the erudite Roman his life; before us the two-peaked outline of Capri lifting from the blue, and around us the peasant-life which has scarcely changed since the days of the ancients. Four of the mariners in this picture wear the Phrygian cap that Ulysses wore. They roll their arms and legs into the softest convolutions of the *dolce far niente*. They play with the handsome Anacapri girl on the seat that eternal game of dalliance and love which is never old. The bare-backed boys, opening

and shutting their fingers like flashes of tawny lighting, play the immortal game of *Morra* which the Hebrew slaves played beneath the pyramids. So drifting and floating, and letting the wind take care of the dirty old sail, they sit with their feet in a bed of fish, and execute that delicious Capri-transit—the most luxurious bit of vagabondage, set in the loveliest scenery, that even Italian life affords.

And now that enchanter word "Italian"—most alluring and spell-containing adjective in the language—has got so fast hold of us that we must fain leave the Boston corner of American art-development, which we had set about to elucidate, and sail across forthwith to San Giorgio, at Venice. One word in parenthesis, however, before we have utterly lost our train of thought, for another Boston artist, the younger Champney. Two Bostonians, both Champneys, enlivened the American colony in France eight years or so ago—Benjamin, the elder, an old-fashioned landscape-painter, with a soul and heart eternally young, and a slim youth, J. W. Champney, who in those days lived in a very small and very lofty room in the Rue du Dauphin, and carried up his own milk in the morning for a home-made breakfast. Those days of student-liberty and independent fortune-fighting are over now, and as "Champ," the young art-adventurer is famous. His illustrations to Mr. King's work on "The Great South," and his charming Centennial American sketches in a French journal, have won him admirers in America, England and France, and procured him compliments in more than one language. He contributes to the Exhibition, among other things, "Your Good Health!", engraved on page 8. It is one of the small, single-figure subjects which Meissonier brought into vogue. A cordial old bachelor, who has seen life, and who wears the full-bottom wig and gaiters of the last century, is just lifting the glass filled from the tall champagne-bottle before him; a smile breaks on his mouth as the bead breaks on the rim. "Champ" has caught the freshness, the urbanity, the hospitality of his type "and that," as Nym says, "is the humor of it." With which short digression from the Mediterranean, made in the interest of the modern Athens, we revert to the enchanted lands, and find ourselves basking on the sunset gold of the Adriatic, and gazing at Gifford's "San Giorgio." This church, we may recollect, built when Venice was attempting to reconstruct the Athenian orders of architecture with more good-will than knowledge, has been contemptuously ridiculed

by Ruskin, because the architect, in his intellectual vacancy, put a hole in the pediment where Phidias would have put a grand statue. The building, in faith,



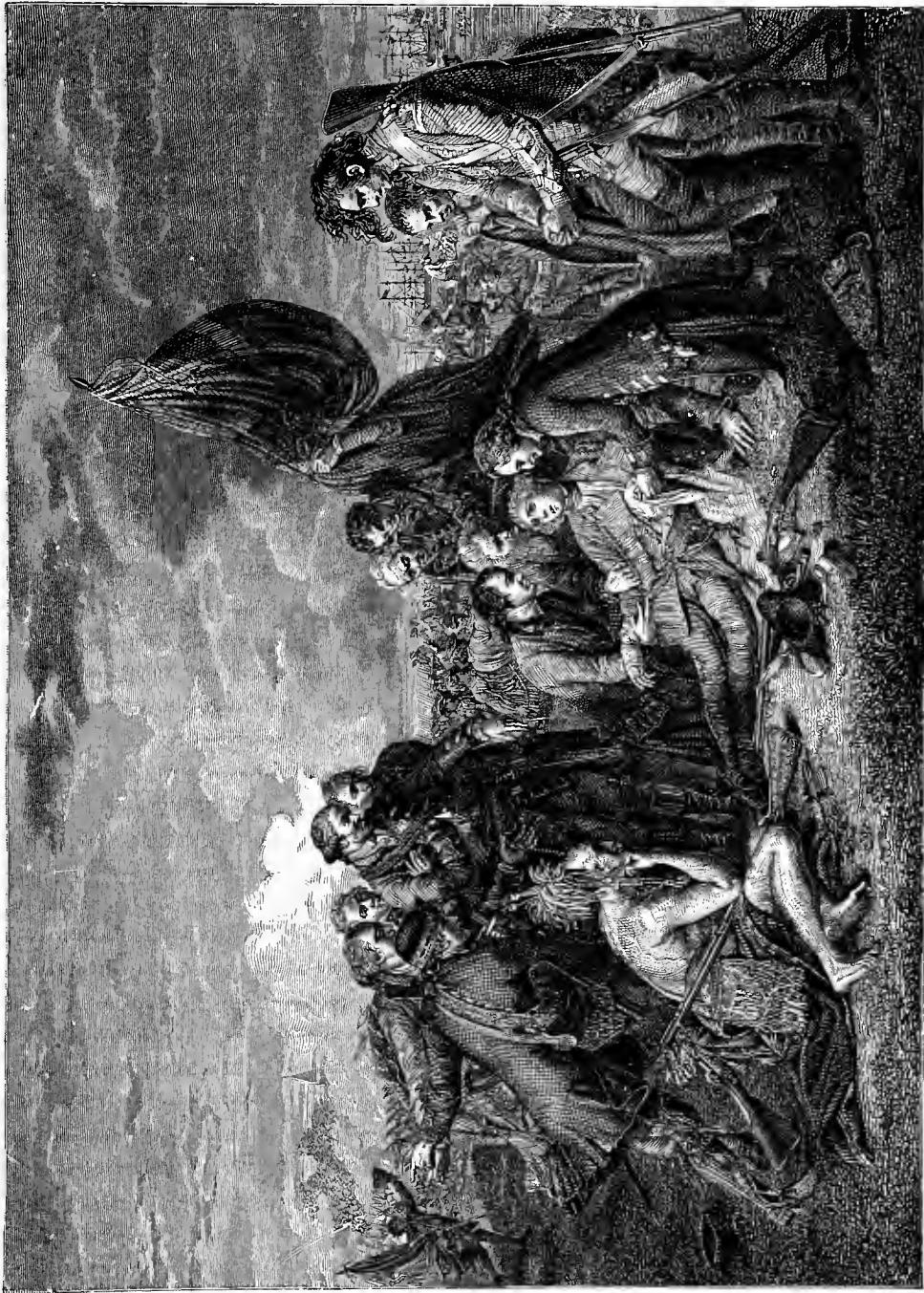
*F. Dabner, Eng.*

*Lake George.*

*J. F. Kensett, Pinx.*

would never attract notice from its classical perfection, if left to honest competition with other edifices; but in Venice its situation, with the broad mouth

of the Giudecca to isolate it, makes it one of the most conspicuous buildings



*The Death of General Wolfe.*

*Benjamin West, Pinx.*

you can see. You paddle across in a gondola to where it lies, separated from the bulk of Venice by a breadth of rippled water, which has been reflecting

the triangular pediment of San Giorgio before your eyes ever since you disembarked at the Hotel Danieli; and as you unload at the flat steps of the basilica, and proceed inside to see the famous Tintoretto, you feel that this formal church, peaked out of the water like Teneriffe, is one of the character-features of Venice, as ill to be spared as the nose on the face. Mr. Gifford has chosen the sunset-view, when the water around the lonely temple shines like chiseled gold. Has he hit the true color of sunset? We are not sure. We recollect, when the picture was first exhibited in New York, walking past it with a young French artist, fresh from the atelier of Gérôme. He asked the author's name of "that 'omelette' yonder," and remarked that sunsets were not bad things in art when they were not "false in tone as the dickens." "Dickens," as every reader may not know, is *diable* in French. We defended the picture, but the disrespect of the careless young intruder has clung to the work in our mind ever since. If the stricture did happen to possess one grain of justice, then our engraving, which is one of Mr. Hinshelwood's most luminous, liquid successes, is a better art-work than its original—a fact which it would be gratifying enough to believe.

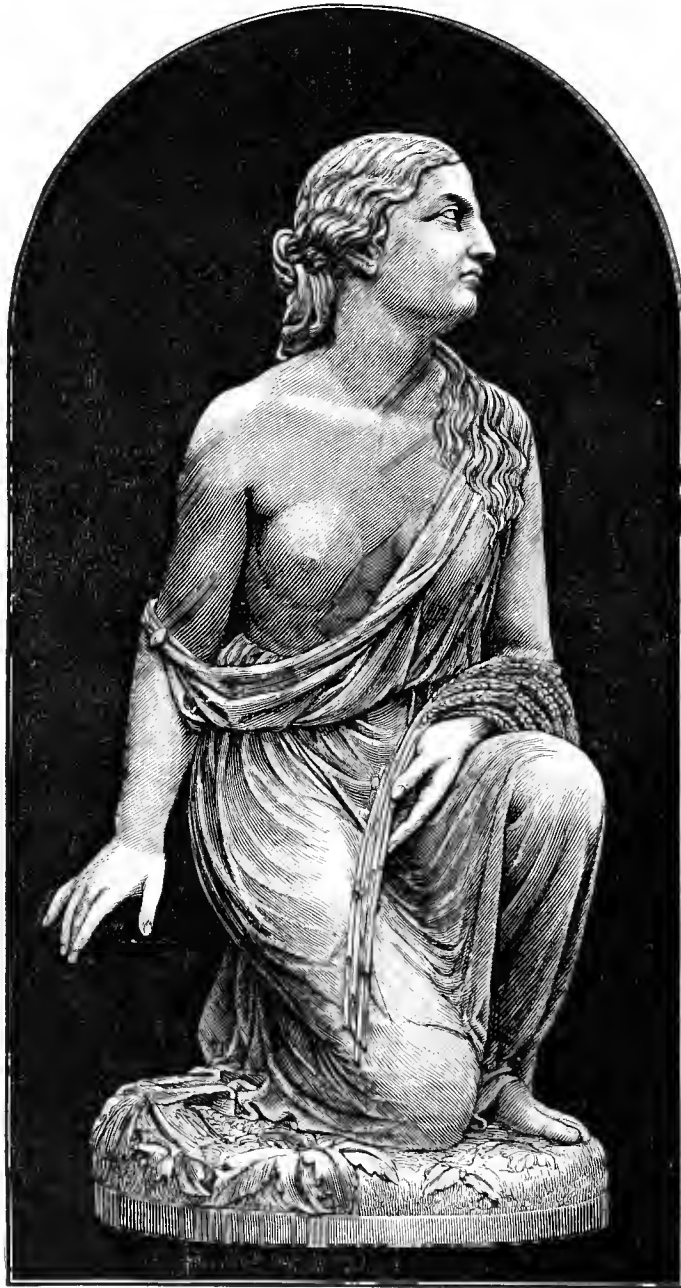
The mention of Sanford Gifford's Venetian subject introduces to our thoughts the graceful group of Venetian "Water-carriers," painted by a foreign artist, Wulffaert, whose Belgian birth is suggested by his name, and engraved for our readers on page 49. The supply of fresh water in the sea-city is none too abundant, and the custom is for householders to buy the indispensable crystal, like a gem of price, at the hands of water-carriers, who bear it in large kettles through the town. These water-porters are young girls, and form a race apart. Robust, brown, graceful, and dressed in a traditional costume, they are among the most picturesque inhabitants of Venice, and, when they happen to be fair in face, recall the women of Veronese, with their full persons and liquid, serious, animal eyes. Herr Wulffaert gives us a cluster, as seen any morning at one of the large wells in the public squares of Venice. In the background rises the vast brick bell-tower of St. Mark's, and around the cistern are collected the handsome girls whose ready hands assuage a city's thirst. One lowers her bucket by its cord into the well-shaft; another empties the flashing fluid, like a fountain of gems, from one vessel into another; the youngest, a pretty little creature, watches the doves, which are publicly fed every

day at noon in front of St. Mark's, and which sometimes fly to other public squares for variety of diet or for a sip of that fresh water which is rather hard of attainment for them, and for which they are often indebted to the indulgence of these good-natured water-bearing girls. The picture, besides being true to nature and without any flattering idealization, is peculiarly graceful in its grouping and the character of its personages.

At the Academy of Venice, and under the eye of resident Venetian sculptors, Miss Blanche Nevin, the authoress of "Cinderella" (page 16), received her best technical education. This artist is a sister of the Rev. Dr. Nevin, whose exertions in building a handsome church for American Protestants in the very heart of Rome were so creditable, and so quickly successful upon the triumph of the present government over the temporal power of the Pope. The lady is still quite young, but several of her figures in marble have been successful, as witness her "Maud Muller," and a subject owned by Mrs. Stephens, the society queen. "Cinderella" sits with an air of discouragement among the ashes, in pose as if the Dying Gladiator had shrunk back into infancy and femininity. Dreams of the splendors and delights into which her luckier sisters have been admitted occupy her little head, while her own future seems as dry and cheerless as the faded embers. Cheer up, small Marchioness! In a moment the fairy godmother will appear, and you will escape from your marble and be a belle, and your tiny Parian foot shall be shod in glass, and the pumpkin shall roll with you and the rats shall gallop with you, and the Prince shall kiss your little mouth into warmth and color. The creator of this engaging figure, who some two years back de-Latinized herself and exchanged the shores of Latium for the streets of Philadelphia, is one of the most promising of the rising school of lady sculptors.

Miss Nevin finished her "Maud Muller" in the atelier of another Philadelphia artist, the well-known and highly-successful Joseph A. Bailly, whose "Aurora" we copy on page 6. Mr. Bailly exhibits, besides this ideal figure, which rises so white and mist-like in the middle of the great American gallery of paintings in Memorial Hall, a portrait work of ponderous importance, the likeness of President Blanco, of Venezuela, recently set up in bronze at Caracas. Mr. Bailly, as a young Paris revolutionist exiled by the events of 1848, went over to England, where he wrought for awhile in the studio of his namesake,

Edward Hodges Bailly, author of "Eve at the Fountain." Coming to this country, he attracted immediate attention by the skill with which he could carve



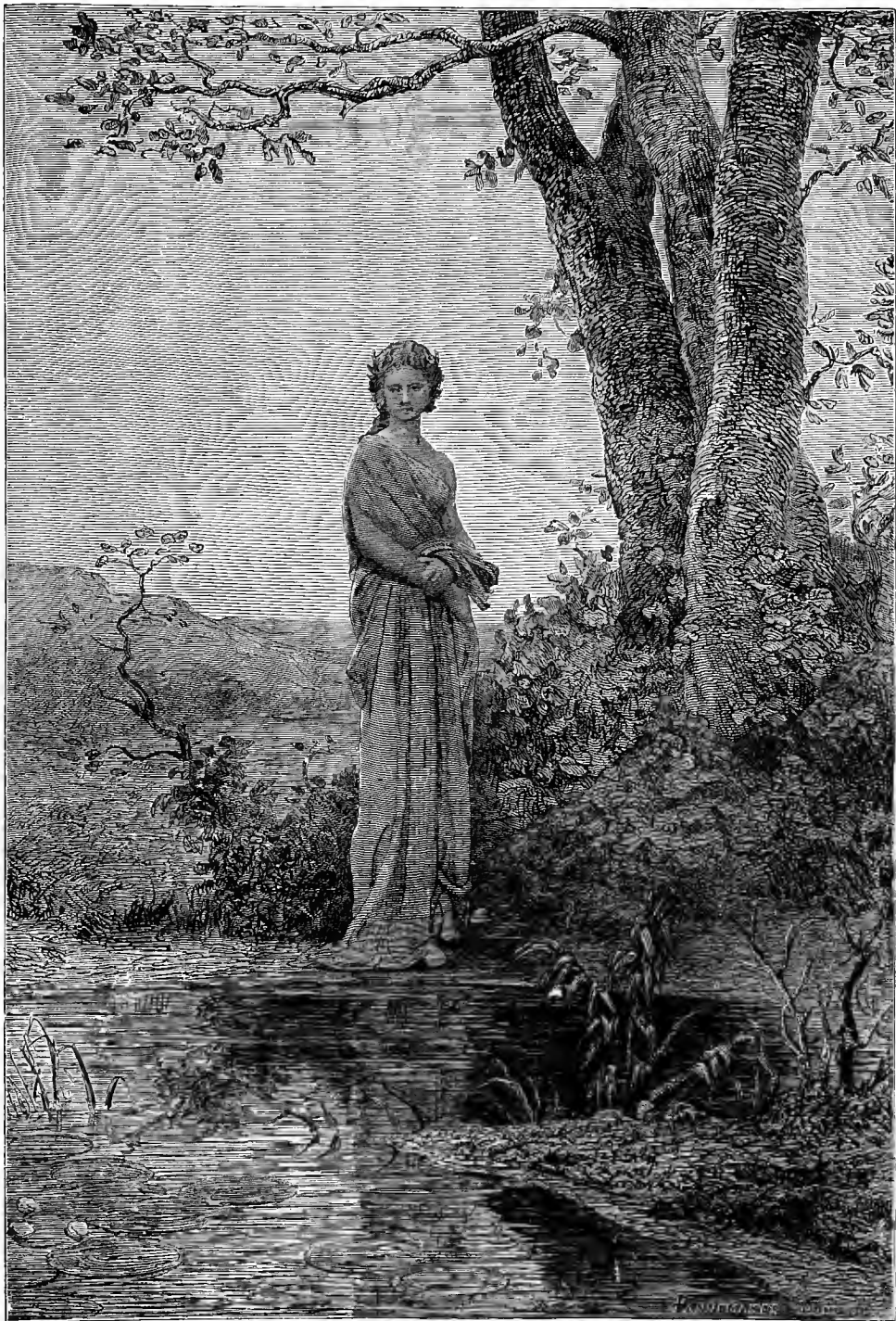
*R. Rogers, Sc.*

*Ruth.*

*J. Kea, Eng.*

and "undercut" the most intricate designs, and gradually rose to success as a sculptor of portrait and classical subjects. From the corner of Sixth and Chest-





*r. Feytaud-Perrin, Pinx.*

*Melancholy.*

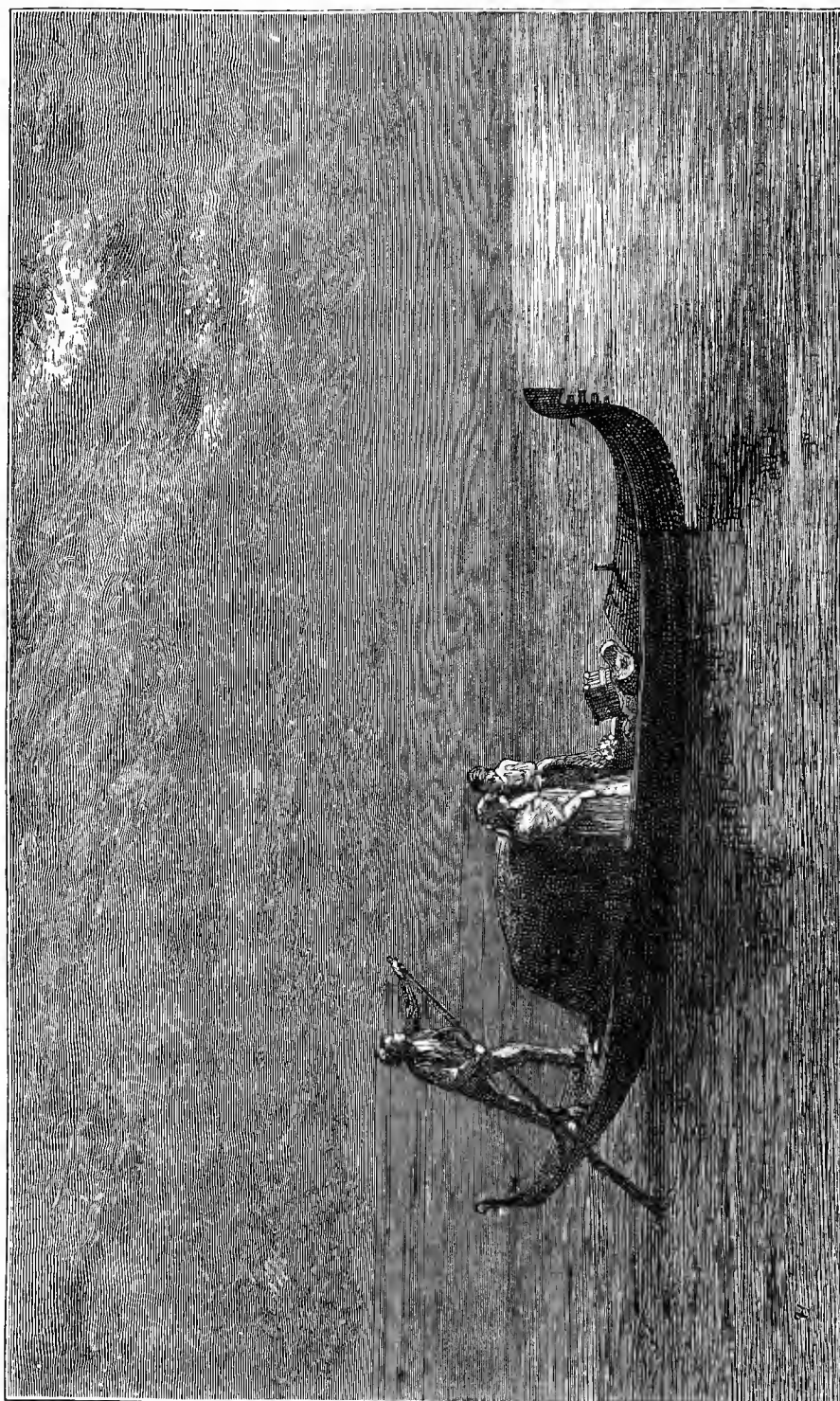
nut streets, in this city, three of Mr. Bailly's works may be seen at once—the Washington in front of Independence Hall, the Franklin on the corner of the



*Ledger* building, and the fine horses supporting the escutcheon on the Sixth street facade of the same edifice. The technical ability of this prolific artist is especially shown in all that relates to the mechanical portion of his art. His modeling in the clay of ponderous and elaborate subjects, with assured touch and upon a well-calculated skeleton or frame, is so quick and imperative as to seem like magic to less skilled practitioners. His labors for the republic of Venezuela consisted in the colossal equestrian figure now exhibited, and a standing statue of still larger scale. The standing figure was modeled, and the equestrian one twice repeated, in the space of four months, to be in readiness for a special anniversary. It is not likely that any other artist in the country would have accepted and fulfilled the commission for such a piece of time-work. The "Aurora," likewise, is a piece of magic; the equilibrium of the figure, whose feet are folded far above the ground, and who rises just over the trailing folds of a vail which merely sweeps the earth, is a powerful stimulant of our wonder. To have made such a device in bronze would be easy; but to carve it out of marble, when a false blow of the hammer would lay the beautiful image low at once, seems more than human skill could accomplish. Then the transporting of the critically-balanced figure in safety was a remarkable event, only to be brought about by a mechanical genius as conspicuous as the artistic. But Mr. Bailly has passed through the apprenticeship of every art that mechanics includes; and his marble vails and flowers and figure, light and perfect as a blossom on the stem, have successfully removed—half standing, half overhanging—from the studio to the destined position in the far-away Park edifice. The image is like a crystallized mist from daybreak: "Aurora," only half disengaged from the Night, whose vail sweeps lingeringly from her forehead to the ground, holds and scatters upon the earth those blossoms whose petals are opened by the winds of morning, and whose blushes are copied from the blushes of the dawn. Such an evanescent idea ought to be sculptured in mist; but Mr. Bailly is able to give a mist-like tenuity to marble.

An instructive comparison of the overcoming the technical difficulties of sculpture may be made by looking first at Mr. Bailly's lightly-poised figure, and then at some of the sculptures which Italy has sent over with a lavish hand to the Centennial Exhibition. However these statues may disappoint the lovers of classicality and repose, there is no question that in overcoming the stub-

bornness of material, they teach many a valuable lesson to our chiselers. We would indicate, as special examples of the triumph over this kind of difficulty, the hair in Caroni's "Africaine" (page 40), and the dressing-robe in the same artist's "Telegram of Love" (page 32). These works, though completely dis-severed from the Greek theory of sculpture, have a rich, pictorial, and as it were, colored quality of their own which justifies the theory on which they are carved. If the success in representing texture were attained by an uncommon and worthless degree of mere *finish*, it would not be commendable; but examination will convince us that it is not the difficulty or the patience, but the live flash and expressiveness of the touch that gives the effect. The flowered silk of the dressing-gown in "The Telegram" gives no evidence of excessive difficulty overcome: it is its felicitous invention which strikes us. The heavy crisped tresses of the "Africaine" are no more closely *finished* than the smoothest locks and bands of hair sculptured by Chantrey or Westmacott; but the sculptor, putting a brain into his chisel, has set it to thinking, and invented for his woolly convolutions a glancing, sketchy touch as expressive as the brushing of Reynolds on canvas. The Italian cleverness, as a mechanical and inventive development of resources, is well worth studying. Signor Caroni has chosen subjects well adapted to show off his rich and glittering style. In the "Africaine" we have the heroine of Meyerbeer's opera, the black Afric queen whose dusky soul was illumined with the light of tenderness at the visit of Vasco de Gama. For these primitive intelligences love is the apple of knowledge; when it is once bitten, the nature is changed, the Eden is spoiled, the contentment is lost, and the whole soul is thrown into the passion of desire, for bliss or for despair. In Signor Caroni's picturesque work we have the uncultured queen tortured by the pangs of a bootless passion, her supple body thrown broodingly beside the couch where her hero dreams of another, and watching with jealous eyes the lips that murmur of her rival. In his "Telegram of Love" we are amused with a lighter and more hopeful subject: this radiant maiden, who confides to the neck of her dove the fluttering message which will lead to a rendezvous or an answer, is tortured by no doubt, crushed by no despondency. We can imagine the haste and tumult of her telegraphy, a tumult indicated by her alert, moving figure; we can see the hurry with which she has sprung from her morning dreams, the hair hastily knotted, the *peignoir*



*Moonlight on the Lagoons, Venice.*

*W. G. Richardson, Pinx.*

quickly thrown on, and the bird briskly dismissed from the cottage steps, with a last loving, brooding bend of the head over its faithful wings. For so large

a statue this figure has an astonishing lightness and bewitchment. The stooping posture is a bold, daring contradiction of the rules arranged by the martinets of art. It is all grace, spontaneity, sweetness, and pastoral charm. Its technical



*J. C. Forbes, Pinx.*

*Beware!*

*J. Rea, Eng.*

merits disappear under the gracious elegance of the conception. From "The Telegram" to Selika, the "Africaine," there is a gulf of transition, but the maid of "The Telegram," lovely as she is, is eclipsed by the strange tropical inten-

sity of the "Selika." Equal in the technical part of the carver's art, there is no comparison in the lofty scope of the subject.

A *replica*, reduced in size, represents in this gallery the celebrated "Reading Girl" of Pietro Magni, of Milan. This work, which was one of the charms of the London Exhibition of 1862 (see page xlv of our "Historical Introduction"), loses little by being accommodated to a more portable scale. It is seen in the Annex, close to the exquisite figure of a girl nursing a sick kitten, by Vela, the famous sculptor of "Napoleon Dying." Not unfit to stand beside these delicate renderings of child-sentiment is "The Little Samaritan" (page 24), a marble poem by one of our American sculptors, J. S. Hartley. We have here a pretty maid of ten years, who, carrying the drink of the harvesters through the sunny field, has tempted a bird to taste it, as she stands silent and curiously watchful, with the cup in her extended hand. Is it water pure? Is it something stronger, such as harvesters love to taste behind the hedge? We do not know. The bird, shaking its wise, saucy little head with an air of doubt on the rim of the cup, shall decide for us. But of all the skillful representations of child-feeling in marble, in which the present Exhibition is so remarkably rich, it is probable that "The Forced Prayer" (page 48), by Pietro Guarnerio of Milan, bears off the votes of the greatest number of spectators. It is an epigram in sculpture, and it is epigrammatic sculpture carried to the limits of the permissible. This telling little figure has received a medal. It is easier to understand the subject from our spirited engraving than to construct it in the mind from a description. The handsome little rebel is standing in his shirt, sleepy and ready for bed, but denied the blessings of repose until the customary paternoster is gone through with. Conscious that there will be no rest for him until the ordeal is over, he begins to mumble the holy words with frankest hatred, throwing himself into the prescribed attitude of supplication like a trick-dog into his positions, with a skill derived from long practice rather than from feeling, while the implied devotion of the routine is belied by every line of his face, and from his piously lowered eye escapes the tear of temper and not of contrition. Of half-a-score varied works by Signor Guarnerio, this one probably has the most friends.

These exquisite trifles seem, however, but *bijoux*, and their manufacture but *bijouterie* or jewelers' work, in comparison with the ponderous "Antietam

Soldier," in granite, of which we give a steel engraving. Like the nation he defends, this colossus is in the bloom of youth, and like it he is hard and firm though alert. What art has succeeded in making this monster out of granite? He is twenty-one feet six inches in height. What sempster, working with needles of thrice-hardened steel, has draped him in those folds of adamant, that hang ten feet or farther from his inflexible loins? The sculptors of ancient Egypt, who had their colossi in granite also, worked for years with their bronze points and their corundum-dust to achieve their enormous figures, while the makers of this titanic image, availing themselves of the appliances of American skill, have needed but a few months to change the shapeless mass of stone into an idea. Something rocky, rude and large-grained is obvious still in this stalwart American; his head, with its masculine chin and moustache of barbaric proportions, is rather like the Vatican "Dacian" than like the Vatican "Genius." But, whatever may be thought of the artistic delicacy of the model, Mr. Conrads' "Soldier" presents the image of a sentinel not to be trifled with, as he leans with both hands clasped around his gun-barrel, the cape of his overcoat thrown back to free his arm, and the sharp bayonet thrust into its sheath at his belt. Rabelais' hero, Pantagruel, whose opponents were giants in armor of granite, would have recoiled before our colossus of Antietam, because his heart is of granite too.

The American heroes who have really succeeded in conquering the stubbornness of this mossy stone, and making it bend before them into the desired shape by the power of ingenious machinery, are the New England Granite Company, of Hartford. Before their wonderful ingenuity the rock seems to lose its obstinacy; and, furnish them but an artistic model, they will translate its delicacy into the most imperishable stone.

What Mr. Conrads gives us in granite, Mr. George W. Maynard gives us—page 29, "1776"—on canvas. It is the same inflexibility, the same courage, the same mature will in stripling body; only in Maynard's revolutionary hero these qualities are aggressive, while in Conrads' defender of the Union they are conservative. The figure in Mr. Maynard's "1776" is one of the "embattled farmers," a homespun patriot, bearing the standard that represented our Union before we had a flag—the pine-tree banner of Massachusetts, used as a device in the first battles of the Revolution, before the stars and stripes

were invented. In his other hand he grasps the ancient musket—perhaps the very

“Old queen’s arm, that Grau’ther Young

Fetch’d back from Concord—busted.”

On the wall behind him is seen a placard, with fragments of the date, '76, and of the words “Union” and “Independence.” This manly figure, in the picturesque “Continental” uniform, so rich in angles, gables, lappels, and *revers*, who crosses his gun-barrel over the standard he will only yield with his life, looks as sacred as a crusader. In his face of grief and valor we see the rankling wrong, the pressure of fate, that were the birth-throes of our nation. It is a face fit for a philosopher, transformed



J. Gibson, Sc.

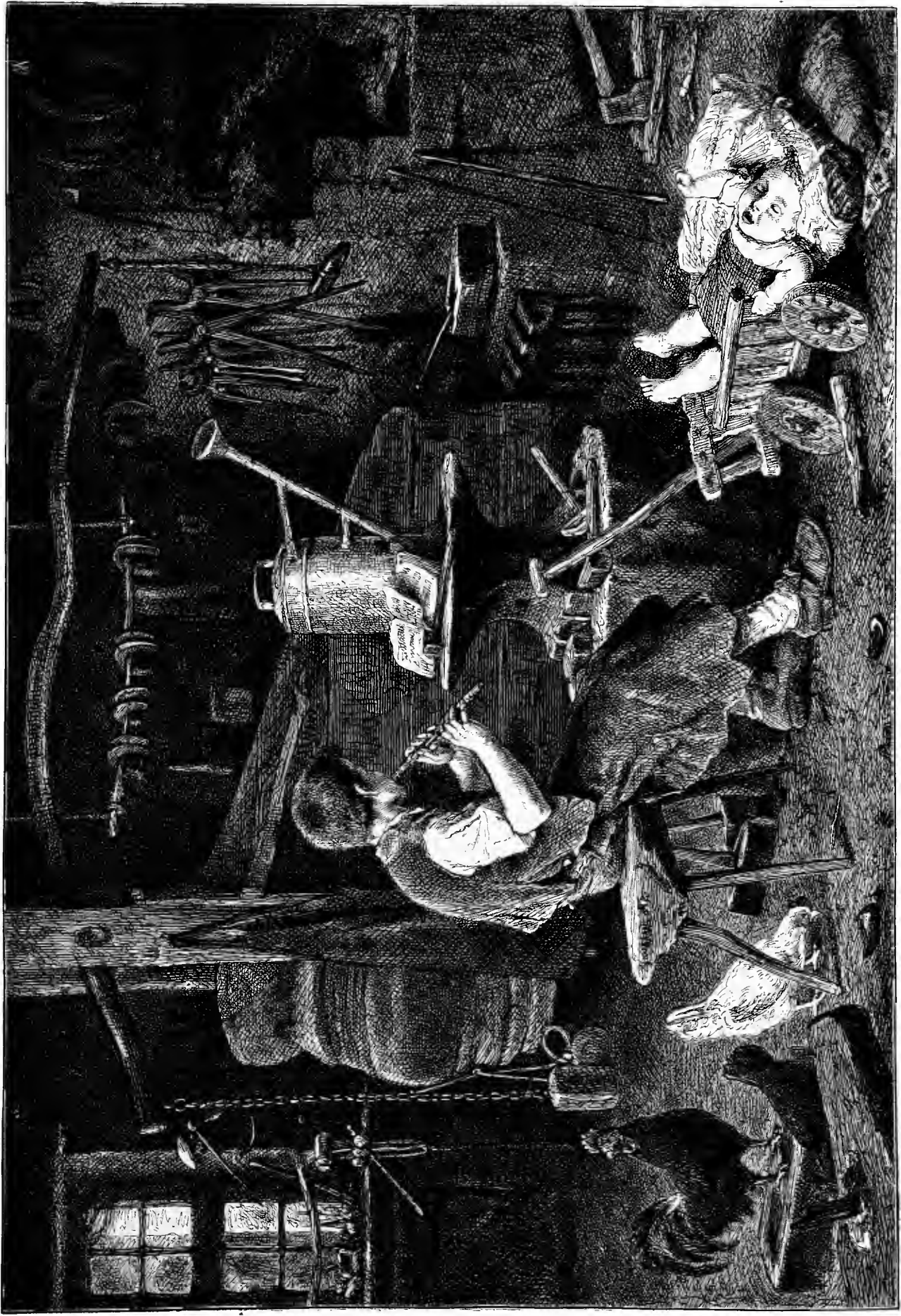
Venus.

by events into that of a warrior.

And this observation leads us to interject the question whether any country ever yet begot a national type of face apparently able to do so much thinking and philosophizing as the American when at its best. The problem is whether the world yields an amount of thinking sufficient to equip the deep, brain-worn visages we see in all our national pictures, or in real life in the business

streets of our cities. There is nothing else like them in the world. Compared with the American soldier’s face, as defined from the testimony of all our artists and the very photographs of our officers, the faces of soldiers over the rest of the world are those of undeveloped intelligences; the Greek contestants of the Parthenon frieze are but large babies; the English soldiers of





H. Evers, Düsseldorf, 1898.

The Duet in the Smithy.



Hogarth's "March to Finchley" are good-natured, immature, beef-eating lads; the French soldiers of Vernet are dried out of all individuality—a tinder-box and a spark—a lean cheek and a glowing eye—food for powder, and then nothingness. But our ordinary American phiz has a look of capability, of knowingness, and when handsome of intellectual majesty, that it would take a vast deal of actual achievement to justify us in wearing. It is walking about under false colors to adopt such faces unless we are really the philosophers, tacticians and diplomats of the age!

Turn we to George Becker, of Paris, whose "Rizpah" is probably the most impressive picture in the Exhibition. One fancies this work to emerge from some gloomy studio, whose tenant is aged, tall, morose, and poetical. On the contrary, little George Becker is one of the least terrific and most likable of dwarfish youths, a mild butt for the raillery of his taller chums among the pupils of Gérôme. Amid the paint-shops and costume-markets of the Latin Quarter is to be seen often a small fresh-faced figure, with a good aquiline profile overshadowed by an immensely tall and glossy hat; in the hand an artist's box of colors, which is of a size almost to drag upon the ground, and which conceals a large proportion of the person of the walker, as he spreads his short compasses to their utmost distention in getting briskly over the ground. It is Becker. "Come back with your color-box or in it," says the studio friend from whom he parts, alluding to the Spartan and his shield. He takes all jests with a quiet, good-natured smile, and goes home to paint tragedy. We recollect walking with him to the funeral of the painter Ingres, and the difficulty of keeping "down" with him, as he stepped with mincing tread among the mourners. It was snowing, and he asked a group who paused on the pavement near the church, "Shall we not seek a porte-cochère?"—while the attendants, opining that the flakes would have uncommon difficulty in finding *him* out, laughed at his anxiety even among the solemnities of the occasion. Such is the pleasant little lad, always mild, neat and conciliating, who goes into his studio, seizes his enormous brushes, and turns out for us the almost Michael-Angelesque composition of "Rizpah." Ah! in the presence of so impressive a work we scarcely think of the physical means by which it was created. We think of the idea alone, the terrible ordeal of constancy and maternity. Our engraving on page 33 gives a vivid conception of Mr. Becker's

subject, though the imagination has to expand the cut to the size of nature, on which scale the original is painted, to get the full vigor of the tragedy.

The seven sons of Saul, whom David delivered to the Gibeonites to be hanged to avert the famine, are seen suspended from a lofty gibbet, in the evening of a stormy day. It is the commencement of their exposure, "the beginning of the harvest," and Rizpah has just initiated her gloomy watch against the eagles, which come sailing toward the corpses from afar. Over her head hang the fair young bodies of her sons, Armoni and Mephibosheth, and the rest. She is a strong Jewish heroine, a worthy mate for the giant Saul, and her posture while she fights the mighty bird with her club is statuesque and grand. As she throws up one massive arm as a fence between the aggressor and her dead, and looks into the eagle's eye with a glance in which grief is temporarily merged in horror and repulsion, we seem to hear the hoarse, desolate cry which escapes from her parched mouth to scare the famished creature from his prey. The attitudes of the dead youths are supine, with a languid and oriental grace even in death, and the curled Assyrian beards of the older ones contrast with the pitiful boyishness of the rest, while the whole row of princes, tender, elegant and helpless, forms the strongest contradiction to the direct, rigid, and as it were virile force of the woman. Another painter might have chosen the misery, the desolation of Rizpah's vigil for his theme. But this artist sees, in the whole long tragedy, the peculiar feature that it was *effective*. Rizpah *succeeded* in defending the relics of her family; the incessant watch, by night as well as by day, from the beginning of barley harvest until the rainy season, was grand because it was unrelaxed and vigilant. Mr. Becker therefore, by sinking the mother's grief in her fierceness and energy, has developed the real sentimental force of the situation; any quiet treatment would have lost it. He has delineated for us the first grand example in history of maternal devotion, the Mater Dolorosa of the Old Testament, in lines and colors that leave an unfading impression.

A painting that commemorated a most touching incident, while it formed on its production an epoch in historical painting, is West's "Death of Wolfe." Many spectators may have neglected this picture for more showy rivals. Darkened, overshadowed and of no great size, it makes small effect among the fresh and garish productions of the British School, where it is hung. Benjamin West,

when he painted it, was at the height of his friendly rivalry with Reynolds. Reynolds was inaccessible in portrait, but in history West was able to read a lesson to Reynolds. Dunlap, in his "History of the Arts of Design," tells the



*G. A. Storey, Pinx*

*Mistress Dorothy.*

incident which made this picture a milestone in art-development. Up to this period, the exceedingly feeble efforts of England in "high art" had leaned entirely to the classical: the statues of her warriors had been draped as Romans or

Greeks, and the few battle-pictures that had been produced were treated in a half-symbolic or representative manner, with a pseudo-classical endeavor to



*Abna Tadema Pinx.*

*The Convalescent.*

make their heroes look like the heroes of Plutarch and Xenophon. A modern musket, a modern cap, the uniform of the day, was considered "low art," and

left to caricaturists like Hogarth. In the height of this false classicality of the "Augustan age," West ventured to represent one of England's best-loved heroes, a young and intellectual enthusiast excessively dear to the nation's heart, falling exactly as he fell on the heights near Quebec, with the surroundings and equipments treated as nearly as possible in literal fidelity. It was an innovation, meant for what we now call realism. Reynolds was alarmed; Fuseli was alarmed; the amiable and genial President of the Royal Academy, who would have been delighted with the vigor of West's sketch if only he had clothed his hero in a helmet and cuirass, dissuaded him for a whole hour from introducing the novelty. When he went away he exclaimed that West, if the thing "took," was revolutionizing the art of England. The good sense of the nation went over to the side of the sensible painter, and this picture, to us so dark and dim, was the radiant success and sensation of the day. But for West's intelligence, it is hard to tell how much longer the absurd and hollow classicality of the period would have lasted; we might have had for an indefinitely longer term red-faced Englishmen draped as Grecian heroes in hundreds of pictures, and English verses attempting the false antique in dramas like Johnson's "Irene." In France, as we know, the Roman taste endured in art to a considerably later date. When David wished to represent the wives and mothers of France correcting the discords between the Girondists and the Jacobins, he painted Romulus and Tatius reconciled by the women of the Sabines; and Guérin, desiring to show the Emigrants of the Revolution returning to their bereaved homes, invented a "Marcus Sextus" to tell the story. But English art, set in the right path by West, was forever content, after the production of this picture, to leave the eloquence of facts to produce their natural effect; and accordingly, when our own great wars came to be recorded, a pupil of West—Trumbull—was empowered by a wise education to represent them as they happened, and in the strictest historic sense.

West's "Death of Wolfe," of which we present a copy on page 53, is a touching and solemn composition. On the ground, near the crest of Abraham's Heights, the young hero is dying in the arms of his friends, at the moment of victory. The defences of Quebec are taken, Montcalm's forces are in full retreat, and the chain of French strongholds will not much longer bar the advance of Anglo-Saxon civilization across the American wilderness. But

this consciousness is only just dawning on the expiring hero. It is the thick of the battle. As young Wolfe sinks down with his death-wound, with the issue still uncertain around him, an officer cries, "They fly! I protest they fly!" "Who fly?" asks Wolfe with terrible anxiety, through the death-rattle. "*The French*," is the reply, and the young chieftain, raising his eyes to heaven as West has drawn him, gasps out, "Then I die happy!" and expires. Around him kneel the English captains bare-headed; the brave young colonists, our forefathers, who supplied the flower of the British forces, in fringed leggings and moccasins are looking wistfully on; one of them has just run up with the news of the French retreat; and, pointing to the captured flag, with its Bourbon lilies, this American rustic gives Wolfe the news of his success—a form of appraisal that we somehow like better than if it had come from lips stranger to the soil. More completely indigenous, a red-skin brave, one of the few whom British diplomacy was able to win from the wily blandishments of the French, sadly crouches on the ground to count the last breaths of the expiring martyr. Wolfe's figure is young, slender and aristocratic; the pale, upturned face is such an one as might well belong to the literary hero who beguiled the journey of the night attack a few hours before by reciting Gray's "Elegy," with the remark that he would rather have written that perfect requiem than take Quebec. This charming saying, so full of college-boy enthusiasm, gives reality to the character of Wolfe in our minds; the measures of the stately Elegy close around him for his own proper epitaph and consecration, and throb, as a dead march, among the bowed military figures whom West groups in his picture.

The epoch (as defined by costume) of the bewitching "Mistress Dorothy" (page 68) is that of the "Death of Wolfe." We are again at the period, so big with changes for the face of the world, when England covered herself with victory, and made herself the dictator of Europe, to be brought up with a sudden check as soon as she tried to extend her conquests to the Western hemisphere. Yes, here is the costume that Gainsborough and Northcote and Romney immortalized; but from the scene of the dying Wolfe and scattering French, what a transition! It is like changing our reading from Marlborough's Dispatches to the beautiful make-believe antique English of Thackeray's "Esmond." The epoch, the period, is there, but we shift from grim work to

play. "Mistress Dorothy" is a lovely, simple English girl, of the time when Anglo-Saxon simplicity was real simplicity, uncontaminated with superficial science and French novels. This round-faced maid, who sits waiting for her palfrey to be brought meanwhile drawing on a pair of gloves that Jugla and Alexandre would declare to be of frightfully bad cut, possesses a mind healthfully vacant of "Consuelo" and "The Princess." She knows the affairs of the buttery, doubtless, and every day counts the eggs of her father the Squire's poultry-yard. The crystal pellucidity of her



*A. Tantarini, Sculp.*

*The Bather.*

eyes has never been crossed by ugly shadows of skepticism and speculation. Doubtless she has sins of her own to account for, and to ask expiation from, as she humbly kneels at her dimity pillow by night; but the sins of the bluff Hanoverian period have a certain innocence about them; one can see that the heroines of Miss Burney's novels have never

let their teeth quite meet in the apple of knowledge. Now-a-days we should have to dive very deep into the country wilderness to meet such a gem of simplicity. Ah! we travel a thousand miles for a wife, and think nothing of it; if we could defeat time as easily as space, and plunge into distant epochs





K. Lehman, Pinx.

*La Rota—the Foundling Hospital at Rome.*



for our mates, what a hurry-scurry there would be to get the first choice! Swinburne the poet would make for Cleopatra; Faust the printer would call for Helen of Troy; Longfellow would pursue his Evangeline, and Tennyson a protracted "Dream" of fair women, while we for our part should be contented with the dewy rustic buxomness of "Mistress Dorothy." For this sane and beautiful creation we have to thank Mr. George A. Storey, a talented London artist who has not received the honor of an election to the Academy, but who in this picture and in another entitled "Only a Rabbit" displays qualities that make the highest honors seem not inappropriate.

A really exalted sentiment of rural tranquillity is poured over Mr. Bellows's scene entitled "Sunday in Devonshire" (page 44). It is the vibration of the church-going bell expressed in landscape-painting. We seem to see and breathe a different atmosphere from the work-a-day air as we mingle with these smock-frocked peasants on their way from church, appearing to have just received the blessing of Sir Roger de Coverley. Mr. Bellows is a young American painter who has passed much time in England, and whose works, both in oil and water-color, take an inspiration from English art rather than from that of the Continent. The spirit of English landscape, too, whose nutty honest flavor he seizes so perfectly, is a boon he has secured from a residence in the tight little island. It is not for him to soar into Colorado scenery or wrestle with the Yo Semite. The stage he loves is set with snug and crisp trees and happy cottages; sometimes he is familiar, and gives a kitchen-garden comedy for the benefit of Gaffer and Gammer; but when he is at his best, as in the present example, the limpid, translucent touches of his pencil transfer the very sentiment of "an English home," with the security, the hereditary calm, the

"Dewy landscape, dewy trees,  
Softer than sleep; all things in order stored,  
A haunt of ancient Peacc."

We have already described and illustrated the wondrous archæology of Mr. Alma Tadema; but we are sure our readers will readily forgive us for recurring to a painter of such marked originality. On page 69 we present an engraving of his gem-like picture entitled "The Convalescent." The original is not large, and reminds us strangely of some mosaic just dug up from

Pompeii—as highly finished as the celebrated “Pliny’s Doves,” and as dramatic as the “Choragus instructing his Actors.” We are transported, by the magic art of this wizard painter, into the times of the later emperors, when *rococo* had completely usurped the simplicity and ponderousness of early Roman taste, when the arts of conquered Greece had rendered the Italians finical without rendering them elegant, and when even the false Egyptian and false Hellenic of Adrian had been forgotten, and the grandiose had sunk into the trivial throughout all the mansions of Rome. The museums of Europe, the lavas of Herculaneum, and the fragmentary busts of the statue-galleries, have to be ransacked, for costumes, hints, habits and back-grounds, before such a group as “The Convalescent” can be constructed, so true to life in the first century. Amid the worst innovations of Pompeian taste—the bewigged toiles, the pillars painted part way up and merging into pilasters, the garments chequered with a confusion of colors, the household divinities made absurd with barber’s-block frivolity—he places his group of the invalid dame and her attendants. He knows well that the imagination is more easily caught with the every-day litter and vulgar ugliness of a period of decline than with the frigid perfection of the more elegant epochs. The graceful figures of an Attic vase would touch us but slightly, and nothing would come of an effort to interest the mind with the Grecian couches and reclining nymphs of the classical period as the French restored them in the day of the Revolution. Our artist’s persons are direct, real, ungraceful, and convincing. The noble dame lounges on her carved seat. Her hair is bunched up into a hideous mop, which gives her infinite satisfaction. Her accomplished slave has dipped her hand into the round box of parchments, and has extracted some of the light literature of the day—not that story in Virgil which made an empress faint, but the love-poems of Ovid or the graceful fancies of Catullus. A younger slave-woman kneels in the foreground over a tempting luncheon. It is homely and stately at once. It is parlor-life in the days when they talked Latin without making it a school-exercise, and perhaps, in some cool corner around the pillar, Pliny is writing one of his pleasant letters.

Christian resignation, which soothes the bed of sickness, and finds an answer even for the yawning challenge of the grave, is most poetically illustrated by the British artist F. Holl, in his two subjects contributed to the

Exhibition. One is entitled "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away;

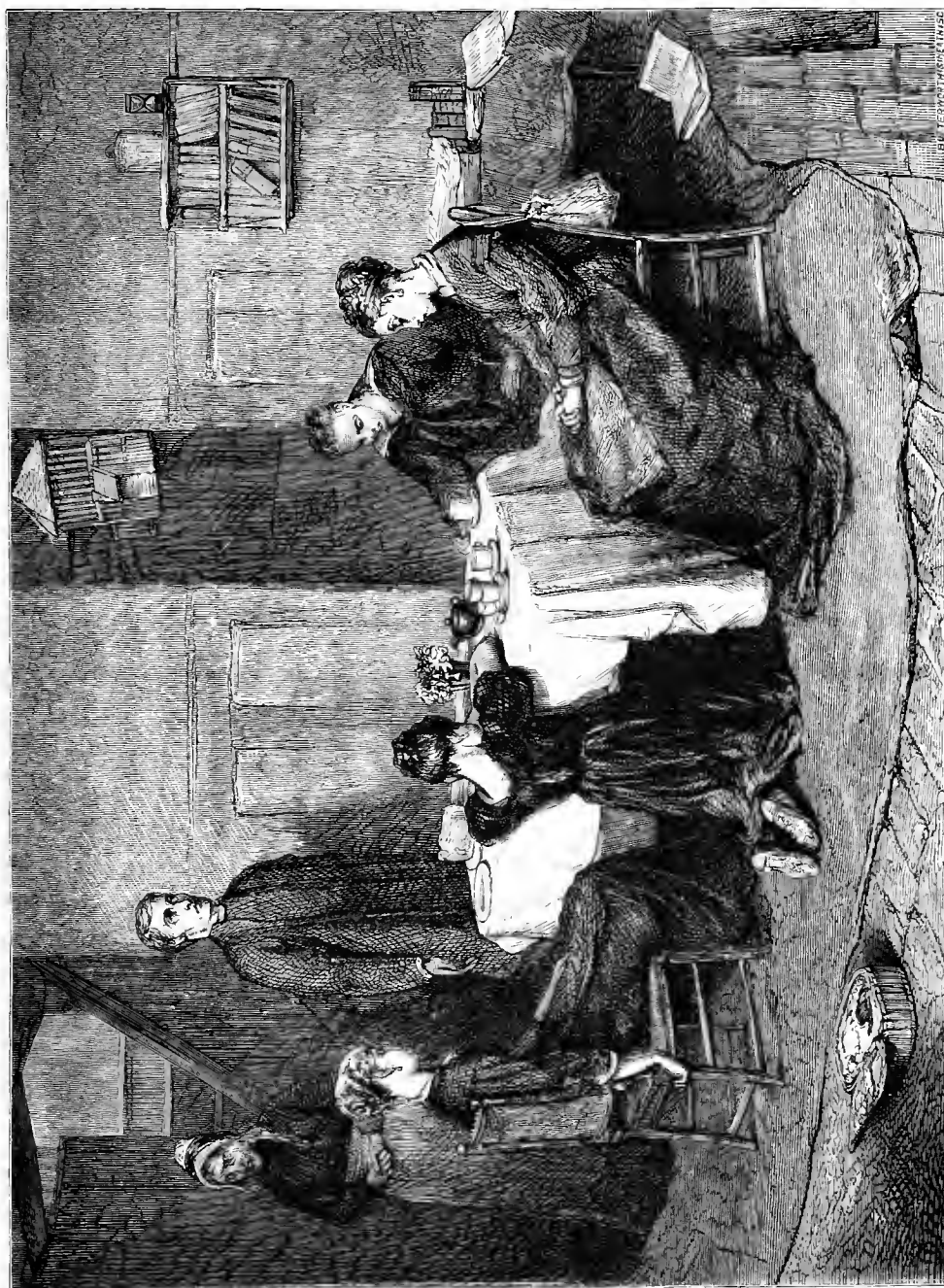


*The Canal of Courrières.*

*Emile Breton, Pinx.*

blessed be the name of the Lord;" the other, "The Village Funeral: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'" The former, lent by its owner, F. C. Pawle,

Esq., forms the theme of our engraving on this page: it seems to attain the very acme of religious pathos. We share in the first meal which unites an



F. Holt, Pins.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

humble family after some awful bereavement. The watchers who have taken their turns at the sick couch are released now—their faithful task is over; the

household whose regular ways have been overturned by the malady has come back to its wonted course again, and the pious nurses have no cares to prevent them from meeting at the board as of old. Is there anything more dreadful than that first meal after a funeral? The mockery of leisure and ease—the sorrowful, decorous regularity of the repast—the security from those hindrances and interruptions that so long have marred the order of the attendance—these improvements are here indeed, for what they are worth; but where is the tender hand that was wont to break the bread for the household?—where are the lips that used to breathe forth the humble grace before meat? It is the very emptiness of a once cheerful form—the bitterness of meat eaten with tears. The frugal board is neat and pleasant—

“But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

In Mr. Holl's picture we see this ghastly, unnatural decorum of the table spread with funeral bakemeats: the wan woman beside it, whose hollow eyes and tear-worn cheeks tell of faithful watching for many a weary night, is neat with the miserable neatness of the funeral evening; the young brother in the back-ground is brushed and combed more than his wont, and his attitude has an unnatural restraint; the old woman behind is tender and sympathetic, beyond the customary usage and practice of that kind of old women. Death has come among them all like a leveling wind, reducing everything to the regularity of desolation. Out of this weary scene of frustration and lassitude arise the words of the sincere-looking, earnest young curate: “The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away;” he stands by the robbed fireside; he joins the family-circle whose most precious link is gone, and he confidently cries, “Blessed be the name of the Lord!” It is the very triumph of faith out of the jaws of death! Mr. Holl has uttered that sure word of promise which is the best reliance of our religion. In the assurance of the immortality which is to join the family at last in a more-enduring mansion, is the highest boon of Christianity. The expressions here are so earnest, pure, devout, and full of tenderness, that the painting is as elegant as a canto of *In Memoriam*. It is deservedly a great favorite, and forms a precious example of the intellectual and moral profundity which is the redeeming feature of English art.

A work of considerable dignity and elegance, and one deserving respectful criticism apart from the mere stupefied admiration accorded to its gigantic size, is the colossal group of sculpture entitled "America," set up in the great Central Hall of the Memorial Building. Besides being an interesting reminder of a superb monument, it is noteworthy as probably the largest ceramic work ever made, except those Chinese towers confessedly put together out of small fragments. However many may be the segments in which the "America" group is cast, they must severally be enormously large, and in their grouping they produce an effect of perfect unity, so adroitly are their joints concealed. The memorial recently erected to Prince Albert, in Hyde Park, London, has occupied the leading sculptors of England for many years. The *podium* or central mass, covered by Mr. Armstead with friezes of the principal poets, artists, and musicians, is approached by flights of steps on its four sides, the whole forming a vast platform, at whose corners are pedestals, quite remote from the central edifice, and respectively crowned with groups of sculpture. "Asia" is one of these groups, executed by J. H. Foley; the late P. Macdowell designed the group of "Europe;" the veteran John Bell, whose works, says Mr. S. C. Hall, "have long given him a leading position in his profession," is the inventor of the elaborate allegory dedicated to our own country, a fine engraving of which we introduced in an earlier part of the present work. The quarters of the globe are backed by other groups of sculpture representing human achievement: as, "Agriculture," by W. C. Marshall; "Engineering," by J. Lawlor; "Commerce," by J. Thornycroft, and "Manufactures," by H. Weekes.

The collection of figures representing "America," which are worthy the attention needed to unravel their symbolism, may be thus described. America herself, the central and all-embracing type of the continent, rides the bison in the centre of the cortège. Her right hand holds the spear, her left the shield, decorated with the beaver, the eagle and other Indian signs; her tiara of eagle feathers sweeps backward from her forehead and trails over her shoulders; she is the aboriginal earth-goddess, depending upon kindlier forces to illumine her path and guide her steps. This office is assumed by the figure representing the United States; the serene virgin, self-confident and austere, wearing the lineaments of the Spirit of Liberty, belted with stars, and leading the earth-goddess with a sceptre on whose tip shines that planet of empire which



"westward takes its way," is the effigy of our own happy country. At her feet lies the Indian's quiver, with but one or two arrows left within it. Behind the figure of the Republic is that of Canada, a pure and fresh-faced damsel, wearing furs, and pressing the rose of England to her bosom. The figure

seated on a rock, in front, is Mexico, represented by an Aztec in his radiating crown of feathers, with the flint axe, curiously carved, in his hand; a corresponding sitting personage on the other side, and not within the scope of the engraving, is South America, a Spanish-faced cavalier in the broad-brimmed sombrero and gracefully folded poncho. These are the principal features of the lofty and elaborate group which casts its shadow over the floor of Memorial Hall. The artist has

citizens who gaze upon them. The effect of the group as we have it, in the pleasant earth-color of Messrs. Doultou's terra-cotta, is quite unique—something more exquisite and piquant than that of white marble, with which the eye becomes satiated after a long course of civic monuments.

English rustic life is well-depicted in Constable's painting of "The Lock"



*Sculpture by Signor Corti.*

*Lucifer.*

worked in such evident sympathy with and admiration for the Spirit of American institutions that he deserves the most gracious recognition of this country; the original of this mighty group, beheld by all who pass under the marble arch and stroll towards the Serpentine, is a perpetual appeal for Constitutional Liberty, as we understand it; and the lesson taught by those sister statues, who though crownless subdue the rugged forces of the West, is not lost upon the thronging

(page 37), which is a piece of good fortune for us to keep for awhile in America. The importance of John Constable's influence and example cannot possibly be over-estimated in the progress of landscape art throughout England



*Sculpture by Egidio Pozzi.*

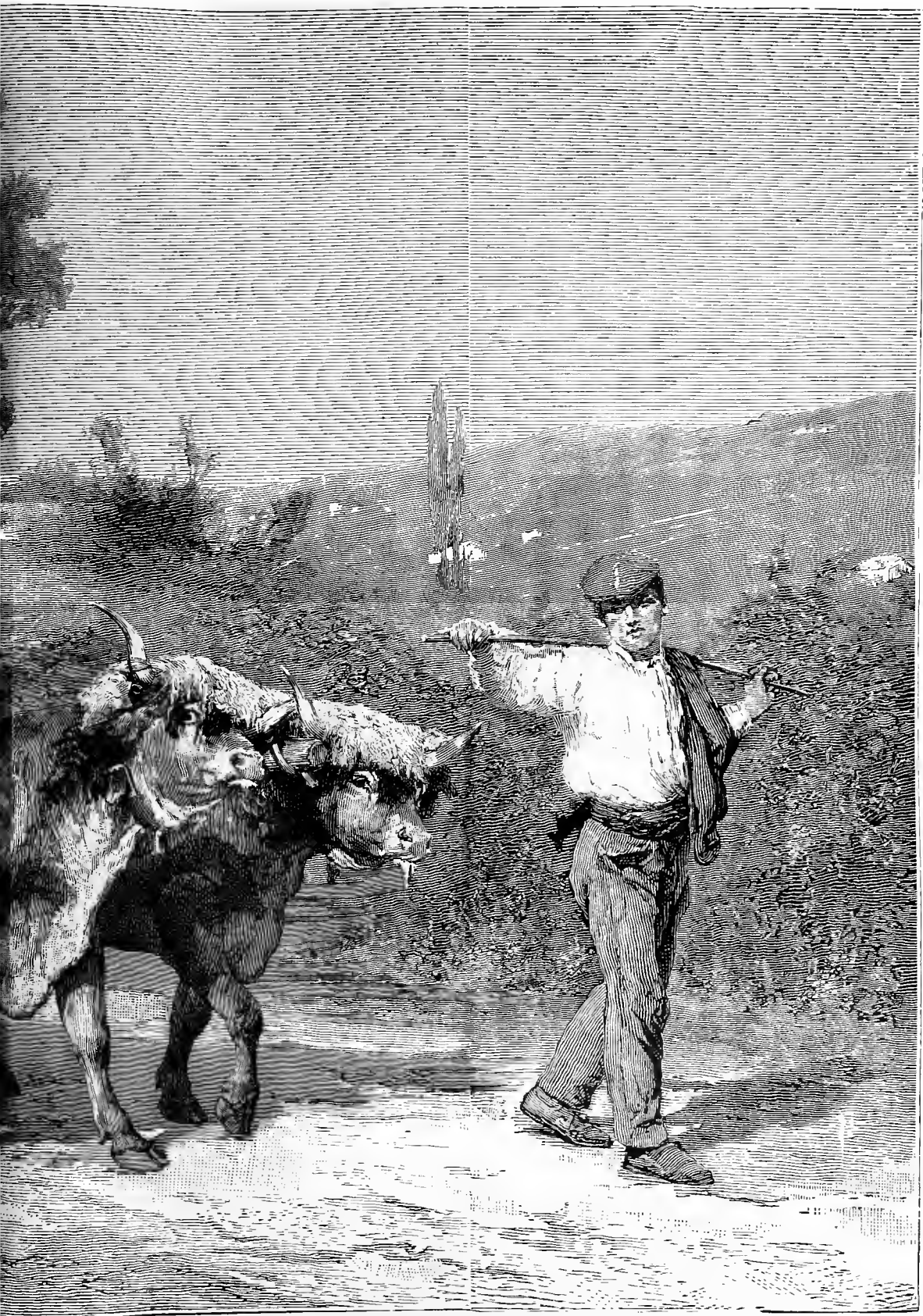
*The Youth of Michael Angelo.*

and the Continent. His effect on art is in fact, considerably greater than that of Turner, because, while Turner's individuality cannot be imitated to any





F. A. Bridgeman, F.R.S.



ing in the Corn.

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advantage, the discoveries of Constable are not altogether uncopiable. He was born at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, in 1776, and died at his home in Charlotte Street, London, on the first of April, 1837, with Southey's "Cowper," which he had been reading an hour before his death, lying at the bed-head on a table. Constable found landscape composition enthralled in the noble formality of Gainsborough and Wilson; by paying attention to nature, and not to any school, he invented a manner of his own, expressed certain phases as they had never been expressed before, and left behind him a body of works which were the code of a new faith in art. The mannered landscapes of his predecessor, Wilson, in England, have just the same relation to real scenery that the mannered descriptions of Pope and Shenstone have to actual effects; it is landscape gardening, not landscape; you are among groves that "frown," and "horrid" rocks, and "nodding" mountains, and all those other curiosities that are never found in nature by those who really love her, but are invariably lent to her by artists of the drop-curtain sort; at the same time, on the Continent, the grand but baleful influence of Poussin had set all the world to formalizing nature, and that of Claude had established his precedent of artful symmetry among those who could never reach his golden air. It was for Constable to charm away the whole world from the shrines of these divinities, and they are empty to this very day. His fresh and flashing style, so true to a single aspect of European climate, set every painter to looking, not upon antique bas-reliefs and Italian ruins, but right into the open, windy, showery, capricious sky, and among the dewy grasses underfoot. He made the lush and humid leaves twinkle with sense of growth and stirring life and mounting sap. He sent the scudding clouds flashing and darkening across the changeable sky; he swept this sky with rocking branches and tufted ripples of foliage. Although not altogether unappreciated during his lifetime, his fame has immensely increased since his death; along with "Old Crome" and Bonington, he enjoys a sort of posthumous elevation to the peerage; his slightest works are sought out like gold, and even the gallery of the Louvre, so very chary of credit to English art, has recently received with pride two or three of his pictures—one of them a very noble study of a sea-beach swept with shadows from a storm—and hung them in positions of honor. He is the true progenitor of such eminent landscapists as Troyon, Rousseau, Français, Dupré, and even Daubigny—some of

whom find their fortune in appropriating a mere corner of his mantle. "Among all landscape-painters, ancient or modern," says the celebrated C. R. Leslie, "no one carries me so entirely to nature; and I can truly say that since I have known his works I have never looked at a tree or the sky without being reminded of him." In his personal character Constable was winning, and conquered the most unpromising material to his allegiance; he would say to a London cabby, "Now, my good fellow, drive me a shilling fare towards so and so, and don't cheat yourself." Constable's picture at the Exposition, generously lent by the Royal Academy, is an important example. One of his flashing skies, summing up the whole quarrel between storm and sunshine, occupies the upper half; against this lean a couple of vigorous, riotous-looking trees, half-drunk with potations of superabundant English moisture. Both these features are *modelled*: the sky shows as much light and shade as a study of sculpture, and the trees are moulded into their natural dome-like forms, with play of light and shade on the mass; in such a scene, an inferior painter is tempted either to keep his sky very thin, in order to get it well back from the invading trees, or else, if the sky has much variegation, to turn his trees into a mere dark screen, perfectly flat, so as easily to insure the desired contrast and difference of values. Constable boldly moulds his clouds, and vigorously lights the sunward edges of his trees, trusting to his close copywork of nature to get his firmament fifty miles away. A man in a boat is guiding the prow by means of a rope passing around a post through the brimming reservoir of the lock, which the care-taker is raising with a lever applied to the gate. Beyond stretches a level view of a flat country, of which a considerable stretch is commanded from the elevation of the race-bank. In spirit and idea it is all English—homely, familiar, dew-bathed, and tender. It reminds us, in temper, feeling and gratitude, of the lines in Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis":

"Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,  
Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns  
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?  
The signal-elm that looks on Isley Downs,  
The vale, the three lone wears, the youthful Thames?"

In the crowded vegetation with which he fills the foreground of this picture, Constable is all himself. Without pedantic analysis of forms and genera, with-

out that close attention to vegetable minutiae which invariably turns landscape art into botany, and destroys the higher truths of atmosphere, the painter gives with great success the vital principle of weed-growth—the confusion, the struggle for light and air, the soft brushing of leaf against leaf surcharged with moisture. This ardent study of a great inventor's, "The Lock," is twice noteworthy: first as it hangs, as a hit at nature taken on the fly, and second as a document, showing the invasion of realism into academic art early in this century. It is in some of its qualities a *résumé* of the advice which West gave Constable in his youth, and which it was not his own cue to act upon. "Always remember, sir, that light and *shadow never stand still.*" Hamerton quoting this proverb, says, "It thus became one of Constable's main purposes to make people feel the motions of cloud-shadows and gleams of light stealing upon objects and brightening before we are quite aware of it."

It is hardly unfair or extravagant to say that Emile Breton's picture of "The Canal at Courrières" results from Constable's "Lock." This sincere and simply-viewed landscape effect could be traced, through a connected series of studies and exemplars, logically and materially back to England and the studio of Constable. It is part of the same movement, the championship of pure nature, of pure *impression* as the phrase goes, and the hewing in pieces of Claude and Poussin. The simple life of the brothers Breton, one of the most charming imaginable examples of gentle existence in rustic France, is an idyl in itself, and is in perfect harmony with Constable's rustic way of living in the heart of nature. Among the dandies of Paris who throng before the pictures at the spring exhibitions, there is seen most years a singular and charming figure—a short, solid-looking countryman, tanned and rough, with hat carried respectfully in hand, hair blowing about in the utter absence of pomade, a preposterous old watch-chain, and a waistcoat of white Marseilles stuff, profusely adorned with flowers of all colors: such a make-up would be the fortune of a comic actor in the part of a "brave paysan;" but the country farmer elbows his way with modest confidence to the most exquisite examples of art in the exhibition, and some of the dandies make way for him with unfeigned respect, for he is known to be Jules Breton, painter of some of the finest of them all. Jules, renowned for his figure-subjects, has a younger brother, Emile, a landscapist, in character not unlike himself, and the author of the picture we





represent on page 76. From the agreeable pen of René Ménard we have a lifelike sketch of all the brothers. Courrières, where they live, is a little village in French Flanders, Département du Nord. Of the children who played about in the mayor's garden, and watched with delight the house-painter touching up the eyes and lips of the four wooden garden statues every spring, the youngest was Emile, the subject of this paragraph. When he was nine months old, however, and before such intelligent watching was possible to him, he lost his father, the good mayor, the year being 1827. Nothing can exceed the charm and the goodness, the mixture of patriarchal despotism and substantial kindness, of a French country mayor in an out-of-the-way province. Looking like a market-huckster, he is armed with the majesty of Rhadamanthus and graced with the goodness of Sir Roger de Coverley. Another brother now inherits the good, simple office of mayor vacated by the father, and conducts the village brewery. Jules, the great painter of "The Benediction of Harvest," is some three years older than Emile, which vast advantage in point of time has made him treat the junior like a patron and guardian all his life. During the ruinous overturnings of 1848, the career of the family was clouded by poverty, owing to which circumstance, says M. Ménard, "the younger brother, Emile Breton, enlisted in the army, but after a time he resumed his studies in painting, and is now among our most distinguished landscape-painters. Pictures like those of Emile Breton charm by a mixture of poetry and reality; his moonlight effects and winter scenes assign to him an eminent position among our best painters. When the invasion came he separated himself from his family to defend his country, and his conduct was such that his general embraced him on the field of battle. After the war he returned to art, and in the last exhibitions his pictures had so much success that public opinion now places him by the side of his brother. The talent of the two brothers, though applied to different objects, presents nevertheless great affinities, since we find in the figures of the one, as in the landscapes of the other, the search after truthfulness combined with an extreme refinement in their way of understanding nature." Both the landscapes contributed by Emile Breton belong to the class called "impressions;" they are not meant to be examined from the distance of a foot and with the aid of a magnifying-glass, but to be viewed for the whole effect and from a somewhat remote position. Under these conditions they are

found to deliver the aspect of nature with a close verity not often reached by painting. The "Village in Winter" records the exact appearance of soft, heavy, clogging, and lumpish snow; you can positively see it melt. The "Canal at Courrières" makes capital of the straightness, starkness and uncompromising



*The Youthful Hannibal.*

*Bronze by the Cavalier Epinay.*

rigidity of the water-course beside which the artist has played from childhood. The two banks, as if laid out with a ruler, recede in perspective towards the point of sight as you look up the canal; on each side rise small perpendicular trees, trimmed every year in French fashion: it is like looking up a tunnel—the straight level bars of cloud closing over the top and completing the effect of imprisoning the sight between the bars of a sort of cage. The low and







H. HARRIS

rather melancholy light strays as best it can through this all-enclosing prison. It will be observed that the water of the canal seems perfectly level, though its wedge-shaped boundaries would give it the look of a hill-side in the hands of an unskillful artist. Mr. Breton gives us a direct, unadorned, literal page from the book of nature: it is the unfeigned report of an impression derived from a particular place and hour; this candid scene is worthy to figure as the background of one of his brother's peasant groups.

The pathetic subject of which we give a representation on page 73, "La Rota," is by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, of London. The picture represents an incident only too common in Rome, where the scene is laid. A wretched mother has brought her babe in the evening to the foundling hospital, and is about to place the tiny creature in the "wheel," or turning box at the window, to become henceforth a waif and unclassified citizen. In a little while she will have departed, and the good nun within will search the receptacle for the little nestling, never more to know mother or kindred. The culpable and weak-hearted girl, of course, is not too hardened to part from her offspring without a pang; there is genuine grief in her last despairing kiss, and, perhaps, genuine pious feeling in the care with which the rosary has been brought along with the cradle. It is the resolute endurance of obloquy for the future advantage of the infant, of which the impulsive, impressionable Southern character is incapable; to find this heroism of the depths, we have to seek a sterner and more exalted race, among the duty-laden peoples of the North—*ex. gr.*, Hester Prynne, and "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Lehmann has thrown his figure into a very graceful pose, without doing violence to that directness of action and uncalculating simplicity which the subject demands, and which these moments of soul-outpouring provide. The cradle deserves a note, too—cradle and basket at once, with hoop handle for convenient transport, such as the Italian poor make use of. How often has this cradle-pannier made its innocent journeys from door-step to hearth, and from floor to grass-plot, perhaps for generations, without consciousness that it should one night make its stealthy trip, along the narrowest, filthiest and loneliest alleys of Rome, to the "Rota" in the hospital of infamy!

Mr. K. Dielitz, of Berlin, shows a piece of hearty, sympathetic *genre* painting, in the subject we illustrate on page 41, entitled "I and my Pipe."

This fine young Bavarian peasant, from his festal dress, seems to have returned from some holiday occasion—perhaps a shooting-match, perhaps a sermon. The luxury with which he stretches his stalwart and clean-shaped legs, and concentrates all his attention on the filling and lighting of his pipe, is quite contagious in its hearty humor. The pipe, like the magnificent porcelain stove against which his broad back is set, is monumental in its dimensions. A witty writer says the German peasant's face is composed of the following features: the eyes, the nose, and the—pipe.

We may gratify our national vanity by taking a specimen of American industry as a contrast to Bavarian *otium cum dignitatis*. Mr. E. T. Billings, of Boston, sends to the Exhibition a highly characteristic interior representing a wheelwright shop, with the capable-looking master bending his philosopher's forehead over a felloe for the wheel that is in process of construction at his side. The extraordinary scrupulosity with which every detail of the shop is individualized and dwelt upon renders this picture a little wonder. The artist does not spare us a chisel, a saw, a gauge, or a glue-pot. It is Dutch patience celebrating American skill. There is capital training for the painter in the elaboration of one of these laborious toys of art; there are provoking little problems of drawing, perspective and grouping to be worked out, and the general difficulty of giving each item its prominence without losing breadth; and one would say that every artist, no matter how large a style, how voluptuous a color, how easy a grace, how masterly a generalization he is ultimately to attain to, might profitably spend a year of his youth in putting together one of these intricate puzzles. It is said that Sir John Gilbert occupied his boyhood in drawing the details of ornamental carriages; so the not altogether different business of a wheelwright shop may be the training destined to conduct Mr. Billings to fame and excellence.

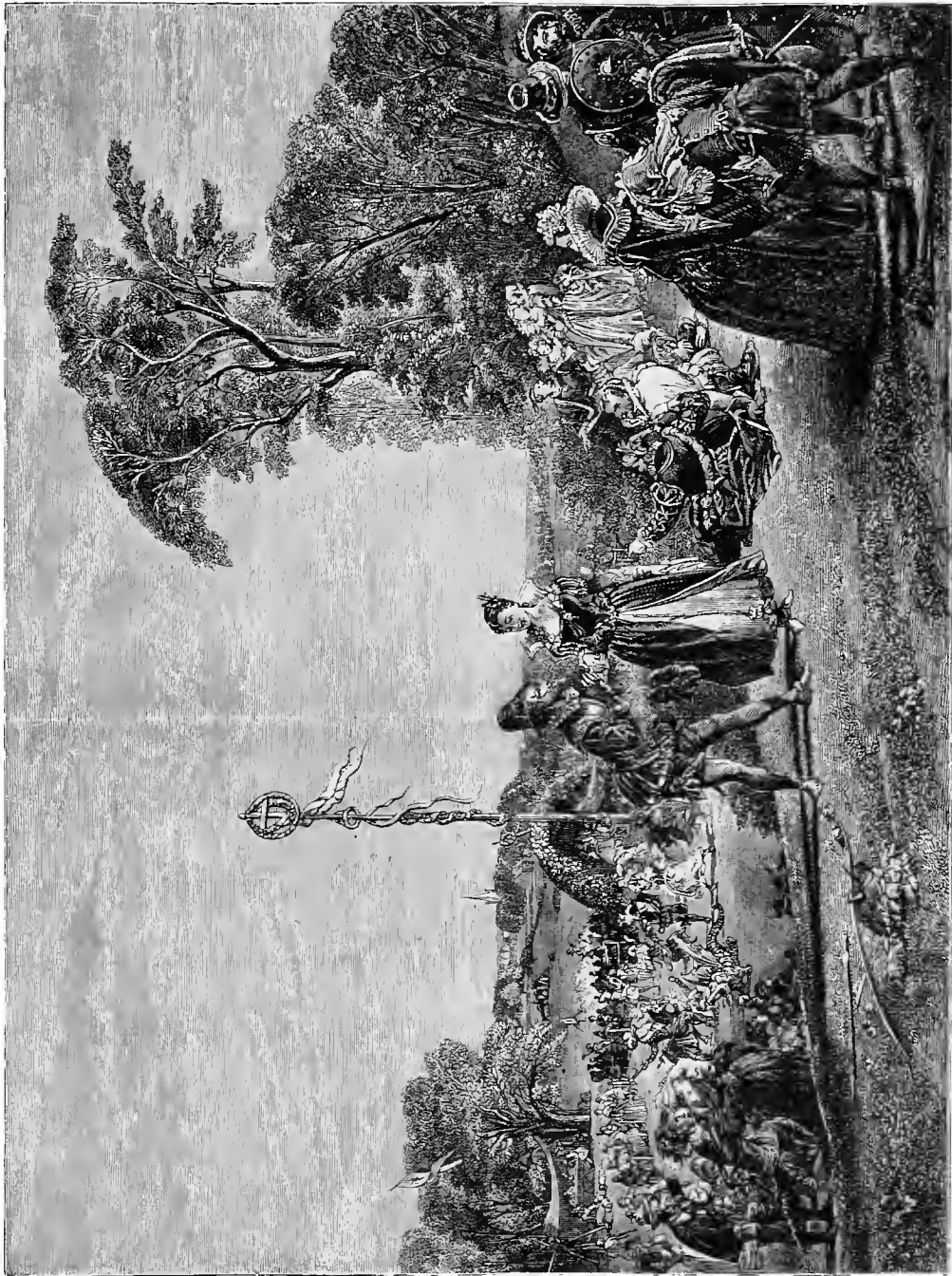
For the entirely graceful and feminine figure of "The Bather"—engraved on page 72—we are indebted to Professor Antonio Tantardini, of Milan. The posture of this shrinking woman—who seems to fear surprisal—is at first sight somewhat like that of Mr. Howard Roberts' statue of "The First Pose." In both, the foot is timidly drawn up into the mass of drapery on which the figure sits, and the face is shielded in the right elbow; this is, of course, an accidental resemblance, and only proves the fact which has become proverbial

among sculptors, that there are very few *poses* in nature for the artist to select from. Immense have been the number of "Bathers" contributed to art by sculptors and painters in want of a theme, the plain reason being that the situation of bathing is one of the very few in which a modern female subject can be treated without any violation of modesty of character. The artist, impelled to make a study of nude flesh—after all, the worthiest exercise afforded by nature to the craft—can hardly find another situation in modern life which affords him the needed revelation, without the slightest sacrifice of womanly character. The variations, too, which may be played on this delicate theme are infinite. Let the careless reader, who is disposed to pass by Tantardini's fine work with the hasty remark, "Only another bathing girl!" turn again to the glowing and delicate episode of Musidora, in Thomson's "Seasons," as he reads for one more time this gentle pastoral, which the Italian sculptor seems to have been familiar with, he will comprehend the resources which art can find in the topic of modesty taken at a disadvantage.

Another sculptor of Milan, Signor Egidio Pozzi, contributes to the Exhibition a sitting male figure, supposed to represent Michael Angelo in his youth. We present an engraving of this work on page 81. The Milanese artist represents his immortal fellow-sculptor at that period of his boyhood when he studied all day long in the garden of Lorenzo de' Medici, "the Magnificent," in Florence, among the treasures of antique statuary which the growing taste for such collections had then amassed in that retreat. It is related that the first original work of the young genius was a face of an antique satyr, or faun—one of those grotesques which the architecture of the period demanded in abundance for the decoration of keystones and lintels. The greater the extravagance of expression, the richer the satisfaction of the architect, and the artists of the time exhausted their fancy in giving the look of leering, fantastic intelligence to these stone faces which peered over arches and portals, and conferred an air of conscious slyness and counsel-keeping on the various apertures of an edifice. Michael Angelo's first effort was as great a hit as the mature efforts of finished sculptors in this line, and the row of *mascarons*, or grotesque faces made by Jean Goujon for the Pont Neuf, in Paris, contained no example more expressive than this first specimen, which had been made by the elfish stripling in Florence. "However, your faun is wrong," said Lorenzo, laughing indulgently



over the boy's shoulder. "He is old and has cracked many a hard nut with those grinning teeth; he ought to have lost some of them by this time."



May Day in the Time of Queen Elizabeth.

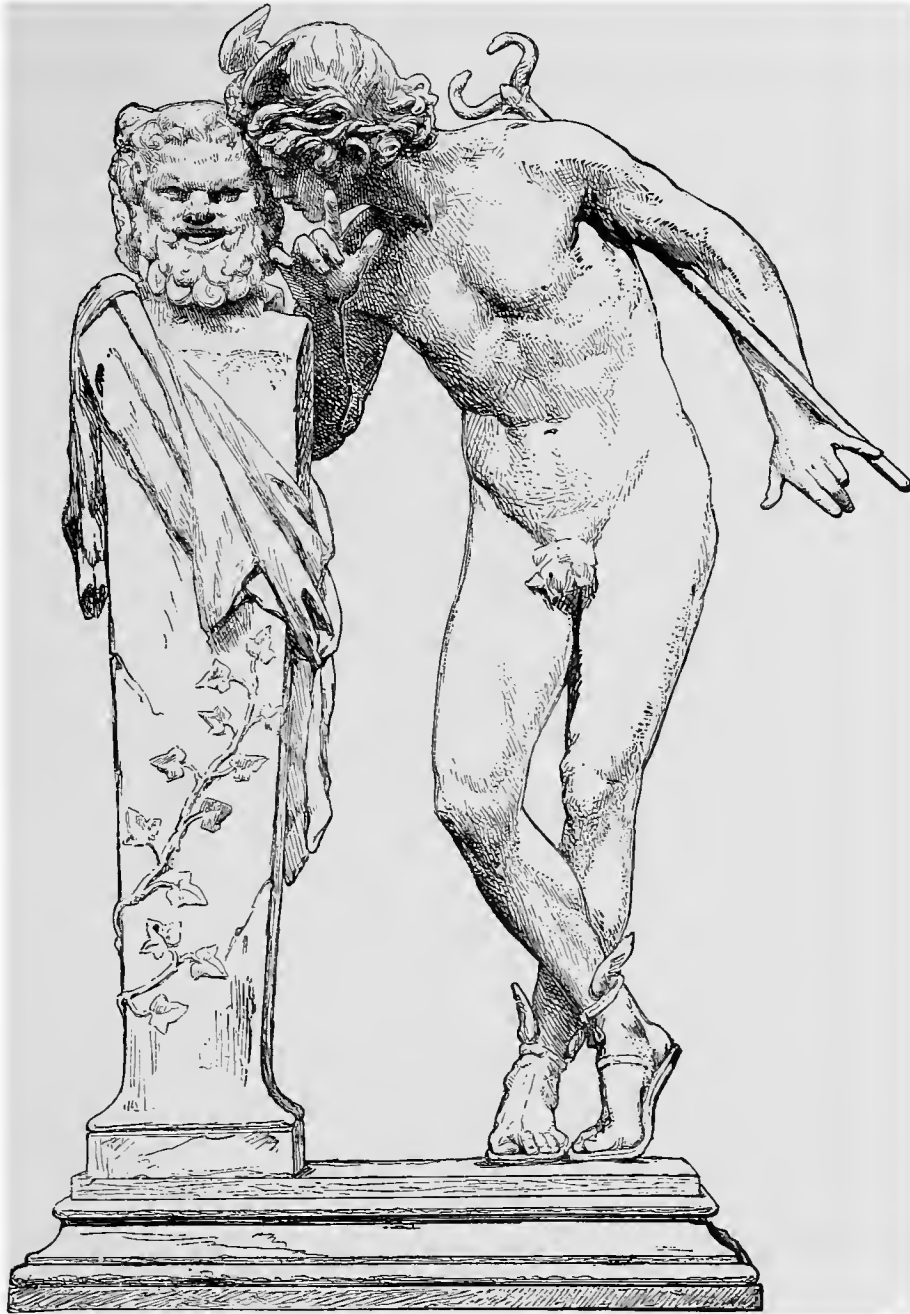
C. K. Leslie, R. A., Pinx.

When the Magnifico passed next into the garden, young Michael had knocked out a tooth, and the patron, pleased with his own cleverness and the lad's, was

unreserved in his praise of a work which now recorded a thought of his own within one of Michael Angelo's. The figure sent to us by Signor Pozzi is one of intellectual delicacy; it is hardly that of the fiery young goblin who drew his own face, with pointed ears as a satyr, before he was twenty-one, and who, in this same garden of Florence, so taunted Torregiano that the latter marked him for life with a broken nose. It is a representation of the ethereal, creative part of Michael Angelo's character. The lad before us seems likely to grow up into a sort of seraphic being, more like a Raphael than like the gusty and morose recluse who carved the Moses. Yet, it is undeniable that this lonely man had his side of ineffable tenderness, and there is artistic justification for the artist who chooses to represent that phase of his nature on which his contemporaries were continually harping, when they played upon his name and said that his works were executed by an "Angelo."

One of the most creditable representatives of our country abroad is Mr. Frederick A. Bridgman, whose picture of "Bringing in the Corn" is engraved on pages 82 and 83. Mr. Bridgman, when a young lad, became tired of executing line-engravings for the Bank Note Company in New York, and determined to open for himself a career as an oil painter. He looked like a mere boy when he took his seat, in 1867, among the students of one of the large ateliers of Paris; but the professor soon noticed that he had uncommon application and advanced rapidly out of the hard *liney* style which his apprenticeship to the burin had cramped him into. Young Bridgman passed his summers in Brittany, and afterwards went to Algiers and Egypt. If ever artist fulfilled Apelles' motto of "Nulla dies sine lineâ" it was this indefatigable worker. Now, his reputation is both European and American, and the Liverpool Academy has bought one of his pictures as a model to its students and an adornment of its galleries. He is a constant contributor to American exhibitions, but he has seldom sent to his native country a better scene than the Brittany subject which we introduce to our readers. The drawing of the patient oxen, with their liquid eyes and hides of plush, is worthy of Rosa Bonheur, or any animalist who ever painted. The rustic scenery represents to the life one of those narrow earthy roads of Brittany, which have stretched between the old town for thousands of years, in many cases, and whose bed is often worn to a hollow beneath the level of the fields from the mere carrying off of its dust, through centuries of travel. The

picture basks in a delicious breadth of soft summer sunshine—which in Finistère is never dry and never too intense—and the type of an honest farmer's



*H. Moulin, Sc.*

*A Secret.*

boy, who balances the goad in his toughened rustic hands and goes along the road singing and contented, is a fresh and pretty thing to see. Mr. Bridg-





G. Castiglione, Paris.



*a Hall.*

man's versatility is shown in the fact that he paints all subjects about equally well, whether landscapes, or circus scenes, or life-size Oriental heads, or country eclogues, like the example we are considering.

A French figure-painter, who is no tyro, and is by no means young, yet who has made within a few years a quite novel and separate effect for himself by a fresh and original style of portraits, is the artist who calls himself "Carolus Duran." His old friends remember him as plain Charles Durand. He excites attention because in each of his portraits there is a new study of character, surroundings, relief and light and shade. To the "Salon" of 1876 he sent a portrait of the editor Girardin, in the stuffy seclusion of his study, backed up and almost wrapped up with a voluminous red curtain. To a previous one he conveyed the portrait of Mlle. Croizette, of which we show a representation on page 87, in the full liberty of air and space, sitting on horseback, with the long beach in front of her and the illimitable sea behind. Mlle. Croizette is the actress who made her grand sensation by turning green and dying of poison every night as the suicide in "The Sphinx." When those of our readers who have not seen the original are told that this lovely horsewoman of Monsieur Duran's is a woman the size of nature, on a bay hackney the size of nature, standing out dark and distinct from an Infinite that is the size of nature too, they may conceive that this work—though only a portrait—attracts about as much attention as any painting in the French Department. Many visitors, too, have seen her great part played in our own theatres and have heard of Mlle. Croizette as the creator of it, and therefore have a personal interest in this gifted and fascinating woman, who is the sister-in-law of the painter. The picture, indeed, is one you cannot escape from; whenever you are in the large room where it hangs, the ripe, imperial beauty, turning to you her questioning, rallying face reins you up as she does her steed. She impresses each spectator as if she had something very particular to say to him. This individual appeal is the charm of a French society-woman, and it is the charm, too, of a certain class of the best portraits of the old masters. For our own part we habitually think about this picture—which we have been irresistibly drawn to a great many times—that the attractiveness of it resides especially in the face, around which all the rest of the composition plays as a mere Arabesque. The eyes of the figure strike so directly into the eyes of your own head, and

the smiling, appealing, sidelong visage talks to you so intimately, that you have but a divided attention left for the neat hackney—with its uncommonly short ears—that stands off from the sky like a bronze, or for the iron drapery and cast-steel hat, which form the insignificant continuations of the beauty's commanding head and softly-turning neck. It must be acknowledged that the portraitist requires a great deal of space to relate his impression. Is there no way of expressing a fine woman's thoughts about the sea, and that sense of dominating something which she so much enjoys as the mistress of a fine animal, without importing the sea and the fine animal both bodily into the canvas? Taken as it stands, however, the picture is a triumph of perfectly clear analysis in, and careful relief of, objects against a distant sky. To determine merely the right tint of that bright face against that bright sky, so that the flesh should look like flesh and the firmament like light, was a whole volume of problems in art. The clearness with which the character, and a special mood of a character, is defined is above all a singularity of the picture; you see just how far the painter is impressed by his model, and are reminded of some of Alfred de Musset's analyses. The French are always logical and retain their logical expression even when submitting to a charm.

The gentle negro slave-girl, whom one of our prettiest steel-plates shows in the act of feeding a flock of storks, is the work of an eminent English artist, Edward J. Poynter, A.R.A. It is called "The Ibis Girl," or, more explanatorily, "Feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Hall of Karnac." It is a singular and lovely picture, and there is a sly, quaint humor in the contrast between the ibis-headed god on the elevation of his pillar, with incense rising up to his sacred beak, and the real ibises, who display such frank carnivorous appetite at his feet. The ibis, it is known, was sacred to Thoth, the Egyptian Mercury. Those ancient Africans, with their extraordinary talent for finding hidden meanings in things, discovered that the inundation of the Nile was *caused* by the annual coming of the ibis, instead of being the mere pretext of a visit when the feathered pilgrims wanted food. Impressed with this idea, they fervently worshipped the symbol presented by the migrating ibis, and, that the sign of their land's fertility might be never wanting, reared the birds in their temples with the greatest care. When a chick came out of the egg black, he was welcomed as a specially fortunate guest, honored during his life and spiced

and embalmed after his death. Mr. Poynter's subject is an inferior ministrant of the temple feeding these birds with fish. Her posture is simple, natural and beautiful, and in its soft rounded form offers a contrast to the varied attitudes of ungainliness among the birds around her. Wrapped in transparent linen tissue, and covered with heavy symbolic jewelry, she feeds the storks with a shower of small fish which she scoops in a patera out of the large basin held against her hip. The monstrous pillars of Karnac, painted and covered with bas-reliefs, close in the background. The birds, who are bolting their food in a gormandizing and irreligious manner, are capitally studied, laying their long beaks sideways on the ground to gobble better, or elevating their heads and shaking the food into their throats as into a hopper. The innocent interest of the simple-minded black novice is very well felt by the artist. It is the precise shade of feeling demanded—the reverent care of a sacred thing, modified by familiarity, but not obscured—the humility of the Levite who sustains the temple service. A well-known French picture, illustrating a well-known French proverb, shows two augurs amongst the sacred chickens laughing heartily at the joke of the thing, and turning their backs upon the mystical hen-coops. Mr. Poynter's gentle priestess will never laugh at her feathered gods.

Our nearest neighbor, the Dominion of Canada, is represented at the Centennial Exhibition by one hundred and fifty-six paintings, among which are several of a high order of merit. One of the most versatile exhibitors, whose works represent the three styles of portrait, marine and imaginative art, is Mr. J. C. Forbes. Of this gentleman's portraits, that delineating his Excellency Lord Dufferin, is of a particularly close resemblance, as many of those who have been glad to meet the distinguished original on his "Centennial" tour, have hastened to testify. His marine painting is an interesting representation of the foundering of the ship "Hibernia" in mid-ocean; in his third or "imaginative" *genre*, the artist presents himself as the illustrator of an American poet: Longfellow's song of "Beware!" from the romance of *Hyperion*, has been accepted for thirty years as the best and standard expression of feminine coquetry; and this is the poem which our neighborly contributor chooses to embody in a graceful picture, engraved by us on page 61. A lady, whose beauty and elegance are not concealed by a somewhat worldly-mannered carriage, is touching the feathers of a fan with her pearly teeth, while the





*Count von Harach, Pinx.*

*Luther Intercepted.*

fingers of one hand are trifling with the long chain she wears, as if she was ready to throw it over her victim. The narrow, languid eyes gaze into the beholder's with the refinement of tender flirtation. It is the figure we meet in the parlor, in the park, in the piazza of the watering-place; one would say she was all heart; but

"Take care!  
She knows how much 'tis best to show!  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!"

Another illustration of English poetry—this time of a loftier and more serious nature—is the statue of "Lucifer," in pure white marble, by Signor Corti, of Milan. Our cut, on page 80, gives an excellent idea of the original, if it be borne in mind that the statue is of the full size of an ordinary human form. It is one of the most seriously treated and practically conceived figures which the prolific Italian sculptors have shown to us. The conception is that of Milton's "Paradise Lost," representing the lost angel, not as a base and intellectually degraded being, but as the fallen rebel, nothing less than arch-angel ruined. The moment chosen is that after the immersion in the lake of fire, when the vanquished chieftain first recovers his ethereal strength.

"Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty statue. On each hand the flames  
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and rolled  
In billows, leave i' the 'midst a horrid vale."

The figure of Lucifer is that of an athlete in the pride of youthful strength, yet rather nervous and ethereal in its power than ponderous or solid. Upon the haughtily squared shoulders rides a head of most proud and noble carriage, surmounting a long boyish neck. The vast wings, covered with disheveled feathers, are drooping and half closed behind the shoulders, and the long agitated locks, from which heaven's ambrosia has been scorched all away, flow wildly back and meet the torn plumage of the pinions. The expression of the head, turned proudly to the right with a look of angry investigation, needs no description of ours, having been so superbly anticipated by Milton.



*Giulio Branca, Sc. The Young Grape Gatherer.*

Another sort of "Lucifer," or light-bearer, is seen in the pretty bronze statue, by Antonio Rosetti, of the "Telegraph," or "Genius of Electricity." This





G. F. Folingsby, Pinx.

Lady Jane Grey's



*Triumph over Bishop Gardiner.*

figure is one of a pair, of which the other represents with equal felicity the idea which Rumsey and John Fitch elaborated so painfully on our shores—the idea of the railway-engine. Of the “Electricity” we present a steel engraving. Signor Rosetti hails from Rome,—the last city on the face of the globe, one would think, into which these modern innovations would penetrate; to annihilate time, annihilate space,—what interest has Rome in these, or what would she be if the time of her enduring or the extension of her ancient sway were lost to thought! Yet these disturbances and destructions, doing away with distances and periods, have swept at last, by the throne of the Popes and the sepulchre of the Cæsars, and Rome is modern and pretty, like the rest of the world. Signor Rosetti has aimed at representing not so much the power, as the agility, delicacy and grace of the electric spark. Just born to illuminate the world, the child of light balances in one hand the torch of intelligence, while with the other he wraps the wire cables around the glass insulators which stud like mushrooms the stems of the trees; the forest of electric masts will cover the globe, and time will be shrivelled to nothingness, as the corpulent old planet throbs within the girdle of Puck.

The most celebrated sculptor, whose labors contribute to the embellishment of our exhibition, is certainly John Gibson, whose death lately caused such deep, wide and unfeigned regret in the art-world. Kindly wrapped in his art, wonderfully absent-minded—the ideal of an idealist—Gibson was for many years the British lion in the circles of Rome, where he abode. His “Venus,” executed for St. George’s Hall, that classical Parthenon of Liverpool, is represented at the Centennial by a replica, which occupies the post of honor in the largest gallery appropriated to British use, and is represented by our engraving on page 64. The original excited a storm of doubt and objection by being stained or colored in imitation of life. Gibson’s previous works, the details of his “Queen Victoria” and “Aurora” were faintly tinted, but the “Venus” showed the experiment carried out to its utmost limit. The first “Venus” was exhibited in 1854, in a chamber arranged for the special purpose, and the wondering crowd saw the marble entirely disguised under a flesh tint, which obscured the translucency though it did not affect the form of the marble, while the eyes, hair and drapery were stained to imitate the appearance of actual life. In the present duplicate, kindly committed by its owner, Richard C. Naylor, Esq., to

the risks and perils of exhibition, we have the purity of a beautiful fragment of Italian marble. The artist represents with dignity, with sweetness, and even with somewhat of the lymphatic and sedentary plumpness of the ordinary British matron, the charms of Venus Victrix. In her left hand she exhibits the apple, *detur pulchriori*, which Discord had contributed to the marriage-feast of Peleus. The robe she has relinquished hangs over her arm and trails over the carapace of that mystical tortoise, which was the attribute of the divinity at Elis. Yes, she grasps at length the easily-won apple. Paris will steal Greek Helen, and the Grecian ships will dart to the Cape of Sagæum, and Troy will blaze,—but what cares Beauty,—supreme in her conquest of smiles and graces, alone on her pedestal of white supremacy?

Few English artists are thought of more admiringly in France than W. Q. Orchardson. "Of M. Orchardson," says *l'Art*, "it may be said that he is essentially a painter. Whatever subject he may select, even incompletely represented, you see that he has been attracted by some quality sincerely picturesque, or by an effect which it belongs to painting to render ably \* \* \* The painter is a colorist by race." He contributes two specimens of his skill to the Centennial display, one a humorous picture of Falstaff, Poins and the Prince, the other a wonderful expression of sentiment in landscape, "Moonlight on the Lagoons, Venice." The expression of fleet racing motion communicated to the sky full of hurrying clouds, as well as to the darting boat and the sweeping water, is worthy of a poet. All the picture hurries together, from left to right, yet with a power as soft as love, while inexorable as fate. There is no light on the horizon—the last lamps of Murano or the Lido has been left behind, and the glittering shore of Venice is outside the picture; there is nothing but the diffused lustre of the moon, whose orb is not visible, but whose brightness flashes and waves behind a certain station among the clouds; immediately beneath this brightest spot is drawn the black iron beak of the gondola; as the beak rises towards it and defines the place of the moon, so the stretching oar of the gondolier tends directly to it, the bench on which he stands is laid toward it, and the two female figures assist, by the brightened folds of their drapery, to point to an illuminator which we cannot see. The supreme loneliness of the sea and sky, emphasized rather than contradicted by the black darting boat, gives a curious *hush* to this impressive painting.

The long, intense, memorable monotone which Orchardson introduces into his marine is deeply poetic in its way, and is characteristic of certain modern studies and states of feeling. The fine old windy sense of the open sea,—the feeling characteristic of the day when Dibdin sang its songs and Stanfield painted its tides,—is indicated by an American artist, Mr. Briscoe, with peculiar success, in the subject of our steel-plate, "A Breezy Day off Dieppe." This excellent picture was long in the principal American room, Gallery C, and numbered 158. The picturesque gables and square tower of the town, whose chimneys send curling sooty clouds into the dirty weather of the zenith, occupy the left: the most sharply serrated roof stands dark against the brightest opening in the firmament: the fishing boats are racing in, lowering their sails hastily as they make the pier; the waves are dancing in light and gloom, the gulls are blown like foam along their crests, and a row-boat filled with fishy ballast is making towards the slippery staircase quay. It is a capital picture of amphibious life, and our engraver has been peculiarly felicitous in making his contrasts of light and shade do duty for combinations of color. As for the painter, his manipulation of forms and values, so that every object is in its necessarily right place, and would unhinge the composition if removed, shows a mastery of scenic effect.

The Düsseldorf school of painting, formerly a great favorite for its clever scenes of familiar life, is represented by a small constituency in the Fair; is this indicative of a waning popularity? The pleasant feeling of old days, when the Düsseldorf gallery was the vogue of the metropolis, and innocent maidens at balls wondered how long it took "Mr. Düsseldorf" to paint so many pictures, comes blowing back, a breeze of youth, as we gaze at Ewers's "Duet in the Smithy" of which our elaborate engraving is seen on page 65. It is Hogarthism translated into German: each canvas is a page, with an anecdote, an epigram, or a witticism, clearly set down—like an acknowledged wit's after-dinner story. Of this table-talk of art, the "Smithy" is an amusing specimen. The apprentice, who has music in his soul, and whose master is absent, is letting the fire go out, the irons cool, the bellows collapse, and the baby explode, as he plays his flute from a music-book reared up against the watering-pot. The capital misfortune is that the tail-board of baby's cart has fallen, and the infant, with his plump feet much higher than his head, is howling his





Pietro Michis, Pins.

During the Sermon.

*obligato* part in the "duet." A man who will be a Hogarth exposes himself to perils through his very ingenuity; determined to introduce as many graphic objects as the space will hold, he forgets their mutual relations; thus Herr Ewers, glad to show his ability in poultry, leads a meditative, corn-hooking hen a great deal nearer the roaring baby than the most *distract* hen would get in nature. But the picture is expressively designed and well painted. As is proper to one of these *dolce far niente* themes, our sympathies are led out altogether with the young Beethoven, impelled by the inner god of song to set aside present duty, instead of with the utilitarian aspects of the case; even the inverted baby gets but small share of our concern in comparison with the possessed, dreaming rhapsodist, who tames the strength of his burly blacksmith's arm to the niceties of his playing. His pleasant, whole-souled, round-headed figure is interesting and individual, though the face is concealed, and there is real ability in which the beautiful velvety, sooty richness of an old forge is represented in the background.

Although the conception of Mr. Gibson is rather correct than original, his goddess is smooth and delicate, but hardly divine. It is curious what difficulty even the most devoted lovers of the ancients have in producing a work which would even at the first glance be taken for an antique. Mr. Gibson observes the Greek rules of simplicity; directness; absence of profound expression; but these negatives do not result in that position, a deceptive counterfeit of Greek plastic art. One of his few pupils in latter times has been Miss Harriet Hosmer. John Gibson, born in Wales late in the last century, practised wood-carving in Liverpool, studied in Italy under Canova and Thorwaldsen, and sent to the Royal Academy at home, in 1827, his "Psyche borne by Zephyrs," of which Sir George Beaumont, the artist's best friend then, became the owner. This portrait-statue, such as the numerous ones of the Queen, those of Peel, of George Stephenson, of Huskisson, are more satisfactory than his ideal figures. His great claim to notice is, after all, the idea he conceived of tinting his figures, which he defended stoutly by reference to those traces of color on Greek and Greco-Roman work which an artist residing in Italy must so often see, and by which he must so inevitably be set to speculating. Gibson never solved the problem; he never stifled by any supreme success the voice of hostile criticism; but if the triumphs of later men in polychromatic





sculpture should ever cause the taste to prevail, and our statue-galleries of the future should shine with colors as in the time of the best Greek art, then Gibson will occupy an honorable place as pioneer.

Among the specimens of that flexible, winning, seductive treatment of marble which made the Italian sculpture at the Centennial a revelation, a favorite specimen was "The Finding of Moses," by Francesco Barzaghi of Milan. This group occupied a conspicuous central position in the Fourth Room of the Art-Annex, and from its subject secured a general sympathy. It was by no means the only contribution of the distinguished Milanese; his "Phryne," after having unveiled her charms at more than one world's fair, occupied a prominent neighboring position, and his "Silvia" and "First Ride" were ornaments of the Nineteenth Room of the same edifice. "The Child Moses," however, was undoubtedly the elect of popular suffrage out of the whole contribution of the sculptor. The beautiful child, a model of cherubic infancy, is represented by Signor Barzaghi in the arms of his sister Miriam, a budding maiden in the formal Egyptian cap. The gentle slave girl is holding up the little foundling, with a tearful smile that would disarm cruelty itself, to see if she can win the favor of the dread Egyptian princess, whose presence must be supplied by imagination. There are some wild legends, quite outside the scriptural history, which excite the imagination in considering that strange interview between the Pharaoh's daughter—whose name is said to have been Thermutis—and the helpless young brother and sister. According to these rabbinical tales, Thermutis was a lepross, and had six sisters also in the same unpleasant plight. The baby touch of the future Hebrew statesman healed them all, and for that reason he was allowed to be reared in the gynecium of the palace. Other singular and rather unbiblical stories cling around the group of the slave-lawgiver, his mother Jochabed, and his prophetess-sister Miriam. More than one of the Italian sculptors represented at the Exposition has represented the incident of Moses trampling on the crown. It is narrated that the infant was one day playing boldly with the king, when Rameses placed his crown on the little Hebrew's head; Moses, inspired with a holy hatred of the idols with which the diadem was sculptured, tore it off and dashed it to the ground. Such is the fable which Messieurs Cambi and Martegani have illustrated in their spirited statues contributed to the Exposition. The sequel of

the crown incident, according to the legend, is that when the courtiers would have punished the inspired infant for his revolutionary action, a wise counsellor, more merciful than the rest, said, "Show him a ruby and a live coal; if he snatches at the coal, he does not know right from wrong, and may be quit for the scorching he will get." An opportune angel guided Moses' baby-fingers, not to the gem, but to the coal, which he put into his mouth, and gave himself that contraction of the tongue which was the life-mark of his career and the symbol of his wisdom. These single figures of Moses and the crown are probably the work of revolutionary Italians, anxious to express symbolically their opposition to royalty; but the group is more classical, and is a work of pure and gracious idyllic art. Signor Barzaghi has made a tender, plaintive, appealing work, which takes possession of the heart-strings at once. It is gratifying to be able to state that this pure and elevating piece of sculpture does not leave the city with the close of the festival it was sent to grace. It has become the property of the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

While the Bible-leaf is still open, as it were, with the beautiful poem of Moses in the arms of Miriam, we may turn back through the pages of the present work and consult Huntington's large and impressive subject of Bible-reading, entitled "Sowing the Word." This picture, which occupied a commanding position on the south wall of Gallery C, was seen necessarily by all who even hastily examined the American department, and will be instantly recognized in our elaborate copy on page 25. A venerable man is expounding the Scriptures. His auditors are two maidens of the most contrasted types, recalling Leonardo's "Modesty and Vanity" in the Sciarra collection. One is dark, studious, attentive, and drinks in the Word like thirsty soil; the other, blonde, gay, distraite, and worldly, plays with a flower and looks away from the lesson. Immediately above her head, in the tapestry on the wall, the Maid-mother nurses her divine infant. The three heads, set so close together, express with that instantaneous emphasis which only the sight of a work of art can give, the three temperaments with which religion has to do—the didactic, which enforces and perpetuates it; the frivolous, which repels it; and the receptive, which absorbs and illustrates it. The important temperament of the three, so far as the vitality of religion on the earth is concerned, is the middle one,—the trifling and obstinate. It is the perpetual resistance which tests the tool; and

again, our race is more improved by converting one mind from an obstacle into an aid, than by letting a good many naturally sober ones go on in their moderation without conflict. Mr. Huntington has always shown a strong moral



*C. Pindam, Sc.*

*Eagle and Turkey.*

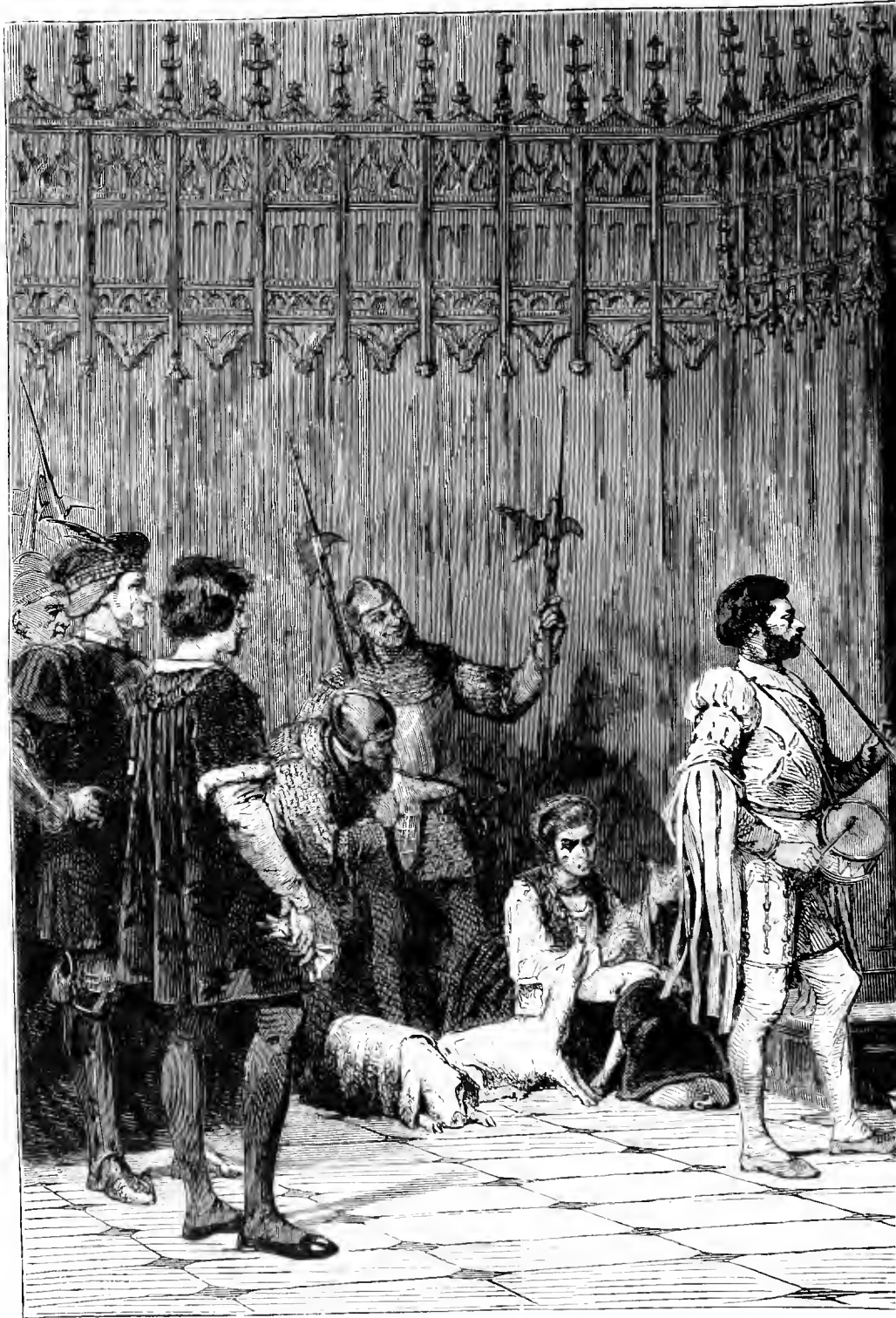
tendency in his more serious works. His masterpieces, produced in youth, were the "Mercy's Dream" and "Christian Martyrs," and for these he will always be accorded a high niche in American art.

William and James-Hart, Scotchmen by birth, have long occupied a conspicuous place in the landscape art of this country. Their love of nature, educated among the heather and gowans, has turned with frank acceptance to the characteristics of American landscape, and has made them valuable interpreters of our rich sunshine and varied leafage. By William Hart, we engrave the picture of "Keene Valley," in the Adirondack region, on page 36: the chasing lights and shadows of a breezy day, covering the concavity of the valley with swift passages of gloom, is indicated by the strong chiaroscuro of our engraving, but the color, which is one of Mr. Hart's especial claims to distinction, we cannot give. He loves to struggle with one of the most difficult feats of landscape-painting, the dazzling tints of our forests in autumn. His pictures of those mounds of leafy bloom which the Adirondacks yield in November are veritable bouquets of florid color. He is fond of introducing cattle into his scenes,—usually contrasting the colors of the animals strongly, white against black and black against red, in the style of the German artist Voltz. Of this ingenious arrangement, wherein we invariably find a white cow in the foreground, like Wouverman's white horse, and another in sables close by to relieve it, our cut gives a hint.

A French sculptor who is coming forward into deserved prominence is H. Moulin, of whose bronze statue called "A Secret from on High" we give a bold sketch on page 97. This capital work, after exciting unfeigned admiration at a late Paris *salon*, has crossed the seas to become one of the favorites of the judicious in the collection at Fairmount Park. The elastic poise of the Mercury, conveying the sense of Shakespeare's line,

"New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"

indicates admirably the levity of the messenger-god; it seems to be with difficulty that his figure can touch the earth. Bending gently, he confides his communication to a terminal image of a satyr, which will presently be consulted as an oracle by some credulous mortal. We can fancy the answer, quite satiric, which the grinning figure will give. The form of Mercury in this bronze is really a masterpiece of simplicity and grace. The natural every-day action of the hand which confines the caduceus, the expressive pointing movement of the other hand, the whole play and gathering in of the slender young muscles





entertainment.



which slip into each other and give the body a sinuous ease and an arching grace as of an erecting serpent, are truly beautiful and rare. Among the very great number of excellent studies of adolescence achieved by modern French sculptors, this elegant figure deserves to keep a high rank.

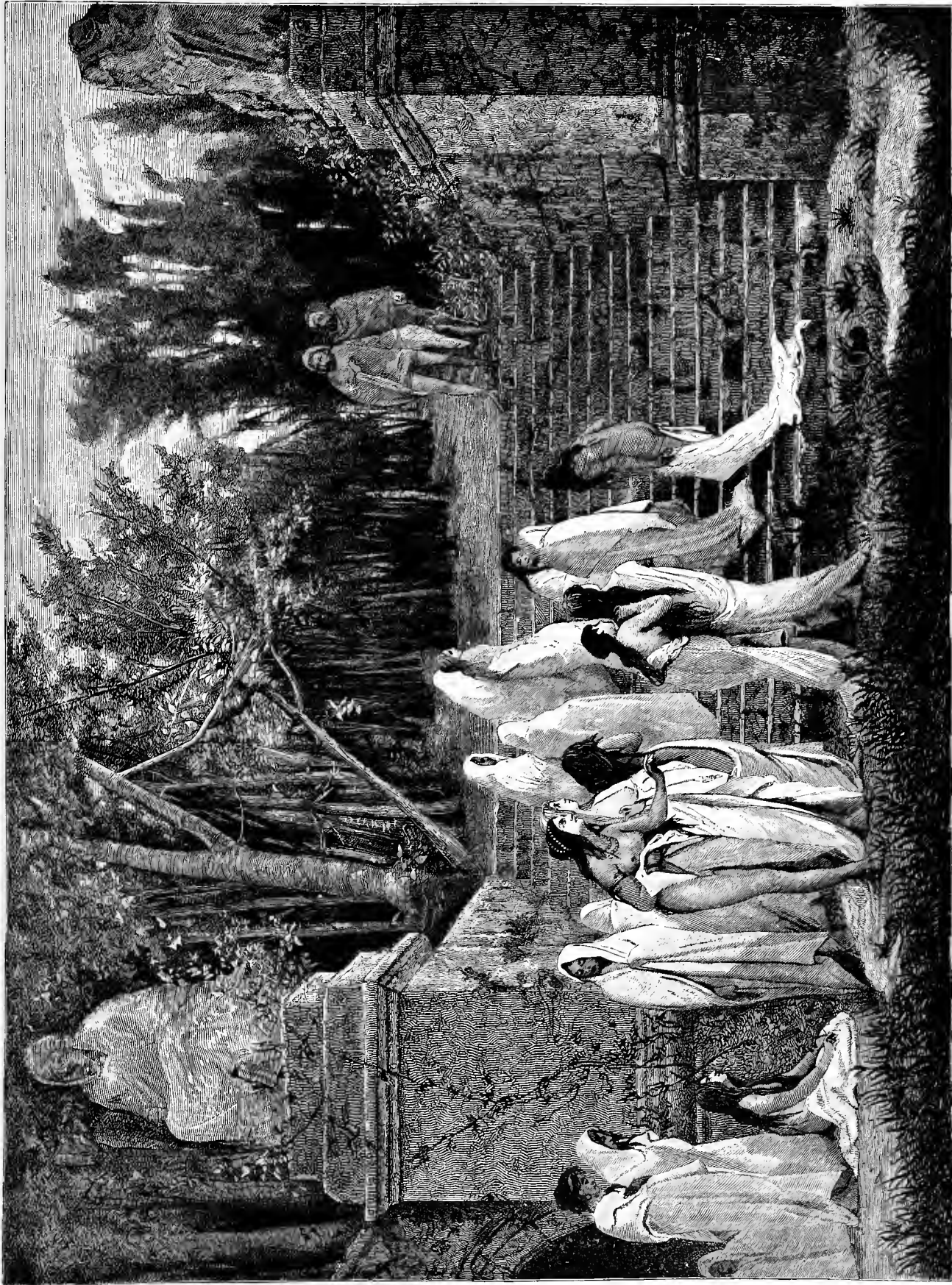
Of M. Feyin-Perrin's gentle and thoughtful painting called "Melancholy" (page 57), what need be said, but to cite Milton's immortal numbers? That writer's exquisite "Penseroso" is a young man's poem; it breathes the sweet captious sadness of youth, which is a fantasy of mood, not a necessity of experience. As we look at the picture, the unforgettable couplets come stealing involuntarily into the thoughts:

"Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step and musing gait  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble!"

In the painting, as in the poem, the sentiment is supplied half by the figure and half by the landscape. Milton instances the inimitably close, private, world-excluding, thought-compelling effect of a "still shower," "with minute drops from off the eves." The painter, not less impressive, gives us the brooding air of twilight in a wide landscape, where there is not a bird nor a flower, but only the descending wings of crisping leaves to divide the air and stir the tideless pool. Besides the "Melancholy," with its title borrowed from Dürer's most poetical engraving, M. Feyen-Perrin contributed to Memorial Hall an "Antique Dance," with a dozen graceful female forms, and a "Mother and Child," representing a fisherman's wife tossing her infant on the sea-shore.

Another French painter has taken his inspiration from England. M. G. Castiglione, of Paris, inspired by the antique manorial beauty of the celebrated Haddon Hall, has studied its fine façade and verdant terrace, which he makes the scene of an incident in the Cromwellian wars. Our large engraving on pages 98 and 99 gives an accurate idea of this interesting picture. One of Oliver's ironsides comes with a search-warrant upon that lawn, sacred heretofore to aristocratic mirth, games of tennis, and feudal hospitality. Perhaps the hospitality to-day has been compromisingly generous; some royalist refugee, whom it is treason to keep, may be peeping from one of the countless windows of





*The Evocation of Souls.*

*K. Fontana. Pinx.*

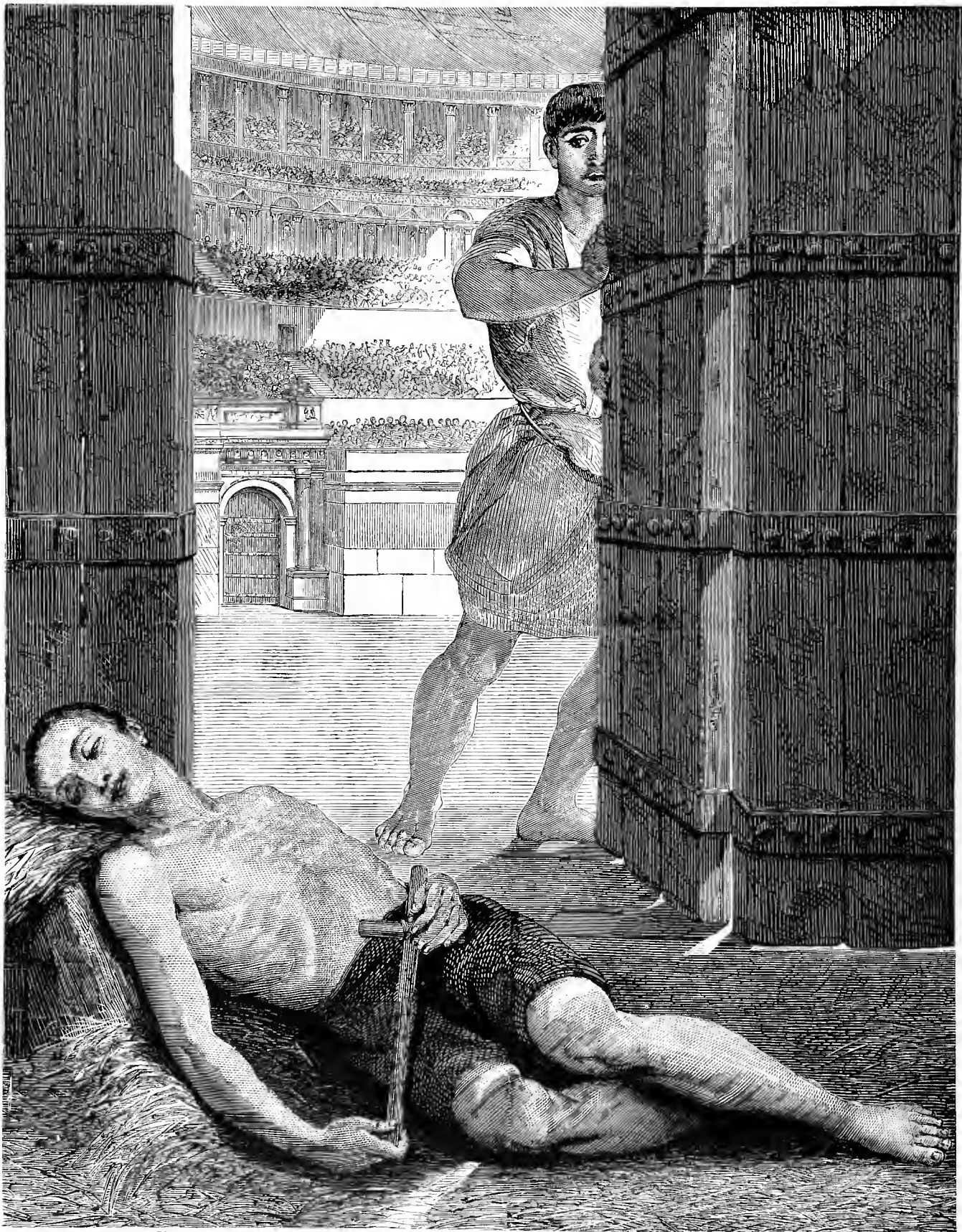
the lofty Hall. Whatever the special incident may be, the painter has succeeded in giving a piquant human interest to the grand old walls and stately parterre. The party surprised by the entrance of the roundhead soldier is a gay and stately one, giving the artist opportunity to show his knowledge of costume and manners in the brilliant epoch he represents. Nothing—not even a herd of dappled deer—could so picturesquely dot the lovely glades of the foreground as these stately, bright-robed figures of the historic past. M. Castiglione paints with a crisp, finished touch of uncommon delicacy and exactness. Choosing a theme exactly in the vein of some of the English water-colorists and anecdote-painters, he gives it that air of novelty and fresh candor which is often conferred on a subject when a foreign commentator approaches and makes his statement. His picture is comparatively large, considering the scrupulous minuteness of its touches, and it deserves the elaborate copy which we have caused to be presented to our readers.

The paintings sent from Italy made a comparatively feeble effect, falling behind the sculpture in impressiveness and *accent*. Many of the large canvases were the work of professors, who are growing rather fusty, and the flaming band of brilliant colorists who have sprung up in Rome around the very ashes of Fortuny, and who call themselves the “modern Roman school,” was completely unrepresented. Far be it from us to disparage a collection which contained the landscapes of Vertunni and the dramatic subjects of Gastaldi and Faruffini; but a late development of art which has caused a noise in the world, and which might have made a timely and appropriate contribution, was conspicuous by its absence, and the connoisseur, while straying through the solemn works dry with all the dust of the learned academies, could but wish that Boldini and Simonetti and Joris had sent some of their audacious and expressive splashes of color to liquefy the collection.

Among the most pleasing Italian paintings were the few comparatively unpretending subjects of *genre*. The humorous element, for instance in “During the Sermon,” by Pietro Michis, of Milan, though a little out of place is irresistible. The wood-cut on page 111 gives the pith of the incident. We see the sacristy of an Italian church; these retiring-rooms, in the splendid ecclesiastical edifices of Italy, are as richly ornamented as the basilicas themselves, and accordingly we have as a foil to our pair of figures the inlaid floor, the caryatid

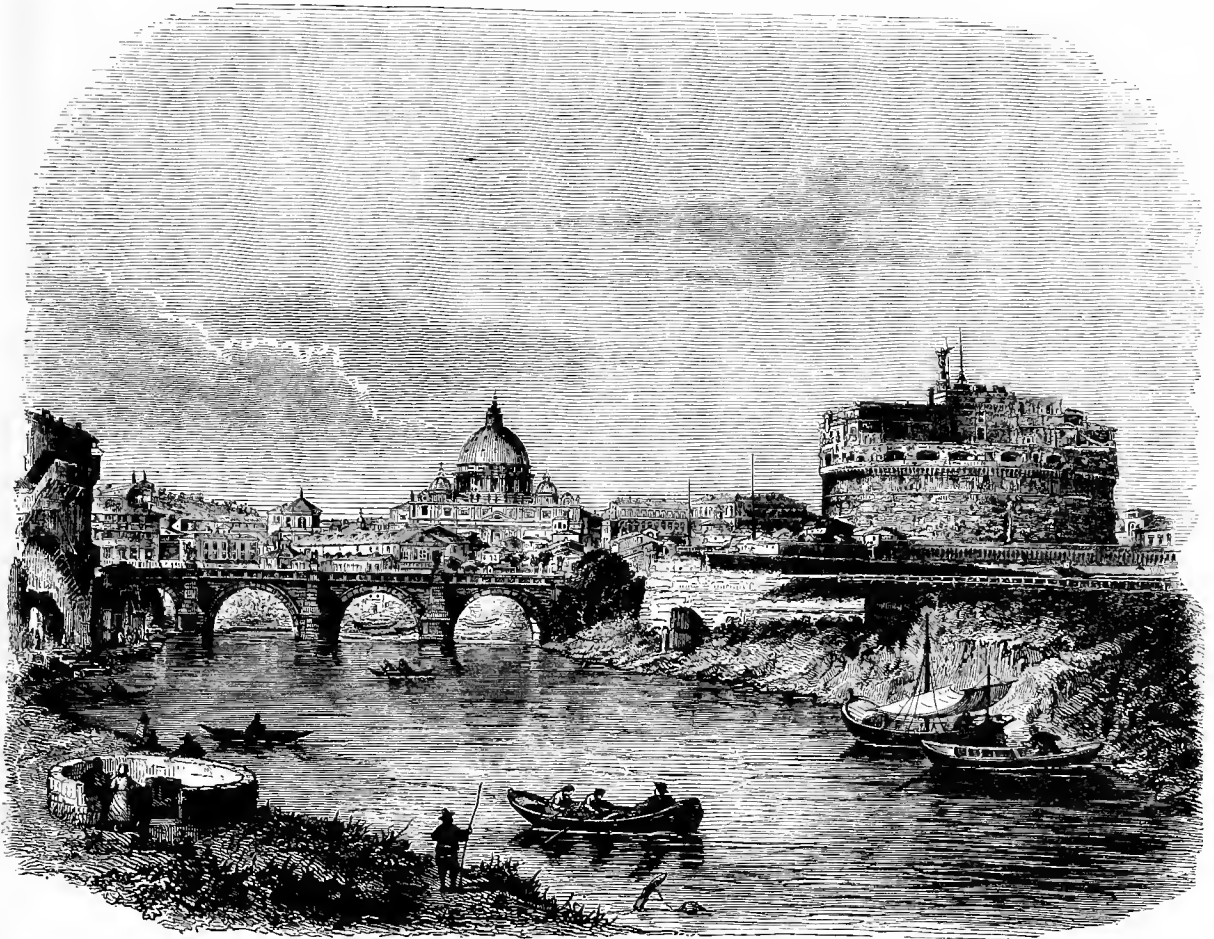
carving, the sculptured panel with its *Pax vobis*. Here, in a sunny corner, the little choir-boys, dressed for the service in their pretty overshirts of lace, are beguiling the time till they are wanted to take part in the sacred pageant passing in the body of the building. As is the habit in Italy almost from the time of weaning, these little rascals are abandoned gamblers, and the most unholy emotions are distending their small bosoms while they rattle the dice-box, examine their hands, or display the winning card. The one who does this in the present instance happens to have taken a kneeling position, but his knees are not the knees of humility—rather of unholy exultation. His opponent, a seemingly older but not a better player, has dashed his hand of cards in a fury on the ground, where the polished thurifer drags its chain and forgets to smoke in the preoccupation of the hour. A sketch of manners like this, caught on the fly by one who knows the secrets behind the scenes, gives more of an idea of Italy than can be had from many a book of travel—nay, even from many an actual tour, blindly prosecuted at the heels of a routine courier.

As a *pendant* to this boyish comedy we are glad to be able to give another, where the humors of boy-life are depicted by so eminent a master as Wilkie. Our steel-plate shows to perfection the rich expression and beautiful grouping and light and shade of Wilkie's "Boys digging for a Rat," which the London Royal Academy was generous enough to spare for our grand commemoration. The reputation of Sir David Wilkie, the next great artistic humorist after Hogarth, is built upon a long succession of admirable works, and not upon a single example like the present one. His keen eye for character, his wholesome happy temperament, the kind family temper which distinguishes his humorous scenes, and the more artistic qualities of good color and excellent composition, have made him a household-word, and the engravings from his pictures household ornaments, wherever English art is known. Of his pleasant, innocent, scrupulous personal character, the reminiscences of Haydon and Leslie give the most agreeable glimpses. The painting sent to this country as a specimen is about twelve by fourteen inches in size, and is agreeably toned by age into a dim but powerful harmony. Our readers can observe from the highly-finished steel-plate how richly blended are the shadows, how soft the gradations. The group of little huntsmen is charming for character and *naïveté*. How natural is the attitude of the child on all fours on the ground





by the wall! How the white dog in the foreground relieves against the shadowy interior, and how animated is his attitude! This was the genuine, legitimate *scène de mœurs* of fifty years ago, before the strained ingenuity of Düsseldorf artists had made painting a mere vehicle for obligatory and cheap sensations. With Wilkie and Hogarth we laugh, or feel the stress of pity, all in a genuine



F. A. Bossuet, Pinx.

Rome—the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo.

inartificial way; with most of the modern *genre* painters we are sensible of the creaking of the machinery, and our laughter, though extorted by real dramatic skill, is begrudged and quickly checked.

A fine subject by Mr. Howard Roberts gives us the opportunity to say a word for the beneficial results some of our artists are receiving from study in France. The teaching of French professors is above all technical in its nature.

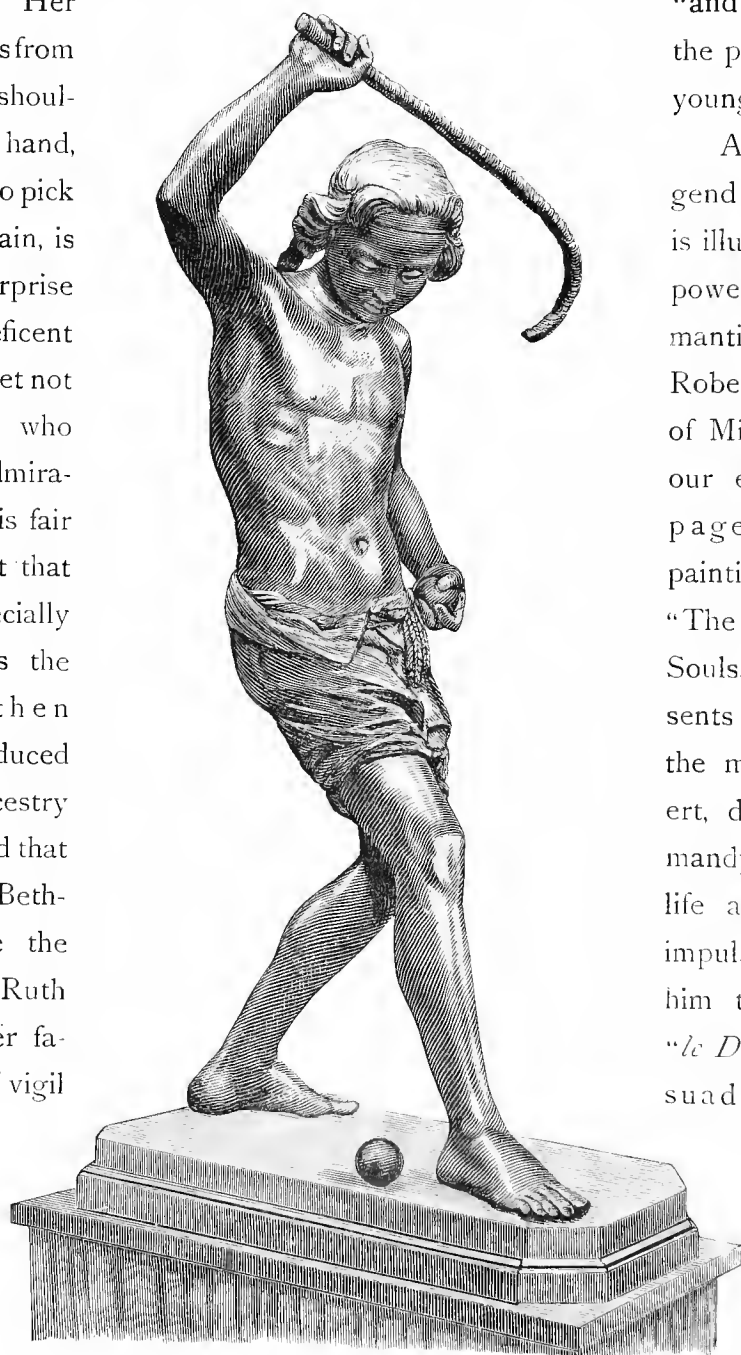
The teaching of Italy is only an "influence in the air." The young sculptor who establishes himself in the Eternal City or Florence imbibes delicious ideas of the poetry of the antique, "the beauty that was Greece and the glory that was Rome;" but he usually gets little instruction of a lofty order, and is often seen struggling for the rest of his life—"full of mammoth thoughts," as the girl was at whom Hawthorne laughed. In Paris, on the contrary, there is the intelligence that has resolved into a system the best art-teaching of the whole world. The student there learns that felicity in many sorts of technic which makes him able thereafter to master whatever he has it in him to express. Our fine steel-plate of Mr. Roberts's statue entitled "La Première Pose," or "The Model's First Sitting," indicates the peculiar sort of excellence attained after faithful French study. The peculiar subject being granted, the figure is highly meritorious in artistic qualities. The French distinguish works of this character from historical subjects or traits of character, by the term "*académie*," or an academical study; that is to say, a conscientious reproduction of some living figure, where faithful adherence to nature is more the object sought than pathos or humor or dignity. A good academic study, however, may easily include a degree of interest in the situation, and this is the case with the statue before us. We cannot help sympathizing a little with this poor girl, driven by poverty to exposure in a painter's atelier. Was it not the gifted author of "The Sparrowgrass Papers" who had a tender little story of the emigrant girl, engaged to be married to an honest road-mender of her own green island, who when work was scanty consented to unveil her perfect form in the studio of an old artist who respected her, and helped her at last to marry the man of her choice? The *académie* of Mr. Roberts suggests some such delicate story. As we study the features we fancy the case of a girl rather saucy and scatter-brained by nature, who until the terrible ordeal is proposed scarcely knows the sacredness of her womanhood: a situation at first sight simply bad may thus be salutary in awakening the life of a dormant good. If this rattled grisette, who now perhaps feels a modesty she was hardly conscious of when clothed, will keep at the height of virtuous sentiment she has now attained, she will be saved to society. It is well known that many of the female models of the European studios are good girls, who bare their forms to the artist as innocently as to the physician, who take the exceptional situation without abusing

its temptations, and who often marry well and live on respectably. The dazzling social position a professional model may emerge into is instanced in the case of Lady Hamilton, who (though not the best specimen of the dignity of the profession) was long the favorite exemplar for Romney the painter. The technical qualities of Mr. Roberts's work, the highest perhaps of any among the American statuary, are, however, what we wish particularly to point out. From top to toe the resemblance to vital palpitating life is perfect; the firmness of those parts of the flesh which are in tension, the pendant look of those which are relaxed, the proportions, the system of lines and general cast of the figure, are hardly to be enough admired. Very expressive is the muscular action of the drawn-up legs, showing just as much contraction as is to be seen under the adipose padding of female flesh. We fancy we detect in our engraving, though most carefully and successfully copied from the original, a certain look of pettiness about the head, and undue length of the foot. This kind of trouble will often get into the most careful drawing after a statue, and one the most carefully measured; it is one of the *superstitions* of the art of design, a surmised annoyance that the most convincing proof will not remove. Our engraving certainly is not big-footed or little-headed, though it may seem to look so; and Mr. Roberts's statue is certainly small-footed, as any of its admirers will testify; but a local play of light will frequently play such a trick on the most accurately designed figure in a drawing or photograph. The harmony of lines in the present statue is singularly good; although the play of all the limbs is so free, the beautiful creature fills a nearly perfect oval. The most advanced criticism of the day was freely extended to this figure while Mr. Roberts was modeling it in Paris, both for correction and approval. From such sagacious eyes as have watched its progress, no serious technical fault could well escape; and an unusual amount of toilsome study on the side of the artist and of cramping inconvenience on that of the young women who successively sat for the part, were required to turn out so finished a specimen.

On page 56 we give a representation of Mr. Randolph Rogers's marble figure of Ruth, a statue which made the artist's reputation, and of which the repetitions adorn some of the most tasteful American homes. The lovely Moabite, "heart-sick amid the alien corn," kneels to Boaz on the barley-field of that good Jew. Across her arm lies a handful of ripened ears, and she



looks up half desolate and half hopeful, as his words of kindness fall upon her wistful ear. Her light tunic falls from one rounded shoulder, as the hand, outstretched to pick a stalk of grain, is arrested in surprise at the beneficent invitation. Let not the visitor, who pauses in admiration before this fair marble, forget that Ruth is especially interesting as the only heathen woman introduced into the ancestry of Christ! and that the scene is Bethlehem, where the stars that Ruth watched in her famous night of vigil were afterwards replaced by the dazzle of that *miracle-star* which came



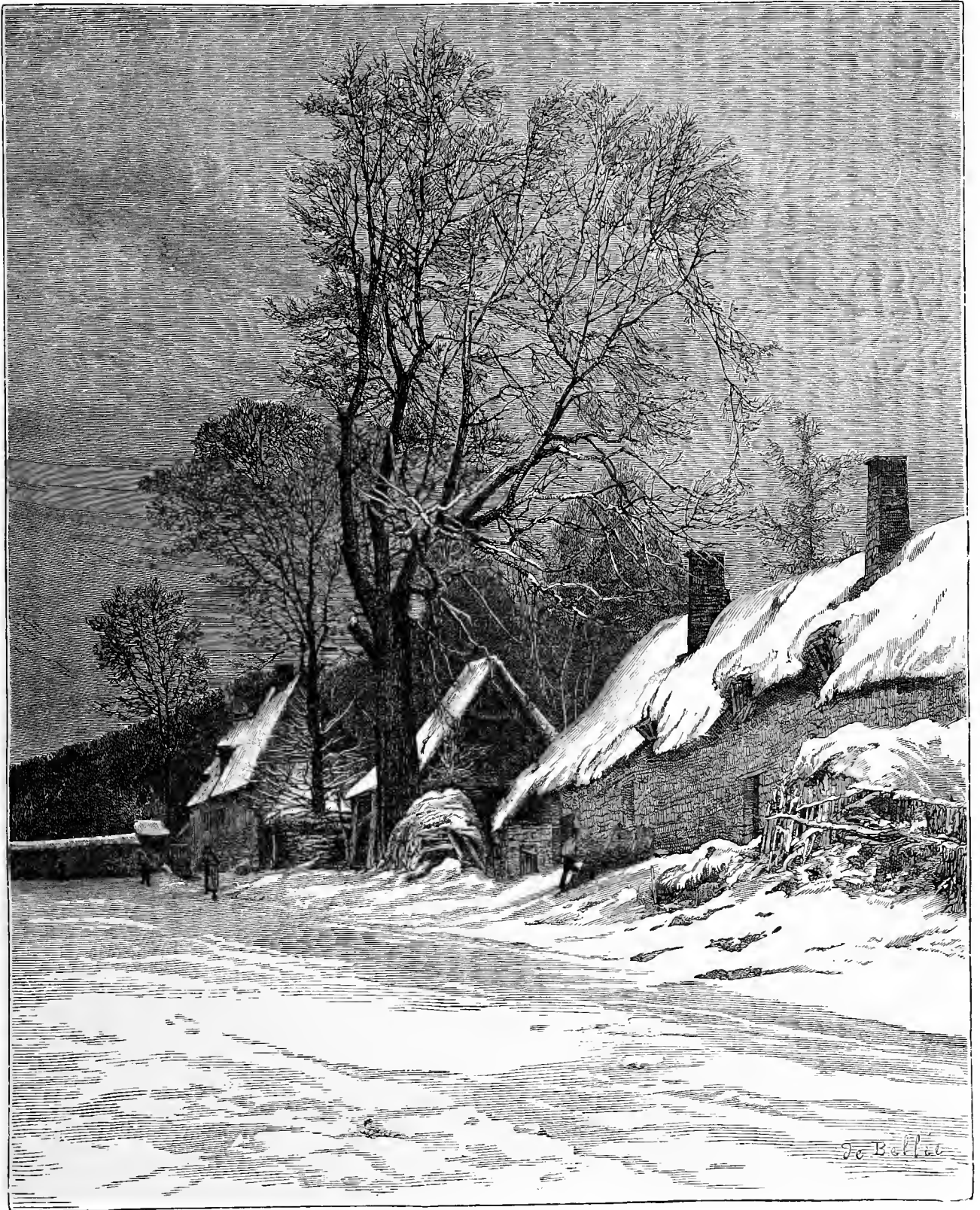
Bronze from Christ's Court.

The Shinty Player.

“and stood over the place where the young child lay.”

A very old legend of Normandy is illustrated in the powerful and romantic picture by Roberto Fontana, of Milan, copied in our engraving on page 121. The painting is called “The Evocation of Souls,” and represents an incident in the myth of Robert, duke of Normandy, whose wild life and irregular impulses caused him to be named “*le Diable*.” Persuaded by the phantoms of the wicked nuns, he is about to pluck the magic bough from

the tomb of St. Rosalia, which will give him power to paralyze all who oppose him, until his better impulse warns him to break the branch and put himself



L. C. G. de Bellec Pinx.

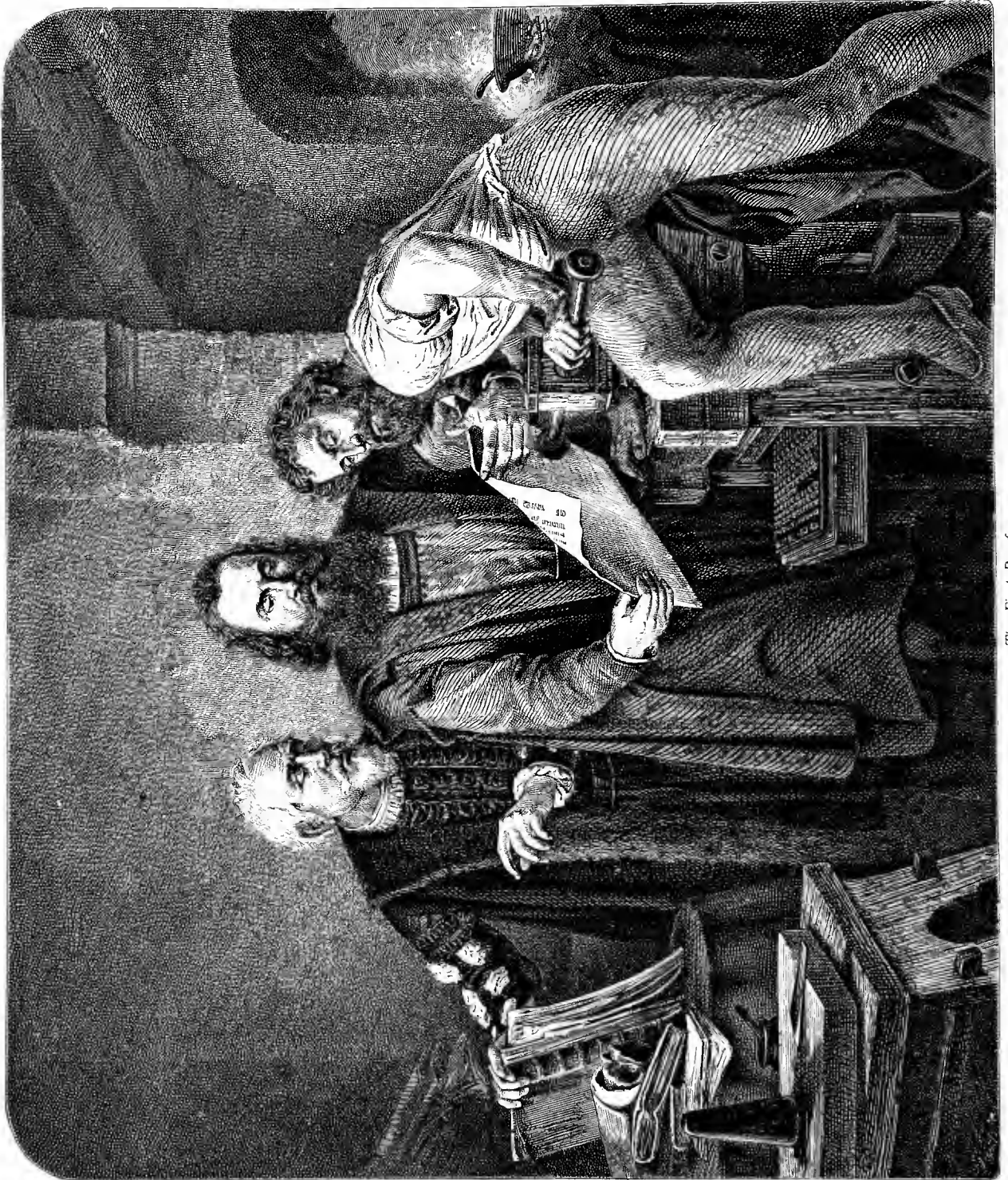
*On the Edge of the Forest.*

in the way of salvation. Scribe, who wrote the libretto on which is based the "Robert" of Meyerbeer, has not been able to give much coherence to an antiquated and inconsistent fable. Robert, the offspring of the fiend and an unhappy mother, arrives in Palermo, and falls in love with the Princess of Sicily. His diabolical father, in human disguise, accompanies him, and, after stripping the young prodigal of wealth, prestige, honor, and every advantage by which he could reasonably appeal to the princess, incites him to gain her by witchcraft. The great incantation scene, whose beginning the picture represents, takes place near the tomb of Saint Rosalia, that patroness of Sicily whose statue even now overlooks the Mediterranean from the summit of Mount Pellegrino. The convent bequeathed by Saint Rosalia to the brides of heaven has become the scene of profanity and wickedness, where renegade nuns offer incense to evil deities. At the summons of Robert's fiend-father, the wicked dead novices rise from their tombs, and with bewildering dances lead the infatuated knight to the tomb of Saint Rosalia and the tempting branch. The preparations for this orgie occupy the picture of Signor Fontana; directly these beautiful and alluring forms, half nuns and half bayaderes, will be mingled with horrible phantoms and monsters from the witches' sabbath, and awful thunders will peal over the scene as the magic branch breaks. Robert, however, will not be ultimately lost; after the accommodating manner of legends, he will be recalled to virtue by the opportune revelation of his mother's dying testament, bidding him avoid the seductions of the audacious fiend who, having been robbed of his bride by heaven, wishes to pluck his son down to an immortality of evil companionship below. The princess, too, will be saved for Robert, who will marry her with theatrical pomp at the close of the fourth act, in the cathedral of Palermo. The unrepresentable papa will sink beneath the stage, with a flash of red fire, and his orphan will live respectably ever after. In the engraving after Fontana, our readers will admire the graceful grouping of the alluring nuns, the well-marked hesitancy of Robert, brought on in the distance by the fiend, the weird beauty of the landscape which represents the cemetery clustered around the crumbling statue of the sainted Rosalia; it is a skillful assemblage of graceful ideas, with just enough of theatrical formality remaining to suggest to opera-goers that the painter's conception originated in scenic light and music.

"Checkmate next Move," of which we give an elaborate engraving on pages

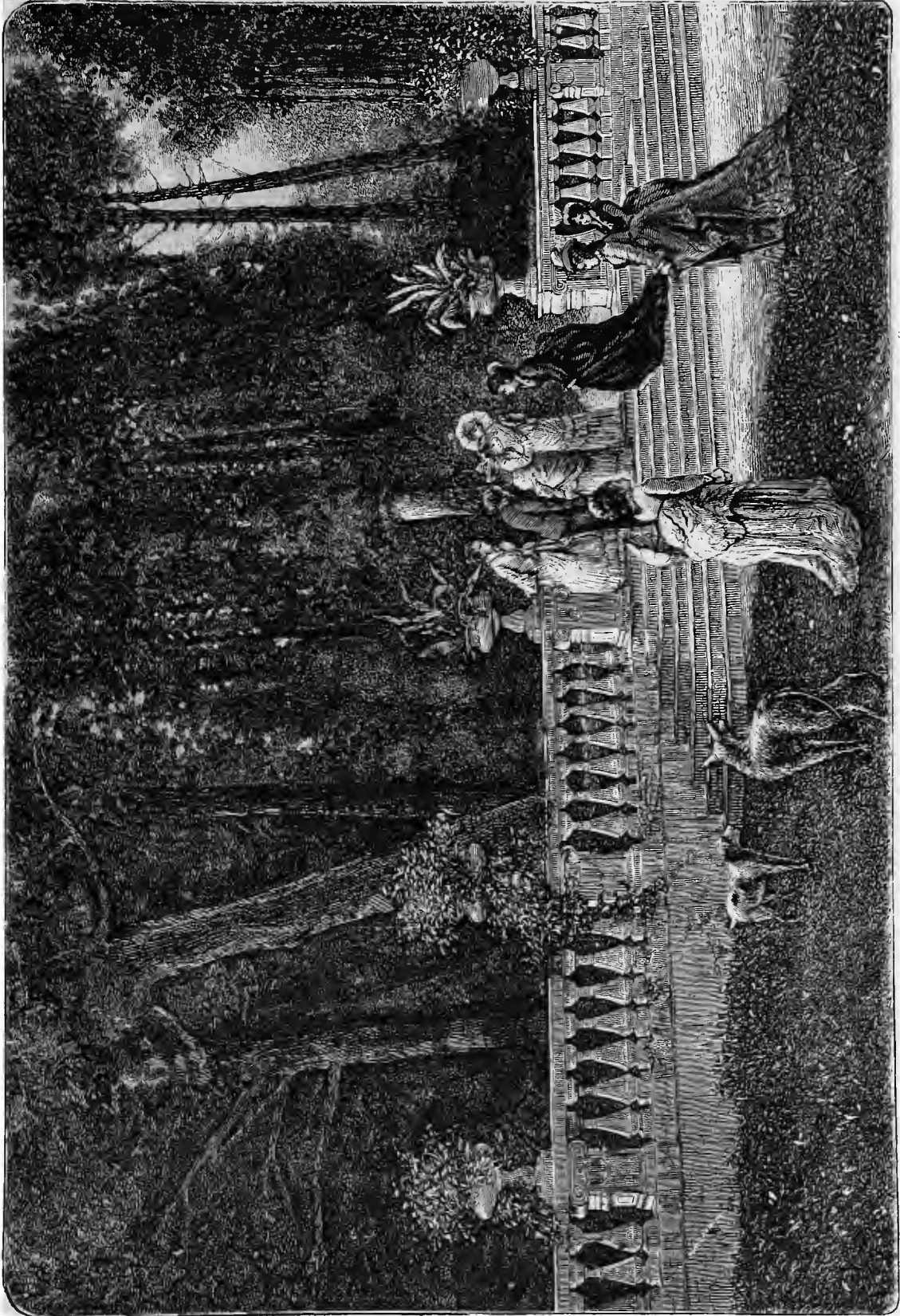
90 and 91, is a very carefully finished painting by John Calcott Horsley, R. A., lent to the Exhibition by Thomas Jessop, Esq. Some of our readers may recollect that in the only large and important exhibition of paintings of the English school ever previously made in America,—the one which was opened in New York and Philadelphia shortly before the war of secession,—the principal attraction was a very large picture of Prince Henry trying on the crown of his sleeping father. Mr. Horsley was the author of that painting, as well as of three contributions to our Centennial, the best of which we select for illustration. It is a picture which explains itself. The costumes indicate the period of Charles I, and in that epoch, within a beautiful old chamber, before the troubles brought upon feudalism by Cromwell, occurs a peaceful scene of aristocratic life. The mistress of the house has “checkmated” her elderly visitor, who has laid aside his hat and sword to engage in a tranquil game with her before the fireside; and in the distance, her fair daughter, demurely knitting at a work-table, has just as effectually “checkmated” his son, who bends over the maiden with a rapt air which tells that with him at present all the game is up. The latter manœuvre is intelligently watched by a page, through the cracks of a screen which incloses him as he polishes the glasses which have entertained the party. Mr. Horsley has defined the situation with great tact and humor, while the excessive finish of his painting makes it a curiosity of manipulation.

“The Youthful Hannibal” is a bronze group of an exceptional quality. After counting with unconquerable dejection the innumerable figures of pretty lasses and trivial matrons, the offspring of an enervated sentiment, it was grateful to the visitor to find the department of Italian sculpture distinguished by a work of so much energy, originality and fire. This spirited production, which we represent on page 89, is modeled by the Cavaliere Prospero d’Epinay, of Rome. The lean and agile Hannibal, wearing that tress over the ear with which certain tropical tribes of antiquity defined the period of youth—and wearing nothing else—is represented as a child in years though a man in courage, as he combats with sinewy arms an enormous eagle whose span is far greater than his own. Without weapons, without defence against the talons of the bird, he engages in a primitive struggle, striving with both hands to strangle the neck, and keep the cruel beak away from his eyes. The chevalier has been successful in every part of his composition: in the eagle, the general

*The First Proof.**F. Reichert, P. int.*

sense of roughened feathers, in the highest dishevelment, flutters over the whole impression of the action, but does not conceal the lines of power and fierce-





*The Park.*

*Achille Fournis, Pinx.*

ness in the mad bird's attack; the agitated feathers, skillfully cast in the metal with lavish undercutting, form a background to the lithe limbs of the boy, with young lean muscles in the highest tension, and a fine proud posture. The head is full of character and promise. In the infancy of races, nothing is more common than these hand-to-hand encounters of defenceless man with Nature in all her armor. Millions of young savages have met the fierce creatures of the wilderness with this perfection of courage, and with this pitiful disadvantage; a great many must fail; those are the fortunate, the élite, who emerge from the struggle and become heroes.

As if to show that nothing in nature is beyond the powers of Italian texture-carving, another sculptor sends an eagle in marble to compete with d'Épinay's eagle of bronze. Of course the difficulty of undercutting is still greater in stone than in metal, yet Signor Innocente Pandiani, a Milanese artist, shows an "Eagle and Turkey" (engraved by us on page 116), which seem made up of snowy feathers that a breath would cause to vibrate. Those of the carrier-pigeon in the "Telegram of Love" (page 32), and of the plumes in "l'Africaine" (page 40), as well as the hair of the latter figure and of several others, show the extrême ingenuity of Italian carvers in suggesting texture without unnecessary tool-work. Pandiani's pair of enormous birds is imposing and artistic; the turkey, who has had his own days of importance, and has spread his suit of scale-armor valiantly in many a morning's sunshine, now meets his master; he raises his head rather in appeal than in resistance; the duel is too unequal, and the eagle's kindest act will be the stroke that deprives the poor carpet-knight of consciousness.

The winter scene which is engraved on page 129 is from a painting by M. de Bellée, of Paris, which attracted attention by its fidelity to nature and harsh but wholesome truth. The raw, inhospitable aspect of a French farm in winter is touched to perfection. "There is but one cloud in the sky" (to use the words of Currer Bell), "but it spreads from pole to pole." The thatched roofs of the grange are covered with an even coat of soft clinging snow, and the rare passers-by trudge sullenly through the white sponge of the foot-path. Overhead the trees, with the beautiful mystery of their branch-work stripped and revealed, float upward through the dim sky into infinite reticulation, like seaweed in an aquarium. Here is not the wholesome, lusty vigor of a rich



powdering storm such as is depicted in Whittier's "Snowbound," but a damp, chilling, sullen imprisonment of life-forces, such as makes winter the bane of warm climates. The smokeless chimneys, indicating that the farmer's wife has taken no pains to supply an antidote to the depressing weather, is another character-touch, and indicates the helpless misery in which French and Italian peasants live out the cold season.

The German school furnishes an interesting and spirited scene in the composition of "Luther Intercepted," by Count Von Harach, of Berlin, of which we give the engraving on page 103. The incident, which at first sight looks dangerous for Luther, is really the means of his salvation. It shows the means taken by the Elector of Saxony to protect, by a show of violence, the outspoken and uncompromising reformer. After the Diet of Worms, April 26, 1521, Luther left that city, having been condemned by Charles V and a majority of the Council. In a forest traversed by Martin and his companion, their wagon was stopped by armed horsemen in masks, who conveyed the reformer to the mountain castle of Wartburg. In this inaccessible retreat, safe from all molestation, the immortal thinker wrote those tracts which revolutionized Europe, causing hundreds of monks to renounce their vows and enter into the bonds of matrimony, and shaking the authority of the Pope with those sturdy arguments which still form the bulwark of Protestantism. Count Harach's picture well represents the confusion, the passion, the tempestuous energy of an unexpected attack. The intrepid reformer betrays no alarm, although to him the rencounter must for the moment seem fatal. The cross-lights and dappled shadows darting through the noble forest seem to add to the impression of contradiction, confusion and cross purposes created by the peculiar circumstances of the ambush.

Another Protestant subject is furnished by a pupil of the Munich school, Mr. G. F. Folingsby, in the fine composition seen on pages 106 and 107. Mr. Folingsby, though exhibiting as a true disciple of Piloty and the Munich nursery, is a German by adoption rather than by origin, having been born under the skies of Britain. In his excellent group we see the well-ordered balance, the stately dignity, the classical decorum, of the academy founded by Cornelius. Lady Jane and her *duenna* form a monumental pair on the left, the lines of their drapery sweeping towards the centre, while their calm sobriety is balanced

by the single figure of the prelate, *chancellor*, tottering, baffled, and worsted, and seeming to revolve on itself in the despair of moral defeat. The scene throws up into beautiful light the fragile firmness of that poor girl who was queen but of a day, yet empress of eternal truth. No arguments, persuasions or menaces could shake that grasp of holy conviction which was her stay amid the abandonment of men and the prospect of approaching death. It is well known that no weapons than most of her contemporaries, successfully resisted her opponents



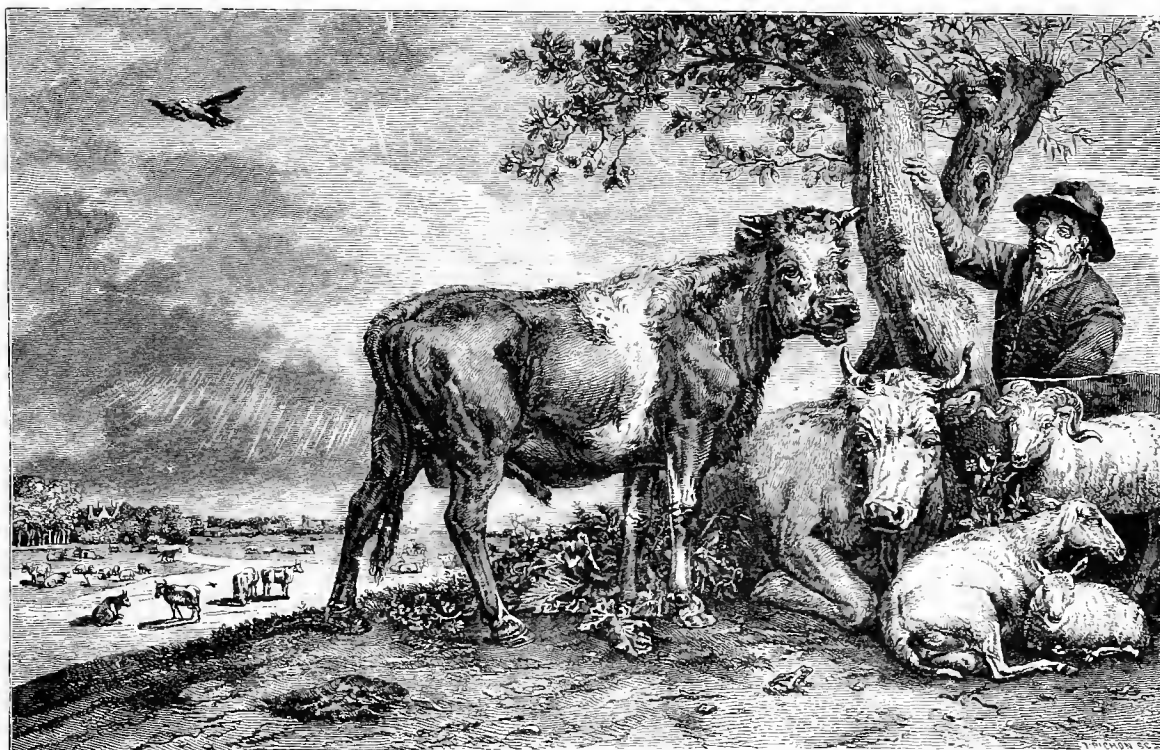
Pietro Guarnerio, Sc.

Vanity.

efforts were spared by the Catholic party to shake her Protestant faith, and secure to the Romish Church the jewel of her beautiful soul. Day by day, as she endured the confinement that preceded her execution, some emissary of Rome, Bishop Gardiner or the Abbot Takenham, disturbed her privacy and attempted to wrest her faith from Protestantism by arguments, flatteries and menaces of eternal perdition. But the fair bride, better armed even with literary

by reference to the Scriptures or to the early fathers of Christianity. The beautiful picture of Mr. Folingsby shows her playing her part of a feminine Luther before the embodied power of the Papacy, with an authority made awful by the certainty of swiftly-approaching death.

Another product of German art, by F. Reichert, of Dresden, is devoted to celebrating a sister craft which shares with that of painting the privilege of charming and enlightening the world. In the composition entitled "The First

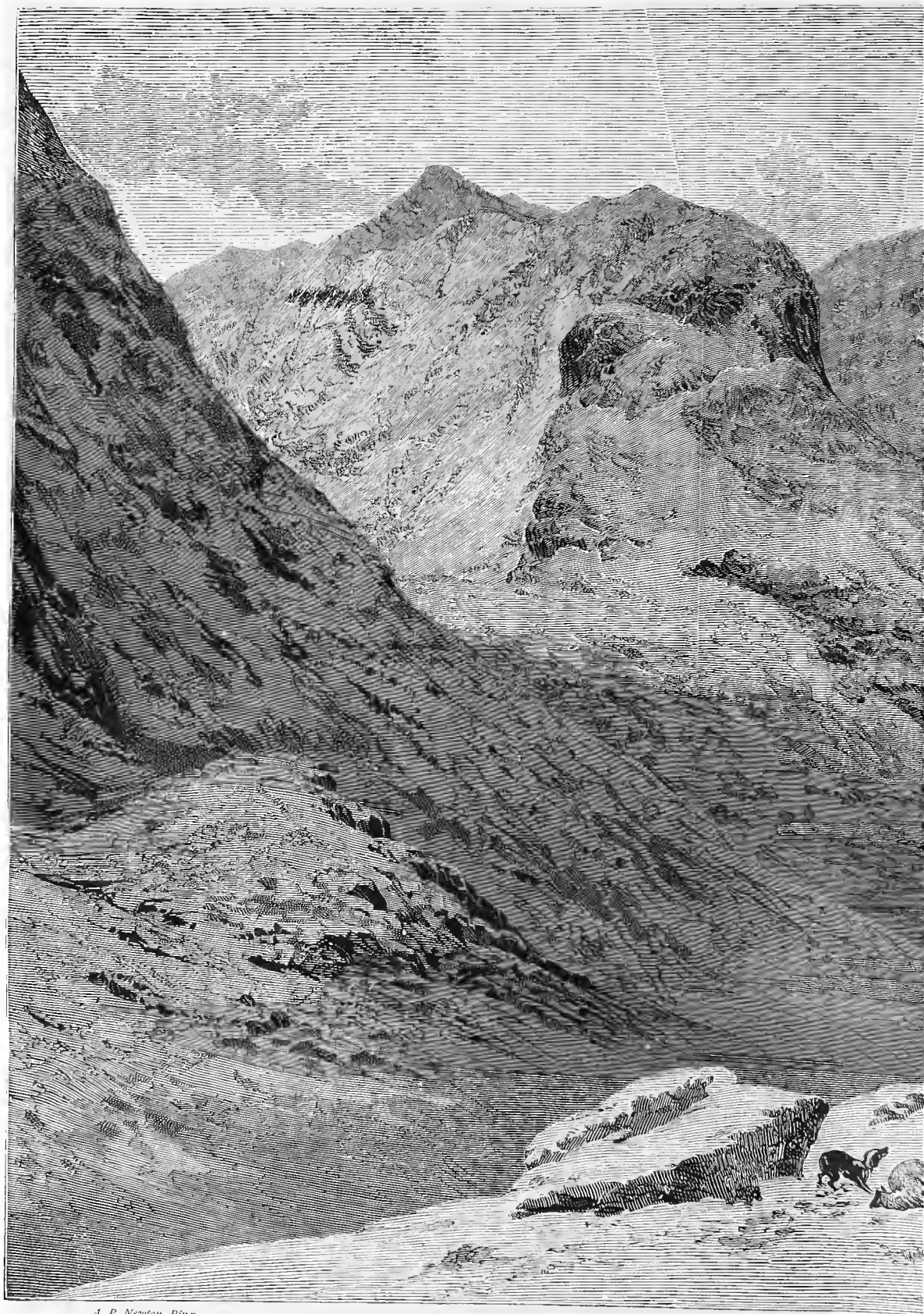


*A. Altmann. Pnix.*

*The Young Bull.*

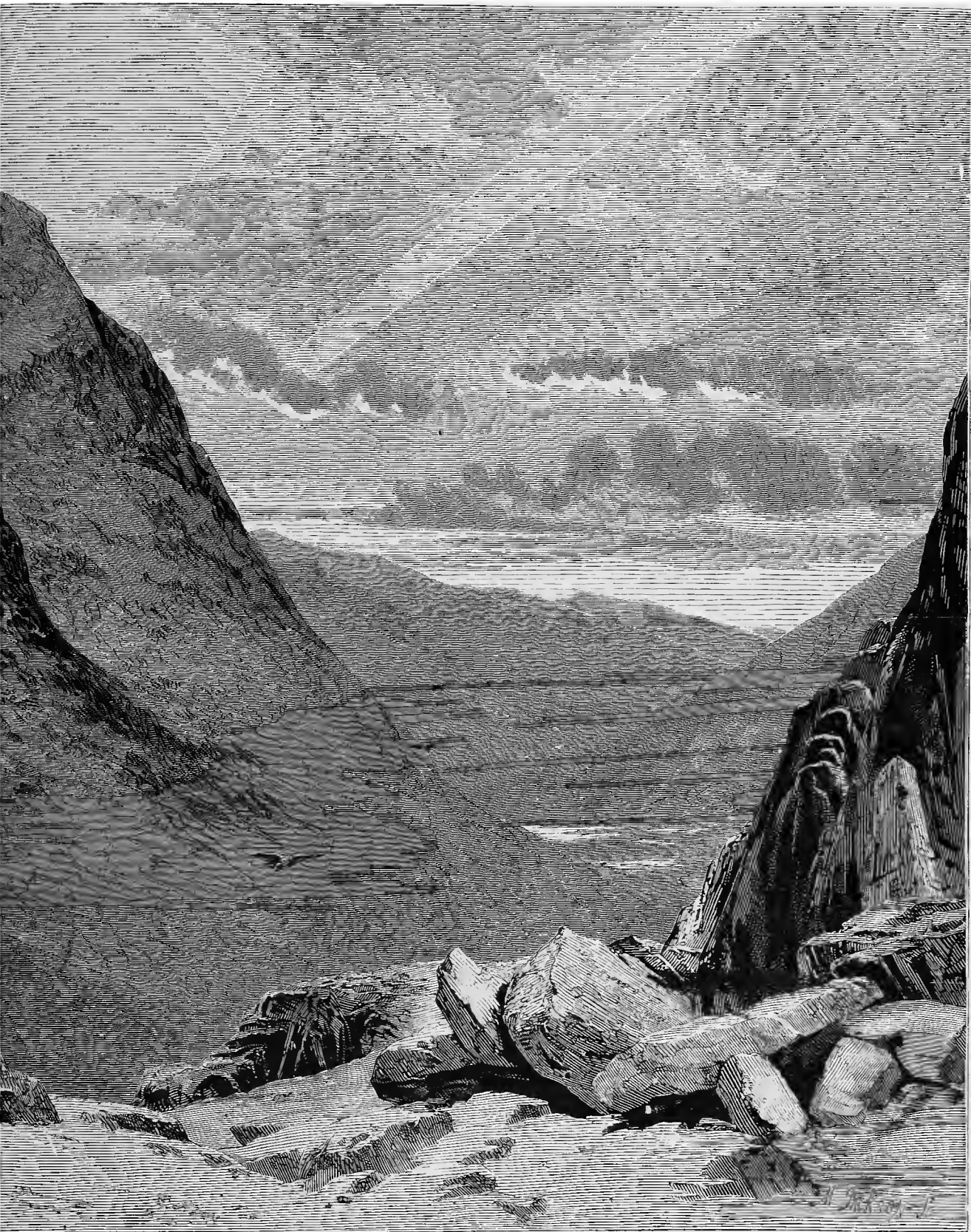
*After Paul Potter.*

Proof" (page 132), we are shown the nervous moment when printing was to be judged for success or unsuccess in its destined task of supplanting the pen. In the centre of a group of three, between the workman who furnishes the mechanic power and the aristocratic man of letters who decides the victory, Gutenberg draws out from the press the first sheet made eloquent with printers' ink. The fate of civilization is in his hand. Beside him, holding a stately written missal, is the representation of the old order of things, the patient schoolman, whose clerks bend their backs over the weary desk, and elaborate



*A. P. Newton. Pinx.*





...m, Glencoe.

in a course of months the work which the new agent will surpass in an hour. To the inventor, all is yet doubtful. Will the printed page take the place of the vellum manuscript? The old scholar at his elbow doubts it still. But within the breast of the innovator speaks that inward monitor which convinces him that the novel power is the stronger, and that, in the words of a modern writer of eloquence, "*this will overcome that*"—"ceci tuera cela."

Shakespeare having created the forest of Arden, that ideal no-man's-land where the impossible is the practicable, we are under obligations to Mr. John Pettie, of London, Royal Academician, to have realized for the eye one of the fantastic scenes of the sylvan republic. His picture, of which we give an excellent steel-plate engraving, shows the interview between Touchstone, a court-clown just wise enough to be spoiled, and Audrey, a peasant girl just silly enough to be honest. The love-scene between these well-mated grown children is of the truest pastoral-comical:—

*Touchstone.* Come apace, good Audrey, I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

*Audrey.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touchstone.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical!

*Audrey.* I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Golden proverbs of similar delicious un-wisdom drop every moment from the lips of the unconscious Audrey, as she stands for all time the embodiment of rustic idiocy, with the deep forest of Arden for a background. Clasp- ing her shepherd's wand in both hands, and looking straight into the wicked eyes of the jester with smiling vacuity of intellect, she lets fall such kindred pearls of speech as: "Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest;" or, "I am not a slut, although I thank the gods I am foul." Shakespeare's most unpermissible, wrong-headed puns—*goats* and *Goths*, *capricious* and *capra*—stud the lines, still wild with the impulse of Rosalind's tameless talk. Touchstone, brought up in palaces, puzzles the poor shepherdess with his pedantic follies and literary allusions. We see him bowing before her, courtly, mocking and malicious, his fingers on his chin, his bauble under his arm. Mr. Pettie has succeeded in making more real for us one of the inimitably realistic scenes of Shakespearean comedy.

The drama of life in the Elizabethan age has seldom been better depicted than by Leslie—first in the “May-day,” of which we give an engraving on page 95, and afterwards in many an illustration of the Shakespearean plays. This artist was, in fact, a sort of pioneer in that style of romantic painting, with strict attention to historical costume and accessories, now so much in vogue. His “May-day in the time of Queen Elizabeth” was generously lent to the American Exhibition by its owner, John Naylor, Esq., of Leighton Hall. It was painted in 1821, the year in which Leslie was made Associate of the Royal Academy; it won him great honor at the Exhibition of that season, as well as the pleasure of an acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, who called twice at the studio to see it, and suggested the group of archers shooting at the butts. It went to the Academy with the following extract as a motto:—

“At Paske began our Morrice, and ere Pentecost our May:  
Then Robin Hood, litell John, Friar Tuck and Marian deftly play,  
And Lord and Ladie gang till Kirke, with lads and lasses gay.”

Of this picture and the incident of Sir Walter's calling, Leslie writes thus to his sister, Miss Eliza Leslie, the Philadelphia magazinist: “My friends are sanguine as to its success, and I myself consider it the best thing I have done. Sir Walter Scott has been lately in London, and came twice to see it when in progress; the first visit I had taken the liberty to request, but the second, which you may believe gratified me not a little, was of his own proposing. He found fault with nothing in my picture, but suggested the introduction of a few archers, a hint of which I took advantage.” The principal pair of figures in the foreground are a provincial beauty from a country manor-house, and a fantastic dandy of the day. This affected gentleman is meant to be a Euphuist, that is, a pedant fully capable of talking in the style of John Lilly's “Euphues and his England,” a work of whose philological influence we are told by Blount, “that beauty at court which could not parley Euphuisme was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French.” The country belle timidly accepts the Euphuist's hand for the dance, hardly comprehending the overstrained phrases (like those of Holofernes in “Love's Labour's Lost”) with which he solicits the honor. At the right hand stands a proud dowager of the period, accompanied by her jester, who slyly draws the figure of an ass on the buckler of a man-at-arms. Around the may-pole circles the train of maskers, Robin



Hood and Maid Marian, Little John and Friar Tuck, not forgetting Hobby-horse and Dragon. Behind the pole is the bower containing the Queen of May. At the extreme left, watching the dance, is the black-robed schoolmaster, his bundle of birches forgotten in his hand, and his sour face brightened with a temporary smile. The landscape, which is very beautiful, bears a larger proportion to the scope of the picture than was usual with the artist. Leslie followed West, as the second gift made by this city to the art-circles of England. He was the son of Robert Leslie, who came to Philadelphia from Maryland in 1786; himself born in 1794, he went to England in 1811, returned to America to take the position of drawing-teacher at West Point, which he filled in 1833 and 1844, and then went back to painting in London, where he died on May 5, 1859.

The grand old Dutch school of the seventeenth century was revealed to the visitors at our International Fair by a series of four large copies of its masterpieces, which an Amsterdam artist, S. Altmann, was obliging enough to send over, in addition to some original subjects of his own. Rembrandt's "Master's of the Drapers," Van der Helst's "Banquet of the Civil Guard," and Franz Hals's "Masters of the Kloveniers" were accordingly seen in imposing repetitions the same size as the originals; and many visitors of limited opportunities, whose idea of a Dutch picture was that of something excessively diminutive and highly wrought, were amazed at the scale, the freedom, the sketchy expressiveness, the photographic reality of those grand pages of history. Besides the three we have just mentioned, the artist dispatched his copy of the masterpiece of Paul Potter, "The Young Bull," the pride of the Hague; of this we give on page 137 a spirited little study, reversed from left to right for the convenience of the engraver. The young genius who achieved this masterly work painted it in 1647, when only twenty-two years old; and he died seven years after, leaving the world to wonder what he would have become if his life had been prolonged to the usual span. This precocious lad found time to paint over a hundred pictures of mark, and to leave behind him four books of sketches, which the Berlin cabinet of engravings retains in their original boar-skin bindings. His subjects are animals and shepherds, suitably set in a flat, sunny Holland landscape. The reader who consults our engraving of "The Young Bull" must remember that the original portrait is about the size



*Enrico Braga, Sc.*

*Cleopatra.*

of nature, and endowed with an energy and vehemence that makes it pleasanter to meet, for nervous people and ladies, than the live subject would be.

Enrico Braga, an industrious sculptor of Milan, sent over so great a number of works of uncontested originality, that he can well afford to have the master-motive of his "Cleopatra" (page 143) assigned where it belongs—to the painting, namely, by the French artist, Gérôme. The posture of the queen, and of the servant Apollodorus, are substantially the same as in the picture, whose statuesque grouping was so peculiarly adapted for the purposes of sculpture, that a French bronze-founder, as well as our Italian artist in marble, has produced a repetition of it in statuary. Gérôme's painting is now owned by a California gentleman; and as he sent no canvas to the Exhibition, we are glad to find a reflection of his skill thus more or less directly displayed. The incident is that where Cleopatra, being at war with her brother Ptolemy Dionysius, had herself conveyed to Julius Cæsar, then in Alexandria; she was brought safely to the dictator through the armies of her foes, concealed in a roll of tapestry which was offered as a tribute to Cæsar, and which Apollodorus carried in and opened at his feet. This contrasted pair preserves the posture of Gérôme's group—the slave, who parts the drapery, so supple and submissive; the girl, standing, and leaning on his shoulder as on a piece of furniture, already so queenly, confident and regal. Gérôme's is one of the few French pictures celebrated in English poetry; in "Fifine at the Fair," Mr. Browning strings a half-score of verses in honor of the painter's heroine, beginning:—

"See Cleopatra! bared, th' entire and sinuous wealth  
O' the shining shape!"

and dwelling appreciatively on the successive beauties of the form, "traced about by jewels," and perfect from head to foot in plastic elegance—

"Yet, o'er that white and wonder, a Soul's predominance  
I' the head, so high and haught—except one thievish glance  
From back of oblong eye, intent to count the slain!"

Guarnerio, whose "Forced Prayer" we have already represented, sent also a group of two figures, called "Vanity," whose modish grace throws into strong contrast the regal calm of such a work as the "Cleopatra." We present an engraving on page 136. The attempt here is not so much to secure the sympathy of the spectator by depth or subtlety of conception, as to dazzle him by reckless difficulties of manipulation and by the conquered suavity of kneaded

marble. A ball-room belle, whose flesh seems made of swans' down rather than stone, is winding a necklace around her breast, and admiring the jewels in a mirror which a little girl holds admiringly before her. Here we have Signor Guarnerio, whose range is as wide as Garrick's was in acting, at the opposite pole

from his classical style, as revealed in the "Aruno shooting Camilla." Every touch in the "Vanity" is softened in consonance with a boudoir subject, and the group is rococo—luscious, over-tender and enervated. The astonishing skill which can thus make Carrara look as flexible as whipped cream, we willingly concede; but we consider that many such successes as



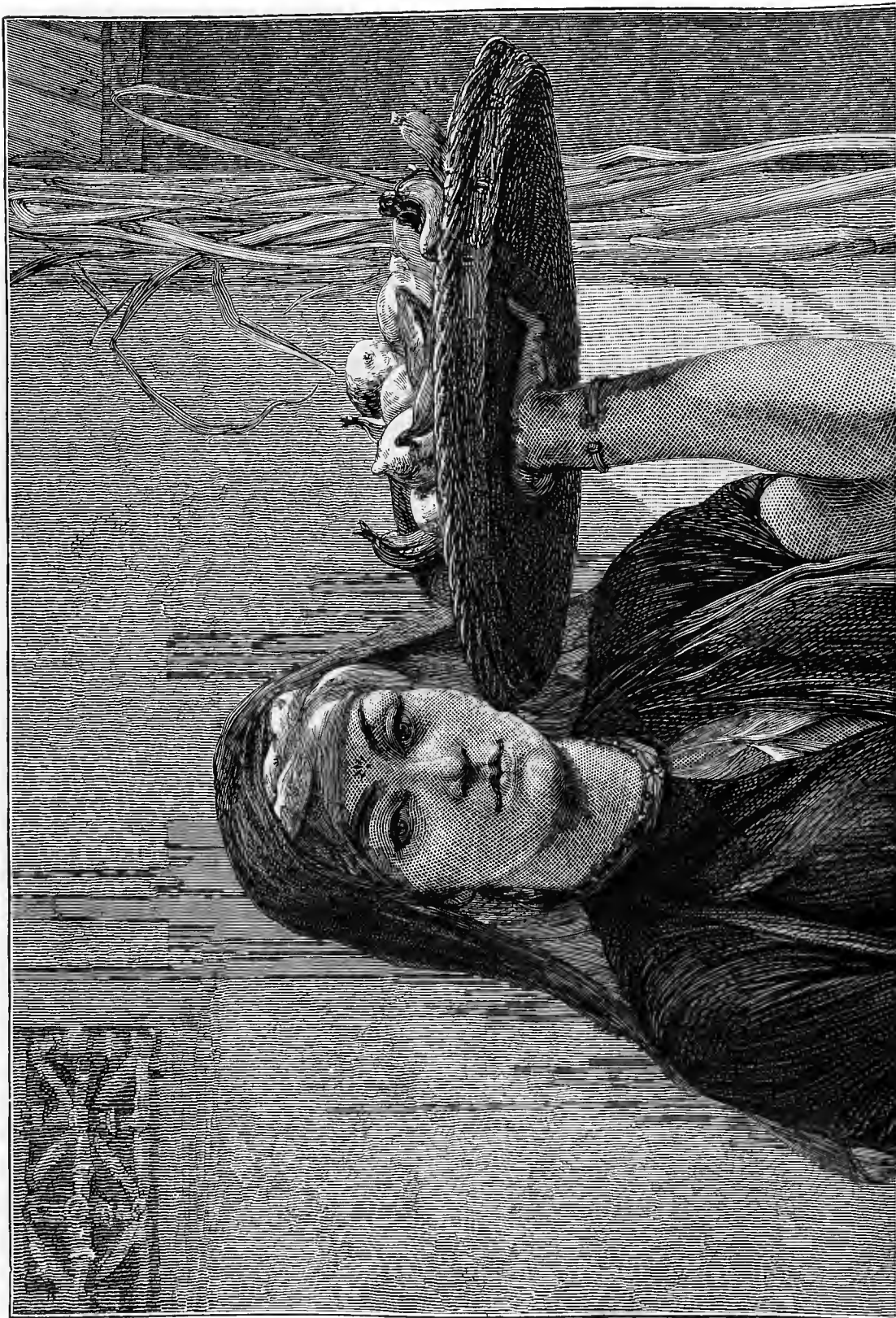
F. Barzaghi, Sc.

Vanity.

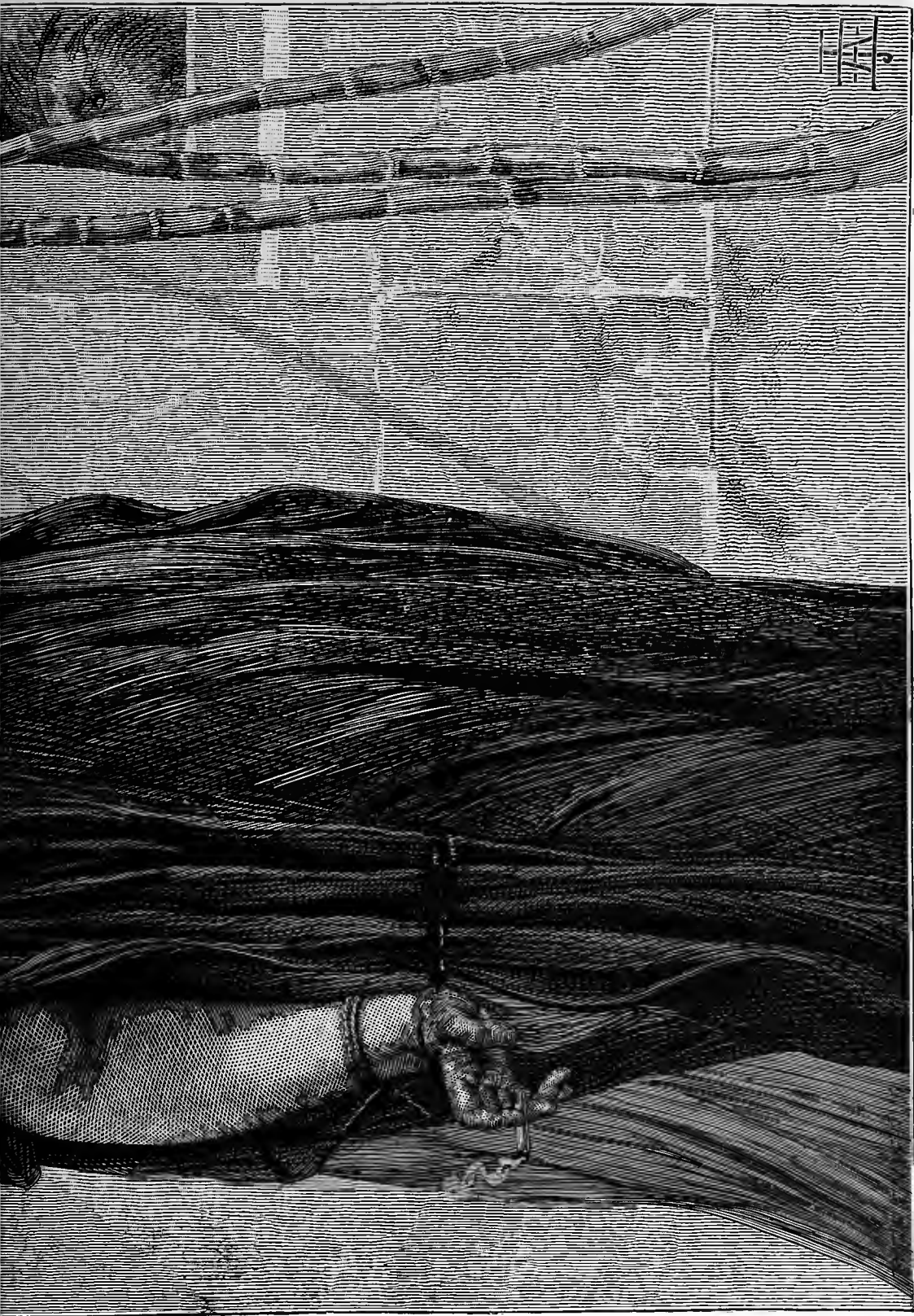
mistake not at the Vienna Exposition before showing itself at ours, is the work of another Italian artist, Signor Giulio Branca. The posture is entirely unconventional; the youthful vintner, retaining in his left hand a cluster he has gathered, reaches the other hand to the highest part of the trellis within his reach, with a gesture which stiffens out his whole figure to a perpendicular straight line. He wears the simple breeches and *camicia* of a lazzarone of

this would lead Art to a state of effeminate nervelessness.

In the Nineteenth Room of the Art-Annex, marked simply with a contemptuous "Unknown" in their catalogues, many visitors may have noticed a statue of rural grace and originality, which they will recognize from our sketch on page 105. This image of "The Young Grapegatherer," which figured if we







F. Goodall, R. A., Pinax.

Cairo Fruit Girl

Naples, and his head hangs away back between his shoulder-blades with the blessed flexibility of youth and a nation of acrobats. An unusual amount of supporting marble, cleverly shredded into grape-leaves and bark, is allowed by the sculptor to remain beside his figure. Something unconventional and fearless about this aspiring youth makes us wish we could have seen more of the work of Signor Branca.

The story of Francesca di Rimini, the most touching in all the pages of Dante, is interpreted by Cabanel in the picture we engrave on page 113. The event which lent an extraordinary depth of tenderness even to the tenderness of Alighieri was one well known to him among the traditions of his home, and flowed into his verse with the lava heat of personal sorrow. Francesca, daughter of Guido de Polenta, lord of Ravenna, was given in marriage to a harsh, ill-favored bridegroom, Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini. His brother Paolo, unhappily for himself and for all, was graceful, gallant and accomplished, and while yet a young bride the fair Francesca, with Paolo, was put to death by the jealous husband. Francesca's inimitably-told love scene, consequent upon reading, in the romance, of Lancelot and Guinevere's kiss, we give in Dante's numbers as translated by Byron:—

“We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,  
Of Lancelot, how love possessed him too;  
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly;  
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue  
All o'er discolored by that reading were,  
But one thing only wholly us o'erthrew;

“When we read the long-sighed for smile of her  
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,  
He, who from me shall be divided ne'er,  
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over!  
Accursed be the book and he who wrote!  
That day no further leaf we did uncover!”

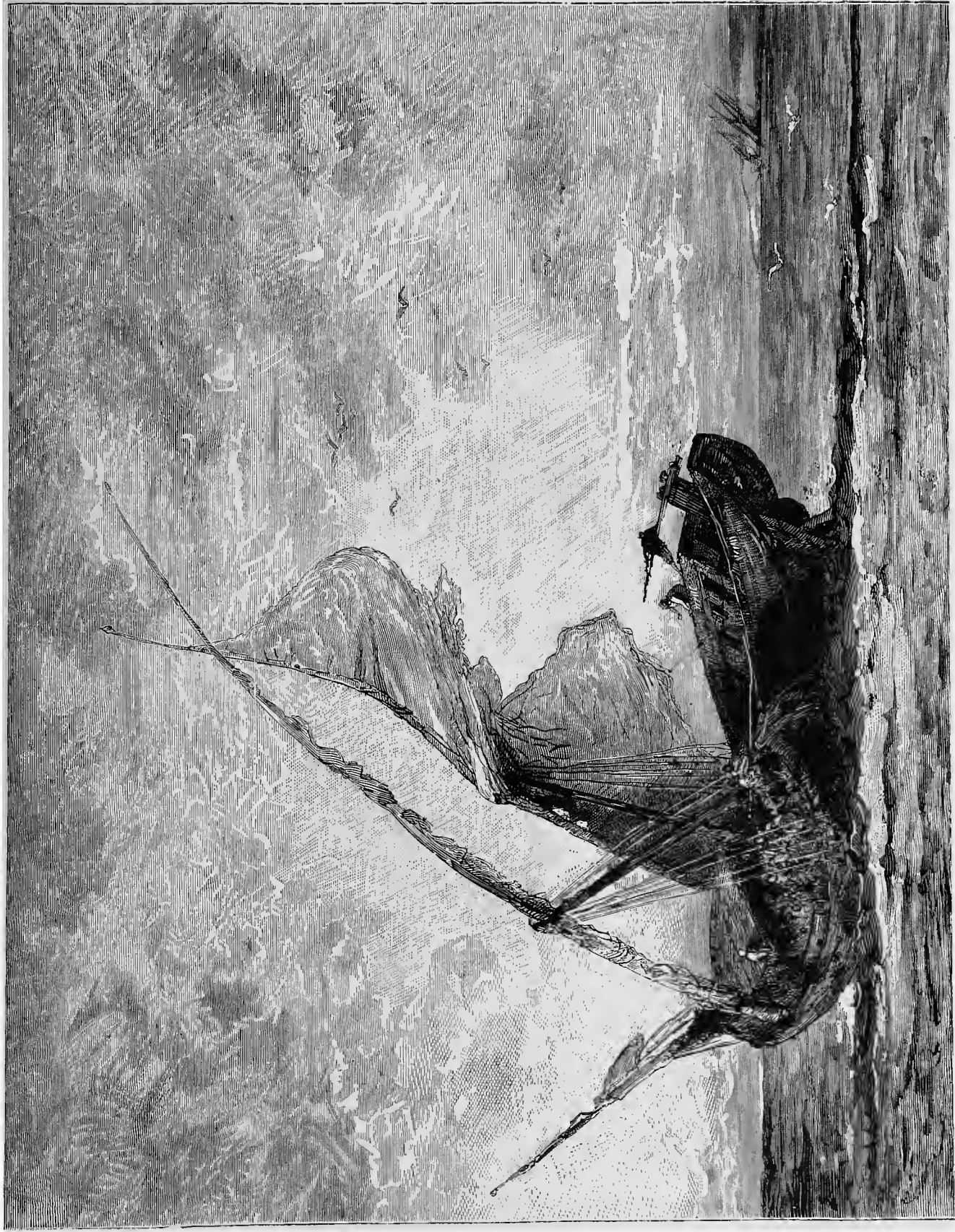
Cabanel represents a close, richly-carved and decked chamber in the castle of Rimini. A reading-desk is at the left—at the right a curtained door, through which Lanciotto, still grasping his reeking sword, looks upon what he has done. The young bride sinks back from the lectern, the book of Lancelot falling from her fingers; and Paolo, his hand pressed upon the wound that has transfixed them both, withdraws his arm from her neck, and rolls to the floor at her



feet. The story is complete, and painted with pathos and eloquence. We believe that doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of the picture exposed at the Centennial: a young American artist, familiar with the replica or duplicate of the painting preserved in France, made his suspicions known through the columns of the *Evening Post*. Our own impression on examining the picture (which was not contributed by the artist, but lent in good faith by the owner, Mrs. A. E. Kidd), was contrary to that of Mr. Bridgman. The touch appeared to us to be in the style of M. Cabanel, but not his best style. French artists prepare duplicate examples of a great many of their works, sometimes of the same size as the original, sometimes differing in that respect; and we are sorry to say, that when the *repliche* are intended to be sold at a great distance, they are not always careful to put their very best powers in action. This concession made, which does not forbid the painter to have kept by him another and even a better picture of Francesca, we believe the reader may feel that he is enjoying a veritable work of the author of the "Venus" and "Florentine Poet."

The position of P. T. Rothermel in American art is somewhat anomalous. He is a colorist, insisting on being a historical painter. We would have him saved from all the drudgery of inventing realistic situations, and set to paint color-dreams divorced as much as possible from actuality. Born with the subtle sense of tone-harmony of an Eugène Delacroix, he is not much more accurate than Delacroix in the pedantry of anatomic detail, the rectitude of architectural and constructive lines. Capable of flinging together lovely groups, sumptuous costumes, and contrasted flesh-tints in the manner of the late painter Diaz, he is pained and puzzled, as Diaz would have been, when a perverse and logical generation asks him for the historic warrant of just such a group, the justification of this or that expression, gesture or attitude. It has always seemed to us that when a great colorist is born to art, the world should be thankful for the rare and exquisite boon, and allow him that isolation and freedom from care which will keep his gift pure. In practical America, a color-poet has to be his own man-of-all-work, vexing himself with the hard drudgery of drawing, expression, dramatic propriety, and historical truth—details which he might be often saved from by the labors of the commonest illustrating draughtsman. He is like a musical genius forced to write the libretti of his own operas. In countries more finely cultured, such a poet is allowed to revel in his proper

talent, and feats outside of it, or faults in other departments, are not scrutinized. We have heard Rothermel criticised, and even with acerbity; artists of the Delacroix order especially invite the animadversions of wiseheads; but we confess, on those occasions, the party we pitied was the critic, not Rothermel. What is certain is, that when he has sent works to the Paris *salon*, they have been hung in conspicuous places as noticeable acquisitions. When in Rome, about a dozen years ago, his rich color-dreams were highly appreciated. Even distant and luxurious Russia, true child of Asia in an inborn and rapid appreciation of harmonies of tint, owns and prizes a considerable number of his paintings, selected in his Italian studio by Muscovite travelers of taste. A New York connoisseur and expert said to us, "The secrets of composition, the balance of light and shade, the effective contrast of tints, which other artists try for all their lives and miss, Rothermel gets at once, without trying." This artist was represented at Philadelphia by his enormous "Gettysburg," a Veronese-study of grays; by his "Christian Martyrs," a series of exquisite stains and lovely flesh-tints on a life-like scale; and by small cabinet gems like "The Trial of Sir Henry Vane," lent by its owner, Mr. Claghorn, and in our opinion the painter's *chef d'œuvre*. We give a steel-plate copy of this admirable work, which for once is as perfect in dramatic sentiment as in color and chiaroscuro. The subject is all the more interesting to Americans since Vane was for some time a resident of New England, and narrowly missed being made a Colonial governor. The splendid energy of his self-justification, when brought to trial after the restoration of Charles II on the charge of treason, yields to the painter one of the most striking situations in all the history of the martyrs of popular rights. "His spirited defence served as an excuse for his execution," says Mr. J. R. Green, in his "Short History of the English People." In the shameless court of sycophants and jesters, the paid retainers of Versailles and effeminate apes of Paris, Vane thundered with the eloquence of an age that had gone before, the age of Pym and Hampden and Cromwell. Evidently this was a tongue that must be stilled. "He is too dangerous a man to let live," said Charles, with characteristic coolness, "if we can safely put him out of the way." The masterly simplicity and dignity, the richness and beauty of Mr. Rothermel's composition, worthy of the artist and the occasion, are partly revealed by our engraving; the judicious contrast, arrangement and relief of the figures, the



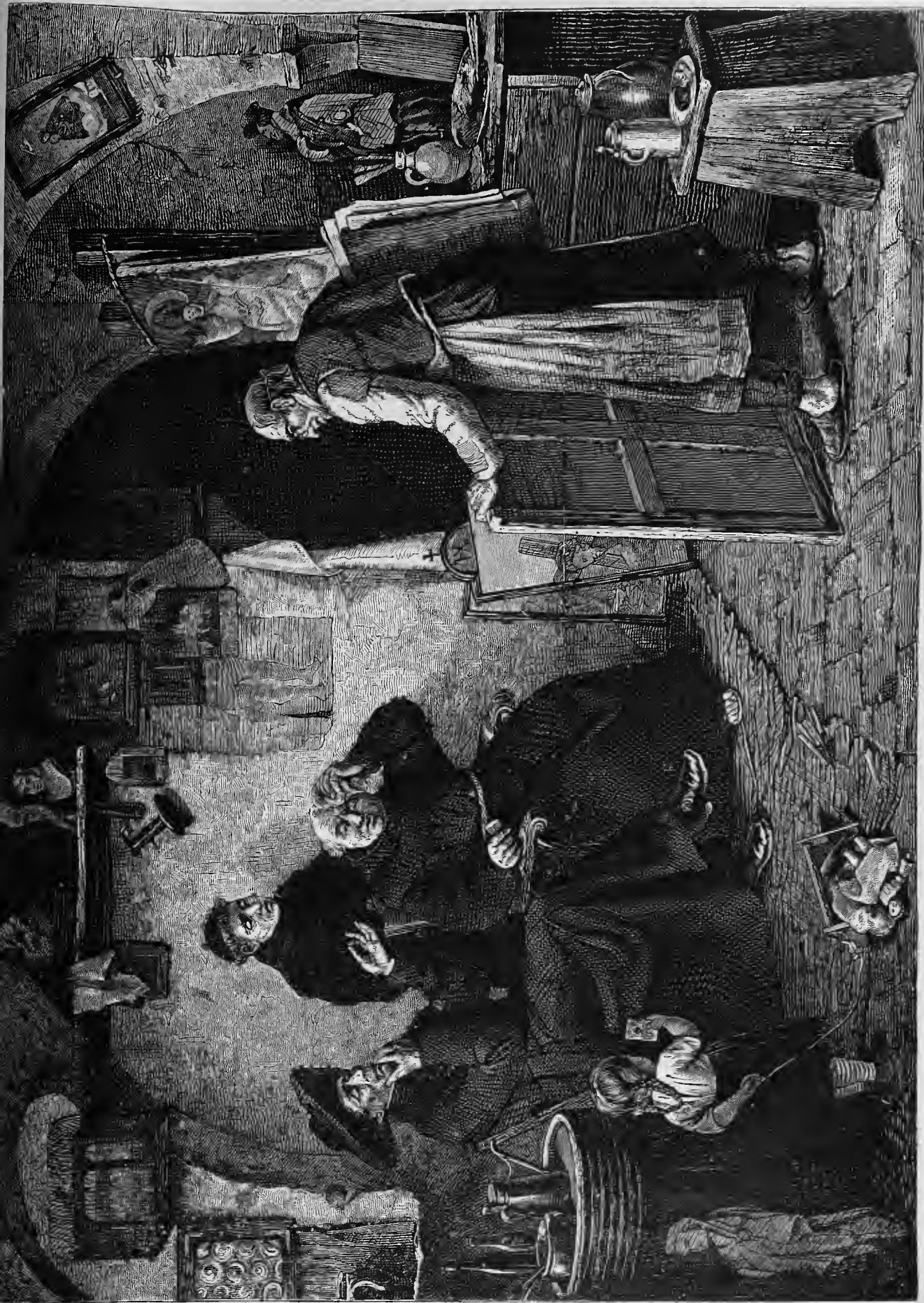
*A Gale on the Nile.*

*N. Bowdler, Pinx.*

dark splendor of light and shade, are indicated; but the painting glows with a depth and vibration of color and living light which the burin cannot translate. If but a single work were left to stake an artist's reputation and a national fame upon, we wish it might be Rothermel's "Harry Vane."

Our readers may by this time have asked, with some little degree of doubt, why so many Italian statues were described in this commentary. We have alluded in earlier pages to specimens from the atelier of Guarnerio, Caroni, Tantardini, Pozzi, Corti, Pandiani, Rosetti, Barzaghi, and Braga; we have illustrated the masterpiece of D'Epinay (the "Young Hannibal")—the work of an artist who, though born in Mauritius, is by residence and education a Roman; Branca's "Un Monello di Campagna," or "Youthful Grape-Gatherer," has traveled from the Vienna Exhibition to grace the American World's Fair and our pages. But few of these artists were ever previously heard of by our untraveled readers. We are about to speak of other sculptors of Italy. To account for such a seeming preference of one especial nation in a single branch of art, we may properly suggest that the Italians did us the honor to show us a much fuller exhibit of the national sculpture than did any other nation. It was therefore our duty, in order to give this exhibit its relative emphasis, to represent its masterpieces in proportion. Besides the ambition, so flattering to America, of these artists to be fully represented in Columbus's New World, as the inheritors of the peerless sculpture of antiquity, and the possessors of those immemorial quarries that "teem with human form," there were accidental or peculiar incentives added to this patriotic motive. The city where our Exposition was held happened to have an Italian consul, Signor Viti, who has always, like his father before him, felt for Italian sculpture the interest of a connoisseur and a patron.

For another instance, there had happened to be a South American Exhibition just preceding our own, from which the large contribution of Roman and Milanese marbles naturally overflowed to ours. When to these circumstances was added the genial determination of the Italians to favor America with a royal display, a great emigration of the marble people of Latium was insured. The cornucopia of old Rome, filled with stone men and women, was immediately overturned upon America. Our cordial comrade, the public, having listened to what we had to say of several of these shining ones, will please



*A Visit to the Village Artist.*

S. Legent, Paris.



hear of a few more of the white visitors. We resume our discourse on Italian art, taking for text our latest-engraved specimens—the steel-plates of Magni's "Reading Girl" and Rosetti's "Steam," and the wood-cuts of Barzaghi's "Vanity" (page 145), Guarnerio's "Vanity" (page 140)—an identity of titles showing how the greatest minds tend alike towards the preacher's *vanitas vanitatem*—and the "Apotheosis of Washington," by the same Guarnerio, whose "Forced Prayer" is also to be seen on page 48. These selections rather aptly define certain interesting tendencies in Italian sculpture; the "Washington," by its peculiar treatment, indicates a school enamored of old classic traditions, yet willing to treat them with a picturesque and decorative detail and chiaroscuro; the world-famous "Reading Girl" shows modern *genre* art exquisitely chastened by a remnant of the old classic reserve and severity; and the figure of "Steam," with the two illustrations of "Vanity," exhibits that characteristically modern *boudoir* art which is the peculiar invention, and in some of its instances the pride, of contemporary Italian carvers.

*Boudoir* sculpture, however, though it now shows inventive touches that are genuinely recent, is no new thing in Italy. What are Bernini's "St. Longinus," and Mochi's "St. Veronica," though they support the very dome of St. Peter's, but *boudoir* statues? What do they display, in their pretty flutter and drawing-room grace, but the mannerism of polite society, placed where we should look to see the religious sincerity of nature? How does Bernini treat the Greek myth of Daphne but in the spirit of a seventeenth-century drawing-room? It is a glitter of dimpled flesh and curling laurel-leaves, as brilliant, and as bereft of true emotion, as, for instance, a poem of Dryden's on some classic subject. It must be understood that since the day of Bernini, himself the very successor of Michael Angelo, Italian sculpture has been constantly characterized by an endeavor to play audacious tricks with the marble, or—more accurately—to develop modern sculpture away from the style of antique sculpture just as freely as modern painting has been developed away from the style of Greek painting.

From what influence, then, do the gay, trifling, over-graceful works of Rosetti and Barzaghi and Guarnerio—the "Steam" and "Electricity," the childish and the maidenly "Vanity," the "Washington"—proceed? They do not partake of the great classic movement of Italian sculpture. They cannot be traced to

the influence of Giovanni Dupré, of Pio Fedi, of Canova. Those artists have given little to the world that is not distinctly classical in spirit—a careful endeavor to continue antique sculpture in its own proper line. But Italy, since the wild and reprehensible inventions of Bernini, has ever nourished a line of *romantic* sculpture, running along with the classical line, and setting its traditions at naught. From the time of Bernini, do we say? Nay, from long before. Already, in his gates for the Baptistery at Florence, Ghiberti had attempted the fascinating, dangerous experiment of making the chisel do the work of the brush, and vying with the art of painting in the elaborate luxury of its compositions, the narrative eloquence of its scenes, and its deftly calculated light and shade. To see the daring originality of Ghiberti and Bernini produced to its most startling limit, we may go to the family chapel of the dukes of Sangro at Naples, the “Santa Maria della Pietà de’ Sangri.” Here, in a series of works produced about the year 1766, we see the prototypes of all the amazing devices which astonish us in the modern Italian marble. A statue of “Modesty,” having the features of the mother of Raimondo di Sangro, is the original of all the “veiled statuary”—the “Vailed Vestals,” the “Vailed Brides,” the “Bashful Maidens,” of the Italian studios. It represents the lady swathed in a long drapery, with the features of the face and the body showing through the apparently diaphanous material. This is by an eighteenth-century artist named Corradini. In the same church is the “Man in the Net of Sin,” or “Vice Undeceived,” by Queiroli. The meshes of an actual marble net, surrounding the body of the father of Raimondo, are cut out with incredible patience, knot by knot and thread by thread, until the stone of Carrara actually stands out transparently in the air, reduced to a reticulated cordage, around the human form within. Another artist, Sammartino, has adorned the church with a figure of the Dead Christ, lying on a splendid bed of Italian upholstery, and covered with a sheet, whose adhesion to the skin by the sweat of death is mimicked with fearful ingenuity, and the whole edifice is filled with these strange inventions, including, over the door, a marble sculpture of a Di Sangro emerging from an iron sculpture of a tomb. These carvers have in fact amused themselves with playing upon the character of marble as punsters play upon the character of a word; the more the essential sense of the thing is contradicted, the prouder they seem to be. It is hardly wonderful that the compatriots of





*P. Guarnerio, Sc.*

*Apotheosis of Washington.*

these clever marble-workers should sometimes seek to continue the same line of doubtful triumphs; and hence the visitors to the London World's Fair of

1862 were greeted with the wonderful group by Monti, "The Sleep of Death and Dream of Life," wherein the marble represented to perfection the confusion of a thin and transparent entanglement of drapery.

Thus the peculiar sculpture from Italy, which surprised so many visitors as something entirely novel, with its particularized eye-lashes, flying hair and simulated fabrics, we have shown to be the result of a whole succession of eminent national artists—Ghiberti (who chiseled feathers and palm-trees), Bernini (whose Daphne is a sculptured laurel-tree), the decorators of the Pietà church in Naples, and Monti.

The national sculpture was in fact committing itself to this rococo style, when Canova, a man of sincere but weak classic feeling, introduced a counter-acting tendency towards the antique spirit. If he had been stronger, he would have left a deeper stamp; but he was one of the false purists, one of the pseudo-Augustuses of the first part of this century, the Wests, Davids and Raphael Mengs. Nor did he ever have the advantage of studying from the very best models—which, whatever the Italians and the guide-books may say, are not to be found in Italy. When he saw the Elgin marbles late in life, he declared that if it were not too late he would radically change his style. He belonged to the day when the Apollo Belvedere and Venus de' Medici were praised and sonneted as the summit of excellence, and when the Theseus, Illyssus and Venus of Milo had not made their impression upon the schools.

But all this, tedious in length as it is, is but our introduction to the statement of the condition of Italian sculpture at the present epoch, which is one of revolution. The statement will be short, however, though the introduction is prolix.

Take, as a very singular instance, Guarnerio, whose "Forced Prayer," "Maidenly Vanity" and "Apotheosis of Washington" we show by means of engravings. Guarnerio is an art-centaur; he is half classic and half rococo; he is part Bernini and part Canova. Thus in the single exhibit he made at Philadelphia, he showed side by side the statue of "Aruns killing Camilla," which was as cold, correct and pseudo-Greek as it could possibly be, and the "Washington," which was enveloped in a flutter of drapery and a cloud of hair-powder like any portrait by Hyacinthe Rigaud. In the "Aruns," the veins, the creases and wrinkles, the accidents of humanity, were omitted, so, in an



S. L. Fildes, Pinx.

Applicants for ad



to a Casual Ward.

ultra-antique spirit, was the hair; everything but the grand, broad masses of the body was neglected, and the figure altogether was so intensely Greek that it was Egyptian! It was what Benjamin West and Louis David would have made if they had been sculptors. The Washington, alongside, was a fly-away work, full of merit in its way, but the offspring of a different sentiment. Who could tell which represented the real conviction of Guarnerio as a sculptor, the rococo "Washington," or the severe "Arums"? The Americans, by-the-bye, did not appreciate the statue of their chieftain, because the lower part of the bust was finished off with a gigantic eagle. The more ignorant ones surmised that it must be "Washington on a Lark!" It was hardly fair, however, to make an Italian artist suffer for the average American's superb ignorance of things classic and traditional. Guarnerio had seen a hundred times antique representations of the apotheosis, in which the emperor or hero was borne aloft by the eagle of Jove. To cite a single example, which our reader can easily consult, there is an "Apotheosis of Homer" engraved in Winckelmann, from a silver vase of Herculaneum, in which the poet likewise emerges from the spread wings of a great eagle; it may be seen in plate 21 of the Paris edition of 1789. To an Italian like our sculptor, familiar from infancy with this old authorized form of representing immortality, it was but an accepted use of metaphor, and the adaptation of the American national bird for *aquila Jovis* was graceful and poetic. Leaving out of the question this complaint of the inappropriateness of the symbol, in which we shall rather betray ignorance than penetration, we may contemplate the "Washington" simply as a work of portraiture. In this respect, then, we cannot refuse the sculptor very high praise; the face, as we have heard enemies of the statue acknowledge, is singularly good—one of the best idealizations of the cast taken by Houdon that sculpture has ever furnished; the expression is paternal, benignant; the attitude, with one hand showing the Constitution on which we rest our liberties, is well conceived, and shows Washington as the peacemaker, in which the warrior is merged.

Guarnerio's "Maidenly Vanity" is a work which we select rather to show the possible extremes to which a school may go, than because we think it one of the most beautiful, or one of the noblest, pieces of Italian carving. In this instance the key-note of "Vanity," appropriate to the subject, is struck so perfectly that it reflects upon the general attractiveness of the group. The subject



is vain, and the work is vain. In the opera, Marguerite adorns herself with the jewels, and translates their light and color to music as she regards her



*D. Barcaglia Sc.*

*Fleeting Time.*

pretty face in the glass. The present heroine is rather the chief figure of a bath-room scene; this fair flesh seems to have been just polished with the

sponge and the napkin in order to relieve with proper effect the glittering hardness of the gems. It is a pure effort at Titianesque flesh-painting, in stone. But, from the point of view at which the sculptor's aims were directed, how perfect his success! Given a purely *boudoir* subject—a topic meant to please sight as one of the five senses, and not as the key of the brain and the understanding—how well the caressing chisel has understood its task! No snow seems softer than those breadths of moulded marble; the dimples, the swelling contours, the soft pressure of flesh against flesh, are expressed with bewildering subtlety. At the damsel's feet, even lazier than herself, leans a youthful assistant with a mirror, a promising novice in this religion of the toilette. A pretty future, forsooth, seems to open out before this tiny disciple, so early instructed in the innermost secrets of the rites of Vanity! The little ministrant tends with willing service upon the caprices of the riper beauty. But, as we contemplate the group and enter into its spirit, she hardly seems to tend alone; for all the sylphs of the toilet, the little modish beings whom Pope imagined around the fair form of Arabella Fermor, seem to be circling about and glancing in the air.

“Haste then, ye spirits, to your charge repair!  
Her fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;  
The ‘drops’ to thee, Brillante, we consign,  
And Momentilla, let the watch be thine.”

So completely does Guarnerio change his touch with the style he proposes to illustrate, that we may notice his inconsistency in treating the iris of the eye, among his various contributions. Artists are divided about the proper rendering of this important organ, the crucial difficulty of a statue. The *purists* in sculpture usually treat the ball according to its actual shape, without noticing the marked difference made by the iris and pupil; such was the habit in the oldest and strictest period of Greek art. The *romanticists* treat the organ as it would be treated in a picture, using various devices to represent the blackness of the pupil, the ring of the iris, and the little spark of reflected light which gives intelligence to the organ. Guarnerio, now a purist and now a romanticist, treats the eye of his “Aruns” as a plain ball, while in the “Washington,” “Vanity” and other figures, he uses the most ingenious devices to deepen the shadow of the eyelashes, to sink the profundity of the pupil, and to make the glance resemble that speaking one which we find in a good picture. We appreciate



the skill, but we cannot but be struck with the apparent want of conviction on the part of the sculptor. It is as if a painter should paint to-day in the style



*Ch. Landelle, Pinx.*

*A Fellah Woman.*

of Raphael, and to-morrow in the style of Watteau, according to the orders he received.

The fact is, the present art-generation is in a state of revolt in Italy. The influence of Canova, whose right hand and chisel are presented to the worship of the faithful in Venice, is palpably dying out. The last of his imitators was Fedi, whose group of Polixena is installed in the public piazza of Florence, as if worthy to share the same sun-ray that strikes upon the works of Michael Angelo and Donatello. Dupré is too chastened and pure in style to suggest the pagan animalism of the Greeks, and therefore can hardly be called a classicist; but he does not belong either to the romantic school—the color of Rubens and the Venetians is never suggested by his carving. His “Pietà,” like Raphael’s Sistine Madonna, is a work of pure *holiness*, transcending all schools, and breathing an atmosphere of its own. Being an ideal, and therefore classical subject, however, its intense life makes it seem realistic and “romantic.” His monument to Cavour, being a subject of realistic character, a portrait-study, seems by contrast somewhat classic and severe; thus an artist who soars above schools seems in turn, by the force of contrast, and the sheer difference of his work from what the conventional spectator looks for, to lean to the opposite style. The great inventor of the modern pictorial, or romantic, or realistic school in contemporary Italy, is Professor Vincenzo Vela, of Milan, a pupil of Cacciatori. His chisel was represented at the Philadelphia Exhibition by “The First Sorrow,” a charming group of a girl and sick kitten, and his “Dying Napoleon,” or “Gli Ultimi Giorni di Napoleone,” is now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Vela’s style has been misunderstood, because, rather than represent nature as the Greeks did, it adds the inventions and new ideas which the Greeks might be supposed to use if their art had been prolonged to our own time. When the “Napoleon” was exhibited in New York, a monthly magazine, whose art-criticisms were at that time contributed by a writer of notorious incompetency, went so far as to call it “a work possessing scarcely a single good quality;” and said farther that the French “made short work of it when exhibited at their last Exposition.” The fact is that, in the first place, the French regarded it with great jealousy, because the first brilliant success in applying the romantic style of Delaroche to sculpture did not happen to come from a French statuary; and that, in the second place, the government of the day having chosen to make the figure a Bonapartist emblem, covering its feet day by day with fresh violets and votive poems, the artists, all strong



*Edmund Blume, Pinx*

*The Grandmother's Tales.*

anti-Bonapartists, were reluctant to swell the peans of a masterpiece which recalled their political aversions, while it aroused their unwilling admiration. Dupré and Vela are confessedly at the head of their art in their native country; but other sculptors are joined in a friendly confederacy in the experiment of pushing sculpture as far as it will go in the romantic and picturesque, or rather pictorial, direction. They freely imitate satin, silk, velvet, or frieze, with the resources of their clever chisels. It is true the ancients, with as much sincerity, represented in their marbles the limited variety of textures which their domestic looms afforded. Vela's "Napoleon," because it had a blanket so perfectly carved as to deceive the eye, was derided by some sapient persons; yet in a painting, such as Delaroche's "Death of Elizabeth," the realistic treatment of draperies and cushions is not held to impair the grand dramatic and tragic impression. Too many critics of sculpture are still in the same state of development that Reynolds was when he declared that drapery in a historical painting should be neither like silk or linen or woolen, but only "drapery," sublimated, or in a state of generalization. This seems very ridiculous, as applied to painting, but it is still applied, without rebuke, to sculpture. Barzagli's "Childish Vanity" represents to perfection the rich folds of "gros-grain" silk. Let not this affect our liking for the simple little maiden, as she innocently trails the grand train across the floor.

The figure of "Steam," by Rosetti, needs no special description apart from that of its pendant, "Electricity," already noticed in these pages. Both belong to the modern romantic or "boudoir" school of sculpture, seeking to please by prettiness and ingenuity rather than by dignified and forcible imaginative treatment.

A painting of a class to make the beholder stop and think, is "The Casual Ward," by Fildes, engraved on pages 158 and 159. This picture, which attracted a great deal of notice in the English department, was one of the greatest and best exhibited. It is the work of a young artist, who achieved great popular favor in 1869, and has steadily and worthily maintained his position.

The figures in this picture are portraits of real people. They have nothing in common except hunger, destitution and rags, and are fair types of the classes who drift into the Casual Wards of English cities night after night.





*Roberto Bompiani, Pinx.*

*The Anniversary.*

The poor woman with a baby in her arms, and a ragged boy and poor girl running at her side, is the wife of a laborer who is now undergoing three weeks' imprisonment for assaulting her, while she is left penniless. Hating the thought of separation from her children, the poor mother is on her way to the country, where she has friends whom she expects to help her.

The old man with thin, worn features and a tall hat has been to London to look after an erring son, who, from being vicious, has become criminal, and the father has given the son every penny of the slender sum he brought with him, and carries nothing but a heavy heart back to his native village.

The wretched lad crouched on the pavement has, literally, no history. He never knew father or mother—at least his mother deserted him about the time he could remember anything. He was bred in the gutter, and he lives in the streets. There are thousands of such boys in London.

The two men who come next in rotation are vagabonds. One calls himself "an odd man on the look-out for a job;" the other avers that his health does not allow him to work, and that he subsists mainly on what "ladies and gentlemen who are good to him" choose to give. The policeman could tell you that this man is a well-known beggar, who must have been unusually unsuccessful in his vocation to-day, or he would not condescend to the meagre fare of the Casual Ward. Those folded arms, that shrinking mein, those legs clinging together as if to strengthen each other's weakness, that face and chin buried as they are in the shrugged shoulders, combine to form a tableau, the artistic merit of which seldom fails to make the public pay tribute. Very different is the "odd man," who assumes a sturdy rough-and-ready air, as if anxious to undertake some heavy labor, but this is only another form of pretence. He is always out of work, always professing a readiness to be employed, and is one of the most noted shirkers in the labor-yard, where all these people are called upon to perform a prescribed quantity of work before leaving in the morning, in return for their shelter and food.

The central figure, middle-aged, with the Burgundy nose and damaged presence, who rears himself against the wall and keeps his hands firmly in his trousers pockets, with a half humorous air of philosophic resignation, is one of those too-frequent wrecks from unrestrained indulgence in drink, of whom every reader, we venture to assert, knows some living example. "What a

fellow this must have been in his time!" How often must he have "seen the gas put out!" And was he ever beloved of woman? Doubtless; but as doubtless was that love as Dead Sea fruit—disappointment and ashes! Now



*J. Gauthier, Sr.*

*The Erring Wife.*

comes the sad down-hill of his career. There is a rich huskiness in his voice, and a twinkle in his bleary eyes, which speak forcibly of tap-room eloquence and pot-house celebrity.













