FINE ARTS OF THE PRESENT TIME.

GROUP XXV.—PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE.

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PART I. PAINTINGS.

It was the original intention of the Directors of the Vienna Exposition to invest the Art Department with a character not unlike that of the annual exhibitions held in almost every large city in Europe, and to assemble at Vienna pictures from every country, which would represent the art of the present day, and indicate the artistic development of the world within the last decade. In a very mild degree was this plan followed, and instead of an exhibition we had a museum; and the distinction is a strong one. An exhibition proves what the artists of the present generation can do; a museum shows what artists have done, and is a collection of superior or curious specimens of art, made up regardless of the date of production. A large proportion of the pictures were from state museums and private galleries, and comparatively few came from the studios. In consequence of this method of filling the halls, the display offered much less advantage for the study of the tendencies of art in the present generation, than was confidently prophesied by the managers and expected by the public. The reasons for this change in the composition of the art department are numerous. Some are based upon the inharmonious relations existing between the artists and the selecting committees, in which case the art-treasures of the government were drawn upon to secure material for a worthy representation of the country, and other causes are found in the poverty of the inducements held out to artists, in comparison with those of local exhibitions,

where the distinctions to be acquired were quite as high, and the pecuniary gains much more promising. In its character of museum, the art department was one of the grandest displays of the century, and after the elimination of the works which, from their universally recognized merits, serve as models for the direction and instruction of artists of to-day, enough remains in almost every section to give a hint of the current of art in the country there represented, and to show its capabilities, its tendencies, and its natural character, if it has any. France, England and Belgium, more than any other countries, borrowed the treasures of the state galleries to grace the art halls at Vienna, and Germany, Austria, Italy and the rest sent comparatively weaker but more truly representative collections.*

In the presence of as magnificent a collection of pictures as was shown in Vienna, it can hardly be denied that artists have gained in at least one direction, and that this progress, if continued in the free and untrammeled course that art at present claims as its own, will result in a higher development of artistic culture, and in the production of works nobler and purer than any creations of the past two centuries. This progress is in the direction of expression; and in the refined subtleties of this quality of artistic power, it is clear to my mind that we of to-day are in advance of any age. Not that any one example of superior refinement and truth of expression can be produced which will surpass some of the sublime monuments of the skill and genius of the old masters, but the faculty of comprehending and analyzing expression, and the facility of illustrating it, are much more widely spread among artists of the present day, than ever before. And why is it, then, that the majority of pictures leave the spectator passive and unimpressed? Because the artists themselves, as in every period in the history of art, too often paint with little or no sympathy with their subject. The

* Germany contributed 753 paintings and 194 statues; France, 664 paintings and 196 statues; Austria, 436 paintings and 198 statues; Italy, 340 paintings and 259 statues; Belgium, 217 paintings and 20 statues; Holland, 164 paintings; Hungary, 112 paintings and 27 statues; Switzerland, 108 paintings and 35 statues: Russia, 104 paintings and 44 statues; Spain, 90 paintings and 30 statues; England, 72 paintings and 22 statues; Norway, 58 paintings and 1 statue; Sweden, 35 paintings and 2 statues; Greece, 24 paintings and 22 statues; America, 17 paintings and 1 statue.

great triumph of art is to produce in the spectator feelings akin to those experienced by the artist; to awaken in the depth of the soul some passion long dormant; to appeal to the inmost nature with a voice that demands recognition, and thus to bring all men to the common level of humanity, endowed with the same faculties, moved by the same feelings. As the king and the peasant both bow to the same holy symbol, so do they meet on the common ground of human passions and feelings, in the contemplation of a noble work of art. The artist must remember that the public is passive, and that it lies with him to stir in its multivalve heart an echo of the passion burning in his own breast, or to strike a sympathetic chord. The public cannot be impressed with the same degree of feeling as that which excites the artist to communicate his idea through the medium of colors or marble; for there will always be the cold barrier of the material and tangible to weaken the warmth of sympathy between soul and soul. Then, for an artist to succeed with a subject, he must be so thoroughly possessed with the idea he wishes to represent, that it penetrates every corner of his soul, and enters into every thought, until it becomes a presence not to be escaped, not to be avoided, until he has worked out its image on the canvas, or formed it in the clay. Spontaneous, impulsive works are almost always highly impressive, but the public feeling may be considered as more inclined to chord with the cold and passionless, and to be moved only when the impulse is a vigorous one. The great and noticeable lack in works of the present day is this same spontaneity, which, in its overflowing strength and warmth, takes a form sure to impart some of its glow to the spectator.

The peculiar circumstances which controlled the enlistment of artists in the time of the old masters, were calculated to sift out from the ranks many of those who could not keep pace with the soaring spirit that inspired the true artist. The limitations of art have been removed, the field of action is broader and more comprehensive than ever before, and the qualifications of artists have diminished with the increase of the branches of art in which it is comparatively easy to become, by courtesy, an artist. With the introduction of the academic system grew up a cold, passionless and formal man-

ner, and thousands, even in the present day, annually learn the trade of artist with the same ease as they would learn to become blacksmiths or shoemakers, and with much the same idea. While the true artist will rarely fail to find his way to the fountain-head, notwithstanding the enervating and withering influences of academic training, an army of worse than mediocre painters and sculptors is raised up by this system, and their pulseless productions cover the walls of our picture galleries, or pall upon the visitor from stilted pedestals.

It is not my intention to discuss the merits of the academic system, or even to attempt to support the opinion which I entertain, that we would be worse off without these institutions, for this argument would occupy a great deal of space, and the simple statement that all academies are rapidly acquiring the character of the old studio system, and are developing individuality and encouraging originality, is enough to answer the most valid objections to them.

Another tendency in art has a double signification. This is the admiration for truth of tone which is happily gaining ground among painters. In a material sense, truth of tone adds greatly to the value of the work as a mechanical production, and, in a higher sense, it is absolutely necessary to the perfect expression of an idea in painting. Examples of the perfect harmony of tone with the sentiment expressed will be found by no means rarely in the review which follows. Black and white illustrations do not impress to the same degree with paintings, and when falsities of tone prevail in a picture, to the sensitive eye the force of color is nullified, and the idea might have been better expressed by a photograph or a print.

The great characteristic of French art is its impressibility, and by this quality alone it ranks above every other national art, or school, or whatever it may be called. The French are more truly artistic by nature than their contemporaries, and their capability of seizing the salient points of a subject, the characterizing lines of the expression of any idea, no matter how trivial, is beyond dispute. Endowed with these high artistic faculties, and enjoying the advantages of an art-education superior to those offered by any other country, it is not surprising that French art takes the lead. As

we find the most brutal and disgusting vices go hand in hand with the highest efforts of civilization, so, joined with these superior powers and rare capabilities, we meet with the most ignoble creations and worthless trivialities, often in the garb of masterly execution,—an incongruity rarely found outside the ranks of the French artists.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature of their art is the persistent illustration, so generally indulged in, of woman, as she is understood in Paris. A French artist poses his mistress and paints her, and all the world recognizes her in the picture. There is no spark of sympathy for the beauty of line, the charm of texture, the invisible vesture of chastity. The nude is painted for the satisfaction it gives this false society of gazing upon it, and to supply the demand the artists paint it. In the French art department at Vienna, the walls glared at the visitor on all sides with nude forms, nearly all painted in a cold, impassive manner, or invested with the spirit of unblushing wantonness, worthy only to be turned face to the wall or to fill a corner in some *maison dorée*. Among all this abundance of nudity, scarcely a single figure could be pointed out that charmed with its color or texture, and but one or two attracted by a refined beauty of line or form. The highest effort of artistic execution is the representation of the texture and color of human flesh and the imitation of its forms. The French fail signally in the former, and are not irreproachable in the latter acquirement. Rubens' portrait of Helen Forman possesses these distinguished beauties of flesh painting, more than any other work that has come under my notice, and, while painted with a bewitching voluptuousness of color, and drawn with this master's well known *abandon*, it is a marvel of chastity and delicacy. It is by comparing this picture with the tortured poses of the French nude figures, that we see in what consists the charm of the master's work, and the weakness of the modern productions. Rubens was inspired by the tenderness of his love, by his passionate admiration for the beauty of his young wife, and perfect faith in her purity, to immortalize her in all her chaste loveliness. Similar inspirations do not often possess the breast of the modern French artist; he either constructs some group of nude figures, in irreproach-

able truth of contour and foreshortening, to all appearances simply to prove his knowledge of the proportions and anatomy of the human form, or else he is inspired by the unblushing boldness of his model, and he paints her in a manner to cause the spectator to blush in her stead. When, by chance, the artist has a conception of the beauty of the form, and gives us something passably attractive, he seldom unites with it a power to represent other and equally high attributes of human flesh, the surpassing richness and depth of color, delicacy and variety of tones, and the refined and velvety texture! In a word, successful flesh painters are uncommon among the French. With this general desire to paint the nude is joined often another equally unhealthy aspiration, hardly to be qualified by one word. By this latter impulse the artist is prompted to seek the extreme vigor of action, which renders his figures highly dramatic, and forces the sentiment to an obtrusive and unpleasant degree. This heat of dramatic power often finds refuge in the wildly outstretched arm, in the rigid straightening of the limbs, or in the sweep of the longest line in the body, from the foot to the tip of the extended hand. A glance at the walls of the French department revealed many of these tortured poses, each quite as significant as the other, and the sum-total hardly worth the mention.

The peasant painters of France, of whom Jules Breton and Jean François Millet are the strongest examples, occupy a sphere of labor which demands the most acute perception of all that is noble and poetical in the simple and unassuming rustic and his surroundings, and a deep, unchanging sympathy with him, his life, and his inmost feeling. Both of these artists—peasants in the simplicity of their natures, as well as by birth and a life-long residence among these people—love their neighbors with all the tenderness of brothers, and paint them with a fervent admiration for their honest, manly traits, and a feeling for the poetical current in their lives, that give to their pictures the stamp of an impressive seriousness of purpose, a harmonious rythm of sentiment and execution, and make them pastoral poems, marking the artist as a true poet.

Jules Breton's *Blessing the Harvest*, from the Luxembourg

palace, is a work of great power, displaying a grand unity of conception and singleness of purpose, added to a forcible and masculine execution. The scene is a common one in the rural districts of France. The procession of the church officials and state dignitaries is passing through the fields to invoke the blessing of God upon the ripening grain. The aged priest, bearing the holy symbol, is preceded by maidens dressed in white, carrying an image of the Virgin, and is accompanied by the flower-bearers and the censor-swingers. Behind march the pious villagers, with uncovered heads, and on every side kneel the peasants, in humble adoration. The strong sunlight shimmers over the tops of the yellow grain, plays upon the rich trappings and gaudy vestments, touches the white robes with streaks of warm light, and twinkles everywhere, in the clouds, in the distant village, and in the landscape, seeming to diffuse with its warm glow the feeling of respectful quiet and solemnity, when even the notes of the birds are hushed in the presence of the sacred ceremony. The types of the peasants are unaffected but true, and their actions unconsciously given. Observe with what skill the perspective values of the tones are secured, so that the long row of figures is neither monotonous nor tortured, and the landscape and the groups are united to form an ensemble, with the interest centred in the principal actors. No figure is superfluous, each sustains his role, and all are possessed with the same idea.

Another picture is *The Fountain*, in which two peasant girls fill their jars at the spring, in the twilight. Their poses are full of natural grace, their actions simple and true, and above all, the deep, rich tone of the fading light is so faithfully given, that the spectator feels the growing coolness and the mysterious quiet of the falling night stealing upon the scene. Similarly inspired is the *Return from the Fields*, with troops of gleaners strolling home in the twilight; and another, with three girls, with interlocked arms, walking home through the fields, sharing their simple confidences with each other. In all these pictures there is no obtrusiveness, either in the sentiment or the execution, and they appeal to every one alike, requiring no initiation into the

mysteries of art to recognize their superior qualities of expression and color.

Millet is of a deeper poetical nature than Bréton, and while his peasants are all true to the life, he clothes them, as he does the commonest object he represents, with a poetical sentiment that transfigures the coarse garments and the ugly features, and we see the peasant through the eyes of the artist. The simple incidents of their history become stanzas of a life-long pastoral which it is the loving work of the poet-artist to perfect. Millet was represented but by two pictures: *The Sower*, and *Death and the Woodcutter*. As in all his works, the charm of simplicity was grandly present in both of these. The former is a single figure in the shadow of a hillside, scattering the grain with a swinging stride, and in the sunlight, a laborer with his team, harrowing. The breadth of effect, the perfect action of the figure, and the depth and richness of the color, all point to the sincerity of the artist and to his unaffected sympathy with the subject. In the second picture, the skeleton with scythe and hour-glass, its hideous form covered with a winding sheet,. stretches out a bony hand to grasp the trembling rustic, who crouches in dread beside his bundle of faggots. The figure is draped with wonderful skill, the expression of the pose masterly, and the color of bewitching refinement.

Bougnereau is a peasant painter by name, though not by sympathy. He is inspired by the exterior of a peasant life, and by the less picturesque side of it. With all the skill of a *modiste* and a hairdresser, he combines costumes and coiffures, and paints his subjects with great care and a minute attention to details of form and color, without grasping the decisive character of either. His actors are always soulless, and their waxen faces bear no impress of individuality, one being the counterpart of the other in expressionless perfection of contour. This artist exposed several large pictures, and with his pupil, Perrault, represented a certain class of painters whose chief qualification lies in an undeniable facility of execution.

Bonnat's subjects are not altogether wanting in human interest, and he paints with a strong hand. For example, his *Italia* is charming in expression of *naïve* merriment in the

face of the child, hugging its mother with impulsive affection; a little crude, but not altogether unpleasant in color. Cabanel triumphs with his crayon in perfecting his lines, shows great facility in a certain weak manner of execution in which he appears to have set his palette with onion skins, and his sentiment always remains a long distance behind his skill. With him, artfully posed and perfectly draped figures constitute all worth striving for, and as in his *Francesca di Rimini*, you find perfectly imitated stuffs, irreproachable contours, and not a note struck in the melody of the human heart. His *Triumph of Flora*, painted for the Louvre, was exposed in the *Salon d'Honneur*. Its greatest merit was its size, if that be a merit. His portraits are as feelingless as his skilfully arranged and well posed groups.

If, for a moment, I turn to the portraitists, I must rank Carolus Duran among the class who bow down to the power of execution, and are artists with their fingers but not with their brains. He contributed three very dazzling full-length portaits of ladies in rich costumes. They are posed with skill, and painted with much nerve and swing, but speak only as portraits of costume; for the faces are subordinate to everything else. Without grace, and with little more than rude dramatic effect, the portraits shock from their harsh oppositions of tones and general poverty of color, though painted with all the richness of M. Duran's rather meagre palette.

There were, as I have said, many examples of the nude, without exception perversely opposed to any ideas of delicacy of sentiment or power of execution. Among these were found several by Lefebure, for the most part finely drawn;— and all is said. Contrasting strongly with these trivialities, a large number of the works of the late Delacroix, stand prominently forth. All deliciously rich in color, strong in tone, and full of delicate sentiment, they serve as a sort of landmark to guide us in our review of the twenty years since they were painted. A wan, haggard, savage woman, with her new-born babe, a tale of suffering on the mother's features, and sympathetic lines in the wild face of the father kneeling by her side; a lion tearing his prey, all bloody and mangled; biblical and historical scenes; all are treated with like feeling

and characterized by a depth and wealth of color, little in keeping with the faulty execution.

Very rich and varied in color are the pictures of Isabey, of which he exposed several. Hardly more than suggestions of pictures, very sketchy, the figures forming themselves out of an apparently confused mass of lines and blotches of color, few contours, no attempt at finish, the pictures are nevertheless full of interest. The forms are suggested with a vigorous touch, and the action strong and well understood. For an example of the whole, take one of the long, narrow panels. It is *Breakfast in the Forest.* The lords and ladies in their most brilliant dress, hobnob at a table on the left, cooks and scullions stagger under the weight of steaming dishes or huge pots of food. In the centre, the fire, with the fat attendants, and to the right, the esquires and servants drink and carouse in their boisterous way. All is movement and stir; the woods are full of figures, and brilliant costumes, shining armor, the blaze of the fire reflected on polished dishes, the foliage and all the beauties of the forest make the picture a bouquet of rich color. Isabey's figures are so small that there is a temptation to class him among the liliputian painters; but he pays so little attention to detail that his characters are grand in their breadth and vigorous action.

With Gerome, who was represented by some of his best works, size does not always remain a necessary attribute of his productions, but he is always best seen when his figures do not exceed a certain very small stature. His *Slave Market*, a life-size picture, a sort of studio combination of a naked girl, a crouching negro, a parrot and a few accessories, has little to recommend it. Then there were also shown one or two rather hideous subjects, where decapitated heads and cold-blooded guards told some story of Eastern barbarity. Finished with more than photographic nicety, the details are rendered with such exactness, that you are almost sure that there is a miniature *porte-monnaié* in the pocket of each of the diminutive personages. There is, nevertheless, a skill in composition, a knowledge of costume and antiquities, a considerable truth of expression and strength of color that pleases. While

the pictures do, like Meissonier's, impress one more by the skill shown in their execution than for the ideas they illustrate, there remains often much to admire outside this material qualification, and we find occasional passages of honest, spontaneous feeling. The best one of the pictures shown was the *Gladiators*. The multitude of spectators crowding the benches of the arena are impatiently awaiting the final act of the tragedy passing before their eyes. In the foreground, with one foot on the throat of his vanquished opponent, stands a gladiator, half naked, half in armor, turning to the imperial box for the unfavorable verdict of the thumbs. The courtesans give their vote with ferocity, and shout for the death of the conquered, while the emperor, almost helpless in his obesity, listlessly eats a fig. Through the awning come streaks of sunlight, which straggle over the arena and the crowds of spectators, and beam in a mass in the background. This effect is especially well managed. Another picture is an Arab supporting the head of his horse dying in the desert;—a bit of sentiment, finely executed.

Meissonier neither can be classed with Gerome, or be said to be totally different from him. He paints on a smaller scale, with less detail, and manages to give a great deal of breadth in a very small space. He exposed a number of small panels,—a soldier or two under a white wall, a group of cavalry, an interior with figures, neither impressive, and all well done,—and the the most eloquent picture I have seen from his hand, *1807*, a cavalry charge. Napoleon and his staff are seen on an eminence in the background, and, sweeping across the front, is a squadron of cavalry led to the charge, every man saluting his chief with an enthusiastic swing of the sabre. The horses are unfinished; in fact, the whole foreground is but an *ébauche*, yet there is a dash and vigor in all the movements, a free and unconventional action in the horses that is rarely equalled. Certainly the charm of Meissonier's pictures is in something more than their liliputian size.

Perhaps the finest figures in full action were shown by Boulenger;—three Kabyles pursued by French scouts, the fourth just rolled over by a ball from the gun of the foremost soldier. The dark-skinned, half-naked natives, rush down the steep hillside with swinging arms and vigorous stride; one

only, with a very natural movement, turns his head to watch the pursuers just appearing over the brow of the hill. The action is full of life and perfectly expressive. Side by side with this manly, honest work, hung several prettily painted, feebly conceived scenes with Pompeian women, posed and grouped and expressing nothing. One would hardly believe them to be by the same artist.

It is not my intention to discuss whether it is the province of art to deal with metaphysical, psycological or philosophical questions, but I will salute in passing, a volume of satire by Glaize, which he calls *The Spectacle of Human Madness*. He has represented four scenes : the biblical massacres, the Christian martyrs, the heretics and the slaughters in the French Revolution, and has given them all as if he painted on a panorama, while the artist himself, with an anxious look and half apologetical shrug, stands on the stage in front to explain the illustrations.

Few portraits were shown, possibly because there were few good ones to send. Nelie Jacquemart exposed by far the best and much the larger number of heads. With an almost too rigid observance of actualities, she joins a delicate sense of color, a love for harmony and a great facility for executing with remarkable precision of line and relief of form. Occasionally the portraits are somewhat labored, but she enters so well into the life of the personages she portrays, that one can make their acquaintance from her portrait of them. Contrasted with Carolus Duran, Mlle. Jacquemart gains by the unaffected simplicity and natural movement in the poses, and a far greater capability of suggesting the fleeting expressions of her sitters, beside being undeniably the better colorist. Henri Regnault, one of the most promising of the young French artists, unfortunately killed at the battle of Buzenval, January 9, 1871, may be ranked among the portraitists for his equestrian portrait of General Prim, if for no other attempt of the kind. The General is seated on a black horse, settling into the saddle with a very natural movement as he reins up the charger and faces to the front. The animal, though strongly touched, is too evidently from a photograph, with the exaggerated perspective of the hind quarters and the magnified head and neck which almost dwarf the rider. The background

is compused of rolling clouds of smoke, waving banners and enthusiastic soldiers, admirably relieving the figures of the horse and man, and eloquently significant of the General's wild and stormy career. Regnault's *Execution in a Moorish Palace*, with the ghastly head and bleeding trunk, is too dramatic and tricky to be considered first-class art, but the figure of the stalwart executioner carelessly wiping the sword, is boldly posed and strongly drawn.

Of the superior excellence of French landscapes shown in the Exposition there can be little question, and they were varied enough in character to show the adaptability of the French artistic nature to this sort of work, with high attainments in every direction of procedure. From the broad and free treatment of Corot to the minutely finished and somewhat formal realism of Robinet, there was every grade and good specimens of each. A large number of admirable examples of Rousseau were exposed, all of them of a fruity juiceness of color and strong effect. Rousseau gives more than any other artist the exact meteorological conditions of the atmosphere and the associated effects in perspective, aërial and terrestrial. The many twinkling trees, with their opaque masses of foliage, the deep rich shadows and the broad strong opposition with the sky, and above all, the mysterious, indefinable play of the sunlight, repeated and reflected everywhere;—all this is found to perfection in his works. Of a simple line of meadow, with a clump of trees against the sky, he makes a picture full of interest, representing nature in her most delicate phases, impressing from richness and variety of color, grand oppositions and wonderful suggestions of nature as she is found. The most striking of the pictures shown was a motive on the border of the forest of Fontainbleau. Grand masses of trees on either side, marshy ground between, a plain beyond, the sky full of flaky clouds, and all bathed in strong sunlight which gilds, defines and mystifies in a thousand ways.

Corot, on the other hand, impresses from his depth of feeling for the subtle charms of nature seen from a different point of view. He suggests the grand features of the landscape, infuses his picture with the one great solemn beauty of nature, and leaves it to the imagination to supply what, in the enthu-

siasm of his love for nature as she moves him, he forgets to detail. The grandest artistic efforts are not the most complex ones, and in the noblest strains of poetry is found a heroic simplicity which dignifies the verse and is more eloquent than volumes of detail. Corot's individuality and his poetical sympathy with nature are illustrated by his smallest works, and, although he sometimes falls into a careless treatment and frequent repetition, the same conception of the subtleties of nature's charms is always prominently displayed in the loving and impulsive manner in which they are rendered.

Nature's more positive moods are successfully represented by Emile Breton, who chooses the mournful aspect of the landscape, in the autumn or winter, and very sympathetically illustrates it. He exposed an *Evening in Winter*, with snow-covered earth, and trees, and a chill light, in harmony with the season. Much feeling for like phases of nature, and a strong, free touch, with a well-trained eye for oppositions of tone,—these are his characteristics. Daubigny was represented by but two canvases, neither strong examples of his power. Français was also but feebly seen. A nook in the forest, with impenetrable hedge of foliage, and well-grouped trees, skilfully managed light, and Daphnis and Chloe in mutual embrace in the solitude of the beautiful glen, rather scenic in effect, and a trifle harsh in tone,—this is one of his pictures. The other—a scene in Pompeii, with the laborers among the ruins—is much better felt, and has a delicious glow of light in it. Robinet finds a year's study in the gravelly bed of a stream, rough bowlders, and a clump of trees. The smallest pebble, and the irregularities of each, are painted with microscopic fidelity, and, though the light is sometimes harsh, the general effect is often good. In several pictures shown, it was wonderful to observe the perfection of texture and minute finish, and withal a very perfect subordination of the detail to the mass. One feels, in the contemplation of these and similar pictures, wonder at the infinite patience, more than admiration for the illustration of any one of the myriad of nature's expressions.

Of the animal paintings, Troyon's works were almost the only ones claiming attention, and my admiration for the unequalled power of this master finds satisfaction in none of the

ordinary formulæ of praise. His pictures are models of a vigorous handling, strength of tone, and above all reproach of indecision of drawing or meagreness in any direction. A group of cattle and sheep under the trees; a simple motive, and a canvas of limited size; but no further example is needed to show the master in all his masculine strength. The tree trunks are marvels of fatness; the foliage is a wealth of fine tones; and the broad side of the red cow in the light is as rich and varied as a Turkish carpet. In the whole department there was found scarcely an echo of the richness of color and vigorous strength of tone seen in Troyon's pictures.

In this somewhat categorical review of French art, as seen at Vienna, I have endeavored to give an idea of the distinctive characteristics of the various classes of artists, and my opinion concerning the school as a whole is elsewhere expressed. Several well-known names will be missed from my list, no doubt. Difficulties arising between the selecting committee and the artists, analogous to those experienced in our own country, a want of harmony between these parties, induced even by political feeling, resulted in the refusal to exhibit by more than one famous painter.

The Spanish school has so many of the French elements in it, and the pictures shown in the exposition were so evidently influenced in their conception and treatment by French ideas, that this department properly follows the one just described. The general aspect of the small room that contained the Spanish pictures was unfavorable. The walls were hung high with large canvases, illustrating religious subjects, treated with the worst conventionalism, or indifferently successful attempts at historical pictures. There was, however, a rich tone of general color, an impress of a warmer sun and more impulsive nature evident in most of the works. Two portraits, by Navarre and Rodriguez respectively, both of sitters in rich costumes, and equally inspired by the lustre of the silk and the sparkle of the ornaments, more than by the character of the head, were in every way similar to the flashy canvases of Carolus Duran, and quite as meritorious. These, with a few strong *genres* by Mauresa, as rich in color as a basket of Spanish fruit, complete the list of the noticeable

figure pictures. There was but little seriousness of purpose evinced in this branch of the art; nearly all the subjects were as trivial and as superficial as one of the Spanish love songs. In the landscapes, on the contrary, were displayed a surprisingly intimate sympathy with nature, and a grand conception of natural beauty. Urgell and Torrescassana seem both inspired by the sublime solitude of the landscape, where the presence of the human figure only makes the solitude the more impressive. The former artist exposed a sea-coast view: a long stretch of sand, a gray, lazily-rolling sea, a cold sky, and the dimmest vision of a departing ship in the horizon; a single figure of a girl alone on the beach, watching the vanishing sail;—this is all. But how impressive is the maiden's loneliness, as she feels for the first time the longing that will not cease until the sea brings back the loved one! A gray sky, a broad plain, and a single row of trees, quiet, truthful, and suggestive of one of the solemn hushes in the working of nature's forces, when they seem to pause for breath before exciting new convulsions;—this was one of Torrescassana's motives, and the same feeling inspired a twilight scene, with a simple silhouette of houses and trees against the sky.

The influence of the artistic productions of the Netherlands on the art and artists of every nation, has always been disproportionate to the political and geographical importance of this country, and at the present day is as strongly felt as ever, though less generally recognized and acknowledged. In sculpture, no less than in painting, this comparatively insignificant country has moved a current of art far beyond its conceded strength. The noble examples of the famous masters of the Netherlands serve as salutary guides to artistic progress in every country where art has had a foothold, and need no repetition of their good qualities here. Of the sculpture of the Netherlands very little is generally known, and there has been, I believe, no description published of this extensive and interesting branch of Dutch art. Probably few art connoisseurs will remember that some of the most famous examples of old sculpture in Europe are from the hands of artists of the low countries. I speak of Belgium and Holland collectively as the Netherlands, and of their art

as Dutch art, because the arbitrary political division of these two countries has existed only for twenty-one years, and in art, least of all, are they two countries. I will not attempt to account for the richness of color that is certainly found, to an exceptional degree, in the Netherlands, or to analyze the causes that have developed a peculiar love for color, and fatness of tones and contours in the native artists and the people at large. Overflowing with natural spirits, and physically robust and hearty, the people—and above all, the Flemings—have all the impulsiveness of children, and a horror of everything that is meagre, indecisive and tame. In the warm countries, where the greater part of life is passed out of doors, and where family ties are weak, and comparatively of little importance, the artist naturally seeks his subjects in the creations of his imagination; but in the low countries, where a somewhat rigorous climate forbids an extended outdoor life, motives are found in the scenes of family life, the interiors, and kindred subjects. The birth-place and home of the *genre*, and the nursery of a high realism, the Netherlands develops a class of artists who incline more naturally to the representation of positive fact and simple expression, than to the illustration of the deeper and more delicate sentiments. In point of execution, they are in advance of any school; and in keen perception of the beauties of color, and in innate ability to represent fine distinctions of tone, they also take the lead. Delight in the charms of color is, it seems to me, one of the highest enjoyments of our nature, and the gratification of this sense is one of the noblest aims of art. The Netherlanders often impress by their harmonious and sympathetic coloring, when, in other respects, the picture may be comparatively expressionless. This element of judicious composition of color, which should always march *à pas egal* with other, and, in general, more popular conditions of superior work, is a salutary one in the influence of the art of the Netherlands, and to the high standard adopted by this school in the direction of color and tone as important qualifications of artistic execution, all artists do homage.

That sentiment is by no means lacking in even the average productions of the Belgian and Dutch artists, and is occasionally found in its most exalted expression, while, as a rule,

that their highest attainments are in the sphere of color and tone, was proved by the extensive display made by these two countries. The Belgian exhibit was by far the larger, and occupied a number of rooms. Several of the works of the late Baron Leys hung in the *annexe.* The most original artist of the age, Baron Leys created a school which has taken root in all countries with more or less vigor, and is grafted, in noticeable strength, into the manner of numerous artists unconverted to his way of seeing and painting. The largest picture shown, and the one which represented the artist best, and at his strongest period, was a study for the fresco in the Hotel de Ville, at Antwerp, *Burgomaster Launcelot van Ursel haranguing the Militia to defend the Town against Martin van Rossem.* The gothic simplicity of line and naïveté of pose in the burgomaster and the assembled crowd of militia, the disregard of all academic rules of composition, and above all, a deep sympathy with the character of the people portrayed, joined with a superlative richness of color and strength of tone—these are but a few of the good qualities of this work. In the *Fête given to Rubens*, from the museum at Antwerp, painted in a totally different style, one finds less to admire in the somewhat strained effect of light, and in the labored figures. It recalls Rembrandt's *Ronde de Nuit*, in the force of the lights, and in the admirably managed shadows. A picture by Baron Leys' most promising pupil, the lamented Joseph Lies, was also sent from the Antwerp Museum. It is an episode from one of the numerous invasions of Flanders, and is called the *Approach of the Enemy.* From the picturesque village in the distance pours a motley train of peasants, and teams heavily laden with the household goods, and goaded on by the reported approach of the much-dreaded foe. In the foreground halts the advance guard, a young lord and a trusty attendant or two, with a score of cowardly boors, armed with the implements that come first to hand. The venerable parson and his pretty daughter have just come through the gate, and she is evidently not unconscious of the presence of the handsome young leader of the guard. Full of incident, and grandly illustrating the character of the people, it has all the charms of most beautiful color besides. Another pupil of Baron Leys, Victor Lagye,

who has assimilated much of his master's admiration for the quality of tone, exposed three pictures, all very strong in this respect. *The Bookworm*, a library interior, with two figures, is a marvellous example of perspective of tone, and very strong in color and treatment. *The Sorceress* is less successful as a picture, for the witch is but a common-place model, posed before a fire, and very meagrely drawn and painted, and the two visitors who enter with a baby are expressionless and cold, but the interior is beautifully rendered. To another and degenerate class of followers of this master, who imitate their teacher with more affinity for his faults than for his better qualities, belong Frans Vinck, of Antwerp, and the two De Vriendts, of Brussels. Vinck's idea of a picture is a row of *poses plastiques*, before a flat and obtrusive background of Antwerp architecture. He calls it *Sortie d'une Eglise*, *L'entrée joyeuse d'un Roi du Tir*—you may call it what you will, and be sure of a fit. When he sings of love, it is a Belgian soldier with a nursery-maid, and the sly priest, to play his part in the farce, all posed before a stiff hedge-row of trees. Julian and Albert De Vriendt,—and they might be one for all the difference that can be discovered in their works—both exposed large historical pictures, subjects chosen under pressure, painted with no spontaneity, and adding to a certain strength of color little expression, much gothic rigidity, and no human interest. Generally painting with a great deal of feeling, Louis Gallait was scarcely suggested by two dramatic pictures called *Peace* and *War*. The latter is a very unpleasant episode, illustrated with a horrid realism. A dead mother and infant, a child wild with grief, and a grimy, pallid hand, showing the fate of the father, the situation of the scene marked by a few trophies, it formed a group to be reverently covered with a sheet. Two portraits of Belgian gentlemen, and one of Pope Pius IX.—a reproduction of the one in the Vatican—were painted with a skill rarely found outside Belgium.

The morbid taste for a spice of horror so evident in the picture just spoken of, recalls to my mind that one of Wiertz's largest canvases, *The Fall of the Angels*, hung in the *Salon d'Honneur*, opposite the weak and monotonous expanse of Cabanel's *Triumph of Flora*. A confessed imitator of Ru-

bens, and like all copyists far behind his model, endowed with a lively, and to all intents, a diseased imagination, and governed by the most haughty conceit that ever possessed an artist, Wiertz's life was one series of disappointments and failures, and his pictures are but milestones of his toilsome life journey. Assembled now in the Wiertz Museum at Brussels, they form a sort of chamber of horrors, where the public goes to get a taste of the mysterious and the horrible, and young artists go to take a lesson from this great example of misapplied talents. *The Fall of the Angels* is a confused mass of nude figures, evidently inspired by Rubens,—flocks of very earthly angels, monsters breathing fire, streaks of lightning, precipices falling and distortion and convulsion everywhere. It is a violent step from this picture to the methodical and logical, and consequently uninteresting and tame production of M. De Keyser, the director of the Academy at Antwerp, painted for the Museum of the Academicians in that city; *Charles V. Delivering the Christian Slaves at Tunis* is the subject. The really fine group of slaves has no distinctive character that marks their nationality, the emperor is posed with thorough academic formality and there is a general chocolate tone over the whole picture. The artist has not taken advantage of the resources at his command, one of the most prominent of which is the grand opposition of tones in the flesh of the two sexes, and the work is much less meritorious than the frescoes in the vestibule of the Antwerp Museum completed by M. De Keyser about a year ago, after ten years of labor, and at a cost to the government of only 500,000 francs—a reward small enough in proportion to the real value of the works. J. F. Portaels, of Brussels, whose influence is noticeably great in the formation of a number of young artists who receive the benefit of his generous instruction, exposed very little. One rather cold portrait, and *The Young Witch*, a dark-skinned maiden with a black cat on her shoulder, were the only ones seen bearing his name. One of his pupils, Emile Wauters, exposed two large historical scenes, very well studied, but not of remarkable strength of execution. Other pupils were also represented.

Of the pretentious works of Slingeneyer and Smidt, whose glowing canvases covered much space and possessed merits

in inverse proportion to their size, little need be said. The former artist enjoys a great newspaper reputation in Belgium, and, like all painters who advertise their productions in the same manner that the tradesman puffs his own wares, M. Slingeneyer has a certain mercenary success and a fame among a certain class. There is hardly a redeeming quality in all his pictures shown. Willems, too, falls far short of his reputed strength, as he was seen in the Belgian department. His finish is extreme and porcelain-like, his contours are hard and inflexible, and his groups of lay figures are drawn without an idea of expression and without an idea to express ; besides, no great charm of color adorns his pictures.

Less distinctively Belgian, and combining much of the French aptness for picture-making and freedom of execution, with a fine sense of color belonging to him as a birthright, Alfred Stevens may be classed among the painters of the *salon* order, but frequently rising to a higher and more serious effort. A large number of pictures shown comprised every variety of subject, and proved the exceptional versatility of the author. These were several interiors, beautifully painted, a few trivial costume pictures, a number of charming ensembles and simple but excellent studies. A young girl in blue, holding a dove, called *Spring*, is as full of poetry as the lines of Tennyson it recalls, and is distinguished by appropriate richness and simplicity of tone with a perfect harmony of ensemble. The costume pictures of M. Stevens are painted with much seriousness and facility of execution, showing more than ordinary artistic feeling. The collection was a unique and remarkable exhibition of the productions of one artist. There is a long list of figure pictures which it would occupy too much space to particularize, and among them are many choice works. On the whole there was a gratifying absence of conventionalism and marked individuality among them.

In the ranks of the landscape painters is found an equal diversity of manner and of individual strength. Lamorinière, who exposed several of his pictures, is one of the most strikingly original landscapists. By sentiment realistic, he finds more to admire and study in a simple corner of Flemish landscape than in the most varied accidental combinations of

forest, and hillside or plain, and has little sympathy with the grand in nature's architecture, or with her most striking moods. He paints trees with all their richness and multiplicity of tones, and lovingly details the texture of the trunks and the graceful contours of the limbs. His perspective of line and of tone is as faultless as his execution of the tree-trunks, and he gives us nature as she is, appealing only through her simplest charms. The two landscapes by Van Luppen scarcely kept up this artist's reputation. His strength is found in the solidly painted distances and in a keener sense of the picturesque than Lamorinière has. Grandly broad and superbly rich in color, a marine of Clays always fixes the attention. It is generally a clump of the bright colored Dutch boats and their harlequin sails, all reflected with the glories of the sky in myriads of ripples, or a choppy sea, a breezy sky and a fishing boat, tossing about on the waves. Grasping the grandest elements of the scene, the artist represents it with a rare vigor and a strong, suggestive touch that reminds one of some noble adjective of Homer, expressing a world of beauty in a few syllables and characterizing with bold lines. Clays exposed four of his finest efforts and they found no rivals.

The Ducal Palace at Brussels contributed the large landscape with cattle, by Robbe, as the most shining example of this artist's superior powers. The skill with which he has treated both elements of this picture, rank him among the foremost of animal and landscape painters,—a broad expanse of meadow, with a herd of cattle feeding, or drinking in the pools, a grand sky full of piled up clouds and all in full sunlight; this, rendered with a master's hand. A touch of color, like an echo of Troyon vigorously and boldly placed, is a bull fighting with dogs. M. F. H. De Haas exposed some firmly drawn and solidly painted cattle, also a pair of donkeys on the beach at Scheveningen, very strong in color and well in the open air. With Joseph Stevens, who sent a market of dogs, a picturesque scene, the list is complete.

It is with reverence that I approach the masterpieces of Joseph Israels of the Hague, which in my estimation rise supreme above anything in the Dutch or Belgian departments, and find no parallels in the whole Exposition. Israels in-

clines with a tender feeling of sympathy, to all that is pathetic and touching in the history of peasant life, and, *par excellence*, the peasant painter among the Hollanders, everything that he illustrates, be it the simplest episode, he poetizes with a solemn earnestness of feeling, and almost unconsciously adds an element of pathos, though where and how it is one cannot tell. He, in common with many of his compatriots, loves a warm, brilliant light and a large proportion of shadow, which in its depth and mystery remind one of Rembrandt, and, accompanying this admiration for strong opposition of tone which with so many artists is satisfied by a brusque and harsh contrast, is a rare feeling for the harmony of effect. With Israels, his key of color is always admirably attuned with the chord he touches in the human feelings, and his work is the grandest illustration I can refer to of this power of melodious conception of a subject, and the highest proof of the progress which I alluded to in the first part of this article, as noticeable in this direction among artists of the present day. Israels' interiors are marvels of depth and richness of tone and positive truth of opposition, and in the management of shadows he has no equal. He exposed two pictures of the same motive, a mother feeding her child, noticeable for the strength of color and play of light poetically rendered; but his *chef-d'œuvre* was *From Darkness to Light.* It is a Dutch interior, sombre and mysterious. In the foreground is a mother with two children, motionless under the crushing weight of the grief they feel as the coffin, with the remains of the husband and father, is borne from the apartment by the assembled villagers. A soft light steals through the open door, defining the forms of the rough peasants who, with all the tenderness of women in their sympathy with the grief of the family, reverently bear their burden. You feel all the oppressive quiet of the scene, broken only by the mournful tones of the bell that tremble in the air, and, with the peaceful light, half subdued, steals into the darkened room. No dramatic exaggeration, no violent contrasts, all solemn and peaceful and quiet;—a true elegy and nobly expressed. After Israels everything seems cold and passionless, but there was a similar inspiration of color visible in the works of several other artists who exposed less eloquent

pictures. Sadée hung some charming bits of quiet color, one illustrating a scene common enough at a cathedral door, the poor receiving the bread bequeathed by some pious burgher, to secure the prayers of the recipients of this rather selfish charity. The figures are remarkable for solid truth of tone and charming execution. There were few pictures inspired by a very picturesque element of Dutch peasantry, the fishermen. Elchanon Verveer was the only one who was moved to try this path, and even he does not enter enough into the spirit of the fisherman's life to produce more than a skilful study of a quaint model well posed. Beside Israels' portrait of his mother, there was but one other which made itself seen. This was Bisschop's portrait of John Lothrop Motley. The light is harsh, the tone false, aud though artistically treated, especially in the accessories, it is not a portrait from which one could ever make the acquaintance of the historian. This artist also exposed a life-sized figure of a young girl, a little crude in color, and several interiors with many good qualities of tone, but an occasional meagreness of light. Among the landscapes were found few motives from the characteristic beauties of the Dutch landscape. Almost no windmills, a canal or two by S. L. Verveer, with but a hint of the richness of the local color, a few brilliant studies by Roelofs, and several marines, were all the noticeable efforts in this direction, with the exception of several strong architectural pictures by Springer. Among the marines, two pictures by Heemskerck van Beest, and two by Mesdag, were painted with more than ordinary skill, but were not especially attractive. Madame Ronner, with her strongly touched and well understood groups of domestic animals, was the most original animal painter represented.

Entering upon the review of German art, it is clear to me that I leave behind the field of impulsiveness and spontaneity, and am penetrating the arena of plodding and logical, well reasoned and conscientiously studied efforts, but with accompanying results necessarily dry and only superficially impressive. This may seem strong language to apply to such a powerful and influential school of art, as the one I am about to discuss, but this is the idea induced by the general aspect of the German department of the Exposition, and the impress

left upon every unbiased mind after a serious study of the examples shown. Grand exceptions to this sweeping statement there are indeed, and I shall endeavor to render them full justice in the detailed review which follows. The striking difference between the German art and the art just considered, lies in the very lack of that element which characterizes the latter, impressibility. Then on the one hand we have formality, a cool calculation of the means and the results and an almost servile imitation; on the other, freedom, spontaneity and originality;—all this in general terms. In Germany the idea of an artist seems to be to adopt the principles and arbitrary rules of some recognized light in the profession, and to base all future efforts on the attempts to reconcile these rules with the requirements of his own temperament. Each artist of note has, then, scores of followers, many of whom paint even better than their master, and they are all similarly inspired. If we take the *genre* painters, which represent by far the most numerous class, we shall find hardly a trace of individuality in their ranks. They paint the same subjects, compose after the same rules, execute in the same manner one with another, and it was a rather monotonous succession of *genres* that constituted a large proportion of the pictures in the German department. As a rule, these pictures are painted almost above reproach, so far as the mechanical execution goes. The flesh has often very charming tones, the figures are unexceptionally draped and drawn, and the arrangement is pleasing. They impress one, however, from this very perfection of execution, and by their unmistakable traces of cold reasoning, leave the spectator unmoved and unsympathetic. Not accompanied by any superior force of imagination, the artistic taste exhausts itself in perfecting the productions to a degree which compels the spectator to follow the same passionless course and arrive at the same logical sequences. A scene is illustrated so calculatingly correct and ploddingly detailed, that no imagination of the spectators can mould and adapt the ideas set forth to his individual current of thought. It is the supremest pleasure to enjoy this play of the imagination which creates and transforms, and harmonizes all things with the experiences of our own lives, and perfects and glorifies

beyond the limits of human execution. Where there is room for this play of the imagination, there we shall always find we are impressed the strongest, and it is partly in this respect that the Germans fail to speak eloquently with the brush. In their treatment of the *genre*, as at present developed, there is an evident tendency toward the exaggeration of type, action and even costume which degenerates often into broad caricature. This inclination to caricature is not limited to the less noted of the *genre* painters, but affects all to a greater or less degree, and it results, it is plain, from pushing too far the admiration for peculiarities of type, and from a low order of perceptive faculties which grasps only the broadest distinctions of character. The ability of caricaturing holds the lowest rank among the qualifications of an artist, and wherever this element exists in a picture, the work loses by so much its seriousness, and palls the sooner on the spectator's vision. In an imaginative and imagination-inspiring picture, —and these qualities are inseparable—there always remains something undiscovered, there is a continual enticement to the unveiling of new beauties. Such charms are rarely found in the German *genres*.

Carl Piloty's great historical picture, *The Triumph of Germanicus*, was hung in the *Salon d'Honneur*, and was the most important of the academic works shown. It is a picture of great personal presence; it makes itself seen and impels study, attracting almost solely from its exceptionally powerful expression. Briefly described, it represents the triumphal procession of Germanicus on the occasion of his return from Germany by command of the jealous Tiberius, as it moves through a triumphal arch and passes in front of the imperial throne. The emperor, accompanied by courtesans, and surrounded by his favorite officials, sits gloomily regarding the scene from the height of a raised throne. Directly in front, with chained wrists, walks Thusnelda, leading her little son Thumelicus. Before her march three sturdy followers chained to the yoke, and a venerable harper whom a brutal Roman soldier drags along by the long white beard, grasping the tether of a huge bear with the same brawny hand. Behind Thusnelda follow her maids and sisters, moved by different emotions of their unconquered spirit, and in the distance on a

triumphal chariot, surrounded by his five sons, among whom is seen Caligula, proudly rides Germanicus in the regalia of a conqueror, the mark for showers of bouquets and garlands. There is nothing especially original in the composition of the picture, the light is concentrated on the white-robed figure of Thusnelda, and the shadow encircles it completely, of course magnifying the importance of the principal group and subordinating all the rest. The distance is treated with great skill, and the fine effect of light artistically managed. The color is not absolutely bad nor yet fine, and certain passages are decidedly conventional. The figure of Thusnelda is a beautiful one, full of haughty pride and queenly grace, and the action of the little boy clinging to his mother's hand is charmingly *naive*. The character of the blond Germans is finely portrayed, and there is no lack of interest in the personages or incidents. As an expressive illustration of a familiar event in Roman history, it is worthy the highest praise, and is far more feelingly composed and lovingly studied than the majority of similar productions.

The Building of the Pyramids is the title of Gustav Richter's largest and most pretentious picture, and the name suggests much more than is found on the canvas. Such a subject is fertile in resources, and requires little invention or forcing of situation to make an interesting composition. But Richter has produced an illustration neither remarkably instructive archæologically, nor abounding in other interest. His pyramids are buildings after a decidedly modern principle, his types are more Abyssinian than Egyptian, and there is hardly a costume correctly given. There is, withal, very little unity of idea in the work. The figures are moved by no common impulse; they are as diverse in sentiment as they are false in type, and in a large proportion are simple *remplissage*. Take the figure of a young girl with a jar of water, leaning idly against a tree, and gracefully raising the ten-gallon jar full of water for a boy to drink as easily as if it were a feather; or the vegetable carriers, entering the underground apartment, where the artist has even been obliged to introduce the effect of torch-light, to enhance the somewhat flagging interest in that portion of the picture; or even consider any figure away from the immediate vicinity of the queen and chief architect,

and you will find they are unconscious of the presence of the illustrious visitors, and are all posed and grouped to perfect the composition, but not to illustrate a shadow of the main idea. In treatment, the flesh is hard and inflexible, the light is harsh, and falsities of tone prevail. The shadows are, for the most part, of a chocolate opacity. In two portraits, hung either side of the large picture, Richter was seen to much better advantage. The artist's wife, with her infant on her arm, very gracefully posed, and the face full of motherly tenderness, is painted with great skill, and excellent in color and drawing. This portrait had no rival, but its companion, which is of the artist himself, and an older child, who holds a glass of champagne to the light, its chubby arm supported by the strong hand of the father. These portraits possess all the interest of pictures, and are beautifully arranged and charmingly rendered.

Of the immense allegories and numerous religious pictures exposed, there was little more remarkable than their general conventionality and parallel merits. One of the characteristics of the *genres*, and even of the pictures above described, is their adaptability to almost perfect representation by a photograph, gaining rather than losing by this means of reproduction. Any one who is acquainted with Paul Meyerheim, through the photographs of his pictures, cannot fail to be greatly disappointed at the sight of the originals. Without exception, as they were seen in Vienna, they are hard and dry in contour and color. *The Menagerie*, in which the burly keeper performs with the boa-constrictor, to the amazement of a gaping crowd of country people, and the wise-looking pelican, the awkward flamingo, and the garrulous parrot, adding to the interest of the occasion, is one of the better examples of this artist. *Shearing Sheep*, and one or two others, are noticeable only for the lack of the good qualities which belong to the one first mentioned, and in none of these is there any story told worth recording. Knaus is evidently resting on his oars, having put off the student's cap, and occupying himself with the elaboration of what he has already acquired—judging from his half dozen pictures exposed. There is not a suggestion of direct inspiration from nature in any of them, and they all could have been, and probably were, painted by

heart. The heads are, for the most part, broadly caricatured, and his attempts at sentiment fall flatly and coldly on the spectator. A group of peasants, gathered around a table, represent to the disinterested spectator little more than a collection of yellow faces, expressionless where not caricatured, and less impressive than so many mummies. A village funeral, with the dusty old mourners, the groups of children, the same ugly bier and black pall that have figured in so many similar conceptions, very little pathos, and no juiciness of color—this is hardly to be ranked with Knaus' best efforts. The common motives among German *genre* painters are found in the comic incidents of peasant life, or pleasant little scenes at social gatherings, and among all the long list of painters who illustrate peasant life, there is not one to be found who acknowledges, with his brush, at least, that the being he represents has any deeper feelings than those which prominently distinguish him from the higher brutes, and more than the facial expression of grief and joy. Vautier, who was better seen in the Swiss department, exposed one of these scenes, irreproachably painted, full of humorous situation, and valuable only as an illustration of an interesting custom among peasants. It is a dance in a country inn, with a group of girls standing on the benches, to see the fun, three quaint musicians, and the room in the background full of grotesque figures. Deffregger has more of the best side of peasant life in his *genres*, and certainly paints with much more feeling for color, and heartier sympathy with the peasants as something more than simple models for superficial imitation. He exposed, among others, a picture similarly inspired with the one above mentioned, and conceived with more genuine humor, and having more interesting situations. The Munich artists contributed largely to the collection, and some idea of the number of pictures sent from that city may be gathered from the fact that to Munich alone went fifty art medals. It must be remembered that this is no criterion of their superior excellence, for the artists not rewarded with medals are the exception, not the rule. The large proportion of these pictures were of the class of *genres* I have described; scarcely one poetical idea, and little seriousness of purpose in them. It would be unjust, however, to place Kurzbauer

and Mathias Schmidt, of Munich, under this category. Of the first, I shall speak later, in the Austrian department; and the latter, although a young man, even now excels in many ways the older and better known *genre* painters. His subjects are always interesting, and the figures broadly touched, with an evident inspiration from the Dutch treatment. Besides, there is more *naïveté* of expression and pose found with him.

In certain examples of Munich work is seen the results of a new departure from the conventional manner of execution, and an extreme tendency in the opposite direction. These artists have mistaken carelessness for breadth, and freedom, which is the result of ignorance rather than knowledge, for bold precision of touch. They ignore contours and forms, their touch is brutal and feelingless, and they think they are geniuses when they have learned to be careless. Several portraits painted in this manner were shown, and one or two *genres*. That good results may follow from this radical change in manner is quite probable, when it shall have been modified by the teachings of experience.

One would suppose that the Franco-Prussian war would have supplied the victors, at least, with motives innumerable; it was an agreeable disappointment to find war pictures few and comparatively insignificant. There were one or two incidents in the war history of the crown prince, a charge or two, and a little artillery duelling; but the war pictures illustrated little heroism, and often exposed the weaker side of the Prussian nature. For example: a picket-guard of Prussians, with pointed guns, ready to slaughter at the word a half score of unsuspecting, hungry French foragers, on the search for vegetables, in the thick mist of early morning,—this does not inspire respect for the sentiments of the conquerors.

There were few portraits shown, and beside those of Richter, already spoken of, two fine equestrian portraits by Camphausen, and several heads by Lenbach, of whom I shall speak at length in the Austrian department, there were none of remarkable merits. In the way of landscapes, there were a number of gratifying exceptions to the rule of conventionalism and mediocrity which has so long applied to the Ger-

man landscapes. There were landscapes, to be sure, almost measured by the acre, executed in the same feelingless manner, which proves that the reverence for the established, arbitrary rules which have so long governed this branch of art in Germany still holds a place in the breasts of many German artists. The noticeable difficulty with which the landscapists struggle is their mistaken enthusiasm for the grandeur of nature, and the attempt to represent immensity by very liliputian means. They are generally impressed by a scene which has magnificent distances, towering mountains, grand heights, and no elements of picturesqueness other than may be added by a chalet and a clump of evergreens. When they do leave this field of grand, but not necessarily picturesque beauty, they are more successful in their rendering of nature as she exists in her most charming phases, and impress by finer and less stagy contrasts, inspiring a deeper and quieter admiration for her beauties. Adolph Lier is one of the artists who have turned aside from the traditions of this branch of German art, and is pursuing a path of originality of execution and conception. His *Country Road on a Rainy Day*, a beautiful gray picture, is full of sentiment, and the *Spring Landscape*, with fresh foliage, interlaced branches, charming distance, and strong foreground, has rare qualities of light. Not unlike these pictures is one by George Oeder, of Düsseldorf, painted with very much the same feeling for quiet grays, and with a skilful touch, and one by Sleich, of Munich, with similar qualities. These gray landscapes form much the strongest class of a large number of excellent pictures, and are characterized by very quiet effects and simple composition.

Among the animal painters, Carl Steffeck, of Berlin, exposed by far the most expressive pictures. In his appreciation of the depth of feeling which may stir the heart of a dumb animal, he stands alone. A finer bit of sentiment than his *Dead Foal* was not seen in the German department. The colt lies dead on the ground, and the mother, with an unmistakable expression of the acutest grief and anxiety visible in the dilated nostrils, sad eyes, and pointed ears, stands over the body, watching and almost weeping. In the twilight, the forms of the rest of the herd are seen moving off

toward the shelter, and a mournful tone of approaching night harmonizes with the grief of the animal. The horses are drawn with great precision of line and knowledge of forms. The same may be said of another picture, *The Service of Friendship*—a finely-built gray mare, making acquaintance with the mother of a litter of pups in the corner of the stable. On a much smaller scale, and with little or no attempt at expression in the animals, are the horses of Max Gierymski, who exposed a number of cavalry groups, admirably drawn, artistically composed and painted. In these groups, the landscape is not the least interesting part, and this is also true of the small horse pictures of Professor Dietz. The latter are effective as landscapes, and are rich and fine in tone and color. Schreyer sent a few of his mediocre works, none of them giving a hint of the masterly power that is found in the *Cossack Horses in a Storm*, in the Luxembourg Palace at Paris. Charles Verlat, who was represented by a portrait of the Queen of Holland in this department, and by two or three strongly painted, but overdrawn and dramatic pictures in the Belgian section, was seen in his element in *The Artist*, a monkey, at work at an easel—a work full of the richest color and most skilful handling.

The Swiss painters are thoroughly German in their ideas, and this department differed only from the German one in the much smaller proportion of excellent works. This may be accounted for by the fact that Switzerland sent few or no pictures from the museums, but depended on her artists to represent the country in her full artistic strength. As there was no high standard of admission to the collection, the number of mediocre works was large, and consequently the aspect of the hall was not agreeable. The Swiss seem to be slower than their neighbors to give up their old, conventional ideas, and are, as a rule, much more inflexible adherents to the doctrines of the past. Very many of the best artists paint in Germany, and, from patriotic motives, exposed under the flag of their fatherland. Vautier added three pictures to the Swiss collection, one of which, *The Village Funeral*, is generally considered his best work. The story is told with more skill than feeling, and while, in its presence one sympathizes with the mourning friends, the impress is not

a lasting one. The motive is not strikingly new, nor treated in an original way; indeed, the picture has its counterpart in the German department. The scene is easily suggested by the title. A few uniformed attendants are bringing the coffin out of the house of mourning, and the villagers are gathered around to pay their respects to the family of the deceased, or assemble from motives of curiosity. There are, of course, immense resources of costume, pose and expression, and all this the artist has skilfully taken advantage of. The types of the villagers are well caught, but there is little charm in the color. In many respects, the *Sick-Bed* was the most impressive. A laborer, at the death-bed of his wife, holds in his rough fingers the wasted hand of the dying woman, and receives her last counsels for the care of their child. The sentiment is unobtrusively urged upon the spectator, and the interior is fine in color and painted with Vautier's best touch.

E. Stückelberg is, with the exception of Gleyre, the only one who professes to represent the nude, and his attempts are not always eminently successful. However, his young girl and her lover at the fortune-teller's is an attractive group, well painted. Gleyre sent *La Charmeuse*, a single nude female figure in the thicket, very delicate in contour and in color. By a too highly finished background, he weakened the effect of his flesh, and lost the otherwise charming contrast of texture. There was one picture shown, inspired from an American scene, which deserves mention more from its unique appearance and pretentious air, than from any distinguished merits it possessed. The subject is *Mary Blane*, and at a distance the picture looked like a group of plum-colored negroes, afflicted with the leprosy, clothes and all; but at a nearer view it is found that the yellow spots on the darkeys gathered around the banjo-player are intended for spots of sunlight struggling through the foliage,—the bluest of skies, blue mountains in the distance, blue shadows on the white horse, blue trees, blue dresses, and very blue blue everywhere; and the stranger must believe that Charlottesville, Virginia, must be a great mine of blueing, and the inhabitants get their peculiar color from life-long residence in this locality. The canvas bore the name of Frank Buchser. Neither in animal painting nor in landscape was there anything of special note.

Austrian art has very little distinctive character; it has more of the French than of the German element in it, and it has drawn from these two sources liberally. Regarding the Viennese as the typical Austrian, it is surprising to see how they have assimilated French and German ideas in their society, in their literature and in their art. Vienna is far from being an artistic city. Unpicturesque as she now stands, unimposing architecturally in comparison with many other European cities, and with superficiality of character in the people, well illustrated by the very celebrated, but, on acquaintance, wearisome music of her pet musicians, the Strauss family, she offers no special advantages to her artists in the way of public instruction or patronage. It is little to be expected that in a city where there is, generally speaking, no homes, in our sense of the word, and where you may visit a thousand apartments without seeing a library or even a bookshelf, that there should be a great public taste for art. The Viennese, as a rule, seek amusement outside their own rooms, and do not, like the English or the French, strive to decorate their interiors with an idea to the solid and lasting gratification of the eye. The Englishman and Frenchman in quite humble circumstances will often buy a small picture, which, hung in the best light their rooms afford, shown with loving pride to every visitor, cherished as if it were from the hand of an old master, stands as almost food and drink for its happy owner, and certainly does furnish much mental nourishment. On the contrary, the Viennese affect the flash and glitter of the French taste, display as a people no ideas of proper combinations of color, and yet have the reputation of possessing original artistic faculties to a high degree;—a reputation founded on this universal genius for assimilation of other men's ideas, and not always the best ones at that. The art academy does not rank high, either in the means of instruction or in the number of its students, and most young artists, tempted by the superior advantages of the schools of Munich or Paris, and the easy access to these art centres, seek the establishment of their ground or foundation for their future artistic career in one or the other of these two schools. The Austrian empire has within its boundaries a greater variety of picturesque natural scenery, of type of race, of

various costumes and peculiar customs, than any other country in Europe. It has yet almost unexplored fields for artistic labor as fertile as any in the world; its history is full of incident and abounding in resources; infinite motives may be found for the *genre* painter, the peasant painter, the landscape or the animal painter;—and in Austrian art we find, with one or two noticeable exceptions, none of this home inspiration. There are French, German and Italian *genres*, historical scenes from each country and few from Austria.

The three prominent figures in the rank of artists are Makart, Munkácsy and Matejko. Makart was not represented in the Exposition, but there were several historical pictures and portraits by Matejko, and a good display of Munkácsy's works. Matejko is a remarkable example of unselfish devotion to art for its own sake, and, as his pictures witness, he has a deep and serious purpose in painting. His art is the child of his patriotism, and he applies himself untiringly and constantly to the awakening of the slumbering patriotic ideas in his unfortunate countrymen, and to the elevation of this people from the state of apathy into which they have been forced by years of oppression, and he devotes to this service his incontestable talent, illustrating the noblest and grandest incidents in the history of Poland. It is interesting to know something of the life of this painter, who joins with his wonderfully acute artistic nature such a deep and passionate patriotism. He is but thirty-three years of age, living in his native village, Cracow, in the simplest manner, perhaps not untempted by, but yet proof against, the attractions of the honors and fortunes which await him in the wide field open to his talents in the outer world. He lives with his family in the most modest of cottages, almost a hut, and his studio, if it can be called such, is so small that he is unable to paint on more than a part of one of his large canvases at a time, being obliged to roll it up as he finishes a portion. This may account somewhat for the occasionally remarked want of harmony in the ensemble of his large works. It is said that the municipality of Cracow have just decided to build him a comfortable studio out of the public funds.

His historical pictures shown in the Austrian department were conceived by the artist with the idea of illustrating three

great acts in the drama of Poland's history, which should mark three distinct epochs, together eloquently expressive of the tale of the rise and fall of Polish supremacy. They represent Poland by the alliance with Lithuania taking its place among the European powers; Poland in the triumph of its arms, and in the first symptoms of decadence. The first picture is the interior of the council-chamber at Lublin, with an assembled multitude of Polish, Lithuanian and Ruthenian deputies, to witness the administration of the solemn oath which was to bind these peoples together as one nation. This was in 1572, sixty years after the marriage of Edwidge of Poland with Ladislas Jagellon of Lithuania, and under the reign of Sigismond Augustus II. The king erect, with the crucifix in hand, is repeating the oath to the grand chancellor, who kneels, with one hand upon the Bible, and reverently assents to the conditions of the oath. The venerable cardinal, Hozuus, the president of the Council of Trent, in his red robes, stretches out his hands and with a trembling gesture invokes God's blessing on the act. Around are clustered, with expressions of solemn earnestness, the dignitaries of the church and state. Besides an immense wealth of resources in the costumes of Oriental magnificence and rich accessories, Matejko has personated with wonderful accuracy the types of the different races, the heads being drawn with great precision. All his personages are individuals in face, figure and in gesture, and as a physiognomist he has scarcely an equal.

Later in the history of Poland an incident furnishes, if possible, a more interesting motive for the artist. It is King Bathory in the midst of his victorious invasion of Russia, where he has conquered Ivan the Cruel, destroyed the cities and overrun the country. The scene is passing on the snow-covered plain, under the walls of the smouldering city of Pskov, just destroyed, where the soldiers, secretly induced by the Jesuit Possevini, the tool of Pope Urban V., compel the king to cease advancing and to receive the bread and salt from the hands of the Muscovite archbishop. The king, richly dressed, sits in the door of his tent with a stern look upon his face. All around are the warriors in their half-barbarian armors, and with curiously ornamented arms and robes. In front is the kneeling archbishop, with the symbols

of peace on a salver, and behind him the Jesuits crouch and fawn with terror in their eyes, lest the sword lying idle on the knees of the king shall find a sheath in their own bodies. The types are perfectly rendered, the expressions are individual and the heads full of character. The richness of the stuffs and the variety of the costumes, the waving banners and barbaric skin-dresses and feather ornaments, are all painted with hardy touch and picturesquely combined. The third and last picture represents the harangue of the eloquent priest Scarga, before the king and his ministers in the cathedral at Cracow. In the wild, nervous gestures of the patriot, declaiming with all his force against the dissolution of the times, there is much nature. As in the other two the composition is pleasingly original, but the color is less effective though the general tone is more harmonious. In his portraits, of which he exposed seven, Matejko is successful in so far that he represents his sitter with religious truth, often, it is reported, giving offence by the accuracy of the likenesses. His love for distinctive types of face, and his wonderful facility in the delineation of character, is plain in all his portraits. The heads are often brutally painted, and the tones, though strong, are not always pleasing. One of his best efforts is a group of three Polish children in their national costume. Broadly painted, and with charming delicacy of expression, it ranks among the highest works of the class in the Exposition. In Matejko we have an artist who does with all his heart the work he aspires to do, and his productions are stamped with the impress of spontaneous artistic talent;—an impulse to illustrate, that no obstacles delay, that urges him on with a power that only finds satisfaction in spirited compositions boldly rendered.

A very skilfully painted and well-drawn group, by Heinrich Angeli, *The Revenger of his Honor*, illustrates, as the name suggests, a scene full of commotion. The husband bursts into the midst of a dinner-party, to find his wife in the company of another gentleman, and, after the true romance fashion, runs his sword through the adventurer, who sinks dying to the floor. The cavaliers attempt to rush at the husband but are kept back by his attendants;—a dramatic scene and full of varied expressions, worked out with little exaggeration and forcing of sentiment. Angeli also exposed

several portraits, one of Emperor Francis Joseph, more noticeable for the almost feminine weakness of touch and religious precision of line, than for any great force or character. Meissonier has a diligent follower, in the person of Pettenkofen, who fairly flooded one room with diminutive panels of such subjects as the *Bathing Gipsy*, *Maiden under the Gate*, and like figures, expressing nothing, and only valuable as proofs of a more than ordinary facility. Some of the tiny pictures were, nevertheless, attractive, but all appeal more on the score of execution than sentiment. The *Hungarian Shepherd Wagon*, a rude cart filled with a rollicking crowd, dashing along a dusty road, was one of the best of the scenes. In a like way, Herbsthofer recalls Isabey in his selection of subjects and in his free execution, by no means approaching this artist in strength of color or vigor of manner. The figures of Herbsthofer are full of life and touched with a *chic* seldom found outside the ranks of the French artists.

Thoroughly German in its treatment, and charming in sentiment, is *The Fugitives Caught*, by Kurzbauer, a pupil of Piloty. The situation is well chosen. A young couple are surprised in a country inn, where they are resting after the fatigues of the first stage in their elopement flight, by the angry mamma who has followed them. The young man rises with a proud look of mingled anger and disappointment, and the girl hides her face in her hands overcome by the unexpected presence of her mother, who regards her with a wonderfully well given expression of reproach. In the faces of the assembled guests and the landlord's family, is found the same masterly rendering of expression, and even to the look of utter irresponsibility on the florid countenance of the footman who accompanies the mother, every touch is full of truth and life. In the management of the light, as well as in the sober color and quiet range of tone, are found equally commendable qualities. Leopold Müller inclines to the school of the Netherlands in his devotion to the beauties of color. *At the Well*, recalls the solid, quiet gray paintings of several Dutch artists, and in *The Home Altar*, a young girl kneeling at a domestic shrine and lighting the candles, there is far more enchantment in the beautiful tones than in the sentiment. William Koller, a pupil of Baron Leys, suggests his master

by an exaggeration of his faults, and one finds in Koller's pictures little more than formal poses, rigid and hard contours and feelingless composition, coupled with some good color;—an acquirement learned, but not felt out. To pass by Canon, with his too evident imitation of the old Italian painters, a multitude of small *genres* engages the attention, and in a review of the qualities that distinguish them all as a mass, prettiness is found to constitute the pre-eminent mark of their excellence. Almost every incident of social life had its illustration in the Austrian department, and as I have before remarked, there was nothing of a national character to distinguish these scenes from the same subjects found elsewhere. The battle scenes of Sigmund L'Allemand are of remarkable excellence. Quiet in color and effect, almost to a fault, they appeal as truthful representations of the events of modern war. A cavalry charge was especially noticeable. This picture is so full of incident, and so unconsciously true in the actions of the figures and expressions, that it may be ranked as the best of the battle-pieces shown in the Exposition. The natural variety of expression and marked individuality of pose, are accompanied by no dramatic, overdrawn situations but the scene passes before the eye in its truest aspect.

Lenbach exposed both in the German and the Austrian department, but he was better seen in the latter. His portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph is too crude in color to be considered successful, though the artist has given much of the rugged picturesqueness of the face of his imperial sitter. The list of Lenbach's portraits embraces many types of face, and they are all painted with wonderful accuracy of tone. Some of them, hardly more than rough sketches, give the character of the sitter unexceptionally, and are among the highest examples of portraiture shown. Not less noticeable in Lenbach's portraits is the distinguished depth of tone and harmony in the ensemble. Everything is subordinate to the flesh, and while this fails often to give its rich and brilliant effect of color, even in contrast with a sombre background and well massed drapery and accessories, there is always the mark of originality and power of execution upon them. Lenbach seems to take in at glance all the characteristics of his model and to suggest as much as possible *au premier coup*.

After what has been said on German landscape painting there remains little to remark upon in the Austrian landscapes. In very much the same qualities that Lier differs from the majority of German landscapists, Charlemont holds place apart from his compatriots. The two pictures which ne exposed are delicately gray in tone and show a fine feeling of nature. Somewhat thinly painted, but strong in general effect, they were almost the only noticeable landscapes in the department. Robert Russ, a little more scenic in his manner, showed a series of pictures of merits as widely distinct as the localities that furnished the motives. A windmill in Rotterdam, not remarkable for truth of local color, and the ensemble broken by an injudicious repetition of brilliant lights, was, nevertheless, a relief to look at, attracting from its strong oppositions and vigorous touch. Schindler's landscapes are the reverse in treatment, being a trifle labored, but well studied and composed with skill. The animal painters are even less numerously represented than the landscapists, and nothing particularly strong or strikingly original was shown in this line. Ottovan Thoren, conceded to be the best artist of this class in Austria, does not seem to be so close a student of animals as his reputation would lead one to imagine. Several of his sheep pictures shown are not disagreeably defective, nor yet strong, and his *Cow Attacked by Wolves*, has the appearance of being painted faithfully after stuffed models; the animals are perfectly stiff and lifeless, and the wolf is fairly pinned upon the cow's back.

The Hungarian exhibit was in a separate room, and, though small, was representative, and contained some of the most boldly original conceptions and most powerfully impressive works in the Exposition. The larger part of the paintings were conventional in treatment, though the motives were in general drawn from the national customs and history, and the few grand exceptions to the rule gave a higher tone to the whole. It was gratifying to see evidences of national pride in the numerous attempts illustrating the peculiar customs of the Magyars, and the grand events of their history. To be sure, they were often weak attempts, but the spirit that prompted them was visible in them all. Munkácsy is a thoroughly original painter, individual in his motives as in his

execution, finding the picturesque among the low, rude peasantry of his country, and, by the magic of his touch, making the simplest object interesting. His execution is broad and forcible, his color always gray, and often with masterly fine distinctions of tone and skilfully chosen oppositions. He is different from the Netherlanders in his perception of the values of the lights as lights, for his pictures are always marked by a quietness of tone and a strength of contrast much less prominent than that found in the Dutch pictures. With him, a sober half-tone takes the place of the brilliant, sparkling, flesh tones sought for by the Netherlanders, and his figures seem to be in a veiled sunlight, or under a cloudy sky. In his *Night Prowlers*, a squad of dirty, sullen-looking vagabonds are led along in fetters by the gen d'armes, and the people in the streets point curiously at the prisoners. There is hardly a contour in the picture, yet the figures are drawn with distinguished skill, and the expressions are strongly marked,—more by vice than by virtue, to be sure, yet true to the life. In this picture, Munkácsy is seen more in his element than in the *genres*, where there is little facial expression, and perhaps no particular display of passion. His rogues you do not pity, but despise, and his honest people have no varnish of imaginary perfection, in form or character. He does not impress by his poetical conceptions, but rather from his forcible and piquant manner of telling a story, leaving it to work its own effect on the spectator. He exposed one landscape, rather wanting in atmosphere, but rich in fine autumnal grays. The finest portraits were by L. Horovitz. One, of a young lady, was especially attractive, from its natural grace of pose and beautiful sweetness of expression, and all were delicate in tone and contour, characteristic in truth in rather a studied way. Unexpected and forcible arguments against Catholicism were the cartoons of Zichy,—the boldest conceptions and the most eloquently expressed ideas in this department. *Christ and the Priests* is an interpretation of a religious question rarely illustrated. The Saviour appears in a blaze of light, welcoming with his right hand the heathen, the Protestants, the persecuted, and the champions of freedom, among whom are seen Garibaldi, raising the Italian, and the typical American, freeing the negro. With his left

hand, Christ repels the Pope, borne in state to meet him, and the priests and bishops turn amazed, and, in their terror, flee. Jesuits gather up their treasures with miserly eagerness, and shrink away from the radiance of the Saviour. Fully as forcible in expression is *Luther and the Vision*. The Pope on his throne, a dead body, with a dagger sticking in its heart, a nun, stifling an infant, the symbols of ecclesiastical power and rank; at this vision, Luther rises, and, with a gesture of the most violent indignation, raises his inkstand to hurl it at the apparition. The stern face of Luther is a study of expression, successful in a rare degree, and the force of the sermon is not lost by indecisive lines or weak execution. Very delicately given is *Raphael and his Model* in sepia, drawn with much of the grace of Raphael himself, and full of sentiment. The face and form of the model and the naked infant, the pose of the artist, as, in the warmth of his love, he embraces the beautiful woman, all is so full of refined grace, in delicate harmony with the delicate sentiment of the scene, that it seems an inspiration from the master. Two landscapes were shown by Mészoly, of an extreme simplicity of line, and equally unaffected quality of color, and these alone were of distinguished merits.

There lies before me, as I write, a human hand, delicately carved in alabaster. The workman has used his tools with the greatest skill; he has indicated the minute folds of the skin, has shown the prominences of the bones and the lines of the tendons, and has hollowed every dimple. With all this care, he has but feebly represented the human hand, and the ornament, instead of pleasing, shocks the eye. The reason is evident: the proportions are all wrong; the thumb bears no relation in size to the fingers, the phalanges are too long for the metacarpus, and the movements are false and stiff. In his religious observance of detail, the workman has failed in the one great point—character. The roughest sketch in clay, with the right proportions, and perfect movements, is more attractive, a thousand times, than this marvel of detail and finish. This hand illustrates perfectly the English system of art instruction. In all the English schools carried on after the South Kensington model,—and indeed in such other English art institutions as have come under my

observation,—this same mistaken system is taught and employed. The professors begin to instruct exactly the wrong end first; they teach to finish, and insist upon details before the pupil has learned to mass a figure, or indicate by a few lines the character of the movement, and the just proportions. Their models for primary instruction are all after this plan, and their corrections of students' work all tend to the development of this petty manner of drawing. No arguments are necessary to prove the value of a general indication of the character, as opposed to neglect of grand lines and movements in the elaboration of minutiæ. A few charcoal lines, giving the direction of the members, and indicating, in the simplest way, the action of a figure, are more indicative of the impression the figure makes upon the spectator, than the most carefully studied drawing of the same object, where the grand lines fail and the action is faulty. Any one who has drawn the figure knows the value of the first few strokes, indicating, not the sum-total of the impression made on the mind, but the characteristics of it. Then, in teaching, show the beginner the grand movements of the body, the most characteristic contours, and the just relations of the masses; instruct him how the directions of the branches vary in different species of trees, how the foliage is massed in each, and everywhere insist on grand character and simplicity. The importance of detail is in general the uppermost idea in the beginner's mind, and the instructor will rarely have to insist on this quality in beginners' work. As for finish, this acquirement comes of itself; certainly enough skill in this direction will be gained by the pupil, long before he has learned the grand lessons of his profession. Another fault in English drawings—common, however, with the French—is, the absence of any indication of the relations of tone, and in the Belgian school alone is this commonly insisted on. This fault cannot be excused in a drawing where there is any attempt at effect of light, for this suggestion of color, and its accompanying tone, is so important a quality of drawing, that even by a simple contour one may judge whether the artist is a colorist or not. It is undeniable that the eye may be trained to distinguish relations of tone with great precision, even where there is no innate feeling for color in

the artist, and this vital element may be, and should be cultivated.

This brief discussion of the English system of drawing was not induced by the study of the paintings shown in the Exposition, for the display was far from being a representative one, but from a series of academic drawings exposed in connection with the engravings and etchings. Among the latter were a number of masterly ones by Whistler, who,—an American, as every one probably knows,—is one of the strongest figures in the English school, if indeed he can be said, with his prominent originality, to rank there.

Among the English paintings exposed there were many old friends, familiar to every one by photographs and engravings, and the simple mention of these will recall their remarkable qualities. The English pictures, as a whole, are marked by a surpassing delicacy of sentiment, and the stories are told with a great deal of poetry. An execution at pace with the artistic sentiments and power of expression—qualities by no means rare among English artists—would add to the impressibility of their works. The faults of their execution lie not in the ability to finish, but in the lack of freedom and spontaneity, and labored and feminine treatment is often seen in the illustration of a most bold and masculine idea. Thomas Faed's *Last of the Clan*, and his *God's Acre*, were both shown, and the sight of them awakens ever new interest. In the former, a shaggy old Scotchman, mounted on a Highland pony scarcely more rough and more scraggy than himself, and surrounded by a crowd of genuine natives, their faces full of warm sympathy and anxious attention, stands on the pier to salute departing friends, so far as one can gather from the somewhat uncertain situation. There is a touch of nature about every figure, and so much individuality and unpretending character, that it is always new and ever attractive. The two little children in the latter picture, standing on the brink of a newly made grave, is quite as delicately expressed, and both are painted without pretence, but with extraordinary skill. Full of communicative humor is the face of the rough Irishman in *The China Merchant*, by Erskine Nicol, and the face of the daughter, as she chaffs with a customer, while her father displays the crockery, is a direct transcript from

nature. O'Neil's *Eastward Ho!* the farewells of wives and sweethearts to the departing soldiers on shipboard is noticeable for similar careful study of type and almost irreproachable treatment. Turning to a class of pictures more serious in their nature, the *Last Sleep of the Duke of Argyll*, by Ward, with its fine effect of light, conceived and handled with honest feeling, gains on a fresh acquaintance. John Phillips' *Dying Contrabandista* has less of the unpretending simplicity of the works above mentioned, for the situation is dramatic, though finely rendered, and the complication of resources is extremely well managed. A class of paintings not to be ranked with those already spoken of, but to a stranger representing the generality of the English productions, is marked by an uncertainty of touch, a hesitating manner of execution, just the reverse of the solid and hearty Dutch method. Pool's *Spirit Hunter*, inspired from Decameron, is a good example of this class. The figures of a picnic party, terrified at the approach of the ghostly cavalier, are quite as thin and unsubstantial as the spirit that frightens them, and the landscape has the same vaporous, unreal appearance. J. C. Hook, who enjoys a wide reputation as a painter of fishermen, exposed some good, honest work, but his pictures are so awkwardly composed that they are not altogether attractive. A part of a sail, a section of a fishing-boat, and a fisher-boy trimming down the sheet, and this at an angle with the frame, neither deceives or pleases the eye. There is, however, much freshness in the water, and good, solid perspective of tone ; then besides having these qualities, the pictures are freely touched. Neither intimately sympathetic with the fisherman, or conversant with the most poetical phases of his life, Hook should be called a painter of the sea rather than of fishermen, for the landscape is always the strongest part of his pictures, and his weakly-drawn figures are often completely subordinate to it.

Orchardson and Pettie have both found motives from Shakespeare, the former showing Falstaff and the latter Touchstone and Audrey. Remarkable more for delicate color than for force of execution, these pictures are charmingly felt and the figures well in character. Elmore is quite the contrary in his manner. His *Leonore*, with the galloping

horse and his double burden, the crowds of spectre followers, and the weird effect, is more solidly painted, though monotonous in color. From this latter fault the artist has escaped in his *On the Housetops*, an oriental scene; but in this he is less hardy in treatment and weaker in expression. Leighton stands almost alone in his poetical feeling for color and the unobtrusive interest of his characters. *After the Vespers*, a simple, half-length study of a young girl, is as quietly appealing in sentiment as it is sober and delicate in color. In the way of liliputian figures, the *Ramsgate Sands* of Frith is quite as complete and perfect a work of this kind as one could wish to see, though not equalling his more famous *Derby Day*. The pleasure-seekers, multiplied to thousands, are each studied with conscientious care and in their petty way are amusing enough. Fortunately for the subject, the artist has not limited his study to the poses alone, but has given a wonderful individuality of character to each of the minute heads. Two oriental scenes by John F. Lewis, *The Suspicious Coin*, and *A Street in Cairo*, are exceptionally strong in color, but are a little glassy from their extreme finish. The camels, in the latter picture, appear covered with eel-skin, and the former, a Turkish bazaar, with its picturesque occupants and wealth of drapery, wonderfully vigorous and rich in color, loses from its almost metallic lustre.

In portraiture, Millais, with a full length of a little girl, and a group of three sisters, occupied the most prominent place. There is a great deal attractive about his representation of little Miss Lehman, but even the charmingly-caught, half-pouting expression on the delicate features is not a lasting offset to the unpleasant chalkiness of general tone, which grows, on acquaintance, into an evident fault. The pose is charmingly naïve and unconscious. Millais has found his model in the conservatory, and has painted her sitting on a large green porcelain jar, swinging one foot in true school-girl impatience, and both hands in her lap, idly playing with a rose. The drapery is all white, the floor is of white marble, and, relieved against it by a fine distinction of tone, are two white doves. The group of the three young girls is less pleasing as portraiture and richer in color; the faces are very

refined and beautiful, and well drawn as well; but the arms are carelessly modelled, and arranged with a painful repetition of the right angle. Sir Francis Grant's portrait has little to recommend it in drawing or color, and the same may be said of J. Archer's portrait of a lady in white. *An Old Student*, by J. P. Knight, is a characteristic study-head, and James Sant's portrait of Master Wilson-Patten is a strong one. One can but regret the absence of better representative portraits, the existence of which is hinted at by those above noticed.

The landscapes numbered very few. It was not surprising to find Turner's *Walton Bridges* among them, and it was not encouraging to turn from this to the more modern works. P. Graham sent *A Freshet in the Highlands*, breezy and moist, with a fine cloud effect and well-painted water, and Vicat Cole was represented by *Evening*, a crudely yellow, unatmospheric twilight, not altogether wanting in feeling, but false in tone. R. Ansdell, who paints quite as conventionally as any one else, exposed a sheep picture, and as no exhibition would be complete without a Landseer, Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales contributed *The Sanctuary*, *The Arab's Tent*, and the artist's portrait of himself. A large room was hung with water-colors, and most of the well-known artists were represented. Newton's *Evening Shades* was perhaps the most charming bit there, although the historical pieces by Sir John Gilbert, familiar through the engravings, are almost beyond reproach. Two of Harper's much talked of oriental scenes were also shown, remarkable only for a decidedly original pea-green general tone.

Italian art in all its frivolity, weakness and conventionalism, was represented by a large display of statuary and a tiresome number of paintings. The rooms of the pavilion occupied by the Italian exhibit, were hung with a succession of mediocre productions of almost endless variety of execution and subject, but of about the same relative merits. The main object of the Italian artists is evidently to cover as many canvases as possible during the dull season, in order to be ready for the next influx of visitors. The mercenary character of this sort of work was indelibly impressed on a large proportion of the pictures shown, and in the midst of so much indifferent

material, the task of winnowing out the chaff and preserving the grain was a laborious one. To be sure it repaid the trouble, for there were some most excellent pictures with this mass of apprentice work; but the trade of artist is too easily learned in Italy to warrant the expectation of an exhibit of a higher rank than the one sent to Vienna. It may be that the proportion of meritorious works in the Italian department was not very much smaller than that in some other departments, but the range of mediocrity was much lower, and the evidences of artistic talent less marked in the general tone of the pictures. Motives were sought by the artists in the most trivial incidents, with here and there inspiration from modern history; and even the ancient divinities were resurrected to furnish themes for a feeble brush. The general quality of color was, as might be expected, more florid than in the most of other exhibits, and the finer qualities of color or tone were rare.

In the attempts to paint the nude, the Italians are less successful than the French, and there were a great many meaningless nudities in the Italian department more vapid and more shallow than the weakest of the French poses. *La Signora di Monza*, by Moses Bianchi, was an oasis in the waste of feelingless illustrations that surround it. A young nun, her face full of anxious supplication, sits with her hands clasped in an attitude of earnest prayer;—a very simple figure, delicate in expression, and a harmonious tone of rich sober grays in the picture. The powerful handling of the artist, and his fine feeling for color, was equally well shown in *The Prayer*, a church interior with figures, and *The Singing Lesson*, a stupid set of choir boys practising their singing parts under the direction of a snuffy old master;—a picture with a beautifully managed effect. Another light effect, artistically handled, was seen in the *Inspection of the Fiancée*, by Robert Fontana. It illustrates the custom prevalent in some parts of Russia, of submitting the intended bride to the criticism of a sort of committee of women. The graceful young girl stands naked in the full light of the window, before a bench-ful of official looking matrons;—a story told modestly and with taste. Antonio Rotta's contribution was not one of his best efforts, and, judging from the *Poor Mamma* alone, a

young girl pawning the portrait of her dead mother, his reputation, which is a fortune to him, seems unfounded. It is treated in unmistakably German style. The pictures of Dominico Induno are marked by a rare facility of execution. His *Too Late* is beautifully painted, and the individual heads perfect in character. This picture is essentially a social one, and the subject not old. The young bride is in the hands of her maids, who put the last touches to her toilet. The anxious papa, watch in hand, is evidently muttering curses at the delay of the groom, while the mamma and the guests are more politely impatient. There is no affectation of expression in pose, and it attracts from its truthful simplicity. There is some excellent color in Capriani's courtyard, with monks and servants, and very skilful handling; also in the *Pigeon Feeding in Venice*, by Faecioli, a scene familiar to every one who has visited that city. The doves in their confusing movement are especially well indicated. There were a large number of portraits, and Victor Emanuel and the Princess Marguerite figured frequently in rigid poses and formal costumes. In landscape there was a great deal of the German influence visible. A twilight, by Pasini, with a good deal of feeling of fading light, and another by the Cavalier Formis, a boating party on a lake, were both noticeable. The review of the Italian landscape, without a mention of the Campagna, would be a rare anomaly. This ever-fertile theme was interpreted with an unusually strong touch and a hearty admiration for brusque oppositions, by Vertunni, who sent a series of broadly painted landscapes of varied subject, all with remarkable qualities of light, but a trifle scenic in the rudeness of the contrasts.

In Russian art, as seen at Vienna, there is a prominent national character. The influence of the French school was particularly noticeable in some cases, but the majority of the pictures were essentially Russian in motive and in expression. The artistic taste developed in Russia, seems to turn aside from the acknowledged channels, and to find the greatest pleasure in new and characteristic ideas. Especially is this true in ornamentation and the decorative art; the works of the best painters are not marked by eminent originality or national character, but the mass of artists have an unmistak-

able admiration for the peculiarities of type and costume of their people, and their productions are for the most part every inch Russian. The pictures of Wladimir E. Makovsky possess these qualities of national character in a superlative degree. The most prominent among them was *Butterweek*, a scene at the annual fair in Saint Petersburg. It is a cold winter's day, the ground snow-covered, the air full of frost, and the smoke hugging the earth and adding to the chill aspect of the streets. In the background are seen through the smoky atmosphere the outlines of large buildings, and a row of multi-colored booths runs back into the distance. In front is an immense crowd, all intent in the diverse amusements afforded by the shivering clowns and ballet-dancers, who can scarcely leave off hugging their fingers long enough to play their brief parts outside to attract the pleasure-seekers into the warm tent. The little stands of the sellers of hot tea are besieged by the thinly-clad showmen, and the steaming drink warms many a shivering body. Everywhere is present the pinching, piercing cold, and the accompanying love of warmth possesses each heart. In the multitude of people we find every class, from the coarsely-clad peasant to the noble in his rich robes, or the man of fashion ogling the ladies with the air of a true snob. Incidents are superabundant, and from this single picture one could draw a thousand motives. Aside from the general aspect of the scene, there is an endless source of interest in the multitude of figures, each of which is a masterly representation of type and national peculiarities. Another very typical illustration of Russian customs is *Towing on the Wolga*, by E. E. Riepin. A motley row of laborers, leaning on the broad bands that are attached to the tow-rope of a Chinese junk, march slowly along the flat river-bank with that listless patience common to their class. The landscape is dry and burning; the strong, hot light of a southern sun beats down upon the gang and casts cool shadows upon the dusty track. Each figure is marked by individuality of pose or gesture, from the shock-headed burly fellow in the front, to the tall, slim youth adjusting the belt across his chafed breast, and, though not strong in color, there are very good qualities of drawing in the group.

Karl Huhn is perhaps the most eminent artist who contributed to the display, but he was only feebly represented. One of his favorite subjects was shown, *The Evening of the Night of Saint Bartholomew*, a noble engaged in pinning the white cross upon his hat, and also by two small interiors. The skill of the artist is undeniable, his handling fully equalling and much resembling that of some of the best French and Belgian painters, but in the pictures shown the superior execution was their best quality. Among a large number of pictures, little remarkable for fine tones, the broadly painted *genres* of Charlamoff are pre-eminent for refinement and delicacy of color. His *Music Lesson* was a sweet melodious strain in itself, the key low but beautifuly harmonious, and the notes forcibly struck. These *genres* begin the list of a varied and interesting series — interesting, because illustrating the curious customs of the Russian peasantry, but little remarkable as works of art. It would hardly be expected to find such facility among the Russian artists as was seen in the numerous pictures of the liliputian size, finished with almost the skill of the old Dutch painters. Among these there were several interiors of monasteries with monks, and battle-pieces with thousands of minute figures, curiosities of patient labor and little else. Of portraiture several strong examples were shown. A Russian noble, in an overcoat lined with bearskin, is the best of the series exposed by Johann P. Koehler. The head is finely drawn and the fur painted with a skill rarely equalled.

Sweden, Norway and Denmark displayed all together quite a large collection of representative works, not particularly attractive as a mass, but with many productions of merit. The general character of the pictures differed very little from the German works, but here and there could be seen an example of pure French influence, and an occasional inspiration from the school of the Netherlands. The landscape and marine branches of art flourish in a most healthy manner, and the *genres*, and more especially the *salon* pictures, have comparatively few devotees. What there is of *genre* is generally serious enough, and if inspired by national peculiarities, is interesting more than picturesque. Few of the *genres* exposed were from home motives, and the best ones were not distinct-

ively Scandinavian in their inspiration. The Danish display was the largest of the three. Several *genres*, by Professor Carl Bloch, were the most attractive pictures in the collection. For example, a girl sitting in the candle-light was painted with exceptional fidelity, and was remarkable for truth of the light effect. Two or three comical incidents in the life of the monks were also beautifully painted and full of expression. The marines, as may be remarked also in the displays of Norway and Sweden, were painted with more nautical knowledge than feeling for art, and, with one or two notable exceptions, were of little interest. In Anton Melbye's marines was seen strong color and well drawn wave forms, with a good sentiment of the picturesque. The quieter and grayer canvases of Carl Sorensen are painted with almost equal skill but less strength of effect.

A very large and gothic illustration, of an event in the life of King Erich XIV., inspired in treatment by the faults of Baron Leys, not strong in color but with a certain force of expression, occupied a prominent place in the Swedish gallery. The author, Count George von Rosen, exposed several other less pretentious canvases, almost the only noteworthy figure pieces in the collection. A very hard and somewhat crudely colored market scene in Düsseldorf, by A. Jernberg, with one or two smaller pictures, may be ranked as the representative *genre*. Alfred Wahlberg's landscapes were superior to anything shown in the pavilion, and were hardly rivalled by similar works in the other halls. His *Motive from Westgotland* is strong in color and abounding in a fine sentiment unique among his compatriots. Quiet water, with marshy islands, a clump of trees in the middle, with straggling birches stretching out their branches on all sides, a charming bit of hillside distance and a bright airy sky; this is the landscape briefly described. Broadly painted, with a firm drawn and well-massed foliage, the picture gives all the multitudinous twinkle of the trees, the complex reflections of sky and foliage and without a detail, yet all there with the freshness and brightness of nature. Wahlberg does not so much account for the phenomena of nature as suggest the same as they impress him. The qualities of light and its charming play among the foliage, this is his especial delight.

Totally unlike the generality of Düsseldorf landscapes are the pictures of L. Munthe, who, it is hard to believe, paints in that city of artistic conventionalism. After a study of his two strong landscapes, shown in the Norwegian section, one is forced to admit that much good can come out of Düsseldorf.

Both these pictures were inspired by a similar feeling for the mournful phases of the landscape. One of them, a winter scene, chill and drear, doubtless a motive from one of the plains of Norway, is especially strong in color. Half-melted snow covers the ground, and the footprints in the road are dark and full of water. The sky is sombre and dreary, and the snow has a sympathetic tone. A brilliant streak of chill light in the horizon makes the landscape still more sad, and faintly touches the cluster of low houses in the distance and the shivering figures fishing through the ice in the foreground. There is complete harmony of the tones with the subject. A hillside in autumn, peasants gathering potatoes, a network of bare branches and brown foliage against the sky. This is the other landscape full of mournful indications of coming winter joined with all the beauties of harvest-time.

In the marines there is less to commend than among the Danish pictures. H. G. Schanche contributed several sea-coast views, true in tone, but not altogether felicitous in composition. Two church interiors, by V. Lerche, were remarkable for luminous effect and good color. If exceptions be made in favor of the *Bridal Party in the Forest*, by Fidern, essentially German in every respect, there was scarcely a noticeable figure piece in the Norwegian collection.

Greece sent but very few pictures, and among them the works of N. Lutrax were the only ones having special merits. These pictures were surprisingly original in conception and in treatment. One of them illustrates the burning of a Turkish frigate, with a boatful of Greek sailors rowing away in the foreground. Although the position of the rowers is in the most difficult foreshortening, the drawing and modelling are excellent, and the color surprisingly rich. A thorough Greek in his likes and dislikes, the artist gave also a group of Greek children, singing to drum and fife accompaniment, painted with a strong hand and full of character.

It may be gathered from the preceding pages that with the

exception of the galleries of France, the Netherlands and England, really impressive pictures were rare in the Art Hall. I come now to speak of a collection that must have appealed to every American at least, our own display of pictures. Impressive these works certainly were, but, unfortunately, disagreeably so. Very limited in numbers, the pictures sent represented art in America even in a less degree than our meagre display in the Industrial Palace gave an idea of the industries and trade of America. Without entering upon the history of the formation of this collection,—an experience it will be well to profit by in the future,—a brief review of the pictures sent will satisfy those interested in art, not especially as American art, but in universal art with its acknowledged standard of merit, that it would have been far better for our artistic reputation if we had not figured in the Art Hall. One of the wisest movements of the Commission under the charge of Mr. Schulz, was to declare the art exhibit unworthy a place among the other displays of pictures, and only at a very late hour, and after a great deal of persuasion, was the Commission induced to hang the pictures at all. Exceptions were, however, always made in favor of the landscapes of Bierstadt and McElkins, and of Healy's portraits.

Pius IX., by Healy, hung in the Belgian *annexe*, and compared very favorably with Gallait's portrait of the same personage. In the other portraits Healy was seen less favorably, for they were neither remarkable for richness of color or strength of line. T. S. Noble's *John Brown*, represents, as the name indicates, an event, or at least an imagined event, in the life of this patriot. On his way to the gallows, under a squad of soldiers, in the dress of Revolutionary times, he stretches out a rather unanatomical hand to bless a little negro child, supported by the very peculiarly constructed arm of its mother. It is unhappily conceived, weak and monotonous in color, awkwardly composed, and without the saving graces of a good drawing or passable relief. Still, by the side of the *genres* of Henry Mossler, *John Brown* is a triumph of art. These *genres* were from home motives; there is no question about the locality of the source of their inspiration. A companion pair, called *The Lost Cause*, was especially prominent from the lack of all good qualities. In the first, a young farmer

is dancing along the road in a peculiar manner, with his gun upon his shoulder, waving good bye to his weeping family at the door of the log-house in the distance. In the sequel, dressed in the gray, he is leaning on his gun at the door of the deserted cabin, in a pensive attitude. Very pretentious in size, and painful in color, are both of these, but yet more pleasing than *Too Late*, a tardy boy under the hands of the stern schoolmaster, or a little girl playing cat's cradle with her grandpapa. The mention of these *genres* may be excused from the fact that the price set upon them was higher than that demanded for first-class European work. I have yet to learn that any American was so patriotic, or any foreigner so foolish, as to invest in them. Marcus Waterman's *Gulliver in Liliput* is not altogether devoid of interest. It amused thousands of children and nurses during the Exposition. Bierstadt's pictures, which, with Healy's portraits, were the only American artistic productions honored with a medal, were hung very high in the *Salon d'Honneur*, a position not calculated to improve them. By the *Emerald Pool* and the *American Landscape*, this artist was well represented in all the vagaries of his impossible perspective and want of masculine effect. The foregrounds are trivial, the distances impossible, the local color and general tone as false as the perspective. For all that is visible in their composition or treatment, they might as well have been painted in Düsseldorf. They are dry, tricky and conventional, and have no charms of color. In McElkins' *Mount Shasta*, there is at least a greater sense of the value of correct oppositions, and a hint of nature's grandeur in effect and line. The remarks about German landscapes apply equally well to those above mentioned, and besides these there were several small and passably meritorious bits shown.

PART II. SCULPTURE.

The Sculpture in the Exposition was a disappointment to every lover of true art; not that there were no good productions in this branch of art, but the proportion of even mediocre works to the whole mass was very small, and in this short list the really excellent examples may be counted on the fingers. The sculpture of the present day seems to be

going hand in hand with the fashions, and cases are, unfortunately, far from rare where the artist has debased his material in the perpetuation of an idea, of a pose, of a costume, that would do no credit to the rudest clay that was ever worked by the hand of a sculptor. The same taste that inspires the florid decoration of every object that will bear ornamentation, that disfigures the human form by supplementing shapeless masses to its graceful contours, and entirely contradicts the first idea of drapery, the same taste that encourages and stimulates all that is artificial and imitative in opposition to the natural and original, bids for the representation of these ideas in the same material that has immortalized the grandest conceptions of the artistic mind. The sculpture is less distinctly divided into schools than the painting, and the differences are slighter, and there are more general resemblances between the productions of the different nationalities. In every department where the collection of statuary was of sufficient extent to warrant a judgment, the tendency seemed to be toward the trivial and the forced sentimental, while the serious ideas found only rare exponents.

The Italian list of statuary was by a great deal the largest, and in exactly inverse proportion its merits may be measured. Good cutting, perfect manipulation, the most skilfully imitated textures and modelling fine in a weak way, all this certainly was seen in the Italian works. No one can deny the skill of the practised marble cutters of Italy; Americans owe to this purchasable talent a great proportion of the statues that are received from Europe as the work of American sculptors, and we, least of all, should fail to pay tribute to this skill and facility. Unfortunately for both parties, the workmen have not the brain to sell with their hands. With this perfection of mechanical execution the merits of the Italian marbles stop. In the whole collection there was scarcely a work that would bear a second examination, and the majority disgusted the spectator at the first glance. There was a glitter, a *chic* about them that attracted the multitude as well-dressed dolls or wax figures would do; crowds gathered to admire a marble ballet-girl, dressed in the nondescript masculine costume of the *coryphée*, lounging about on the basin of a raised fountain, smiling the most meaningless smile and

posed with all the artificial studied grace of this class of performers. The features were deftly carved; the lace was worked out with Chinese patience, and not a hair of the chignon was missing; the delicate French boots were fashioned to perfection, and even the stitches in the seams of the garments were to be counted. It was only too plain to see that the execution of these trivial details was the sole idea of the artist, and that he chose his subject from the great resources it gave him for the practice of his chisel, unconscious of the sickening spectacle he was creating for every person of refined tastes. A little girl, by some unaccountable freak nude to the waist, her flowing garment in all its perfection of texture and studied folds trailing behind, contemplates a bunch of flowers with a gesture of surprise and an expression of admiration. You can see that her dress is woollen, with a satin stripe; the head necklace is highly polished; the earrings shine like metal; the coiffure is irreproachable, but the brainless creation is unendurable for a moment. A nude female with modern ornaments and the latest style of headdress, is walking unblushingly over a perfectly imitated piece of turf. It is called Eve, or Flora, or Clytemnestra, and it is always the same vacant head on the same weak shoulders. A half dozen artists exposed the same motive, a child studying from a book, the pages of which are carefully covered with printing. The joys and the troubles of childhood found frequent expressions in marble, and the same figures that pass for supports to a fountain or a candelebra were placed before the public as serious work. There were ranks of busts of every variety; platoons of heads differing individually only by a curl of the lip, a droop of the eyelid, or a change in the coiffure; all were pulseless, meaningless, vacant in expression, and this without an exception. It is a pitiful degradation of heroic marble to fashion it in such forms.

Nidia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii, by Jacob Ginotti, is not unattractive in the timid, hesitating pose and the sweet expression of the face. *Sira*, by Alexander Rondoni, a combination of marble and bronze, is full of character; not only is the negro seen in the well modelled features and the crisp hair, but the hands and arms exposed as she turns to see the wound on her shoulder, are supple and true to the peculiar

forms seen in the negro race. The pose is graceful and the drapery well thrown. Cavalier Julius Monteverde sent *Christopher Columbus* and *Dr. Jenner*, the latter a work full of interest. The doctor is vaccinating for the first time. A lively little fellow, a couple of years old, is the patient, and is held as in a vise between the chin and the knees of the doctor, while one of the struggling arms is firmly grasped and the lancet applied. The group is well arranged, the modelling faultless, and the difficulties of modern costume and commonplace furniture well surmounted.

In the French department the tortured poses predominated. Nude corpses in attitudes horribly real, Paris tearing her hair and waving aloft the blazing torch, crazy boys with wild gestures—there were a great many similar motives shown. Flanking the main portal of the Art Hall were two bronzes by Auguste Cain, both grandly conceived. They are named, *A Tiger Slaying a Crocodile*, and *A Nubian Lion and his Prey*. The poses are majestic and full of dignity; the tiger with his great paw on the breast of his writhing enemy, snarls a warning to all who come to interrupt his meal, and the lion tramples under foot an ostrich, proudly raising his massive head to watch intruders. Of Emmanuel Frémiet's numerous contributions, *A Knight of the XIV. Century*, a life-size equestrian statue, occupied the vestibule in the place of honor, and was justly given the position, for the statue is of extreme simplicity, dignified in pose, firmly drawn and modelled, and well understood in every respect. Charles Gauthier exposed a young hunter playing with a panther cub, noticeable for freedom of action and beautiful flesh modelling. One of the best figures was *David*, by Antonin Mercié, firmly drawn and charmingly executed throughout. Carrier Belleuse sent but one statue, *Sleeping Hebe under the Wing of the Eagle*, like all this master's work, well repaying careful study.

The German and Austrian sculpture is marked by less freedom than that of either of the two nations above spoken of. In the German department was observable much formality and little attempt at action or great originality; but there were several examples of very clever modelling and fine drawing. The favorite group seems to be an adult with an

infant, and this was several times repeated, now a faun and an infant Bacchus, and now a girl playing with a child. The works of Joseph Kopt marked the author as an artist of great versatility, and were the most noticeable examples of German sculpture, though many others in this department, as well as in the Austrian galleries, deserve special mention.

Of the host of marbles that filled the picture galleries to the discomfort of the visitors and the obstruction of the view of the paintings, limited space forbids a detailed description. The crowded state of the art halls was prejudicial to the careful study of both the sculptures and the paintings, and each lost from the injudicious arrangement.

F. D. MILLETT.