may be mentioned Kellar's engraving of Raphael's 'Madonna di San Sisto,' upon which he worked for twelve years. It is an *épreuve de remarque*, and the only one in this state in the country. As Mr. Claghorn is known in all leading Art-centres as a very liberal patron of Art, he receives the best of what, in the way of prints especially, comes from abroad. He makes his purchases personally or through the best dealers, and has devoted a quarter of a century to the work.

Aside from his unique collection of prints, he has probably the finest Art library in the country, comprising upward of two thousand volumes; this, of course, includes illustrated works of great variety and the finest copies. He has also a fine collection of glass, of Chinese and Japanese carved ivories, of *cloisonnée*—in brief, elegant specimens of what comes under the general name of ceramics. His house, with its artistic and elegant furnishing—walls from nearly the bottom to the top covered with superb paintings and engravings; *objets d'art* perched in every possible nook; folios on folios of prints—seems more like a museum of rare and costly Art than the residence of a private gentleman. The greatest kindness and cordiality are extended to persons wishing to visit the gallery, a privilege that is very much appreciated by the pupils at the Academy of the Fine Arts, of which institution Mr. Claghorn has for several years been the President. Among Mr. Claghorn's more recent acquisitions were the concluding numbers of the Fortuny etchings. They number seventeen, and his copies are one of a set of eight printed. These were published since the death of the artist, and some of them are mere caprices.

Mr. Claghorn is a business man of large capacity, abounding in public spirit, and an active participator in the municipal affairs of Philadelphia. That he should have found the opportunity in his life of great activity to collect and become familiar with such an array of Art and things pertaining thereto, is the best possible evidence, perhaps, of his fitness for this great work, which is a benefaction to Philadelphia and an honour to the whole country.

In concluding this article, I wish to express my obligations to Mr. H. C. Whipple, the accomplished librarian of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, for his valuable help from time to time in examining the prints of the Claghorn collection.

MARY WAGER-FISHER.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THE second exhibition of the Society of American Artists opened March 10th, at Kurtz's Gallery, in Twenty-third Street, New York, and closed March 29th, and, like its predecessor of a year ago, attracted a good deal of attention among cultivated people. The collection numbered a hundred and sixty-eight pictures and pieces of statuary, and many of these works were interesting, either for their artistic merit or because they showed freshness of purpose.

Beginning at No. 1 in the catalogue, a large decorative painting by Miss Elizabeth Green of a grape-vine caught the eye, and farther on were two panels, by the same lady, of branches of an apple-tree and sprays of lilacs (161, 162). The first of these subjects, five or six feet high, was composed of bunches of purple grapes and vine-leaves, intermingled with the foliage of trees, and the picture resembled one of the thickets upon which one sometimes chances in a tangled corner of a garden. Every person fond of Nature can recall what a rich bouquet of colour such a combination presents, when, amid the red autumn sumac or maple leaves, and dried boughs heavy with fruit, one sees the damp, hazy hollows which appear between these masses of colour in the empty spaces filled with shadows and green moss. In the confusion of aim among so many of our artists, it is interesting to trace the influence of conflicting ideas; and so, while Miss Green's panel of the lilacs is breezy, and one might fancy almost fragrant, with its great branches of purple flowers swinging against the sky, in the apple-tree panel the fruit is conventional, and so unnatural with its red and yellow apples, which dangle like balls in every queer way, that the spectator feels as if the picture might have been copied from a mediæval illumination of fruit in the Garden of Eden.

'Winter' (No. 2), by Mr. Richard Gross, is represented in the hoary portrait of an old, wrinkled man's head, upon which the light is well diffused. Compared with the slovenly work one so often sees, this head charmed the spectator with the well-drawn forms of the thin, weather-beaten face, and the careful anatomy of bones and muscles, which gave evidence of real study so superior to quick and impatient effects.

The largest and most important picture on this side of the room was a portrait of Professor Gross (No. 7), surrounded by half a dozen medical students in a dissecting-room, by Eakins. Many of our readers will recall to mind Reynaud's painting of a decapitation in the gallery of the Luxemburg, and will remember the fiendish expression of the murdered man as he gazes up with a look still full of life into the face of his murderer. Pools of blood cover the floor, and their truth to nature renders this one of the most disgusting of modern works of Art. The picture of the dissecting-room by Eakins has many of the same revolting features, and the surgery and the red dabblings were not offset, in the judgment of most visitors to the exhibition, by the great skill shown in the beautiful modelling of the hands, or even by the animated and eager interest depicted on the countenances of the young men who surround the professor. There is a great deal of good composition in the massing of lights and shadows in this picture which cannot fail to commed itself; but the least critical person must have found the colour of the background black and disagreeable; and to sensitive and instinctively artistic natures such a treatment as this one, of such a subject, must be felt as a degradation of Art. In Rembrandt's famous picture, in Holland, of the doctors over a dead body, the reality of the corpse is so subordinated as to have scarcely more life than a statue, while nothing of the internal structure of the body brings its conditions vividly to the mind of the spectator; but this painting is considered to trench on the limits of the æsthetic, though it is ennobled by fine colour and by an admirable group of portraits.

There was a class of sketches in the exhibition that sadly bewildered people ignorant of technique, and who went to the Kurtz Gallery prepared to find just standards of Art. The question could not but disturb them, in what the excellence of many of these sketches could consist. They looked at such a painting as 'A Summer Impression' (No. 9), at 'Spring-Time Effect' (No. 76), and others of a like sort, and to these questioners Nature must indeed have seemed curiously conceived by the painters. In the 'Summer Impression' was seen a hard, green, monotonous stretch of paint under an equally hard and cold strip of blue, where no variety of texture in either green or blue showed distance, atmospheric effect, or any knowledge of the shimmer of summer heat or green grass or blue sky. This sketch we believe to be the result of ignorance of how to produce these effects, but we do not believe the artist omitted these characteristics because he despised them. So, too, in the 'Spring-Time Effect.' We think no painter skilful in rendering local light and shade would have preferred to make field, trees, and figure, as in this sketch, so entirely without substance that they appeared flat and thin, like disagreeably-coloured paper.

Mr. John La Farge is in the highest sense an impressionist, if that word signifies the conveying to others the *feeling* produced by any scene or object in Nature. His cactus-flower lying in a shell (115), and the japonicas in their dish, are as distinct and poetical in feeling as the flowers in Tennyson's rhyme of

> "The slender acacia would not shake
> One long milk-bloom on the tree;
> The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
> As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;"

and these flowers are fit for George Herbert's garden, "primrosed and hung with shade," and are sisters of the rose of Sharon and the lily-of-the-valley, and all flowers in all poetry; yet they have every form delicately and conscientiously portrayed, as well as every tint and every bloom that a poet-artist could discover in his closest study of Nature. There is no slap-dash here, but every true *impression* is added and superadded, one succeeding another, to build up these lovely paintings. People *like* these flowers, and any artist could tell them why they do; for the flowers are thoroughly developed in texture, form, light and shade, and colour, which characteristics are all in keeping with each other. Mr. La Farge has been accustomed to draw delicate forms, and he can reproduce them when he sees them, and he has studied pigments till he can apply colours so as to precisely carry out his thoughts.

The sketches by Twachtman, 'View near Cincinnati' (112), Venetian sketch (118), and one or two others, were very vigorous effects rapidly laid in. The houses in these sketches were suggestive rather than complete, the water was also touched only in one or two of its qualities, and the great hull of a vessel in one of the Venetian sketches was chiefly valuable as a study of colour in a scale of black-and-white into which were woven reds and yellows of sails. The satisfactory points of all these sketches—and we think they had more merit than any others in the collection—were the agreeable massing of light and shadow, the positive and knowing way in which bits of light and dark were made to tell against each other, and an agreeable effect of daylight in all. One of the most discouraging things that can be said to an amateur is, that his "picture will be good when it is *finished*." The truth is, pictures must be agreeable in their first stages if they are ever to be so; for then the painter has not had an opportunity to spoil them by weakening his effects. Many a person can "dash" in a sketch well or lay in the first stage of his picture, but it is only the really accomplished artist who can carry on his painting to complete finish, and preserve its freshness and excellence to the end. Twachtman has dashed in his sketches admirably, but nothing of his in the exhibition denoted whether he knew how to carry his work further.

One of the most conspicuously hung pictures was J. Alden Weir's 'In the Park' (63), composed of a group of figures—a young man reading a newspaper, a blind beggar, a handsome young girl in a street-costume, besides a little flower-girl with her bunches of violets and two or three men behind them. The group had a good deal of fine study in the heads, and all excepting the little girl, who appeared to have neither bones nor muscles beneath her pale white skin, were painted with force and care. The critics in the papers found much fault with the composition of this painting, but it appeared to us to lack not so much good arrangement and grouping as proper gradations of light from one face to another, to make it an agreeable and sustained composition. The young lady's face and her bonnet and blue dress were so high-keyed as to form the only really bright spot in the big, grey-hued canvas; and immediately from this unsupported mass of light the eye travelled to dim, clasped hands, and faces which formed monotonous spots in the canvas, but did not lead gradually from the darkness into the light. This gradation is the usual object of *spots* in a composition, but here they were all of nearly the same greyness.

According to the French saying, that some things "go without saying," the visitors to this exhibition looked at certain of the paintings without a doubt that they were really satisfactory. Foremost among these, where the artistic points were well understood, were the landscapes of Wyant, Colman, Gifford, and Inness; and among the works of the new men were Shirlaw's pictures and some of the heads by Sartain. Of these paintings there could be no question. Colour, drawing, composition, and chiaro-oscuro, were attended to; and, when all is said that can be said, these are as much the *form* of Art as nouns, verbs, and adjectives, are the body of composition either in speech or writing. Walter Shirlaw's 'Head' (No. 86), and his study of two women's figures (No. 134), were really very beautiful in their absence of meretricious show, their modest but solid drawing, and their subdued and rich colour, which were always held in subordination to the general plan and tone of the picture and the just distribution of light in every part. If "order is Heaven's first law," there is certainly no department of existence where it is of more vital importance than in Art, of which it is, indeed, the very fundamental principle. In looking at the two women in No. 134, the beautiful balance of colours, the firm drawing of the sinewy arms, and the heavy face of one of the women, with the feeling of their having bodies under the kerchiefs and the blue gowns and caps, while the whole was united under a well-diffused light, could not but excite respect for the sobriety and modesty of an artist who could ignore striking but false effects which this painting showed he could easily have produced.

A great deal of sweet feeling was shown in the conception of 'The Mirror' (No. 100), and a tender, gentle woman was softly rendered; the look that the figure lacked weight was due to some defects in the anatomy, and apparently, too, the artist did not sufficiently consider the centre of gravity in the woman's body, and her flesh was hot and foxy. George Fuller, in a 'Head of a Boy' (No. 141), gave a quiet and lovely painting, with a portrait as delicate and ideal as a Sir Joshua Reynolds. A fault of drawing in the position of the angle of the eyes is the only defect in this otherwise lovely head.

A very strong picture was that by William M. Chase of the artist Duveneck (No. 82), in which the latter is represented sitting on the side of a chair whose back is turned to the spectator. The composition, rather a peculiar one, was designed to avoid the awkwardness of rendering the entire figure, and this arrangement allowed only Duveneck's head, hands, and feet, to appear. Mr. Chase's study of the Baptistery of St. Mark's was really a still-life study of brass, marble, and other substances.

Among the technically best pictures in the entire collection was Miss Cassatt's portrait (No. 99), a capitally drawn figure of an agreeable-looking, middle-aged lady, with a clear skin over her well-formed features, and with soft, brown, wavy hair. It is pleasant to see how well an ordinary person dressed in an ordinary way can be made to look; and we think nobody seeing this lady reading a newspaper through her shell "nippers," and seated so composedly in her white morning-dress, could have failed to like this well-drawn, well-lighted, well-anatomised, and well-composed painting. There was no pretence to a subtle combination of colour in it, of which in her other pictures Miss Cassatt often makes very interesting studies, and one of them is shown in 'The Mandolin-Player,' but we think there are few people, whether artists or tyros in Art, but would be glad to be so agreeably immortalised.

Homer D. Martin exhibited several pictures of atmospheric effects, the most important of which was 'Evening on the Thames,' where across a stretch of misty-looking water a yellow, golden sky was seen, and it somewhat suggested the atmosphere of Claude, though it lacked his delicate tones.

Duveneck's pictures were very meritorious in many ways, but his 'Lady with Fan' (No. 77) and 'Gertrude' had, in the former, the nose seen too much in profile for the rest of the face, and in 'Gertrude' the light on the soft face and bosom were disproportionately bright for the neutral hue of the hands.

There was good colour in Helena DeKay's 'Flowers' (No. 119). Miss Oakey's study of a gentleman was well composed for light and shade and well coloured, but looked as if he would drop to pieces the moment he rose from his chair. W. F. Macy and F. S. Church had excellent and thoughtful landscapes.

No. 117, by James Whistler, attracted much attention. It was an interior of very deep-coloured brown. It might about as well have been in black-and-white, and the peculiar touch would have harmonised well with an etching. An old half-seen woman and an elfish-looking man sat on opposite sides of the room, which was dimly lighted. The picture would have had little interest for the ordinary visitor, but to artists the deft way in which the figures were dragged in with dry paint across "tacky" surfaces formed an interesting study.

The pictures we have described really represented the important thought of the exhibition, wherein it differed from the spirit of the pictures at the Academy. Inness's two landscapes, in which sunshine and shadow, mountains, trees, and clouds, were strongly and brilliantly portrayed, were compositions such as have always ranked his pictures among the first in the Academy exhibitions. So, too, R. Swain Gifford's sunny reaches of meadow and sea indicate no new departure in thought from those he has exhibited of late years at the Academy, where they are among the chief ornaments.

The twenty or more medallions and miniature busts by Warner, St. Gaudens, and O'Donovan, were treated from the picturesque

and not the classical standard; and as such the irregularity of feature, the accidental effects of form in hair and dress, and the realism of irregular faces, gave much charm to most of these portrait bas-reliefs. The artists were either very earnest, or they knew so well how to take advantage of accidental points, that, though they perhaps had no more experience than the painters of the exhibition, their works seemed generally more complete and artistic.

S. N. CARTER.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE fifty-fourth exhibition of the Academy of Design opened April 1st, with about six hundred paintings. The pictures of merit are nearly equally scattered through the various rooms and the corridor; and, but that the broken light in the corridor neutralises the effect of some very good paintings, hardly any choice can be made between one section and another. In former years, the hanging-committee consigned what they considered the worst specimens of work to the sky-line, but this season the positions of the different works of Art are very much mixed up, and good paintings are seen very high on the walls, and undoubtedly poor ones on the "line."

Mr. Huntington is represented by two characteristic works, the portraits of a lady and of Bishop Williams. The former is a pleasing and ambitious effort in its general effect, and has a good quality of colour. But it is defective in modelling, and lacks solidity and firmness of drawing. The latter is in every respect the more satisfactory work of the two. Near to it is a very vigorous full-length likeness of Dr. Brinton by Eakins. The pose is natural and effective, and it is in every respect a more favourable example of this artist's abilities than his much-talked-of composition representing a dissecting-room. It is cause for regret that this able artist does not adopt a less smoky scheme of colours.

Mrs. Henry Peters Gray contributes a portrait painted with good effect on a plaque, fairly representing the excellence already achieved in America in this department. Mrs. Loop is represented by several very pleasing portraits, good in texture and colour, including the idyllic picture of a child among the daisies. Mr. Loop's fanciful composition, called 'Echo,' suggests a painting of the same by Cabanel.

The venerable Academician, Robert L. Weir, it seems continues to wield the brush, and has several pleasing, carefully drawn paintings here, of which the one entitled 'Christ on his way to Emmaus' was painted this year.

Mr. G. H. Story sends a portrait that is characterised by freshness of treatment, giving a strong impression of nature. J. Alden Weir has a portrait of a young lady which has more life and expression than we see in many of his faces. The difficulty with many of the new men, as they are called, is not that they do not know how to use colour, that they are deficient in the technical requirements of Art, but that they rest their efforts there. Either because they lack the intellectual perception and strength to penetrate to the soul and read the character of which flesh and bones are only the clothing, or because they think surface is sufficient, the fact remains that in too many of these cleverly painted heads of the Paris and Munich School of American Art we see no character, no force, beyond the cleverness of the *technique*. Such, for example, is something the case with the painting entitled 'The Coquette,' by the generally clever artist William M. Chase. The face is well enough painted. Texture, and colour, and form, are all there, and yet there is something wanting. For a coquette who breaks hearts, and drags love-smitten swains at her chariot-wheels, by the mere force of her fascinations, she is strangely lacking in animation. She does not look very dangerous. The fan she holds in her hand, by-the-way, which is the key to the story, is a Japanese paper fan, such as we have seen by the million the last few years. But she is dressed in the quaint garb of quite two centuries ago, when it may well be questioned whether such a thing as a Japanese paper fan was known in Christendom. Porter, of Boston, has never been better represented at the Academy than by his portrait of a lady in the South Room. In the same gallery are two ambitious full-length portraits by Beckwith, which are full of promise. The one of a lady in a red robe is the most striking of the two; they both, however, have the defect of appearing to be cut out and set on the canvas. An artist of so much merit can easily overcome this defect. Duveneck, on the other hand, in his portrait of a gentleman in old-time costume, has fallen into the opposite extreme. The sombre figure so melts into the dark background as to be nearly lost, while the face is by comparison so distinct as to look like a spot. Undoubtedly there is great richness in this style, if not carried to excess. But it should be remembered that neither Velasquez nor Rembrandt painted his works in the low tone in which we now see them, while the features have mellowed as well as the figure and background, and thus the whole is in harmony.

The position of honour in the main room has been accorded to a very interesting work by McEntee, 'Clouds' (No. 336), in which billows of grey mist and cloud roll low over a great stretch of brown moorland. For some years "simple subjects" "simply treated" have been the ambition of many of the best native and foreign artists, and it is very well worth while to observe how various artists have conceived their subjects. In some pictures we confess to have found that the imagination of the painter had been very empty, and the mere subject stated all there was to tell. But in this McEntee, though there are only two ostensible facts of clouds and moorland, the artist has dwelt on his theme as a musician in a symphony dwells on the simple airs that pervade it; and clouds with McEntee mean vapour at different heights saturated with light, or dim with density, across which the wind drives the small, low scud, and the piles of cumulus cloud spread far off across the land, gaining new space with each varied form. The brown, dreary land, which would be as desolate as a scene in Dante, with its barren expanse, is softened in its rugged features by the exquisite tints of colour, that transfigure the brown herbage, and by streaks of light, which show that—

"Though he's hidden, still the sun is shining."

Hanging by this picture is George Fuller's 'A Romany Girl' (No. 335), a beautifully-toned, brown study of a gipsy, which is charming, with its graceful, half-shy face and figure, its dark, rich colours, and its half-realistic, half-poetical rendering. 'And she was a Witch' (No. 431), by the same artist, is a scene in a dim wood. There are many trees, but between their trunks little glimpses of sunshine appear on grassy banks and green undergrowth. The dimness of the wood is pervaded by a soft, hazy light, and a graceful girl knocking at a cottage-door, which is embowered in the trees, and a few figures that appear in the distance through the foliage, recall curiously to mind *Rosalind* and *Celia* in the Forest of Arden, where, in Shakespeare's "As you like it," the two heroines wander in the weird wood. The general hue of this picture is a yellow, misty green, and at first seems very peculiar; but, as the eye becomes accustomed to it, and penetrates into its recesses, this misty hue is recognised as a vital part of the painting.

A picture by Winslow Homer, 'Upland-Cotton' (No. 393), a scene on a Southern plantation, is a remarkable penetration of Japanese thought into American expression. The cotton-plants are straggling across a footpath, in which are two negro women, with their heavy, Oriental figures clad in strong, rich colours. One woman stands upright, with her turbaned head swung back, outlined against a thin, hot sky. The other woman is stooping over and gathering the cotton-pods, and her rounded back seems to bear the burden of all the toil of her race. Down close into the foreground of the canvas the cotton-plant is painted, and for crispness and delicacy of drawing, and in the variously developed cotton-pods, from where the wool hangs out of the dry