



THE SHEPHERDESS.
(From the painting of J. F. Millet.)

AN ARTIST'S THOUGHTS.

Memories and Analyses by Mr. La Farge.

THE HIGHER LIFE IN ART. A Series of Lectures on the Barbizon School of France, Inaugurating the Scammon Course at the Art Institute of Chicago. By John La Farge. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xii, 184. The McClure Company.

THE MISTRESS ART. By Reginald Blomfield. A. R. A. 12mo, pp. vi, 304. Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. La Farge is a rare master of the art of talking about art. Experience and reflection have made him very wise, and he has a natural gift for subtle analysis. In the exercise of this gift he is not at all systematic. Nothing could be less academic in form than the series of six lectures on the Barbizon School which he delivered in Chicago some five years ago, and which he has now brought together in an illustrated book. The student accustomed to conventional modes of historical teaching might find himself a little at sea in these pages, if it were his habit to rely upon the usual careful arrangement of biography, criticism, and so on. But if he has his wits about him and is looking, first and last, for ideas, for those flashes of

moreover, he does not anywhere attempt rigidly to sum up his conclusions. "There is no school, if one may so say," he remarks, "in Nature or in art that we can absolutely measure." He does not precisely formulate the qualities of his different painters, Delacroix, Millet, Decamps, Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, Daubigny and Corot. But read the pages on any one of these men and you will gain a new insight into his art, not a full, rounded conception of him, perhaps, but a kind of touchstone with which to proceed upon deeper study.

Something of the same helpful penetration is shown by Mr. Blomfield in "The Mistress Art," a book of eight lectures on architecture originally addressed to students in the schools of the Royal Academy. An architect himself, he speaks out of an abundance of knowledge, but without an atom of pedantry. "There will always be an element of mystery in great buildings," he says, "some quality that defies analysis and can only be felt, such as is found in great music, for example." He is reverent in the presence of the monuments of his art. At the same time he has a store of common sense, and it is in simple terms that he discusses the relation of temperament to design, the place of the craftsman in the philosophy of architecture, the grand manner in Egypt, Greece and France or the inspiration to be found in Rome.

The cardinal principle to which he adheres is,

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. William de Morgan has finished his new novel, "Blind Jim," but it is not probable that it will appear before the spring.

The merrily satirical review of the past year which Mr. E. V. Lucas and two collaborators have published under the title of "If" has taken into account various "popular" authors. Mr. Hall Caine is one—and this is what he might write "if every man were his own laureate":

When Chaos comes on this terrestrial ball
Will universal darkness cover Hall?
Never, for 'mid the circumambient gloom
I, like the bitter, will emit my boom.

Here G. B. Shaw is supposed to be speaking:

A rebel open and confessed
Against all regular authority,
I fear not death; yet how I detest
The thought of joining the majority.

Mr. W. C. Brownell a distinguished critic who too seldom takes up his pen, has been devoting himself of late to the preparation of an essay of Poe. It will be one of the notable features of the January number of "Scribner's."

In his new book on King George I Mr. Lew Melville has retold all the pleasant stories he could find about the Hanoverian. Here is one of them:

When a masked lady at a ball asked him to fill his glass, and then invited him to drain it to the toast of the Pretender, "I will drink," he replied, with a bow to his unknown companion, "I will drink with all my heart to the health of any unfortunate Prince!"

Another story—taken from the Percy anecdotes—shows equal amiability:

Told that an acquaintance of long standing, on hearing the news of his accession to the English throne, had remarked, "I have no objection to smoke a pipe with him as Elector of Hanover, but I cannot recognize him as King of England," far from being angry, George expressed his regret that political differences should separate him from a man he loved.

When a Tower official came in agitation to tell the King that Lord Nithsdale had escaped he found George in a far from ferocious mood:

"What?" cried his majesty, "Is the city on fire, or is there a new insurrection?"
"Neither, sire, but Lord Nithsdale has escaped."
"Is that all?" said George. "It was the wisest thing he could do, and what I would have done in his place. And pray, Mr. Lieutenant, be not too diligent in searching after him, for I wish for no man's blood."

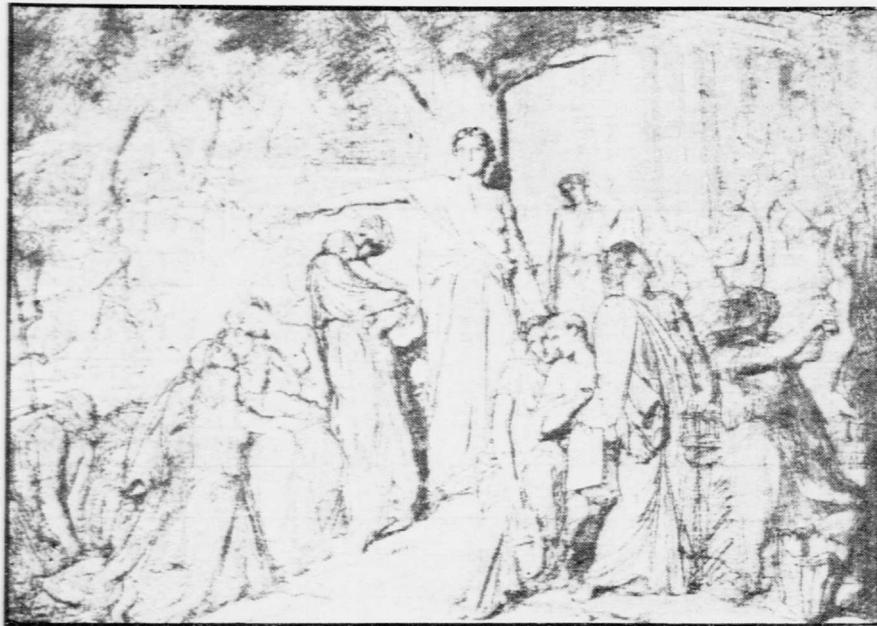
M. Armand Dayot, who has in divers volumes of pictures illustrated various periods of French history, has just brought out another valuable book of the same character. Its title is "Napoleon, Illustré d'après des Peintures, Sculptures, Gravures, Objets, etc., du Temps." Those who are in possession of M. Dayot's earlier volumes—especially those on the Revolution and the Second Empire—will not fail to acquire the new one.

Next spring the Felibres intend to formally celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Mistral's "Mireille." In the course of the festival is to be unveiled a statue of Mistral and at the same time will be inaugurated the "Musée Arlatan," which the poet has been able to establish, thanks to his Nobel prize. The old question has been revived as to whether he would present himself as a candidate for a fauteuil in the French Academy, six now being vacant, but he has caused it to be known that he remains fixed in his resolve not to seek this honor. The Academy bears an attitude toward the old languages of France which is shared neither by Mistral nor by his friends in the Midi, and though it counts among its members men like Jules Claretie, Paul Bourget and Maurice Barres, who would be glad to do everything in their power to bring him into their ranks, he steadfastly refuses.

Mr. Robert Hichens, we are told, was absorbed in music and poetry before he began to write novels. There came an evening when a famous prima donna warbled one of his songs. "I took a seat and waited in a fever of anxiety," the novelist is quoted as saying. "The applause was tremendous, and I was in a heaven of pride, when I heard two voices behind me. 'What a lovely song that was!' exclaimed one. 'Yes,' agreed the other, 'but what awful rot the words of those songs always are!'"

Book selling, it appears, varies with the weather. A London bookseller declares that bad weather, wet, gloomy weather, brings purchasers. "People," he says, "are bored by the necessity of staying indoors. I find our post much heavier after a wet than after a fine day."

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who has written little fiction for many years, has again turned to that pleasant task. She has contributed to the forthcoming number of "Scribner's" a short story entitled "The Coming of Night."



LA PAIX.

(From the drawing by Theodore Chassériau.)

insight which do more than pages of mere information will do to illuminate a problem, he will profit greatly by what Mr. La Farge has to tell him. He may go elsewhere for pedestrian facts. From Mr. La Farge he may gain a really helpful stimulus.

Talking easily, deliberately, and with what we recognize even on the printed page as a notably personal accent, Mr. La Farge throws out as he goes along this or that leading suggestion. In his course, too, he recalls his own life as an artist, exhibiting a specific influence the more effectively through describing it as a thing observed and measured at the moment of its fullest activity. Thus he can deepen our understanding of the artistic movement in Paris in the middle of the 50's, because he was himself a looker-on in the French capital at that time, a young painter entering with the keenest sympathy into all that was going on around him. We are particularly grateful for one impression that he rescues from that period, a warmly appreciative impression of Theodore Chassériau. In that gifted man there were gathered up strains of inspiration from both camps which make him very interesting to the student of artistic complexities. Speaking of his drawings Mr. La Farge says: "They keep a certain vein of academic classical refinement and attention to some side of what is called drawing, but they are animated by a certain poetic vein of imagination which was kindled by Delacroix, and here and there, in certain arrangements, in certain figures, in a tendency to some simplification, one can see the future Puvis de Chavannes, and something also of the Millet who was to come." It would be impossible to frame a better characterization than this is of Chassériau. We are glad also of Mr. La Farge's tribute to him as a painter aware of the fact "that technique was not all that there was in study." The designer of "La Paix," the painter of "The Two Sisters," was one of those men who fertilize art by bringing into it a certain largeness and nobility of feeling, a certain note of high emotion of which beautiful line, form and color are the servants. Mr. La Farge does well to redirect attention to his neglected merits.

Throughout these lectures he deals with his painters on the same high plane, elucidating the technical elements in their work, but never ceasing to keep in mind those other issues which, for such men, were of equal importance. He speaks of the "great breadth of the real world and its fates," which flows through all of Delacroix's work, striving to make us see what nature meant to that master, a thing not slavishly copied but blended with those purely pictorial qualities which spring from an artist's creative power. His style is discursive, and,

of course, one of sound construction. What we find on the common ground of all great architecture, he asserts, is "the power of conceiving an idea organically—that is, as a whole, thought out and realized in all its parts." The vital point in design, he adds, "is how a man shapes his problem, whether he starts with a worthy conception of what he has to do, or whether he trusts to piecing out his work detail by detail, without attempting to bind the whole together in a complete synthesis." This goes to the root of the matter, and Mr. Blomfield is ever at pains to bring his reader face to face with the solid things that count. To a man of his culture and imagination, however, the enunciation of dry principles would be repellent, and he envelops his instructive argument in a play of ideas around many of the salient masters and monuments in architectural history. He inculcates a frame of mind, a sentiment for what is right and fine in the art of building. Like Mr. La Farge, he is broadly stimulating. His book is for the general reader quite as much as for the student entering upon his profession.

HE SAW NAPOLEON.

The Story of an African at St. Helena.

From The London Chronicle.

Eighty-seven years have passed since the death of Napoleon. Is there anybody now alive who remembers having seen him? Only one perhaps—a venerable negro of ninety-five, an interview with whom is published in a recent issue of the "St. Helena Guardian." This negro, a native of the Congo, was kidnapped in childhood, taken to St. Paul de Loanda, and placed on board a slave ship bound he knew not whither. When four or five days out at sea the slaver was captured by a British man-of-war and taken to St. Helena.

A gentleman who lived near Longwood, the residence of the exiled Emperor, took the little black boy into his household. One day he was with a man who was rounding up some horses when the boy suddenly exclaimed "Look over there!" The boy looked, and saw a short stout man in a long coat, with his hands behind his back, watching the movements of the horses. "That is the great Napoleon," said the man to the boy; "he is a prisoner here."

General Sir William Butler has boldly declared his belief that in sending Napoleon to St. Helena the British government of the period deliberately desired to do him to death. That may or may not be so, but if the weather at Longwood was the same in Napoleon's time as it is to-day, it must certainly have shortened the life of the illustrious exile. An item of news from Longwood, in the "St. Helena Guardian," says it has been raining there "incessantly for twenty-three days." There are, after all, worse places than London. "Longwood" is now the site of a flax mill, but this latter day deluge has given the mill hands a long compulsory holiday.



THEODORE CHASSÉRIAU.
(From the portrait by himself.)

recalled some classic compliment that he had rendered to some reigning Beauty, there was a chivalrous grace about them such as pervades his other verses. Thus the fictitious Mr. Boythorn (to whom we may refer without impropriety in this connection, as Mr. Forster does) declaims "with unmatchable energy" the while his bird is "pecked upon his thumb," and he "softly smooths its feathers with his forefinger."

There are countless passages in this volume like the foregoing, passages of vivid writing which one enjoys for its own sake. But the great charm of the book lies in its illustration of the broad temper of Dickens's mind. Some of his subjects belong to dead and gone history, but he makes them live again by the gusto with which he treats them. The passion of humanity in him strikes sparks. We could listen to him on the dustiest theme.

It was a good idea to bring together in the volume called "Scenes and Characters from the Works of Charles Dickens" the illustrations made for the "Household Edition," in 1870, by Fred Barnard, Phiz, A. B. Frost and several other draftsmen. From the strictly artistic point of view, Barnard alone, at that time, illustrated Dickens with a successful pencil, and even Barnard used a style which hardly meets the standard of later days. But all of these men were clever in realizing the spirit of their author; they had action, sentiment, humor, and, to a certain extent, picturesqueness. Their drawings illustrate. Their figures have character. Turning these pages, one pauses again and again on memories of incomparable scenes of comedy. Newer men have had their chance at the works of Dickens, but they have not superseded Barnard and the rest. This book will be prized by old readers of Dickens, and we should be sorry for the member of the rising generation who failed to find within its pages entertainment and a stimulus toward closer acquaintance with the novelist.

ON MERCY.

A Saying of Christ from a Coptic MS.

From The London Spectator.

The subject of mercy brings us to one of the largest and most striking passages set down by Professor Pick. It occurs in a Coptic fragment translated and published in 1903 by Professor Julius Böhmer: "It happened that the Lord went forth from the city and walked with His disciples over the mountains. And they came to a mountain, and the road which led to it was steep. There they found a man with a sump-skin. But the animal had fallen, for the burden was too heavy, and he beat it, that it died. And Jesus came to him and said: 'Man, why dost thou beat thy animal? Seest thou not, that it is too weak for its burden, and knowest thou not that it suffers pains?' But the man answered and said: 'What is that to you? I can beat it as much as I please, since it is my property, and I bought it for a good sum of money. Ask those who are with Thee, for they know me and know thereof.' And some of the disciples said: 'Yea, Lord, it is as he says. We have seen how he bought it.' But the Lord said: 'Do you not notice how it bleeds, and how you beat it, how it laments and cries?' But they answered and said: 'Nay, Lord, we hear not that it laments and cries.' And the Lord was sad and exclaimed: 'Woe to you, that ye hear not how it complains to the creator in heaven and cries for mercy. But three times I weep to him, of whom it complains and cries in its distress.' And He came forth and touched the animal. And it arose and its wounds were healed. And Jesus said to the man: 'Now, go and beat it no more, that you also may find mercy.'

Sympathy with the sufferings of animals finds few expressions in the New Testament. "Doth he take care for oxen?" St. Paul scornfully asked. But whatever view we may take of the personality of our Lord, it is certain that His mind is not to be measured by the mind of His age. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father," is a canonical saying of which the authenticity is unquestioned. It puts St. Paul in the wrong, and from the point of view of homogeneity lends color to the beautiful incident we have quoted.

Professor Ernest Haeckel, it is reported, intends to resign his professorship at the end of the winter session and devote himself to his phylogenetic museum. Also, no doubt, he will continue to write books and paint landscapes in the Villa Medusa, at Jena.