

## SKETCH BOOKS.

## Travel Notes by Some American Architects.

For a short time there may be seen at the Century Club, by those who obtain cards from members of that body, a little exhibition which ought really to be made more widely known. It contains sketches made in various mediums by architects on their travels, sketches that are very personal and interesting. In every exhibition of the Architectural League there is a certain amount of this material, but it is necessarily overshadowed by more important things. These pages from a dozen sketch books are not in the least important—save to those for whom any souvenir of genuine architectural feeling is by itself worth while. Here you may see a true portrait of this or that historic building, drawn not simply with an eye to its surface picturesque, but with the right instinct for mass

in his "Nantucket Pastel." Very charming also in its quiet tones is the "Country Road," and, indeed, all of the open air studies painted in the silvery tones of this landscape are good to see. In more than one figure piece like "The Black Bodice," or the "Sketch of Child" he is deft and very pleasantly vivacious, but he is most to be commended for his sympathetic and harmonious studies of the American countryside. At the Knoedler gallery the salient exhibition of the moment is a large and very fine collection of eighteenth century prints, mezzotints and stipples in color by Smith, Ward and those other brilliant craftsmen who were born to interpret not only the great portrait painters of their epoch but the pastorals of Morland and the urban or rustic sentimentalities which were equally popular in their day. This collection is made up of noted prints in beautiful impressions. It deserves careful attention. Upstairs there is a group of six new portraits by Mr. J. Mortimer Lichtenauer. He paints his sitters boldly and firmly, but his drawing wants elasticity as his color wants quality. The Ralston gallery an-



INGRES (7)  
(From the portrait by David.)

and weight, with a *flair* for that individual character which belongs to every serious product of the builder's art.

It is delightful to observe certain monuments of classical architecture and certain romantic churches and chateaus in France as Mr. Henry Bacon draws them; there is such delicacy in his line, there is such a simple charm about his style. Reference was made just now to the personal character of these drawings. You realize it the more keenly when you turn from Mr. Bacon's reticent draftsmanship to the breadth and gusto with which Mr. Sawyer sketches his church towers seen from over the roofs of Paris. Mr. Brunner's daintily drawn tower at Loches, Mr. Bosworth's romantic French street, Mr. Atterbury's swiftly noted fragments from all over the Continent, are as original as they are veracious. There are landscapes in the collection, too, showing how effectively the architect of ability will sometimes play with color when he is taking a holiday. The Turner-esque drawings in the sheaf representing the late Stanford White vividly recall the fact that he had thought of being a painter before he became an architect. But only a man with the genius of architecture in him could have made the sketches of buildings which Mr. White was wont to produce years ago. That is, in fact, the special note of this exhibition. These sketches may be never so pictorial—they are above all things faithful studies of architecture, possessing a solid value which the ordinary traveller of artistic aptitudes may seek in vain to achieve.

Another attractive exhibition of sketches is that which Mr. Frank Fowler has opened at the Powell gallery. He shows here two or three carefully elaborated canvases, one of them an excellent copy after Gilbert Stuart's Washington, but in the main his collection of thirty-three pieces is made up of casual landscape notes and figure studies. Mr. Fowler is often at his best in these rapid and thoroughly spontaneous impressions. There is an exquisite touch of color

nounces an exhibition of portraits by Zelma Baylos. On Monday, at the Bauer-Folsom galleries, there will open an exhibition of new paintings by Mr. Emil Carlsen.

At the American Art Galleries on Saturday, April 10, there will be presented the collection of paintings formed by the late John T. Martin. It will be sold at Mendelssohn Hall on the evenings of April 15 and 16. A sumptuous illustrated catalogue, with more than threescore illustrations in photogravure, has been issued by the American Art Association in a limited edition. It is, by the way, an exceptional piece of bookmaking. The plates are of the highest character and the volume has been admirably printed on thick Japan paper. From this catalogue it is to be gathered that Mr. Martin was a collector of catholic taste. Corot and the other Barbizon masters are represented—there are two especially interesting examples of Millet—and there are a number of pictures by such very different types of French practice as Meissonier, Barye, De Neuville and Gérôme. The picture by the last mentioned artist is an unfamiliar and amusing interior, with figures in the garb of an earlier time, "The Shop of Packing, the Great Curacao Dealer in Holland." There are several American pictures, notably an early landscape with figures by Winslow Homer, a painting likewise dating from the seventies by Homer Martin, and T. Buchanan Read's celebrated picture of "Sheridan's Ride."

Reproduced on this page is a recent acquisition of the Brooklyn Museum, "The Gypsy Encampment," painted by Thomas Gainsborough. It illustrates a characteristic phase of the English painter's art. He had an incurable predilection for landscape. He was not content with those backgrounds, suggestive of some stately park, which formed, indeed, a fixed convention in the eighteenth century. Again and again,

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even in certain of his most ambitious full-length portraits, he lingered with enthusiasm over the tree forms he loved to introduce. The genius of his light and fluent brush was perfectly adapted to the handling of foliage. If he exercised that brush with ardor in the backgrounds of many of his portraits he used it perhaps with greater warmth of feeling in such pictures as "The Gypsy Encampment." They show us Gainsborough in his most intimate mood, when he is raciest of the soil from which he sprang. Flinging himself upon nature, he painted her freely, broadly, and with a peculiar sympathy. The Brooklyn Museum is to be congratulated

years and fully expressive of the austere demeanor for which he was famous. This work of David's illuminates a little known chapter in his history. R. C.

## UNEXPECTED ORIGINS OF SLANG.

From The Manchester Guardian.  
Readers will find some fine "confused feeding" in Mr. J. Redding Ware's "Passing English of the Victorian Era." It is practically a slang dictionary, and, it would seem, some familiar phrases have had unexpected origins. Thus the word "catchpenny" does not mean what it seems to mean. In 1824 a publisher named Catchpin issued a ballad, "We are alive again," which,



THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT.  
(From the painting by Gainsborough.)

on its possession of this specimen of his outdoor work.

From M. Henri Bernier, the Commissaire-Priseur, of Paris, a catalogue has been received of the collection of old and modern paintings belonging to Count de L., which is to be sold at the Hotel Drouot on April 1. It also records a series of eighteenth century English prints such as Valentine Green's mezzotint after Sir Joshua's "Lady Betty Delmé." The modern pictures embrace a striking array of works by the late John Lewis Brown. The old masters are mostly of the French school. Among them is the portrait by David, which is reproduced herewith, a portrait presumed to be of Ingres in his youth. It is an intensely interesting memorial of the great classicist. We have more than one portrait of him painted by himself in his later

because it was supposed to relate to a recent sensational murder case and execution sold to the extent of two million and a half copies; hence, a worthless publication was a "catchpenny affair." "Let her rip" goes back to the time of intense competition of steamers on the American rivers, and was the ejaculation of any reckless captain who was willing to risk his boilers and his ship rather than lose the chance of winning the race. On the other hand, "All my eye and Betty Martin" goes back to pre-Reformation times. The patron saint of beggars was St. Martin, and, as in the South of Italy still, mendicants begged in the opening phrase of the prayer to that saint, "O mihi, beate Martine." As some beggars are humbugs, the locution became an expression of incredulity. Some less known phrases must have had only a momentary existence. Thus, about 1855, a "huge swell" was a "lumpy-roar," a corruption of "l'Empereur"—Napoleon III, who was then popular. Nelson's sailors spoke of Frenchmen as "Jimmy Rounds," because, naturally, their first exclamation on meeting a gallant British tar was "Je me rends."