WHAT IS GOING ON IN ENGLISH SOCIETY

LONDON, April 28.—Kaleidoscopic weather, blinding showers, feverish sunshine, suggestions of hail in treacherous north wind gusts, the day of the private view at the Royal Academy. Red bunting on the peristyle, palms and flowers on the wide staircase, ushers in gowns and chains ready to receive the tickets and to furnish catalogues, an hourly increasing influx of carriages in the broad, square yard of Burlington House, and layers of visitors neatly superposed from "10 till dusk," as graphically expressed by the cards of admission. The interpretation of the last word was left everyman to the imagination, as at various moments of the day the darkness was obtrusive.

This ceremony takes place every year on or about the same date, and yet it seems to take every one by surprise, for to the very last moment Royal Academicians are beleaguered, interest is made, old friends are hunted up, to insure an admission which, if entered for in time, could have been obtained with comparative facility.

The earlier hours of the day are sacred to those honest few who cherish the amiable fallacy that an exhibition of pictures is visited by those who like pictures and look at them. These come, therefore, pencil in hand, rejoice in the comparative desertion of the rooms, score their catalogues heavily, and pathetically inquire which is the picture of the year. They blush painfully and hastily retire when they have been inadvertently lured by their own taste into stopping before a painting which, on referring to the book, does not bear a well-known signature. At 1 o'clock, having conscientiously looked at everything, they withdraw, thoroughly done up, behind a mysterious screen, follow the indications of a serious-looking hand with outstretched finger, come upon the refreshment room, a vault-like, dismal apartment, and resignedly partake of dubious buns and patriarchal sandwiches, the staple luncheon of the British public.

These votaries of art for art are superseded by a stratum which carries the provincial stamp legibly impressed on face and form. They do not so very much care for the exhibition, because, after all, they are in town for a week, and can come again, but they want to see the swells and the fashions. As they are strictly among themselves, they carry away stale and erroneous ideas of what "is going to be worn this season," and the most outspoken are heard candidly to confess that they do not, after all, see so very much difference between the style of London and that of Slopperton-cum-Slushy.

If, by a dispensation of Providence, some man strays in, lank-haired, and a hitch in his gait, they nudge each other, and wonder if it may not be Irving. They also blushingly avert their eyes, and hope they have at last brushed past a popular actress, if some incongruous costume strikes them, and they murmur, "It is, perhaps, Mrs. Langtry. I have been told she dresses outrageously." As they never can be enlightened, they lay in stores of misinformation wherewith to dazzle their stay-at-home relatives.

Some of the pictures are perfect pitfalls to the unwary. Hideous in themselves, before them ever stands an admiring little group. As you approach, the canvas compels an exclamation of utter condemnation, and too late you become aware that the artist and his family are the faithful watchers at that ungrateful shrine. Sometimes, but not to-day, a painting has been spoken of so much beforehand that to the exclusion of all others it attracts every visitor. Then policemen are stationed by it, and bid the crowd "move on," as if it were a lying in state or a peep show. This is supposed to be a crowning triumph. Faith, who this year does not exhibit, obtained the honors of the force in attendance with his "Road to Ruin," and the *mise en scène* added much to the popularity of the painted drama in five tableaux.

The provincials linger—they do not leave till nearly 5, when the claims of afternoon tea call them off just when the fulfilment of their dreams draws near. As they pass out of the portals, the swells languidly drop in, while outside the serried lines of powdered footmen thicken their ranks. Some handsome dresses are worn by stylish-looking women, who come for an hour to be seen, fan in hand, exaggerating the fashionable attitude of lifted elbows and arms lightly pressed to their bosoms, as they gaze with *lorgnettes* at a picture or two, and greet with languid gesture a fated friend or a favorite enemy.

The short, full, curving dress of Parisian make and cut, with the neat, close bonnet glittering in beads, elbow, the shapeless drapery and unpursed air of the late Greenaway style; fresh grays, crisp linens, and pure whites, alternate with tawny cashmeres, languid brocades, and trespassing terra cotta. The latter obtrudes everywhere. The baked brick tint catches your eye on the slender bared limbs of nymph or maiden in their sculptured frieze, in the folds of a dado, in a frieze, in the panels of the trunk hose of a page or the waving hair of boys and girls; it reflects from the walls, and gives warmth to the whole assemblage in the rapidly encroaching gloom of the stormy afternoon.

Now and then a striking figure passes. Hanging on the arm of a white-haired, white-bushed, pink-eyed ex-Minister of State, resplendent with title for his services, goes his counsel, equally tall, equally old, and still more eccentric in appearance. Her bonnet, her attitude, the fluttering ends and ends, the stuff of her dress, must have been devised for her alone; for the utter unconsciousness of her singularity alone saves them from complete ridicule. Scraps of conversation fly and mingle as you are arrested for a minute in a doorway. Tennyson's execution in the morning is a favorite topic; there is a startling flippancy in the little bons-mots with which some of this country's poets are finished. As thus: The teapaper and crutch young man (apropos, there is a capital fac simile of him hooting on the wall, drawn out over the head of an adoring girl). Yes, yes, they have potted him at last. Always thought so. "Poor dear; what a shame; it always reminds me so. Do look at that lovely brass-bottle bonnet!" A tall man of the country squire type, with portly, turtlely voice, declares: "Sorry for the man himself, but America could not be allowed to have her own way always—we can't stand that." "Well, I think there's Cornelius Gallant! How huge he is getting!"

A lady stood rapt before a clever picture of a handsome boy in olive green velvet. A younger friend suggested how admirably the coloring of the costume blended with the brighter shades of foliage and woodland behind, and how favorite it had become with artists. "Quite right, too," said the dowager-seeing matron; "it is such a good wearing color for boys' clothes. It is so much to remember to tell the tailor when ordering the numerous portraits and to explain ruefully: 'How very like! I should have known him or her anywhere' all, on referring to the catalogue, it is found to be actually different person; but, unvisited, the same remark is made ten yards farther, with the same result.

Tiffs of fitfulness are heard from the upper seats; and it is strange that the remotest part of the building, secured to architectural designs, and provided with counterscene screens, should be particularly affected by the youngest couples, who glance anxiously toward the entrance, and who, when seated, lavish the eyes on highly elevated Corinthian plinths, with the unnecessarily high pitched exclamation, "Oh, how very sweet!" It seems so to them anyhow.

The one character, the Quixotic figure was not wanting. Tall, thin, hollow-humorous was brought into bold relief by the exaggeration of her dress. She was irreproachable in her thorough enjoyment of her own startling get-up. She wore a wide expanse of white moiré antique weighted down by a portentous rache of black lace; bodice and panniers were of stiff, colorless, striped black and white material, and over her tan, short, untidy hair was a gigantic bonnet smothered in flowers.

Perhaps because so much had been said about the folly and doubtful taste of making that first day at the Academy a dress rehearsal, a sort of Paris Longchamps for spring fashions, this year there has been an affectation of simplicity, not to say dowdiness, and the practised eye could easily discern those who were not in society by their misguided efforts to resemble, twelve months too late, those who are in it.

Among the portraits, there is one of Mr. Lowell, the American Minister at this court. His spiritual and genial face is brought out by his red gown, and as he faces you he seems to have just uttered one of the quiet, clever, telling repartees so characteristic of him and which have made him heroes universally popular. But if a foreigner entered the Academy primed with all he has heard of English art, English taste, and English independence, his views would be suddenly reversed should he happen to be involuntarily detained before No. 661, and he would have time to judge it impartially.

Imagine, if you can, three people sitting at a table, playing whist; facing the spectators the head and bust of a woman neither young nor graceful, looking down on the cards in her hand with a vacuous expression; on her right a man in evening dress is half lying across the green cloth, body grasping the outstretched cards before him, while the full-length figure of an old lady sits erect and stiff, no mind, no thought in the thin narrow face, or the nursed hands, save engrossing attention to the game. There is nothing in the whole picture which is not intensely commonplace; not one redeeming touch of interest or feeling or intention in its hopeless vulgarity. The surroundings, like the people, are essentially humdrum in their middle-class sincerity of revelation. Now look at the catalogue, and you read:

"Dummy Whist—Portraits of the Marchioness of Westminster and Mr. and Lady Theodora Guest."

This cuts deep. The epigram, if unmeant, is still scarifying. The dummies are the players, not the absent fourth. They are the lay figures in a great pulseless sham. It matters so little to-day what the reality is; all is in the label, the gloss, the veneer, the Veuve Cliquot "étiquette" on the gooseberry, the signature of a name which "fills the mouth," as a witty Italian has it, to the veriest trash, the fag end of a title tacked on to a daub. A supine, sleepy, everyday game of whist, poorly painted, without vigor or spirit, becomes at once an interesting to the gaping crowd as an old master, because No. 661 pretends to portray the aristocratic lineaments of a dead marchioness and a live lady!

The only touch of nature is the utter recklessness of long habits of servility and toadyism which blind the artist and his admirers to the piteous interpretation which the whole thing suggests to any one coming fresh upon it with a sounder taste from healthier surroundings.

"Golden mediocrity" was the judgment almost universally heard; may be the fiat will be reversed on Monday by the general public, who will be able to give a more undivided attention to the pictures than the ticket holders of the private view, who had so many other objects of interest during the crowded hours between "dusk and 10."

M. DE S.

M. RENAN ON COMTISM.

PARIS, April 28.—The reception of the eminent chemist, M. Pasteur, at the Academie Française was of unusual interest from the fact that both the new-comer, M. Pasteur, and the Academician to whose lot it fell to reply to the speech, M. Renan, were men of incontestable genius. Very often in these Academical ceremonies, which appear, nevertheless, to have a peculiar and inexhaustible charm for a certain public, it happens that one, if not both the speakers, may belong to the ranks of mediocrity. Yesterday such was far from being the case, and both the speech of M. Pasteur and that of M. Renan were remarkable pieces of literature. According to the custom of the Academy, M. Pasteur was required to couch his speech in the form of a panegyric of his predecessor in the illustrious Assembly, the lexicographer, Emile Littré. Littré, as the reader must be aware, was an ardent disciple of Auguste Comte, and a zealous apostle of the Comtist or positivist philosophy. M. Pasteur severely criticised this philosophy, and M. Renan followed suit to a certain extent.

Toward the age of forty, Littré came under the influence of Auguste Comte; and up to the end he doubtless esteemed the highest in the employments of his laborious life his rôle of sincere and persevering disciple of Comte. M. Pasteur reminded his hearers that the fundamental principle of Comtism was to abolish all metaphysical researches as to first and final causes, to bring all ideas and theories down to facts, and to attribute the character of certitude only to the positive demonstrations. This system comprises also a classification of the sciences and a pretended law of history which is resumed in the affirmation that the conceptions of the human mind pass successively through three stages, the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific or positivist. M. Pasteur declared that he had arrived at a far different estimate of Comtism from that of Littré. He explained Littré's error by the fact that his studies had been confined to history, languages, and scientific and literary erudition, the facts of which all belong to the past. For such researches the method of observation is sufficient, though often that method cannot produce rigorous demonstration. The method of experiment, on the other hand, admits none but rigorous demonstrations. The experimenter, the man of conquests over nature, is constantly coming to facts that have not been manifested before, and which exist, for the moment, only potentially in the laws of nature. The unknown is the possible, and not in that which has been, such is its behalf, and, in order to explore it, we have the help of that marvellous experimental method which eliminates certain facts, provokes others, interrogates nature, forces her to reply, and does not stop until the mind is fully satisfied. The error of Auguste Comte and of Littré, according to M. Pasteur, was that they confounded this method with the restricted method of observation. The conditions of the daily result of the labor of the man of science form his mind to attribute an idea of progress only to an idea of invention. M. Pasteur fails to find any invention in positivism, not even in the hierarchy of the sciences, or in the law of the three stages of history, which are at best only approximations without much importance. Positivism, then, as it offers no new idea, leaves M. Pasteur reserved and distrustful.

M. Renan, in his turn, regretted that Littré had saluted as his master a man who, though in many respects considerable, certainly did not deserve such homage. M. Renan personally was as little inclined as M. Pasteur to be favorable to Comte, who seemed to him generally to repeat in bad style what had been thought and said before him in very good style by Descartes, d'Alembert, Condorcet, and La Place. M. Renan confessed that he was not able to render full justice to Comte. "Still," he continued, "I cannot help being moved when I see so many men of worth, in France, in England, and in America, accept this name as their standard. With the latitude that I have adopted in matters concerning the human mind, I am led to believe that M. Comte will be a badge in the future, and that he will occupy an important place in the history of philosophy. I will be an error, I admit, but the future will commit many other errors. Humanity wants names to serve as types and leaders; it does not show much discernment in its choice."

Nevertheless, with the vagueness and indecision which characterize his intellectual attitude, and with that desire to see all sides of a subject and to seek in each side only the part of truth that it contains, M. Renan does not carry his condemnation of positivism so far as M. Pasteur. Indeed, he hardly condemns it at all. In this very speech he confesses: "In religion and politics, when I find myself in presence of fixed ideas, I am always of the opinion of my interlocutor. In those delicate matters each one is right in some respects."

The main parts of the speeches of MM. Pasteur and Renan are too closely reasoned, too full of subtle and delicate distinctions and refinements to admit of abbreviation or analysis. We will cite only one more passage from the speech of M. Renan in which he speaks of criticism. In attenuation of some remark of M. Pasteur, M. Renan defended the excellence of Littré's criticism. "In these obscure matters of the human mind," said M. Renan, "the question is not only to know what is possible, but to know what has happened. Here historical discussion recovers its rights. What Pascal has said of the spirit of finesse and of the geometric spirit, remains the supreme law of these discussions, in which misunderstanding is so easy. Moral problems require what one may call general criticism. They cannot be attacked by the scholastic method. In order to be fitted to enjoy these truths, which one perceives not in front but from the side, and as it were, out of the corner of one's eye, there is needed a varied intellectual culture, the knowledge of humanity, of its different states, of its weaknesses, of its illusions, of its prejudices in so many respects founded in reason, of its respectable absurdities; there is needed the history of philosophy which often makes us religious, the history of religion which often makes us philosophic, the history of science which ought always to make us modest; there is needed the knowledge of many things which one learns only to see that they are vanities; there is needed, above all, the wit, the gayety, the good intellectual health of a Lucian, a Montaigne, a Voltaire. And the final result is, after all, that the greatest of sages was the Ecclesiast, when he represents the world as given up to the disputes of men, in order that they may understand nothing therein from one end to the other. But what does it matter, after all, since the imperceptible corner of reality of which we catch a glimpse, is full of ravishing harmonies, and life, such as it has been granted to us, is an excellent gift, and for each one of us the revelation of an infinite goodness?"

VERESTCHAGIN'S PAINTINGS.

VIENNA, April 26.—A large collection of Verestchagin's paintings was exhibited in Vienna this winter. No artist ever before attracted such general attention in this city. The Künstlerhaus, usually frequented only by the fashionable, was filled to overflowing with people of every degree. So great was the throng that the sale of tickets was often necessarily interrupted, the Künstlerhaus refusing to hold the crowds demanding entrance.

The character of Verestchagin, which soon became known, may have had not a little to do with his popularity. Being advised to raise the entrance price, for the purpose of keeping out the mob, he answered: "No, let the price of admission be as low as possible, for the poorest man must be able to see my pictures." When called upon to conduct the Emperor through the exhibition, he treated him with the same respect, no more and no less, that he would have shown to any other gentleman who had requested of him a like courtesy. He invariably addressed the Emperor simply with "you," instead of with the customary "your Majesty." In short, it was soon known that Verestchagin was a man of unwavering principle, whose life proved him incapable of being impressed by rank or title, and who judged men from a genuinely human standpoint.

A short sketch of his eventful life will be of interest before we turn to his pictures. Vasili Vasiljevic Verescagin (Verestchagin) was born in October, 1842, in the Government of Novgorod. His parents were the wealthy proprietors of an estate. Of his two brothers, the one, a promising painter, fell in the Russian-Turkish war, the other is a Major in the Russian army, and at present accompanies the artist on his exhibition tour. That Verestchagin does not look like a Russian is to be accounted for by the fact that his grandfather was married to a Christian Tartar, with whom he fell in love after having become accidentally acquainted with her in a church. When 17 years of age Verestchagin had won the officer's epaulets in the marine school at St. Petersburg, and shortly afterward began his career as an artist, not without a severe struggle against the views of his parents. He was a teacher in St. Petersburg and Tiflis until his father, now convinced of the artistic destiny of his son, gave him, in 1861, the means to make a journey to Berlin, Paris, and the Pyrenees. His first studies in color date from this journey.

In the year 1864 we find the young artist in the Caucasian mountains, whence he went again in Paris, where he entered the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Here it soon became his passionate desire to study under Gérome. He went to the celebrated artist, and said bluntly: "Will you take me into your studio?" And in answer to the cool inquiry, "Who recommends you?" answered: "Nobody; what you paint pleases me, and therefore I come to you." This reply met approbation, and with the words: "Very well, join us," Verestchagin was accepted in the studio. It was now for the first time that he seriously conceived the possibility of becoming a painter, and tried his strength in compositions, some of which he painted during his Caucasian travels. But as most of them did not satisfy him, they were for the greater part destroyed soon after their completion. The young artist could not accept the opinion of his teacher, who held continued copying of the old masters to be absolutely necessary, and to-day he still holds his original opinion—that a young painter must study the galleries devotedly, but draw from nature.

In 1867, Verestchagin, then 25 years of age, accepted the invitation of Gen. Kaufmann to accompany him into Turkestan. In Samarcand, he was one of a small party who surrounded by the insurgents. Verestchagin displayed in the most brilliant manner his bravery, which never courted outward distinction. Tormented by violent fever, he went the next year to Paris, to return again to Asia in the year 1869—this time as chief of the Siberian horse, where he became familiar with the misery of the exiled.

From December, 1870, to 1873, Verestchagin worked intensely in the studio of the war painter, Horschelt, in Munich. In the year 1874 Vasili found him in Berlin, where he ignored the opportunity of joining the suite of the Prince of Wales, preferring to accomplish the true purpose of his journey—the study of the character of the people. Two years later he returned to Paris, where he built his immense studio in Montrouge. Lastly, he painted the greatest pictures, some of which he has six elephants in his size. When asked by one of his friends, who found the idea grotesque, why he did so, he answered curtly: "To learn." The studio, by its happy construction, enables the artist to paint everything that he wishes, in a room where he has the full light of the sun. Here the news of the breaking out of the Russian-Turkish war reached him, and he hurried, in compliance with the wish of the Grand Duke Nicolas, to join the Caucasian advanced guard under the older Skobeleff. On an expedition he received a bullet in the hip, and lay for two and a half months in the hospital. Before the wound was healed he hurried to Plevna to witness the storming of this fortress, and paid for his impetuosity by enforced confinement in the hospital. Finally, he went to Bucharest to visit with Gurko, and took part in the peace negotiations with Server Pascha, as secretary to Gen. Strudloff in Adrianople. London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have seen the results of this artist's eventful life, and have vied together in paying to the originality of the highly gifted Russian.

We return, after this hasty sketch of the artist's life, to take a view of the collection in the Vienna Künstlerhaus. On our first survey of the pictures we are awed by the force which speaks from every line. We have to do with a man who has studied life with reverence for the dignity of humanity. He is not the character to tempt us to hero worship, notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which we are filled, we long rather to study him, for we seem to feel that he belongs to a studious future. He is, to be sure, a student, who has truly become a master. We recognize in him a Russian full of burning love for his country, an honest man, eagerness of seeing and, what is more, feeling the evils with which society is struggling. He terrorizes curiousness towards the sphinx. He seldom turns to the shining sides of life. Happy mothers and playing children find no place here. We see but three children in the entire collection of 113 pictures, one slave, a boy wasted by wretched poverty, and a pencil drawing of a young girl having an excursion on the Nile, accompanied by a dog to the heart. He represents such scenes as have moved him in a manner that moves every heart, and those who would in their daily life pass quickly by such objects, to find pleasure in more cheerful scenes, are riveted here by the force of his pictures. Of course the thoughts and emotions of compassion and horror awakened to them such as they never before experienced. But it must not be supposed that the artist has no sensibility for softer scenes. A tender poetry pervades many of his pictures.

The paintings were divided into three groups—pictures from India, from Turkestan, and from the Russian-Turkish war. The subjects chosen are always picturesque, though often in the grandest sense of the term, and those Oriental countries offer to a sagacious artist a wealth of themes. He always represents the characteristic, he has brought home to us from India and Turkestan and the scenes from the Russian-Turkish war vividly before us, and offering valuable material for study.

We notice a gradual but marked progress in the three groups. The first category includes, for the most part, studies of inanimate objects. We have interiors, landscapes, types of characters represented in every degree of light and shade, and executed with the most untiring energy and in correctness of detail. Materials and fabrics of every kind, stone, earth, water, trees, silk, velvet, Eastern carpets, precious stones, human flesh, are successfully reproduced. In the second category, action is a more prominent characteristic; and in the third, Verestchagin's Genius of life beams forth in its full power and glory.

No deeper impression was produced than by the group of three small pictures under the common title of "At Quiet on the Shipka Pass," to which the catalogue adds in explanation (Report of Gen. Radetzky to the Commander-in-Chief): "A great number of Russians fell daily by the Turkish bullets, still more by the frost. The number of regiments diminished incessantly. Almost the whole of the Twenty-fourth Division were frozen to death. On the Shipka Pass all was quiet." These explanatory words characterize immediately the subject of the picture, and the three pictures give in a tragic manner, and shake the feelings. A snowstorm is raging on the Shipka Pass. In the first picture we see a heavily sentinel, muffled up to the mouth, and his head pulled forward over his shoulders. He has been night frozen, but his hand clutches the musket with stern grasp as he plods through the snowdrifts. A few dry grasses and a solitary leafless tree are all else that speak of life in the dreary storm. In the second picture there is not even this reminiscence of life to disturb the gloom of Nature's dead. The storm settles down. The sentry no longer walks, but wearily stands against the wind, his head dropping on his breast while the storm beats upon his back, driving the snowdrift to his knees. His face is quite hidden, his hands no longer wield the musket which rests in his arms, his two arms are crossed, holding firmly in his hands the cross. The third picture, dimly lighted, is a small picture on a large form, half buried in the snow. All is quiet on the Shipka!

The "Dead which Refuse Last Sink" is a powerful picture, but only equal to the Empire's Bank of the Dead and Dying, which represents in the other picture on transparent glass the fleecy stones which cover the sky and gradually on the horizon into snow. The corpse of horse sinks is seen in the snow on the opposite bank. The corpses number three, the sentry on duty, indicated by the edge of the drawn sword, is still alive. Generally the second is more vivid than the first, and the third is more intensely terrible, the covering under which he lies is thin, and from which he lies only partially in the attitude of the third is in a wondrous harmony with the dreadfully cold of the upside to be personally touch over his nice fleecy and dreamy, the wife of Hamo who would gladly spare him his mending.

In the other pictures to which the two already named belong Verestchagin understands well to catch the most characteristic moments, and, fully appreciating the limits of his art, never attempts to picture a battle; but bravery, heroism, inspiration, suffering, horrors—all find place here, and in most just proportion. It has been objected by some that Verestchagin here attempts subjects which are not included within the limits of beauty; but it is not so. He has a rare sense of beauty, which never forsakes him, even when he paints the terrible scenes which the remains of barbarity allow to linger in our day. We are struck by the force and perspicuity with which he tells his story, and by his correct judgment in not intruding more of the horrors of life than are necessary to give his ideas; but neither does he represent less. In "The Besieged," an immense field is covered with 1,300 corpses. The only two prominent figures, standing in one corner of the picture, are the priest, performing the last solemn rites before the mutilated bodies are put into a common grave, and his assistant, an honest, dull soldier, whose face, unaccustomed to sentiment, shows traces of tears shed for his companions. When we look closely we see the mass of naked and mutilated bodies lying side by side, but their ghastliness is so hidden by the stubble grass and the solemn light of the sky that many intelligent visitors did not see the bodies until their second visit, although at once feeling the full meaning of the picture.

In the "Turkish Lazaret" the scene of death is so fearful in its restlessness that the artist calms the situation when it is almost dark, so that we are spared seeing the horrors, which are fully suggested, under the dark green light.

In the picture "Skobeleff on Shinka" we have the double aspect of warfully represented. All the enthusiasm and all the dreariness of victory are there. It is after the siege of Shenova. The troops are drawn in order opposite the fortress and at the foot of the St. Nicolas Mountain. Skobeleff dashes along the line on horseback, in full career, waves his cap, and calls to the soldiers: "In the name of our country, in the name of our Emperor, brothers, I thank you!" The soldiers cast their caps high in the air as they cheer with enthusiasm; but close along the line of the fortress lie the brothers missing from their ranks. Verestchagin says he never saw war painted truly, and before he began his task he prayed to God that he might succeed.

The names of some of the most important pictures of the Russian-Turkish group are: "Alexander II. before Plevna," "The Prisoners," "The Spy," "The Wounded," "Bashi Bazouks," "The Victors," "Before the Attack," "After the Attack."

This collection of paintings would be of the greatest interest to every intelligent American, and it is to be regretted that the difficulties and risks of transportation will prevent Verestchagin from extending his tour to our country. But we heartily recommend his pictures to all the Oriental travellers in Europe this summer, and advise them not to shun even a great inconvenience for the sake of becoming acquainted with the works of this remarkable artist.

C. G. M.

RUSSIAN VIEWS OF THE JEWS.

Disregarding the Laws of the Land and Treating the Christians as Enemies.

From the St. Petersburg Exjemichkiy Vestnik.

The anti-Jewish movement is going on not only in Russia, but also in Prussia and Austria. The Emperor William recently said to the Russian Ambassador at Berlin: "In Germany the Jews were allowed to send out deep roots, and now we have to deal with them as a dangerous, anti-national political element." Russia may save herself from that danger if she will profit by our experience. In Austria the anti-Jewish movement originated in the villages, and has nothing to do with politics. It has been caused there purely by economical troubles, but it has acquired a very particular interest for us Russians. Our Judophile journals persist in affirming that as soon as the laws restricting the rights of Jews are annulled the Jewish troubles will cease of themselves. This view is entirely erroneous, as is demonstrated by the Jewish troubles in Austria.

In Galicia, a province of Austria, inhabited chiefly by Slavs, the Jews enjoy all the political rights granted by the Constitution to Austrian subjects, and yet the grievances presented by the Austrian Slavs against the Jews are identical with those that brought about the bloody troubles in Russia. About three hundred years ago the Jews were invited to settle in Galicia and other Polish provinces by the Polish kings, who granted them many privileges. The Jews abused their privileges, and that brought about many bloody riots on the part of the peasantry in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Since the division of Poland the Austrian Government has tried its best to reconcile the interests of the Christian and Hebrew residents of Galicia, which by that division fell under the Austrian sceptre. Thus, in 1784 the Government granted the Jews the right to become tenants of estates with serfs, or to rent mills, forests, and breweries, but permitted them to buy land for agricultural purposes. The Government also sought to protect the peasantry from Jewish oppression. In short, the Jewish question of to-day was fully framed a century ago.

The chief trouble is that the Jews in Austria, as well as in Russia, constitute a veritable State within the State. They zealously shun the duties common to the rest of the subjects, and speak a language to themselves, the language of the Kahal. In a series of petitions presented to the Galician Diet by the Christians demand the abrogation, not of any civil and political rights of the Jews common to the rest of the people, but of their extra privileges, and particularly of the Jewish autonomy and organization. The Kahal is an assembly of the Jewish elders of a district. It has the right to elect rabbis and teachers, to establish schools, hospitals, and other institutions for educational, religious and charitable purposes, and to impose and collect taxes for the support of these institutions. But besides these openly recognized aims, the Kahal has some secret aims, for instance, to bribe the authorities in order to get profitable Government contracts and to get rid of military duty, to select ways to beat Christian competitors in business, to foment cases of trade and industry, to by strikes, bankruptcy, and even by the practices frequently resorted to by the Kahal, known as *hezek* or *hazak* excites particularly the detestation of the Christians. *Hezek* is a right granted by the Kahal to a Jew in return for a certain sum of money, to deal exclusively with a certain district, or a landowner. Then all other Jews abstain from dealing with the monopolized Christians under penalty of a heavy fine imposed by the Kahal. Thus it happens that a landowner can neither sell to nor buy from any Jew but the one who has taken *hezek* from him. He cannot hire workmen without the interference of the privileged Jew, and he, having no competitors, charges always his own price. In Austria the Kahal exists openly, and in Russia secretly. As a religious body, however, it is equally powerful in both countries. Of course the Jewish journals deny that the Kahal has anything to do with any question except religious ones, but numerous facts too strongly contradict such assertions. The statistics show that in Austria out of every thousand inhabitants there are 25 men serving in the army. According to the news of Galicia, the number 375,453 should ought to furnish over 11,000 soldiers, but in fact they furnish only 8,000. In other words, the Slavs of Galicia, the Poles, and the Ruthenes have to furnish 7,000 extra men to make up for the Jews. Only the Kahal knows the secret of this strange fact.

It is almost impossible to define the business of the Jews. The trouble is that each of them tries to attend at once to half a dozen little trades. The Jewish saloonkeeper, for instance, deals also in grain, lumber, dairy products, and old clothes. The jeweler keeps a pawn shop, buys stolen articles, horses included, and takes Government contracts. The business of the Jewish travelling tradesmen is beyond the reach of description. They buy everything they can make money on, and sell everything they can make money on. This singular combination of many trades in a single Jew, though it saves them from many taxes, could be well tolerated by the Christian population of both Austria and Russia if the Jews would only leave the peasantry alone. Unhappily, the Jews have a mania for getting a hold on the land of the peasants, on their crops, and on their cattle. In Austria there is a possibility of legal redress for Jewish abuses. The Austrian Reichsrath is already called upon to check the Jewish machinations. In our country the anti-Jewish riots may, perhaps, serve the same end.

From the St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya.

The region of the anti-Jewish riots in our country is widening more and more. Last year there were riots in the provinces of Kiev and Kherson. Now they take place in the provinces of Podolia and Tchernigoff, and Poland also has witnessed the shedding of Jewish blood. The Poles begin to recollect that their country has been "a purgatory for the Poles and a paradise for the Jews." The fact that this year hundreds of Jewish families are leaving for America, Spain and even Palestine, gives a particular interest to the Jewish question. Of course we are very glad to see the exodus, but unhappily we learn that many of the Jews are buying large tracts of land near the Black Sea. The small Poles feed the big ones, and thus we have to deal with the latter.

It is nonsense to talk of a systematic persecution of the Jews in Russia. Among our professional people there are many Jews who enjoy the esteem and respect of everybody, and whom no one dreams of persecuting. But the fact remains that there are millions of Jews who are only Russian in name, which in fact they ignore the Russian Government and disregard the orders of their Kahal. The authorities of the provinces of Podolia recently requested the Government that the Jews be directly subjected to the Government orders wherever they find them inconsistent with Russian interests. The reasons for dealing in a also their relations with Jews, they, their exploitation and the like are well known to everybody. Besides the authorities report that during the last year several epidemics have had to contend with a number of Jewish peddlers from Austria, who brought with them the germs of the cholera, which they spread in Russia. The Jews have to be treated as Christians. They also preserve the hide of the sick cattle. In short, they can be all the more prosecuted by the law in such matters. It appears, then, that the Jews treat the laws of their country.

The Jews are responsible for the decision of the Jewish question, and if they continue to do so in the first place, the more they have to bear with their own conscience against the Kahal, which always and everywhere will bring them into collision with the rest of the people. They must begin all the duties imposed upon them by the State. They must act as the peasants, as their fellow-citizens, and not as their foes. When this is done there will be no cause for anti-Jewish riots.

THE ARIZONA OUTLAWS.

Ruffians who are More Feared than the Indians—Living a Life of Unending Violence—How they Occasionally Capture a Town.

SANTA FÉ, N. M., May 2.—The outlaws of Arizona, who have been the subject of a proclamation by President Arthur, are known as rustlers. They are the same breed, however, as the cowboys of Colorado and Texas. Being further away from civilization, and in a country singularly well adapted to business such as theirs, they have become habitually vicious. Wherever the cowboy may be put, and under whatever circumstances he may be met, he will be found to be the same animal, lazy, foul-mouthed, desperate, intemperate, full of swagger and bravado, and careless as well of his own life and property as of those of others. He wears a buckskin suit, with a hat having a rim wide enough to cover his ears and neck and tuck in at the collar band. In his leather belt hang two large and fine revolvers, generally self-cockers, and in one boot leg, held in place by two slits in the leather, rests a knife of murderous pattern. The cowboys range in age from 18 to 30. The life which they lead is not conducive to longevity, and it is therefore very rare that a genuine cowboy more than 30 years of age is found. If one succeeds in dodging the bullets of deputy sheriffs and the gibbet of Judge Lynch until that period is passed, he generally abandons that trade and takes to train and stage robbing as a profession. The cowboys are almost invariably American born, and about many of them there is just a tinge of romance. In their motley ranks will be found young men from almost every Eastern State. The causes which impelled them to the border and into their wild and dangerous life are as diversified as the whims and impulses of the human mind.

The cowboys, who make their appearance occasionally at frontier towns in Nebraska, Kansas, and Colorado, devote the greater part of their time to the cattle which they are employed to herd, and, in the shipping season, drive them to the nearest desirable railroad station. On the great ranches they find no opportunity to indulge their lawless propensities. They literally live among their cattle, faring but little better than the brutes which they are hired to guard. The little cooking which is necessary they do themselves. They are their own tailors and doctors, and once or twice a year, when near a fine stream, if the weather is not too cool, their solitary shirt is washed after a fashion. When the round-ups occur and the great cattle drive is begun, the cowboy's life begins to take on a different aspect. The drive is often long, and always dangerous and laborious. The boys are splendidly mounted, their horses and saddles being with the exception of their revolvers, the most valuable property which they take the most pride. They ride among the cattle with imminent risk of being trampled to death, and at night sleep on the ground. When the herd has been delivered and the boys have partaken freely of frontier whiskey, the trouble begins. If there is a village near at hand they head for it, and signalize their arrival by firing their guns "shoot out" the candles or lamps as the case may be. As a rule, they are not disturbed in pastimes such as this.

If they conclude before morning to "take the town," then war is declared and somebody will be killed. The boys are armed with shotguns and an indignity, such as an arrest, offered to one of their number usually results in an attempt on the part of his comrades to release him. If they are successful in this, the men who were responsible for the interference with their pastime are "shot full of holes" for their folly, sometimes with their lives, and sometimes with property or money.

"Taking the town" means a great deal. There may be from fifteen to fifty well-armed and finely mounted desperadoes riding up and down the main street, firing at every house they see and yelling and swearing at the top of their voices. If there is a store door large enough, they ride through it and help themselves to such of the contents of the store as suit their taste. The ringing of the horses' hoofs and the fusillade of a saloon is the signal for the retreat of the lawful occupants through the rear windows. In rare instances the people, after their first stampede, organize and drive the ruffians out of town, as was done in Caldwell, Kansas, not long ago; but generally they go of their own motion when the frenzy wears off; and, unless some one has inflicted an injury on them which must be redressed, they will not return.

The Arizona rustlers are simply northern cowboys on an unending spree. They are wild men. No leader that ever lived had less regard for life than they. They pretend to pay some attention to cattle, but as that industry in Arizona is not yet a large one, there is not much in that line for them to do. Their occupation is pillage and murder. They travel in small parties, and the everywhere they meet. They will kill a man wherever they think best. Besides their other accomplishments, they are expert horse thieves. In fact, nothing that is portable and can be made to serve their purposes is safe when they are around. The reign of terror which they have inaugurated is equal to any ever inflicted by the Sioux or Apache Indians. Their crimes are so numerous, and the terrorism which they exercise over the settlers is so complete, that not one in fifty of their depredations is ever known outside of the neighborhood in which they are perpetrated. To speak of them in disrespectful terms, to call their crimes by their right names in a newspaper, means death to the offender. This accounts for the exceeding tenderness shown them by most of the frontier editors. Murder is a hard word to use, and the cowboys of Arizona do not like it any better than other people who live in the centre of civilization. It is a word seldom resorted to, therefore, in the Territorial press. A deliberate homicide is usually dismissed with two or three lines reading something like this:

"Mr. Joe Bangs shot down Jim Brown in Cass's saloon last night. Several other shots were fired but nobody else was hurt."

The rustler always has a step-on-my-coat-if-you-dare air about him. A request or an invitation from him cannot, in the etiquette of the Territory, be declined.

"Take a drink?" said one of them in a saloon not long since to an entire stranger.

"I don't want anything," was the reply.

"Take that, then, you ——!" The self-seeking revolver had spoken simultaneously with its owner.

The other day a cowboy entered a little settlement and purchased a can of corned beef. Taking his meal with him, he went to a saloon, he sat down on the keg and opened the can. When everything was ready he called to a man, a stranger, standing in front of the store, to come and help him eat it. The man was not hungry. "You've got to eat, came the command, accompanied by a significant flourish of the hand, which rested on a revolver. The stranger advanced slowly and partook of the meat, evidently in an unhappy frame of mind, but his host seemed to enjoy the repast and the society of his newly made acquaintance not a little.

A cowboy entered a hotel dining room, not dressed quite as a gentleman, but still better dressed as a tenderfoot, and began to throw the dishes and their contents on the floor. The young man endeavored to remonstrate with him, but before he could finish his first sentence he was pierced by a bullet from the desperado's revolver. Events like the above are of daily occurrence in Arizona. Every minor or traveller one meets has a fund of such anecdotes to relate. The Territorial authorities have proved woefully inadequate to cope with the ruffians. They take towns, rob stages, stock rob stages and waylay prospectors with impunity. A few towns and camps have cleaned them out, inflicting punishment so severe that they will not be troubled again perhaps. The movement against them has of late been more vigorous than at any time before in years, and it is reported that a number of them have worked their way northward into Utah and Colorado. The employment of the troops against these savages is expected to result in their extermination; but they are so nimble and desperate that this happy end cannot be gained without the loss of many valuable lives.

TURNING THE TONGUES IN.

Exasperated Firemen of Long Island City Refusing to Do Further Duty.

There is considerable excitement in Long Island City and Bloomville over the action of several fire companies in turning their machines "inside out" and refusing to do further duty. It is expected that all the other companies will do likewise in a day or two, in which case a large district will be exposed to imminent risk. There are seven hose, three hook and ladder, and four engine companies from Hunter's Point to Blo