The Sun.

FOR

1888.

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The Tariff Plank of the Message.

If President Cleveland intends to recommend to Congress any specific plan for the reduction of the revenue, destined to be of any effect toward accomplishing its purpose, it must differ materially from the recommendation for that end contained in the annual message submitted last year; and that this may be clearly understood we reproduce that recommendation:

"I recommend that, keeping in view all these considerations, the increasing and unnecessary surplus of national income annually accumulating be released to the people by an amendment to our revenue laws which shall cheapen the price of the necessaries of life, and give freer entrance to such imported materials as by American labor may be manufactured into marketable commodities."

The chief of the considerations here referred to by the President was his previous declaration that "such of our citizens as have built up large and important industries under present conditions should not be suddenly and to their injury deprived of advantages to which they have adapted their business."

The only difference between that position and the doctrine of the avowed and uncompromising free traders was that it counselled sufficient patience to let the great tariff industries of the present sink out of existence slowly instead of cutting their throats on the spot.

Moreover, it omitted everything like a suggestion that a proper method of diminishing the surplus might lie in the abolition or curtailment of the internal revenue.

Probably the forthcoming message will be considerably modified in the breadth of its recommendations on the tariff, and it will doubtless also contain some intimation looking toward a reduction in the present scheme of internal revenue. If such should not be the case, how can the message enlist the approval and support of the United Democracy?

Union and not division is the supreme necessity and duty of the time.

The French Republic Safe.

The good sense of France has spoken. It is not a worse, but a far better man than M. Grévy who is now President of the French republic. The hopes of the reactionists are dashed, and the deep machinations of M. Jules Ferry have come to naught. King Log has not been superseded by King Stork, nor has one wooden man been supplanted by another in the person of M. de Freycinet. Free institutions are no longer in France at the mercy of political intrigue and military popularity. They are rehabilitated in the eyes of Frenchmen and of Europe. They are safe in the hands of the grandson of the famous organizer of the armies of the first republic and the son of Cavaignac's fast friend and fellow sufferer. There is not an intelligent American, nor is there anywhere an honest friend of democratic government, who will not hail the elevation of M. Sadi-Carnot to the headship of the French nation.

As we look back on the processes by which this fortunate result was reached, and scan the preliminary proceedings of the republican caucus as well as the ballots of the two Houses in joint session, we see that the forecast of The Sun was verified. The figures cabled to an esteemed contemporary were, as we said, fictitious. M. Ferry never had, nor by any combination could hope for, 320 republican votes. There were four trial ballots in the caucus of the republican Senators and Deputies at Versailles before the meeting of the National Assembly. The highest number of votes obtained by M. Ferry in these tentative tests of republican opinion was 216. Could he have held these votes and received the solid support of the Right, he might, as we pointed out beforehand, have been elected; for of the 849 Senators and Deputies present in the congress, 425 would have constituted a majority, and the reactionists commanded more than 250.

But even the Opportunists would not stand by M. Ferry. On the fourth trial ballot in the republican caucus he had but 85 votes, and when his whole strength was mustered for the first formal ballot in the National Assembly he had but 212, or actually less than he at one time had commanded in the caucus. He was not, therefore, worth assisting by the Right, for he evidently had not friends enough in his own party to essay successfully the rôle of General Monk. A few of the Conservative votes, apparently, he got, but most of them, notwithstanding the letter on Ferry's behalf, said to have been read by Bishop Freppel, were frittered between Gen. Saussier and Gen. Appert. The Right might as well have abstained from voting altogether, as, indeed, at one time they seemed inclined to do.

M. Ferry did his best, by withdrawing at the last moment in favor of M. Sadi-Carnot, to save what is left of his reputation, and to keep a show of connection with the republican party. He could not have retained the good will of a single reputable member, even of the Opportunist rump, had he interposed a stubborn and useless resistance to the awakened wisdom and inflexible resolve of the friends of the republic. Even had the Right decided to accept him as a tool, he could not, with only some 200 Opportunist votes behind him, have faced the people. His life would not have been safe, nor could Paris have escaped an insurrection which would have had a fair chance of bringing on a revolution.

We shall now for some time hear less about the frivolity, the giddiness, and the feverish passions of the French republicans. It was no mob that dictated the choice of M. Sadi-Carnot. He is the creature of no cabal and no conspiracy. The grandson of the man who was not afraid to beard even the first Napoleon, and the son of the republican who, with Cavaignac, preferred obscurity to condoning the crime of the Second of December, will not disgrace his lineage by betraying the republic. Nor will the man who, as Finance Minister, resigned his office sooner than connive at an unlawful remission of dues to the Brothers Dreyfus, although they were the clients of M. Grévy and the paymasters of M. Wilson, dishonor the institutions which the incorruptible and stalwart Jacobins, his ancestors, helped to accredit and to found.

The Southern Colored Vote.

A prominent and perhaps decisive part taken by the colored citizens in the Atlanta election is moving the Republican organs to tunes of pleasure. They say that whenever the whites are divided and the negroes have to be appealed to, the votes of the latter are counted. So a "fair count" will not be denied much longer.

But what the Republicans mean by a fair count is a count that will show a Republican majority in the South, or at least in such parts of it as have a considerable colored population. They insist that the colored citizens are or should be Republicans to a man, and it is queer that they haven't demanded a constitutional amendment providing that any black man found voting a Democratic ticket shall forthwith become white or be transported to Liberia. Such a demand would be to the full as reasonable as the hypocritical and absurd pretence that the colored vote in the South is suppressed by fraud.

When some issue whose importance and immediate interest they fully understand is presented to the colored voters, they come actively into the canvass. The Georgia and the Texas prohibition fights brought out the colored vote to an extent that was perhaps hardly agreeable to the Drys. But what possible interest can the Southern colored voters take in the Republican party? That party hardly exists in the South. No funds and no orators are sent there from the North to fire the Southern Republican heart. What does a colored Republican in Texas or in Mississippi care about the ravings of Fire-Alarm Foraker and the rest of the reactionist ranters? What does he care about bigger pensions? He won't get any of them. The fact is that even the names of some of the noisiest Republican geyser statesmen are absolutely unknown to the colored men of the South.

Nothing is done by the Northern Republicans to recall or deepen the sentimental attachment which may since have been felt by many of the Southern colored men for the Republican party. In the absence of external impulsion, the natural tendency of the colored race in the South is to vote in the same way, if they take the trouble to vote, as the whites. But unless some question of vital local interest is to be decided, the Southern colored voters are not anxious to vote. Many of them are still, and by no fault of theirs or of the present generation of Southern whites, extremely ignorant. Their knowledge of the Government hardly extends beyond the bounds of their own parish. A change such as the substitution of a Democratic for a Republican Administration may fill them at first with a vague fear, but that is soon quieted, and they cease to concern themselves for the Government, a distant and imperfectly comprehended thing to their minds. Thus the ignorant colored voters neither know nor care much about politics, while the more intelligent are just as likely to take the Democratic as the Republican side. The colored vote is suppressed in the South by the indifference of the voters. Half the vote of Massachusetts is suppressed mainly from the same causes. Yet, on account of the concentration of the population, the short distances, and the superior facilities of transportation, it is much less of a task to go to the polls in Massachusetts than in a large, thinly settled Southern State.

The only test of their sincerity which the Northern Republicans are asked to show in the matter is to make as active a canvass in the South on the "fair count" issue as has been made in Ohio this year. If the Southern colored vote is now suppressed, the Southern colored voters will naturally be anxious to welcome Republican orators bent on howling the outrage into the ashamed ears of the Southern white Democrats. But it is improbable that the Northern Republicans will try to make an active canvass in the South. If they do, they will not wave the bloody shirt; and if they should talk about the wrongs of the colored race, would the colored race yearn to vote the Republican ticket?

Not a yearn.

The Negroes of the Woods.

Some native Africans were taken to Panama a while ago to join the thousands of laborers on the canal. These negroes became involved early last month in a row with other canal diggers, and, after a fight with knives and stones, many of the black men ran off into the woods. The Panama newspapers say that they threw away their clothing, abandoned themselves completely to barbarism and lawlessness, and at last accounts the Government had sent a force to repress this outbreak of African savagery.

These negroes evidently prefer the rude enjoyments of Africa and the lives of comparative idleness they led there to handling picks and shovels in the great ditch. They will hardly be permitted to found a savage community on the Isthmus, but if they were removed about 1,800 miles down the Atlantic coast they would find congenial society in the forests of Dutch Guiana, where thousands of their own race have reproduced in the Western hemisphere the customs and characteristics of savage Africa.

On any good map of South America may be found in Dutch Guiana the names of a number of savage tribes inhabiting the wooded and hilly uplands of the interior. Among them the Aukan, Saramacca, Bekoe, and Bonis are full-blooded negroes, many of whose ancestors were brought to America nearly two centuries ago in slave ships to labor on the coast plantations of their Dutch masters. Terribly maltreated in the early days of the colony, many of them took refuge in the almost inaccessible solitudes of the forests. Now and then they found means to tempt their friends still in bondage to join them in the mountain valleys. The bondsmen played a sorry joke upon their masters in 1712, when Admiral Cassard attacked the Dutch settlements, and hundreds of slaves were hurried into the interior for concealment. Peace soon came, but there were few negroes to return to the coast, for they preferred wild life with their friends near the headwaters of the rivers of Guiana to drudging their lives away on coffee and tobacco plantations. So the numbers of self-released Africans gradually increased, and there their descendants have lived ever since, as distinct from the Indians around them as from the whites of the coast. They have, apparently, not grown in numbers for many years, but there are now about 8,000 of them, and they are known as the Negroes of the Woods.

Their story is perhaps unique in the history of human migration. It is a story of wild savages transported across a wide sea to a new world, where they regained control of their persons and activities and reproduced amid new surroundings the habitations and customs of their native country. Dim tradition alone has faintly preserved the memory of their fatherland, but none the less have they turned a bit of tropical America into a semblance of the negro's native home. Jet black in color, prognathous and thick lipped, they have preserved the pure negro type, have shown little aptitude for improvement, and are very low in the social scale. Like many an African missionary, who has fruitlessly toiled his life away, the Moravian brethren have labored for years among the Negroes of the Woods with little apparent result. In all essentials they live to-day like those negroes of the west coast of Africa, who have had considerable contact with the white races.

Their rectangular huts of wood and thatch, built along the water courses, are almost exact counterparts of those that are found on the lower Congo and among some tribes of the Ogowe River. Like the great Pahouin tribe of the French Congo, they divide their huts by thin partitions into two compartments, one of which they use for sleeping and the other for culinary purposes. Like many African tribes, they twist their wool into many little braids, wear arm and leg ornaments of copper, brass, and iron, and adorn their necks with strings of beads or the teeth of wild animals. Like the equatorial African, they tattoo their bodies without the adjunct of color, which is not uncommon among the Indians, but is practised in Africa by only a few tribes, like the Pahouin. In their villages they are generally naked, and they wear cotton coverings only when they visit the white settlements, where their scant attire of ornaments and paint would not be tolerated. They have abandoned their native custom of sleeping on the ground for the Indian hammock, which they weave out of fibres.

White men rarely visit these Africans of the forests, chiefly, perhaps, because their streams, which, flowing to the sea, are the only highways into the interior, are very difficult of ascent. The negroes dislike to mingle with the whites, and they never leave their savage homes except when the need of rum and ammunition drives them to the settlements. Then the lazy men, who usually engage in no toil except fishing and the chase, cut down a few trees, skilfully fashion the trunks into canoes and float them down the creeks and rivers to sell them at the towns. Oftener still they make little rafts of valuable varieties of timber, and invest the proceeds in powder and ball, beads and bad liquor. Tonka beans also eke out their trade resources.

These four groups of blacks, like kindred tribes in Africa, are ruled by kinglets, and some of them take their names from chiefs who led them in the wars the Dutch long waged upon their escaped slaves, only with the result of driving them further into the woods. They live chiefly upon vegetable food, which the women raise and prepare. They make no pottery, not being descended from tribes in Africa that are skilled in this art. Calabashes made of gourds are the receptacles for their rice and cassava. The fact is especially noteworthy that these Negroes of the Woods are more muscular and vigorous, better formed and more buoyant in spirit than their kindred, who for generations have continued to toil on the coast plantations. They are all of the same origin, and they afford another proof of the fact that man can far better perpetuate his best physical and mental qualities in a state of savagism than under conditions where he is simply condemned to a hopeless life of unrequited drudgery.

The Negroes of the Woods, however, have millions of other relatives in the New World, who, though bondsmen for generations after the Guiana blacks had freed themselves, were lifted by their surroundings to a higher plane, and under more fortunate influences were finally fitted as freemen to walk with comparative ease in the ways of civilized and enlightened men. From the same coasts that freighted ships with blacks for Guiana came the progenitors of the numerous people who are now numbered among our fellow citizens; and it is an eloquent and a powerful argument in favor of the efforts now making to reclaim the millions of Africa, that so vast a multitude of her sons, under circumstances by no means wholly favorable, have so clearly demonstrated the capacity of their race for improvement.

Cimarron and Oklahoma.

The proposals to make use of the surplus lands in the Indian Territory are taking shape, as the meeting of Congress approaches, in various projects, one being the creation of a separate Territory, to be called Cimarron, out of the region now expressively known as No Man's Land, and another the opening to settlement of the unoccupied tract called Oklahoma; while bills are likely to be introduced for bringing the whole Indian Territory under a Governor and an ordinary Territorial system.

The need of immediate legislative action is urged by Commissioner Atkins on two grounds, the recent penetration of a railroad, under authority of Congress, into the very heart of the Oklahoma country and the passage of the Allotment act, which, if put into execution west of longitude 98°, will make permanent the abode of the tribes now in that part of the Indian Territory. The policy of the Indian Office has for several years been that of moving these tribes east of this meridian. They are the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, the Wichitas, the Kiowas, and the Comanches. Two years ago Commissioner Atkins pointed out the advantage of this removal in the following language:

"If any part of the Indian Territory is to be opened to homestead entry and settlement, it should be the western part, running a line north and south through the Territory, and removing all Indians west of that line to lands lying east of said line. Thus the Indians would be upon lands better adapted to their support, and they would also be adjacent to each other, and in a more compact form."

Last year he again took up the subject with increased emphasis, calling attention to the fact that the reservation of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes is simply set aside by Executive order, and not held by the tenure with which the Indians east of longitude 98° possess their reserves. The problem which he declared to be urgent was "What disposition of the Indian Territory can be fairly and harmoniously made?"

"The vast surplusage of land in the Indian Territory, much of it, too, not surpassed anywhere for fertility and versatility of production, which can never be utilized by the Indians now within its borders nor by their descendants (for it is not probable that there will be any material increase in numbers of Indian population), must sooner or later be disposed of by Congress some way or other. Were all the Indians of the United States to be uprooted and transplanted to this Territory, all living Indians, including those now resident there could have 158 1-11 acres each."

The official statistics show that there are in the Indian Territory 41,102,546 acres, of which almost exactly two-thirds are east of 98° and the remainder west. But while there are 68,183 Indians east of that meridian, there are only 7,616 west of it. It also happens that while there are thus only one-ninth as many Indians west as east of the line, rather more than one-eighth of the lands on the eastern side are now unoccupied and ready for any proper use by the Government. These facts at once suggest the practicability of removing all the Indians now west of the meridian to lands equally good or better east of it, without encroaching on the reserves of any tribes.

This, stated briefly, is the proposal now renewed by the Indian Office, which is supposed to be specially careful of the interests of the red men, for the settlement of the entire problem of the Indian Territory. The advantage to white settlers and to the country as a whole is shown by this calculation of the Indian Commissioner:

"There are west of 98°, including Greer county, 18,740,223 acres, which would be sufficient to furnish homes of 100 acres each to 187,402 people; and supposing each settler to have five in his family, it would support a population of 687,010 souls. Add to this 'No Man's Land,' lying immediately west and adjoining, containing 3,672,640 acres, and we see at once that there is territory enough in those two areas to found a State equal in size to many States of the Union. Another advantage of this arrangement would be that the Indians would be together in a more compact form, while the whites would be by themselves."

It is evident that if this plan were carried out a sufficient part of the Indian Territory would be thrown open to settlement, and rapidly filled with a thriving population. The attempts to effect a lodgment there without authority would also cease. The distance to which the Indians would need to be removed being short, the cost would not be great; and Commissioner Atkins thinks that this removal would be feasible:

"I doubt not that, by paying them for their improvements or by making similar improvements on their new homes, they would cheerfully obey the wish of Congress should that body conclude to remove them to Oklahoma or to some other fertile unoccupied lands east of 98°."

It is obvious that this plan of the Indian Office might make a different disposition of Oklahoma from that which some of the Kansas raiders desire, and possibly it may not be the solution of the problem which Congress will find expedient. But that the time is ripe for some final disposition of the Indian Territory seems to be admitted on all hands.

How to Deal with the Prohibitionists.

That influential Republican journal, the *Denver Tribune*, gives out as food for reflection the suggestion that the Prohibitionists should nominate Mr. Blaine. That is, presumably, an indirect way of saying that the Republicans should make a very stiff temperance platform on which the Prohibitionists could stand.

Unfortunately for the Republicans, who are wrestling with the consideration of the vote-getting possibilities of the various kinds of temperance legislation, the Prohibitionists will be satisfied with nothing less than national prohibition.

Even with the help of that earnest Prohibitionist, the Hon. William P. Frye, Mr. Blaine could never be acceptable to the Drys. They can never forgive him his natural but painful wabbling in 1884, when he refused to vote either for or against the prohibitory amendment to the Maine Constitution. Even on a platform of local option a candidate who had refused to vote for a local prohibitory measure could have no chance with the Prohibitionists.

The only way in which Mr. Blaine can get the Prohibitionist vote is by becoming a Prohibitionist; and his ideas of the size of the Republican saloon vote will have to be modified a good deal before he can do that. Doubtless the Prohibitionists would welcome so distinguished a convert; but, until conversion, they have no use for him nor for any other Republican.

Dan Driscoll would like to pose as a careless and hide-bound ruffian, swaggering to the scaffold. It is according to the code of etiquette among the toughs to live and die like a buildog. But when he asked his keepers yesterday, "Let me take a last look at the street," he betrayed himself, and gutter romance gave place to cruel reality.

The obstreperous Quinn, who runs District Assembly No. 49, and has run it into the ground, will be ousted from his office at the end of this year. As we desire, in the words of the order, the "good and welfare" of D. A. 49, we make this suggestion to the honest and sensible men who yet belong to it: that they seize the opportunity to clean out, from top to bottom, the nest of foul birds in Canal street known as Pythagoras Hall. These buzzards have carried their work of robbery, jobbery, foolery, and ruin too far, and another year of it will insure the wreck and bankruptcy of the district and the seizure of the property for which its members have paid. Turn out the whole gang, including the dynamiters and dead beats. And do not let another gang of the same stripe, which resembles the Blackwell's Island stripe, get in. There is a report in the centre of the concentric circles of D. A. 49 that certain parties who could give an account of the dynamiting of a dry goods store in Grand street three years ago are plotting to get control of the district as soon as the Quinnites have been sent adrift. Keep them out. Raise a revolt rather than let them in. In short, let there be honor and decency next year under the shield of No. 49, Knights of Labor.

One of the funniest features of the recent social career of "Lord Courtenay" among the people of Newark is that he is a man of very bad manners, a "vulgar cad," as we are told. The power of a noble name is great.

The Name of a Great and Glorious Race.

From the Rev. Dr. Philipson's Recent Lecture at Baltimore.

The name Jew is the proud cognomen of the confessors of that parent religion, through whose medium the truth of the one God was divulged to the world, but now ere we are Jews we are men. As Jews, we stand a distinctive religious community. As men, we are as our neighbors, one with them in all else; if we are to be distinguished from them it is only in this, in all else there is naught peculiar. Every representation as aught else is false. Christian and Jew are lost in that wider relationship of man. As Lessing's Nathan so well says to the Templar: "Are Christian and Jew such before they are men? Oh! would that I had found in you one man whom it sufficed to be called man."

House Rules of a Russian Club.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The following are the rules of a club in a small Russian town in the Tchernisoff district: 1. It is prohibited to enter the club with greased boots. 2. Tradesmen are not allowed to enter the club in their working clothes, which exhale the disagreeable odor of fish, grease, or leather. 3. A dress coat must be worn at all New Year's or Easter dances. Any one appearing in a velvet waistcoat or a green necktie is fined one rouble. The fines cover the expenses for the band. 4. The members are especially requested not to use the window curtains as pocket handkerchiefs. Offenders of this sort will be expelled from the club. 5. During dances members smoking in the ladies' room will be fined twenty-five copecks, the fines to be expended in toilet powder and eau de Cologne for the ladies. 6. During quadrilles flirting is prohibited, and no one is allowed to step over the borders of decency. 7. It is strictly prohibited to get indecently drunk, as has happened before now. 8. It is prohibited to strike a partner in the face. 9. In case of disagreement at billiards, it is strictly prohibited to hit a partner with a cue.

A Hair-Dressing Match in Paris.

From the London Telegraph.

A hair-dressing competition took place last night, Nov. 20, in Paris. Thirty young women with long blonde tresses sat down in the hall of the Grand Orient, and for the space of about forty-five minutes the fingers and hands of the perruquiers were busy among their locks. The first prize of £30 and a Cross for Professors was awarded to a M. Nessl, while a pupil won a gold medal and £12 for turning out the best coiffure in the shortest space of time.

After the competition "fantasias" in hair-dressing were executed, old styles being temporarily revived or new ones exhibited, to the delighted gaze of a crowd of coiffeurs and their friends. The proceedings were terminated by a ball, in which the victorious barbers selected the prettiest of the damsels who had been operated upon, and danced away with them until the small hours of the morning.

A Social Lion.

Boston Husband (to wife)—The arrival of Rameses II. seems to have created quite a sensation in town. Boston Lady—Oh, John, couldn't you arrange to have him to dinner?

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERY.

An autumn exhibition and a good exhibition have seldom proved synonymous terms in New York, but in this instance they may certainly be so accepted.

One wall in the first room is filled with Makart's "Diana." It is a pleasure once in a while to see a picture by a famous foreign master which can be called truly representative of his talent, and a double pleasure to see it by daylight and without theatrical accessories. The "Diana" was bought by an American for his private gallery in 1881, a year after it was painted, but as he died before it had passed the Custom House, it was never unrolled until brought into the room where it now hangs. Nevertheless it is in perfect condition, while many of Makart's other large pictures, notably the "Caterina Cornaro" in the Berlin Museum, have cracked and darkened to a deplorable extent. The canvas is immense, the figures numerous. A white stag, chased by Diana and her nymphs, has sprung into the water from an overhanging wooded bank; the pursuers are breaking wildly through the trees and holding back their dogs, while Diana, standing high among them, poises her spear for the cast. This group fills the left of the picture, and the right is filled by a band of water nymphs who are urging the deer in his flight, and raising their arms in protest against his slaughter. Diana and her maidens are partly draped in flowing garments, while the water nymphs are nude. The work is unquestionably one of Makart's best, and from certain points of view it is his very best.

By nature and by intention he was the reverse of a "realist" in art. Beauty was his main concern, and his conception of beauty meant color and effective composition more than purity of line or truth to form and light. It meant, in fact, a care for decorative charm, rather than for representative accuracy or the expression of any intellectual or emotional meaning. Naturally, therefore, he loved to use the richest accessories in composition, and such pictures as the "Caterina Cornaro" and the "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp" are wildernesses of beautiful stuffs and metals and jewels, amid which the human forms play an almost subordinate part. Even in these pictures, however, he showed a feeling for feminine beauty which was no less individual than strong. The type he chose has found many imitators, but it was a new type when he chose it—the type of those luxurious, enervated, nervous, sophisticated yet lovely Viennese, among whom his life was passed. In expressing it in most of his pictures, he exaggerated its characteristics, and, while still preserving beauty, made it morbid and almost malarial of air, and he so seldom infused real vitality into his figures that they have been called creatures of dreamland, not of earth, petrified fantasies, shadows or corpses of women gorgeously attired. But in the "Diana" we find a great difference, alike in conception and in treatment. Here the figures themselves are the main things—the accessories subordinate; and here life and vigor and buoyant action take the place of morbid languor and the *pose plastique*. Whatever may be said in criticism of the picture, it is certainly alive from end to end. And if it is a little theatrically alive, if there are exaggerations of both attitude and expression, and if there is a forcing of the note of motion, life of any kind, vivid energy of any sort, it is so rare a thing in modern art that it is hard to quarrel with their over-emphasis. The picture is not a Rubens in any degree, but it has a Rubens-like quality of what may be called physical intensity; and if it is as far as possible from being a "serious" work of art, it cannot with truth be called an insincere one. No picture is really insincere which so plainly shows that the artist had an ideal of his own, loved it passionately, and took an almost passionate delight in its translation. In its own way—in the way of such decorative painting as might best be used for a drop curtain or the adornment of a foyer wall—it is an astonishing piece of work. In color it is rich and brilliant, though neither noble nor true nor subtle. In drawing it is often inaccurate, but in a manner which seems to prove rather a want of patience than a want of knowledge; and its very inaccuracies are sometimes helpful in expressing that intensity of movement which is its most characteristic quality. In execution it is broad, free, and audacious; in parts very summary, but in other parts quite sufficiently detailed for the scale of the composition and the effect intended. It is full of faults, but it is also full of evidences of consummate ability; and almost any faults would be condoned for the sake of so much spontaneity of impulse, so much energy of hand, and so much beauty of a delightful if superficial sort.

Serious work certainly predominates among the 277 American pictures which fill the remaining rooms. Many of them have just come from Paris, where they figured at the Salon of last spring; and among these as well as among those of home production a large number of the very best are signed by names with which the public is as yet unfamiliar. Of course, there could not be a more cheering fact to chronicle, meaning as it does that the exhibition is even richer in promise than in performance. Surely we may expect remarkable things in the future when, for instance, a young woman whose pupil days are not yet over does so good a thing as Miss Brewster's "Village Incident." An intelligent expression of externals is about all we have a right to ask from a student, but here we have this and much besides. The two figures—a French peasant woman and boy—who are looking out of a window at a dimly discerned group in the street, are extremely well posed and drawn. It is seldom we see figures so solidly in their clothes, so quiet yet expressive in action, and seldom we see a hand so broadly yet carefully treated as that which the woman rests on her hip. But there is meaning and feeling in the figures as well as form; we perceive what they are doing, and share sympathetically in their interest. The result, in short, is a picture—neither a mere study nor an anecdote which needs a title to explain it. And there are others in the collection, signed by names as new, of which as much may be said. Mr. Howe's large picture of cattle is one. It is very strongly and simply painted, very well composed, and its color, if lacking in charm, is pleasant and true. Naturally no one would compare it with a Troyon, for instance; but many Van Marckes have been sold of late years in this city which, if superficially more clever, had fewer qualities of serious excellence.

Mr. Alexander Harrison's work is more familiar. This year he sends a large canvas showing only sea and sky, which is somewhat "impressionistic" in treatment, and an equally large one called "Le Mais"—a representation of an American corn field, which is more remarkable for conscientious workmanship than for agreeable composition or attractiveness in the result. A corn field is sometimes one of the most beautiful things in nature; but when all its leaves and almost all its ears are gone it is one of the ugliest, and this is the moment Mr. Harrison chose to paint, while he made his figure of a little girl unattractive enough to be well in keeping with her environment. Mr. Childe Hassam, who went abroad two or three years ago, after having won a certain reputation as a painter of street scenes in Boston, has changed his sky but not his mood. Now he paints street scenes in Paris, and if his brush has lost something of the individuality in touch and color which once it possessed, it has gained in every other way. He has four pictures here, all of them good and one (showing a long perspective of cabs ranged against a dead wall and a few pedestrians plodding ahead in the rain) quite remarkably clever. Mr. Denman's full-length small portrait of a young girl is distinctly in the impressionistic vein, but distinctly good in its way—charming as well as clever, and very true as far as it goes. Mr. Vail sends a large realistic painting of the Thames on a dull day, with a big rowboat in the foreground—not an especially attractive picture, or in any way individual, but one which again proves serious effort and sound technical accomplishment. Pictures of this quality, however, both large and small, are so numerous in the exhibition that no one of them can claim the attention it would surely and rightfully have excited even two or three years ago.

In the work of our old friend Mr. Millet we find, on the other hand, that charm is the predominating quality. The young lady in his "Quiet Hour"—of course a contemporary of his grandmother—is so attractive a person that we almost forget to complain of the curious similarity in texture which marks all her surroundings. Another familiar friend is Mr. Kappes, and still another Mr. Chase. The former gives us not this time a negro, but an aged Celtic washerwoman hanging out her sheets on the clothes line. These sheets fill the greater part of the small canvas. A glimpse of white clouds shows above them, and the woman's pale brown skirt is the darkest note in the picture. A more delicate and delightful harmony in white could not be asked for, and, though the exigencies of the color scheme leave the face somewhat lacking in force, it nevertheless reveals in a subdued fashion that gift for character painting which more than anything else has made Mr. Kappes's reputation. This work, too, has charm, though it lies in the treatment, not, as in Mr. Millet's example, in the subject. Mr. Chase we always expect to be brilliant, but this year he has outdone himself in brilliancy while painting on a very small scale and with the simplest and most "local" subject matter. One tiny canvas shows merely a long, low, yellow factory building, stretching across its whole width, and in front a pile of granite rocks, with stonecutters at work, but it is a wonder of delicate color and exquisite handiwork. Another, almost as attractive, shows straight-lined intersecting paths in the Brooklyn Navy Yard Park, and still another a bit of a Long Island roadside. And the most marvellously clever of all is a view in Prospect Park with a long stone balustrade seen in perspective, a glimpse of thick overhanging trees and a stretch of sun-flecked gravel in front. The drawing is quite as admirable as the color, which is beyond praise for its audacious yet tender harmonizing of the pinkish gravel, the bright green foliage, and the flashing red geraniums which edge the balustrade, all quivering to the eye in the intensely bright broken sunshine. When we examine how the work has been done our admiration is but increased. It is no carefully treated oil painting, but a rapid study in pastel—a thing so slight that we might call it a sketch but for the beauty of its composition and the absolute completeness of the impression it gives. Nothing could be more audacious in treatment, yet nothing more serene and well balanced in effect. It is a little jewel to the most casual glance; and to the attentive eye it is a little marvel of technical skill and beauty. A man with an eye for color like this and a feeling like this for light and atmosphere and a hand like this to work his will is in a position to do whatever he chooses in art. There is absolutely nothing beyond his reach. The only question is whether his mind will reach as far as his brush might go. If Mr. Chase has not yet produced anything to convince all his fellow citizens that he is a really great painter, there are many who know the fact and are waiting impatiently for him to prove himself that still higher thing—a great artist, a painter who has large and fine pictorial ideas, if not potent thoughts, who can find in the world about him something which it is really worth his while to paint and worth his neighbors' while to look at; something, that is to say, which is truly paintable but which a hundred men have not painted before him. Prosaic as our country is called, it is full of just such subjects as this. Perhaps it would help a man to see them if he would spend an hour over Walt Whitman's poems. As poems they are bad or good, as individual taste may decide; but in suggesting pictures which would be as fresh, strong, and interesting, they are a storehouse of significant hints. If we could have a spirit like Mr. Whitman's joined to an eye and hand like Mr. Chase's we should not have to wait long for the great American artist to reveal himself. Meanwhile, however, we are infinitely grateful to Mr. Chase for the exquisite little idyls he gives us, and perhaps it depends upon the public as well as upon himself whether he will follow them up with something of a more serious sort. It must be confessed that the welcome given two years ago to his large "Afternoon Tea" was not so intelligently cordial as it should have been.

And the veriest trifle which ever came from Mr. Chase's brush is certainly worth more than a great deal of the work done every day by artists who have won a wider reputation. Look, for example, in this exhibition at Mr. Bridgman's two pictures. Years ago he gained a considerable reputation and an assured position in Paris by careful, skilful, academic work with Oriental subject matter—work which was a good deal like that of his master, Gérôme, in spirit, but a good deal better in certain technical respects. To-day, however, he condescends to hasty, empty, coarse methods of execution, crude schemes of color, and carelessly drawn figures without meaning or interest. Too much popularity has done far worse for Mr. Bridgman than too little has done for Mr. Chase.

It remains to be seen what a sudden and striking, if not exactly popular, success will do for Mr. Walter Palmer. He had worked among us for a number of years without doing anything either very bad or very good when last spring he astonished us with a number of winter landscapes of remarkable individuality and beauty. They had all the vivid reality of a French impressionist study combined with a far completer expression of detail. They were palpitating with atmosphere, shining with sunlight. Their snow seemed to many eyes the truest that had ever been painted. Their foregrounds were extremely good and their distances extraordinarily good. If they had a fault it was a lack of dignified and harmonious composition. As pictures, strictly so called, this fault injured them, of course; but as studies of the difficult clearness of our American landscape under the most difficult conditions they were triumphantly successful. Naturally, in such a success as this, there lies danger for the artist—the danger of falling into careless reiteration of a first careful triumph. As yet, however, Mr. Palmer seems to have avoided it. In this exhibition we have another winter landscape which is quite as good as its predecessors. The high bank to the right, in the middle distance, is a little too strongly blue, not for truth, perhaps, but for pictorial harmony; but except in this point, a more honest and exact yet individual and artistic expression of the chosen effect could hardly be imagined, and certainly has never been seen before on any of our exhibition walls.

Mr. C. S. Reinhart sends from Paris a large picture called "Washed Ashore," in which a gendarme impassively taking his notes of the catastrophe is the most important figure. Sound accomplishment shows in the work, yet in conception at least it is rather an enlarged illustration than a picture, and the unpleasantness of the subject is redeemed neither by dramatic intensity nor by charm of execution. Mr. Julian Story has also chosen an unpleasant subject—that scene in the French Revolution when a young woman drinks the blood of the slaughtered aristocrats to save her father from a similar fate. He has been as reticent as possible in its presentation, however, and his treatment shows a desire to gain effect by truly dramatic as distinct from melodramatic emphasis. If he has not wholly attained his aim, we may remember that he is still a young man and predict well of so much seriousness and technical skill.

Almost all the expression of poetic feeling which the exhibition reveals speaks from certain small landscapes painted by our home-keeping artists. Mr. Twachtman's impressionistic studies are always full of it, and Mr. Tryon shows it in his sketch of "Newport Harbor by Night." Mr. Albert Ryder is again its apostle in a little supposedly Oriental scene which makes us forget that there is such a thing as drawing by the singular charm of its rich and subtle color. Mr. W. L. Lathrop's "Pastoral," delightful in composition, slight and misty in treatment, introduces us to a new painter who also has the gift of individual feeling. And Mr. Coffin's little blue-green landscape called "Rain" is perhaps the most poetic thing in the collection.

These are not by any means all the good pictures or all the interesting pictures the collection contains. But they are certainly enough to show that even an autumn exhibition may be well worth attention. And if the public which likes a sensation when it asks for art can receive it without the aid of cavernous gloom contrasting with flaring gas lights, Makart's "Diana" will assuredly prove the great popular success of the year.

The only work of sculpture in the exhibition is Mr. Boyle's large bronze group of an Indian woman and two children, called "The Stone Age," which has been executed for Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. It shows considerable power in conception and general composition, and a suggestion of latent dramatic ability; but in execution it is crude and immature.

Don't risk anything with a stubborn cough when a safe remedy may be had in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. Sore lungs and throats are speedily helped by it.—Adv.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY.

One might almost fancy that Easter was coming instead of Christmas, so generally have the thoughts of fashionable women turned to the sale of their own handiwork for the relief of the poor, the hungry, and the afflicted. The Fair for the Destitute Blind was, socially, the most successful of the week, as it was engineered by Mrs. Berryman, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Vanderbilt, and other ladies prominent in the gay world, who were able to secure the prettiest maidens and matrons to traffic their smiles and their flowers for ten times the amount in dollars and cents that the flowers, at any rate, were worth. The soft light from the chandeliers of the Hotel Brunswick fell upon many lovely faces, all of which were infinitely more attractive in the smart caps and aprons that they wore, or in their simple demi-toilets, than they are when disguised in the costumes of all the ugly nations of the world, as seems to be considered necessary at the kermess and other organizations of that sort.

In connection with society charities as well as society gayeties, a word must be said in behalf of that ancient and honorable function, New York's Charity Ball, which is announced to take place at the Metropolitan Opera House Jan. 5. For nearly thirty-five years this entertainment, which was originally started by Mrs. Cornelius Dubois, Mrs. Alexander B. Mott, Mrs. Abraham Bininger, Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, and other benevolent and energetic women, has annually netted a handsome sum for one of the most appealing of all charities—helpless and homeless infancy. Both those who have faithfully labored to sell tickets and those who have conscientiously purchased them must find their full reward in the good done by the society and in the excellence of its present management. No Fifth avenue nursery can show healthier or better cared-for children. They are clean to absolute daintiness, and their surroundings are so spotless that a lady visitor once said "it made her ill and envious to be on duty at the nursery, everything was so much nicer than she could ever hope to attain to at home." Boxes for the ball may be obtained from Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, 8 East Twenty-ninth street.

The gayest reception of the week was given by Mrs. N. Pendleton Rogers on Wednesday. Its chief attraction was the semicircle of other débutantes who received with Miss Rogers. Miss Eva Morris and Miss Clarice Livingston, for whose coming out Delmonico balls are shortly to be given, were new acquaintances to many who have received and accepted Mrs. Morris's and Mr. Livingston's invitations, and their appearance at Mrs. Rogers's tea excited much interest. Besides these young ladies there were the Misses Roosevelt of Hyde Park, Miss Coster, daughter of Mr. Henry A. Coster, Miss Caroline Webb, and Miss Grace Snelling. It would be invidious to draw comparisons among this cluster of rosebuds. Sufficient to say that they were all rather petite in figure, all dressed in snowy white, and many of them extremely pretty. A young people's dinner followed the reception, with an informal dance in the evening.

Miss Harriman, who is also one of the season's débutantes, will be introduced at a large dinner next week, for which invitations have been issued by Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

An artist's reception carries always a special interest with it, as there is necessarily a novelty as well as an artistic atmosphere in the decorations and surroundings of an artist's home, to say nothing of the productions of the host's paint brush and pencil, which every one is charmed to see. At Mr. Eliot Gregory's studio reception on Thursday, scarcely anything was wanting to please the taste or gratify the eye. The tapestries and bric-à-brac which adorned the walls were a study in themselves, and the recently painted portraits by Mr. Gregory of well-known ladies excited much admiration. That of Mrs. Edward Parker Deacon, the daughter of Admiral Baldwin, who has never returned to this country since her marriage, excited much interest among her old friends, who had known her as Miss Florence Baldwin, and were curious to see whether nearly a decade had made many changes in her beautiful face. Fortunately Mrs. Deacon is still so young that Time, in her case at least, has shown himself to be rather an embellisher than a destroyer.

Mr. Gregory's rooms were crowded during the entire afternoon, and those who drove through the biting wind from the crush at Mrs. Pendleton Rogers's reception wondered where all the people came from. Had they chanced to stop at Mrs. John Sherwood's on the way, where a delighted audience was listening to her "Jubilee" recollections, or pushed on to the Metropolitan Opera House, where standing room was hardly to be found while the performance in aid of the Actors' Fund Association was going on, a "realizing sense," as the revivalists say, would have forced itself upon them of the enormous growth of our metropolitan society, and the immense numbers who are anxious to be amused.

Mrs. Potter, by the way, scored her greatest triumph on this occasion, as she appeared for the first time as a professional before the highest professional talent of the day, and was vociferously applauded and recalled again and again. It is true she did not act, she only recited, and looked 'beautiful. "Loraine, Loraine, Loree," which simple poem has always been one of her most successful efforts, was the one chosen for this occasion. She was gorgeously attired in crimson velvet and diamonds, and has seldom looked so handsome. Men are but men after all, and a beautiful woman will awaken an amount of enthusiasm which the most painstaking artist fails to call forth. Like the dairy maid in the nursery rhyme, Mrs. Potter's face is her fortune, and it behooves her to make hay while the sun shines.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Bessie Campbell, daughter of Mrs. Irving Clark to Mr. Henry Allien.

Next week promises to be a gay one, and to carry with it a charm that comes only once in a season—that of absolute newness and novelty. The first ball, which will be that of Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Morris on Monday night, and the first Assembly, which is to take place on Thursday, will be marked by a freshness in every detail that is never likely to return. Delmonico's rooms, even if not absolutely renovated since last season, will rejoice in not a little freshness of paint and decoration; the toilets of young, old, and middle-aged will have no suggestion of wear but the "French crush" upon them, which is supposed to add a certain *chic* unattainable on this side. A large number of the young faces will be new to the scene, and of those who have been there very often before, the majority will feel all the pleasant excitement that new clothes and the opening of a new season seldom fail to bring. It is still a dark secret whether Mr. Thomas Howard will lead the cotillon with Miss Morris. Mr. Harry Cannon having returned to share the honors and labors of the position with Mr. Howard, it is suggested that he may be the fortunate man, but as the Morris family belong emphatically to the ancient and dignified of the land, an impression has gained ground that an older and possibly a married man will be chosen for the important duty.

Wednesday will be a field day for receptions, as Mrs. Loomis, formerly Mrs. John D. Prince, Mrs. Edward Curtis, and Mrs. Charles Coolidge Haight have all issued cards for that day, and each one has a daughter to introduce.

An amateur performance in aid of a local charity, which was to have been given at Tuxedo Park on Thanksgiving Day, will take place at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday. Miss De Wolfe, Mr. Bird, Miss Kitty Brady, and Mr. Coward will all take part, Miss DeWolf appearing as *Lady Teazle* in the "School for Scandal," a rôle in which some of the greatest actresses of the world have won their laurels.

Sir R. W. Cameron, who arrived about a week since, will sail for England again on the 10th and spend the winter with his family in the south of France.

The sumptuous mansion of Mr. Charles G. Francklyn, in Grosvenor square, London, has been purchased for Lady Venables Vernon, formerly Miss Fanny Lawrance, and will be her town residence in future.