# LITERATURE.

The Latest Books—Novels, Travels and Religion.

## A MODERN MINISTER.

An Overrated Anonymous Two-Volume Sensation.

## THE LAND OF THE "SPARKLING MOSELLE."

Mgr. Capel on the Protestant Confessional.

## MARRYING A WIDOWER.

"A Modern Minister" is the title of a novel recently issued by Harper & Brothers. We believe that this story has created considerable of a sensation on the other side of the water, where it has been pronounced very clever. It is written anonymously, and a great many persons are charged with its authorship. It is stated, in some quarters, that it was written by a well known writer who wishes to try his success on his merits. We very much doubt if the pen that wrote "A Modern Minister" ever wrote another novel. There is nothing clever about the story, and it is overweighted with plot and characters. The villains are the blackest and the saints the whitest that could be conceived, and the incidents are the most improbable that the brain of man could invent. The language of the book is exceedingly common; one of the heroines calls her mother "ma," and elegant gentlemen speak of their "vests." The principal villain is Noel Barnard, who also figures as Joel Ishmael, King of the Gypsies. This man is everywhere at the same time. If a question is whispered in the dark he is there to answer it; if a letter is thrown over a wall he is on the other side to catch it. He reads people's thoughts and holds every one in his power by his knowledge of their secrets. In manner he was a courtier—that is, in the opinion of the writer. This is a specimen of his elegance:—"'Miss St. Aubyn, may I pass you some jelly?' he was wonderfully polite—not in the least strained." It was that jelly that was strained. The modern minister, Rev. Westley Garland, was the essence of saintliness, and he had a secret which Noel Barnard knew. He was not Westley Garland at all, but a young gentleman who had attempted suicide and was rescued. Instead of going back to his wife and child he went into the ministry to earn enough money to pay his debts, and gave dramatic readings for that purpose. There are three children wandering through the book who are looking for their parents or whose parents are looking for them. One dressed as a boy is with a circus company and another lives with a supposed father in seclusion, never being allowed to see the world until one fatal day when a wretch of a housekeeper excites her curiosity about the world and packs her off alone for London. Her adventures are very amusing, although it is not the author's intention that they should be. She arrives in London at night and asks the first person she meets, "Will you tell me, sir, where I may see the lords and ladies?" It was a crazy man whom she addressed, and he took her to his lodgings, where, he said, lords and ladies were always to be found. She was not at all afraid of him, although one less innocent would have been frightened out of her wits. Later in the evening she leaves the old man and goes to a vile lodging house, where she is alarmed by the noise, and from which she makes her escape. She gets into a barroom, and the drunken men try to embrace her, but she hits out from the shoulders and they fall back while she runs away. Finally she finds a soft stone in Covent Garden, where she passes the night. Each hour of the night is described as tolled forth from the church steeples. The author in this description adds "th" to a great many of his words and leaves it off of many more. We think that the author is pleased with this chapter, and some readers will be, we have no doubt, but we are not of that number.

There are 120 characters in this book, of which this is only the first volume. There is an arrangement of characters before the story begins, like in a play. They are divided under such heads as "In the Ministry," "In the Blue Book," "In the Professions," "In Private Life," "In Boyhood," "In Girlhood," "Married Ladies," "Ladies about Whom there is a Doubt," "Spinsters," "Widows," "In Trade," "In Bohemia," "In Rascality" and "In Service." There is a Major Howard and his birds, taken from Dickens' Boythorn, in "Bleak House." The five-year-old children are impossible creatures, who talk like women of fashion and girls of the period. Altogether, we think "The Modern Minister" a sensational and very poor story, and we do not blame the author for concealing his name. We cannot close this notice without quoting the following as a specimen of the author's style. A woman in a deserted house at night has fainted from fright, and her child is leaning in terror over her while the writer indulges in this rhapsody:—"Beat against the panes, ye bats; coil, obscene shades, within the corners; shriek, ravenous winds, in the outer courts; gleam on her lovely head, coward lightning of the summer night; hoot, owls, on the funeral pines; fall, rain drops, like taps upon coffin lids; peal above her, thunders of darkness; stretch forth lank talons, spectres and goblins; dart grizzly fangs, glide on her, phantoms! hound forth ye all, for 'tis a delicate girl-child whose mother lieth low, and there is none of human kind to help!" Don't tell us that this author did not write that under the influence of a nightmare.

"A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY."

Very different from the foregoing is the "Young Wife's Story" (Harper & Brothers). The young wife was a girl who had been brought up in a country town. A man from the world and of the world comes to visit a relative near by, stays a day and goes away. In the course of a few weeks he writes to the girl's uncle, asking if he may pay his addresses. He is answered in the affirmative, so he comes and woos. The wooing lasts some six weeks, off and on, and they are married. The girl does not seem to understand exactly what she has done. She married because she was asked and because she thought she loved the man who asked her. He was a widower, and it seems that he only married her that his uncle might have a companion and his children motherly care. The first years of the young wife's life are very unhappy, but at last by her sterling worth she wins her husband's love and all goes merry as a marriage bell. The story is written in a very simple style and will be profitable reading to those young ladies who are looking widowerward.

"THE MAID OF NORWAY."

If "The Maid of Norway" (Scribner, Welford & Armstrong) had never been translated from its original Norwegian the English speaking world would have lost little. The story is a historical one, founded on the life of the Princess Margaret, the only child of King Eric, of Norway, who reigned in the thirteenth century. Stories of the thirteenth century have got to be unusually interesting or beautifully written to attract us of the nineteenth century. There is very little body to this story, and the characters are but lightly drawn. The book is full of legends and has the atmosphere of the north about it. It is not badly written and not particularly well written—a gentle mediocrity pervades the whole.

THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.

Colonel George E. Waring, Jr.'s, papers on the Mosel, which were first published in *Scribner's Monthly*, have been reprinted in book form by James R. Osgood & Co., with additions, and a paper on the Latin poet Ausonius and his poem "Mosel," by Charles F. Brookes. Colonel Waring, who is a practical farmer as well as an observing traveller, gives a great deal of information in this little volume. He travelled 200 miles up this pretty river in a rowboat, stopping where he felt like stopping and staying as long as he wanted to. The chapter on the wine making districts is of peculiar interest, coming from a man who understands the subject of horticulture. He says:—"In the bad years the expenses are quite as great as in the good ones, and the wine is sold at the vineyards and without name for a very trifling sum. It is bought chiefly by 'wine doctors,' who by skilful chemical manipulation convert it into the high-priced 'Moselwein' of the restaurants of Europe and America, or into the always headachy and unreliable fizzing compound known as 'Sparkling Moselle.' Pure Brauneberger wine is sold in bad years as low as fifty-five thalers per cask, equal to about sixteen cents per gallon. There is a great difference in the quality of the vines (or of their product) on the different spots on the same hillside. On the Brauneberg the best vineyards are worth about $2 per vine or $10,000 per acre, while the poorest—perhaps within a few hundred feet of the best—are worth not more than $1,200 per acre. The Mosel wine soil is a deep mass of bits of slate, through which the roots penetrate to a great depth, and which are supposed to derive their chief merit from their power of absorbing and retaining heat. Animal manure in considerable quantity is very important, but the refuse of slate quarries and of tunnel work in the slate hills is of great value, so much so that the whole cost of driving a large cellar into the hillside at Lieser was fully repaid by the value of the material taken out for dressing the vineyards. * * * One great merit of the Mosel vines is that they last in full bearing for from sixty to sixty-five years, while those along the Rhine run out in from twenty-five to thirty years. It was somewhat interesting to learn that almost the only quality which gives its great value to the wine of the best years is their 'bouquet.' Considered chemically, or with reference to their wholesomeness as a beverage, the wines of the bad years and of the good ones are much alike; but the delicacy of flavor that gives value in the epicure market marks the wide difference between the two products. Practically we get but very little of the best Mosel wine in this country, and we can get it only at very high cost. A gallon of wine that costs $4 50 in the cask at the vineyard accumulates, before it is ready for bottling and sale, a mass of charges for transportation, handling, racking, leakage, evaporation and interest, which fully doubles its cost. To this double cost the considerable profits of the wholesale and retail dealers must be added, so that these very fancy wines can hardly be bought in Germany for less than from $2 50 to $3 per bottle; certainly such wines cannot be sold by the single bottle in America for less than $5, and one can hardly hope to taste the really superior and more delicate Mosel wines at any of our restaurants."

CONFESSION IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

The February number of the *Catholic World* will contain an interesting article on confession in the English Church from the pen of Mgr. Capel.

The subject of confession, says this learned prelate, has of late been brought prominently before the British public. We need hardly say that a storm of indignation has been raised. Parliament has been called upon to put a stop to a practice which is generally believed to be quite at variance with the spirit of the Church of England, and many of the bishops have publicly condemned it. It may, however, be doubted whether any effect has really been produced; for as long as clergy are found who claim the power of forgiving sin, and as long as people feel the need of absolution, it is certain that confession will be practised.

A Catholic must necessarily look on confession as existing in the Anglican communion with feelings of a very mixed nature. On the one hand it is impossible not to appreciate the sincerity and humility evinced by those who voluntarily seek what they believe to be a means of grace. It is hard to doubt that the habit of self-examination and of watchfulness naturally resulting from confession must have its value; above all, it seems as if we might fairly hope that the spirit of obedience and the faithfulness in acting on conviction will be rewarded by fuller light and knowledge.

On the other hand, it is equally impossible to shut our eyes to the great dangers which beset confession among Anglicans. In the first place, there is the absence of all sacramental grace; secondly, of training, and even of theological knowledge, in the clergy; and, thirdly, those who use confession are in an exceptional position, which of itself is fraught with peril to the soul.

Of course no Catholic supposes Anglican clergymen to have true orders. Confession in the English communion is simply a conversation between two lay people on some of the most important subjects that can occupy the thoughts of human beings. There may be on either side sincerity, piety and earnestness, but sacramental grace there is not. Relations so close between two souls are certainly not without peril; we do not speak of the danger to morals which the Protestant party constantly insists upon, and whose existence we cannot altogether deny, but of the tyranny on the part of the minister and of the unreasonable obedience yielded by the penitent to a self-appointed guide. * * * Among the clergy of the Church of England there is an absolute want of theological knowledge. It would be hard to mention an Anglican book on any subject connected with moral theology. Anglican clergymen, even where they have learned to believe many of the dogmas of the Catholic faith, are, generally speaking, ignorant of the difference between mortal and venial sin. Hence results a spirit of severity on the part of the confessor which tends to produce scrupulosity and depression in the penitent. Converts have declared that the first time they heard Catholic teaching as to the nature of sin it seemed to them the most consoling doctrine possible. * * * As far as we can gather from the testimony of those who have confessed and heard confessions as Anglicans we should say that confession is often an actual torture to the soul; that penances are often imposed altogether without proportion to their cause; that a kind of obedience unknown among Catholics is claimed and is rendered. This, after all, is the great danger. It will never be known till the last day how many souls have been kept out of God's Church by the authority of their Protestant "directors." A director finds that one of his penitents begins to think that the Catholic Church has claims worthy, at least, of being examined. At once active works of charity are proposed as a remedy; all reading of Catholic books or intercourse with Catholic friends or relations is forbidden; the director is not afraid to say that leaving the Church of England is a sin against the Holy Ghost, and furthermore will promise to answer at the last day for the soul that in reliance on his dictum suspends all search after truth and blindly obeys.

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As far as we can gather, the belief of the Church of England on the subject of confession may be summed up in the following propositions:—

1. Penance is not a sacrament, but
2. Her ministers have the power of forgiving sins.
3. This power is exercised after confession made by the penitent.
4. But such confession is not to be made, save in case of serious illness or of great disquiet of mind.
5. The absolution of the priest is not the ordinary means by which sins are forgiven.
6. The penitent is to be the judge in his own case. If he feels very much in want of confession he may have it if not he is to do without it. His own feeling is the only rule in the matter.

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St. Paul speaks of the Church of Christ as "the pillar and ground of the truth." The Church of England is essentially a compromise. Some of her dignitaries even look on this as her glory. The High Churchman can find his belief in the Real Presence supported by her catechism, but the Low Churchman has the black rubric, which is equally strong in favor of his opinion. Her prayers are for the most part preserved from the days of Catholic piety, and her articles bear the impress of foreign heresy. She prays against "false doctrine, heresy and schism," and devotes one of her articles to the assertion that all churches have erred. Her clergy are required to accept anomalies and inconsistencies, and we cannot but do them the justice to say that they accept them with great equanimity. Every one has something to get over; the High Churchman could wish some things altered and the Low Churchman would be glad to see others omitted. The result seems to be that every one subscribes with a kind of laxity which, if it does not imply a want of honesty, at least betrays an absence of accuracy and of definite conviction. Subscription to articles and formularies seems to sit very lightly on the Anglican conscience; it is a mere means to an end.

DR. HOLLAND ON STANLEY.

The February number of *Scribner's Monthly* will contain in "The Topics of the Time" an editorial by Dr. J. G. Holland, entitled Stanley and His Reward, and in it the writer says:—

When it was announced some years ago that he (Henry M. Stanley) had discovered Livingstone, in the interior of Africa, there were probably many more people who did not believe in the fact than there were who accepted it. It took several months and a snuff-box from the Queen to convince people that he was not a cheap newspaper liar and impostor. The universal popular consciousness of cowardice told against him. There were probably not twenty men in New York who were consciously brave enough to undertake the task he had performed, any more than there were twenty men in Boston who could have written Shakespeare. When he arrived in America, after his splendid feat—than which none more heroic and daring has been performed during this century, except a later one by himself—he was received with a small burst of enthusiasm, which soon died out when it was found that he could not lecture and would not be lionized. Nothing was forgiven to him on account of strangeness to society, and the social cold shoulder was turned toward him by all those who could neither tell a hero when they saw him, nor hold him at his superlative value when they had him in their hands.

Stanley lived in New York for some time, his social relations limited to a few congenial men and women, who reverenced his manhood and believed in him. Then he went away, and at last we heard of him engaged in organizing a force to march across Africa. When he received the despatch which summoned him to this task it threw him into a violent fever. He knew what the undertaking was. No one else did; and for more than three years he has been engaged in the gigantic task of managing hundreds of wild men, in the midst of thousands of wilder men, in a passage through a wilderness thousands of miles in extent. He has had to pierce forests, thread rivers, cross lakes, tread morasses and fight wild beasts and savage men by day and by night. His one will has directed and controlled everything. The strain upon him must have been terrible—three summers and three winters long. Can any one imagine his joy as he traced the Congo to the sea and caught sight of the waves that connected him with his home?

We do not feel particularly interested in Mr. Stanley's discoveries. The geographers may have that part of it; but we are immensely interested in the hero and shall be glad to see his face and take his hand once more. And if New York shall fail to take and hold him at his value this time she will do herself foul dishonor. This man who has done so much to honor the American name, and so much to illustrate the higher traits and capacities of human nature, should have a befitting welcome on his arrival home. It should not be a fitful and quickly forgotten affair; but after such tempestuous tossings upon the sea of his great enterprise, he should find himself in smooth water. The heroes of few battle fields have been worthier of lasting admiration and homage than he is, who will come to us from his latest achievement in African discovery. Let us give him the freedom of the city in the freedom of our homes.

LITERARY CHIT CHAT.

Professor J. S. Blackie's "Wise Men of Greece" gives the reader a thorough taste of the Greek philosophers.

The London *Publishers' Circular* offers this consolation to the depressed book trade, that "The best books have the largest as they always have the most enduring circulation."

A new translation (making about the twenty-fifth in English) of "Dante's Inferno," is just printed in London under the title of "The Vision of Hell," by C. Tomlinson.

Dr. Charles Letourneau's Biology is nearly ready from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The new book on Mont Blanc, by Viollet-le-Duc describes with scientific precision the mechanical forces at work in the formation of the Swiss mountains, and does justice to the whole tribe of Alpine explorers.

The *Saturday Review* finds in "Cherry Ripe!" the new novel of a popular lady novelist, Miss Helen Mathers, a great deal of that "maudlin, unhealthy sentiment" which the book itself denounces.

The French balloonist, Gaston Tissandier, has printed a book of great interest and value, entitled "History of My Ascensions; the Story of Twenty-four Aerial Voyages." The author's personal experiences in military ballooning in the Franco-Prussian war are extremely interesting.

The *Saturday Review* styles Mr. James Parton's book on "Caricature and other Comic Art" "one of those pretentious specimens of book making rather than authorship, which are not so common in the United States as in England."

Under the fanciful title of "The Great Thirst Land" Captain Parker Gilmore has in Cassell's London press an account of his ride through Transvaal, the Orange Free States, and Natal, in South Africa.

A careful monograph on Eastern Turkestan, with a fine original map of that little known part of Asia, has just appeared in Petermann's *Mittheilungen*.

The third and last volume of "Stubbs' Constitutional History of England" will be published in February by Macmillan & Co.

The seventh volume of the new "Encyclopedia Britannica" has elaborate papers on "Demonology" by Dr. E. P. Taylor, drawing by P. G. Hamerton.

"A History of the Honorable Artillery Company," the most ancient corps in England, has been written by Captain Rakes. It goes back to 1587.

The fund for erecting the Burns statue at Kilmarnock, has reached upward of $10,000, and a number of competing models for the statue have been received.

Herr Rohlfs is now organizing an expedition for the exploration of the Eastern Sahara. Tripoli will be the headquarters of the expedition, and it will explore the mysterious oases of Wajnuga and Kufara, hitherto untrodden by any European traveller.

"The Bird World, Described with Pen and Pencil," by W. H. Davenport Adams, is a prettily illustrated book on the feathered tribes just issued by T. Nelson & Sons, London and New York.

"Oriental Tales," by the Comte de Gobineau, will be the sixth and next novel in Appleton's collection of foreign authors.

The *North American Review* will hereafter be published every other month, or six times a year, instead of three times, as heretofore. The removal of the seat of publication of this periodical from Boston to New York is only another link in the chain of evidence which proves that this city is the literary as well as the commercial centre of the country.

# FINE ARTS.

ARTISTS' FUND EXHIBITION.

The annual Artists' Fund Exhibition will be opened on Tuesday morning at the Kurtz Gallery, on Twenty-third street, and remain open to the public free, day and evening, until the sale on the evening of the 22d inst. The "private view" takes place to-morrow evening. The collection of pictures formed increases each year in quality and value and the present one keeps well up to the ratio of increasing excellence. The pictures are painted each year expressly for the purpose, and the members take a very commendable pride in sending examples in their best style.

George H. Boughton sends an admirable little canvas, very characteristic, representing a pair of old English farm laborers burning stubble. "Italian Fishing Boats," by R. Swain Gifford, is a boldly and solidly painted canvas, with excellent water and a good sky. J. B. Bristol sends two canvases, both possessing the quiet, restful charm of his later pictures—one, "The Old Bridge, Berkshire," and the other "Evening," with a fine gloaming effect. "The Letter," by Oliver Lay, already noticed at length, is a very charming canvas, conscientiously painted. By S. J. Guy there is "The Chickens' Breakfast," an admirable picture of a little girl feeding them from a porch. W. J. Hennessy sends from London a nice little canvas, "On the Terrace, Springtime," with a graceful, coquettish little figure looking over a garden wall under well drawn foliage. "Mont Blanc, Côte de Sallenches," by H. W. Robbins, pleases us exceedingly, being strongly painted, with true local colors and a harmonious tone. "On the Connecticut, Walpole, Vt.," by A. C. Howland, is careful, delicate and really charming. This artist also sends another little landscape. Eastman Johnson is represented by his pleasing, careful little picture, "The Confab," representing a couple of young children seated on a haymow beam absorbed in each other. There is a noticeable effect of light.

J. G. Brown's well known touch is seen in two pictures, both good examples—"At Evening," noticed in the "Studio Notes" below, and in his bold "Great Risks for Small Games"—a fisher boy scaling the Grand Menan cliffs after gulls' eggs. Ernest Parton's "On the Thames," though somewhat sketchy, is very excellent, and pleases us exceedingly. "Be It Ever So Humble, There Is No Place Like Home," by Thomas Hicks—an aged couple seated at evening by the fire and tea table—is a careful and good picture. In M. F. H. de Haas' "Summer Morning on Long Island Sound" we notice a really admirable distance and a cloud effect painted in a masterly manner. By A. F. Tait there is a realistic picture, "Snowed In," with sheep well and carefully painted. A. T. Bricher is seen in his "Servant of the Port," a boldly painted East River scene, and in "On the Sands," and Arthur Quartley in two pictures, the smaller very good, "Near Marblehead," with boldly painted rocks and moving water, and the larger, "Afternoon Off Portsmouth, N. H.," with, if anything, an excess of color. A. H. Wyant sends "Near Montauk," sheep on a woodland, well given, and J. W. Casilear a tender and graceful "Reminiscence of the Chemung." "A Millstream at Springfield, Long Island," by Charles H. Miller, is well painted, with good light and shade over a pleasing landscape.

David Johnson is represented by an excellent canvas, "Mount Lafayette from Streeters' Pond," with very admirably painted cattle in the foreground, and a good distance. Arthur Parton is seen in "Stratford on Avon" and "Tugboats on Lake Champlain." A couple of Sonntags are nice in drawing, but, as usual, somewhat opaque in color, the "Summer Afternoon, N. H.," having a well treated luminous sky. F. O. C. Darley sends a water color, "Cold Snack," and A. Lawrie an Adirondack landscape, quite pleasing and carefully painted, and his head, "Jessica." "Who Killed the Copperhead?" a snake story, by Alfred Jones, is simple and natural. By W. Morgan there are two large pictures, with lifesize figures, "Fall Flowers," in which we note the well rendered little girl's face and his "The Oracle." W. Whittredge's "Old House at Newport" is a careful, faithful study. "Sunset in the Shawangunk Mountains," by S. R. Gifford, is nicely toned and pleasing.

"The Sportsman's Grave" and "Marriage of Apes" are by W. H. Beard, the former very amusing and admirably painted, representing a couple of rabbits and a number of grouse in a cemetery at the tomb of some mighty Nimrod. The birds are the bolder, and some of them have hopped on to the flat stone, while the rabbits, half-fearing him still, stand on their hind legs at the foot of the grave.

By R. W. Hubbard we note his "On Lake Champlain," with a good sky, and his nicely painted, graceful "Riverside Among the Hills." "Under the Willows," with pleasing little figures, is by H. A. Loop. Among the other canvases we note Wiggins' "Rainy Morning," a good cow study with a well rendered atmosphere; J. Pope's "Afternoon," J. D. Barrow's "Glimpse of the Lackawanna," with well given hemlocks; Charles Parson's "Rangely Lake," T. A. Richard's "The Brook;" two Herbert McCord's, one quite pleasing, near Stowe, Vt.; H. Fuchsal's "Cascade on the Catskills," Cropsey's "Coming Thro' the Rye," C. P. Cranch's "York Beach, Maine," J. D. Barrows' "Mount Lafayette, N. H.;" George H. Story's "First Slate;" Ed. Gay's "Wild Flowers," Ewell's "Nile Sunset," Lang's "First Cherry," J. C. Nicoll's sea coast scene, "A Summer Day;" F. A. Silva's pleasing "Evening on the Coast" and "On the Hudson River," P. P. Ryder's "Grandma at Home" and "Patchwork," both pleasing in sentiment and the latter Frère-like; a couple of admirable flower pieces, by Lambdin; J. L. Fitch's tree study; Mrs. Greatorex's "Rock Enon Springs, Va.," pleasing, quite bold and nice in color; D. M. Carter's "Desmond's Love" and Blauvelt's "The Attic Library."

There are, in addition, a color sketch, by Isabey, and a charcoal sketch, by the late Edwin White, of Dubou, the celebrated French model, presented by Mrs. White, and two parian groups, by Charles Muller, well designed, especially that of Poe. There are sixty-three artist members represented by ninety-six contributions. Of the amount paid for the pictures $100 goes to the fund and the rest to the artist, who is not allowed to buy his picture in; but, if he buys it, must do so in reality. The officers of the society are:—Thomas Hicks, president; J. G. Brown, vice president; H. W. Robbins treasurer, and J. M. Falconer, secretary.

STUDIO NOTES.

Albert Bierstadt has nearly finished on a large canvas "On the Coast Near Nassau, Bahamas." It represents a huge wave, with a storm tossed crest lifted up by the turn of the wind, dashing grandly past coral rocks on to a smooth sandy beach, on which its predecessor has cast a derelict spar. A heavy storm is drawing off, and the second line of dark blue wave laps fiercely on, exceedingly well given to the right. On the left hand the storm is clearing away, allowing glimpses of a purer sky, under which two sails—one a brigantine not far out, and the other seen on the horizon—are riding bravely along, having weathered the storm. Seaweed lies on the foamy forewater between us and the great wave, and on the beach are a few conch shells. The general effect of the picture is very excellent, and it will be much appreciated by those who in those latitudes have seen just such a scene as this. The varying tints of the water giving it in certain lights that peculiar emerald green only there seen are well rendered, as is the water breaking up on the beach. On the whole a successful treatment of a difficult *motif*.

E. L. Henry has lately finished "A Quaker Courtship;" very faithfully painted—a couple seated in front of an old-fashioned fireplace, he on one side and she on the other. Broadbrim with his hat on, twirling his thumbs and looking preternaturally solemn and Quiet Eyes, with hands crossed in lap, awaiting his pleasure.

J. G. Brown has nearly finished "At Evening;" a young girl, with a sweet, sad face, seated on a rock not far from a river side, with her hands lying on her lap, looking up and evidently thinking of a distant lover far away. The artist has recently commenced "Watching the Storm;" a fisher girl sitting by the seaside looking out and anxious for her kindred exposed to the fury of the storm.

F. Schuchardt is painting for the Academy Exhibition a life size "Corydon and Phillis;" a fair haired little girl seated on a bank, with her hands clasped around her knees, looking happily upward, while her *brune* Corydon, leans on the bank behind her playing on his flute. The girl's face is very good, the sentiment pleasing, and the promise is seen of a creditable picture.

Gilbert Gaul has just started "Merry Christmas;" a little girl holding up a wreath of laurel and holly as a frame to her pretty face.

Walter Satterlee has finished for the Water Color Society "Old Ballads;" a girl in the costume of our great grandfathers, seated singing at a spinet, on which her long gloves are lying. The figure is quite pleasing; the picture harmonizes well, there being a nice tone, and the tapestry hanging from the wall behind is very well given. He has also completed, in oil, a pleasing picture, "The Knotty Question;" a couple in the costume of the same days as the water color, seated, he holding a skein and she, unwinding it, has made a knot. It is careful, nice in tone and quite graceful. "The Convalescent," a water color, is charming; an old lady walking along a garden walk with a delicate young girl.

In R. E. Piguet's studio we lately saw a very charming picture, a portrait of a lady and her child in a tasteful boudoir. The painting, though not mannered after them, reminds one somewhat of the pictures of Toulemouche and Bauguiet. The young and good looking mother sits on an ottoman by the fireplace, with her little dog by her, and having lifted her baby from the rich cradle is playing with it as it lies on her lap, while her worsted work lies on the table. The figures are very good and the rendering of the numerous accessories, from the furniture to the ornaments on the chimneypiece and the placques on the walls, is very excellent. There is a very good and solid coloring, nice drawing and a complete harmony of tone, and on the whole it is a charming portrait of both home and its chief treasures.

J. B. Bristol has started "An Evening in Vermont," a twilight, looking from the Vergennes hills over Lake Champlain to the distant Adirondacks. His "On the Battenkill, Vermont," already noticed at the Union League Club, is a scene in the Green Mountains, with a good tone and a fine distance.

Humphrey Moore has lately finished "Dolce Far Niente," a young lady lying on the grass among the flowers, in the shade of a large Japanese sun umbrella and fanning herself, leaning her head on one hand, while a novel lies neglected by her. It is pleasing and graceful.

Howard Campion, a pupil of Cæsar de Keck and an artist lately from abroad, has in his studio a number of interesting studies made of French and English landscapes. A view on the River Lepte, in Normandy, taken in the late afternoon, is very pleasing, with nice shadows in the water and tender greens in the grass beyond the willows which cast their gnarled reflections on to the stream. A sketch near Maple Durham, on the Thames, is very pleasing. Mr. Campion has just started a large view on the Thames in the same locality, with sheep on the near shore and cows across on the opposite river meadows.

J. O. Wood has on an easel, nearly finished, a few cows on an Orange county pasture with a strong effect of light and shade, good drawing and very natural posing. "The Pasture Shade," a lately finished picture, is very pleasing, with a good feeling of repose in the cows under the apple trees—well composed.

H. Bacrer, the sculptor, has lately completed the life size clay model of a touching group, emblematic of the death of two children carried off within a few days of each other. The little girl in dying asked her brother to follow her. The girl, in her night dress, is represented soaring upward and looking down while she points to the sky, while the boy, clinging to her, still on earth, looks to where she points. The little boy still lives, but she is somewhat etherealized. The group is graceful, forming good lines.

Marston Ream has lately finished a couple of his pleasing still lifes, one quite admirable, representing a number of bunches of Delaware grapes falling out of a silver dish just overturned on the tablecloth, and the other of grapes, a pear, nuts and a peach.

ABOUT LAMBINET.

Emile Lambinet, who might be well called the prince of modern landscape painters, if we regard landscape painting at its highest when it is simply loving reproduction of its beauties, was a man of much modesty and with but little ambition, as the term is generally understood. Lambinet was genial and affable in his private intercourse, hospitable and very unassuming. He said last summer to one of our picture dealers that he much appreciated the kindness felt toward him and the patronage bestowed on him by Americans. He spoke in a complimentary manner of American art and regretted his slight acquaintance with the works of American artists, but stated that the little he had seen of the works of such men as the late Kensett, of Church, Whittredge, McEntee, Gifford and David Johnson, had inspired him with the greatest admiration for American landscape painting.

The deceased painter lived with his wife at No. 8 Rue Lavoisier, in Paris, in a house owned and occupied by an intimate friend and admirer of his works, of which he possessed many; a very wealthy man, who had there offered him a home and a studio so as to have him constantly with him. The painter was childless. He had a little country house, or *pied à terre*, on a hillside overlooking the village of Bongival, that of Chaton and his favorite Seine, not far from Fontainbleau, that paradise of Diaz, and within a stone's throw of Gerome's country house. To Bongival, as soon as the fine spring weather set in, Lambinet, with clean canvas and his painting traps, made his way. He used to start out early in the morning and spend all day out of doors painting. In his leisure hours he devoted himself to gardening, of which he was very fond, having a small *potager* attached to his little property, and he took great pleasure in inviting his friends to dinner or breakfast to partake of the earliest fruits and vegetables. He was not proud, notwithstanding the honors that had been conferred upon him, and though he had a great reputation he was not grasping, and his works have always been moderate in price. He had a peculiar "medium" which he mixed with his colors and the secret of which artists in general were very anxious to obtain, and which gave to his canvas a special lightness and clearness.

HOME ART NOTES.

Mrs. Greatorex has been etching Rock Enon Springs, Virginia, and vicinity.

Boughton's "Edict of William the Testy," now in the Corcoran Gallery, is being engraved, we think for the *Art Journal*.

The annual exhibition of the Boston Art Club opens on the 16th.

Syracuse exhibition on the 15th.

The portfolio for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Trinity (Dr. Tyng, Jr.'s), gotten up by Mr. George H. Peabody, and which will soon be sold at auction, is composed of forty-six pictures contributed by the following artists:—Albert Bierstadt, M. F. H. De Haas, William F. De Haas, William H. Beard, James H. Beard, J. G. Nicoll, J. G. Brown, Samuel Colman, Sanford R. Gifford, William Hart, James M. Hart, J. W. Casilear, H. D. Martin, R. W. Hubbard, Arthur Parton, Gilbert Gaul, E. L. Henry, A. Carey Smith, Albert Inslee, John L. Fitch, David Johnson, H. W. Robbins, Walter Satterlee, A. Wordsworth Thompson, A. T. Bricher, Louis C. Tiffany, Frank Waller, R. Swain Gifford, T. L. Smith, George H. Story, Arthur Quartley, A. H. Wyant, A. F. Bellows, J. B. Bristol, Maria R. Dixon, J. H. Dolph, J. C. Wiggins, H. A. Loop, Constant Mayer, N. Sarony, D. M. Carter, Julien Weir, D. Maitland Armstrong, P. P. Ryder, J. C. Thom and J. Williamson.

The Utica Art Association Exhibition will open about the end of the month.

FOREIGN ART.

The eleventh statue, that of Thomas Campbell, the poet, by Mossman, was erected in George square, Glasgow, on December 28.

The late Gustave Brion's pictures and sketches brought $55,000.

Puvis de Chavanne's frescoes at the Pantheon are finished.

Toby Rosenthal's "The Boarding School Alarmed," which was exhibited in the late Berlin Exhibition, seems to have attracted some attention in Hamburg. It goes to San Francisco.

Miss Wright, a young American girl, sold her picture, "La Belle Normande," contributed to the Dudley Gallery exhibition, on the day of opening.

# THE LECTURE SEASON.

The first of a series of lectures on naval architecture was delivered last night at Delmonico's, before the members of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club and their friends, by Mr. A. Carey Smith, the well known artist and naval architect. To simplify the subject under discussion Mr. Smith had a large plan drawn, which illustrated all the lines and curves that are formed in the construction of a model. He first alluded to the sheer plan, as it is the outline of the vessel, and then the loadwater line, always referred to as L. W. L., which in this particular plan is the base line, and, on account of the difference of draught of water, all measurements are taken from it. Calling attention to the plan, Mr. Smith then pointed out the water lines, the cross sections or frames, the stem, the keel, the sternpost, the counterstern, the plank sheer, the rail, the section lines, the rabbet line and the diagonal lines. Speaking of the rabbet line, he said, it will be observed, it is the lower edge of the rabbet in the keel; forward edge of the rabbet in the stern, and after edge of the rabbet at the stern post. He then alluded to the breadth plan, the lines of which were lettered the same as the sheer plan. These lines represent width only. The base line on this plan is the centre line of the vessel, and all measurements are taken from it. After showing the means to end the water line, both fore and aft, the lecturer said:—The section lines in this plan are straight lines, parallel to the centre line and where they cross the water lines in the sheer plan squared down to half breadth plan. They must make a point in a fair curve or there is an error in the water line. The line that more closely approaches a square with the surface is the governing line. For this reason the section is more used aft than forward. In the body plan the lines are lettered as before. All the frames dead flat in the half-breadth plan are put on the right side and the ones aft of that frame on the left side. The dead-flat frame is also known as the greatest cross section. Mr. Smith, after explaining how to obtain the frames, resumed. In this plan the section lines appear as straight lines, the same as the half-breadth plan; the water lines straight, the diagonal lines straight, while the frames are curved lines. We now transfer the height of a section line in this plan to the sheer plan and we find that they are alike. As the section lines govern the water lines in the half-breadth plan so they do the frames in the body plan; therefore both must be fair curves. In this plan the half siding of the keel at each frame, the half siding of the stern and the stern post are shown. We will now assume that the section lines have been all proved and found correct.

But we want to make a more searching trial and this brings us to the diagonals. These lines are projected in the body plan diagonal to the centre line. They should be drawn so as to pass through the most abrupt curves of the frames and midway between the water lines and section lines. The measurements are taken at each frame at the intersection of the diagonal and transferred to the sheer plan. The lowest water line is used as a base line and the measurements are set up from it on each frame. The ending forward is the height (in the body plan) of the diagonal at the side of the stern transferred to the sheer plan at the rabbet and squared down to the lowest water line. The diagonal measurement at the same place in the body plan gives the width. The after lines are ended in the same way except where the diagonal crosses the stern, the height is taken as before and transferred to the sheer plan at the stern and squared down. This gives the width where the diagonal crosses the stern. In this way a draught can be proved in every way and made perfectly fair. Mr. Smith continued his remarks for some short time longer, explaining on the black board the different lines and curves drawn in the plan.

The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the club, many of whom were delighted at this opportunity to improve their knowledge of naval architecture.

RESOURCES OF MEXICO.

General W. H. Parsons delivered a lecture last night before the Liberal Club, in Republican Hall, on Mexico and its resources, considering our trade relations and the means of its development. He said that a necessity for the extension of American commerce and the intense anxiety of manufacturers and merchants for new markets abroad have stimulated a demand for new, more extended and liberal trade. It must be interesting for every intelligent American to know something of the resources of a nation of 9,000,000 at our very door, whose commerce might to-day be brought to our shores instead of being allowed to enrich our more sagacious rivals of Europe. Here the lecturer went at length into the advantages of climate, the beauty of scenery and richness of products which are characteristic of the favored land of Anahuac. He showed in detail how the docile and intelligent race, which in the year 1160 descended into the valley of Mexico from the region north of the Gulf of California, had been for the period of 300 years tyrannized over and maltreated by the haughty Spaniard, and how, at length, the yoke of the European despot was thrown off and Mexico became an American nation.

The lecturer said that Humboldt said that nothing could exceed the beauty and fertility of Mexico. There does not exist a region where a man can supply more abundantly with less labor a numerous family. Under careful cultivation it would produce all that commerce collects together from the rest of the world—sugar, cocoa, cochineal, cotton, wheat, hemp, flax, silk, oils and wine. It would also furnish every metal, without exception. The climate of Orizaba, Cordoba, Jalapa and other points is simply perfection. The Neapolitans say that a man should see Naples and die, but the Jalapeña says, "See Jalapa, and pray for immortality that you may live to enjoy it." The Mexican forests are magnificent, stocked with 114 different species of building timber and cabinet woods, twelve species of dyewoods, eight of gum trees, seventeen of oil bearing trees, fifty-nine classified species of medicinal plants, and many more mentioned by botanists.

THE RICHES OF MEXICO.

The real riches of Mexico are her mines of the various kinds of metals useful in commerce and the arts. From 1535, when the first mine was established by the Spaniards, till 1875, the total coinage has been $4,450,000,000. Before the war of independence there were 3,000 mines in operation, producing over $21,000,000 of silver, and $2,000,000 of gold annually. The mines of Northern Mexico are among the most productive in the country, and Chihuahua, Coahuila and Sonora are prolific in veins of metal holding in their rocky matrices fabulous wealth. At the beginning of the present century the exports of Mexico, according to Humboldt, amounted to $22,000,000, and the imports to $15,000,000. In 1873 the imports were $29,000,000