LITERARY.

A New Life of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

POEMS BY A YOUNG ACTRESS.

New England Social Studies and Canada from a Canoe.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND NEWARK.

A new "Life of Pius IX." has just been published by the Catholic Publication Society, written by Mr. John R. G. Hassard. The book is small and inexpensive, and it contains a complete life of the late Pope down to the day of his death, written by one well qualified for the work. Mr. Hassard's style is easy and dignified, and he has made a little volume that will find readers among both Catholics and Protestants, for it simply extends that admiration to the Pope which was shared by people of every religious faith. The idea of the book is to show the spirit of the late pontificate rather than to unite a full catalogue of its achievements. "Never since the days of Hildebrand," says Mr. Hassard, "has the Church seen so remarkable a pontificate as that which has just closed. Ideas which were just beginning to ripen into action at the birth of Pius IX. became the ruling force of Europe before the close of his career." Speaking of the man he says:—"Certainly no pontiff since the primitive ages of the Church has been regarded with a more enthusiastic personal love, or has exercised so marked and far-reaching a personal influence. * * * Some unfriendly historians, who have given a grossly false account of his early years, will have it that he chose the military profession, and only turned to the Church when his epileptic attacks forced him to abandon the army; others declare that though he was not actually a soldier he was a candidate for admission to the Pope's Noble Guard, and was rejected on account of the state of his health. These stories are disposed of by the direct testimony of Pius IX. himself."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Edmondo de Amicis' "Constantinople" has found sufficient favor in Italy to have passed through seven editions. The first American edition of this entertaining and instructive volume has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The translation has been done most successfully by Mrs. Caroline Tilton, a lady of rare accomplishments, who has given us a genuine treat in the perusal of this book. De Amicis' style is thoroughly captivating and has been well preserved by Mrs. Tilton. He takes the reader into the highways and byways of Constantinople and tells many things that have escaped the notice of the general traveller.

The veils of the Turkish women rather exasperated this writer on account of what they concealed, but won his admiration by the dexterous way in which they were manipulated. He says:—

Such is the art with which they adjust the jasmaco that the pretty seem beautiful and the ugly passable. One cannot describe what they do with their two veils, with what elegance they trim them like crowns and turbans, with what luxuriance and wealth of folds they twist them around, with what lightness and carelessness they loosen them and let them fall—how they use them to discover, to hide, to promote, to propose enigmas, to reveal, unexpectedly, little surprises.

Some seem as if they had around their heads a white transparent cloud that could be dispersed with the slightest breeze. Others appear to be garlanded with lilies and jessamine; they seem to have white skins, that, protected by their veils, acquire an enchanting softness and freshness.

'Tis a headgear at once severe and pleasing, and has something sacerdotal and virginal about it, under which there should rise naught but gentle thoughts and innocent caprices; instead there arises—a little of everything.

The Turkish Lent struck him as rather comical than impressive:—

Finding myself at Constantinople in the month of Ramazan, which is the ninth month of the Turkish year, in which falls the Mussulman season of Lent, I witnessed every evening a comedy which is worth description. During the whole of Lent it is prohibited to the Turks to eat, drink or smoke, from the rising of the sun to the setting. Almost all, consequently, spend the night in eating and drinking; but as long as the sun is above the horizon almost all respect the religious precept, and no one dares to transgress it publicly. One morning my friend and I went to visit an acquaintance, one of the Sultan's aids-de-camps, an unprejudiced young officer, and we found him in a room on the ground floor of the imperial palace, with a cup of coffee in his hand. "What!" exclaimed Yank, "do you dare to take coffee after sunrise?" The officer shrugged his shoulders and replied that he laughed at Ramazan and fasting; but just at that moment a door opened suddenly, and he made so rapid a movement to hide his cup that he overturned it and spilt it on his boot. It may be understood from this how rigorous is the abstinence imposed upon those who are all day long under the eyes of others; the boatmen, for instance. It is amusing to plant one's self upon the bridge of the Sultan Valide a few minutes before the sun goes down. Around a thousand boatmen may be seen at this point, far and near, going and coming, or sitting still. They have every one been fasting since dawn, are wild with hunger and have their little suppers ready in the caique, and their eyes continually move from the food to the sun, from the sun to the food, while there is a general agitation and restlessness among them, as in a menagerie when the animals are about to be fed. The disappearance of the sun is announced by a gun. Before that longed-for moment no one puts a crust of bread or a drop of water into his mouth. Sometimes in a corner of the Golden Horn we tried to bribe our boatmen to eat before the lawful moment, but they always answered, Iok! Iok! Iok! no! no! no! pointing to the sun with a timorous gesture. When the sun is half hidden, they begin to take the food in their hands; when there is nothing but a thin luminous arch, then those who are motionless, and those who are rowing, those who are crossing the Golden Horn and those who are skimming over the Bosphorus, those who are sailing in the Sea of Marmora, and those who are resting in the most solitary bays of the Asiatic shore, all with one accord turn toward the west and stand fixed, with their eyes on the sun, mouths open, bread in hand and joy in the visage. When nothing is visible but one small fiery point, at last the fiery point vanishes, the cannon thunders, and in that very instant 22,000 teeth bite off enormous morsels from 1,000 pieces of bread; but what am I saying? A thousand! In every house, in every café, in every cavern the same thing is happening at the same moment; and for a few minutes the Turkish city is nothing but a monster with 100,000 mouths that eats and drinks.

THE LIFE OF A CRITIC.

To Helen Zimmern belongs the honorable distinction of having written the first English "Life of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing" (Scribner, Welford & Armstrong). The German language is full of lives of this great critic, but they are in such form as to be scarcely accessible to any but German readers. With Lessing's works we are familiar through translations, but of Lessing himself we know but little. The object of the writer of this volume has been to exhibit Lessing as the intellectual pioneer of our present culture, to show how few are the departments into which he did not penetrate or in which his influence is not felt. She has depicted him as a centre of intellectual interests, a pathfinder in æsthetics, religion and poetry, and she has accomplished her object well. Lessing was born at Cameuz, in Upper Lusatia, a province of Saxony, in 1729. His family was of burgher extraction and able to trace their ancestry back to the sixteenth century. His father was a scholarly old pastor and his mother a plain, matter-of-fact housewife, thus forming an exception to the rule that remarkable men have remarkable mothers. At the age of five Lessing began his studies with a tutor and was a student to the day of his death. While yet a lad he showed a decided taste for the theatre, which he used to frequent every night, going without his meals that he might save enough money to buy tickets. He began to write plays at the age of eighteen, and is said to have shared his birthday cake over a bottle of wine with a party of actors to the horror of his good parents. He began his first critical writing with Mylius, but soon broke with him and became the literary editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, in which he at one time reviewed his own poems without false modesty and with a conscious knowledge of their merits and defects. He was not much more than twenty years of age at this time. He wrote brief erudite articles in which he only occasionally assumed the tone of a philosopher, while it gave him play to ventilate his opinions. Like Bayle and Voltaire he would put himself in the position of an antagonist, and could make a true analysis of a contrary opinion serve as his own. His own opinions were so entirely at variance with those of any of the schools that no party quite knew where to place him. While at Breslau Lessing occupied himself greatly with archæological studies. He found that Wickelmann's "History of Art," published about this time, rested its antiquarian portion upon unstable foundation. It was with the purpose of rectifying these errors, still more of assigning to poetry and painting their respective boundaries, that Lessing wrote his "Laokoon," one of the greatest, if not the greatest, pieces of art criticism ever written.

Miss Zimmern gives little space to the personal life of Lessing—it is with his professional life that she deals. She does, however, tell us of his married life, which was very happy and all too short. Biographical literature has not had so interesting and important an addition in a long time as this volume, which is sure to awaken a new interest in a great man. Miss Zimmern's style is forcible and plain and in every way fitted for the purpose of the book.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

We have recently received from England a modest little volume of poems bearing the title, "The Triumph of Love," by Ella Dietz, a lady pleasantly known in this country as a member of Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre Company. Detached fragments of Miss Dietz's poems have come to us from across the sea, sometimes set to music and sometimes in magazines, and we have always admired the genuine poetic feeling they expressed. In the volume before us we have the best of these verses, with important additions, the whole making a continued love story in songs and sonnets. The influence of Dante and of the Rossetti school is easily detected in Miss Dietz's poetry, but there is no conscious imitation. Her sonnets are after the Italian and are graceful in diction and tender in thought. While there is a want of firmness about much of her work there is so much real feeling and daintiness of touch that one is thoroughly fascinated as he reads and is quick to give the author a high place among the younger poets of the day.

The poem is, it must be understood, all of love, not of the "fleshy" school, but breathing a purer passion. We can do the author better justice by quotation than descriptive criticism. Here is one called "Sunset:"—

I wonder if thine eyes will ever rest
Upon these words that my poor hand hath writ,
Watching afar; still lonely I must sit,
While thoughts fly to thee, as birds to nest
At eventide; thou art my dream, my quest,
The answer to myself, my opposite,
My golden sun, before whose beams shades flit,
The motor of my life, its goal, its rest.
I fain would clasp thee, love, before I go
Across the river—if perchance it be
That I must cross; these heights of Alpine snow
Have made me worthier heaven and worthier thee;
And if I die, 'tis not in vain, I know,
I die believing love's great mystery.

The following little song would go very pretty to music:—

Thou say'st "Good night?" My heart replies
Good night, good night! and once again,
Good night to lips, good night to eyes;
God keep thee, love, from all love's pain;
God keep thee, love, since we must part—
Good night, sweetheart!

And still I say to lips and eyes,
"Good night, good night!"—'tis sweetest pain;
My very soul within me dies,
I strive to let thee go in vain;
God help us, love, if we must part—
Good night, sweetheart!

And will God help? my weakness flies,
I feel all strength to bear love's pain;
I pray that He will keep those eyes
And bring them back to me again;
So joined in Him we cannot part—
Good night, sweetheart!

One more and we have done:—

I feel so earnestly the truth I sing,
I cannot stop to think about the tune;
A thousand roses blow in fruitful June,
A thousand roses I must cull and fling
Before new Love where she comes conquering.
There is no time to trim, arrange and prune;
Before Love's feet all flowers are opportune.
Bring garlands wild, and song birds sing on wing,
For Love is born again! O sorrowing world,
Rejoice! rejoice! with pæans to the skies;
Lo! the white flag of peace at last unfurled!
Creation sounds the trump and heaven replies.
To the lost orbit whence we have been hurled,
See the glad earth once more triumphant rise!

POEMS.

"Poems" is the uncompromising title of a volume of verses by W. T. Washburn, published by Jesse Haney & Co. The author before he strikes into the heart of his work begins with this admonition:—

Go, little book; on the wild tide
I launch thy pinion's stainless pride,
And bid thee seek thy wandering home
Amid the craggy billows' foam,
Careless the tempest's rage to brave,
And kiss the laughter of the wave,
Bearing to shipwrecked hearts the gain
Of gentle love's immortal pain.

What is meant by the foregoing we have failed to discover, unless it be an invitation to pitch the volume overboard. Here is a realistic stanza from a long poem called a "Portrait:"—

In one short week we sail, the doctor says,
My mother's fate may be perhaps reprieved.
Such is the letter I to-day received.
She only for my father's coming stays;
With them I go to Southern Italy;
It may be years before again I see
My friend with other eye than memory.

That this is a fickle poet we judge by the lines to Laura, to Agnes, to Esther and some half a dozen other fair charmers. And after this reckless loving he writes:—

When on my wasted life I look,
I nothing there can find
Save coffin by its corpse forsook,
One *starved worm* left behind.
* * * * *
Thou, too, like summer friends art fled,
And nothing now remains
But this poor worm, that seems half dead,
Like *frog with unsheathed veins*.

The italics are ours. In lines to a moth he says:—

From my window guide thy flight,
See, I point thy wing aright.
Make of Astor's coat a sieve,
But my trousers modest leave.

And here we take our "modest leave" of the poet Washburn.

GEMINI.

"Gemini" is the suggestive title of the forthcoming volume of Roberts Bros.' No Name series. It is a tale of country life in New England, introducing a flavoring of the late civil war. The heroines are twins, which is somewhat of a drawback, but when we can forget this we enjoy the story. The New England atmosphere throughout the book is unmistakable. The character of Samanthy is capitally drawn and perfectly familiar to all who have ever lived within sight of the White Mountains. To our thinking she is the strongest feature of the story, though really only of secondary importance. Hiram, her brother, does not seem to us quite as natural. In the first part of the book we fancied him a sort of low comedy clown, but before the end he is playing leading juvenile business. The elder is a well known type of New England parson, and Penny, one of the twins, is not unlike the general run of New England elders' daughters. Talley had more of her Southern mother's disposition and she carries the romantic interest of the story. We are very glad that the book does not end, as there was reason to suppose it would, the evening of Hiram's arrival home from the war. The Southern aunt, though merely a running sketch, is excellent as the type of a kind.

CANOEING IN KANUCKIA.

"Canoeing in Kanuckia" is the title of a volume of adventures afloat and ashore by C. L. Norton and John Habberton (G. P. Putnam's Sons), that will decide many a man on the subject of his summer recreation. As the authors say in their preface all they have recorded is true, therefore we congratulate them upon having had a very jolly time. That the book is as bright and amusing as the reputation of the authors would lead one to expect the following extract will prove:—

"Ready!" replied the Vice, the purser and the cook in chorus; the paddles were seized, and the Commodore was giving the command, "Shove off!" when the Vice exclaimed,

"Gracious! how could I have forgotten it?" Then he ran to the pile of rejected material and rescued an immense brown paper parcel containing something which seemed to be instinct with every angle and line known to the student of conic sections. Hurriedly stowing it away in his forward compartment he shoved his boat from the beach.

"What is it?" shouted the fleet.

"It was a present to me from a constituent," roared he, at the top of his lungs, the wind whisking away his words. "That's what it is."

This was accepted as a diplomatic and statesmanlike way of saying "None of your business," so the rest held their peace and gave themselves to the serious work of making headway against the sea.

But Solomon said that pride must have a fall, and when there is any unpleasant saying of Scripture to be fulfilled a conceited canoeist is as good as any one else that can be selected for the purpose. The squadron was approaching a point beyond which its course would be changed. The Commodore shouted "Ready about!" and the cook's self-confidence disappeared as rapidly as if it had been the conscience of a Congressman after an interview with a "sensible" lobbyist. "Jibe!" shouted the Commodore. The cook, almost in despair, looked astern, to see what the others did. He saw their masts straighten, their sails flap irresolutely for a moment, and then fill on the opposite side. How was it done? Accident came to the cook's rescue. A wretched steersman at last, he had almost forgotten his helm as he looked astern, and an unintentional turn of the wrist of his steering hand turned the boat's head from the wind. Around came the new boom; the cook had never before seen a boom come around on his own boat, and he had no idea of how close the same would come to the plane occupied by his own head. But the time occupied by an industrious boom in jibing is not sufficient for prolonged meditation, and while the cook was wondering what to do the boom attended faithfully to its own business. The elasticity of a green elm log is an unknown quantity; the cook's dome of thought was equally inelastic, so the cook soon heard a heavy thud, as when one throws a mighty stone at a well laden chestnut tree. Then the cook heard a splash, and he was not allowed to remain in doubt as to the object which caused it. All the terrible stories he had heard about men who had been carried down by the sails and rigging of capsizing boats came hurrying into his mind, and he swam so vigorously to escape a similar fate that his boat had time to turn leisurely over and adjust itself to its new condition before he dared to pause in his mad career.

A few pages are devoted at the end of the book for the benefit of those interested in canoeing, telling where the best canoes are made and giving some practical hints on the subject.

LE COSTUME HISTORIQUE.

We have just received through Mr. J. W. Bouton the fourth number of Racinet's "Costume Historique," which has been delayed some time, but which is so fine that one can at once forgive the delay by attributing the cause to the time spent in elaborating the work. We are safe in saying that this is the most gorgeous number yet issued. The plates are in the most brilliant colors and illustrate the costumes of the ancient Egyptians, East Indians, the Middle Ages in France, the costumes of Japan, Africa, the North American Indians and the Greeks. The accompanying explanatory text is in French. As a guide to an artist, actor or student the work is invaluable, for no pains have been spared to make it accurate and complete. Firman, Didotet et Cie. are the publishers.

THE HISTORY OF NEWARK.

Mr. Joseph Atkinson, of the Newark (*N. J.*) *Journal*, has just completed, after several years of patient labor, a history of the city of Newark, from its settlement in May, 1666, to the present time. Mr. Atkinson having been for a number of years a resident of Newark and a journalist has had excellent opportunity for his work. This, we believe, is the first complete history of our sister city extant. Various sketches have been published from time to time; but much of the rich material at hand has remained uncollected until now. The author claims that little of the later history of Newark, a period covering the past century, has been written before. The names of the settlers of the town in 1666 are given, and among them are many that appear in the Newark directory of to-day. Indeed, there are very few of the founders whose descendants are not still living in "our towne on Passaick." The Puritanical element which was strong among the founders of the city exists there to-day. It is stated that the last attempt to found a city whose government should be purely biblical in principle was made in Newark, and, we may add, unsuccessfully. A religion as tolerant as the Episcopal was not introduced into Newark until 1729, and it was several years later before any church was established.

Among its citizens of whom Newark is the most proud we find the name of the Rev. Aaron Burr, seventh pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, which is now standing on Broad street. The parsonage occupied by Parson Burr is also standing. The place of his residence at the time of the birth of his famous son Aaron has been torn down. Mr. Atkinson has traced the history of this remarkable family in Newark in an interesting manner. The history of the First Church is almost the history of Newark, and it is given here at length. The manufacturing interests of the city, which are really its backbone, receive careful consideration. An appendix gives a history of the press of Newark and numerous statistics. Mr. Atkinson's history will prove valuable to all Newarkers, as it will certainly prove interesting to those who have no local feeling to influence them. The book is handsomely illustrated by Thomas Moran and other artists, and covers 400 pages.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first volume of a series entitled "Current Discussion," which, as the title page explains, is a collection from "the chief English essays on questions of the time." The volume in hand consists of essays on international politics by some of the best known political writers of England. All of these papers have appeared in various periodicals, and the object of thus collecting and republishing them is merely to place them in a more convenient form for perusal and preservation. In the table of contents of volume I are found the following:—"The Russians, the Turks and the Bulgarians," by Archibald Forbes; "Turkey," by Viscount de Redcliffe; "Montenegro," by W. E. Gladstone; "The Stability of the British Empire in India," by Professor S. J. Owen; "Relation of the English People to the Russo-Turkish War," by Edward Freeman, and other articles on Turkey, Egypt and Canada. In view of the present aspect of European affairs, these essays will be read or re-read with even greater interest than at the time of their original publication. The series is edited by Mr. Edward L. Burlingame. The next volume will treat of "Questions of Belief."

The next forthcoming volume of the "International Scientific Series" will be "Spectrum Analysis," by J. Norman Lockyer.

The most successful work of its class since "Ecce Homo" has been "Salvator Mundi," by the Rev. Samuel Cox.

The causes of the present stagnation of trade are discussed fully in Mr. A. J. Wilson's new book, "The Resources of Modern Countries," published by Longmans, of London, in two volumes.

Professor Max Müller has begun the issue of the sacred texts of all nations, by the issue of the "Vhuking, or Book of Historical Documents of the Chinese." It will be followed by the "Zend-a-Vesta," translated from the Persian by James Darmestater.

A new book on Sinai, by Major Palmer, of the Royal Engineers, will be added to the series of "Ancient History from the Monuments."

Mr. L. U. Reaves, of St. Louis, of capital moving notoriety, has written a life of General W. S. Harney.

Mr. Philip G. Hamerton's "Biographical Studies of Modern Frenchmen" will be reprinted by Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Baxter P. Smith has written "The Origin of Dartmouth College," to be published by Houghton, Osgood & Co.

"The Atlantic Islands," by S. G. W. Benjamin, is in the press of Harper & Brothers.

"The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston," by his son, William Preston Johnston, is a carefully prepared book, nearly ready for issue, from Appleton's press.

The great interest of Mr. David Masson's "Life of John Milton" hangs in the later volumes upon the story of Milton's relations with Cromwell.

Gustave Doré contributes an original drawing, entitled "The Gin Fiend," to the forthcoming biography of George Cruikshank, by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press "A Study of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,'" by Professor John A. Himes.

General Emory Upton will follow up his book on the armies of Asia and Europe by a brief history on "The Military Policy of the United States."

The Hon. J. B. Howe, a Canadian politician, has two books on economic questions in Houghton, Osgood & Co.'s press, entitled "Political Economy in Great Britain, the United States and France in the Use of Money," and "Dialogues About Political Economy."

Benziger Brothers publish a new, revised and enlarged edition of the Rev. S. B. Smith's "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law," adapted especially to the discipline of the Church in the United States.

The second edition of Mme. Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" is exhausted, so that when Mr. Bouton received an order for 100 copies from India the other day he could not fill it.

"Little Miss Mischief and Her Happy Thoughts," is the title of a book from the French of Stahl, which D. Lathrop & Co., of Boston, will soon print.

General Upton's "Armies of Asia and Europe," published by the Appletons, has attracted wide attention from all interested in military matters. In preparing his report General Upton has given in brief the organization of the armies and enlarged upon those features which he thought worthy of our imitation. These features are:—The three or four battalion system for infantry regiments; a system of detail, whereby our officers may serve alternately on the staff and the line; a system of personal reports, by means of which the government may be informed of the character, capacity and qualifications of all its officers; examinations previous to promotion; schools for enlisted men; schools and qualifications for officers preparatory to receiving commissions; schools for officers in the art of war and the higher branches of their profession subsequent to receiving commissions.

The London *Art Journal* will publish the illustrated catalogue of the Paris Universal Exhibition, commenced with the April number and to be continued throughout the year.

Miss Braddon will contribute a new novel, entitled "The Vixen," to the columns of *All The Year Round*.

Some of the copyrights of the earlier works of Charles Dickens having expired, several rival editions of "Sketches by Boz" have been issued in London at six pence sterling.

Debrett's "Peerage and Baronetage," now bound together in one volume, is the chief authority on all matters relating to the titled classes.

The advocates for unfettered inquiry in religion have started a course of lectures in London, to be delivered annually, and published, like the orthodox Pampton lectures at Oxford. The first series of seven will be delivered by Professor Max Müller, on the "Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions of India."

The New London periodical, *Light*, will be rather a weekly magazine than a literary journal. In it Mr. Anthony Trollope begins his new novel, "The Lady of Launay."

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—SIXTH NOTICE—THE NORTH AND NORTHWEST ROOMS.

Taking into account its size the array of paintings hung in the North Room at the present exhibition of the National Academy of Design is poorer than in either of the other galleries. This is due to the presence in prominent places on the line of several canvases which are both large and weak, as well as to the presence of several ambitious efforts hung higher, which are dismal failures.

The three best pictures in the room—Tiffany's "New Chambers Street, near Duane, New York" (278); R. Swain Gifford's breezy "Dartmouth Moors" (284), and Arthur Quartley's "Squally Day at the Narrows" (337) we have already spoken of. T. L. Smith's "Moonlight in Winter" (261) also deserves another word of praise for its harmony and for its masterly effect of moonlight breaking through the fleecy clouds. Rudolphe E. Piguet, as we have once said, has an excellent little picture in his "Portrait of Mrs. N. and Baby" (277). The rich interior of the boudoir, furnished in the artistic fashion of the day and filled with dainty knicknacks, is admirably rendered and forms a fine setting for the figures of the young mother with her child on her lap, which she has just taken from the rich cradle. On the ottoman by the pair lies a little terrier. The large amount of detail is given the proper value, and does not clash with the central effect. We object in an artistic sense to the photograph of the husband on the table, and to the one stuck in the mirror. If they were put in the picture at all they should have been given a true local color. The same artist's "Waiting for Nurse" is real and evidently a good portrait, though the modelling is a little hard. Alden Weir's "A Study" (248) of an old peasant's head is bold and full of character. John S. Davis' "Moonlight" (249) is charming in sentiment. A. T. Bricher's "Low Tide at Scituate" (254) has good rock work and a fine sky. Edward Gay has a weak and flat effect in his "Eastchester, N. Y." (255), though the sky is better than the landscape.

Two very bad pictures, hung one above the other, are John Mulvaney's "A Chance Acquaintance" (257) and George Henry Hall's "Winter" (258), with its "parboiled" cherubs as, we believe, somebody has very aptly called them, who are disporting themselves on tobacco smoke clouds. In her "Sunset on the Meadows" (260), Miss Kollock has a fine sky effect. Eugene Benson's "Peasants of Cadore, Tiflan's Country" (262), exhibits a good deal of strength, though it is somewhat undecided in effect. By this hangs F. Raymond's "At the Well," good in drawing, rich in color and fine in tone. The figures in Robert W. Weir's "The Old Well" (269) are stumpy, but there is some good work in parts of the decidedly uninteresting and uneffective painting. John Lafarge's "A Hillside Study" (271) is perplexing; there is much of strength in it, but we do not see why the sky should be greenish blue and object to the iridescence at the points of the masses of fir needles on the trees. H. Bolton Jones' "Taking Geese to Market" (275) is a good study. The "Forest Scene near Munich" (279), by W. P. Phelps, displays little originality, though it has some good drawing. There is a strong sky in Mrs. Campion's "Sunset on the Thames" (280). In Gilbert Gaul's "A Rainy Day in the Garret" (282) there is very excellent work; the subject, however, we do not like, verging, as it does, on caricature. There is a fine atmosphere in J. B. Bristol's pleasing "Misty Day Among the Mountains" (285). Though there is sentiment in W. Whittredge's "Paradise, Newport, R. I." (288), the effect is scattered and the work is weak. Miss Bates has a pleasing face in her "Study of a Head" (292). John A. Parker's "Winter in the Catskill" is atrocious. W. T. Richards is an excellent artist, but he has done himself little credit in the choice of subject and in the execution of "Out in the Country" (300). The lines are unpleasant and not picturesque, the pervading green is monotonous and the trees seem as if cut out of paper. William H. Beard's "Who-o! Who-o-o?" (301) is amusing. Wyatt Eaton has a strong piece of work in his lifelike "Portrait of Miss Edith, ætat six years" (302). E. Wood Perry's "The Story" (307) is a great waste of canvas. The figures are weak, though the idea is good and there is some careful work in the accessories.

George Inness, Jr.'s "At the Brook" is strong and bold, with well given cattle, an excellent effect and good, though slightly crude color. His "The Pride of the Dairy" (335) is too large a canvas for the subject, and there is bad drawing in the cattle. With time and study there is a fine future for this young artist, who inherits his father's strength and individuality. Oscar Kenneth's "Young Lady of the Sixteenth Century" (309), though rather smooth, is pleasing. Julian Scott's "Clemence Lamoille," from the poem of Poke o' Moonshine (317), is bad in color and effect, and undecided in drawing. Hugh Newell's "Basket of Grapes" (320) is excellent. "Sleep" (321), by Abbott H. Thayer, is bold and real, the pup being especially good, but it is dirty in color and pasty. Though the background of J. W. Champney's "Waiting for the Confessional" (323) is photographic, the figure is good. Mr. Lamdin's "A Portrait" (326), is pleasing. Herbert McCord's "Twilight Reverie" (327), is neither good nor bad. A neat little sketch is S. J. Guy's "The Doctor's Recreation" (328). Charles Booth's miniature-like "The Butterfly" (331), is careful and pleasing. H. J. C. Thom's figures in "Le Jour de la Toussaint" (338) were not exactly like those which he usually paints the picture, which possesses good qualities, would be more interesting.

E. L. Henry's "The Departure of the Brighton Coach" (339), is excellent in character depiction and drawing, if somewhat hard and crude in color. Some of the groups and figures are inimitable; note that on the costermonger's cart, which has just collided with the 'bus. We are glad to say that there is a good deal of strength and some realism in A. A. Anderson's "Study of a Head" (341). Lanis E. Delin's "Castle Heidelberg, on the Neckar," is a waste of weakness. There is some delicate tree work in Casilear's "View on the Chemung River" (345). The idea of Walter Satterlee's "The Captive" (347) is good, and the figures are well posed; the color, however, seems slightly excessive. James Lyman's "Cape Elizabeth, Coast of Maine" (351) has good color and water, the subject, however, is uninteresting.

Jasper F. Cropsey's "Cedar Lake, Wawayanda Mountains" (352) is full of excellent drawing and has a fine sky; the coloring of the landscape, with its colorful vapors rising off, is exaggerated and unreal. There is some good work in J. Widgery Griswold's "A Bit of the Moors" (354).

On entering the small northwest room, formerly very properly devoted to sculpture, the eye naturally first strikes on Walter Shirlaw's life size figure of a boy going down to bathe with a dog, whose ardor to get into the water he is restraining as they come down the bank. The picture, "The Bather" (364), is certainly striking, is painted with a good deal of force and has well suggested action. The figure of the boy is, however, weak compared with that of the bulldog. Leaving aside the subject, which is rather a trivial one for the painter of "Sheep Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands" and "Good Morning," we think we are right in saying Mr. Shirlaw has made little of it. What we should have wished to see would have been an incisively drawn, firmly modelled figure of a youth, with all his muscles rigid and in action from the strain of holding back the strong, eager animal. Instead of this we have a well posed figure, limp and unstrung instead of rigid, somewhat unsubstantial and excessively mannered and painty in treatment. As some one has said, the brush strokes are too plain. The dog, though coarse to an excess, is rendered more vigorously than the boy. The above may seem somewhat hypercritical of a picture which has undoubted strength and good points, but in view of the position and former work of this often strong and vigorous painter we do not think it so.

Above Mr. Shirlaw's picture the hanging committee for some occult reason have hung J. Ogden Wood's "Perthside Pasture" (365), with well drawn and posed and effectively treated cattle in good sunlight. The absurdity of hanging this work where it can hardly be seen when Mr. Lyman's "Stormy Day Off Portland Head" (363), Silva's "Twilight" (369), and Inez Ludlow's very mediocre "A Cat Family" (365) are on the line, is obvious.

Thomas Moran has produced a fine picture, full of strength, in his "The Watering Place" (398). Its chief fault, as before stated, is a slight spottiness in effect. But how excellent is the sky, pure and real in its blue and full of slow motion in the good cloud forms; how suggestive of motion is the figure of the horseman at the rise of the moorland; and how admirably is the eye carried from the man and horse past the castle by the pool to the blue bird flying over it in the shade. The color is rich and real, if slightly opaque, and in the vista into the woods on the right rendered with great skill.

An excellent work also is J. W. Ehninger's "Twilight from the Bridge at Pau, Basses Pyrenées" (399). The fine sunset reflected in the swift current of the river, in which stand horses at drink, is very real, and the washwomen at work on the sandy reach are well given. On the whole, it is a charming picture, full of the feeling of the hour.

Mrs. S. R. MacKnight has a picture which is very pleasing and symmetrical in subject, broadly and well treated, in her "Between the Acts" (398). The gypsy-like face of the darkhaired, passionate-eyed girl, with the tambourine is good, and the modelling of the arms, though slightly hard, is not obtrusively so.

Arthur Quartley's "Morning" (394) is bold, but uninteresting in subject, and seems as if painted for the three lines of Edgar Fawcett's poetry which form part of the title.

John L. Fitch's "Among Rocks and Trees" (651) is a realistic and well drawn, though uninteresting study. W. S. Macy's "At the Ford" (652) is strong, pointy, and luminous. H. J. Holbrook's "Fruit" (656) is harmonious, fine in color and well drawn, if the glass stand be excepted. Mrs. Dillons has treated her "Chrysanthemums" (657) with her usual taste and success. J. H. Witt's "Onto Landscape" (661) looks well.

There seems to be so much similarity and influence of school in the landscapes of Messrs. Macy, Tait and Phelps that they are hard to criticise, especially those of the two latter gentlemen—note Mr. Tait's (662) and (678). Realism and excellent shadow work are strong points in Bolton Jones' pictures, and his "After the Showers" (668) is a good example. Francis A. Silva's "Twilight" (669), though good in drawing, is as uninteresting and unimportant as a chromo. We do not like the cloud forms in F. L. Smith's "The Skating Pond" (670), though the rest of the painting is pleasing. D. M. Armstrong's "The Chimney Corner" (667) has a good little motive, and there is some careful work. "A Quiet Morning" (678), by W. F. Lansil, has a fine sky and air, and effectively treated fishing boats. "Horse Talk" (686), by F. P. Ryder, is a good picture, with that delicious timbre and harmony of tone usually found in his works. There is some excellent manipulation about the face of Ella A. Moss' "Portrait" (690). Charles S. Reinhart has a well posed and well drawn figure in his "Valley Forge" (693). There is bold work and leathery skin in William H. Low's "Portrait" (697. On the east wall hangs F. A. Richards' "The Castle of Chillon" (700).

Mr. Magrath has given us a good study in his "Adirondack Slopes" (703). The "Iona Grapes in Sunlight" (705), by Mary E. Monks, are real and rich in color. The effect of light is good in Charles A. Fiske's "A New England Home" (706). There is pleasing color in Helena De Kay's "Lunar Moth" (709), and J. Francis Murphy has a good distance on his "Sultry August."

The last number in the room is Thomas Moran's "A Dream of the Orient" (716), which might be more appropriately labelled "A Dream of Turner." It is undoubtedly interesting, and would be useful in giving an idea of that artist's style to those who know nothing of it, but what Mr. Moran's object in exposing it outside of his studio is we do not know.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION—SECOND NOTICE.

On our second trip around the galleries of the present exhibition at the Art Association and Academy of Music in Brooklyn we made the following additional notes:—Miss Jacobs is seen in a good little picture, "Sunny June" (3). "Noontide" (35), by George Gideens, is an effective landscape, with a good sky. There is some fine work in the hair of Thomas Jensen's "The Connoisseur" (44). Frederick Schuchardt, Jr., has a good example in a new line in his "After Dinner" (156), a fat old monk asleep by the table. The figure is finely posed, the old fellow's face, as he lies back asleep, is good, and the rendering of the white under the robe of the Dominican's habit is noticeable. The accessories are especially good; see the wine cooler. There is excellent and delicate tree work in J. W. Casilear's "Distant View of Chicorna, N. H." (126). Good work and pure coloring are to be found in Mrs. Dixon's "Portrait on a Plaque" (36). Oscar Kenneth has painted some still life in a solid, masterly manner in "Red, White and Blue" (51). The painting, we believe, is incorrectly catalogued as by P. T. Ulricks.

In John C. Wiggin's "Sunset After the Storm" (178) there is a good sky. Richard Gross sends a bold study in his "Man at Arms" (185). There is broad and effective handling and a fine grasp of nature in Harvey Young's "In the Sierra Nevadas" (187). We see some of John D. Barrow's very admirably given flat trees in his effective "Glimpse of Delaware Water Gap" (208). There is good feeling in George F. Shelton's "Sunset" (215) "Cattle, Showery Day" (226) is a pleasing John Thorp.

Ludwig Blume has a good picture in his "Homeward Bound." It is somewhat painty, but the general effect of evening on the river is admirable. The young man and wife in the boat with their babe and crate of geese are well given, and about the face of the young mother there is a charming sentiment. The picture is bold and broad in treatment, almost too much so. F. T. L. Boyle's "Portrait" (247) is fairly painted. "Recognition" is a well drawn little example of M. J. Burns. There is a good deal of character in B. J. Such's "The Card Players" (259). William Chase is represented by his "Bombay Minstrel Girl" (291), a faithful and real rendition. The eyes are very noticeable in Creifelo's "Bavarian Peasant" (344). There is a nice feeling in J. Lyman, Jr.'s, "Near Highland, N. J." (354), and R. W. Hubbard is pleasantly recognized in "Early Fall."

FOREIGN ART NOTES.

Some of Mr. Ruskin's friends purchased at the Novar sale Turner's drawing of the "Pass of the Spügen," intending to present it to him on his recovery. Mr. Ruskin, in his notes on his own collection, speaks of the drawing, which an unlucky chance prevented his buying on two occasions.

From Olympia it is announced that "there have been found the body of the infant Bacchus, who sat on the arm of Hermes; an inscription showing the name of the artist Glaucias, of Ægina; a great griffin head in bronze, from the Exedra, and several rows of columns in the Prytaneum *in situ*."

The following are some of the principal prices, in pounds, paid at the last day's sale in London of the collection of the late Mr. Munro:—Bonington's "The Grand Canal, Venice," £3,150; Hogarth's "The Harlot's Progress—Quarrel with Her New Lover," £546; the companion picture, "Scene in Bridewell," £315; Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Portrait of Kitty Fisher," £735; "Contemplation," £3,150; J. M. W. Turner's "Ancient Italy," £5,460; "Modern Italy," £5,250; "Rome, from the Mount Aventine," £6,142; "Modern Rome—Campo Vaccino," £4,672; "St. Mark's Plaza, Venice, by Moonlight, with Junet after the Masquerade," £5,460; Van Tromp's Smallop at the Entrance to the Texel," £5,260; "Avalanche in the Valley of Aosta, Savoy," £955; "The Departure of Adonis for the Chase," £1,942, and "Kilgarran Castle," £3,570. For a number of drawings for illustration of books, by Turner, the highest prices were:—"The Baths of Pfeifer, Ragatz, Spügen Pass," £1,050; "Zurich," £1,260; "Chain Bridge over the Tees," £1,491, and "Knaresborough," £1,218.

The highest prices paid at the sale of the collection of Rembrandt etchings formed by the late Mr. H. Danby Seymour, consisting of nearly three hundred, including sixteen drawings, were:—"Old Hearing," £325 10s.; "The Three Trees," £130; "The Burgomaster Six," on India paper, £220 10s.; "Our Lord Before Pilate" (third state), £42; "St. Jerome Sitting Before a Tree" (first state), on India paper, £140; a peasant carrying milk