LITERATURE.

The Popular Commentary on the New Testament.

POETRY AND FICTION.

American Artists' Biographies--Stage Reminiscences--Book Notes.

MATTHEW, MARK AND LUKE.

The first of four volumes of the "Popular Commentary on the New Testament" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) is on our table. It includes the first three Gospels, with an introduction, the labor of all which is divided between Dr. Philip Schaff and Dr. M. B. Riddle, of Hartford. The introduction consists of three parts:—First, to the New Testament; second, a general introduction; and, third, a special introduction to the Gospels. Under the general introduction the editor discusses the name, origin, canon, character, organic arrangement and preservation of the text. Under the special introduction he considers the name and division, the harmony and chronology, the origin of the synoptic Gospels, and then of the four Gospels separately.

The commentary aims to present, in an evangelical catholic spirit and in popular form the best results of the latest biblical scholarship for the instruction of the English reader of the Word of God. It embraces the authorized version, marginal emendations, brief introductions and explanatory notes on all difficult passages, together with maps and illustrations of Bible lands and Bible scenes derived from photographs and apt to facilitate the understanding of the text. The work has an international and interdenominational character. It is the joint production of experienced and well known British and American scholars who have made the Bible their life study. Among the former may be named Professor Milligan, of Aberdeen; Dr. Moulton, of Cambridge; Dean Howson, of Chester; Canon Spence, of London; Dr. Dods, of Glasgow, and among the latter Rev. W. H. Thompson, D. D., late of Beirut, Syria, and W. H. Thompson, M. D., of New York; Professor Guyet, of Princeton, N. J., and Drs. Riddle and Schaff. The plan of the present work was conceived by Dr. Schaff, about thirty years ago. It gives the text in paragraphs, with the numbers of the verses marked on the margin. In the comments the heavy letter of the text distinguishes it from the comment. Of the style of the book itself it is needless to write particularly. It is printed in clear type, on good paper, and is well and richly bound. The type is large enough to be read with ease, even with weak eyes, which is not the case with commentaries that run over five hundred pages. The two great theological questions that have interested the public lately—the duration of future punishment and the premillennial advent of Christ—are treated briefly, but from the evangelical standpoint. On the first the commentators say that if "eternal punishment" ends, then "eternal life" may end also; that the word "punishment" expresses positive misery, not annihilation, and that especially "life"—the contrasted expression—means far more than mere continued existence. Endless and boundless life is contrasted with endless and boundless misery. The two facts—one transcendently glorious, the other unspeakably awful—are revealed; the details, blissful and terrible alike, are wisely withheld. The doctrine of the premillennial advent is not so distinctly foretold in the Gospels which constitute the present volume as in the later writings of the New Testament; but where Christ answers the disciples' questions in Matthew, xxiv., regarding His coming our commentators say that His questioners must have had in mind an appearance after death to usher in the end of the former dispensation of things, not the destruction of the world. They add also, in verse twenty-seven of the same chapter, that the sense of the verse is that Christ's coming will be sudden and all-pervading, unmistakable and fearful; visible, too, glorious and purifying also, like the lightning. And only a personal coming of Christ will fulfil this prediction. They seem to lean a little toward the view held by the late Prophetic Conference, but guard their language very carefully, so that no man need be disturbed in his present faith on this great subject.

"THE POET AND HIS MASTER."

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is already well known among our younger American poets, his work appearing frequently in our magazines, while a book of his poems has been before the world for the last three years. In a handsome little volume, enriched with dainty vignettes and published by Scribners, he presents his poems that have appeared in various publications in the interval. Its title, "The Poet and His Master," is taken from the last poem in the book. We find here a high level of metrical excellence evenly maintained. Indeed, in the matter of form it is the characteristic of the best of our younger poets to be nice even to the point of mincing, so high is the polish of their versification. To the music of gentle emotions Mr. Gilder sings. The ideals of perfected love, of warm-hearted hopes and trust, of cherished memories, of a life of large-eyed calm beyond, of mellow content, of joy that only smiles, all seen through the vails of material things, form the burden of his songs. A little well said upon a given theme and he is content. It is not surprising that with this bent and this reticence, he should be drawn toward the sonnet, and in the half-dozen to be found in his book some of his subtlest work is to be found. Here is one:—

"THE EVENING STAR."

The evening star trembles and hides from him
Who fain would hold it with imperious stare;
Yet, to the averted eye, lo! unaware
It shines serene, no longer shy and dim.
Oh, slow and sweet, its chalice to the brim
Fills the leaf-shadowed grape with rich and rare
Cool sunshine, caught from the white circling air!
Home from his journey to the round world's rim—
Through lonely lands, through cloudy seas, and next—
At last the Holy Grail met Launfal's sight.
So when my friend lost him who was her next
Of soul—life of her life—all day the fight
Raged with a dumb and pitiless God. Perplexed
She slept. Heaven sent its comfort in the night.

This may fairly be taken as a sample of his mood. It observes action from a distance; it looks most upon the things that reflect itself; hence it seeks the beautiful and calm, or if it glances at the awful, the terrible or the horrible, at once averts its gaze and does not quail or shudder, because it has a reserve of philosophy that is not stoical, but epicurean. There is more warm life in the ode "I am the spirit of the morning sea," more nearness to nature in his songs of "Early Summer," "Midsummer" and "Early Autumn;" more strength in the "Poet's Fame," more sadness in "The Poet and his Master"—the compelling spirit that will not let his lyre lie idle—than in the example we have quoted, but it may fairly stand for all. The subjective thought is the theme, the objective pointing only the incident. Like the angels in the vignette on the first page it is head and wings.

It is natural enough that the modern English poets who adopt a similar strain should influence Mr. Gilder's expression, most of all Tennyson, whose lightness of touch of real things is dwelt over by so large a soul, and whose word-shading is so exquisite. It is curious, however, to note how so calm a poet as Mr. Gilder extracts something from the method of even so intoxicate a singer as Swinburne, while a gleam of Rossetti is not to be unexpected. "The Poet's Protest" is pure Tennysonian, "Early Summer" is faintly Swinburnian and the "White and Red Rose" is Rossettoid. He has, however, a lucent style of his own, as in the first poem of the book, which is admirable. A weakness natural to young poets is visible in parts of his book, namely the tendency to wonder and, perhaps unconsciously, suggest what his fame will be. As a rule, this is irritating. They see themselves in the next world in very good company, and a comparison is almost forced with their friends who are admittedly in the firmament of song. Coming, unsuspected of self-sufficiency, from the brain to the pen, it wears a different front to what it does when looked at with cold eyes. Mr. Gilder writes sonnets well, and therefore may tell us "what is a sonnet." We learn of it:—

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls,

We might have heart of Petrarch too, but that would not have implied any more. In his sonnet on Keats we see the young poet caught up "to the topmost heaven of heavens."

"All hail! our younger brother!" Shakespeare said,
And Dante nodded his imperial head.

On the next page we see our poet himself in a noble sonnet. He says:—

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever living
High and most glorious poets!

We are not left in doubt that he is in the best possible company, for his friends may say of him:—

To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say) Shakespeare may pass—
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well—
Or Milton—or Dante, looking on the grass,
Thinking of Beatrice.

All the poets have had this dream, but not all have written about it. In the second Basium of Johannes Secundus we find himself and his Næera wandering through the Plutonian regions, among the heroes and poets of old.

Turba beatorurum nobis adsurgeret omnis;
Inque herbidis sedilibus
Inter Mæonidas [illegible] nos sede locarent.

The sensuous Dutch poet said all this very well, and it would be as well to leave it there. If we except the use in two poems of so trite an expression as "choosing the better part" (Luke, x., 42), we can make no exception to Mr. Gilder's language. The endeavor of his work may be summed in the lines of his "Poet's Fame."

In waking dreams his many visioned ken
Clutched the large, final destiny of things.

It has been merely our aim to show how far he reaches toward the mystic goal.

"APPLE BLOSSOMS."

Two children, Elaine and Dara Goodale, of the town of Great Barrington, Mass., have been writing verses so well that they have been put into a book by Putnam & Sons, and embellished with fine steel engravings of the juvenile poets. The idea of writing poetry for publication was suggested to the girls, now aged fifteen and twelve years, respectively, by their contributions to a little home paper, called "Sky Farm Life," written on letter paper for their amusement. This paper was borrowed by the neighbors and finally some of the verses found their way into the county paper. From this it was not a very long step to the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and Scribner finally took some of the closing poems under its sheltering wing. All this led to the inevitable result of the publication of the pretty book of poems now before the public. It is pleasant to note that the verses exhale a fragrant aroma of healthy, rural simplicity. There is no affected smartness about them. They exhibit a genuine poetic feeling, uncultered, of course, but remarkable, all things considered, if not phenomenal. Edgar Allan Poe wrote the most extraordinary juvenile poems that American literature has known; but he was not only a poet by nature, but had received an abnormal stimulus in his precocious education, in the excessive flattery of his elders and in the almost unprecedented luxury of the surroundings of his youthful days. Nothing of this kind has obtained with the Misses Goodale. Their flowers spring from the rough ground, and their untutored beauty is not to be measured by the tenets of art. These promising Brontés of New England have done well to test the strength of their tiny wings in the broad expanse of poesy at this early stage of their career. Let them study good models, especially the mechanical construction of verse, such as Poe's "Rational of verse," and we may find in them in later years worthy successors of those sweet singers, Alice and Phœbe Cary.

A BATCH OF STORIES.

The author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor" need not be ashamed to tell his name. By that story, so favorably received, and "Auld Lang Syne," recently published in Harper's Franklin Square Library, he has proved himself an unexceptionally promising novelist. As in his first book, there is a great deal about the sea in "Auld Lang Syne," and he writes knowingly of ships. The description of the fight between the Cleopatra and the Guerriere is exceedingly graphic and well told. The story of Jenny Strangefield and Cuthbert Shaw is so simple and straightforward, and withal so strange, that the reader feels as though he was reading a true history. The time of the story is 1806, and the scene is laid on the English coast. There are only six principal characters and they are each carefully drawn. The writer has a way of saying little asides that are very natural, and some of the sentences he puts into the mouths of his people are full of appreciation and homely truths.

Henry James, Jr., has made a more human creature out of Daisy Miller (Harper's Half-Hour Series), than out of any other of his women. Not that we think her a type of an American girl, with respectable belongings. The readers of this little story will probably hold some lively discussions on the subject of her moral status. Some will set her down as "fast," others again will pronounce her as simply ignorant. Mr. James himself seems puzzled for a decision of her position, and kills her to get rid of solving a knotty problem, but with all her faults there was something very attractive about Daisy, and we could not but lament her untimely taking off.

When Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett began her literary career, a girl in her teens, she wrote of lords and ladies and heavy dragoons with high sounding names. Her heroines reclined in satin hung boudoirs and her heroes lounged about luxurious drawing rooms and twirled blond mustaches. But as she gained power, and fame came with it, she laid her scenes among the working classes and gave us strong pictures of their life and struggles. The result was such creations as Joan Lowrie and Surly Tim. "Lindsay's Luck" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one of Mrs. Burnett's early stories. Though it cannot be called commonplace, it gives little promise of the talents developed later by this writer. The plot is simple, and it would take no great prophet to see the denoument from the beginning. It is a pretty story nevertheless, and Mrs. Burnett need feel no mortification in claiming it, for no one acquainted with her style would think of attributing it to her maturer years, and as a piece of girlish work it is far from bad.

The new novel, "The Leavenworth Case, by Anna Katherine Green (G. P. Putnam & Sons) is, evidently, from the pen of a clever but inexperienced hand. It is a story of a crime, ostensibly committed in New York. A millionnaire is found murdered in his library. Apparently conclusive circumstantial evidence points to his niece, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, as the assassin, and she is subjected to the ignominy of suspicion, and, finally, of public accusation. The interest of the story is well sustained to the end, and, if the events depicted are in many instances highly improbable, the construction of the narrative is marked by skill and ingenuity.

A WORK ON AMERICAN PAINTERS.

A truly fine volume, and worthy of the subject in text, illustration and mechanical execution is G. W. Sheldon's "American Painters," which has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. The fifty biographies given are of Frederick E. Church, Sanford R. Gifford, John B. Bristol, Peter Moran, Winslow Homer, George Inness, Thomas Hicks, M. F. H. de Haas, Charles H. Miller, James M. Hart, Jervis McEntee, William H. Beard, William T. Richards, Seymour J. Guy, E. W. Perry, Samuel Colman, B. C. Porter, Arthur Quartley, Jasper F. Cropsey, William Hart, William M. Hunt, R. Swain Gifford, Walter Shirlaw, Worthington Whittredge, Daniel Huntington, T. W. Wood, L. E. Willmarth, George Loring Brown, James H. Beard, J. Appleton Brown, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Moran, A. B. Durand, H. W. Robbins, J. R. Meeker, B. F. Reinhart, J. G. Brown, A. T. Bricher, Albert Bierstadt, Frederick A. Bridgeman, John W. Casilear, William M. Chase, A. F. Bellows, Robert W. Weir, A. H. Wyant, Eastman Johnson, Wyatt Eaton, A. D. Shattuck, John F. Weir and William Page. Each of the articles is illustrated by from one to three excellent wood cuts after examples of work of the painter written about, there being in all eighty-three engravings. Among these, which are drawn by W. H. Gibson, J. D. Warren, Bonwill and T. Beach and admirably cut by John Filmer, W. H. Morse and Harley, we note as especially good the frontispiece of Church's "Parthenon," his "Chimborazo," S. R. Gifford's "Venice," Bristol's "Adirondacks, from Lake Paradox;" Homer's "In the Fields," Miller's "Old Mill at Springfield" and his "Return to the Fold," McEntee's "The Danger Signal," Richard's "At Atlantic City," Perry's "Fireside Stories," Colman's 'A Street Scene in Caen," Porter's "The Mandolin Player," Quartley's "An Afternoon in August," William Hart's "The Last Gleam," Swain Gifford's "Palms of Biskra," Shirlaw's "The Toning of the Bell," G. A. Brown's "The Lake of Nemi," Thomas Moran's 'Dreamland," his "Solitude," Bricher's "The Mill Stream," Casilear's "Riverside," Chase's "The Court Jester," Bellows' "Devonshire Cottage," Wyant's "A Midsummer Retreat," Eastman Johnson's "Sunday Morning," Eaton's "Harvesters at Rest" and J. F. Weir's "Casting the Shaft."

The illustrations have nearly, if not all, appeared in the *Art Journal*, published here by the same firm, though in some cases they have been recut. The reading matter is new or rewritten from the author's work in that publication, with the exception of some opinions which he quotes from his own writings there, and a part of the article on George Inness, which he states in his preface originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*. He says there also, with modesty—our appreciation of his work, however, prevents us from agreeing with him entirely—that the chief interest of the text, in which many of the painters appear in their own behalf, lies in its autobiographies, which are as many and as comprehensive as the circumstances permitted. The opinion of the artists on their art, however, do form an attractive and instructive feature, for we gain better knowledge of the value and meaning of their own work through their opinion of art in general and of the productions of others.

The author, in his well written and impartial sketches of the different artists, gives a brief history of their lives, criticisms of some of their most important works and analyses of their styles—justly appreciative where there is cause—with a few words pointing out their chief defects; chats with them about their methods of work and their ideas of art and celebrated artists, and mentions the present possessors of their most noted pictures. The painters' descriptions, where they are given, of their methods of attack, theories of composition and palette technique will be found especially interesting. The text, as a whole, will do much toward instructing the laymen who read it, and will give them a better opportunity of appreciating the work of the painters written about and of understanding their meaning and the standpoints which they take in their translations of the beauties of nature as found both in landscape and the human or animal form. In closing Mr. Sheldon says:—"The future of art in this country is just now a subject not unpleasant to contemplate. Our leading young artists have received a liberal education in the best academies of the world; our own art schools are multiplying their number and resources, many of them under the direction of these well equipped pupils; lay appreciation and love of art are visibly increasing, and at least some earnest men and women are hopefully waiting for a new revelation of the beautiful in Nature. Self-conceit and the indolence proceeding therefrom are smaller than formerly. Americans are coming to talk less of American art, of Munich art, of French art or of Greek art, and to think more of art itself; not of art made tongue tied by authority, nor art that imitates Nature, but art that, using the principles on which Nature works, produces creations of its own, while criticism itself, properly and wholesomely intolerant of imperfection, is nevertheless becoming, in its aims, more constructive and less destructive, standing with the artist where he stands and recognizing his purposes as well as his processes and results. The outlook is to some extent really promising, and if the love of Nature, the desire for knowledge and the manly persistence in toil which characterize the most cultured of our painters, shall continue the leaven will be enough to permeate a large lump."

"OUR OLD ACTORS."

"Our Old Actors" form the subject of two large volumes which Richard Bently & Son have published and which Henry Holt & Co. announce. The author is Henry Barton Baker, and these volumes have been made up from his articles on this subject which attracted so much attention in *Temple Bar*. This work is not a simple reprint. Detached essays have been linked together so as to form a chronological history of actors and acting from Shakespeare to Macready.

In drawing his work to a close Mr. Baker has much to say on the subject of the stage of the present day. "The decay of the art of acting," he says, "can be traced with the retirement of Garrick." The breaking up of the old theatrical circuits he greatly laments. "All the old conditions of the stage," he continues, "have been swept away. What is to be said of the present and the future? In regard to the future it is difficult to predict. Our theatre is in a transition period, slowly emerging from the utter ruin and degradation in which it was prostrated some ten or fifteen years back by burlesque and sensation. Dramatically it stands in a far higher and healthier position than it did then, but histrionically we are in an even worse plight. Many actors have disappeared during the last twenty years whose places still remain vacant. The light comedian, the old man, the low comedian—as far as the highest excellence is concerned—have disappeared. There is not a low comedian on the stage who can excite a laugh by genuine humor, or by anything save buffoonery; a few grimaces and mouth twistings, a few mannerisms repeated *ad nauseam* in every scene and every part, make up what is called comic acting at the present day." The two volumes which comprise this work are brimful of anecdote and form a treasure house of theatrical information and amenities.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"Tales of Three Centuries," by Mme. Guizot de Witt, will shortly appear from the press of A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

"The New Life of the Painter Turner," by Philip G. Hamerton, is in Roberts Brothers' (Boston) press.

Charles Scribner & Co. will shortly issue a translation of Baudrillart's "History of Luxury, Ancient and Modern."

One of the finest issues of the gift-book season is Falke's "Art in the House, Historical, Critical and Aesthetical Studies on the Decoration and Furnishing of the Dwelling," published by L. Prang & Co., Boston.

A new book on the "Renaissance of Art in France," by Mrs. Pattison, is in the press of Roberts Brothers, Boston.

When Mr. Everett was United States Minister in London, he presented to Ben Disraeli (now Lord Beaconsfield) an American reprint of "Coningsby." This "piratical edition" Disraeli acknowledged thus:—

"Unlike some English authors, far from regretting these republications, I am gratified by the sympathy of your countrymen, and that my writings should contribute to the pleasure and amusement of the far West."

The London *Bookseller* for December has many advertisements of young ladies of experience in the bookselling and stationery business desiring re-engagements.

The most salable books of the day are not the original works, but the collections or reprints of standard poetry and prose which have stood the test of time. As illustrations, it is said that over 80,000 copies of Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" have been sold; 20,000 of Foster's "Cyclopædia of Illustration," a large collection of elegant extracts; 50,000 Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations;" about the same number of Dana's "Household Poetry," and very large editions of Coates' "Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry" and Fields & Whipple's "Family Library of British Poetry," published by Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The Duke of Argyll's new book on the Eastern question will be out early in January.

Lewis Sergeant's "New Greece," published by Cassell, London and New York, has been published in modern Greek in the *Clio*, a newspaper of Trieste.

Edward D. Mansfield, of Cincinnati, an old journalist, who has written as the Veteran Observer, has a volume of personal reminiscences in the press of Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

Chamber's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," a well known standard, but of ponderous bulk, is to be brought out in eight handy volumes of the "Little Classic" size by the publishers of the *Book Exchange Monthly*, No. 55 Beekman street, New York.

Judge Manning F. Force, of Cincinnati, has edited for publication "Principles of the Criminal Law," by S. F. Harris, which will be published by Robert Clarke & Co., of that city.

Henri Van Laun's "History of France, from the Beginning of the First Revolution to the End of the Second Empire," in two volumes, is highly interesting.

"A New History of Quarter Sessions, from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne," by A. H. Hamilton, is full of instructive matter about local government and history, drawn from original records, illustrating customs, manners, religion, &c., for more than a century.

The new "Life of Machiavelli," by Professor Villari, published in London, gives a clear and instructive account of the great politician.

"The Transvaal," by Captain Aylward, is a vivid description of South Africa by a writer who is a true sportsman.

Professor Müller's "Life of Moltke" has been translated into English.

The sixth and last volume of "Pepys' Diary," which is virtually a new work, is about to appear.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Dick Sands, the Boy Captain. By Jules Verne. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.

Catalogue of the Brooklyn Library. Authors; titles, subjects and classes. Part second.

The Bryant Memorial Meeting of the Goethe Club, of the city of New York, Wednesday, October 30, 1878. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York.

Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine. January, 1879. D. Van Nostrand, publisher, New York.

Lean Nora. A resurrection. Charles S. Clarke, Jr., publisher, New York.

Occultism, Spiritism, Materialism, demonstrated by the logic of facts; showing disembodied man and spirit phases; also the immediate condition affecting man after death. By Almira Kidd. Colby & Rich, publishers, Boston.

Left to Starve and No One Wants the Blame. By Mrs. E. A. Germains. Adolph Z. Germains, publisher, New York.

Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the Year 1877. From Hon. William G. Le Duc, Washington.

FINE ARTS.

AMONG THE ARTISTS' STUDIOS.

A little colony of artists has lately established itself in the grand old building belonging to the University of New York. A floor has been run under the upper part of the old chapel, and the space between it and the Gothic vaulting has been divided into three large and picturesque studios, in which the architectural remains of the chapel form admirable backgrounds to artistic furniture, draperies, studies and pictures under way and completed. In one of these studios Walter Shirlaw is installed; in another G. H. Shelton paints, and to the third G. S. W. Benjamin, the author and artist, will soon remove. Mr. Shirlaw has commenced, for the second exhibition of the Society of American Artists, a large canvas to be called "Roxy," which has the same motive as one of his late illustrations in *Scribner's* of the novel—the heroine seated in church. He has nearly finished for the same exhibition a smaller picture, called "Goosey, Goosey, Gander"—a lusty, laughing, pretty goosehern, driving her charge homeward down a hillside at twilight. The picture, which is painted with much vigor, seems likely to turn out a good one. The line of composition, formed by the swaying body of the girl, who holds her long rod stretched behind her back, with the flock of geese in front of her, is an admirable feature. Mr. Shelton has on an easel, just commenced, a winter scene in a farmyard, with cattle under the sheds and figures in the foreground. Another picture shows a young girl on the banks of a small stream, where it is spanned by a stone bridge, looking up at a boy leaning over the parapet.

On a floor below are the studios of George Inness, Julian Weir and Henry Muhrman. Mr. Inness is finishing up, on a good sized canvas, a sunrise in the country near Montclair, New Jersey. The colorful sky blends down into a purplish haze which envelops the middle distance, a few birds fly across to the left, and in the foreground apple orchard a man is seen leading a cow and calf to pasture. Another picture, which has finely suggested detail in the foreground around well drawn and treated willows, is a sunset effect over a landscape with farm buildings and a house in the middle distance. The farm house stands on the horizon line, up against the yellow light at the lower part of the lurid sky. Julian Weir has completed a little view in a French carpenter's shop in which a workman stands well out against the finely felt depth of the interior. He is at work on a scene in a village courtyard with a woman churning. By her is a baby secure from harm, in one of those safety frames which all will remember who saw the picture of a coming man struggling in one, at the Society of American Artists' display last winter.

Henry Muhrman was at work, at the time of our visit, on some black and white studies for a magazine. A water color, executed in Munich, he calls "The Little Merchant," has strong qualities which will be appreciated at the next Water Color Society exhibition.

J. H. Lazarus is painting a replica for the State of Connecticut of his excellent portrait of Governor Hubbard. Another, of a prominent citizen of Boston, has fine qualities in the flesh tones and well given wavy white locks.

F. Schuchardt, Jr., is putting the last touches to "Field Flowers"—a pretty, pensive little wanderer in the fields, standing deep in thought, with her gathered daisies in her apron.

PICTURES IN THE GALLERIES.

Among the new pictures in Avery's gallery and art rooms is "A Run on the Savings Bank," by Bockelmann, of Dusseldorf, which formed part of the German art display at the late French Exposition. It is an interesting scene, with exceedingly well individualized figures of men and women of all the different conditions of life, grouped on the sidewalk in front of the marble façade of the bank, and surging up the steps leading to its closed doors. The better class of depositors are gathered in groups discussing the matter while the common people crowd up the steps. The varied emotions of those forming the crowd are admirably rendered, and they play on the gamut of our imagination all the notes from the pathetic to the ludicrous. A pleasing and well painted little picture, by P. Kraus, is called "Dinner Time." An organ grinder has halted on a winter's day in a park and is eating the dinner which his little daughter has brought him.

An important example of Meyer von Bremen, "The Picture Book," has a nice effect of life and his usual pleasing rendition of a child story. "The Poultry Woman," by P. Ribera, is a strong piece of work, excellent in texture painting, pleasing in color, with a face touched in with much knowledge and a good pose. There is also Baugmet's centennial picture, "Decorating the Portrait of Washington," about which much has been written from Paris. Castres is represented by "The Bivouac," Jules Lefebvre by a young Italian girl and Jules Goupil by a very charming example of his lissome style, called "Ready for the Promenade."

At M. Knoedler & Co.'s (Goupil's) there has been recently placed in the gallery a large canvas by Jules Breton, "La Fileuse." A peasant girl, painted with great skill and truth, is seated with her distaff, on a rock by the seashore. She is not a remarkably sympathetic individual to our mind, but truth is better than idealization, and the humble *paysanne* we can see has tender thoughts of her own as she looks landward. An Anton Braith is a picture of a young girl in a field surrounded by calves, whom she has enticed almost within reach, and one of whom she wishes to catch.

At Schaus' there is in the gallery a new canvas by Professor Carl Becker, called "The Rivals." A handsome young woman is leaving an apartment. One cavalier is about to place her cloak on her shoulders, another presents her fan with an admiring glance, while a third (a handsome fellow) scowls at his two rivals as he holds back the arras at the doorway.

THE WATER COLOR SOCIETY'S TRIBUTE TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

The following resolutions have lately been passed by the Board of Control of the Water Color Society in reference to the death of Bayard Taylor:—"We express our sincere grief at the loss of our late honorary member, Bayard Taylor, who has so often shown his interest in the Water Color Society by his contributions to its exhibitions, his sensible advice when consulted by its officers, and his frequently bringing its affairs to the kindly notice of his friends and the public. Those of us who were brought into personal relations with him will most keenly miss his genial face, his unassuming manners and his pleasant conversation. We also desire to offer to his family our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement."

"THE PORTFOLIO."

The Portfolio, for December, received through J. W. Bouton, contains a good etching, by Richeton, of Orchardson's portrait of his young son, called "Conditional Neutrality;" a fac-simile by Armand Durand, of Rembrandt's etching of "Jesus Christ Preaching," and a gray, well-toned moonlight effect over Edinburgh, seen from Colton Hill, etched by Brunet Debaines, after W. E. Lockhart, R. S. A. Some notes about Orchardson are given in connection with the reproduction of his picture. There is more about Turner from the pen of the editor, P. G. Hamerton, who also gives a criticism of the Rembrandt etching, the merit of which he believes lies rather in the attentive expression of the hearers than in any brilliant executive skill. In addition to the large etching there are reproduced in illustration of the seventh instalment of Mr. Stevenson's "Notes on Edinburgh," a couple of thin pen-and-inks, by Hector Chalmers.

JOTTINGS FROM HERE AND THERE.

Toby Rosenthal, of San Francisco, the painter of "The Seminary Alarmed," which has lately attracted much attention abroad and in the West, is in town for a few days.

S. G. W. Benjamin's article on "Young American Painters," which will appear in *Harper's Magazine*, bids fair to be interesting and well illustrated.

It is probable that the second exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be held, like the first, in the Kurtz Gallery, and will open in May.

The *Atlantic Monthly* life sized lithographed portrait head of James Russell Lowell, by J. Baker, which has lately been issued by Houghton, Osgood & Co., is a good one. It is published in continuation of the annual series of portraits of American poets, which already embraces those of Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier.

Albany will soon hold a loan exhibition in aid of a hospital. The locale will be the Senate Chamber of the old Capitol.

B. C. Porter, of Boston, is to paint a portrait of Archbishop Williams.

Tavernier has left Monterey and taken up his residence in San Francisco.

Bradford is painting "Mount Lyell" from sketches made in the Yosemite.

The ladies of the Milwaukee Art Class have been discussing Fra Angelico.

Zanesville, Ohio, is to have a loan exhibition.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Meissonier's "Cuirassiers—1805" was bought by Mr. Crabbe, the well known Brussels collector, the price paid being, as before stated, 275,000f. Through a printer's error in a foreign publication the price asked was stated at 500,000f., when it should have been 300,000f. This is the largest amount ever paid for a picture by this artist, with the exception of that given for Mrs. Stewart's "1807." The buyer of the "Cuirassiers" made it a condition of the sale that his name should not transpire, but we have been enabled to give it.

Holman Hunt is steadily recovering from his recent severe illness.

An engraving is now being made in Germany of Signorelli's "Judgment of Pan."

The first exhibition of the Newcastle Arts Association, which lately closed, had much success. Between £4,000 and £5,000 worth of pictures were bought out of the collection.

The French Fine Arts Budget, which is extremely liberal, has been voted with hardly any important restriction. The sum of 51,000f. is allotted for the purpose of creating a government inspection of drawing in the seventeen universities.

THE SORE PEDESTRIANS.

Chats with O'Leary and Campana After Their Walk.

NURSING THEIR ACHES.

Chicago with a Bad Heel and Bridgeport with an Inflamed Leg.

"Come in!" cried Daniel O'Leary, in his cheery Cork brogue, yesterday afternoon. It was in the Metropolitan Hotel, and a reporter had knocked at the door of his room. The great pedestrian lay upon a bed near a window. The covering was thrown back and he was visible in a suit of cream colored underclothing. In his hand was a roll of sandpaper. His face looked as full and animated as if he had not just finished an extraordinary feat of speed and endurance. There were no lines to betray the suffering and the strain, physically and mentally, which he had undergone. By his side sat "General" Slattery, gazing upon him with conscious pride as a painter upon his masterpiece. A tray with depleted dishes stood upon the centre table, and two or three bottles were ranged upon the marble ledge over the fireplace.

"WORKING 'EM DOWN FINE."

"You see," said O'Leary, when his visitor was seated; "you see what I'm after doing. I've been working at my feet nearly all the time since I left the track last night. I'm sandpapering 'em down—workin' 'em down fine!"

"Sandpapering them! Why, what do you mean by that?"

"Here"—and he stuck up his right foot so that a good view could be had of the heel—"you see the skin is too thick to have it lanced. The only thing I can do is to wear the skin off till it is thin enough to break. Then it will get well very quickly."

The foot had a very unpleasant appearance. There were one or two crevices in the heel, and the little toe, still wearing a plaster, looked as if it might be very painful. On the other heel also there were swellings and abrasions and the nail of the third toe had been partly removed. O'Leary resumed the exercise of rubbing the blisters.

"Does it hurt much?" was asked.

"Well, I could not bear any one else to touch them, but as long as I do it myself I can stand it."

"Have you had any physician to attend you?"

"No; General Slattery is my only physician."

"Are you sore or in any pain in any part of the body, excepting your feet?"

"Not a bit. You see that leg?" and he pulled up his drawers. "It don't look as if I had been walking for six days, does it?"

It did not, indeed. There was not a swelling on it and the skin was of a perfectly normal appearance. Even the muscles were not stiff.

"When did you reach the hotel?"

"About a quarter after eleven. I immediately took a hot bath and was rubbed down. Then I jumped into bed, but I only slept about two hours. I have taken this morning only soups and milk; no solid food."

WHAT CAUSED HIS SORE HEELS.

"To what do you attribute the soreness of your feet at such an early stage of the match?"

"I think it must have been caused by the welt in the shoes which I wore during the first twenty-five miles. After that I put on a new pair. Here they are and you see that even in these the welt is not entirely smooth. If my heels were well I could run a bicycle this morning with the greatest ease."

"What do you think, on the whole, of the work that you have accomplished during the past week?"

"It is the poorest six days' walk that I have ever made. The atmosphere in Gilmore's Garden was very bad and it affected me unfavorably. The smoke and the dust, but more especially the latter, would often set me to coughing. But of course part of this is due to the cold which I have."

TIRED OF WALKING.

After a pause O'Leary continued:—"I do not think that I shall walk much more. I shall retire from the track after the match for the Astley belt, which is my next job. Rowen and 'Blower' Brown, of England; John Ennis, of Chicago, and Charles Harriman, of Haverhill, Mass., have already paid their money down to compete with me. George Guyon also intends to walk. I have to give these men thirty days' notice, and the limitation of time does not expire until the 24th of next June. I cannot say with certainty what date I shall fix upon for the trial, but it will take place either in New York or Chicago."

"You know what some of the men whom you have mentioned can do?"

"'Blower' Brown, you know, walked against me in England when I won the belt. He was the second man there, and he made over five hundred miles in one hundred and forty-two and one-half hours. He has a great deal more experience now and is a much more formidable rival. I tell you I shall have my hands full when those men come over here. I don't want my feet to get sore then. If they do I shall suffer a great deal of punishment. They pain me now just like boils, and they are very hot inside."

"How long shall you remain here?"

"I will go to Chicago as soon as my feet get well and I have settled up my business here."

O'LEARY DISCUSSES CAMPANA.

"In your opinion what is the cause of Campana's failure to do as much as was expected of him?"

"Well, he is a wonderfully plucky man, and I do not doubt that he was poorly attended during the first two days of the walk. To keep up to his work, as he did with that terrible leg of his, showed that he is as game a man as walks the earth. I have a great respect for him. He must have suffered intensely. I could see that myself by the manner of his walking."

"Do you think he is too old for professional walking?"

"I don't know whether he is too old. He may have done better when he was younger, but I don't think that he would have put up with such punishment then. I don't know any young man who would; for they are generally much less patient than they are after they have gone through a good deal of discipline. I should think that when he was twenty-five or thirty years of age 'Sport' must have been a wonderfully good man. I do not attribute his failure to old age; but whatever his condition might be I do not believe that he could beat me. Still, mark my words, he'll surprise people yet."

AND MME. ANDERSON.

"When you get on your feet again will you go over to see Mme. Anderson?"

"Yes, I may. She has undertaken a great performance, and, judging by what she has already done, she must be a wonderful woman. I couldn't do it and I wouldn't try to do it for all the world. For a feat of that character, anyhow, I think that a woman is more capable than a man."

"Why so?"

"Well," said O'Leary, with slight embarrassment, "I have formed my conclusion from domestic observation. Women can go longer without sleep and can waken more readily and at more frequent intervals than can men. I know how it is with my own wife. The little baby has only to move in the bed and she's up in an instant, while he could roll and tumble and cry with all his might and I wouldn't hear him."

Mr. O'Leary drew another illustration of his theory from the superior efficiency of women as nurses for the sick.

"It has been rumored that a match might be brought about between you and Mme. Anderson."

O'Leary laughed. "I shall never walk against any woman," said he. "I don't intend to walk many more matches any way, and I would never beat a lady. She could challenge and challenge me and keep on challenging, but I would never accept. All the money there is in New York would not induce me to do it."

"How much of the gate money does Campana receive, Mr. O'Leary?"

"He gets a pretty good little pile—about $2,000, I think."

CAMPANA'S CONDITON.

Napoleon Campana retired to the Glenham Hotel after he had finished his last round in Gilmore's Garden on Saturday night. He slept only three hours, and was up again about five o'clock yesterday morning. He proceeded on foot to Twenty-ninth street, where his young wife has been staying, and brought thence on his back a good part of the way a trunk filled with clothing. Those persons who recognized him on the street were astounded at this exhibition of vigor and resolution after the dreadful ordeal through which he had gone, and with his left leg still in a terrible condition. After dinner he was again on his feet and walked around to Gilmore's Garden, and afterward entered a lager beer saloon with some friends. He showed his "game leg" to whomsoever desired to see it and seemed proud of such an evidence of his pluck. About three o'clock the HERALD reporter visited him in his room and found him reclining on a bed, with Mrs. Campana seated by his side, and surrounded by three or four sporting characters who have heretofore assisted in his training. Campana's physiognomy and the speed with which his tongue wags coincide perfectly with the character of his ancestry, but his conversation is that of a New York "b'hoy" of the days of the turbulent volunteer Fire Department. He immediately began to talk eagerly and rapidly, and his appearance, dressed as he was, in his red shirt and black pants, with a blue 'kerchief around his neck, was one of picturesque animation. Two pet terriers lay near him, one at his feet and the other by his side. The air was pervaded by a strong and heavy odor of liniments.

CAUSES OF HIS FAILURE.

"How d'ye do, 'Sport?'" was the first question, of course.

"Oh, I am all right; I am better than ever," he replied; "but the papers have got it all wrong about my being 'sick from head to heel' and entirely used up. Why, I walked better yesterday than on any day since Monday. My feet are as sound now as those of any man you have ever seen. The trouble was that last Tuesday my knee was bandaged too tight by a doctor, who applied some stuff to it. If it hadn't been for that I would have won the match. You see the circulation was stopped and the calf of my leg was burst out. It pained me so big that I could not lift my foot at last until I tore it off. Then the doctor blistered it, but it was too late."

"To put bandages and pads on the legs of a walking man is unheard of," said Robinson, an English trainer, who has come over to take Mott and Armstrong to Great Britain. "It is always the rule to have nothing upon them at all. If they are left bare it is all the better. It will take him a month now to get well."

"I'll bet $150," put in Campana, "that I'll get well in three days."

The leg which he held up for inspection had a very bad appearance. It was inflamed and raw. He viewed it with a smile. To show that he had left the track in vigorous condition Campana got up and strode back and forth about the room at his four-mile gait. At first he limped a little, but soon he walked as squarely and as freely as if he were perfectly sound in his limbs. It was impossible to detect any wincing in his face. He showed also why the injury to his leg prevented his running. "I never walked before as I have done this time," said he. "Before when I went six days I did not walk more than twenty-five miles, but ran all the rest of the way. If I had been allowed to cover as much ground as I wanted to during the first three days I should have won the match. When I went to bed at ten o'clock on Monday night it was against my will and in obedience to my backers. They wanted me to hold my strength to the last. Why, the first time that O'Leary ran, on last Thursday, I had him nearly scared to death. His fifteen mile run sickened him—he was paralyzed. I'll bet five hundred dollars I can go fifty miles this afternoon."

A SHOEMAKER AND A DOCTOR BLAMED.

Campana remarked that he had had nine pairs of shoes made for the match just ended. Six of them were made by O'Leary's shoemaker, and they would not do at all. He plainly insinuated that the reason why they would not do was because of the friendship of this shoemaker for his rival. The pair that he used most were the handiwork of an Englishman. Some of the others were so contrived as to produce creases and abrasions on the foot. "Don't these things make it look like a put-up job?" said Campana. In his allusions to the doctor who had bandaged his knee he also gave expression to the suspicion which had evidently taken possession of his mind. He said that he was going to the home of his mother-in-law, in Waterbury, this week.

"What will be your next public undertaking?"

"In about two months I shall give an exhibition walk in New York. I shall then go 525 miles in 144 hours. I shall begin training on next Saturday. I am going to compete for the Astley belt, too, in May. I am ready now to put up the $500 required."

"Yes," said Robinson, "I shall write to England that he walked better on the sixth day than at any previous time since Monday. Why, to show his condition yesterday let me tell you that while he was off the track an hour and twenty minutes instead of resting he sat and chatted with one of his old fire pals, John Decker, about former days, and when I told him that the time was up he jumped up and started away as briskly as possible."

"Well Campana, did you make as much as you lost in this match?"

"I lost the stake of $1,000, but I made ten times that. I made enough any way to buy a house and lot for my wife."

As the reporter bid him good day, he called out:—

"Say, young feller, put a good card in the paper for old Forty-one Sport, won't you?"

MME. ANDERSON.

The enthusiasm of the spectators that filled Mozart Garden on Saturday night was carried to such an extent that Mme. Anderson, the plucky lady pedestrian, had a large attendance up to an early hour yesterday morning. The people never seemed to know when it was bed time, as at three A. M. there were still over a hundred scattered about the building, some sleeping in chairs and others lounging around waiting for the appearance of the indefatigable woman, whom they greeted with the warmest applause as she rolled off quarter after quarter during the weary hours of the morning. A number of people came in about two A. M., fresh from the finish of the O'Leary-Campana walk at Gilmore's.

Between two A. M. and four A. M. Mme. Anderson had one of her sleepy fits, and rolled around the track, with her eyes closed, at a little less than three miles an hour. She appeared to wake up about five A. M. and seemed to be possessed with a funny mood, taking considerable interest in some tricks that were being played with a stuffed dummy, one of the relics of the properties attached to the variety business that occupied the boards of Mozart Garden prior to her appearance. One enterprising gentleman borrowed a suit of Mme. Anderson's clothes, and, dressing the dummy in them, hung a label round its neck on which was inscribed the words, "My twin sister." The Madame evidently enjoyed this masquerade and told the judges that if they had no objection she would take a little sleep and let her twin sister walk a few quarters. Mme. Anderson completed her 1,200th quarter (300 miles) at 8h. 06m. 14s. yesterday morning.

The Garden was packed with people up to ten P. M., and then a few began to go away, but at midnight there were still several hundred to cheer the pedestrian as she tramped around. At eleven o'clock last night the Madame had accomplished 1,260 quarter miles and was quite fresh. To-night, between nine and ten o'clock, Mme. Anderson will complete half her journey.

AMATEUR WALKING MATCH.

A walking match will take place on Wednesday next, on the grounds of the Clinton Athletic Club, South Brooklyn, between James Scanlan and James Donovan, both amateur pedestrians. The match is for $200, and the distance to be walked is twenty-five miles. The friends of the respective parties are much exercised over the event, and are betting on the merits of their choice.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

The programme of the winter meeting to be held by the New York Athletic Club on Friday and Saturday evenings next promises an unusually attractive entertainment. The entries are more numerous than have been received for any previous meeting. In addition to the regular running and walking contests, an attractive feature of the meeting will be a grand tug of war for the championship of the Seventh regiment Teams of six men from each company are in active training for this event, and as this is a military game the public will have an opportunity of judging which company of this popular organization can pull the best as well as march the best. There will also be an international tug of war, for which teams of five men each, representing respectively America, England, Ireland and Germany, have already entered. The Scottish-American Club, the Ninth regiment, N.G.S.N.Y.; the Empire City Gymnasium and the New York Athletic Club have each entered a team of ten men for the amateur tug of war. Two of these teams are old rivals, and the struggle will be contested to the bitter end. The following is a list of some of the officials who have kindly consented to act:—Referee—W. R. Travers. Judges—General Daniel Butterfield, Mr. Herman Oelrichs, Captain William C. Casey, Mr. Robert C. Cornell, Mr. Charles F. Fearing, Mr. Thomas W. White and Mr. John Whipple.

TROTTING IN CALIFORNIA.

Rarus trotted against his own record of 2:13¼ on the 21st inst., at Oakland Park, in presence of a more numerous attendance than had been attracted to that place for some time. Rarus never appeared in fitter condition, and many are of the opinion that had he made the trial an hour earlier he might have accomplished what he started to do. In his first attempt John Splann, his driver, was given the word, and the horse went to the quarter in 34¾, with the same easy, telling stride that makes of him the wonder of the age; the half was made in 1:07½, the three-quarters in 1:41, and the mile in 2:14, to the great delight of those present, who had never seen Goldsmith Maid's time equalled. In the second trial the afternoon was well on, and it was deemed inexpedient to give Rarus a running mate; but, although he reached the quarter in 34½, the half was in the same time as the preceding heat—namely, 1:07½—the three-quarters a quarter of a second slower and the mile in 2:14½.

SPORTING EVENTS ABROAD.

It is not generally known that the great race horse Thunder, winner of the City and Suburban Handicap, Queen's Vase at Ascot and many other races, died some time ago. He was said to be in 1874, next to Prince Charlie, the fastest horse in England.

Chamant has been sold to the Prussian government, the price paid for him being £6,000.

NEWARK RETRENCHING.

As already mentioned in the HERALD, it is proposed by the incoming City Council of Newark, which organizes the first Tuesday in January, to cut down the salaries of all city officials ten per cent. Last year there was a reduction of the same amount. Those officials holding "fat billets" with salaries of from $1,500 to $6,000 take the matter with calmness. Not so the firemen and policemen, whose pay is now anything but generous. In the Fire Department the engineers get $69 per month, being required to be on duty always except when at meals, and the firemen $90 per annum. The pay of the police is as follows:—Chief, $1,600 per annum; captain, $1,200; desk sergeants, $78 75 per month; round sergeants, $75 per month; patrolmen, $2 25 per diem. The entire force numbers 175 men. Among citizens there is much opposition to the reduction and it is doubtful if it will be made, at least so far as the police and firemen are concerned.