

VIRGINIAN-PILOT.

BY THE VIRGINIAN AND PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NORFOLK VIRGINIAN AND DAILY PILOT.

(Consolidated March, 1893.)

Entered at the Postoffice at Norfolk, Va., as second-class matter.

OFFICE: PILOT BUILDING, CITY HALL AVENUE, NORFOLK, VA.

OFFICERS: A. H. GRANDY, President; M. GLENNAN, Vice-President; W. S. WILKINSON, Treasurer; JAMES E. ALLEN, Secretary.

THREE CENTS PER COPY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

The VIRGINIAN-PILOT is delivered to subscribers by carriers in Norfolk and vicinity, Portsmouth, Berkley, Suffolk, West Norfolk, Newport News, for 10 cents per week, payable to the carrier by mail to any place in the United States, postage free.

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertisements inserted at the rate of 75 cents a square, first insertion; each subsequent insertion 40 cents, or 50 cents, when inserted Every Other Day.

Ne employee of the Virginian-Pilot Publishing Company is authorized to contract any obligation in the name of the company, or to make purchases in the name of the same, except upon orders issued by the VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY.

In order to avoid delays, on account of personal absence, letters and all communications for the VIRGINIAN-PILOT should be addressed to the individual connected with the office, but simply to the VIRGINIAN AND PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

TWELVE PAGES

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHOICE.

Originally and independence both, in thought, sentiment, conviction and action, are simply impossible, unless at a cost too terrible even to think of, too horrible to hear or dare, and from which even the bravest may well retreat with unceasing dismay.

Man is the most gregarious of all beings, and he cannot live apart in anything, wholly to himself; for if his selfishness inspire him to live wholly for himself, he finds that this is impossible, unless he conceal it, as best he may, by mixing with the biggest crowds, as pick-pockets do.

Of course this limited independence of choice should be exercised bravely and honestly, in all matters, upon the highest considerations of which everyone is capable. Common self-respect ought to teach this to all, as it should also teach all that he who appeals to lower considerations in the effort to influence or direct this choice in another, or others, justly forfeits his independence and is unworthy of any degree of self-government.

The right and duty of a free citizen in this country, under conscience, law and constitution is to make his own choice of men and measures, principles, policies and party, upon his honest conviction and preference as to which or what is best for the rights and liberties of all concerned and the general welfare of the people and the country.

release from it, under any circumstances or contingencies. This public and reasonable service is required of every American citizen; and it should be the joy and pride of all to perform it well and faithfully; for upon it depend the honor and glory of the country, and the rights, liberties and interests of all.

HURRAH FOR THE DEMOCRACY?

Recent elections were not great either in issues, territory, or number of votes; nor were party issues, or men, or national questions much involved anywhere, or distinctly so; yet, as straws show how sets the wind, we may gather some indications of an instructive sort even from these minor contests.

It is a fact, illustrated by the whole history of the Democratic party, that its dissensions and side-fights among its ambitious aspirants and their factions add strength to the main body of the Democracy, as shown by the vote of its people in the next ensuing election.

NO TRESPASSERS ALLOWED.

The population of Central America is not so sheeplike as to fit well in Esop's fable as lambs who have now offended certain American wolves by drinking below the latter on a stream, and thereby muddying the water which curiously runs up the said stream to the lips of the wolves.

From September, 1898, to April, 1899, Virginia, as a whole, has had an unusual and continuous season of "falling weather;" and from Christmas of last year to the current month there has been an extraordinary spell of cold weather, with zero repeatedly above the mercury, and much ice and snow.

member and December), it would have covered the wheat with protective mantle that would have benefited it greatly, but the damage had been done before these snows fell, and they did little good when they came.

It is still unseasonably cool for this latitude and altitude; but it seems that the frigid period is over, that the weather is more settled in every respect, and that the bright skies we now have will soon bring us a mild and genial temperature that will deliver us from much evil and improve the outlook for fruit, vegetables and agricultural products.

It is urged openly in this country, and long steps are openly taken to carry into effect, the proposition that some, at least, if not all, the ways and means of imperial and arbitrary government are necessary to peace and prosperity in any nation having a large territory and a large laboring population.

At this moment, Russia, the model of imperial and arbitrary government, is furnishing us with another object lesson in this matter. Driven to madness by unlimited oppression, extortion and humiliation, the labor element all over that great empire is in a ferment, and in fierce explosion here and there, in all directions, torch and sword and all violence, busy in massacre, destruction and desolation.

A tempest in a tea-pot is imminent. The two Republics on the island of Hayti are in a violent dispute as to the boundary line between the Republic of Hayti and that of St. Domingo. If the line be once drenched in blood, it may thenceforward be so distinct as to allow no disputes over it in the future.

But, seriously if we may leave America and go to war with the infant Philippine Republic for her islands, whereupon to expand our boundaries into Asia, why, inspired by our example, may not the Republics of Uncle Miago and Aunt Hattie fight for the softest place to spread a palmy? Go to!

THE VIRGINIAN-PILOT publishes to-day an exceptionally tender and sweet poem, entitled "An Easter Lily." It possesses genuine merit and denotes its author's possession of talent which, if cultivated, will win for her renown equal to that of Adelaide Annie Proctor or Frances Ridley Havergal.

In Quincy, Ill., on April 4th, the regular Democracy elected their entire ticket, from Mayor, down, by majority ranging from 1,900, down, over the fusion-ticket of Republicans and gold Democrats, headed by a gold Democrat for Mayor. A straw that indicates how the wind is blowing.

We already have our blue Mondays and our black Fridays. Why not, then, paint our Saturdays red, our Sundays brown, our Tuesdays green, our Wednesdays yellow and our Thursdays purple?

Salvation is free, it is true. It is likewise true that the attention of the trust-promoters has not been directed to it. They have cornered about everything else that is supposed to be free.

Kentucky distillers have raised the price of whiskey, probably upon the theory that people who drink it to warm themselves, in winter, will require more to keep cool in spring and summer.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

General A. J. Warner, who has given almost undivided attention to currency questions for many years, has shown that the actual basic currency in circulation has been contracted by successive acts of the treasury to about one-tenth of the amount in circulation during the years of greatest prosperity.

From Printer's Ink. Papers that have no claims to numerical circulation always claim to have a very fine "class" circulation.

VIRGINIAN-PILOT'S HOME STUDY COURSE

(Copyrighted, 1899.) DIRECTED BY PROF. SEYMOUR EATON.

SUBJECTS OF STUDY IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY WILL BE PUBLISHED.

- EVERY SUNDAY—History—Popular Studies in European History. EVERY TUESDAY—Geography—The World's Great Commercial Products. EVERY WEDNESDAY—Governments of the World of To-day. EVERY THURSDAY AND FRIDAY—Literature—Popular Studies in Literature. EVERY SATURDAY—Art—The World's Great Artists.

These courses will continue until June 26th. Examinations conducted by mail, will be held at their close as a basis for the granting of Certificates.

THE WORLD'S GREAT ARTISTS.

III.—REMBRANDT. THE MASTER SPIRIT OF DUTCH PAINTING (Concluded.) BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE, L. H. D. Professor of the History of Art, Rutgers College.

It is worth while to repeat the statement that Rembrandt was a mind as well as an eye. Few painters had a keener grasp of actualities, few saw the world without so positively and so clearly. Yet the artist's view is always tinged by an individuality and everything in nature to Rembrandt was "seen through the prism of an emotion."

The year of "The Night Watch" brought a change. Doubtless that picture was accounted his great success, but he must have painted it under sorrowful circumstances, for his beloved

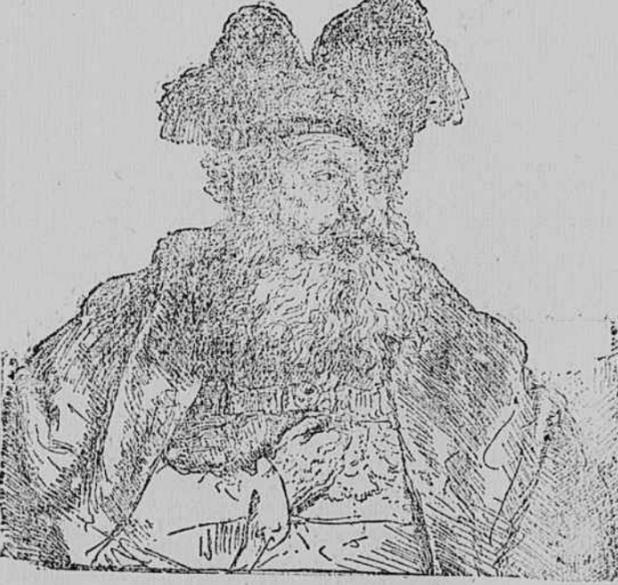


SASKIA VAN ULEZENBERG, REMBRANDT'S WIFE. From the painting by Rembrandt at Cassel.

through the years of his life we can see the deepening and broadening of his character in his pictures. At first he had something of gay youth about him. He had surrounded himself with studio costumes, oriental dresses, turbans, armor, chains, jewelry; and he used to dress in these and paint himself from a mirror. Many of these youthful portraits in silk or armor, with a defiant smile and a swaggering air, are to-day in European galleries.

Saskia was dying. The troubles and misfortunes that came trooping thick upon him after her death seemed only to intensify his art. He did not decline, but broadened under the pressure of sorrow. And then, in one year, he painted two canvases of profound emotional significance—"The Good Samaritan" and "The Supper at Emmaus."

Both pictures are in the Louvre and both have been described by Fromentin. "The Supper at Emmaus" proba-



A RABBI. From an etching by Rembrandt.

At the same time he was painting other portraits of the hale "Gilder" type, painting nude Europas and Prosperinas, holy families and other biblical subjects. Saskia was his wife, and he was dressing her in bright costumes

The dark lips, the brown eyes, the haggard face, the cold hands, speak the agony and bloody sweat of the cross, the coldness and the pallor of the tomb. It is an epitome not more of the sorrows of the Christ than of the rejected and forgotten Rembrandt. The steel had pierced his soul and while portraying his own emotional feeling he was unconsciously painting that which should arouse the sympathy of all men in all lands. Yet as he advanced in years he kept growing more profound in his thoughts, his emotions, his art. He took up the type of age and tried to give the sum of existence in the portraits of old men and women. His rabbis wear the air of the tongue-lashed and the fire-scathed, and his own portrait, which he continued to paint, is sad-faced and somber-hued. The shadows were settling darkly about him, but whatever his personal feeling he did not give up the brush. He worked on, seeing clearer and surer the great universal truths, the great problems of existence, until at last his hand failed him. It no longer obeyed his mind. His late pictures show that his brush labored heavily and was hot, fumbling and ineffectual. And then the end came quickly.

Given the mind and the eye, Rembrandt had still another gift of great power—dramatic characterization. He was primarily a portrait painter and a student of the human countenance. There never was a painter who so thoroughly knew the face as Rembrandt. With what a force he could show the emotional nature in eye and cheek and brow and mouth! He had studied them all in his life and was master of them in all their phases. Yet not alone the mobile face—that mirror of the passions. He could put dramatic meaning in an outstretched hand, a bent knee, a bowed head, a limp form, with startling effect. The old, stiff body in "The Lesson in Anatomy" is not more striking than the moving figures in the foreground of "The Night Watch" or the frightened group about the Christ in "The Supper at Emmaus." How ably the man in all his characteristic actions, no more so in the seated bulk of the figures in "The Old Shyndler" than in the whole-souled look of a woman's face or the sunlight dashing full upon the arms of a windmill! He always caught the salient feature, the telling truth. And he needed no classic figures or ideal proportions in his art. The type of Raphael, for instance, would have been too coldly regular, too self-conscious, for him. He required the rugged burgher, the worn outcast, and the pallid pilgrim for his art. These he found about him in the streets of Amsterdam. He never went beyond the town for his types. His tale was told with the new vigor of the old. The stern verities of the same at Amsterdam as at Athens or Rome. Rembrandt proved it in his art, and therein lay not a little of his greatness.

In the technical power of expressing himself the great Dutchman was singularly well equipped. He was a consummate draughtsman, but in no academic, Raphaelesque sense. The human figure was to him something more than an outlined silhouette. He had bulk, mass, weight, light and shade. So he drew it in a naturalistic rather than a classic way, relying largely upon reflections of light by shade, and modeling the point with his thumb when it pleased him. The object of this was, of course, to produce an exact representation of the model before him. His hands were not painted like Leonardo's, but how like them and how they look! His faces were not gracefully rounded in the contours like Correggio's, but how he set the eye in its socket! How he painted the mouth, cheek and jaw! How he modeled the head and how firmly he placed it on the shoulders! The shadow cast by the hat across the forehead of "The Gilder" is not brown paint, but apparently a real shadow; the ruffs in the Van Beresteyn portraits seem real ruffs; the cloth in "The Man-of-war" picture at Dresden, quite such realistic presentation in art as his. The petty insistences of Dou and Meissonier and all the little men of the paint brush are but so much child's play by comparison. They giggled and tortured a canvas to produce a deceptive surface, but Rembrandt was always concerned with the larger truth of mass and volume.

A most potent means in Rembrandt's hands of producing the realistic appearance was his light and shade. And yet it was arbitrary and uncompromising to the last degree. He narrowed the focus of his light to a single shaft and then drove it, forced it, distorted it by sharp contrast with shadow. In his portraiture he threw the highest illumination upon the forehead, the nose and the chin, allowed the shadows to deepen suddenly along the cheeks, the sides of the head and the throat, and then plunged the background in darkness. This produced the effect of a head peering sharply out of gloom—a powerful method of presentation, even if not exactly true to the law of sunlight. A big-lamp illuminates darkness after that manner, but the sun does not. And Rembrandt found this out to his mortification when he essayed the large figure-piece, the method of lighting that answered so perfectly in his stands for the single figure, the portrait and the small canvas generally, was wholly inadequate when applied to many figures on a large scale. This is the fault in "The Night Watch." It is illuminated by big-lamp flashes on different faces but by no all-pervading sunlight from above. No wonder people insisted that what Rembrandt meant for a day scene was a night scene by torch-light. There is no sunlight in it. For the portrait Rembrandt's method of lighting was well adapted, but even there it was artificial and sacrificial. It perverted color as it did light. Rembrandt never preserved the local values of hues, except as it pleased him. He sacrificed the half-tones to the full-tones and the half-tones of color to the full-tones without a qualm. His method required it. The color had to decrease as violently as the light, and Rembrandt was a slave to his own invention. And yet for all that he was a colorist of great power. He knew that hues were beautiful in themselves and he knew how to arrange them in beautiful combinations. He knew, also, the subtlety, the richness and the depth of tones. Somehow, in spite of his distortions, his bleachings, his washings of color, he is always harmonious. He might, perhaps, have been a greater colorist had he been less of a chiaroscuroist, but we must accept him as we find him. A smaller man would not have dared his transgressions, but men like Rembrandt and Michael Angelo dare anything and are successful by virtue of individual power.

And, after all, to prove Rembrandt arbitrary or artificial in his lighting and coloring is not to prove him wrong. The chances are a hundred to one that he adopted the only method with which he could express himself. The genius of the man invented it, and, though we may question it, we cannot gainsay the powerful results produced by it. The epoch-creating man always does it. By making his own tools—and surely Rembrandt dates an epoch in art. Mentally, emotionally, technically, pictorially, he

(Continued on Fifth Page.)