

ing, with the additional mishap of having it built with stone that decays before the structure can be finished, as is the case with this same Palace of Westminster. Where is the fault? We suppose it to be due to red-tapeism. This new ism may be defined as a disease peculiar to constitutionalism. A prime minister ranks over an architect in a royal procession, and, therefore, is entitled to control the plan and style of a royal building. Forms never can be sacrificed to function in constitutional minds. The Duke of Wellington saw Van Amburgh and his tigers, and knowing Landseer painted animals, made the artist paint the cage and contents, as the duke saw it. Taste and feeling must yield to constitutional will.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1861.

Sketchings.

Now that the whole feeling of the country is violently swelling with the war fever, now that its two great sections are about to come into deadly conflict, we hope some small margin is left upon which we may plead the cause of Art and the CRAYON. As we cannot in these times hope to add any new subscribers to our list, may we not reasonably call upon our old ones to do all they can for us. A speedy payment of their subscriptions will serve us materially and enable us to bear up against the trials of the times. To each of our subscribers the amount is but small, yet in the aggregate it is important to us. War is but temporary, the crash of a volcano, but Art is permanent, and unceasingly working for good. Let us, therefore, hope that our friends will not be unmindful of us, will supply us with the fuel of our machinery, and thereby protect art and the CRAYON from being lost in the smoke, din and dust of the war tempest.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

NEW YORK.—“Our Seventh Regiment is still at Washington,” says a correspondent, “and was at one time quartered in the midst of those panels in the Hall of Representatives, which you know were designed for national paintings. Why could not the artists of the ‘Seventh’ have had a premonition of this—it would have been so easy to have packed colors and brushes in their knapsacks, and have forced some good art on the government at the point of the bayonet. Capt. Meigs, who has so skillfully engineered for artists at Washington, might have profited by the occasion. How easy to order Corporal Gifford to stand by his colors at a landscape, and Captain Shumway to take off the heads of his company—professionally, of course. A cluster of miniatures of the gallant Seventh, and a glorious landscape of the Empire State in the Hall of Representatives, sketched by artists on duty in defence of the Capitol, would not, dear Crayon, be insignificant or valueless art to the country.” Desirable as this would be, we fear the opportunity is gone, never to return.

While on the war theme, we would make a passing allusion to the diverse and brilliant uniforms that abound in our streets. The Zouave costume and modifications of it seems to be the favorite. The red fez cap and voluminous “breeks,” jaunty blue jacket, linen gaiters and a girdle armed with a pistol and dirk, do certainly present a dashing and formidable picture. It seems fully to symbolize the Byronic temperament of Young America. Of course, this uniform is an importation, and it remains to be proved whether or not it is adapted to the conditions of warfare in our country. There is something odd in the fact that the Western man should be taking up a style of uniform which the Oriental has but lately discarded, the Turkish army being now dressed in the uniform of the European soldier.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Design took place on the 8th ult. The following officers and new members were duly elected:

President, S. F. B. Morse.

Vice-President, Henry Peters Gray.

Corresponding Secretary, T. Addison Richards.

Recording Secretary, J. B. Stearns.

Treasurer, Thomas S. Cummings.

These officers, assisted by Messrs. D. Huntington, J. W. Oasilear, J. F. Kensett, Wm. Hart, Edwin White and R. W. Hubbard, form the Council elect. The Council, assisted by Messrs. Launt Thompson and David Johnson, of the Associates, form the Committee of Arrangements for the next annual exhibition.

The following Associates were made Academicians: A. F. Bellows, James Bogle, W. S. Haseltine, David Johnson, Henry A. Loop, Jervis McEntee, A. D. Shattuck, William L. Sontag, R. M. Staigg, W. Whittredge, S. W. Rowse and J. A. Suydam.

The following artists were elected Associates of the Academy: W. H. Beard, E. Bowers, J. R. Brevoort, Chas. T. Dix, W. J. Hennessy, Thos. Le Clear, Chas. H. Moore, J. G. Brown, E. W. Nichols, F. Rondel, E. Saintin, C. G. Thompson, Geo. Q. Thorndike, John Williamson, Alex. Wust and Marcus Waterman.

Church's picture of Icebergs, called “The North,” seems to be the only artistic novelty of the day. We regard it as a remarkable painting. Whatever its merit may be in relation to its subject, it may at least be accepted as a peculiar phantasy, and enjoyed as such. There is much fine painting in this picture—startling caprices of color and effect, and exquisite imitation. The water, half rippling, half swelling into its icy bay, is an example of the latter. We do not find much of the grandeur of icebergs as the imagination pictures them floating on the ocean in stately magnificence. On the contrary, the picture suggests a mixture of glacier forms and rocky islands covered with snow, not floating but firmly anchored in some unknown sea. Half closing the eye, we fancy ourselves peeping out of the blue grotto and gazing at the island of Ischia, or some other like it, in a winter dress, wondering how it could have approached so near, and how snow could have so completely draped its rocky sides.

A large and beautiful collection of paintings donated by artists to the general Patriotic Fund, is, at the time

we write, on exhibition at Goupil's. By the time our readers receive the present number the collection will have been sold, and we doubt not a handsome sum realized by it.

G. H. Hall and Frank Howland returned from Europe last month. Kensett has sailed for England, to be absent during the summer. Rowse, we regret to say, has given up his studio in this city and has gone to Boston.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1861.

Dear Crayon:

Thanks to the fine weather, all are now very comfortable in camp—quite the opposite of the case during the first week of our being here, when, with rain and frost and sleeping on the cold, wet ground, it was rather rough. The commissariat was not then well organized, and that added not a little to the discomfort. It was all borne, however, with a cheerfulness and good humor, I am glad to say, that does infinite credit to the Regiment, very few of whom have ever had any experience in roughing it.

Our time is now pretty fully occupied with regular duties. To give you an idea of it, I will describe the daily routine in the camp. At sunrise the drums beat the "reveillé" when every man must up, and in a few minutes after, the order is given, "Company fall in" for roll-call. Then the recruits are drilled for an hour and a half; then breakfast, which each tent may get cooked from the company kitchen, or may draw the rations in crude state and cook them themselves, adding what delicacies we can buy of the hucksters at the gate, such as milk, eggs, pies, molasses, etc. I am "chief" of our tent, and am also commissary and cook. The way I scramble and poach eggs, fry bacon, stew beef, and perform sundry other equally intricate culinary feats, would, though I say it who shouldn't, astonish the *chef* of the Athenæum. I even achieved success in a rice pudding the other day.

At twenty minutes before eight A.M., there is guard mounting—at nine A.M. Company and Recruit drill, the latter lasting of late till noon, which is rather severe considering that one hour is the usual limit. The recruits are rapidly "getting up" in the drill. I suppose the news of my promotion to the distinguished rank of "Corporal of the recruit squad," has already reached you. Our Captain takes great pains with his recruits, drilling them himself instead of leaving them to the sergeants. Yesterday, a number of the recruits, of whom I was one, were put into the company for the first time and went on parade. We went with fear and trembling, but I observed we went through the manœuvres and manual as well as any.

After dinner we have target practice for an hour or more, in the wood, back of the camp. At four P.M., the tents must be in order, and every man with clean belts in front of him for inspection by the officer of the day. Then there is Company drill, followed at five and a half o'clock by Regimental parade. At this time almost every day the regiment is reviewed by some member of the Cabinet or officer of rank. A few days since we were reviewed by the President and Secretary Seward.

These reviews constitute a chief attraction in the military displays of the army at Washington, and are daily attended by what of beauty and fashion remains there.

After parade comes supper, and after supper conversation, songs and visiting through the camp till ten P.M., when the "tattoo" beats, and every one goes to quarters; at ten and a half o'clock "tap" is the signal for every light to be out. From that time till sunrise sleep and silence reign in the camp. Nothing is heard at night but the challenges of the sentinels and the tramp of the relieving guard. Every one sleeps in his clothes, and, if the night is cold, in overcoat and boots. I have not had my clothes off, except for washing and change of underclothes, since I left New York, in April. Twice we have received orders to sleep on our arms and have everything in readiness to jump and "fall in" instantly at the sound of the "long roll," which is the alarm in case of attack. No alarm has been given yet. The Regiment is rather proud of the celerity with which it formed in line of battle on occasion of the alarm at Annapolis.

When I commenced this letter it was with the intention of giving you some sketches of the picturesque aspects of camp life; but I believe I am becoming more of a soldier than a painter, the duties of the former leaving little time for the indulgence of the inclinations of the latter. The fact is that for the landscape painter the camp and the surrounding country offer but little material. For the figure painter, however, there are innumerable scenes and episodes full of interest of all sorts, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." As I have no time at this present writing to speak of them, I must leave it for another letter, should I find time to write it.

Leutze has been to see me a number of times, and has been a good deal about the camp making memoranda. He will find great use for the material he collects here, in his military subjects.

I was at his studio in Washington the other day, and found him making a design for a certificate of service in the army of the United States for the defence of the Constitution and the Union. He was designing it by direction of the Secretary of State. He has just finished a capital picture of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman, after the spirited drawing that Stone has. The other day he was up here and made a very good drawing of our captain, who stood in full marching costume, blanket, canteen, haversack, etc.

I got a "pass" yesterday, and dined with A—and the Major at Willard's. There was not a woman at the table. Three-fourths of the gentlemen were in uniform.

Camp-life agrees with me. I find my waistband is getting too tight—no thanks, though, to the commissary department. We would fare rather slenderly if we were obliged to depend altogether on the army rations, which are sometimes very meagre. But with what we can buy of the hucksters about the camp, and the generous contributions of personal friends in New York, we fare well—at least our tent does. You would hardly recognize your friends here. Nearly every man

in the Regiment has his hair cropped close, "fighting fashion."

P.S.—I had a letter from McEntee, who is first lieutenant in the 20th Regiment. The regiment is now at the Junction.

Literary Record.

THE SHADOWY LAND AND OTHER POEMS, INCLUDING THE GUESTS OF BRAZIL. By Rev. Gurdon Huntington, A.M. New York: James Miller, 1861.

In this volume of over 500 pp. we perceive ample evidence that a good heart, a calm temperament, a meditative and observing mind, were united in its production—every poem has its moral or religious import, and whether the author leads us through the mystic regions of the Shadowy Land, by the bright flowing waters of the blue Mohawk, or detains us musing in the Valley by the Mountains, his thoughts are ever tending up "through Nature to Nature's God."

The longest poem, entitled the "Shadowy Land—a brief Epic," is an undisguised imitation of the Miltonic style, nor does the author hesitate to admit his indebtedness to the great bard. The first book opens with a description of that intermediate state of departed souls, which supposes them still to occupy a probationary position, until the day of final judgment. This "Shadowy Land," is divided by our poet into Paradise or Elysium and a "vast realm of cloud and shade where dwell the bad." The inhabitants of the latter are represented as occupying themselves in those avocations in which they most delighted while on earth. Into this region Satan sometimes comes from his own home in the "lowest hell." Having advised with his compeers, and obtained the alliance of the condemned in this region of darkness, a hostile invasion of Elysium is projected which had once before been unsuccessfully attempted; the failure occurring through the want of a suitable bridge to span the chasm which separates Elysium from the outer hell. An attack upon Heaven itself is talked of, but abandoned for this apparently more feasible object.

The time is apparently well selected, being that period while the second person of the Trinity is incarnate upon earth; the angelic rebels remembering their terrible overthrow by the Messiah in their previous attack on Heaven (*vide* Paradise Lost) hope better success, now that his aid is necessarily withdrawn. The first necessity of the campaign is to provide for bridging the chasm; and for this purpose Satan invents a movable bridge for the support of which, he details a sufficient number of his minions to uphold it, while the main army of invasion shall pass over. In the meanwhile, news of the menaced attack is brought to Elysium, creating great consternation there, and much mourning on the part of Eve, who looks upon this evil report, as but a continuation of the direful effects of her original sin. "Hope," which had hitherto sat enthroned in Elysium, found her seat usurped by "Fear," but the former still lingered in the blessed region, and active measures for defence commence. A commissioner is sent up to the highest heavens for aid, and is in-

formed by a Seraph, that the Elysians may depend upon an armed intervention if that becomes necessary. Ambassadors are also sent by Adam, who acts as an informal sort of generalissimo of the army, to "gain by parley a brief hour or two." The selected envoys are Joshua, Samson and David; they are received with diplomatic courtesy by Satan, who offers them

"some clime

Equally fair, delectable and sweet,"

if they will peaceably yield to him the keys of Elysium. The offer is indignantly refused, and after other stratagems to inveigle them into a dishonorable treaty, the ambassadors set out on their return. Samson, separating himself from his companions, is entrapped by the watchful demons, who removing the props of the ground on which he stands precipitate him below; while stunned and confused, they cast over him a jovian net of "adamantine strength," and the unfortunate envoy is borne away by monsters to a rock hewn prison within the bounds of hell. Joshua and David are met by a genuine-guide from above, and safely reconducted to the Elysian towers. Here, some are armed for defence, while others solicit the "ever listening ear" for celestial aid.

During the battle the much desired, and really much needed heavenly assistance is granted, by a strategical false show of brightness being thrown upon a certain portion of the hellish host, so that they are mistaken for Elysians by the Satanic army, and hence a fratricidal carnage ensues, suspended after much mischief done, by the discovery of the mistake. The battle, as in Paradise Lost, is terminated by the appearance on the scene of the unexpected Messiah, who having descended to Hades immediately after the crucifixion, opportunely arrives to the rescue of his elect, and

"joined his angels in the clash

Of war upon Elysian's verge."

over which Hell's king is driven with all his hosts. This word "verge," by the way, seems a very favorite one with the author; it does duty throughout the Shadowy Land for every one of its synonyms, on all possible occasions.

In a note to this poem the author deprecates "comparisons," undoubtedly meaning with Milton, and though the professional critic may complacently forbear, it will be impossible for readers to repress the spontaneous associations, which link so many of the incidents, phrases and ideas of this poem with that of Paradise Lost.

The plot, as will be observed, necessarily engages the same parties in the action, while the invasion of Elysium, bears too great a similitude to the attempted invasion of heaven in the English epic to be overlooked; while the same means, namely, the intervention in bodily presence of the Messiah is so prominently like, that what there is of originality in the poem, is overwhelmed in the many resemblances which the memory persistently thrusts upon the reader.

Many passages in this poem are majestic in their movement, and the heroic elevation of style is well maintained to the end of the fourth book, after which