

## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1860.

## Sketchings.

## THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

In our last number we published an article on "Naked Art," which has resulted in some curious illustrations of the liberty of the press. Those who merely look at the freedom of the press from a political point of view, know nothing of the social shackles to which it may be secretly subjected—of the penalties which a journalist may have to pay for carrying into practice a principle with which the modern mind would seem to be intoxicated. In one sense, the liberty of the press, if not a fiction, is certainly an ideal thing—something to dream about, but fatal to carry into the moving realities of life. It is a secular branch of the mind, springing from the same trunk as the theological idea of private judgment, which might best be explained by bringing together the disciples of Moses, Mahomet, the Pope, Martin Luther, and John Calvin, and giving to each the power to dispose of the other as the inquisition disposed of unfortunate heretics.

It is said that Galen, owing to the ignorance and prejudices of his time, when excluded from the dissection of the human subject had recourse to the dissection of apes. It would be well for journalists, likewise, if they could turn away, as profitably as Galen did, from the criticism of men and their works to apes and their works. But this is out of the nature of things, as journalists have to live; and money being necessary thereto, they have to conform to the conventional arrangements of society in order to get it or starve. Fortunately, every community is cut up into religious, political, and artistic fractions, and each fraction is characterized by varying shades of opinions, tastes, and beliefs. To each fraction are allotted journalists, who must echo the opinions of their subscribers, bolster up their interests, truckle to their prejudices, blow incense into their nostrils, or be ostracized. Now, modern ostracism, however malignant, has not the dignity of that of the Greeks. The Athenians disposed of their honest men in an open and general manner, by exiling them to foreign regions; our modern Athenians, in view of the immense extent of American territory, allow their victims to stay at home, but carry out their revenge by stopping their subscriptions to journals which they suppose incapable of living without their assistance.

Money, though rightly considered a common measure of values, is seldom given in exchange for anything else without carrying with it a conventional idea of *favor* or *charity*. As a modern writer says, "In countries where the acquisition of wealth is the prime object of the majority of the people, money power is one of the greatest and most difficult to guard against."

"The age of bargaining hath come;  
And noble name and cultured land,  
Palace, and park, and vassal band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschilds and the Barings."

Now, though we live in a bargaining age, and belong to a money-loving race—though everything is measured by and reduced down to a mere money standard, yet we have a Cromwellian faith in the "CRAYON" being worth, to everybody who can read, the metallic or paper sum of three dollars per annum,

whether we publish opinions in or out of harmony with those of our subscribers. Those who think otherwise, or would deny us the privilege of opening our columns to opinions honestly and temperately expressed, and without any personal malignity or animosity, are welcome to adopt their peculiar mode of revenge, that of withdrawing their subscription.

Those who clamor most for the liberty of the press—those who regard it as an important instrument of social well-being and national salvation—those who mourn its absence in other countries, are most hostile to it whenever their own petty interests and personal vanities are disturbed by it. The liberty of the press and the interests of the pocket very often conflict; and we all know that the latter is paramount in the present stage of human advancement.

We attach less importance, ourselves, to the modern idea of the liberty of the press than most persons. Like every passionate notion of human right, it can be easily overrated and swelled into factitious importance. Few men are capable of forming opinions, or of expressing them, though many are capable of tossing around, in angry discussions, the opinions of others after they have lost the whole or the greater part of their value. If we regard the promotion of order as an indication of the value of the freedom of the press, we shall be somewhat humbled in our views as to its importance; if we regard it as an instrument of thought, or even as the diffuser of the best thoughts of our age, we shall be equally at a loss to discover the importance generally attached to it. As yet it has done nothing perceptibly to bring men to a greater unity of thought or action; as yet it has done nothing to strike a more even balance between social and personal interests, to rule out factions, and give a higher aim to human ambition. Instead of mastering, it is mastered by the social conditions through which it exists; and we are never less sensible of its value than when it is craved for by those who do not possess it. The truth is, the press shares the lot of every human agency; it is quite as likely to be abused as used, and can never be much if anything better than the state of society contemporaneous with it. The pulpit, the bar, and the press, as social branches, have exaggerated their importance in being unconscious of the silent growth of other forces in their great parent trunk—have looked upon themselves as causes when but effects. The venal tendency of the press is likely to destroy its moral influence, and drag it down to a mere thing of traffic. The most successful presses of the world are not very unlike the most successful men of the world—beautiful without, rotten within. When the world crowns its disciples it is generally at the expense of their souls; and though success lackers all things, it is no proof against the pitiless tooth of time.

We propose to show, by the publication of the following letters, how some persons regard the liberty of the press, and the summary means adopted by them to crush the "CRAYON" for daring to publish views on naked art, which no man would dare to controvert publicly under his own signature.

"I do not wish to continue a subscriber to the 'CRAYON' next year."

"I find that my daily and pictorial papers quite exceed the time which I am enabled to give to their perusal; and as my subscription to the 'CRAYON' expires on the 31st instant, I feel obliged to ask its discontinuance on that day."

"Please find inclosed three dollars, amount of subscription to the 'CRAYON' for this year, after which I do not wish to subscribe to a

journal that would publish so invidious an article as the one entitled 'naked art.'"

"I have read an article ('naked art') in the December number of the 'CRAYON,' which I think you will find will do no good to yourself, your paper, or the cause of true art. I enjoy the pleasure, however, of thinking that you are not the author of this ignorant, filthy, obscene expression of fanaticism.

"It would seem that through the heart (if he had one) of this *very* 'Christian' and 'religious' (?) writer flows *not* warm human blood, but coagulated vitriol. If the 'CRAYON' participates in the views of this 'crackbrain' effusion in any degree—and to infer that it does fully is but reasonable—please erase my name from the list of subscribers."

There is little doubt on our part that the above stoppages are all due to one and the same cause, namely, the publication of our article on naked art. There is a geographical connection between them that discloses the real motive, even when not expressed on the part of the writer.

## DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

BALTIMORE.—A correspondent (to whom we are much indebted) says, "It was my intention immediately after the first Soirée of the *Allston Association*, to send you an account of its success and the features of interest by which it was marked; but unceasing business occupation has not afforded me leisure for the purpose until this rather late hour. The number of members with their lady guests amounted to about two hundred. The parlors and hall were hung with the choicest exhibition of paintings probably ever collected in this city, numbering about 125 originals, including exquisite specimens of the following artists: *French*—Frère (Edw.), Chavet, Chaplin, Couturier, Duverger, L'Enfant de Metz. *English*—The Herrings, Meadows, Creswick, Jutsum, and others. *Dutch* and *German*—Ostade, Ommeganck, Wanderer, Meyer of Bremen, Koster, and others. New York was represented by Cropsey, Church, Durand, Kensett, the Harts, Tait, Hays, Sonntag, Gray, Mignot, E. Johnson, Colman, Staigg, Rossiter, Lang, Suydam, Ames, Oertel, Darley, Carmiencke; and Philadelphia, by Weber, Richards, and Moran. Of our own artists, Miller, Mayer, Newell, Weidenbach, M'Dowell, Tiffany, Bowers, Thompson, and Volkman, jr., were contributors. The pictures were hung with excellent taste and judgment, and it was a rare and agreeable feature that all were *upon the line*. The vestibule was hung with crayon drawings, including a fine pastoral by Darley, and "The Prophets," by Oertel. The reading-room and smoking-room exhibited a collection of valuable and choice engravings, including works of Rembrandt, Morghen, Louis, Schaffer, of Frankfort, Mandel, Lewis, and Landseer.

"In the course of the evening a choice entertainment of classical music was given, comprising a trio, by Pesca, for piano, violin, and violoncello; the piano part performed by Professor Courlaender, a member of the Association, the violin and violoncello by Messrs. Mahr and Ahrend, who are probably unsurpassed in the performance of music of this character. Besides the trio, a concerto for violin and piano, a violoncello solo and piano solos were performed. A supper at eleven o'clock closed the first general re-union of the Association, with which all appeared abundantly satisfied.

"So much for the Soirée. A few words as to what the Association is doing and desires to do, may be interesting. We number already nearly 200 members—united primarily by a love of the arts and a desire to increase our enjoyment, taste,

and knowledge of them. We are contributing to the support of a Life School, which assembles twice a week, a class of steadfast and laborious students, amateur and professional. Saturday evening at "The Allston" is always enlivened by a more general assemblage of members, and the production of portfolios of drawings, engravings, or original sketches, and by entertaining talk; and the "Sketch Book," on the reading-room table, receives constantly facetious contributions from the members. We have evenings of classical music *every fortnight*, and are forming a small library of the best music, which includes already the complete piano sonatas of Beethoven and Mozart, many of the operas of the latter arranged for the piano, symphonies of these two great masters, and overtures of Mendelssohn and Spohr, arranged for four hands; and is to comprise generally such music as is not often to be found in private collections.

"The exhibition of pictures or designs is to be a permanent, not merely an *occasional* feature of our Association. It is the purpose of the Association, *so far as their means will permit*, to gather works of Art from all quarters, the transportation and insurance on them to beat their own expense. In carrying out this object they will need, however, an active interest and co-operation among artists abroad; and let me hope to find such interest and co-operation especially in your city. New York is fast concentrating the Art-fraternity within her own limits, and Associations such as ours may afford them a needful extension of the field for exhibition and sale of their productions."

G. B. C.

The second Soirée is to take place on the 10th inst., and promises to be a brilliant affair.

PHILADELPHIA.—An exhibition, chiefly of Rothermel's works, is now open in the new gallery, corner of Fifteenth and Market streets. Most of Rothermel's late works are there, and they furnish an interesting study, showing, as they do, real progress since his going abroad.

Lewis is to spend the winter in the southern coast of Cuba; and Perry has gone to New Orleans.—Buchanan Read is engaged upon portraits here.—Furness is at present in Boston.—Schuessle's "Trial of Jackson at New Orleans" is nearly finished; it promises to be a fine work. Schuessle's pictures are not so well known as they deserve to be.—Trotter is engaged upon two cattle-subjects—larger and more important works than heretofore. One of them represents a train of cattle following a man enticing them along with salt. It is an excellent picture.

The collection of statues and pictures belonging to the late J. J. Van Syckel was sold on the morning of Dec. 8th. The prices of some of the principal works were—"Violin Player" and "Sappho," small life-size statues, by Steinhauser \$700 each; a "Crab-Catcher," by the same, brought, \$450. Two small bas-reliefs by Bartholomew, were sold. The chief American pictures were "Lake Lucerne," by Whitridge, which realized \$300; "Crazy Nora" and "Philadelphia Cakeman," by Winner, brought \$32 and \$26; "View in Italy," by Montalant, \$100; "The Doge Foscarini," by Rothermel, one of the largest and best of this artist's works was knocked down to Mr. Bucknel at \$987 50. The sketch for the picture of Lear brought \$175, and a study for the head of Lear, \$60, both by Rothermel. Two winter pictures, a "Marine View" and "Vessels in Port," by Bonfield, brought \$47, \$35, and \$52. "The Goatherd," by Jeremy Wilson, \$62, and a "Donkey's head," life-size, \$115. A small repetition of Hasenclever's "Wine-tasters," brought \$87½; a "Boat-Race on the Scheldt," by Pliersier, \$140; "Too late for the Cars," by Zimmerman, \$210; "Scene at a Mill," by Eagles,

\$182; "The Birth of Venus," by Steinbrück \$760; "View near Chamouni," by Bürkel, \$152.

**PITTSBURG.**—An exhibition of works of Art is to be held in this town. The first exhibition of paintings ever held west of the Alleghanies was gotten up by J. R. Lambdin (the veteran and true friend of our home Art in Philadelphia), more than thirty years ago.

**CHICAGO.**—In the report of the Chicago Historical Society we are told, in reference to the late exhibition of the Fine Arts, that "the first meeting was held on the 22d of March, the invitation to contributors announced the 12th of April, and the exhibition was opened to the public on the 9th of May. The collection consisted of 20 specimens of statuary, over 320 paintings in oil, with some twenty in crayon, or water colors. There were catalogued 369 works of Art, from about seventy contributors. Twelve thousand persons were registered as the number of visitors, producing in gross receipts from admission tickets and the sale of catalogue \$1,942 99; of which was expended \$1,123 55, leaving a surplus of \$819 44. By a vote of the contributor, this amount was placed at the disposal of Mr. Volk, the curator, to assist his wish of revisiting Italy; the artist in return to execute a bust in marble for the library of the Historical Society. Notice, was taken in the report, of the merit of the works on exhibition, the general favor with which it was received and its benefits in promoting a higher taste for Art; and the zeal, judgment, and fidelity of the curator, on whom the chief executive labor had devolved, was favorably referred to."

**TROY.**—An exhibition is to be opened in this city, sometime during the month of January, under the supervision of a number of intelligent, earnest young men, who are as able to advance the interests of art as they are willing to do so, only requiring the sympathy of artists and amateurs to sustain them. Artists and possessors of works of art, are respectfully urged to contribute some of their treasures. The exhibition will be unusually interesting. Palmer's Little Peasant, Spring, and one of his child-busts, than which there is nothing more beautiful in American sculpture, are to be in the collection; also several water-color drawings by Birket Foster. Last year the exhibition realized a handsome profit; enough to secure four pictures for a permanent gallery, one each by Durand, Gifford, W. Hart, and Dix, which pictures, it is hoped, will be finished and on hand when the exhibition opens. The spirit which animates the projectors of this exhibition in Troy, may be cited as an example for others who wish to foster a sound healthy art-encouragement. The aim is to secure *original* art, such as the community understand and prize. It is the only spirit out of which schools grow into character and influence.

**WASHINGTON.**—It is scarcely necessary to state that the Artists' Convention will open at this city on the 10th inst., the date of its meeting having been so well advertised. The importance of a full attendance of artists cannot be over-estimated. The art-commissioners require it, in order to strengthen their hands in the important work they have to accomplish; and other interests require it, especially in respect to the propriety of levying a duty on foreign works of art, in the prospective alteration of the tariff. If artists do not look to their own interests, we can assure them nobody else will.

**BOSTON.**—A fair lately held in Boston for the purpose of raising funds to erect Ball's equestrian statue of Washington, resulted favorably. A sum sufficient to warrant the artist in

beginning the work is in the treasury. More money will, doubtless, be required; but in such a cause Boston will not be behind-hand. Statues of Washington, as symbols of self-control, and other passive virtues that ennoble man, were never so much wanted as at the present time.

The New England Society of New York has commissioned Ball to execute a colossal statue of Webster—another good artistic movement.

One of Ball's latest works is a cabinet-size bust of Henry Ward Beecher, a work that is conspicuous for its artistic treatment. The likeness is perfectly satisfactory, and the character, which an artist only can seize and place before us, is equally so. This bust gives the best quality of Mr. Beecher's expression; it has a contemplative look, as if he were drinking in the inspiration which underlies his eloquence. We are glad to chronicle these labors of Mr. Ball, and note the appreciation of his ability which these commissions demonstrate; he has waited patiently and labored faithfully for it.

Measures are being taken by the Alumni of Harvard to raise money to give W. W. Story a commission for a statue of Josiah Quincy, to be placed in the college grounds at Cambridge.

Rembrandt Peale delivered his lecture on the Washington Portraits at Cambridge, as stated by Dwight's Journal in the following extract:

The venerable Rembrandt Peale repeated by request on Wednesday evening, at Cambridge, his lecture on the portraits of Washington. He said that, in place of appropriate music, to beguile the tediousness of waiting for the hour of beginning, he had placed before the audience a picture of the patron saint of Music, St. Cæcilia, just painted by himself in his *eighty-second* year. The audience were pleased by this graceful exordium, as they had been in looking at the beautiful picture. Mr. Peale went on to give an account of the various portraits of Washington, historical and critical, sometimes excusing himself by saying that he was one of the few now living, of whom there would very soon be none, who had looked upon the living form of Washington, and could speak from personal recollection and personal study. His lecture was interspersed with many anecdotes, and copies of some ten of the portraits, framed and finely lighted, so as to be seen by all the audience, among them his *seventy-sixth* copy of his own picture, which was received with much applause. Mr. Peale's lecture was gracefully delivered, in a clear, sweet voice, and the venerable appearance of the aged artist added not a little to the interest with which the audience listened to him.

No lecture can possibly have greater attractions to an audience anywhere in the United States than this, alike from its subject, its merit, and its illustrations. It should be heard in every great city in the land, if such a thing could be, without utterly exhausting the endurance of the venerable artist. Long may he live to tell his recollections of the face and person of Washington!

We are reminded by the above of the following interesting correspondence, taken from the Boston Transcript:

*Mr. Haskell:*

DEAR SIR—Feeling that anything relating to Mr. Peale must be interesting to the public during his visit to the city, and having found among my father's papers a letter of his, written *fifty-three* years since, which is most creditable to his modesty as well as his grace in composition, I have no hesitation in offering it to you for publication at this time.

JANE STUART.

8 Beacon street, Dec. 1, 1859.

"PHILADELPHIA, March 24th, 1806.

DEAR SIR—Encouraged by my great fondness for the art which you profess and I am studying, I thus commence a correspondence, not without risk of being thought impertinent. If I had no other

motive, it would be sufficient, that of possessing some pleasing evidence of your approbation or the friendly advice of so experienced an instructor. In pursuance of the advice of Mr. West, I have settled in Philadelphia, where I have built myself a better painting room than I could rent, and for the purpose of raising money, getting practice, and having a few pictures hung about, am painting for a while, at half price, as I call it, (at first 25, now 30 dollars). My last and greatest improvement I have effected by following the advice of Sir Joshua, to study by lamp-light, the effect of which delights me, by the precision of the light, beauty of the shadows and richness of the reflections. It seems to favor the manner which I have heard you say principally distinguished you from Mr. West, in producing the effects of projection, instead of depending, merely, on the accuracy of the outline.

“Probably you were acquainted with Gainsborough, who employed this mode of study—and may have known whether Sir Joshua practised the plan which he approved of. Now that I find myself reanimated with that love for the Art which is so connected with its attainment, I particularly regret the want of those conversations with which I have been occasionally indulged, and which it is not flattery in me to say you know how to render so agreeable and instructive. On receiving them my vanity would persuade me that you were pleased to distinguish me by more than common courtesy; and yet I could never so far divest myself of an unprofitable timidity as to let you know how desirous I was, upon some footing or other, to be indebted to you for further instructions. You have freely explained to me some of the principles of the art, which have assisted me much; but how much beyond this I ought to have sought from you, I could not determine, conscious as I was of being unable to make you any other return than gratitude that could be worthy your acceptance. If in due time my portfolio should contain an answer to this, it will ever be seen with pleasure, as an evidence of your good will to a young fellow-countryman, seeking the path which you have trod, and which you cannot desire to see overrun with weeds.

Respectfully your obliged

REMBRANDT PEALE.

MR. C. G. STUART, *Portrait Painter, Boston.*

ST. LOUIS.—The very severe weather has stopped all building operations. The Academy will not be completed before March next, and the Schools will not be started this winter; so all prospects for Antique and Life drawing are stopped until spring.

NEW YORK.—The sale of Mr. Rossiter's pictures took place at the rooms of the National Academy of Design, on the 20th ult. The principal pictures realized as follows: “The First Lesson” brought \$225; “Primitive Life in America,” \$260; “Giorgione going to the Lido,” \$180; “Wise and Foolish Virgins,” the largest in the collection, \$525; “Washington reading to his Family,” \$175; “Country Post-office,” \$150, and “City Post-office,” \$141; “At the Opera,” \$90; “Isola Bella,” \$172; “Coast of Italy,” \$125; “The Patrician,” \$155; “Moonlight in the Wilderness,” \$120; “Joan of Arc in Prison,” \$105. The smaller pictures were sold chiefly at very low prices. The total amount realized from the sale was \$5,222 50.

At a meeting of the Artists' Reception Association, held in Dodsworth's building, December 8th, Messrs. George H. Hall, D. Huntington, and A. D. Shattuck were elected the Executive Committee for the coming year. The new members elected were, S. R. Gifford, E. Leutze, E. Johnson, Edwin White, C. G. Thompson, J. A. Oertel, C. T. Dix, L. Thompson, D. Johnson, J. R. Brevoort, A. W. Warren, Louis Lang, and A. Bierstadt. There are now sixty members. The association was permanently organized, and a constitution adopted. There will be three receptions annually, one in each of the months of Janu-

ary, February, and March. The first takes place on the 5th of January, and the two following on the first Thursday of each month.

Several fine crayon drawings by Barry, including a portrait of Whittier, and that beautiful composition called “The Motherless,” (before alluded to in the CRAYON), are to be seen at Mr. Nichols' gallery. Mr. Barry, we believe, is to take a studio in this city.

We have also to mention two crayon drawings by Hanley, at Goupil & Co.'s gallery, as among the best examples of this style of art. At the same place there will be found a large picture by Ziem—a view in Venice, and one of the latest importations of the French school.

MESSESS. W. J. STILLMAN and G. Fuller sailed on the 22d ult. for Europe.

#### COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

GALVESTON (TEXAS), October 18, 1859.

Dear Crayon:

If you were ever absent eight months from civilized fires, a burning prairie being your frequent hearth, you could appreciate the satisfaction of sitting down bathed, shaved, and well-behaved, in the coffee-room of the Tremont House, Galveston. The above period has passed since I left Mazatlan; and except for the trifling discomforts that appertain naturally to rough travel—such as wet, danger, cold and heat, coarse fare and *toujours perdrix* (would that it had been), at that—has passed delightfully. The scenery through which we plunged, waded, climbed, and crawled, has exceeded anything I have yet encountered, not so much in any specific element as in variety. You mount to table-lands, where perpetual spring encamps; far above you soar lonely mountain-peaks whose grandeur recalls the Alps; far below in the distance stretches desert after desert; beneath, at your feet, lie delicious valleys in their repose, their warmth, their abundant color, their sheltered knolls and dells, and forests, while running across the view and the horizon, rolls, perhaps, a monstrous Smaragditic serpent, that here and there breaks into gold scales of sunlight, or hides itself between seeming thickets. These thickets, though, are forests, and the serpent is the Pecos, or the Rio Grande del Norte, the Colorado, or the Gila. What names all these rivers have! But for that matter, our own also. In truth, our fine Indian and Spanish titles are things to be thankful for, and it is a daily wonder to me that the Mississippi is not the Washington, the Missouri the Lafayette, the Rappahannock the Burr, and so on. But such views as the one mentioned are merely way-points in a march of countless miles, for the beautiful and the effective break upon you everywhere. The country is extremely dangerous, abounding in various tribes of Indians, always in a snarl with each other and the rest of mankind. We have travelled sometimes in the body of a government train, Mexican or American, as the case might be, but stopping in any place that struck our fancy, at our own sweet wills, our wills consisting of my own, and that of my travelling companion, our servant Manuel—a rare Spanish specimen, and Ohitiwas, an old Apache, whose other name is Narizado, conferred by the Mexicans, in honor of the handle that adorns his face. Well armed, and mounted on mules, with our effects on two others, we have crossed from the palms and mosquitoes of Mazatlan to the cool Gulf-breezes of Galveston, having had but two skirmishes with the Indians, in the latter of which, however, it is but fair to say that we lost everything, including our weapons and sketches, and perhaps would have added our bodies to the heap if a sudden fright

had not scattered our captors, after which we crept along with some pain and fatigue to the next town, where we obtained relief. These affairs are an every-day occurrence under the Mexican rule; the inhabitants dare not venture a league from the town unless under escort, and regard H— and myself as reckless adventurers. On crossing the frontier into our own dominions, where the settlement is much sparser, the Indians are by no means so formidable, and soon become a jest. This is owing to a better system, and to the fact that we are ostensibly at peace with their Apache and Comanche majesties. Obitwas has been of the greatest service, both as guide, counsellor and friend, being peacemaker with his own tribe, and familiar with the trail of his enemies. Manuel, at first gleam of danger, became a King Log on our hands, only recovering swagger and safety together. One could never have a finer opportunity for sketching these brawny limbs and hides, these tense muscles and savage gestures, and flint-sparkling eyes, than when the contested object of a group of frantic clutches and being beaten over the head with a gun-stock wielded by an arm like an iron trip-hammer. Unfortunately, one sees too many sparks then; and fear seizes the brush, and this paints them indiscriminately black, and you ghastly white, I fancy. Very few of these tribes stoop to rifles; the old-fashioned bows and spears of their ancestors are good enough for them. Picturesque they are in every point of view but one too near—even then, dirt is the picturesque you know. Perhaps you remember Browning's—

Fancy the Pampa's sheen!  
Miles and miles of gold and green,  
Where the sunflowers blow  
In a solid glow,  
And to break now and then the screen  
Black neck and eyeballs keen  
Up a wild horse leaps between.

A splendid picture that last. Add now and then to it a naked bronzed figure of such clear sharp outline as to catch the sun like metal, half-awerling from its seat, and stretching a bow with that grace into which only an Indian's freedom of muscle knows how to render the utterly angular—and you have a sight common enough in the prairies. There is a peculiarity in the region we have just traversed, which I have observed nowhere else but in the East. There are patches of country destitute of the least vegetation and glistening with saline efflorescence, usually called *jornados*, and some hundred miles broad; as you cross these tracts, perpetual mirages, and Fata Morgana hang before your eyes; mountains appear glittering with icy peaks, jewelled half-way with cities of richest architecture, and based in warmest verdure; lakes gleam in broad extent, or waves breaking on a rocky beach with snowy sails sparkling beyond; the whole, fairy-like, constant, and only dissolving as your steady progress changes the point of view.

I wish words could put before you the brilliant flora and foliage here. The latter predominates in mesquit bushes, resembling the acacia, and in live oak; but every rocky wall is covered with the climbing cerns, with the brilliant fouquieras, that thrusts itself like scorpions from every crevice, with cactus—crimson and scarlet and yellow—and with yucas whose peerless blossom is the perfection of snow just bordering on green—nothing purer in the world—and attaining immense height. Now and then we come to a deserted *hacienda*, ruined either by Indians or the war of '48; here, peaches, grapes, pomegranates, and apricots of the most luscious sort, melting in

one's mouth, are to be had for the gathering. What do you say to an oleander bush as tall as a three-storied house, and thickets of vines and Spanish bayonets, impenetrable and intoxicating as far as lavish color can be? We have often ridden all day through chaparral as high as our shoulders, reaching our camping-place only late at night, having plunged through thorn and brier with all their tints and hues lost in the weird-white moonlight, or made mysterious in this most splendid starlight of the South. A boiling spring, an extinct volcano, a ruined city of the Incas, must sum up the attractions of a fatiguing but delightful journey. We do not intend to stop here; but will cross region of precious woods, and summer on the Orinoco; there the orchids and magnificent vegetation which we hope to find, will give us the full glow of tropical beauty, the hem of whose garment merely we have already passed, albeit it has made broad its phylacteries. Galveston is a wide awake business-place, presenting enough contrast with its opposite neighbor, Mazatlan; the people are very hospitable and social, and would like to have good taste.

This morning I opened a packet of letters and papers that had accumulated here during my absence. Imagine the interest with which I unfolded sheet after sheet and read, for instance, the rumors of a war in Italy, the assurance, preparations, progress, and its explosion, like a bad cracker, at the end—all without the intervening fortnight during which you had to wait at home for your serial history. It was quite as fine as any novel. Apropos of novels—a friend from Boston writes me one is shortly to appear there, called "Sir Rohan's Ghost," which will be of some interest to artists—the hero being one himself, and a monomaniac in some sort, to boot, while the book is full of picturesque points and rich in quaint beauty—the work of an artist too. I suppose you have it ere this though. The new book by Hawthorne will be new to me this time next year; that man should have a palette on his thumb and use canvas for paper. Speaking of books, did you ever notice what a fine subject for illustration his *Seven Gables* is? Almost any of the *Twice-told Tales* are series of views. My friend writes also that he learns from a private source that the Landseers will visit this country shortly, in company, probably, with Ruskin; that the emperor has decided to transfer his horrors at Solferino to canvas—and so Vernet has on hand a commission. But all this is perhaps old news to you. If it is true that the Landseers are to come, and as is likely, in pursuit of game, just mention this region I leave. Do they want a yellow sinuous panther pausing for a spring; a snake that is a chain of living gems; red-lipped bears, whose grizzliness is so glossy as to give steel-grey *reflets* in its black; great, gaunt wolves, that bound fearlessly past; communities of prairie burrowers with their guardian owls and domesticated rattlesnakes; plumed herons in mossy dank districts, building over streams; and for the completion of loveliness, a pair of swans flapping heavily inland? Here they are, at their service.

If your patience is not exhausted, mine is. I never wrote so long a letter in my life at one stretch. My next will be from more southern cities yet, perhaps the lost Manoa—who knows?  
J. A. L.

THE ARCHITECTURAL DINNER OF JOHN GRAY, THE GENTLEMAN OF TASTE.

NEW YORK, December 10, 1859.

To the Editor of the Crayon:

Personally unknown to you, permit me to introduce myself. My name is Brown—John Brown, gentleman, living on a res-

pectable competence, acquired in California, and now safely invested in bond and mortgage. I say I am personally unknown to you, and yet, I have no doubt, you will recognize in me a congenial spirit when I state that I am the direct descendant, in fact the son of Philologus Brown, an architect of some renown in the early history of art in this, my beloved native city. It may occur to you, perhaps, to ask why my name is *not* Philologus Brown, jr., as I think it really *ought* to be—and so do many of my friends, for that matter. The reply, as the poets say, hangs upon a little tale. My father, you know, like all artists, was somewhat eccentric, and among other notions, he had a theory that genius descends to the third generation, by vaulting over, as he expressed it, the second, through the inherent force of its rampacious (or some other word, which I forget now) vitality. He would call none of his boys Philologus, but reserved that name for his grandchildren. So when I was old enough to be baptized, he selected for my godfather his intimate friend, John Clearstuff, a humble mechanic, to be sure, but since well known, on account of his connection with my departed parent. When I returned from California, and had made myself snug, as the saying is, I naturally looked around for a position in the world. Then and there the blood coursing in my veins determined me to become a gentleman amateur in architecture, not despising the sister arts, at the same time. What else could society expect of the son of Philologus Brown? said I to my wife, soon after we moved into the Fifth Avenue; and will not society absolutely demand it? I asked peremptorily, and, if so, am I not in duty bound to comply? This last observation was a clincher to my argument. My wife (who, by the way, belongs to one of the oldest families of this city, and whom I got acquainted with after my return from California) had always taught me “to comply,” and so, from mere habit, she answered in this case, “Yes, certainly, Mr. Brown, you ought to comply.” So I looked round, *quietly*, to select a proper circle of friends, people who had a fair reputation, as patrons of art, purchasers of articles of virtue, amateurs, connoisseurs, and general enthusiasts. It is not fashionable, I think, in this country, to include in such cases real practical artists, for, indeed, it would smell too much of the shop. Where gentlemen are surrounded by so much that is vulgar and distasteful, as is always more or less the case in a democratic community, we must be much more careful in the selection of our friends than the aristocracy of Europe, who are hedged in with time-honored customs and prejudices, that prevent disagreeable reflections, even under the most daring intimacy with—what shall I say—why with gentlemen who, though educated and refined perhaps, still have to work for a living—that’s it. I think persons who have not reached an independence, although they may be sometimes invited, to give a kind of reckless tone to a particular dinner, soiree, or other occasion, ought not to be included as exactly among our intimate friends. Foremost among the parties, therefore, whom, upon mature deliberation, I chose to form my particular set, stands John Gray, Esq., well known in the community as the gentleman of taste.

Now, Mr. Gray has recently completed a very fine residence on his estate, near the Sound, and on that occasion, generous soul as he is, he gave a kind of architectural dinner, to which I was most urgently invited. The profession was largely represented, and I thought it was a favorable opportunity to make my *début* as a literary man, by giving you a sort of report of the proceedings. I have no doubt it will be quite interesting to your readers, it being altogether of an artistic character.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, six carriages loaded with architects (the carriages provided by Mr. Gray, consisting partly of hired and partly private teams) arrived on the grounds in rapid succession. Instead of drawing up at the *porte cochère*, however, the guests proceeded at once on a tour of inspection over the extensive premises. There were the stables, the greenhouses, the gardeners' dwellings, the bowling-alley, the billiard-room, the new roads, the old lawns, the horses, the tame deer, the statues, the dogs, the cattle, the colts, the sheep, the new fences, the principal views, and the grounds for future improvement—all these were to be examined and expatiated upon by the owner, his gardener, his hostler, his man Friday, his architect, his head carpenter, his coachman and other attendants, who continually swelled the train, with a proper desire, I suppose, to explain what might need elucidation, and to see what was going on in general. After this, the whole caravan returned to the house, where, the introductions being over, the baby was presented, as a commendable work of nature to be imitated by art, or, at least, to inspire the artists for future action, which effort was evidently crowned with success, to judge from the enthusiasm of the company. To speak of the dinner itself would be presumption in a young amateur, like your humble servant, who but ten years ago paid an ounce of gold for a plate of pork and beans, a dish unrecognized in polite gastronomy. It would be, also, injustice to our worthy host, who knows what's what, and whose taste and liberality are too well known to need commendation.

When the cloth was removed, and champagne reigned supreme. Professor Drake (professor of chemistry; specialty, manures; favorite manure, phosphate of lime) rose to offer a toast. He said: “The halcyon days of this great republic were dawning with a dawn never before equalled in the history of republics Venice, in her palmiest days, must yield the palm to the merchant princes of New York, who, sporting with millions in the wild ventures of the liquor trade, found leisure to foster art and dine artists, with a liberality and munificence, and, in connection with modern improvements, unparalleled in Greece and Rome. The world has been outstripped by our Franklin, Fulton, and Morse. Lightning and steam have been pressed into service as handmaids of our prosperity, but the American flag waves doubly triumphant over the American eagle when commerce pays to art the tribute of a dinner.” The professor accordingly proposed his toast—“Our noble host! May he long continue a beacon to the struggling efforts of the aspiring artist.” Hip, hip, etc.

Mr. Pinch, the architect, proposed three cheers more, and then a tiger, which was given with a hearty good will.

As soon as the guests had sufficiently revived from this arduous display of enthusiasm, and had resumed their seats, Mr. Gray rose to make a few remarks.

It is perhaps incumbent upon me here to give a description of Mr. Gray, and I should certainly do so, were it not for the fact that he is too well known to yourself and your readers to need the assistance of my humble efforts. I will only say this much, when you look upon Mr. Gray's body, it appears too capacious even for an extraordinary mind, but when you contemplate his mind, as it is sometimes running over his brimful body, not unlike fresh-drawn lager (the simile is vulgar, I am aware, but so descriptive that I cannot refrain from using it, begging your pardon at the same time), you must come to the inevitable conclusion that his mind is too large for his body. Upon this theory, and upon this theory alone, I am able to explain the peculiar

habit of my friend Mr. Gray (I am proud to call him so) when he begins to pull out his pocket handkerchief the moment his mind expands, to secure, as it were, every inch of available space for a proportionate expansion of his body. As I said before, Mr. Gray rose, pulled out his white cambric, and addressed us as follows :

"Gentlemen! it would be playing possum to say to you that I am unaccustomed to public speaking, having been so long conspicuously connected with the administration party of this republic. I suppose you have all seen my name on lists of vice-presidents, time and time again. I will confine myself here to the modest remark that my contributions (in cash I mean) toward the election expenses of that party have been large, very large. You will appreciate me, gentlemen, if I refer you to the proverbial ingratitude of republics, and you will sympathize with me, when, to drown recent cruel disappointments, I throw myself into the arms of art, and apply her healing balsam to the lacerated wounds of ungrateful politics. (Groans of shame! shame!) Gentlemen! in your midst I am myself again. (Hear! hear!) When I want to build anything, I call in the aid of one of your noble profession, and he and I go to work in harmony and good feeling and build it. When I want to tear it down again, to make room for something else, I call upon another architect, and, over a glass of champagne and some nice raw oysters, we demolish it and reconstruct again. There is pure enjoyment in all this, because I am boss of the job and do as I please with my money, and no thanks to nobody, and I have, besides, the satisfaction that people, going up and down the East River, say, what a d—l of a fellow John Gray is, continually busy with a dozen architects, tearing down and building up again—I wonder what his place is going to be like when he gets it done! Gentlemen! without boasting, I may say that I have, in the short space of six years, employed more architects than any other three gentlemen in this community. (Bravo! bravo!) I am glad to hear you approve of my acts, and see you all here collected together to meet at the jovial board the gentleman whom I employed last, and who has so successfully erected for me the noble mansion we are now dining in. And, gentlemen, as I consider a dinner in your midst a feast of reason, I shall be very happy to hear your opinions as to the merits of this building, and if anything can be improved upon it, let me assure you it shall be done." (Well said! from the lower end of the table,—“Strange man that, Mr. Gray,” aside by Mr. Crapeaux, the last architect.) “Gentlemen! there is but one word more to be said on this occasion, and I am not the man to finch from saying it, let the cold world judge me if they dare. In the words of the great Alexander, I say to you, If I was not a merchant prince (as my friend, Professor Drake, does me the honor to call me), I would like to be an architect. It is the noblest profession on earth. The only objection I can see to it is that it ‘don’t pay.’ But if I were an architect, as I told my friend Pinch on a former occasion—didn’t I, Pinch?—gives Pinch a confidential dig in the ribs)—“I should strike out a new path in architecture, a path that was never trodden before, and never would be trodden hereafter—a path as bold as it would be singular. I would make it a rule to do nothing that other people ever did before me, and I would build up an American architecture which should outtop the whole world in variety, mixture of ideas, bold combination of styles and materials, eccentricity of form, and novelty of arrangement; and upon my word, gentlemen, I believe I would make money out of it. To show you that I am capable of performing what I

promise, please to consider that I am the first one who gave an architectural dinner. And to show, moreover, that my calculations are sound (with the exception of a few old fogies), you have nobly responded to my call. (Loud applause). Gentlemen, permit me to offer, as the second toast of this convivial reunion, ‘The architectural profession.’”

Three cheers and a tiger! Loud calls for Mr. Sprig brought that gentleman to his feet.

“He did not know why the honor of responding, in the name of his profession, should devolve upon him, being but young, and timid withal; but inasmuch as a serious responsibility was involved, in what he was expected to say, he would not shrink from it. The profession, he was sure, felt highly honored in being invited to dine with so munificent a patron of art. They were prepared to make acknowledgment to that effect; but it was really beyond the expectation of the most sanguine guests present (and sanguine they were, it could not be denied), to be called upon for an opinion upon the noble host’s new mansion. I have seen the finest monuments of the old world, but still nowhere have I met with one that could be compared with this structure. Ruskin said truly of *ORNAMENT*, there could not be too much. This principle had been carried out to its utmost extent. It must be ascribed to the prevailing difference of schools. However, if Messrs. Crapeaux and Ruskin disagree as to the *nature* of *ornament*, as to the arrangement of masses, the individuality of the owner has been faithfully expressed, and there can be no doubt that the detail is exquisitely minute in its parts, and proportionately impressive in its effects. The profession cannot omit, on this occasion, to compliment the architect for the respectable fee he demanded, and the owner for paying it.”

Mr. Sprig, in his turn, offered, as the third toast, “Mr. Crapeaux, the architect.”

Mr. Crapeaux was called for vehemently, and after doffing a stiff horn of brandy, he essayed the following speech :

“Shentlemens, I am not use to de English langage, and de English langage is no use to me; it is too hard to speak it, and too soft to express de forte of de idea. My ideas all come in French, and before I transpose him into de English langage he gets spilled. You will excuse me if I put forward my speech in small chops, filets, browned in breadcrumbs. I must be careful not make one fricassee of him, for den you cannot pick out de chicken from de sauce. La belle France is de mudder of de polite arts, de modes, de fashions, de tactics of de guerre, de fighting, de dance, and de cuisine. De American people, walking out one step after another from de barbarism of de Anglo-Saxon race, mixing all de time with de Celtic and de more polite Latin peoples, the first ting de Americans learn to know is de most necessary ting to live on—de victuals and de cloth. And vat is de result? Dey have de greatest perfection in dat tings; and vat is the result of dat? Dey give high position to Delmonico and la marchande de mode all over town. In de fine arts de American people are mauvais sujets—sad dogs, I believe. Dey go to architects English and German, who have not de fine taste of de French. Monsieur Gray, one shentleman of very thick taste—much taste—taste piled up inside of him—do not know vere it come from; very likely in the blood of French gouvernante, ven one very little Mr. Gray. He try de Englishman, de Englishman draw him one house; it is no good—he set him to work to build him one stable. He try de Dutchman—his house no good; he set him to work to build him one bowling-house, with one billiard-room on de top of it.

He trys de American; he draw him one, deux, trois house—all no good; he set him to work build him one lot of greenhouses. Den he come to one French artist, he pay him very good price, he draw him one grande maison—une maison aristocratic. Monsieur Gray is enrapture with de grand design; and Monsieur Gray build him, and invite all de artist to see him. And vat does Monsieur Sprig say? He says he has nevere seen one maison like him. And this will very soon place Monsieur Crapeaux before de American people, in de same place where now is Delmonico in the cuisine; and de American Institute of Architects will beg de French artist to give him one lesson how to please de American people, vich I shall be very happy to do for de profession. I say one ting more; I am not one proud man because I have success wid shentlemen of taste. I am willing to reach out to the shentlemen of the profession mine hand of fraternité."

This met with deafening applause from the architects present.

Late in the night, and after many fine speeches and a general flow of wit, the happy party separated to be conveyed back to their respective homes.

Yours truly,

JOHN BROWN.

#### WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the busy and turbulent world it is difficult to appreciate a man like the late lamented Washington Irving. He withdrew wisely and constitutionally from the tragic drama of life, and buried himself in that beautiful literary solitude, which allowed the fine qualities of his nature to grow and expand according to their natural tendencies. It is not to be supposed that even many of those who associated with him had a clear insight into his character. The delicacy and superiority of his nature would naturally lead him to adapt himself to others, rather than have others adapt themselves to him, to conceal his superiority rather than make others feel it.

With the modest and retiring habits of Mr. Irving, it was well that he stood independently of the world around him as to its engrossing obligations. Had he been poor, his biography might have been that of Goldsmith, of whom he was a very beautiful American reflection in nearly all his personal attributes. While he could reflect glory and credit on his fellow-men, they had no reason to fear that he wanted anything from them. Authorship in poverty and authorship in affluence stand widely contrasted in the eyes of the world. The former, if of a high order, is generally left to the tender mercies of posterity; the latter has a peculiar charm for its contemporaries.

The masses are not likely to cling to the memory of Mr. Irving long, as he played no great and noisy part in the great material machinery of life. Had he done so, his gentle spirit would have known no rest, no repose. For this part we have Laws, Vanderbilts, and their followers, who plough their way through the great warring elements of the world to the great admiration of the mighty multitude.

To the young, to the refined, to the well-educated, the writings of Mr. Irving will always most earnestly and sympathetically appeal, and in their memories he will have an eternal resting-place and a becoming consecration. His own writings will be a more enduring monument than any his friends can raise to him, and through all the varying chances and changes of life his name will be handed down from generation to generation.

#### ARCHITECTURAL GOSSIP.

MR. DIAPER'S RESIDENCE ON MURRAY HILL.—A certain Yankee, after making his *début* in the city of New York, re-

ported as the most marvellous phenomenon he saw, the steeples of various churches, which were much taller inside than they were on the outside. Notwithstanding our supposed familiarity with feet and inches, and perspective illusions, we must confess to a similar predicament upon examining the house of our friend, Mr. Diaper, the well known architect of some thirty years' standing in our city. Mr. Diaper built himself a residence on the Fifth Avenue, opposite Dr. Spring's church. We need not give a more accurate description of the locality, for the front stoop has Diaper written professionally on the face of it. It is broad, generous, of easy rise, and a liberal tread, and a few steps withal. The front has all the chasteness of the Italian school, as practised by the younger Barry, and all the earnestness, largeness, and reserved dignity of its author. But it is the interior which we wish to allude to particularly as an ingenious division of space, constructed as it is with a view to afford a succession of vistas, which convert a twenty-five feet house into one apparently forty-four feet wide. When in the parlor you look through the open door into a large staircase hall, seeming perfectly incompatible with a house of the ordinary width; and through the staircase you see another large room, which certainly appears to extend beyond it on the other side of the house, but which other side does not in reality exist. Were it not for the well known solidity of the owner we should be tempted to suspect that he built the house for show; but his frankness and sincerity of character, and the hospitable manner in which he receives his friends when at home (which for them is always) prove conclusively he built it to *live* in, and with that comfort only known to an Englishman who has long resided in this country—combining solid cheer and comfort, with elegance and refinement. We do not think that any individual owner can succeed in getting as good a house out of an architect as an architect can out of himself. The reason is, we suppose, that the owner interferes too much.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

THE DEAD PEARL DIVER, by Paul Akers, is a beautiful piece of sculpture, a work of art of rare merit. The figure represents a diver for pearls, so far as this calling may be suggested by its symbols—shells, coral, and a net suspended from the loins, in which shells appear; the diver seems to have come from the water exhausted, to have seated himself on a sandy knoll, and to have fallen backward, his arms being thrown over his head as he breathed his last, his hand still holding the last shell he had wrested from the deep. The position of the figure, as it lies extended upon its hard couch, is easy and natural; it expresses truly and forcibly the silence and repose of death. The idea of an active employment, which the mind readily comprehends in the unostentatious use of the symbols of the pearl-diver's craft, such as the net and the shells, contrasted with the relaxation of the body, and with a position which could only be admissible in a figure deprived of life, prove the clear conception of his subject by the artist, and his fidelity to its conditions. This contrast, furthermore, shows the power of a subtle element of art, that of composition, and one that is more impressive than the superficial ones of mechanical skill or mere correctness of form. We have too little knowledge of anatomy to be able to pronounce upon the accuracy of this figure; the *feeling* of the subject is all that concerns us, and this we deem to be most successfully given. We must confess that we have no sympathy for subjects of this class. According to our views, they should be placed among the nega-

tive successes of art, among those that are least calculated to make art a helpful ministrant in the development of the highest poetry of our nature. All treatment of death, except as accessory to nobler ideas, is futile in comparison with subjects that quicken or inspire faith in a healthy living aspiration. Setting aside the nature of the subject, Mr. Akers shows ability in his statue, the like of which is rarely visible in American sculpture. The refinement, taste, purity, delicacy of this work, are qualities we certainly do not often find.

The INTERNATIONAL ART INSTITUTION, corner of Fourth street and Broadway, is an attractive gallery of German art. Further notice hereafter.

The COQUETTE and the FISHER GIRL, by Barbee, are two pieces of sculpture of promise. The Fisher Girl strikes us as the latest and best performance.

PAINTING AND PENCIL-DRAWINGS, BY G. L. BROWN.—This exhibition of landscape in oil and pencil, by Mr. Brown, is of unusual interest, and chiefly for its being a collection of the best works of one hand. It consists of a series of views in Italy, of large size, and over fifteen in number (in oil), representing the famous picturesque environs of Rome, Naples, and Venice, with one view in Sicily and several Swiss mountain scenes, all so treated as to give one an excellent *aperçu* of the artist's powers. The paintings are remarkable for the beauty of their distances, most of them being prospects. So far as execution is concerned, we should like to see a little less of the *impasto*, also a different feeling for color in the foreground. A prospect, when an artist selects one to paint, affords him a fine opportunity to indulge in a taste for broad effects of light, and especially when inspired by the varied and golden prospects of Italy; and this order of taste we feel to be that in which Mr. Brown excels. His pencil-drawings offer attractions of another kind. They represent foreground objects almost entirely; they are minute, carefully executed studies of trees, ruins, vistas, rocks, etc.; ilex, oak, and nut trees abound, singly and in clusters, and then grottoes, old Roman roads, Etruscan ruins, bits of *galleria*, and charming passages of lake scenery. These drawings afford amateurs an excellent opportunity to learn something of art, and we recommend a study of them. Mr. Brown having resided in Rome many years, and now about to make New York his home, we are glad to chronicle the 'act. The exhibition is at G. W. Nichols's gallery, No. 768 Broadway.

PARISINA, BY ANDREA GASTALDI.—Of this picture, at the Dusseldorf Gallery, we take the following description from the "Evening Post": "The artist of the picture entitled 'Parisina,' now on exhibition at the Dusseldorf Gallery, is Andrea Gastaldi, an Italian, who has studied for some time in Paris, and enjoys a fair reputation there. The present work is marked by considerable boldness of style, and rich heavy coloring. The scene selected is the sleeping apartment of the ducal palace, where Prince Azo hears his wife Parisina mutter in her slumbers her lover Hugo's name, and which Byron has depicted in the lines:

'But fever'd in her sleep she seems,  
And red her cheeks with troubled dreams,  
And mutters she in her unrest  
A name she dare not breathe by day,  
And clasps her lord unto the breast  
Which pants for one away.'

"Azo is represented as half sitting on the bed, one hand grasping his poniard and the other held to his ear, so as to catch every word his guilty wife may utter. She, all uncon-

scious of her unaware confession, is lying with her hands half outspread, as though vainly seeking to clasp some loved form, while her countenance betokens the very depth of sleep. Indeed, this face of Parisina is the most remarkable point of the picture. The features are not beautiful, nor do they come to what would be a popular idea of this character. The face is rather that of a voluptuous, and almost coarse, young woman; but yet it is marked by a youth and freshness that contrasts strongly with the vindictive countenance of the husband, who leans frowningly forward, drinking in her muttered words. Parisina is powerful and effective, but not a pleasing picture."

#### COOPER INSTITUTE.

ONE of the most important elements of the Cooper Institute is the School of Design for Women. A statement of its present condition and purposes is to be found in its circular, and this we reprint. The school is now full.

The ladies who have heretofore acted as managers, and who will hereafter serve as members of the Advisory Council, have great pleasure in announcing to the friends of the School, that the trustees of the "Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art," have, in accordance with the desire of Mr. Cooper, incorporated "The School of Design for Women" into the Union as an organic part of the Institute, and have assumed the responsibility of its permanent existence and support. The trustees have, however, requested the lady managers to add to their number, and continue in the management of the school under such general rules and regulations as the trustees of the Union may from time to time adopt.

In making this announcement, the managers cannot but congratulate themselves and the public on this fruition of their labors, and on the certain prospect that the School of Design will now be able to enlarge the sphere of its usefulness, contribute permanently to the elevation of woman in the scale of society, and to the diffusion and progress of Art among all classes.

The School will continue to occupy the large and elegant suite of apartments heretofore assigned for its use, in the Cooper Institute.

The experienced artist and teacher, T. Addison Richards, N.A., will have the entire professional direction of the School, and will give instruction personally during all the regular study hours.

The classes in Wood Engraving will be under the care of competent teachers.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR ADMISSION.—Both Industrial and Amateur pupils, not under twelve years of age, will be received. Those (the class for whose advantage the School is more particularly designed) who desire to cultivate their art talents for practical and professional employment, as Designers for Art-manufactures, and book illustrations, as Engravers on Wood, as Teachers of Drawing and Painting, as Workers in various branches of Industrial Art, or as artists in higher walks; and ladies, whose studies have no object beyond general culture, or the acquisition of a knowledge of Art as an elegant accomplishment, and who may wish to avail themselves of the superior opportunities offered by the School. There will be no charge for tuition in the Industrial Class, and the fees received from the Amateur Class will be devoted toward the support of the School.

Pupils preparing for professional employment will be admitted into the Industrial Class on producing satisfactory evidence of good character and fitness in other respects. The only further conditions of admission will be a due observance of the rules, and the rendering of such aid in the instruction of younger pupils as they may be able to afford and as may be required of them. If pupils in the Industrial Class desire to make any other compensation, the amount may be handed to the director, and will be applied exclusively to the increase of the models and library of the School. In case the number of applicants should exceed the capacity of the School, preference will be given to

those who will devote the greatest amount of time and assiduity to study.

For members of the Amateur Class (ladies *not* studying for professional practice) the charges will be Ten Dollars per term in Drawing, Perspective, etc., and Twenty Dollars in Painting. Pupils in Painting will have all the privileges of all other classes, without additional cost. All pupils will furnish their own materials, and members of the Engraving class their own tools.

Amateur pupils will be received only so long as their admission does not lead to the exclusion of Industrial Scholars. The number will in any event be necessarily limited, and early application therefore essential.

**STUDIES.**—Instruction will be given in the use of the Lead Pencil and the Crayon; in Drawing from Casts and from Life; in Perspective and Sketching from Natural objects; in Painting in Oil and Water Colors and Pastel; Landscape, Heads, Figures, Flowers, etc.; in Designing and Drawing on Wood; in Lithography, Etching on Stone, Painting on China, and such other studies as it may be desirable to pursue.

**WOOD ENGRAVING.**—The trustees would call particular attention to the study of Wood Engraving, as an Art, to be acquired with most certainty, and most to be relied upon as a pursuit, according to past experience in the School. It is in every way an honorable and pleasant labor, and always remunerative to intelligent industry. Many pupils of the School have qualified themselves for the successful practice of Wood Engraving, and there is ample assurance of sufficient occupation for all who may acquire the necessary knowledge of the art to practise it well.

**TEACHERS OF DRAWING AND PAINTING.**—Numerous accomplished teachers have been educated in the School, and have gone out to occupy useful and profitable positions in various parts of the country, to the great improvement, it is believed, of the system and standard of Art education in our public institutions of learning.

**WORKS OF ART FOR SALE.**—It is the intention of the managers to offer for sale at the rooms of the School, and at moderate prices, such meritorious drawings and paintings, both originals and copies, as may be executed by the pupils, or the graduates, for that purpose—the entire proceeds of such sales to be paid to the pupils, as in the case of other work. It is believed that numerous interesting and deserving pictures will be thus offered, and the attention and patronage of the public is solicited in the matter.

**TO PUBLISHERS AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.**—Publishers are invited to assist the School, with commissions for drawings and engravings on wood, and art-manufacturers, with orders for designs, drawings of patents, etc., which work will always be well executed and at very reasonable prices. The proceeds of such work will be paid over to the pupils by whom it is done, with a deduction of five per cent. for expenses of collecting.

**THE LIBRARY.**—The library of the School will be at the service of all pupils. Deeming it important to enlarge this means of instruction, the trustees will gratefully receive any donations of books relating directly or indirectly to the history and practice of Art.

**SESSIONS AND VACATIONS.**—The School year extending from the latter part of September, to the first of July, will be divided into four quarters or terms, of ten weeks each, beginning (the ensuing session) respectively on Mondays, the 26th of September and the 5th of December, 1859, and the 13th of February and 23d of April, 1860. Pupils may enter at any time. From early in July to the re-opening in September, will be the annual vacation, with the customary intermission at the Christmas holidays. During vacation, the rooms will, however, be open as usual for the reception and execution of orders for drawing, engraving and all other work.

**STUDY HOURS.**—The rooms will be open daily at all hours. The regular study hours will be from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., daily, except Saturday, with an intermission of one hour at noon.

**VISITORS.**—Visitors will be received at any time, though most conveniently in the afternoon.

MRS. JONATHAN STURGES,  
MRS. GEORGE CURTIS,  
MISS MARY M. HAMILTON. } *of the Advisory Council.*

PETER COOPER,  
WILSON G. HUNT,  
DANIEL F. TIEMANN,  
EDWARD COOPER,  
JOHN E. PARSONS,  
ABRAM S. HEWETT. } *Trustees.*

*Cooper Institute, Astor Place, New York, 1st July, 1859.*

## Literary Record.

EMPIRE OF RUSSIA. By John S. C. Abbot. Mason Brothers.

We return to this volume as an act of justice to the author, who, considering the amount of time and labor expended on his work, deserves more consideration from the press than he is receiving. In truth, to pass over such a work lightly, to treat it as we do the flood of ephemeral literature with which our publishers are injuring the taste for a solid and instructive literature, and poisoning the morals of the young, would be to inflict a serious injury on the profession of letters—one which it would be well for the critic to avoid. Mr. Abbott may not be the most dependable historian; he may lack the power of conveying his thoughts in a clear and concise style, and he may not please the too fastidious partisan, but he never offends good taste. If he is not painstaking enough for the exacting critic, it cannot be denied that his works contain an intrinsic value, such as cannot be measured by the standards applied to the common stuff we call the literature of the day. As a means of cultivating a taste for historical reading, his works are invaluable, since he contrives to fasten the attention of the reader on whatever he writes, and to make his histories read like romances, the interest being kept up to the end, and all the accessories so cleverly carried out that the mind never wearies of its task. If we cannot promise the reader the most reliable history, we can at least insure him many a delightful hour during the perusal of those works, with amusement and even profit.

So much had been said of the ingenuity Mr. Abbott displayed in defending Napoleon, and finding excuses for acts the world had come to regard as beyond the power of defence, that we were not a little curious to see in what manner he would treat the crimes of the ambitious Catherine. Mr. Abbott's good nature was equal to the task. He has evidently no love for punishing the crimes or exposing the weaknesses of imperial criminals. Is it a weakness, then, to have a historian so generously inclined towards great criminals? If it be, Mr. Abbott manifests it in a remarkable degree. "Though Catherine II.," he tell us, "had many great defects of character, she had many virtues, which those who have denounced her most severely might do well to imitate." Judged by a proper standard, her virtues, which, we take it, arose from the necessities of her position, would not be accepted in palliation of vices that would have consigned the outcast to the scaffold. Vice finds its best excuse in the pleas that historians like Mr. Abbott resort to while endeavoring to purify their criminal heroes. "Her crowning vice," Mr. Abbott says, "and the one which, notwithstanding her virtues, has consigned her name to shame, was that she had a