

THE CENTENNIAL ART EXHIBITION.

PAINTING.

One hundred years ago the masters of painting, in their theory and in their practice, adopted rules and executed works all too metaphysical, too abstract for the present generation. Drapery as represented by them does not represent anything but drapery. It is not silk, nor cloth, nor linen. It does not represent a material of any texture. The figures in their "battle pictures" are not Greeks, Gauls, nor Saxons, they are warriors, men. A visit to the great Exposition in Philadelphia convinces us that this style of art would not be tolerated now. In regard to painting, we live in a realistic age; if figures are represented, they must be Frenchmen or Saxons, Italians or Indians. Drapery is clothing and must resemble a tangible fabric, either silk, cloth, or linen. The modern painter works for a texture, and makes a surface as perfect in its resemblance as his power and paint will allow him. This to us seems the true method. "Great artists take nature for their model," says Charles Blanc, and the same rule should guide the critic when pronouncing upon the merits or demerits of works of art, the only question with him being as to how far the exact forms should be represented. One landscape painter, for instance, paints trees, rocks, and banks in a vague, almost indefinite manner, giving his attention to masses only. Another will reproduce the objects with a microscopic accuracy painful to the eye, and in both methods we find evidence of a painstaking, truth-seeking student, with arguments for and against either style, causing an unsettled controversy and numerous opinions, but in the end leave the unbiased critic to rely on his own judgment to measure the standard of a picture by comparing it to similar scenes he has observed in nature and of which he has but an imperfect recollection.

That a fair representation of the various schools of art might be seen in juxtaposition at the Centennial Exhibition, admirable rules were adopted or at least proposed for the guidance of committees of selection. The foreign nations were invited to appoint or select committees composed of competent judges to select those works of merit best representing their national position in art. American artists were requested to forward these proposed exhibits to Philadelphia on or before a specific date, when a committee of professionals appointed by the Centennial managing board would select and hang works sufficiently meritorious and indicative of the nation's art growth during the past century. That this programme has not been carried out by foreign nations we have abundant evidence. With one or two exceptions European art schools are not properly represented. In the French department we miss the names of leading men, such as De la Roche, Meissonier, Gerome, Dore, and others, and look in vain in the German gallery for a Kaulbach or a Lessing. Italy with her statuary and Great Britain with her paintings alone seem to have entered into the enterprise with a right spirit, and as a consequence their display is not only representative, but excels all others in quality, and yet even here we would like to have seen better samples selected from the works of Maclise, Landseer, Millais, or Hunt. That the American department is non-representative is patent to all. The best works of our best living painters are not on exhibition.

The committee of selection have proved themselves incompetent and biased. Instead of selecting for exhibition the best pictures coming from and representing the different States and Territories, whereby a fair approximation could be formed of the art standing of our local communities, they have put on their prejudiced goggles and ruled out all works but their own, hanging them on the walls by the dozen, and filling out vacant spaces with samples from the easels of local favorites bound in the same cliques. (Be it remembered the majority of the selecting committee were all from one city.) The result we find in many instances is half a dozen pictures by the same hand, and, still worse, the majority of them the "wall flowers" of a dozen exhibitions past. America is a great country, and all her enterprises are correspondingly great. We realize

this while crowding through the Centennial art galleries, and we must confess to have discovered also that bigness is not always greatness, and that too little we see where too much is to be seen.

Memorial Hall is divided into twenty-six galleries, seven of which are occupied by Great Britain, five by Italy, four by the United States, two by France, two by Germany, two by Belgium, one by Austria, one by Norway, and one by Sweden and Spain. The "annex" to the Hall is divided into forty-five galleries, occupied by pictures from Italy, France, Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Argentine Republic, Chili, Mexico, Canada and the United States. The two buildings contain nearly 4,500 specimens of art. To attempt to examine and criticize each exhibit would be preposterous and endless, and time wasted, as the majority of the pictures, I am sorry to confess, are far below mediocrity. Neither can we justly classify the rank or position that the various nations here represented hold in art, from the fact, as I before mentioned, of the absence of works by some of the most famous painters of France and Germany, and doubtless of many of the other foreign nations. So that art, as exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, is not, as it should be, the best of the world's products, but an indiscriminate gathering of what the world produces.

After a careful examination of the works that in our estimation appear the most meritorious, judging by the realistic rule, we have formed the following conclusions—In figure painting, historical and genre, Great Britain excels. Among the many fine pictures in this department those most worthy of examination are No. 6, *Julian the Apostate*, etc., by E. Armitage, R. A. Classic in composition, correct in drawing, and free from that "chalkiness" in color, so prevalent in the English school. No. 8, *God Speed*, by G. H. Boughton. No. 17, *The Sick Child*, by J. Clark. Nos. 21 and 22, *Misty Morning and Noon*, by Vicat Cole, A. R. A. These two landscapes by the great English painter do not compare favorably with many of the American pictures in the same line. The same may be said when comparing E. W. Cooke's marines No. 24, *The Goodwin Light-ship*, and No. 25, *The Rescue*, with the pictures by De Haas in the American section. Nos. 34, 35, 36 are good pictures by W. C. T. Dobson, R. A., and near by hangs No. 43, *Balth Faither and Mither*, by T. Fade, R. A., one of the finest pictures in the exhibition. S. Fildes' No. 45, *Applicants at a Casual Ward*, is a magnificent picture. So also is No. 48, *The Railway Station*, by W. P. Frith, R. A. Quite a crowd (ladies principally) continually hover around the picture No. 57, *Marriage of the Prince of Wales*, by the same painter. No. 53, *Battle of Naseby*, by Sir John Gilbert, and 62, *Disputed Toll*, by H. Hardy, are good. Nos. 70 and 71 are by F. Holl and are very fine in drawing and color, but mournfully melancholy in subject. No. 77, Holman Hunt's portrait of himself, shows us the extreme of realism. We regret that this is the only picture by the great pre-Raphaelite in the Exhibition. Millais, R. A., considered by many at the head of the English schools, sends one indifferent picture only, No. 115, *Early Days*. *The Sick Monkey*, No. 87, by Landseer, is very fine, but why could we not have had one of Sir Edwin's larger and better pictures. Leighton's *Summer Moon*, 98, and *Eastern Slinger*, 98, are very fine in color and drawing. *The Banquet Scene*, Macbeth, No. 107, by Maclise, R. A., is very grand in composition and drawing. The varied expression in the faces of the figures is capably rendered, but the picture is cold and leaden in color. No. 114, *Wind on the Woods*, by Geo. Mason, is a sweet little gem. John Pettie's *Touchstone and Audrey*, No. 133, is a fine picture, carefully executed. *Charles I. leaving Westminster*, No. 138, is an excellent picture by L. G. Pott. Poynter's *Ibis Girl*, 139, and Prinsep's *Death of Cleopatra*, 143, are fine samples of art. The same can be said of 152, *War Time*, by Riviere, 155, *Young Whittington*, by Sant, 159, *Imogen*, by Miss Starr, and 162, *Only a Rabbit*, by Storey. Nos. 164, 165, 166, are by L. Alma Tadema, cold and chalky in color, but deeply interesting to the antiquarian.

The English department exhibits fifty-four water-color paintings, all

of them, without exception, of the highest merit. No. 3, *Blake Going on Board the Resolution*, by O. W. Brierly, is a magnificent specimen of marine painting, and No. 13, *The Coming Storm*, by A. D. Frapp, is one of the most perfect pictures in the Exhibition. In fact, it is universally conceded that the English water color school stands pre-eminent, and the exhibits in this line of art fully sustain the national honor. Not the least interesting to art students, H. M. the Queen and the Royal Academy have graciously and kindly loaned several examples by deceased painters, famous as the founders of the British school, such as Reynolds, West, Gainsborough, Constable, Barry, Fuseli, Hilton, Lawrence, Turner, Stanfield, Wilkie and others.

The United States exhibit nearly fifteen hundred art productions, many of them works of the highest order of merit. In landscape and portraiture she stands unrivalled, while the historical pictures of P. F. Rothermel take no secondary place. Probably there is no picture in the exhibition that has been more lauded or severely criticized than his large picture, No. 163, *Battle of Gettysburg*—a truly great work, wherein the beholder realizes the excitement and horrors of the battle field. Other works of this artist, Nos. 1010, 1048, 867, and 216, place him deservedly at the head of the American historical school.

The portraits exhibited by Page, Healey, Hicks, Anna M. Lee, Furness, are unrivalled, but it is in landscape and marine subjects where the American artists take their high position, and where there are so many that are excellent, that it is impossible to justly make a distinction. Moran's *Mountain of the Holy Cross*, 196, Herzog's *Sentinel Rock*, 228, and *Waterfall*, 1024, Hill's *Yosemite*, 1019, and *Donner Lake*, 184, Bierstadt's *Great Trees*, 473, De Haas' *Moonrise and Sunset*, 25, and *Brig Hove-to for a Pilot*, 483, with works by Gifford, Bellows, Van Elten, Cropsey, Brown, McEntee, Richards, Williams, and a host of others we might mention, form a galaxy well worthy of the nation's praise. Eastman Johnson's *Old Kentucky Home*, 118, and Perry's *Young Franklin*, 46, are well worthy of examination as pictures of great merit.

The water colors exhibited bear evidence of a rapid and successful advance in the last few years, many of them comparing favorably with the English exhibit. In the lone collection of deceased American painters, Allston, Copely, Stuart, Vanderlyn, Morse, Sully, Elliott, and others are represented.

The French department does not justice to the great art loving nation. Three large pictures, No. 48, *Portrait of Mlle. Croizeat*, by Duran, No. 63, *Death of Caesar*, by Clement, and No. 76, *Rispaq protecting the Bodies of her Sons*, by Becker, command the most attention, more probably from their size than their merit, the last named being sufficiently horrible to satisfy the most morbid taste. In landscape we have an admirable exhibition of mediocrity, not more than one or two distinguished names are found in the catalogue. A style of landscape, pernicious to all good taste, by the followers of Corot, deserves condemnation. Who ever can discover merit in the unnatural daubs 317, *A Canal*, by Breton, or 135, *Landscape*, by Daubigny, possesses more imagination than is common to mortals.

Germany is even worse than France. In the long lines of tame conventionality we find nothing striking or original, the only merit a technical academic skill, in effects of light and shade and the painting of rocks and foliage. No. 99, *The Gossips*, by Meyer Von Bremen, and 112, *A Storm*, by Achenbach, are passable pictures. No. 45, *Capitulation of Sedan*, by Harach, and 134, the same subject, by Braun, show in both pictures a catering for royal favor. We see little of the locality and a great deal of Prince "Fritz" and his royal father.

Belgium and the Netherlands sent on the average better pictures than France and Germany.

Sweden sends also a few examples.

Austria occupies the east end of Memorial Hall. She makes a better show of merit than her European neighbors. Some of her landscapes are good, but do not compare with the English or American. The most attractive picture is Makart's *Catarina Cornaro*, No. 1, a very small subject on a large canvass, conventional and

stiff in grouping, with a sickly yellow tone of color.

Spain and Italy send a series of gloomy pictures sombre in tone and sad in subject, the best of which are No. 40, *Insanity of Queen Juana*, by Valles, and No. 51, *Landing of the Puritans*, by Gisbert. The Italian pictures most attractive are those representing scenes from every day life.

Denmark and Norway send a small exhibit, containing nothing by their best painters.

All the pictures exhibited by Brazil, Mexico and the South American Republics are ambitious efforts, with more or less merit where the artists have not been controlled by the conventional rules of European schools.

Here, by the by we, may say our own artists are at fault. Church is evidently the most original in his style and execution. Moran is a follower of Turner, Hill is inclined towards the French School, while Bierstadt is decidedly tintured with German methods and effects.

Taking the exhibition as a whole, the English in figure subjects, and the Americans in landscape surpass all the other nations, and the secret of their success lies in their painstaking study of nature and an honest endeavor to reproduce her beauties unshorn and untrammelled.

That the exhibition will prove a great benefit to the American people we have not the least doubt. We mean in an artistic sense. Despite the meagre exhibits by Germany, France, and other European nations, our countrymen may learn that she possesses abundant talent at home, that only needs the fostering hand of patronage to place her on an equality with her compeers. That the crowd daily thronging the art galleries are learning this lesson let us hope, and the result will prove in time that the Centennial art exhibit, although apparently a failure, is in reality a great success.

G. M. O.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Preaching—Well Attended Meetings—At Edinburgh and Glasgow—Baptisms—Branch Organized.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Eng., Sept. 27th, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Since last writing to you, I have been kept very busy in traveling and bearing testimony of the Latter-day work, in connection with the local brethren of this conference. We have held a good many open-air meetings in various parts of this conference. Thousands of people have assembled at all our meetings, and listened with great attention. In all my experience in missionary life, which extends over a period of nearly thirty years, I have not attended better meetings amongst the world than those held at Howden-le-Weir, New Shildon and vicinity. Although a few enthusiastic religionists did their best to attract the people's attention from our meetings, theirs was a failure, ours a success. The means employed to detract from our meetings only added interest to them. At one place we nearly emptied their churches and chapels for that day, so anxious were the people to hear concerning the gospel, and Utah and the "Mormons." I cannot but believe that good will result from such gatherings.

A few weeks ago I visited Edinburgh and spent a week in the General Register Office, hunting the records of by-gone days. I was very successful in my researches for my ancestors. I collected what particulars I wanted of over four hundred of them.

I also visited Glasgow and attended two meetings on Sunday with the Saints in their hall. Elders Park and McFarland were present. In the evening I went with these brethren and a good many of the Saints and held an open air meeting on Glasgow Green, a very respectable meeting. Elder McFarland occupied most of the meeting. I bore my testimony to the truth of the restoration of the Gospel.

While in Scotland I visited a good many of my relatives, and was treated with a great deal of kindness by all that I visited, but they manifest little interest in the plan of salvation. How truly are the prophet's words verified, "I will take one of a city and two of a family and lead them to Zion."

About three weeks ago, as I was

starting to fill appointments in the branches, I baptized three very respectable women in Newcastle. On my trip through the branches I had no chance for open air meetings, the weather being so very unfavorable. I lost no opportunity of

holding in-door meetings wherever a chance presented itself, and have those old-fashioned fire-side chats by which so much good was done by the early missionaries of this Church, when the old family Bible was brought into requisition to see whether such and such was the case. I had the honor to attend a few meetings at Middlesbro, where there is quite a spirit of inquiry. About nine months ago I organized a little branch of sixteen members at the above place. Since that they have doubled their numbers, and the prospects are that ere long many more will be added to the Church.

A week ago I held two meetings in the neighborhood where the camp meetings were held, and baptized two men and three women. Others are investigating the doctrines. Still the masses of the people manifest considerable indifference in their researches after the truth.

At no period of my life have I taken more pleasure in the Latter-day work than I do on this mission.

Respectfully,

A. GALLOWAY.

In the State of Maine—Lost in the Forest—A Methodist Prayer-Meeting—Preaching, etc.

FARMINGTON, Franklin Co., Maine, Oct. 5, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Since writing to you from Grafton, Oxford Co., this State, Sept. 15th, I have done much traveling and held several meetings. The scenery of this portion of Maine is very hilly and mountainous, abounding in picturesque dells and vales, where "city people" resort during the heated term, to enjoy the fishing, hunting and pure air. The country is nearly covered, save where settlers have made clearings, with forest, and the early autumn frosts have changed the color of the foliage to the most varied and gorgeous hues. To a lover of the beautiful in nature, it is a continual feast to travel through this region at this season of the year.

The portions of the State which I have visited are thinly settled, and the villages often far apart, and traveling in the good old way, i.e., "without purse or scrip," I often meet with romantic incidents and interesting episodes, accounts of which, recorded in my diary, read very much like fiction, so wonderfully is the providence and protecting care of my heavenly Father manifested in my behalf at times. Friends are raised up unto me in the very hour, yes, the very moment, of need, and my way is always opened up for the prosecution of the work of the Master, and though I am often fatigued physically, my spirits are kept buoyant by the blessings I receive.

There are a few old-timed Saints remaining in this State, who still retain a portion of the light received through the ordinances of the gospel, but the sad examples of shipwrecked faith which I meet with show the danger of being overcome by the world if the Saints remain in it.

The village of Grafton, from which I wrote last, is but a few miles from the New Hampshire line, across which, and twelve miles from Grafton, lies the village of Milan, which I was very desirous of visiting. The region is wild and still unsettled, and there was no direct road from Grafton to Milan, and I had to choose between going by a very circuitous route, more than trebling the distance or traveling afoot over a low range of mountains and through a dense forest which occupies the intervening twelve miles of country. I decided to do the latter, and so, on the morning of the 18th ult., I procured the services of a guide to show me the path by which the woods were first entered and to give me other information concerning the course to take, etc.

I plunged into the dark woods unhesitatingly, and succeeded, by the aid of "spotted trees," in keeping the extremely dim path, for about three miles, then it became lost entirely. I had provided myself with a compass by the aid of which I kept my course some distance further, but the compass