with God, of Christ with the Church; so long as the faithful attachment of one soul to another shadows forth the love of the heavenly Lover who "loved us and gave himself for us," so long will religious feeling express itself in the language of the Canticles, so long will the soul that "is joined to the Lord" utter, as its deepest cry of adoration to its Redeemer, the words of the Song of Songs, "My Beloved is mine and I am His."

Ellice Hopkins.

NEAR SUNSET.

Sometimes, from fields grown sadly strange
Since robins fled, by woodland path,
Straight up the valley-head I range
To reap the day's poor aftermath.

The spiders spin across my face;
The startled partridge, fleeing, makes
A sudden silence in the place
The rasping cricket scarcely breaks.

I climb the hill: the top draws nigh;
The path grows light again, and lo,
The pale new moon, the crimson sky,
The village on the plain below!

And weary huskers, binding long
On dusky slopes, still bind by night,
While, like the murmur of a song,
Their talk is blown across the height.

L. Frank Tooker.

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

In one of the tall buildings on lower Broadway,— that rear their fronts of cast-iron with pitiless regularity of design and repetition of ornament before the ever-shifting crowd,— are hundreds of rugs and carpets disposed on bare benches flooded with light from high, bald windows. They have come all the way from Cashmere and Bokhara, from Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, some of them from India and Indo-China. They fill the cold, square rooms with the colors of candied fruits and of those preserves which are made from roses and violets. Deep and rich tones, in which a distinct pattern is often lost and almost never a thing or a living creature certainly imitated, caress the glance with double effect as the eyes come to them weary from the sight of our barbarous iron architecture and the alternately sordid and ungainly garments of our fellow-citizens. A dreary multitude shuffles and scuffles along outside of windows that stand plumb with an irritating exactness. A German Oriental, with a flash coat and with cheap jewelry in his necktie, is crying out in a voice rougher than that of the native American the numbers and prices of an auction which has lately taken place. How comes it that merchants find a profit in importing these bales and bales of Turkish and Persian carpets, rugs, prayer-mats, and shawls? How comes it that the same people that build the iron boxes which line the business thoroughfares have enough taste and discrimination to encourage imports of articles so fine? For hardly three are alike. Every tenth piece is strong in make, durable, fine in colors; every twentieth is a veritable work of art. And yet these fabrics are not woven by machinery. The vast majority are true hand-made work. Over nearly every one the pale and half-starved children of Persia or of Kurdistan have labored slowly and sadly, letting their finger-nails grow long, as the latest traveler through Persia has noticed, in order to separate the colored threads more readily; racking their young memories with the rules by which those threads are laid in place, and breathing an air that gives them one more push toward their early graves. And yet these fabrics take several years to complete, and in the cities where they are made cannot be bought for the price at which they are likely to go when brought to the hammer in New York. How does it happen that the tide of export sets this way so strongly that many reach here only to be disposed of at a loss? Writers not a few, travelers, novelists, poets, have had a hand in bringing this about. Perhaps no one of our time has had more influence in accelerating the movement, if not in initiating it, than the writer and painter, Eugène Fromentin.

Taste for Oriental things rests on sound principles. It is not affectation to value an article because the maker has put the impress of his own individuality on it, and to turn away from another because it is the thousandth out-put of a loom run by steam. At a certain remote period, when only a part of France was Frankish, the architects of churches painted walls, clerestories, ceilings,

and pillars boldly with bright designs, that were copied literally, without much regard to the needs of the decorated surface, from Oriental rugs and hangings. That architecture has disappeared, leaving only an obscure record in history; but the taste remains among the barbarians of the later centuries, chastened, let us hope, by a wider and saner understanding of the fitness of things and of the limitations and proprieties of different branches of the fine arts. At the present day the pictures that reproduce the figures of Orientals, their dresses, horses, arms, implements, and surrounding objects, have a deep interest that cannot be explained merely by love for the picturesque. The Oriental, even when gathered into the net of conquerors like Jengis and Timur, retained his individuality as the modern man of the West does not. He has his national, tribal, individual dress, arms, accouterments; one fashion does not sway a whole country, nor one tailoring establishment clothe a whole army, nor one arsenal turn out the same kind of arms for an entire nation. The variety and profusion of invention, which are the result of labor more loving than acute, that one sees in the work of our later middle ages, re-appear when one searches the Orient. Thence the middle ages got their ideas; there such ideas, such processes, such arts have lingered on and thriven in spite of the asceticism, amounting to stupidity, of which Mohammed was guilty. It is only the cheap steam-fabricated articles of Western Europe that have really undermined and begun to destroy the arts of the East; and as we are apt to begin to appreciate a man to his right measure when we are in danger of losing him, it has not been until late in this century, when the decay of the Orient has startled the traveler, that the remnants of Oriental art have received their proper valuation. Hence the discovery by the poets that the eastern nations are full of sentiment and human emotion; hence the reverential procession of artists to the East, to catch on their canvases the strange scenes of patriarchal life, the wonderful colors of Eastern robes; hence the passion for Eastern furniture, hangings, and bric-à-brac that has increased until the sharp mechanics of Paris and Manchester find it to their profit to fabricate genuine Damascus blades on the Seine and genuine Daghestan carpets on the Irwell. Fromentin was neither the first nor the last to make the pilgrimage to Mecca and return Hadji of Oriental art. Napoleon the Great may be said to have shown the way from political reasons; with him went the scientific men who opened Egypt again to Europe, after whom came Victor Hugo, writing of the Orient without going thither, and Lamartine, who journeyed to the East in his own ship, surrounded by his family, his library, his works of art. Neither was Fromentin the first or last among the artists. The strange and stirring oil-sketches of poor Marilhat, who ended in madness, and his clear, pure atmospheres in finished work; the deep, robust landscapes and mournful figures of Orientals by Decamps; the singular pictures full of sentiment and impatient handiwork by Delacroix, were made and shown before Fromentin was famous. But when his turn came, what sort of preparation for the task did Fromentin have?

He was bred to the bar, but forsook early the dryest, most Philistine of French professions for what was then considered one of the most Bohemian. The state of the artistic profession has changed widely since then. Nowadays there is none, even in the city where Murger wrote his famous novels of Bohemia, which contains more respectable, steady-going citizens. The Romanticists had fought and won while he was still a boy. Lamartine had sailed on his visits to sultans and sheiks when Fromentin was but twelve years old, and eight years later the youth who was to develop a passion for the scenery of the Sahara was haunting a studio and beginning to study landscape under the painter Louis Cabat. He did not have to wait until he had made his mark, and, by catering to the public, hoard money enough to travel. At the age of twenty-two, an archæological society sent him to Algiers, where he found the Orient preserved even better as regards its old romantic vigor and color than in Asia Minor. Northern Africa has always been able to escape the worst effects of the great waves of conquest, and has been spared by many that submerged Asia and Europe. When Fromentin arrived, public attention in France was already strongly attracted to Northern Africa. Not so many years before, the Mediterranean had been unsafe through the depredations of the corsairs of that coast. With him came to Algiers a number of scientific men, of the army and not of the army, who were to write the magnificent series of the "Exploration Scientifique de l'Algérie,"—a preparation to the foundation of that imperial colony in Africa which the French have never ceased to dream of, and for which it used to be said that they neglected their defenses on the side of Germany. Eighteen months of travel and notes in Algiers made Fromentin decide to devote all his energies to the painting of Oriental subjects. It was characteristic of him that, having soberly made up his mind, he adhered to the

fixed plan until success began to wane at home, and he was convinced that there is an end even to the making of Oriental pictures. Was it that the French no longer cared for Algiers as much as before, or that he had worked out the vein? His critics, being Frenchmen, are apt to take the latter view; to foreigners there is some weight in the former. Whichever be correct,—and it is possible that there is truth in both views,—it was some years after the publication by the Government of the first volumes of the "Exploration Scientifique," and the appearance of books on Algiers by Colonel Daumas and others, that the public began to take heed of the existence of Fromentin. From between 1855 and 1860 dates his influence on the Western world,—an influence which did not disdain to exert itself in other directions, namely, so far as regards the art of Holland and Belgium, and at one time with a glance at Venice, but which held mainly to the Orient. Beginning, in 1847, with the "Gorges de la Chiffa," and two other pictures, the list of thirty or forty pictures shown is closed in 1876 with "Le Nil," and the "Souvenir d'Esneh." In 1849 a second medal was given him, in 1859 a first medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor; in 1867 another first, and in 1869 the officer's cross of the Legion. In 1876 he died in Rochelle, the city of his birth, at the age of fifty-six.

George Sand described Fromentin in these words: "He is small and delicate in build. His countenance is strikingly expressive, and his eyes are magnificent. His conversation is like his painting and his writing, brilliant and strong, solid, colored, full. You could listen to him all your life. He was held in well-merited consideration because his life, like his temperament, was a model of delicacy, taste, perseverance, and distinction." The verdict of George Sand is corroborated by the face that appears in the work of Louis Gonse, * etched by Gilbert. In a few clearly reasoned and clean-cut lines, the portrait describes the character and life of the man. Fromentin was a literary artist in the high sense of the term, not in the mocking sense one hears in the studio. Very much of a painter, and very much of a *littérateur*, though he used his knowledge of art in his books, and turned his literary accomplishments to account in his pictures, he did not mingle and confuse the two. His mind was too clear and analytical for that. His father was a physician who showed at one time a leaning to the arts. Yet Fromentin did not tend at first to the fine arts so much as to literature. He neglected the law for letters, and letters for art. His biographer, who had access to a great mass of material, consisting of notes, drafts for a book on Egypt which was never written, and early manuscripts, selects from the writings of the period before he left the law a piece that gives a pretty exact and methodical statement of his views on letters and the fine arts. It not only asserts his own leaning toward the latter, but draws an outline of the future. Was Fromentin something of a prophet, or was he a Roman so firm and wise that at twenty-one he could chalk out his future, and then carry through, step by step, the plan of his early life? The piece of verse is not bad. Naturally enough, Victor Hugo is on his mind. Hugo had just passed the ten most prolific years of his life, and had won his way into the French Academy. In this *Mot sur l'Art Contemporain*, the young advocate describes himself as an ardent follower of Hugo, but goes on to say that a greater than Hugo has cast the great literary leader from his throne; that one who is greater is Nature. Listen to a few couplets of the youthful production found among his papers:

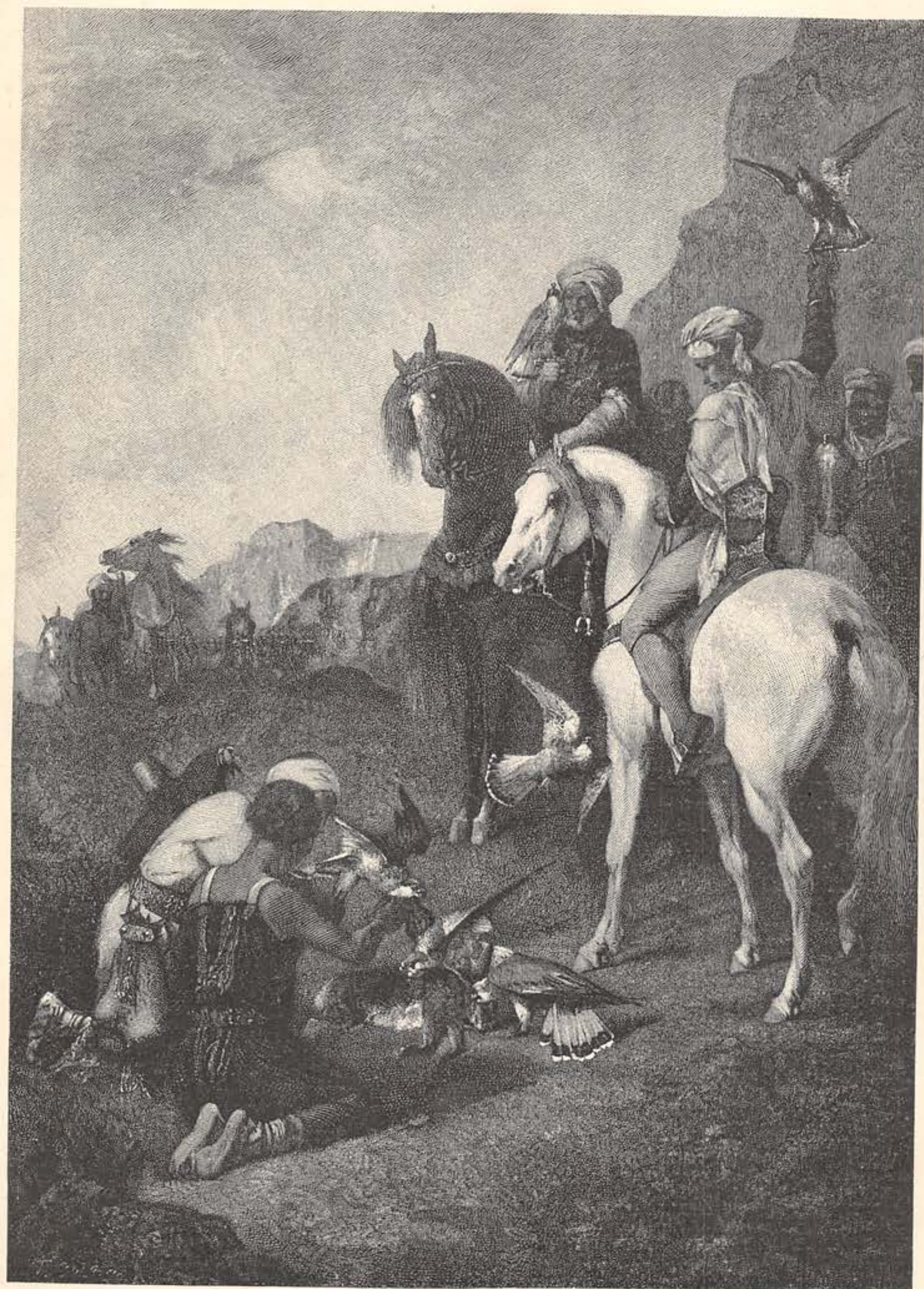
"Chantre orphique, éternel, dont la voix nous captive,
C'est lui qui jour et nuit tient notre âme attentive,
Lui qui fait, sous ses doigts, sans mesurer les vers,
Comme un orgue divin, palpiter l'univers.
La Nature! oh! voilà le seul et le grand maître!
Diapason auquel il faut monter son mètre;
Caucase universel où chaque siècle alla
Diviniser son œuvre; et l'urne est toujours là;
Et toujours l'homme et Dieu sur la source écumante
Sont penchés; l'un y puise et l'autre l'alimente."

Twenty years later Fromentin found in Corot an artist who looked at nature in the way he thought right, and great was his applause of Corot till the day of his death. Would that he had found time to do what he proposed,—write an analysis of and commentary on the paintings of Corot. All we have are the hints of his opinion in "Les Maîtres d'àutrefois."

Besides nature and Victor Hugo, the young painter had a passion for Dutch art, already foreshadowing the writing of "Maîtres d'Autrefois" and the still unpublished material accumulated during various visits to Holland. Were it not for that keen and charming book it would be hard to realize that he delighted in Ruysdael, Hobbema, Metzu, and Franz Hals. To judge only from his brilliant and spirited pictures of Arab life, from his Algerine falconers and Numidian lion-hunters, one would

* Eugène Fromentin, Peintre et Écrivain. Par M. Louis Gonse. Augmenté d'un Voyage en Égypte. Paris: A. Quantin. New York: J. W. Bouton. This work is to be published in translation in America by James R. Osgood & Co.

hardly imagine that the staid and apparently unideal Dutch painters had been his earliest, as they were his latest, loves. But may we not trace in the sober measure of this early verse what we see in the etched portrait and read in George Sand's paragraph, what we find in "L'Été dans le Sahara," that delightful book of the desert, and in "Une Année dans le Sahel," hardly less pleasing? May we not already find the workman-like spirit joined to the dilettante hand, the thoughtful critic allied to the gentleman-amateur, the man possessed of literary sense conjoined to the lavish rhymester? Fastidiousness and a fine critical faculty are noticed at the outset; for a young writer the verse is above the average. But he dwells too long on one thought, and uses too many words to express it; he is too long in working up to his expression. Might not something very similar be said of Fromentin's painting? His care in the study of preparations are well known; the neatness and delicacy of his work are not to be too much praised. But does he in the end strike the highest note in art? Is he not always the fastidious critic rather than the hot-blooded genius? Without plainly stating it, M. Gonse allows one to guess as much, to infer as much from what he says when trying to define the style of Fromentin in painting. "Beginning to work at art comparatively late in life," remarks M. Gonse, "he never had the early drill that the great masters almost always obtained. Because he was a *littérateur*, to begin with, and at the same time a born painter *(de race)*, something complex insinuated itself into his painting, and the result was a kind of art by no means such as the crowd enjoys." It was a kind of art that one needed to taste in small sips. This was particularly the case with his execution. At first it seemed neither very strong nor very striking, but the combination of qualities it contained becomes rarer every year, and perhaps will soon be entirely lost. The landscape-painter has to go to nature again and ever again, and we see what Fromentin says of nature. Hence it is that in landscape he is always marvelous. For the drawing of the human face and of animals a long, patient apprenticeship in the atelier is needed, and that Fromentin did not get. "Impressionism," says M. Gonse, "in the recent sense of the term, is a Utopia. Velasquez is an impressionist. Be it so; but an impressionist whose agile hand worked upon the canvas with an irreproachable skill and science." The biographer states that Fromentin was never satisfied with himself in regard to an animal seldom absent from his pictures, and which certainly adds a great charm to the scenes. The beauty and movement of the Arabian horses were studied incessantly. He was always watching them in Algiers; he owned several in France. One of his fellow-painters has said that Fromentin drew horses much oftener and much better from memory or intuition than from life. M. Gonse insinuates that he did them better from *chic*, a word that has almost always a slightly disparaging meaning, since it refers to work done quickly, off-hand, without recourse to models. Lack of early drill in the profession is the explanation. Writing to a friend, Fromentin mentions his attempts to master the drawing of horses: "You know I had 'Euloge' and an Arab horse. I have used both, unfortunately without much system, learning everything and studying nothing really to the bottom; so that, after I have worked very, very hard, I am not in the least pleased with myself. I am no further along in the exact knowledge of my animal. He is a whole world in himself to study. I have scarcely begun, not to render a horse, but to comprehend his proportions; as for the knowledge of details most necessary to merely build him up, I am as ignorant of that as possible. Possibly the only use of the many studies and sketches which I bring back is the change I have made in air and in my studio, and the fact that I have had at Paris, under my eyes, in order to support and guide me, something which recalls nature a little bit." He used to have his horses led and ridden up and down before him in the hope of seizing the secret of their motion. Luckily for Fromentin, the photographic secret of the motion of the horse was not yet published when he died. Had he seen the distorted legs of trotters, as the instantaneous photograph faithfully reports them, and had he heard the chorus of wiseacres applauding these curiosities for the good effect they are expected to have on art, it is likely that he would not have waited till 1876 to die. He loved the Arabian mare. "Gentle and courageous beast!" he cries in "Une Année dans le Sahel." "As soon as the rider has placed his hand on her neck to seize the mane, her eye flashes and a thrill passes through her hocks. Once in saddle and the reins raised, the rider has no need to give her the spur. She shakes her head a moment, making the copper or silver of the harness rattle; her neck is thrust backward, and swells in a haughty curve. Then look how she rises under the rider and bears him off with those fine movements of the body which they give to equestrian statues!" Perhaps M. Gonse has laid too much stress on the inadequacy of Fromentin in painting his favorite animal, on the strictures made



THE QUARRY.

(FROM A PAINTING BY EUGÈNE FROMENTIN. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF A. BRAUN & CO.)

on Fromentin and lack of early drill in art. Criticism and explanations are likely to satisfy, or not to satisfy, the reader, according as he belongs to one party or the other,—according as he believes that inspiration can make up for the treadmill work of a profession, or insists that no amount of genius can overcome want of early training. Far be it from us to accept everything that M. Gonse says of Fromentin; for though a clear and agreeable critic, the biographer is by no means a powerful, luminous, or liberal one. But let us hear what are the traits he finds most evident in Fromentin. He is a delicate spirit among the most delicate, and to appreciate him one has to be a delicate person oneself. He is a painter who is sensitive in the finest meaning of the term, and therefore nervous, tender, and a little restless. His aims possess the highest distinction, and he remains purely an idealist while in pursuit of true expressiveness in nature. He never sacrificed the landscape of a picture to its subject or to its human element; nor, on the other hand, did he sacrifice the figure to the landscape. He always and everywhere sought to put his finger on the most intimate point of union between mankind and external nature. His dominant qualities as a painter are a refined sentiment for gesture and movement, a lively imagination, a happy gift of composition, in which he used choice and elegant forms, and the ability to render effects of light in their infinitude of surprises. His virtues consisted of an aristocratic form of private tastes, of reserve in manners, of absolute respect for himself and his talents, and, perhaps, excessive dislike to noise and pugnacity. His special mark will always be an extraordinary power of memory, a power that was at once that of the spirit and that of the hand. As a painter he had more instinct than education, and very often his instinct guided him better than patient studies. The goal he fixed before him was clear and simple—to make men actually live in the life of the nature about them. Seldom is he naif; but he is always sincere. His influence on the art of his contemporaries was neither very loud nor very apparent, but it was strong and continuous. His words, his counsels, his encouragements, were not lost upon a group of young artists whom he took under his patronage. Perhaps he would have had a wider effect had he lived a few years longer, for he left among his papers a manifesto incomplete, but written with great care and sincerity, on the æsthetics of modern art. It was the basis of a lecture which he at one time projected, and contains many neat and ingenious sayings without evincing great originality or eloquence. The style is more remarkable than the thought; and while the reader's heart never beats at a great or novel suggestion, it is impossible not to be filled with admiration at the workmanlike spirit, the finely poised temperament, that presided over its unfinished pages.

It was almost at the close of his life that Fromentin wrote "Les Maîtres d'autrefois," that most suggestive book,—of an artist, about artists, for artists and amateurs. It has appeared recently at Boston, in English.* It is a series of brilliant studies of Rubens and Rembrandt, put together in an apparently hasty way and with a good deal of apology on the part of Fromentin. Here are, says he of the works of these two masters, two arts, distinct, perfectly complete, entirely independent of each other, and very brilliant, which require to be studied at once by an historian, a thinker, and a painter. That the work should be properly done requires the union of these three men in one; and I have nothing in common with the first two, while as to the painter, however a man may have a feeling for distances, he ceases to be one when he approaches the least known of the masters of these privileged countries. One may take Fromentin at his word, and yet derive the utmost pleasure from "Les Maîtres d'autrefois." It is true enough that his study is incomplete; nay, it is often hasty and in minor points inaccurate; it is sometimes superficial. But there are abundant signs that both Rembrandt and Rubens—the latter, perhaps, more than the former—excited his critical faculties to the utmost, and in consequence his pages are alive with earnestness. One feels him groping for the truth, and groping not merely to show his skill in criticising masters whose work few critics dare to analyze; but with the zeal of a man who may have it on his mind to apply to his own painting some of the discoveries he made. Not the least curious thing in this book is to note the reaction on the style of the critic of the spirit of the master he was writing about. Thus, about Rubens the writing is bold and decided, like the work of that genius; but about Rembrandt it is comparatively timid and sometimes really confused. On the whole the effect of the book is not that of a product of a mind thoroughly informed with its subject and entirely settled in its conclusions. Fromentin distinctly avers this, and in part assumes it intentionally. Yet one cannot avoid the

* "The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland (Les Maîtres d'autrefois)." By Eugène Fromentin. Translated by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1882.

THE ARAB FALCONER.

(AFTER AN ETCHING BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG. FROM A PAINTING BY EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.)

inference that if he had lived ten years longer, and allowed the effervescence of the powerful impressions made by the old Dutch masters on his lively, responsive, artistic temperament to subside, he would have made of this charming and brilliant series of sketches a work far more rounded, far more profound. We hesitate at his dicta about Franz Hals; we decline to go his lengths concerning Rembrandt as a painter, and even fancy that much that he writes about him is ill-digested and confused. It is picturesque, but not to be thoroughly trusted. Yet what are we saying? It sounds like a piece of flagrant ingratitude to quarrel with a book so full of delicate and independent research as "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois." When one reflects that the enthusiast, the sympathetic reporter of Oriental life in Northern Africa, is able to enter into and enjoy the entirely different art of Holland, respect must be felt for Fromentin's breadth of mind and acumen.

If Fromentin did not have a vivifying effect on the painters about him, his pictures and his books on the East told strongly on the public. The books were so charming in their descriptions of scenery, so full of enthusiasm for the Orient, so eloquent, that they made their way without an effort, after having been well received in their less perfect form in the *feuilleton* of the "Pays." The pictures won him friends and fame. Three were purchased by the French Government. Duplicates were sold without much scruple, and many of his pictures went to Great Britain and the United States. Their effect was quiet, but it was penetrating. There is no mistaking the earnestness and sincerity of a painter who does not, like Benjamin Constant, for example, use the Orient as an excuse for cloying pictures of odalisks, nor wearies one with an Orientalism that is false. The Eastern paintings of Gérôme, though sometimes cleverer, do not afford so much pleasure to gentle minds. Fromentin had none of the hardness of Gérôme, and lacked some of his smartness. His methods of work, both literary and artistic, may be seen in the fragmentary "Voyage en Égypte," which M. Gonse has printed just as he left it, in the short, but apparently far from hurried, notes of a traveler. Only Hawthorne could have exceeded Fromentin in the minuteness of his record, and in the curious fashion of talking to himself in his notes, and jogging his own memory, telling himself to be sure not to forget this or that point. In every Egyptian town he visits the quarter of the Almehs, and jots down the shades of color in their brilliant dresses, notes the effect of the gold coins strung in their hair, and the glittering of their eye-balls and white teeth. The attention to colors is close and intelligent. This may be taken as a specimen from the Nile trip near Luxor. "Very near the Libyan chain, lofty, rosy, fallow-colored, fully lit by the morning sun, magnificent in outline. The Nile is evidently lower. It has recovered its large banks—*(reflections entire)*. A pelican close by. Four shots at him—missed. The Nile like a mirror, all rose and *pale blue*. The greatest possible pallor. Banks should be ochre, bitumen, provided it is in the light. One little sail on a Nile boat shines white in the immensity of that blonde light. As strong as you will, so long as it is blonde, limpid, clear, flat, in every way pure. *Make it pure, never too much so!* Not to fear dryness, avoid it by the modeling of objects, choice of values, *thickness of tone*. Avoid reds. There are none. Measure distances by values, intensity of tones by one or two dominant spots, which are nothing but *blacks*, browns, blues; as a high light, a whitish blue, a cotton white. This on a pale river. Mountains *cendré* or rose, modeled or not, according to the hour. A soft sky. There is the whole of Egypt!" On the journey during which this was written he had the good fortune to witness the *fête* given by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Empress and the Emperor of Austria on the opening of the Suez Canal. The short, telling phrases bring the scenes before one quite as well as a careful rewriting would. It shows how seriously Fromentin took both his writing and his painting. Nothing was neglected that could be done to make each perfect, and the result was that in art he approached the best of his contemporaries, and that in literature he has been placed with justice beside Alfred de Musset and Prosper Mérimée. There was indeed a decided likeness between the personalities of these sensitive and fastidious men. The reward of all this taste, earnestness in work, all this prudence and thoughtfulness, was a quick and substantial appreciation at home and abroad, and the agreeable consciousness on the part of the painter and author that he was helping thousands of people to widen their intellectual horizon and enjoy with him that Orient which he studied and adored.

Nevertheless there are moments when one doubts whether Fromentin looked very deep into the life or the landscape of the East, notwithstanding the pleasant things said of him by his biographers and the delightful passages written by himself in more than one attractive volume. He was more occupied with externals than anything else. The colors of dresses made him give less attention to the expression of faces and the thoughts of the Orientals. The necessity to register in the

memory changing effects of landscape scattered his observation still more. One is inclined to wonder often whether, after all, it was not a loss to Fromentin to have been so highly gifted in two directions; whether, in fact, he did not suffer from dividing his forces. When one broods long over his Oriental paintings, this is what one comes to: they are beautiful, charming, fresh, individual, and most undoubtedly correct in their sweet, elegant, and delicate view. Of course they do not say all; but they do not say the best. They are not profound. They do not grapple with great thoughts or stir great emotions. They please; they do not thrill you with the indescribable feeling that comes at sight of a piece of great art. It would be expecting too much to demand this from Fromentin; but that is not the point. The question is raised by way of defining his position and separating him from other writers and painters who have worked in the same field, and also in order to mark the difference between a man who sets a fashion going and a man who aids a fashion. Fromentin did not discover the East in art, nor did he profoundly understand it; but probably he did more to popularize the Orient and the products thereof than any originator could. His work does not show the sturdy, deep-hued quality of a collection of rugs and carpets from Persia, in which usefulness seems to have been thought of first and beauty second. It is much lighter, finer, more gentlemanly, but it is far more open to the appreciation of Europeans and Americans in general. If not the prophet, then his nephew. Why, indeed, should any one demand of Fromentin the religious fervor and depth of thought of J. F. Millet, or the depth of tenderness and the originality of Corot? He was only too well aware of his own limitations, and he knew how to admire another painter without envy. He began by admiring Marilhat, and perhaps, on the whole, his work is nearer to the effects which Marilhat sought than the paintings of any other. But toward the close of his life it was Corot to whom his heart warmed, when, we may suppose, it was too late to enter the path which Corot pointed out. He loved him, Gonse says; he comprehended and admired him with an enthusiasm which was catching. Without beating about the bush, and almost with violence, he asserted that Corot was the Great Master, the living and generous fountain from which the school should drink. He believed him an innovator of the greatest boldness, a painter who had an incomparable delicacy of sentiment for light, one who possessed the highest degree of sensitiveness for what is just tone in painting. Instead of imitating Corot, however, Fromentin merely varied his scenes when the public taste, or his own failing powers of invention and work, told him that the Orient of Africa would no longer do. In Europe there is no place, unless it be Constantinople, which has more of the Orient than Venice. The very gondolas one may guess to be imitations of the ancient boats that appear on the bas-reliefs of Egypt and Mesopotamia; the rowers stand, steer, and at the same time propel them in the very way we see them do when the Egyptian prince of five or six thousands of years ago is rowed out for a day's havoc among the cranes and geese in the long reeds of the Nile. So it was to Venice that Fromentin turned for new subjects, making there many sketches and exposing at the Salons for several years very charming pictures. But the public is always a queer monster. It seemed to have had no pity for a man who sought to please it with other fare, now that the old had palled. The Venetian pictures made no special mark. Destructive and humiliating war intervened. Fromentin was not destined to be one of the writers and painters who rode the waves as bravely after that crisis as they did before. His prime was passed as an artist, and, although Government continued to recompense him and the Institute accepted him, it was after the usual fashion of such distributors of rewards,—either as a payment for past merits, or else as an incisive and original critic, not for present eminence as a painter. Only as a critic he remained at a level equal with himself in earlier years, and we may believe that such regret for his loss as is purely selfish should apply to him as a writer, not as a painter. Suppose he had put his cool, clear, delicate mind on the subject of Venetian art? What a delightful pendant to his "Maîtres d'Autrefois" would he not have composed! In view of his great services as a critic; in view of the intellectual pleasure afforded by his books on the desert and on Holland; finally, in view of the enjoyment he has given through his beautiful pictures, it is a little hard that one should be driven to assume an apologetic tone about him at all. He used his talents to their fullest extent and always aimed at the highest of which he was capable. So, when we enter a shop of bric-à-brac, and see among the tasteless and ugly things articles of real beauty; when we look about us, in the rooms of persons of good taste, at the strange and strangely charming products of Northern Africa, we might do worse than to think of Fromentin as a captain in the cause of the popularization of art.

Henry Eckford.