



STUDIO OF THOMAS COLE.

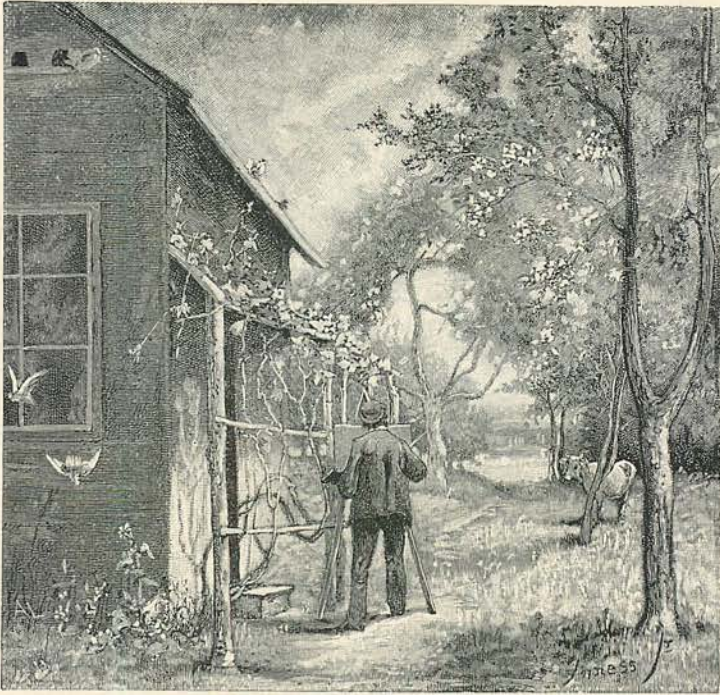
THE SUMMER HAUNTS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

EVERY summer the Europe-bound steamers go out freighted with tourists; and, in proportion to their numbers, our artists are more fully represented in the general exodus than any other class. They have strapped their sketch-boxes for out-of-the-way nooks in Surrey and Kent; for the Scottish Highlands and Lakes; for Normandy and Brittany, the Rhine and the Black Forest; for Grez and Barbizon; for the Tyrol or the Pyrenees, or the fiords and mountains of Scandinavia. Yet those who stay at home are more numerous than those who seek foreign scenes and exhibitions, and include, naturally, names of assured reputation,—men who have already profited by the educational advantages of Europe, and for whom castles, cathedrals, and wooden-shoed peasants have lost a little of the novelty and romance which appealed to their earlier years, and upon whom has dawned a growing appreciation of the artistic resources of their own country. They know that there is hardly a picturesque spot in Europe which is not so copyrighted by genius and association with some great name that any further painting of it seems plagiarism and impertinence.

It has come to be an open secret that most of the artists who go abroad do so for the stimulus which comes from associating with skilled men, and for the instruction which they gain from the exhibitions, rather than for the attractions of a foreign sketching-field. The Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and above all the Salon, are magnets more powerful than all the scenery of Europe, and—heresy though it seem—than the galleries of the Old Masters.

Many of our traveling artists have taken only a short holiday to attend these exhibitions, and, after a brief call at the studios of old friends abroad, will return to their chosen surroundings in America, having hardly touched brush to canvas during their absence. The demand made by the public and the critics that the work of American artists should be American in subject at least, is largely conceded; and the varied scenes of our mountains and coasts, and our more pronounced and picturesque human types, are everywhere studied with avidity. One can now scarcely make a summer excursion in any picturesque locality without encountering the white umbrellas and light portable easels of the nomad artist. A few favorite sketching-grounds, typical artist-camps and summer studios, it is our purpose to describe.

The Hudson has long been considered the property of the older men. The broad sweep of its waters suggested to Cole his "Voyage of Life." He wrote from Italy, "Neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself, has dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." Kensett delighted in its crags and rocks, and F. E. Church, one of the celebrated of the river-gods, built long ago his picturesque cottage opposite the Catskills, where, as it seemed to him, sunset panoramas were to be obtained rivaling those of the Andes. Lower down Mr. Bierstadt's stately residence lifted its towers at Irvington until it was so unfortunately destroyed by fire, with its valuable contents. In these later days other less imposing names and buildings have bor-



EXTERIOR OF GEORGE INNESS'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

dered each side of the river with a picket-line of studios. Some are mere gypsy booths, or bivouacs in barns and venerable canal-boats which have outlived their days of commercial usefulness and now luxuriantly devote their declining years to Art; and over in the Catskills we have artistic campers and trampers whose entire summer's outfit might be fastened in a pair of shawl-straps. So varied is the environment with which artists love to surround themselves that one is tempted to ask for a new definition of the word studio. We have borrowed it from the Italian, where it means study or school. The French *atelier*, workshop, on account of its newness smacks a little of affectation, but it pretends to less and would serve our purpose better. Especially is it appropriate to the painter's summer shed. In the city he often yields to the temptation of a *show* studio, a museum of rare bric-à-brac and artful effects of interior decoration; in the country he surrounds himself rather with the necessary conditions of *work*, and with some these conditions are very simple, embracing little more than Nature and isolation. Barns have always been favorite workshops for artists. The airy loft, with its one great window and undivided space, would seem to furnish favorable light and elbow-room. But inasmuch as hay is dusty, an abandoned barn is a still greater treasure.

One of the humblest studios on the Hud-

son, a certain old barn in an apple-orchard at Milton, belonged until his removal to Montclair to George Inness, Sr. This old orchard has been a mine of artistic wealth to the artist. But Mr. Inness is a many-sided man; he does not always paint old orchards or wrap us in reveries. Sometimes he limns the factory chimneys of Montclair or an engine and train of cars on a railroad embankment, when, somehow, a certain dignity creeps into the unpicturesque subjects. One might guess that, although the technique of his work has been compared with that of such widely different artists as Corot, Rousseau, and Turner, in spirit Mr. Inness sympathizes most with Millet.

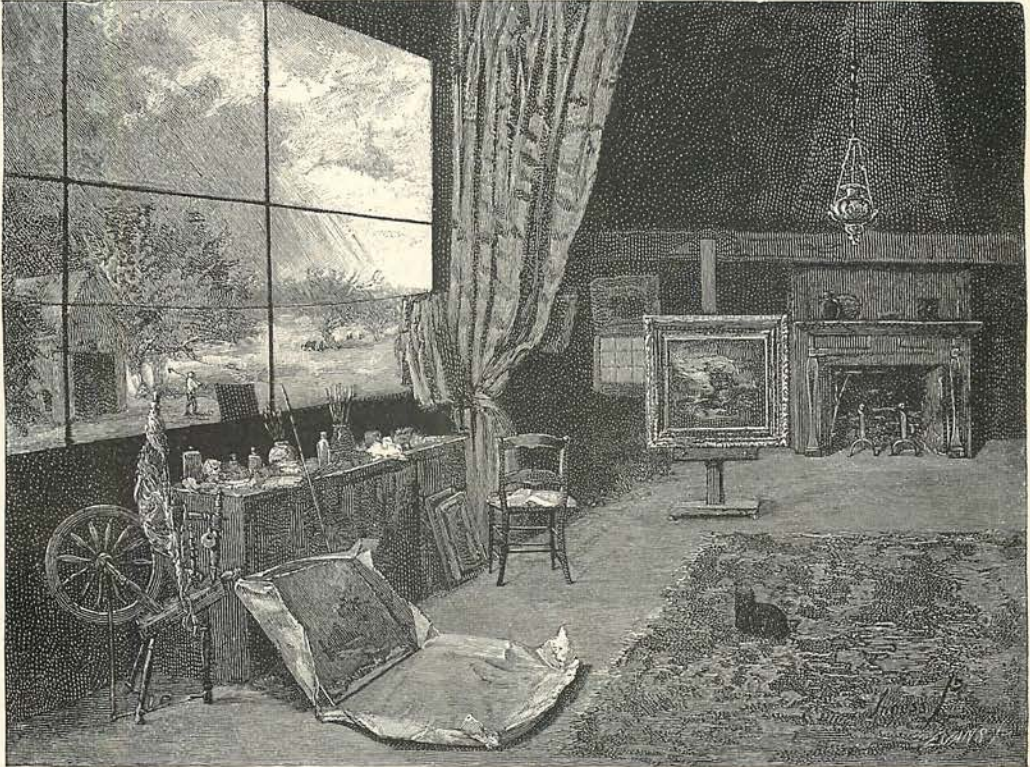
Mr. Will. H. Low also has a studio at Milton—an old tool-house, in which the carpenter's bench serves as model-stand. In one of the old gardens here he painted his recent picture, "Telling the Bees." A little girl is draping the bee-hives in mourning, in observance of the old superstition that unless the bees are told of the death at the house they will all desert their homes. The child's face is simple and unintellectual, as befits the artist's idea, but it is full of the pathos of a sorrow past its own comprehension.

Mr. Nicoll owns a charming country-house at Shrub-oak, six miles from Peekskill. Drives through retired and shaded lanes to the lakes, which are the feature of this locality, tempt

to the exercise of his horses, and an unusual extent of piazza-space furnishes a promenade for rainy days. The gardener's lodge, overgrown with vines, is a picturesque adjunct to the grounds.

The Indian summer continues to gild river and woodland and hill-top around Sandford

little gables, you'll make your studio look like one of them old Dutch manor-houses at Kingston." Here Mr. Blum spent a summer in sketching and photographing; and at Ellenville, if we are to judge from the portfolio of the Misses Greatorex, is the very queen of old-fashioned gardens:



STUDIO OF GEORGE INNESS, JR., MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Gifford's deserted studio in the Catskills, but other artists catch the effects of which he was so fond. The autumn tints are reproduced in the canvases of Jervis McEntee, who paints with equal power the November woods. Arthur Parton prefers the quiet charm of misty mornings. His "Ice on the Hudson" at the late Prize Exhibition also shows his appreciation of the river in its winter phases.

In the Neversink Valley, Sullivan County, Messrs. Guy and J. G. Brown have found fascinating old barn-yards and rustic models; while at Ellenville a group of artists have taken possession of one of the old farm-houses. Here Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Henry have established themselves. Mr. Henry, in building a studio, found great difficulty in impressing his ideas of architecture on the local carpenters. "If you have the rafters show like that," they complained, "and stick the roof all over with

"There are the red rose and the white,
And stems of lilies strong and bright;
The streaky tulip, gold and jet;
The amaranth and violet;
The crumpled poppy, brave and bold;
The pea, the pink, the marigold."

The Jersey Flats would seem at first glance to offer but scant inducement to landscape painters, and yet here Messrs. Murphy, Dewey, and Silva have found suggestive material. Mr. De Luce has sketched about Morristown, where Mr. G. H. McCord has a home; and Mr. W. M. Chase has found interesting roadway studies at Hackensack. At South Orange Mr. H. Bolton Jones has painted many of his delightful wood, brook, and marsh subjects, always charming, whether under the guise of winter, when the fields are smothered with swan's-down and leafless twigs outline themselves against faintly flushed sunset skies, or when spring sets fuller palette.

Montclair, near Orange Mountain, is the home of George Inness, Jr. His country studio near by gives him every facility for the painting of his favorite subjects, animals in landscape. It is an old house



GABLE OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO.

remodeled with every needful appliance, including a stable-yard under glass, for the posing of his dumb models with outdoor lighting and effects. This zoölogical glass house is especially serviceable in winter, when the animals can be painted against a background of snow while both they and the artist are snug and warm.

Harry Fenn has recently built a picturesque home on the slope of Orange Mountain, five hundred feet above tide-water. From his veranda the view includes Coney Island and the Highlands of the Hudson as far north as Peekskill. The house is built in imitation of the old English dwellings, "half timbered," with plaster from beam to beam, on which Mr. Fenn has incised patterns intermixed with bosses of glass. The studio is directly under the roof. A feature of the room is a quaint corner extending into a north gable, not included in the illustration. Sketches are tacked upon the wall, whose subjects "range from Florida to Egypt and from Warwick to Jerusalem," and scattered about are costumes of various Oriental and European peoples, relics of many artistic pilgrimages.

From the heights of Orange Mountain the view drops down to the masts of New York Harbor. Here Arthur Quartley, who is now abroad, has made his studies on the deck of a tug or in the stern of a row-boat, glancing about amongst the shipping, under the hull of some great Indiaman, following the wake of a white-winged yacht, or steaming to a wreck.

At Easthampton, near the sea end of Long Island, there is a true artist colony, and perhaps the most popular of adjacent sketching-grounds for New York artists. This popularity is not entirely due to its accessibility, for its attractions are as pronounced and as varied as

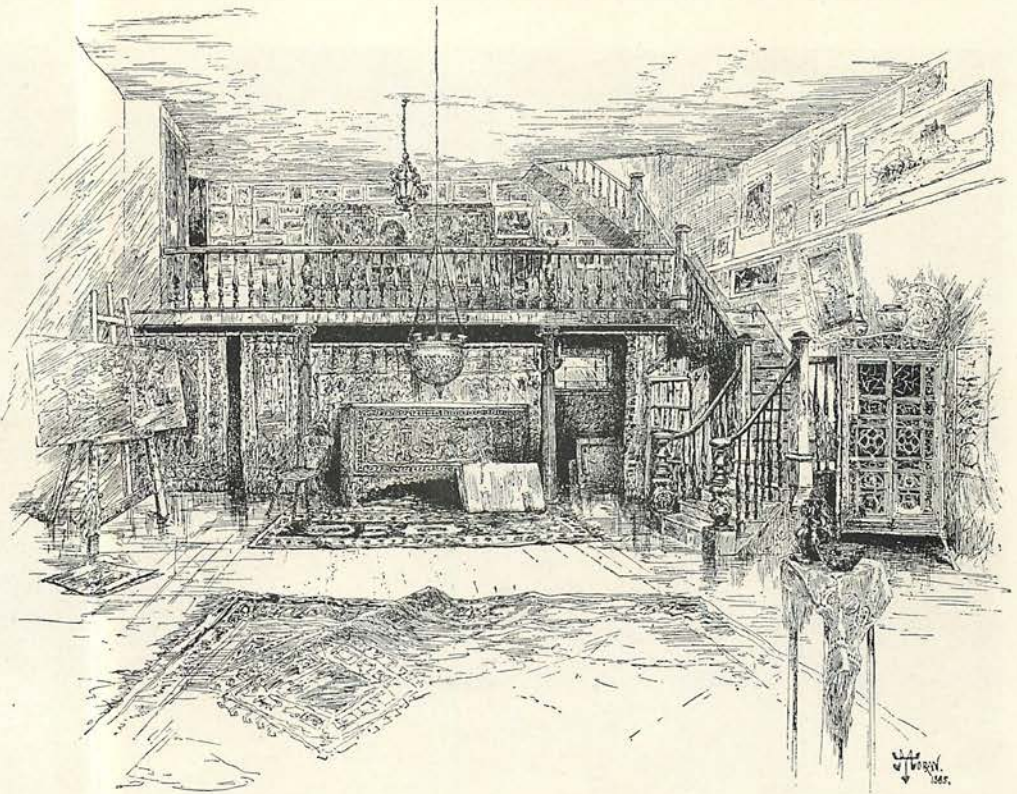


INTERIOR OF HARRY FENN'S STUDIO, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

those of any of its more remote rivals. Nowhere on our coast can be found quainter houses and people, fishermen more available as models, or old salts with more marvelous stories of wreck and rescue, more fog-horn keepers and light-house men, or men of more isolated lives and rugged individuality. Nantucket is not more unique or Brittany more poetic. Here are rural nooks for the landscape-painter delightfully English in sentiment. Here are beach and sea panoramas, stormy cloud-battles, or shimmering calm for the marine-painter. Here are associations

room. After the fair white canvas was spread upon her floor, she painted a border of roses upon it, with sprays of roses in the center. This carpet was the pride and astonishment of her husband's parish. People came to the front door to gaze, but refused to desecrate its surface with their feet.

Of the artists who now keep up the prestige which Mrs. Beecher conferred upon Easthampton, Mr. C. Y. Turner is perhaps the most prominent figure-painter. His large picture at the Water-Color Exhibition of 1883, "On the Beach at Easthampton," gives the society



INTERIOR OF THOMAS MORAN'S STUDIO, EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

and legends, old manuscripts and romances for the antiquary, with Chippendale sideboards, blue china, and colonial spinning-wheels for the collector. Here are costumes of the last century and fascinating faces for the figure-painter; and here are salt sea-breezes and sunshine for all. Nor is the artistic impulse a new mania for Easthampton. She can lay claim to being the first in this country to apply original decorative art to house interiors. The story has been told before, but will bear retelling, how in 1799 young Mrs. Lyman Beecher spun a ball of cotton and had it woven into a carpet for her best

phase; but Mr. Turner finds another field here, and one in which we like him better. He is a son of the peaceful city whose

"streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest."

The simplicity and gentleness, the purity and sweet primness of the "Friends" touch his heart, and his

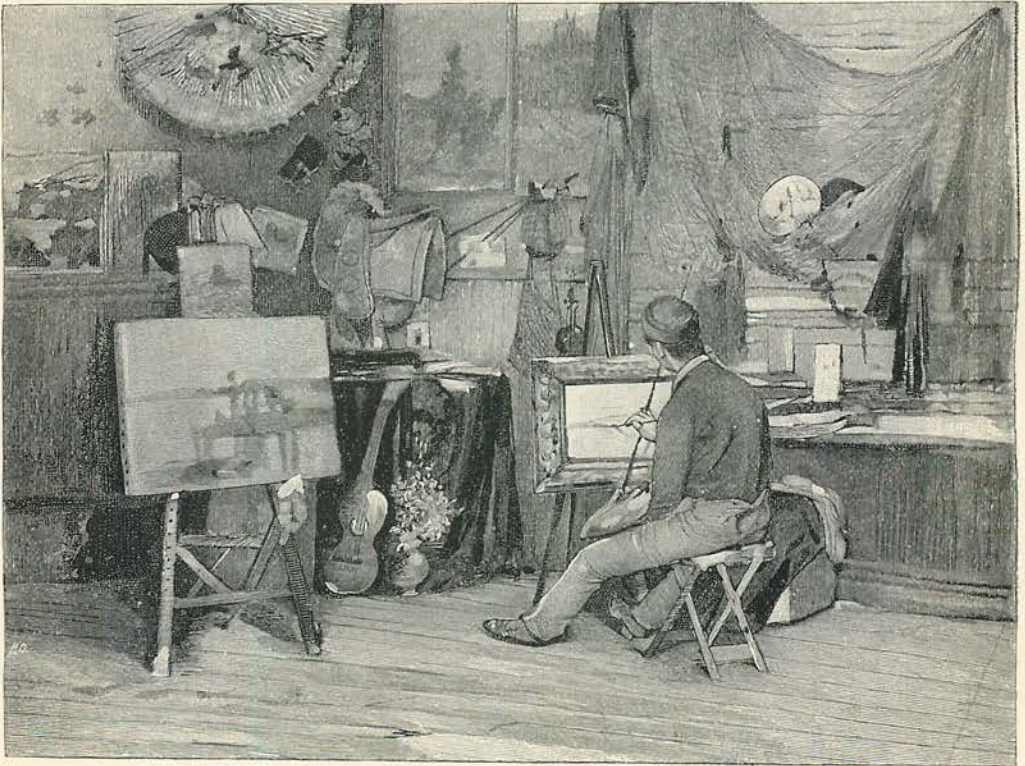
"ear is pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers."

Dorothy Fox is one of his most charming creations. The old house in which she lived

still stands here, with its wainscoted parlor and low-hung ceilings. Other gray buildings of the colonial period, the old court-house and the academy, lend historical backgrounds, which Mr. Turner utilizes so well. His "Harvest Meal," at the Academy Exhibition of 1883, was a realistic study of an Easthampton farm-laborer sitting down *al fresco* to a "boiled dinner." Mr. Turner may be regarded as a resident of the place, and not a mere bird of passage, for he has fitted up here another of those fascinating barn-studios in which interesting exhibitions have been held of the work of "the colony." The landscape-painters

Mrs. Smillie has discovered in Easthampton suggestive figure-subjects and old-fashioned costumes which have led her to wander in the tempting paths of the olden time.

Mr. H. Bolton Jones not long ago contributed to an Academy exhibition a delightful Easthampton landscape, and he has made numerous interesting sketches of the place in its various aspects. Dreary sand-dunes, barn-yards, and straw-stacks, vague roads winding indistinctly no one cares whither, weird poplar-trees whose sparse leaves shiver lightly in contrast to the close-set foliage of twisted apple-trees,— all tell of the great variety

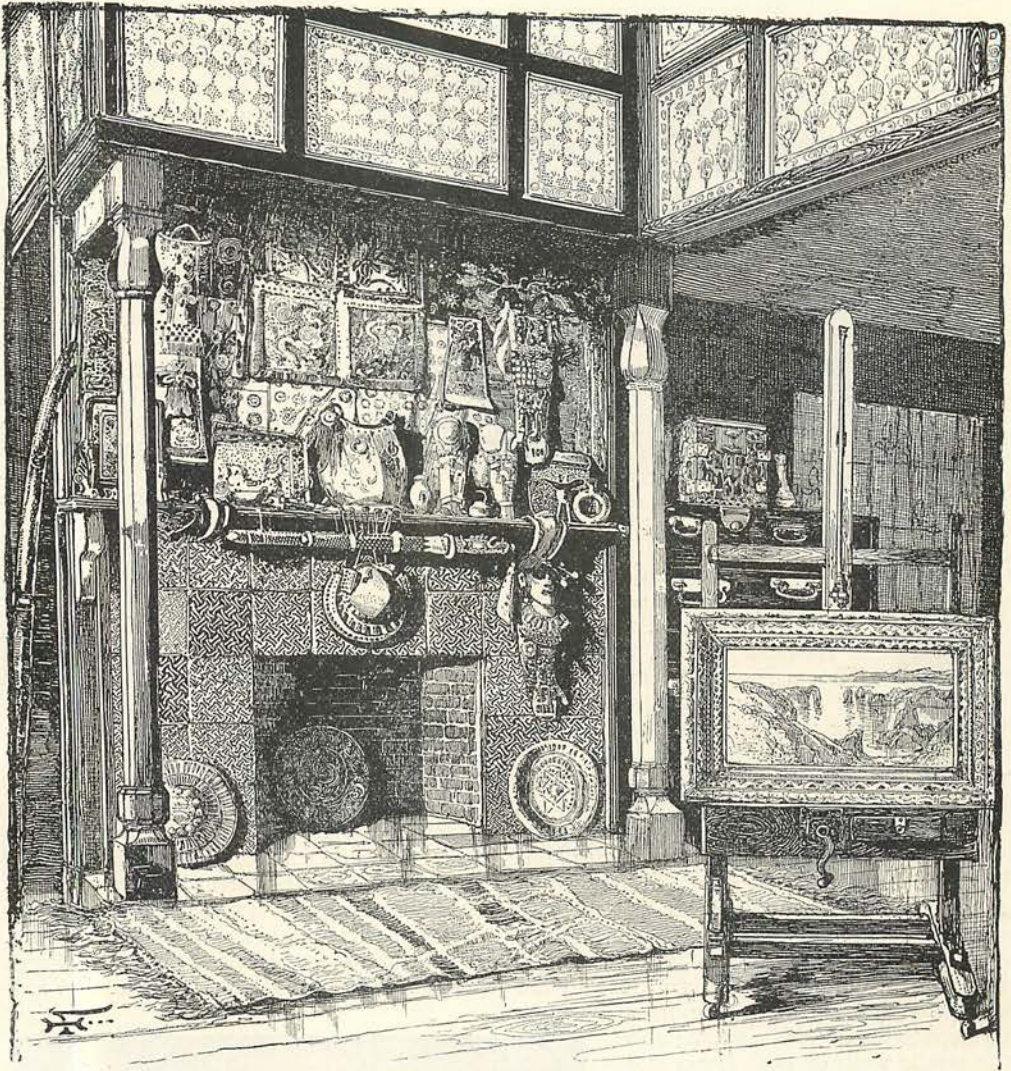


INTERIOR OF STUDIO OF PERCY MORAN, GREENPORT, LONG ISLAND.

have predominated in numbers, and embrace the names of George H. Smillie, H. Bolton Jones, Bruce Crane, and others. Here, also, Mr. Thomas Moran has a house and studio, and his wife, Mrs. Nimmo Moran, has etched many of her vigorous plates.

Easthampton has furnished to Mr. Smillie many interesting subjects, which have been shown at the exhibitions. His city studio contains interesting souvenirs of old gardens and poultry-yards. Mr. Smillie, who is also identified with Marblehead, paints trees and rocks as the masters of *genre* paint aged men and women, making every wrinkle and scar tell its story.

which Easthampton offers to the painter of landscape alone. She is still more capricious in the aspects which she shows her different suitors. Mr. Smillie finds here a likeness both to England and Holland. The gardens and orchards, the lanes, barns, and shrubbery, are all English; while the meadows stretching to low horizons, the windmills "with their delicate white vans outlined against the sky," are Dutch. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, is struck by the resemblance of the locality to Brittany. Mr. Bruce Crane, too, is carried straight to Pont Aven by the hay-ricks and poultry-yards, and by the soft gray atmos-



FIREPLACE OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO, NEWPORT, R. I.

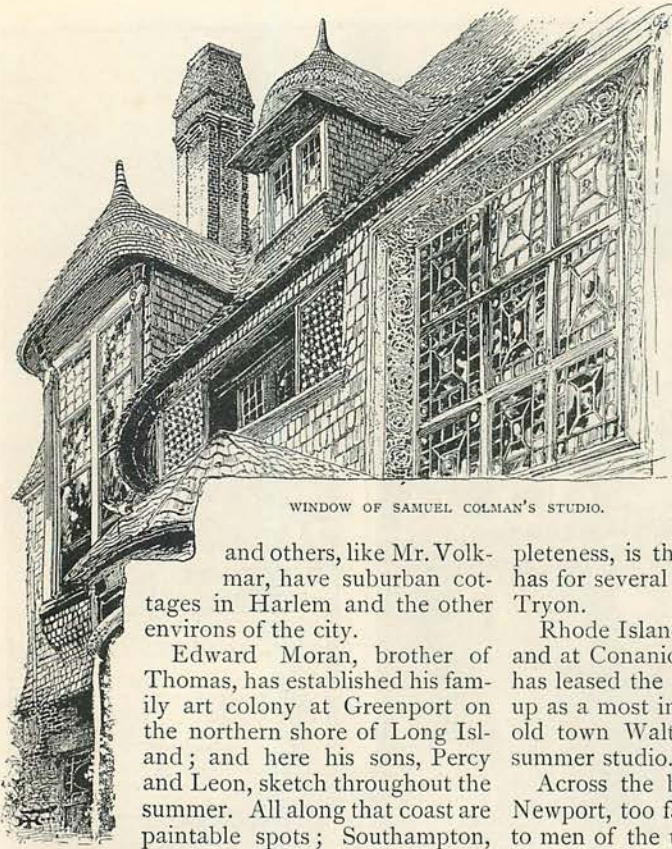
phere. Mr. Walter Clarke, who has laid aside the chisel for the brush, also goes to Easthampton. Mr. Dielman's sketching umbrella has tented frequently in this attractive spot.

The more fashionable beaches in the vicinity of New York have fewer artist visitors, though Mr. Muhrman loves to paint at Coney Island, and Mr. F. S. Church finds the marsh lands for his king's flamingoes near Long Branch and elsewhere in New Jersey. Houghton Farm, with its thousand acres of woodland and meadow, claims him as a guest, and it is in such solitudes that his humorous fancies and grotesques have found expression.

Frank Fowler and his artist wife usually pass the months of June and September in a quaint old house at Bridgeport, Conn. It is

pleasantly situated on Golden Hill, the highest point of the city, and in view of the Sound, along the shore of which they find most suggestive material. Mr. Tracy has a home at Greenwich. The historic old towns of Stratford, Fairfield, and Milford are within easy distance. Stratford was much frequented by the late landscape-painter A. F. Bellows.

The "Trowbridge House" at Litchfield, an old mansion with large grounds, has been fitted up by Mr. Dielman, and a handsome paneled room is the studio. Mr. Dolph painted during the summer at Belport, Mr. M. D. F. Boemer at Babylon; and indeed there is hardly an inviting spot near New York which has not its artist visitors,—some of whom live in the city and run out for a day's sketching,



WINDOW OF SAMUEL COLMAN'S STUDIO.

and others, like Mr. Volkmar, have suburban cottages in Harlem and the other environs of the city.

Edward Moran, brother of Thomas, has established his family art colony at Greenport on the northern shore of Long Island; and here his sons, Percy and Leon, sketch throughout the summer. All along that coast are paintable spots; Southampton, Montauk Point, Orient, Sag Harbor, and Shelter Island have all contributed to Art, and have supplied Mr. Moran with many of his most popular marines and fishermaidens. The Moran cottage, an unassuming, homelike structure, nestles so close to the shore that one can almost leap from its steps to the deck of a yacht; and the studio walls of both father and sons are hung with all manner of sea-plunder.

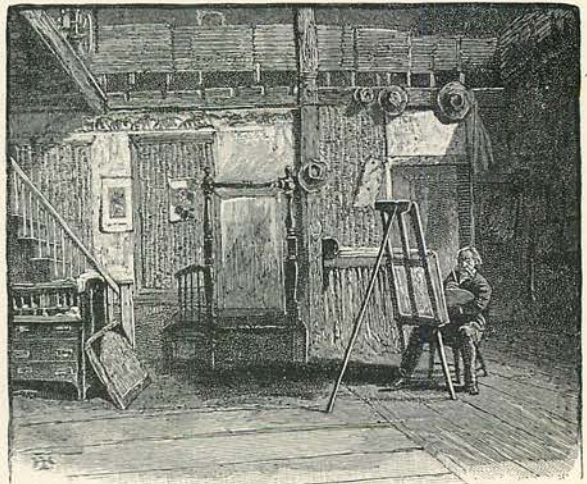
Across the Sound from Long Island are the red rocks of Narragansett Pier, where Mr. De Haas for many seasons has found a favorite sketching-station. E. D. Lewis of Philadelphia is another artist thoroughly identified with the place. Narragansett Pier from the water shows only a long line of white hotels glittering in sunlight and of pretty Queen Anne cottages scattered among the rocks. It is not all fresh and new, however. There are old estates in the neighborhood and manor-houses of revolutionary date. In the depths of a tangled wood, large enough for a baronial park,

stands a "castle," so called here, and indeed, had the ambition of the owner been realized, it might have deserved the name. An unfinished tower rises imposingly, and an eccentric labyrinth of oddly shaped apartments cluster at its base. Of course the building has its legend of love and grief. It should have welcomed to its halls an accomplished and beautiful bride, but the lady died before her wedding-day, and her inconsolable lover stopped the building and left his native land in the good old-fashioned way which exists now only in romance. The house, in its ruinous incom-

pleteness, is the very place for an artist, and has for several seasons been occupied by Mr. Tryon.

Rhode Island abounds in colonial buildings, and at Conanicut Mr. Sword of Philadelphia has leased the town hall, which he has fitted up as a most interesting atelier. In the same old town Walter Satterlee has established a summer studio.

Across the bay from Narragansett Pier is Newport, too fashionable a resort to be dear to men of the usual type of artistic temperament. "A man cannot serve two masters," and an artist, be he never so genial, cannot give himself to polo, lawn-tennis, garden-parties, and society, and be worthy of his calling. Newport, however, claims Mr. John La Farge and Mr. William T. Richards, whose new resi-

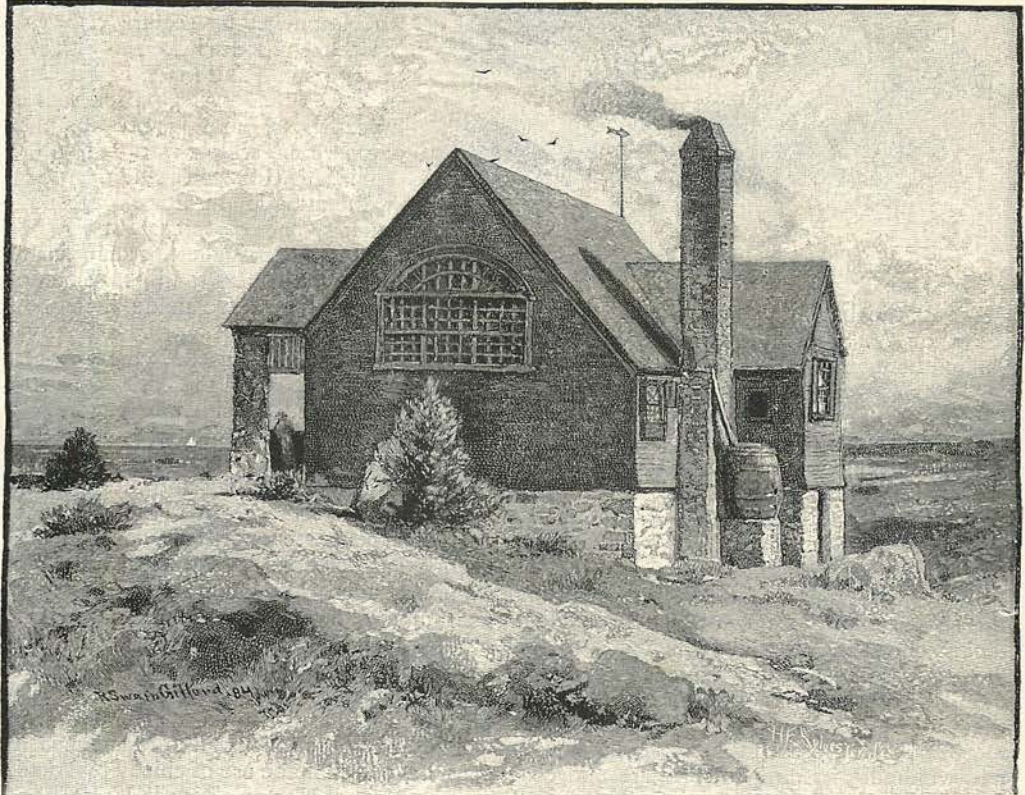


STUDIO OF EASTMAN JOHNSON, NANTUCKET.

dence is at Conanicut; and Mr. Samuel Colman has dared to build a beautiful studio and home in the very center of the summer Vanity Fair.

Due east from Newport, on the mainland, lies the old town of Little Compton, which Mr.

tasteful studio. It is an old joke that both Mr. Sartain and Mr. Gifford paint Moors; but while Mr. Sartain's have been Saracens of Tangier, sheiks with Koran or nargileh, Mr. Gifford's are the lowlands that stretch about Nonquitt to the sea. Salt marshes, sand dunes, and low,



STUDIO OF R. SWAIN GIFFORD, NONQUITT, MASS.

Blashfield has chosen as his country home. Here he has built a "glass studio" for the painting of figures with outdoor effects, and on these lonely sands, almost as retired from the world as the Ionian Isles, many of his decorative classical designs, processional friezes, and goddesses with whirling drapery and floating hair have passed to canvas.

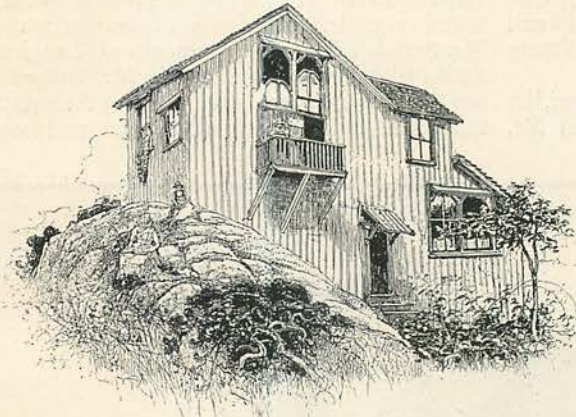
Continuing our tour around the New England coast, we arrive at Nonquitt, near New Bedford,—a beach most appropriately named, for its waters seem to possess the magical return-compelling property of the Fountain of Trevi. Neighbors both in winter and summer, and friends all the year round, are Messrs. Swain Gifford and William Sartain. Mr. Gifford has painted here for twenty years. Eight years ago he established a summer home here, and five years since commissioned Mr. Emerson, the Boston architect, to build his

flat reaches appeal to him strongly through their windy desolateness.

"A low, gray sky, a freshing wind,
A cold scent of the misty sea;
Before, the barren dunes; behind,
The level meadows, far and free."

This is the landscape which encircles his studio, and which he loves to interpret. Here too Mrs. Gifford doubtless finds the originals of some of her vigorous studies of wild flowers and birds.

Mr. Sartain meets his summer class at his studio on the rocks. His figure-work appears to be the product of his city studio, while the small landscapes which he often contributes to the Society of American Artists and other exhibitions faithfully reproduce the character of Nonquitt scenery—marshes with clumps of coarse, sedgy grass, the level shore, and the rocks with their warm coloring.



STUDIO OF WILLIAM SARTAIN, NONQUITT, MASS.

Across the bay is Padanaram, the favorite resort of W. S. Macy, whose snow-scenes, studied here, prove that he inhabits the place in winter as well as in summer. Harry Chase and D. W. Tryon are both habitués of the pleasant place with the quaint Biblical name full of suggestions of Rebeccas and Rachels. Benoni Irwin finds portrait-work among summer visitors, and Messrs. Swift, Cummings, Bradford, Bierstadt, and Charles Gifford belong to the New Bedford colony.

Sailing across Buzzard's Bay and skirting the shores of the Vineyard, we reach Nantucket, one of the rare spots which preserve the flavor and atmosphere of the olden time. The island — with its types of old men and women that are fading out elsewhere, even in other remote nooks of Massachusetts, its queer houses and windmills, its antique furniture and costume — has long been the artistic "property" of Mr. Eastman Johnson. The man and the

place have a natural sympathy for each other. He is a chronicler of a phase of our national life which is fast passing away, and which cannot be made up with old fashion-plates and the lay figure of the studio. He lives in a fascinating "house of seven gables," filled with curiosities brought to Nantucket by seafaring men, — keepsake pitchers inscribed with amatory poetry, and made in England a century ago as gifts for sailors' sweethearts, and many another treasure in willow-ware or other china. Mr. Johnson's studio is stored with antique furniture, spinning-wheels, and costumes. A row of battered hats suggest the antiquated squires, Quakers, and gentlemen of

the olden time that have made their bow to us in his pictures.

The whole Massachusetts coast is Art ground, but at Cape Cod the entire aspect of the coast changes. Species are found north of its threatening arm which are common to Greenland and are not traceable south of it; while in Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound we have some Florida and Gulf varieties, which never stray north of Cape Cod. The historical associations are sterner than those of lower latitudes. Mr. Douglas Volk is prominent among our younger figure-painters in availing himself of the field offered by the Puritan element in early colonial history — a field which Mr. Boughton has worked thoroughly, but which he has by no means exhausted.

The artistic qualities of the Massachusetts coast have been made use of chiefly by Boston artists. Messrs. Norton, Lansil, Halsall, and others have given their transcripts of



STUDIO OF WILLIAM F. HALSALL, BOSTON HARBOR.

"Storm and blinding mist,
And the stout hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead,
The sea-boats of Cape Ann."

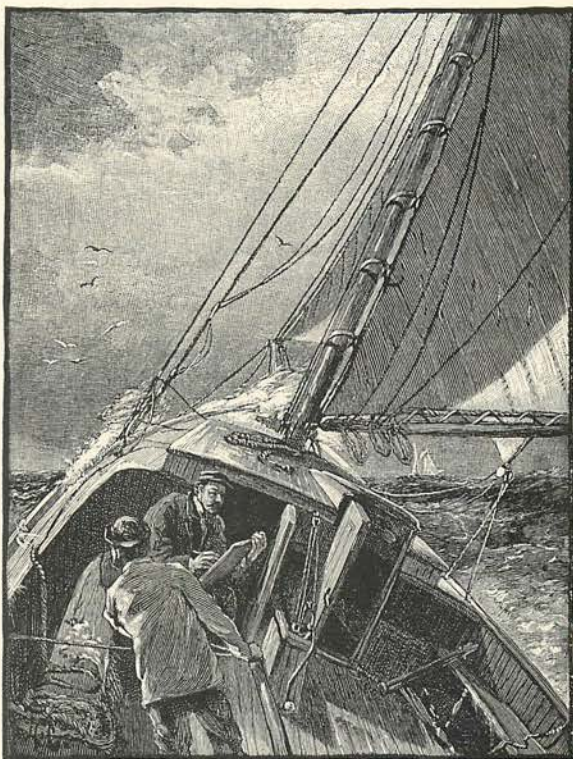
Mr. Halsall's love of the ocean developed early in life, when as a boy he ran away to sea, and through varied vicissitudes at length became a marine-painter. His summer working-place is on the Middle Brewster, one of a group of rugged islands forming a protection to Boston Harbor. He finds this wild crag an excellent place to work and study, with a magnificent background of scenery and panorama of shipping constantly passing, "almost like being at sea, without the discomforts of a vessel."

The New York artists, Messrs. Nicoll, Farrer, Bricher, and others, have also spied out the land and have invaded this Yankee reservation; a number have summer sheds upon the rocks at Magnolia, Marblehead, Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, and other points. Magnolia suggests to us Hunt's summer studio, "The Old Ship," as it was nicknamed. His sanctum was in the second story, and the entrance to it was by steps through a trap-door. When he wished to work, it was his custom to hoist these up after him by pulley and tackle, so that he was as completely isolated from marauding, time-stealing visitors as an old baron in his moated castle. Miss Agnes Abbott has painted there in past summers, bringing home portfolios of breezy water-colors worthy of the spot.

The Isles of Shoals attract many artists, among them Joseph Lyman; and the wild Maine coast is full of attractive nooks, from York and Old Orchard Beach to Mount Desert. The last-named locality was first introduced to Art by Mr. Church, and has since been exploited by Prosper L. Senat of Philadelphia. Winslow Homer's imaginative and vigorous style finds peculiar affinity in the fine natural scenery to be found here.

A number of artists desert the land altogether and make the heaving deck their summer studio. Harry Chase, in his yacht *Bonnie*, has coasted our shores in search of artistic booty. Mr Bradford, the well-known painter of icebergs and Arctic scenes, cruises still more boldly in the wake of the explorers, and gives us from his steam-launch views of "Fishing-craft Working through the Ice on the Coast of Labrador," and other chilly glimpses suggestive of the experiences of Arctic explorers.

The heart of New England is as fully appreciated by painters as the coast. All through



ON BOARD THE "BONNIE," HARRY CHASE'S STUDIO.

the interior is found the most charming scenery of mountain, river, and meadow. The White Mountains, brought by their special trains within a day of New York, grow more popular each year. In several instances the artists' sheds have been the pioneers, and the great hotels have come after. At Crawford's, Mr. Frank Shapleigh of Boston has, near the hotel, a studio, which he has made so picturesque and attractive that it is one of the sights of the place. Jackson is also a favorite sketching-field for this artist. Conway was preëmpted long ago by Benjamin Champney of Boston, one of our early painters of landscape.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson's picturesque drawings have doubtless done more to spread the fame of the White Mountains than the most glowing of written descriptions.

Mr. Casilear has painted the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, and Mr. Shirlaw has been attracted by the glistening caves and walls of the marble-quarries of Rutland and Manchester,—a new field in art, and one offering brilliant effects in color, as well as strong contrasts in light and shade. The marble industry is characteristic of New England, and deserves notice as one of the great American interests, but it bases its claim on the artist's attention upon the distinctive and

picturesque effects which it confers upon landscape, and for its association with the arts.

The stony pastures of Vermont are often as white with sheep and lambs as with marble. J. A. S. Monks, who appreciates so well their awkward and frisky attitudes, their middle-aged content and laziness, and the inquisitive baby-impudence of their youth, has painted and etched them in West Rutland and in Medford, and at present has a little artist's ranch at Cold Spring on the Hudson, where, from a side window of his studio, he paints the sheep as they are corraled upon his lawn.

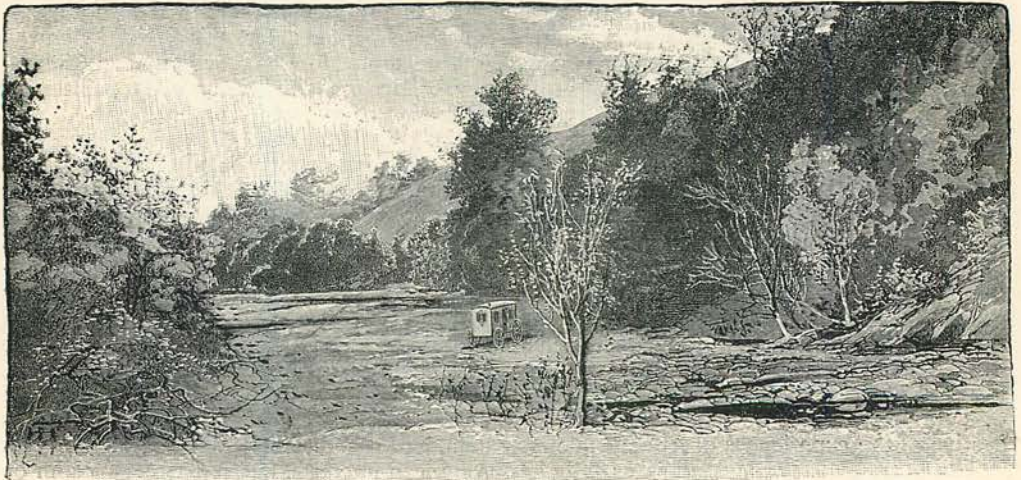
Mr. T. W. Wood has found at Montpelier the backgrounds of hay-loft, farm-house, and barn-yard for his *genre* paintings.

The vicinity of Boston is thickly strewn with summer and home studios. Ernest Longfellow, the son of the poet, has one in Cambridge. Mr. Enneking lives in Hyde Park. He has a studio in the rear of his home in the center of the town, but the woods and byways are near. There are some grand views in the neighborhood, but he has always chosen meadow and wood scenes, a hill-side with an old stone wall, and quiet rustic views.

Frank Millet's interesting studio at Bridge-water, with its Roumanian, Bulgarian, Greek, and Russian curiosities, and its old-fashioned kitchen taken bodily from a house in the neighborhood built in 1695, has already been described in print. Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Brown summer at Byfield, a suburb of Newburyport, and find here the twisted apple-trees and hill-side sketches and quiet skies which both are fond of painting.

Connecticut is full of quiet inland nooks that attract the artist. The vicinity of Hartford is especially attractive, and some interesting work has been accomplished by the

ladies of the Decorative Art Society. Farmington with its elms is a favorite with all artists who are familiar with this "bath of silence." Mr. Shattuck has reproduced the quiet loveliness of this nestling village under varied aspects. The environing hills form lines and masses of rare beauty seen from whatever direction, and from their summits one gains a far-reaching panorama of enchantment. To the north one catches a glimpse of the Holyoke range, which guards one of the most charmingly retired portions of Massachusetts. Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, the artist engraver, has made most of his work from nature in the vicinity of Mount Tom, Mount Holyoke, and Chestnut Mountain, in as wild and forsaken regions as can be found in our more remote wildernesses. He has had built for his purposes an ingenious jaunting-car fitted up with every convenience for photography, sketching, painting, and engraving, combined with sleeping and house-keeping conveniences. The body is ten feet long, seven feet high, and three and one-half feet wide. The running-gear is a heavy country one-horse wagon. The windows have outside blinds, mosquito-frames, and single panes of glass in sliding frames, like those used for horse-cars. On the back of the car is an extension, a sort of veranda, with waterproof curtains to let down and inclose the whole, making a dark chamber for photography. The interior of the car is fitted up with drawers, tanks, and cupboards in the most compact ship-shape, with folding bunk and kerosene stove apparatus, swinging lamp, and every adjunct for bachelor comfort. The car is followed by a companion boat on wheels, and the machine can be stocked for solitary camping in one place for a month at



ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY'S STUDIO-CAR IN WHATELY GLEN.



J. A. S. MONKS' STUDIO AT WEST RUTLAND, VT.

a time. Mr. Kingsley has also camped and sketched the past summer upon the Saguenay, but he has found no conditions so well adapted for his work as in the Connecticut Valley seen from the windows of his gypsy cart.

If we follow the Connecticut Valley a little farther to the north, we find Deerfield, a veritable Sleepy Hollow, hidden away under its elms as you look down upon it from the fast-flying express trains which pass its tiny station in swift disdain. The elms of Deerfield are its glory; nowhere in New England can there be found nobler ones. Mr. A. F. Bellows has painted them again and again. Messrs. F. D. Williams, Frank Currier, Fred Wright, and others have painted here, and the summer homes and studios of J. Wells Champney and the late George Fuller are in and near the village. Mr. Fuller removed the floors of the second story from the old family homestead, and constructed a fascinating and rambling atelier, with many odd nooks and corners, three fireplaces, and a wall of old paneling. Across the way stands the pretty cottage which was his, and around stretch the broad acres of his meadow farm. On these meadows the mist drifts low at dawn and twilight, and the Indian summer haze blurs all too distinct outline into the subtle harmony of light and color of which Mr. Fuller was so pre-

eminent a master. In this homestead studio many of his most original and poetic conceptions took shape.

No picture of his painting is now more touching than this same empty studio, so instinct with the personality of the man that one cannot help fancying that he has only left it for a moment, that he has stepped behind the great easel or is hidden by the chimney-corner. The historic associations of Deerfield carry the imagination back across two centuries. Hatchets and spinning-wheels, looms and foot-stoves, and all the obsolete and prehistoric paraphernalia of the olden time abound in the village—the paradise of the antiquary as well as of the artist. It is not surprising that Mr. Fuller should be acknowledged to occupy a place in art analogous to that of Hawthorne in literature.

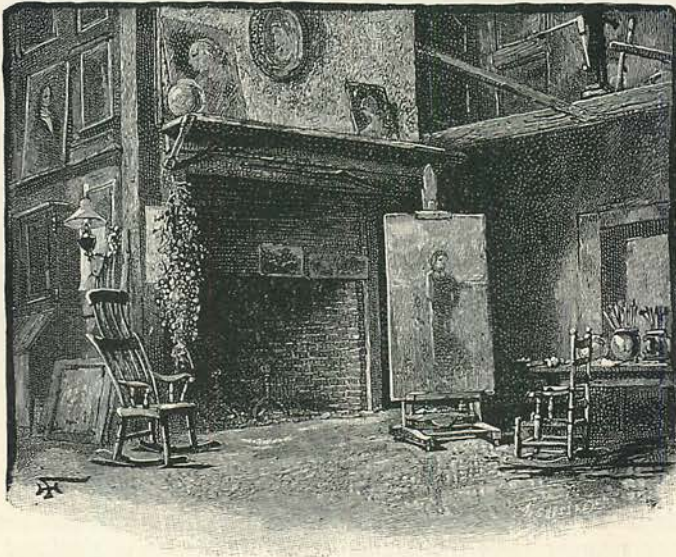
West of Deerfield lie the Berkshire Hills, so widely celebrated for their beauty. Mr. Thomas Allen is a native of Pittsfield, and many of our landscape-painters find their way each summer to this enchanting region. Jerome Thompson, Frank Waller, and others have painted at Lenox and Stockbridge, though Mr. Waller has deserted the region for a lodge among the beautiful hop-vines of Coopers-town, N. Y. At Great Barrington Mr. Bristol has established a charming studio, which

is a perfect arbor of Virginia creepers and other vines. Mr. Bristol is best known to the public for his lakes, but he delights also in river effects, and here upon the banks of the Housatonic and the Green River, which Bryant loved, he has sketched with such friends as Bellows and Shattuck.

Still to the westward gleams Lake George, the favorite resort of George H. Yewell. Here by the lake Mr. and Mrs. Loop have a country-

and individual trees, with their inherited characteristics. Here are the selfish beech, thrusting other trees away from it and taking up all the cleared space for itself, the birch in her bridal dress of white satin, the hemlock sheltering a spruce — for these trees are lovers, and can no more bear to be separated than goldenrod and aster.

Mr. Shurtleff takes a more comprehensive view of the forest than Mr. Fitch, and a more



THE LATE GEORGE FULLER'S STUDIO AT DEERFIELD.

seat, old-fashioned in its appointments and its free-hearted hospitality.

A step farther and we have reached the Adirondacks, that enchanted country with which Charles Dudley Warner has made us so well acquainted, where man returns to a delightful savagery, and fishing, camping, climbing, and hunting take the place of the excitements and toil of the city. Here too the emancipated society woman exchanges her elaborately ordered dinners for the coffee-pot smoking over a camp-fire, a string of trout, and a basket of berries; while the theater and opera are replaced by fish and bear stories.

It is possible that the visitor at Keene Valley to-day would hardly recognize this picture; but here, at all events, are the everlasting hills, and just beyond them are the forests, lakes, and solitudes of the wilderness.

The charms of Keene Valley, the peaks of Sentinel Mountain, of Mounts Marcy and Dix, of Noonmark or the Dial, have all been presented to the public by Mr. Robbins. Though dealing generally with small canvases, he loves to depict wide-spreading views. Mr. Fitch gives us detail — nooks in the forest

intimate one than Mr. Robbins. His "lodge in the wilderness" is graced by antlered heads and wild-wood trophies of bark and moss. Mr. Wyant's delicate paintings are too well known to require description.

Mr. William Hart finds the lower end of Keene Valley attractive, and may be met occasionally striding over the hills in search of his favorite sketching-grounds, or quietly seated before some bovine beauty while the herdsman exerts himself in the almost vain attempt to keep the refractory model in position.

Other artists — notably Mr. Robert C. Minor, whose "Heart of the Wilderness," painted here, was shown at the regular Academy Exhibition of 1883, Messrs. J. Alden Weir, Bloodgood, and Douglas Volk — have all visited and worked in the Adirondacks.

The ranges of mountains in the Middle and Southern States have artist visitors. Mr. James Smillie has a summer home in Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn. Here from his painting studio, through an immense single-paned window of plate-glass, he can look away over the Alleghany ranges and study sky-effects in stormy weather; while an ad-



INTERIOR OF R. M. SHURTLEFF'S STUDIO, KEENE VALLEY, NEW YORK.

joining room is fitted up with every appliance for his favorite department of etching.

Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith has also found a double attraction in the trout streams of the Pennsylvania mountains. Farther south Mr. Gilbert Gaul has purchased a sheep farm in the Cumberland Mountains.

Mr. T. Addison Richards also spends his summer upon the Delaware, sketching the rivulets and brooks which follow its course.

We have more marine-painters than painters of mountains, and yet the hills will hold their own against the sea in grandeur. The Adirondack region furnishes the mountain waves that Ruskin speaks of, and only a few adventurous spirits will require anything bolder or wilder. Even these need seek no Alps or Andes, for our own continent, in the tremendous architecture of the Rockies and Sierras, stands waiting "to startle the lethargy of the human heart with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment." Mr. Bierstadt has visited this region six times since 1859, and his pictures have dealt with the mastodon trees, the grand domes of Sentinel Rock, El Capitan, the Cathedral Rocks, and the Yosemite.

Mr. Thomas Moran has given us the geysers and hot springs of Utah, thermal fountains throwing their jets of scalding steam four hundred and fifty feet into the air, and

has dared to reproduce the vivid carnelian, sulphur, and copper blue-coloring of the springs of Firehole River. His "Cañon of the Yellowstone" and "Chasm of the Colorado" are in the Capitol in Washington, and his "Mountain of the Holy Cross" is a well-known picture.

Mr. W. Whittredge has contributed to the Yale collection of paintings some studies of prairie and mountain scenes, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has given us some remarkably fine work in black and white. The opportunities which the Indian offers to the figure-painter have never been fully seized. Mr. Brush, one of our younger men, has been wise enough to see this; and while others have swarmed to Europe to paint the Italian peasant, he has studied in the wilds of Montana and Wyoming, and at the Arapahoe and Crow agencies, the peculiar customs, types, and costumes of the Indians.

Mr. Moser of Atlanta, Georgia, deserves mention as a delineator of African character. His conception of Uncle Remus is the only one accepted by Mr. Harris; and we may expect future work of importance from his plantation studio. Pennell has given us an idea of the picturesqueness of New Orleans.

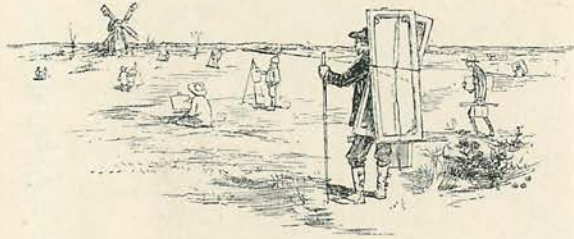
Mexico presents another American field, which Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote has shown us in black and white, and Mr. Ferguson in

color; while Hopkinson Smith has spent a busy vacation in Cuba.

We have given but a hasty survey, noticing only a few of the outposts. Other home fields are worthily occupied, while more are still un-

developed. The South allures, and the North is full of stimulus. Everywhere the whole wide new land invites her artist sons, not in summer alone, but throughout every season of the changing year, to tell her story to the world.

Lizzie W. Champney.



THE GRAY GULL'S WING.

I HOLD in my hand the gray gull's wing,
And seem to touch a perpetual flight;
So alert is this softly shining thing,
Sharply pointing from height to height,
That I follow its charmed, vagarious flight:

Where great gray seas beneath it swing,
And soft gray clouds drop against the sea,
That beats its grayer horizon-ring,
And sighs o' nights, and prays to be
Moon-led, moon-lifted, and set free.

Out of weird, tossed shadows the gray bird slips,
Vaguely gleaming against the dawn;
Till into some sudden splendor it dips,
Flashing outward, and strangely gone,
And I hear but a cry go on and on.

Beaconed headlands and rock-bound shores,
Wild, crowding crags to rebut the sea,
Sails that flit while the gray bird soars,
Shadows blown out of eternity
To the cold, purple gray of this pinnacled sea.

Fields of sedge, and levels of sand,
And a slow tide drearily slipping away,
And a dim sky falling against the land,
And the fishing-boats loitering up the bay,
And still the gray bird leads the gray.

Over this flying shape I dream,
Reaching a strength to which I cling;
And glad, sweet thoughts seem to rustle and gleam
In the swift elation in which they spring
Higher, to follow the gray gull's wing.

Mary Allen.