A MODERN COLORIST.

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER.

IF they were self-examining and thoroughly candid, many artists would acknowledge that pictures give them little pleasure. They have to make their bread out of pictures—talk pictures, see pictures, live pictures; but they do not love them. In most laymen and in a vast number of artists the color sense is not strongly developed. They may see color truly enough, but color does not impress them greatly; they are never ravished with sweet hues. Everything conspires to keep an artist from color. There is an absence of the color sense, in its passionate phase, from most patrons, most fellow-artists, and many old masters who are held up as standards. There is the old tradition in France against color and in favor of form. There is the popular fallacy that the larger part of art is painstaking labor, and the kindred fallacy that colorists do little work.

A young artist who dares to trust his genius for color has a hard time. Artistic pedagogues wring their hands over him. Any mechanical stippler without an ounce of brains or half a heart battery may turn up his nose at him. All the old-fashioned art critics, nourished on the blunders and fitful flashes of truth in Ruskin, expostulate in chorus. They know so well the path genius ought to take that when they see somebody who has not come by that path, with the same wisdom they know that he is not a genius. Walk by the light we recognize, they cry, or you are not of us!

This is all very well for the time being, but it cannot last forever. Such critics are often fond of denying any originality or other worth to American art, and by unreasonable pessimism do much to discourage native art and artists, thereby keeping matters as unfortunate as possible. But perhaps American art, like American mechanics, literature, politics, has a mission of its own. Perhaps it may teach the great lesson in the fine arts which the United States is teaching in many other fields—individuality, freedom, rejection of the authority of any one school.

When the great past schools are under discussion, has it not crossed the mind of most readers to wonder why it was, that among the followers of some great master his ideas, so fertile before, became all of a sudden sterile, so that hardly half a century need elapse and there are no more painters at all? Not even talents show themselves! How comes it that the fire divine exhausts itself so quickly? Because the disciples of a great master take the husk for the grain; they harden into the ruts of scholarship. True, it is the school that helps produce the flourishing epoch; but it is also the school that destroys it. Like a plant it contains the germ of another, but must perish and lie long in the fallow before a new sprout arises. Now it is more than probable that never again will there be schools after the old system. In the United States everything opposes the upspringing of such schools; and while they linger on after a fashion in Europe, Europe becomes each decade more like America, and will doubtless follow her in this as in many other things. Doubtless the Hudson River school, if it was a school, is the last remains of a past habit of mind in the domain of the fine arts.

In place of schools we have phenomena much more inconvenient for neat criticism. It is no longer possible to bunch artists together as we used. In America we try to fit the painters into Düsseldorfers, the Munich men, or those of the Hague or Paris, according as they chose one or another of those cities in which to pass their apprenticeship. But even in these the old uniformity is on the wane, and apprentices often pass from the ateliers of one to those of the other town. Still, something by way of classification can be done with artists who show a trace of foreign schooling. But each year adds to the number of humble and by no means popular workmen who owe very little to Europe directly and whose work shows no trace of foreign masters. How can they be classified? They are extremely irritating to the critic. There are his round holes fairly punched in his board and duly and decently labeled. Here is a square peg that will not in. A parlous plight! But obviously the only escape from the difficulty is not to throw away the square peg, saying that pegs have no right to be square, but to examine the board and answer the mute question, why should there not be square holes as well as round?

The parable fits to a young painter who slowly and with endurance of insulting pity, of

ridicule and of inappreciation, has worked his way to a small but very enthusiastic practice. In the Academy exhibitions your eyes, if they are sensitive to beauty in color, may suddenly fall with surprised delight on a small square canvas or panel, unsigned, modest,— a landscape, a marine, a moonlight with cattle,— the color of which makes most of the surrounding pictures cheap and tiresome. With some difficulty you find that this "queer" little picture is by Albert Ryder. Who is he? you ask.

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY MRS. JANET H. DE KAY.
MOONRISE; OR, PLODDING HOMEWARD.

"Oh," answers a certain kind of painter, "he 's a mannerist who does n't know how to draw." "An impressionist!" cries another, glad to use a word that his hearers understand but vaguely. "I could make pictures like that," says another sort of artist, "a dozen a day." "He has some idea of color," speaks up a critic, "but such slovenliness of execution will never do!"

With all this adverse comment it is remarkable that art students may often be found imagining that Albert Ryder's pictures are peculiarly delightful to them, wondrous stimulating, and also that painters who have twice his reputation, "strong painters," "realists," as the able critics call them, are fond of owning one of his little pieces, and sometimes will show that they cherish it with a peculiar playful affection. They come to laugh and stay to pray. In themselves are not these facts regarding any artist enough to warrant the belief that to study his work a little deeper will be not entirely a waste of time?

Any workman has a right to demand that he be first of all judged on his strongest point. Otherwise there is no meaning in criticism, no purpose served in noting the differences between man and man. Now on Mr. Ryder's strong side, color, it is with the greatest difficulty that the painter can be found who should be placed beside him. The late George Fuller had elements of a colorist; so, in a narrow range, had the late S. R. Gifford. A richer, heavier color sense than either is found in Rothermel of Philadelphia, who by his very name carries "on his sleeve" one of the strongest pigments of the palette. The late William M. Hunt had a fine sense of color, and sometimes C. W. Stetson of Providence is a natural colorist. George Inness and Homer D. Martin show themselves strongly responsive to color impressions. Mr. John La Farge is a brilliant and magnificent colorist. Turning to England, there was Turner, undoubtedly a great colorist; we find occasionally in the sea-pieces of Mr. John Brett a touch of talent for color like that of the late William M. Hunt. Orchardson has color; Erskine Nicoll, color of a certain sort. In Belgium and Holland there are delicate colorists like Mauve and Maris, and masters of tone like Israels. In France Jules Dupré was the last colorist of the first rank. And yet Albert Ryder is most certainly a finer, more thoughtful, more poetic, wider-ranged colorist than the veteran Dupré. Cazin, whom it is now the fashion to hold a great colorist, is not to be mentioned beside him. In his

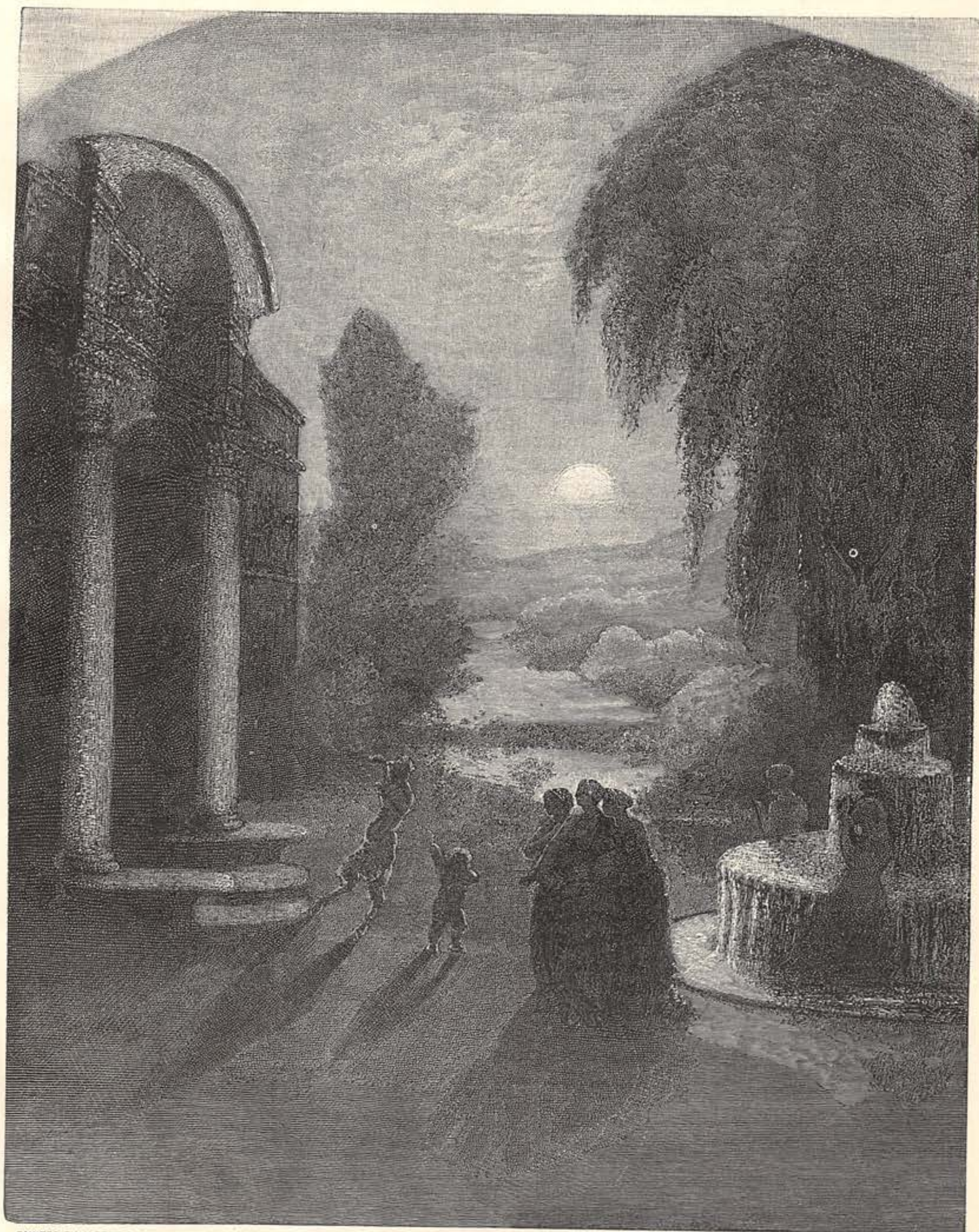
flower pieces Diaz comes nearer. Still nearer, but more monotonous than Ryder, stands Monticelli. Henner has a repetition of one strongly felt picture by an Italian old master; Millet had a limited sense of color; Corot was also great between narrow bounds; Rousseau had a robuster and wider range. But all these masters fail to impress one with the luxury of enjoyment in color which will be observed in any assemblage of Albert Ryder's works. His pictures glow with an inner radiance, like some minerals, or like the ocean under certain states of cloud, mist, wind. Some have the depth, richness, and luster of enamels of the great period. He is particularly moved by the lapis lazuli of a clear night sky and loves to introduce it with or without a moon. The yellow phase of the moon when she is near the horizon, and also occasionally when she is on the zenith,—in Indian summer, or when fine smoke or dust is distributed through the air,—finds him always responsive. The mystery and poetic charms of twilight and deeper night touch him as they do poets; Ryder attempts to reproduce their actuality in colors. A man should be judged partly by the magnitude of his attempt. Ryder has to be considered by standards very different from those for prudent souls who avoid the dangers of untrodden paths and find a steady income by adhering to formulæ of subject and technique which the world of amateurs and picture buyers has agreed to accept as truthful transcripts of nature.

Mr. Ryder is now forty-three years of age; that is to say, with his slowly evolving temperament approaching the period of greatest achievement. He is still considered promising—baleful adjective, which gives one to understand that in the arts there is such a thing as arrival at absolute success, chilling the struggler for fame and wealth with the idea that he must die before people will take the trouble to find out whether or not the promise has been fulfilled! His first schooling was at the Academy. His master was Edgar Marshall of New York, the etcher-engraver and painter. If on the side of form he has not reached his master, on the side of color he soon surpassed him.

Mr. Ryder is a native of Cape Cod, of mixed ancestry, English, Scottish, and Irish, and his name is one often seen in that part of Massachusetts. Pretty much always, as indeed at the present time, some members of his family have followed the sea. His boyhood was passed at Weymouth; his father was for several years boarding officer of the port of New Bedford, but his formative years fell in the period when his family moved to New York. Without having suffered hardship the artist has undergone the usual amount of incredulity which befalls, or until lately befell, the youth who tries to open up a new career in which rewards are very rarely immediate and very commonly absent. So uneventful outwardly has been his life that a month's stay in London years ago and a hurried trip through England, Italy, Spain, and Holland in the summer of 1883 are the only facts to record. What is most curious in this connection is the little liking he showed for travel, the strong dislike for hurry, the comparative weakness of the impression made on him by the old galleries, and his almost complete rejection of modern art in Europe. To his companions, Messrs. Warner the sculptor and Cottier the art dealer and connoisseur, this natural chauvinism was entertaining. Nine persons out of ten will call it weakness. Perhaps the tenth, if he ponders on what it can mean, will come to the conclusion that an artist completely saturated with his own conceptions of things, his own ways of looking at nature and evolving a picture, would be likely to be somewhat obtuse, and, what is more, would be all the healthier in consequence. What was it that neutralized the native vigor of William Page? The overwhelming impression of Titian. What destroyed many a "promising" young Netherlander who settled in Italy during the great Flemish and Dutch epoch? The influence of masters of a nation alien to his own in religion, sentiments, manners, morals. He who is not thrown off his balance by European types in art is a healthier, sturdier artist than the American to whom the work of some Bavarian or Parisian master is aim and ideal.

It would indeed be difficult to find a more thoroughly native workman than Ryder. The traits on which most European artists plume themselves—smart drawing and smart grouping—are found in Ryder at a minimum. Those of which the vast majority seem to have not a suspicion, viz.: color and harmony, poetic perception of nature, sensuousness pure-minded to a surprising degree, are seen in him as in no other living painter. In some respects he suggests Millet—not by the way he paints or the subjects he chooses, but along more intricate channels of resemblance: by his humble boldness, if one may be forgiven the seeming paradox; by his imagination, seriousness, and childlike temperament. Yet his popularity is so small that the editors of "Artists of the Nineteenth Century and their Works," published at Boston in 1879, have ignored his existence.

Like most artists who move on higher planes of thought and emotion, Ryder has little financial fame. Art dealers for the most part shrug their shoulders over his pictures. The regular buyers at the sales would much sooner



PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY THOMAS B. CLARKE.

THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND.

"handle," as they express it, the worst daub by a modern Italian, staring and in horrible taste, than touch one of Mr. Ryder's little jewels. It should be said, however, that such a thing as a picture by him at an auction has rarely occurred since he became an exhibitor. Small pictures, generally gifts made during his student life, have been shown in bric-à-brac shops, but not long. Curiously enough, the very persons who laugh a little at his work will not part with a specimen if they gain possession of it. What can this mean, except that, willy nilly, they value it? Though they may not fully understand it, ten to one it has a quiet intensity, an emotion in its color alone, which forces an owner at first to respect and then to love it. The picture may not be a great dramatic group, nor an historical fact, nor a remarkable view, nor even an actual landscape, and yet it holds one with some hardly explicable charm. As near to it as anything would be a strain of lovely music which refuses analysis, or a string of simple-seeming words which forms by some enchantment a great little poem.

When one searches for the origin of these complex emotions, one comes inevitably upon the personality of the artist. And there we meet the specter that stands in the path of all criticism of art worth the name — thoroughly honest and serious criticism, without fear or favor, than which none other can ever hope to live beyond the day it is penned. It is the personality of the artist interwoven with his work which makes him sensitive to criticism to a degree that many persons consider childish. Such persons have never been artists or they would scoff less. None but an artist can understand the almost unbearable sense of injustice felt when the work of many weeks is judged adversely. A queer list might be drawn up to tabulate the different kinds of artists while under the fire of the critics. None, we may safely conclude, are quite indifferent. Some are burlesque in their wrath; others, angry with a passing irritation. Some take it sullenly, others coolly, others with deep and nearly always successful prudence. Lucky is the writer who has more good than bad to report. Mr. Ryder's personality, then, is tremendously involved in his work.

Take an artist who devotes himself to one field — to marines, to cats or dogs, to country and city children, to the family life of respectable people. He needs to put only a small proportion of his personality into a picture; the chief burden lies on the objects depicted. Are these well painted, like the reality, pleasantly grouped, reasonably and interestingly occupied? But with Mr. Ryder's works how different! For the most part they are creations of his own fancy. They have wings; they hardly touch earth at all. For Mr. Ryder is that rarest and at present most scorned artist, an idealist; not in the same sense as the painter of an "ideal head," but in a much higher and more difficult way. Before his pictures we find ourselves suddenly invited to enter fairyland. His color is an enchantress. We follow her lead and presently discover a new country, like earth and of it, but not earth exactly, in which the fancy can travel uncontrolled. In the truest sense of the word Mr. Ryder is a poet in paint.

He is also a poet in words, and although his verses are far more lawless and unacademical than his paintings, they have the same charm of the original, the unconventional, the lovely, the naïf. Perhaps the verses called "The Wind" will not be out of place here, if only to throw light on his works in that sister art which he has made his profession. Need it be said that they were composed for reciting to his friends, not for printing? In fact many of his best lyrics seem never to have been committed to paper.

THE WIND.

The wind, the wind, the wind,
The breath of balmy, balmy evening,
That am I, that am I!
My unseen wanderings
Who can pursue, who comprehend?
Soft as a panther treads
When moving on its prey,
I fly o'er beds of roses sweet
And violets pale,
Till, disturbed within their slumbers,
They bend from my gay caress —
Only to lift their heads again
And send the aroma of sweet perfumes
To call me yet once more
Ere that I pass away.

I am the wind, the wind, the wind,
As fickle as lightning, swift as light.
I seize on the giants of the forest
And shake them to their roots!
I make them tremble to their sap!

I am the wind, the wind, the wind!
I 'll away, I 'll away to where maidens
Are sighing for fond lovers,
And softly coo and woo and whisper in their ears,
With sigh answering sighs,
Making their hearts to throb,
Their bosoms rise
Till I seem hardly from without —
Almost within the voice
Of their soul's illusion!
What lover would not give his all for this:
To kiss that rosy cheek,
Those dewy lids, that luscious mouth;
So wantonly to lift those woven tresses,
And breathe upon those rounded bosoms?

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY JAMES B. INGLIS.

LANDSCAPE, LATE AFTERNOON.

But I 'm the wind, the wind, the wind!
I 'll away, I 'll away to gloomy pools profound,
Stirring the silence of their reflective depths
With rippling laughter
At my wanton freaks —
For I 'm the wind, the wind, the wind,
And my fantastic wanderings
Who can pursue, who comprehend?

Some years ago, when Mr. Ryder had but lately graduated from the schools of the Academy, he was passing through the street with a little panel in his hand. Suddenly a man stopped him. He was clad in a long Oriental gown, slippers on his feet, a fez on the back of his head. Apologizing in very fair English, he asked the young artist if the picture he had in his hand was not Persian. Very much surprised, Mr. Ryder handed it to him. The Persian examined it with great interest and explained that the color and drawing — it showed a horse and rider — was extraordinarily like those in pictures among his own countrymen. Ryder has indeed the sense for color which the subjects of the Shah used to have when they manufactured the priceless rugs and carpets of bygone reigns. And in oils at that time his drawing was as naïf as Persian. The Orient attracted him from the first. I remember a desert scene with a walled town on the horizon and in the middle distance a small Arab rider with lance. It belonged to the late Mrs. Middlemore of London. Another, much richer, is an oblong panel showing horses tethered near a long white wall in which is the arch to a garden. One sees the domes of a mosque over the wall. After the hackneyed pictures of the Orient this charming mosaic of colors had a most original effect. Still earlier in making is a landscape from nature, a view on the lowlands near High Bridge. A simple slope of woodland runs from the left downward to the center; the Harlem flats are in the foreground; above is one of the subtlest, quietest of cloudy skies. About the same period he painted a moonlight with sheep lying scattered about the foreground and a shepherd's hut in the right distance. It is one of three paintings owned by Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce of Edinburgh. A spirited "Chase" owned by the Rev. Mr. Conkling was in its first state remarkable for the green tones which extended to the deer and hounds passing in profile, and suggested medieval glass or Persian tile decoration. A slender stream is beyond the stag, and to the right and beyond the stream is a huntsman in full gallop. The water is finely indicated where the brook turns. The tones of this picture were changed in the direction of greater realism about 1879. A milkmaid standing rather stiffly owing to the pail of milk on her head, and looking out of the picture, is a very attractive little upright. One of two cows in the background turns her head after the maid in the way that Corot liked to draw cows. Another picture, that is a

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY R. H. HALSTED.

JONAH.

mere exercise in color, shows a forest interior with a man in antique costume carrying a boy on his shoulder, followed by a small woman. The robe of the man and the bodice of the woman are boldly colored, and the whole, while full of neglects in drawing, is most suggestive. "The Wandering Cow," owned by Daniel Cottier, is one of his little triumphs. The moon is half veiled by thin clouds, yet shimmers on a pool before which a cow stands in an attitude of alarm. People who have watched the movements of cattle at night will recognize the truthfulness of the drawing in this cow. The sky and night landscape are admirable. A yellow sunny landscape hangs in his studio. The foreground contains a raw-boned white horse, a cart, and a laborer in blue overalls. The golden distance of plain, the rolling hills, and the slightly clouded sky are robust and broad. To Mr. I. T. Williams belongs "The Two Lovers," the *motif* taken from Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty"; to Mrs. Bickley of Philadelphia a charming marine—a brig coming on with sails set, a moon above clouds, and bright clouds above moon. There appeared some years ago at the Society of American Artists "The Lovers' Boat," which was bought by the Rev. Mr. Conkling.

Among the earlier works is a little woman's figure on a panel, standing with a harp at her feet and the sides of a tent-door about her. Originally this picture had a background with a man sailing an enchanted bark. The figure is called "Melancholy," and for it, as for many of his pictures, the artist composed verses which are lost. "The Phantom Ship" is a small marine owned by Mrs. W. T. Moore of Paris, a strange conception and a fantastic, little in keeping with the material work in favor nowadays in France. With all sails set the spectral galleon glides mysteriously between a headland and a low shore with trees out to the calm ocean, over which hangs a bank of clouds with the moon just emerging. At one time he engaged to paint panels for frames to mirrors and for the doors to cabinets. Of the former sort he has painted three—one now in Albany; another in New York owned by Mr. Thomas Williams; and a third for Mrs. Janet H. de Kay, with suggestive figures, portraits, and landscapes on small panels relating to Drake's "Culprit Fay." A three-leaved screen for Mrs. W. C. Banning gave him a chance to paint nude babies, two of much grace and originality on one of the compartments. A very impressive night scene with rising moon is the "Macbeth on Horseback meeting Three Witches" owned in Boston. The singularly bold, simple outline of hills, between which an orange full moon is just about to quit the horizon, is as notable as the deep beauty of the sky and the mystery of the dark heath, all the darker because the light floods a winding path which seems to proceed in snaky loops from the moon itself. Through the night a little horseman is seen. The horse has shied from the path and the objects that have scared him are not bushes,—they look almost like three bushes at first,—but three figures in an impish dance, each with a torch above its head. Like many of Mr. Ryder's low-keyed pictures, this requires on first acquaintance a powerful morning light; otherwise the story is lost and only the landscape is impressive for its severe grandeur. Another night effect with a country house, old-fashioned and with lights glowing in its casements, is a tender moonlight owned by Miss Howes of Boston. A pool with horseman watering his horse belongs to the collection of Mr. Erwin Davis, for whom he has painted some of his most spirited, breezy marines. For Mr. Daniel Cottier he has made a vivid marine called "The Waste of Waters is their Field," a bark with small lug sail and three fishermen, which is flying merrily over long, living billows. These compare very favorably with the marines of Dupré, and show a more highly developed sense of color.

As may be inferred from what has gone before, Ryder won his way chiefly as a landscapist up to a recent time. Ideal treatment of landscape is seen occasionally in Elihu Vedder, and oftener in John La Farge. George Inness, McEntee, Wyant, Swain Gifford, and others introduce veins of sentiment. It has remained for Ryder to produce imaginative landscapes of the first rank. He is legitimately enough an outcome of the American landscape school, with but few and obscure forerunning hints to warrant his appearance. A common-school education which he somewhat neglected, a pupilage at the Academy, a few lessons at the Art Students' League, some practical hard work in an artist's studio in a strictly subordinate position, some experience as a buyer and seller of pictures, in which he showed wonderful ability to pick out fine ones and little to sell them again, comprise his preparations for a painter's life. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he was content with landscape or with pictures in which landscape is the main thing. As a painter of horses he has gone far. Perhaps he never achieves the smartness of drawing needed for a racer, but his cart-horses are often extremely true. One drab interior of a stable with an old heavy fetlocked horse hangs in his studio; a large white horse before which a hostler in a red shirt is bending to wash its hoofs is another such. Mr. Ryder has worked hard studying city horses from the life, but he is every year

painting more and more the human figure. His tendency is towards voluminous draperies. "Florizel and Perdita," from "Winter's Tale," is an order from the sketch given by Mr. R. B. Angus of Montreal. Perdita leans towards her lover in a most naïf and pleasing movement. Her lamb is in her arms and his left arm is behind her, while his right hand supports her right elbow. He too shows in the lines of head, neck, and legs the same lover-like tendency towards his mistress. Sentiment so pronounced and yet so dignified is the rarest of all things nowadays. Those who feel it are ashamed to reproduce it. The coloring of this picture, which marks a great advance in drawing and composition, is up to the very best Mr. Ryder can do—that means beyond what all but one or two of his contemporaries produce. "Plodding Homeward," a twilight with rising moon and a man in a cart, low greenish in tones, exquisitely engraved on wood by Elbridge Kingsley, and "The Curfew Hour," an ideal twilight warmly brown in tones, showing farm-buildings such as one sees in French Canada, grazing cattle, and a high moon, are pictures of extraordinary depth of sentiment, quietness, and internal charm. They have an effect on the nerves like slow organ music.

Mr. Ryder's first admirers were artists, a sprinkling of amateurs, and one or two art-critics. Artists either admire or denounce him vehemently; many are glad to exchange pictures with him in order to have in their studios a specimen of his fascinating work. In the rough comradery of the atelier the bits of color have to suffer much ridicule, but they are cherished and very seldom parted with. For the most part his patrons are men and women of limited incomes, in some cases of very straitened means, busy people, intellectually active and endowed with sympathies broad and refined. He is a painter with the highest, most chivalrous, but for the most part silent, admiration for women, and it is among women he always finds some of his warmest admirers. He has the humility of genius, but also the fine impatient scorn that goes with genius; yet he is enough of the world to show the latter rarely. One of the founders of the Society of American Artists, he has had the quiet tact never to offend the authorities of the Academy of Design during the years of tension between the older and younger organizations. Perhaps his pictures are accepted at the Academy partly because he is a graduate of its schools; or it may be that the narrow and timid do not value his work sufficiently to fear it, recognizing its present state of unpopularity. It is one of the best signs in Mr. Ryder that he appears little disquieted by the narrowness of the circle to which he now appeals. There is little attempt to repeat continuously the note, no striving to hit a paying line of pictures. He declined a dealer's offer to pay liberally for ten pictures, to be completed in three years, though ready money was sorely needed. On the contrary, he is always reaching out towards more difficult problems, before, some of his admirers are timid enough to think, he has well secured his position on lower levels. Fearing failure, they doubt his powers and often discourage him. Some years ago he had brought almost to a finish, when it was ruined while being transferred to another canvas, a very remarkable picture. It represented an age when Christianity had vanished from most communities but still lingered among the shepherds. The scene is a wood, with a crucifix by the side of the way. A stalwart shepherd leads a white mule, on which is seated a lady in rich dress, holding her child. She is looking curiously at the cross, and he, with upturned face, is telling her the story of the Passion and Crucifixion. The color was as remarkable as the idea, which plainly aims at the present confusion in Christendom. "The Poet on Pegasus entering the Realm of the Muses" is a masterpiece of boldness and simplicity. Pegasus and his rider have come from the ocean to a narrow pass between rocks. The winged horse is dropping from the air and his hoofs are not yet on terra firma. To the left stands a graceful girl in light drapery and holding out a hand in welcome. In the foreground to the left sits with inclined head an older and graver nymph, holding an open book; to the right and in front a third with pensively bent head, holding a harp. The draperies of the two seated nymphs are abundant and subtle in color. The distant glimmer of ocean and sky behind the poet is exquisite.

This picture is an instance of the way in which Ryder fills his canvas. He rarely leaves wide spaces, and in some exhibits a very singular power of composing an ideal scene. It is also an example of subtle color.

"The Flying Dutchman" belonging to Mr. James S. Inglis is a splendid marine which Turner would have been glad to own. Vanderdecken's ship mingles with cloud and foam in the left distance, while a goblin sun looks down the trough of a great sea, where the foreground shows a bark with three sailors. Its sail is torn and it seems about to bury itself forever. An old man recognizes the spectral ship and points it out to his doomed comrades. Something like this is the "Jonah" owned by Mr. R. H. Halsted and shown at the New York Athletic Club. The drama is going on in the trough of a colossal sea. On the right is the great fish created for the purpose of swallowing the prophet. The latter waves his gaunt

arms before the monster's mouth, while the middle distance contains a heavy galley crowded with gesticulating sailors and horror-struck passengers. The sky is as impressive as the ocean. Against the sun's globe is God, as an ancient man with long flowing beard and hair. He holds the world symbol in one hand and with the other makes a gesture towards the fish. Less tremendous are the two pictures Mr. Ryder painted for Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. One is a "Christ appearing to Mary at the Sepulcher." The other is "The Temple of the Mind," a piece of pure symbolism, as beautiful in thought as the finest work of the kind during the Middle Ages, and lovely in color as nothing else. It is a picture steeped in faery, and may be taken as one of the greatest achievements American painting has yet shown. With this picture, the "Mary at the Sepulcher," the "Springtide" owned by Mr. James W. Ellsworth, the "Jonah," and "Flying Dutchman," the painter has established for himself a rank that nothing can now shake. He treats the religious, the symbolical, and the purely ideal with a vigor and a subtlety unsurpassed. His art is not merely exquisite tone, not merely marvelous color. It has great range in subject and is original in every direction.

"In the morning, ashen-hued, came nymphs dancing through the wood," is the legend for a very blonde picture, a lyric of dawn, containing three whirling nude nymphs in the middle distance and center, with a seated nymph of mature charms in the left foreground by a stream. In fairyland Mr. Ryder is peculiarly at home. The three dancing dryads have lovely proportions; they skip in a joyous round, and their yellow hair mingles delightfully with the eastern horizon. The trees about are springlike, not over-leafy, and the whole picture is in keeping with the joyous, cool freshness of dawn in April. An ideal landscape showing on the left, walking, an old bearded man, with a peasant woman and basket, and to right and rear a boy on muleback, is owned by the painter William Gedney Bunce. It has rich yellow tones and an exquisite distance, showing small hills, a pond, and a temple.

Whatever limitations of but and if shall be taken with them, the pictures accomplished by Albert Ryder prove that he has passed the threshold of an enviable career. People who insist on ranking artists by the prices they get may place him low, though even on that scale his position is by no means of the lowest. A critical examination of his technique shows a slow but steady progression on the side where he was weak. He holds his wonderful gift for color, and is able to give more and more attention to elaboration of form without prejudice to that rarer quality in which he is almost alone. Critics who assail him for lack of drawing readily obtain a hearing, but they are ignorant that his strong side is the most precious quality a painter can have. They honestly fail to see that there is more than one path in art. Because they themselves and the artists they admire reach color by way of form, they think it folly to suppose that another mind can reach form by way of color. Reflection on the arts in savage nations and on the probable genesis of the plastic arts ought to make them less dogmatic. It might be readily argued that the colorist who works first for color, then for form, is only following the course of history in the development of painting among races who used brushes rather than pencils as the ordinary tools. Doubtless form and color have equal claims to having begun what we now call painting; but even so it only proves that the dogmatism of artists and critics is unphilosophical and wrong. When we see Homer D. Martin produce a rich-colored, soft, poetical landscape from a hard and unsympathetic sketch, we applaud. No less must we confess the master when we see Albert Ryder equal him by a reversal of his processes. Genius must be its own final judge. What is ruin for nine men is the salvation of the tenth. To shackle all minds by the tradition of the past is a habit which may have excuse in Europe; but in America it means a failure to look with our own eyes and think with our own brains; it means dependence; it means that artists, critics, and amateurs allow themselves to live out of sympathy with the political and social fabrics in which they dwell.

Henry Eckford.