

called cases of fascination." A better explanation of numerous cases is to be seen in the actions of snake and prey after the latter is stricken and the snake is watching its dying throes and waiting its fall. The author decides that snakes swallow their young for protection, and, without observations of his own, brings forward a lot of testimony most of which is hardly as positive as that cited for the snake that milks cows or the phantom ship, neither of which he chooses to believe. Many will see no compliment to the intelligence of his readers in the proof presented. Beauvois's story of the "five little serpents, each about the size of a goose-quill," is repeated. Plate xix, shows a large rattlesnake down the throat of which half-a-dozen young ones are scrambling. The young are not as long as the head of the mother; author and artist would be astonished to see how much larger at birth the young really are. Chateaubriand's fanciful story is once more placed before us. The copperhead is said to be the most dreaded, but, a few lines below, the water-moccasin "is perhaps equally to be feared." Of the moccasins Mr. Holder says, "They rarely attain a length of over twenty inches, and are short in proportion."

"A gentleman in Georgetown, S. C., writes: 'I had for several days noticed a very large moccasin coiled around the limb of a small tree near the pond. I concluded to capture it, and accordingly procured a large rabbit and placed it some way up from the pond, to toll her away from the water. She soon came down and disappeared under a large log; when next seen, she was near the bait, having traced it along the log on its opposite side. When she had nearly swallowed the bait, we made an advance; quickly disgorging it, she gave a shrill whistling noise, and five young snakes ran from under the log and ran down the throat of the old one. We cut off her head and found the five young, which made efforts to get away.'

In the statement of a writer from Chesterfield, N. H., we find: "I saw a striped snake on the hillside, and noticed something moving about her head, and counted twenty little snakes from one and a half to two inches long. I made a move, and the old one opened her mouth, and they went in out of sight. I stepped back and waited, and in a few moments they began to come out. Then I made for the old snake, and killed her, and forced out several." "Another gentleman writes: 'Some years ago I came across a garter-snake with some young ones near her. Soon as she perceived me she hissed, and the young ones jumped down her throat, and she glided beneath a stone heap.' "A party of hunters recently observed in Pennsylvania a black ball, two feet in diameter, rolling slowly down a hill, and found on examination that it was composed of hundreds of these reptiles [black snakes]." Mr. Holder says, also, that they are of a steel-blue uniform color, wild and untamable, "often engaging in encounters with other snakes, especially rattlesnakes, quickly killing and forcing them to disgorge their prey." In reality the color varies according to age from light bluish, spotted with brown, to glossy black; they are easily tamed, and swallow their prey alive. Professor Brackett's story tells that he found a lot of snakes' eggs, cut them open, liberating a number of young milk-adders, and that "soon the old snake appeared, and, after endeavoring apparently to encourage the young family thus suddenly initiated into the world, put its mouth down to the ground, and every one that had been liberated from the egg voluntarily and hastily disappeared within the abdomen of the old one." The black snake also is asserted to possess the peculiar habit of taking the young in its mouth. It is known to lay eggs and to be ophiophagous. An Ohio farmer, seeing a large water-snake in Deer Creek, "procured a pole for the purpose of killing her. One stroke slightly wounded her, and she immediate-

ly made for the water. After she had swum about her length, she wheeled, placing her under-jaw just out of the edge of the water, and opened her mouth to the fullest extent. Some dozen young snakes, three to four inches long, then seemed to run, or rather swim, down her throat, after which she clumsily turned in search of a hiding place. He opened her, and found about twenty living young snakes, two or three seven or eight inches long. This shows them to have the same peculiar habit noticed in so many others." In a breath, some dozen three to four inches in length become about twenty, some of which are seven or eight inches long. The book would be incomplete without a chapter on the sea serpent.

A comical feature is the distribution of the pictures. In the chapter on "Meteors of the Sea" we find "American Gobies Crawling on the Shore"; in that on "Finnish Light Bearers," "A Martinique Tree-Toad"; in "Old Friends," a "Sailor-Fish Wrecking a Canoe"; in "Our Common Snakes," a "Hermit Crab in a Tobacco Pipe," the "Pemaquid Sea Serpent," "Elasmosaurus," and "Camarasaurus"; in "Lost Races," a rattlesnake and an "Insect that Mimics a Twig"; in "The Tigers of the Sea," a caterpillar and a "Mammoth Adrift on an Ice-field"; in "Living Lights," an "Extinct Sea Cow"; and in "The White Whalers," a "Gigantic Pyrosoma," a "Group of Flying Tree Toads," and an "Extinct Flying Reptile."

Moon-Lore. By the Rev. Timothy Harley, F.R.A.S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1885.

THE author of this venture in "light literature," as he playfully terms it, has written an entertaining volume in a sprightly style. It is not an astronomical treatise, but confined in its scope to the knowledge man had of the moon before the days of telescopes and exact science. One might be surprised at the mass of this pre-scientific lore, had not comparative mythology and anthropology popularized much of its information. The man in the moon is, naturally, the leading character, and opens the play; then there is the woman in the moon, the hare and the dog and the rabbit, and all these in their life "play many parts," so that the moon seems well-inhabited. Many of these myths are interesting, and one—the story of Buddha's hare—is of the noblest order of religious parable. The remainder, and larger portion, of the volume is occupied with chapters on Moon-Worship, Moon-Superstition, and Moon-Inhabitation; and all these subjects are treated with fulness, intelligence, and a certain antiquarian charm in the composition which pleases the vacant hours. It seems to be a complete monograph on the subject, and in the division on superstition one will recognize many beliefs of his grandfathers and some still held.

It is interesting to note, further, that the author is a clergyman, and that, being thoroughly well-informed in the work of the modern comparative method which has made havoc of the supernaturalism of the religious sentiment, he loses no opportunity to assert the harmlessness of such knowledge and the desirability of it in common with all science. In not a few cases he diverges from the direct course of his narrative to deliver a five-minute sermon, and the effect is sometimes odd. Listen to this: "Whether we or our posterity will ever become better acquainted in this life with the man in the moon is problematical; but in the ages to come . . . he may be visible among the first who will declare, every man in his own tongue wherein he was born, the wonderful works of God. And he may be audible among the first who will lift their hallelujahs of undivided praise when every satellite shall be a chorister to laud the Universal

King." The reader is then exhorted to learn "the music of eternity" by "high and holy living," in order that he may join in "the everlasting song," and so, "in one beatific moment," see more than hitherto "of the man in the moon." The entire seriousness of this is not the least attractive element in it; and we cannot refrain from quoting further from the last page of what is really an admirable work in its department, a sentence in which science and religion have reached a seemingly perfect fusion in the exaltation of "that Universal Father of Lights, with whom is no parallax nor descension." Too long contemplation of the moon is said to have uncanny effects, sometimes.

Victor Hugo. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Worthington Co. 1886.

THE time for writing calmly of Victor Hugo has not yet come. Mr. Swinburne's rhapsody proves this. The book is merely a reprint of the articles published by him in the *Fortnightly Review* immediately after the death of the poet, together with that which appeared in 1883 when the final part of 'La Légende des Siècles' was published. It seems as if a short preface ought to have indicated this, which would have explained the haste apparent throughout. As a panegyric it has all the beauties of Mr. Swinburne's exuberant and enthusiastic style; it has none of the merits of a deliberate exposition of the great poet's work. It is an unmixed eulogy, spirited and genuinely sympathetic, but seldom discriminating, by a warm admirer, in many respects a disciple who has numerous points in common with *le maître*. The following passage, taken at random, may serve as a mild specimen of the writer's attitude:

"It will of course be understood that when I venture to select for special mention any special poem of Hugo's, I do not dream of venturing to suggest that others are not or may not be fully as worthy of homage, or that anything of this incomparable master's work will not require our study or does not demand our admiration."

For Mr. Swinburne, Victor Hugo is a poet "not less than the best or lower than the greatest of all time," and the roll and the surge of his measured music are no less wonderful than those of Homer or Milton, or the English version of Job or Ezekiel or Isaiah.

Iconoclasm and Whitewash, and Other Papers. By Irving Browne. New York: James Osborn Wright. 1885.

THE sensational title of this volume is the worst thing about it, for it misrepresents the contents. The first essay, which bears this heading and recounts the various changes in traditionary and anecdotal history and in the reputations of both the good and the bad, is also the least interesting of the four because its subject-matter has been well threshed before. "Bibliomania," "Shaksperian Criticism," and "Gravestones" are all better, except that the last is almost too serious for its subject. The essays, taken together, belong to a kind of writing, like Donald Mitchell's, which is fast disappearing—to the leisurely, discursive, genial, anecdote-loving, broadly-read style, with bits of out-of-the-way information, quiet humor, pleasant and humane thoughts, and an unflinching good taste. They are not meant for instruction, but mere entertainment, and they rest the mind. One of the brighter patches occurs in the review of some Shaksperian commentaries, where an account is given of the semi-mythical inquiry into the character of the "merry man" who was the nurse's husband in "Romeo and Juliet." The concluding essay, however, is a discussion in detail of taste in mortuary memorials, and from the examples cited the author appears to have a wide acquaintance with American cemeteries. What he has to say on this subject is wholly admirable.

Fine Arts.

THE MORGAN COLLECTION.

THE collection of pictures formed by the late Mrs. Mary J. Morgan, which is now on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, is especially rich in the works of the Fontainebleau school and of the other men of that wonderful generation, and no better occasion is likely ever to offer itself to art lovers for a study of the real qualities of the classic French landscape school, and of the one or two great figure painters that, somehow, one always associates with it. A glance at the catalogue, with its 8 Corots—several of them exceptionally fine and important—its 17 Diazes, its 5 Duprés; its 11 Millets, its seven Rousseaus, its 7 Troyons, and its 4 Daubignys, is sufficient of itself to show what a wealth of the art of this period is here, available for study; and though the art of other schools is less fully and satisfactorily represented, yet there is enough of such for comparison.

The first thing that strikes one in such a list as the above is that, while most of the artists contained in it are landscape painters, yet the figure painter Millet and the cattle painter Troyon take their places there as of right, and if one were to add the names of Delacroix and Decamps the list would still have a certain homogeneity; the only name in it that seems at all out of place being indeed that of a pure landscapist—Daubigny. This is only one proof of a general truth, that choice of subject forms no proper basis for classification in art. It is not what subject a painter chooses to treat, but his manner of treating it, that shows us to what school he belongs. If we would know whether or no such a man was a great painter, we ask, *not*, "Did he paint figures, or landscape, or merely still life?" but, "Was he a colorist or a draughtsman? did he submit himself to the actual and become a realist? did he weakly abandon himself to his imagination, and, finding nature 'put him out,' give up the struggle and become a dreamer? Or did he, grasping firmly at great truths and neglecting small ones, dominating the actual and submitting it to his imagination, yet never losing sight of truth, become a master?" These are the questions we ask ourselves, and to which we must somehow find answers if we would place any artist in his proper niche in our Pantheon. Tried by such tests, we find that the painters we are studying were, in their varying degrees, colorists and men of imagination. The two qualities go together, for no colorist ever was or ever can be a realist. Study carefully any one of the completed pictures by Millet in this collection—the little one called "Gathering Beans" is perhaps the most magnificent of them all—and then study any of the three by Gérôme. You will find that the revolutionary, the innovator Millet—the man who dared to abandon the beaten track of classicism, and to bring down upon his head the anathema of the big-wigs by painting the peasant as he knew him—is the most profound of poets and of idealists; and you will find that the polished draughtsman, the continuator of the classic tradition, is at bottom the coldest of realists, seeing nothing beyond the actual model posed before him, or only escaping from the actual by the help of scientific and calculated composition. Gérôme, in spite of his classical training, is the cool and scientific observer; Millet, in spite of his abandonment of tradition and his devotion to nature, remains the passionate musician, playing with his deep chords of blue and red and evolving magisterial harmonies from them. He is a colorist by nature, and it is necessary for him that each canvas should be perfect in its harmony, each note of color perfectly balancing

every other, and direct imitation becomes impossible to him.

All the work of the school of painters we are discussing is alike in this. Look at the three grand and lovely Corots in Gallery A. Look at the fine and sombre Diaz in the same room; "Sunset After a Storm." Look at the remarkably similar "Twilight," by Rousseau, or Troyon's magnificent "Return from the Farm," with the black cow. These men are primarily painters of pictures. The canvas, as a whole—as a lovely piece of tone and color to look at and to enjoy for its own sake, as one might enjoy a piece of music—is first with them, and nature is second. They are artists, not imitators. There are little miracles of observation in Meissonier and in Gérôme, even in Vibert and Dagnan-Bouveret, of which they show no sign, but they have produced beautiful pictures and the others have too often produced little better than colored photographs—accurate records of observed facts. Even the classic and polished insipidities of Bouguereau and Lefèvre are at bottom only the products of a kind of emasculated realism, prettifying nature, but hardly aiming higher than to amuse by successful imitation of picked and chosen models, and alike devoid of imagination and of decorative feeling.

But the imaginative temperament of the colorist has its dangers when it is not controlled by a hearty love and reverence for nature. Pass from the great work of the great masters of this school to Dupré's "Symphony," and you feel at once that art has too far got the better of nature, and you revolt from the entire artificiality of the picture. One feels smothered in paint. It is well to be ideal and artistic, but there is health too in the love of nature, and while we willingly allow an artist to sacrifice the truth of literal imitation, are we prepared to allow also the sacrifice of essential truth? After all, there is a sound basis of right in the world's notion that painting is to some extent a statement of facts; and while we are willing that the painter should choose his facts, and sacrifice the small ones to the large ones, and imitation to essential truth, and while we demand of him that his statements shall be in beautiful language, as we do of the poet, yet we are no more prepared to admit that his statement shall be *false* than that the poet's shall be. And here, undoubtedly, lies the weakness of this great school of modern painting. The great ones sometimes, the smaller often, sacrifice nature to art too completely. In many of Diaz's landscapes, and in most of his figure subjects, and in nearly everything of Dupré's, one is in a world too thoroughly artificial for healthy human comfort.

It is a common error to imagine that the men whom "nature puts out"—in whom "natural objects deaden imagination"—are the men of the most powerful imaginations. Is not the truth, rather, that the strong imagination is that which dominates nature and moulds it to uses, and then works most mightily when it is seemingly most subjected to law, and that the imagination which flies nature and is "deaden" by it, is either weak in itself or is unsupported by sufficient knowledge to master its material? The weakness that flies nature, and the weakness that submits to nature, do not greatly differ, though the result is so different. The mighty men work calmly with nature, knowing always what to take and what to leave, neither slavishly copying the unessential nor weakly losing their grasp of the essential. As Fromentin has said of Rembrandt, the struggle of production in art is ever "the struggle between the actual as it imposes itself and the truth as the artist sees it in himself." It is cowardice to give up the struggle

until one has attained something of that final reconciliation of the warring elements which is the triumph of art. And this reconciliation has nowhere in modern art been so nearly attained as in the best work of Millet. Of the weakness that denies nature no more apposite example could be found than the "Adoration of the Magi," by Monticelli, in this collection, in which one may look in vain for any indication that the artist had ever seen one fact of nature, or anything but the dreams of an imagination too feeble to embody them in visible and comprehensible form.

On the contrary, the great charm of Daubigny will always be that he combined with powers of imagination and composition not of the highest order, but sufficiently great to preserve him from mere realism, a clear perception and hearty love of the beauties of nature, and that his pictures refresh one like spring water after the feverishness of Diaz, and charm one like music after the mechanical imitation of much modern work. His little picture here, called "On the Seine," is an exquisite example of his most lovely qualities.

We have left ourselves little space to discuss other elements of the collection, such as the realism tempered by sentimentality of Breton, who, perhaps more than any other one man, is responsible for that form of modern art which has ended by sacrificing so much beauty and so many truths to the single truth of open daylight; or the brilliant charms of Stevens and Fortuny, or the nameless work that is neither realism nor idealism nor naturalism, but is only mechanism. Of this last class one would like to say something, but one despairs of doing any good.

MÉRYON'S ETCHINGS.

THE exhibition of Méryon's collected etchings, now visible at Mr. Keppel's gallery on Sixteenth Street, is worth having formed and worth seeing; it is especially useful in America, where there are positively no artists, etchers, or painters who attend to Méryon's specialty of street architecture. Méryon's example teaches how to make street-subjects look grand, impressive, interesting, without quackery or forcing. As Hamerton truly says, "his work was sanity itself"; it never yields to the temptation of picturesque raggedness, of piquant splotching, of vignettéd margins. On his pencil sketch for the "Notre-Dame-Bridge" subject, here shown from Mr. Mansfield's collection, he has written, "Taken with a camera lucida"; and many of the themes have that aspect. The lines of walls are often ruled, and the rest of the time drawn as true as eye can guide hand; and to make a wall look crumbly he never resorts to Prout's forlorn trick of a dash and a point, like a Morse telegraphic despatch.

He attains beauty by his feeling for broad flashes of light, and by knowing how to make the paper work for him, the calm basking gleam being simply bare surface, with a calculated environment. Nothing can exceed his skill in knowing when to leave himself alone; thus the pediment of "St.-Étienne du Mont," where the warm freestone looks so much like an ivory cameo, has hardly any work in it at all: only the slight shadows of traceries and pilasters are kept perfectly large and flat, and this sunny gable prints itself on a sky made of ruled etched lines, as bold and hard as any tint laid by Dürer or Marcantonio in the infancy of engraving. His skies are simple reliefs for his architecture; their values are exquisitely true and wise, but they have no quality in themselves. When, to give these skies incident, he refrains from the etching-needle, and sketches in cottony clouds with the dry-point,