

has appeared in the art world of France during this century. He was born in affluent circumstances, and was destined to carry on his father's business. But the irresistible impulses of his genius led him to painting instead, and his father then reduced the artist's income to 4,000 francs.

"It is said that one of his paintings was so badly hung at the Salon in 1851 that no one looked at it. Finally, out of pity for the offspring of his brain, Corot went and stood before it, saying, 'Men are like flies; if one alights on a dish, others will follow.' And, indeed, a young man and woman soon came up and began to examine the picture. 'It is not bad; there is something in it,' said the man. But she pulling him by the sleeve, said, 'It is horrid; let us go!' Well, this painting, after being kept in the artist's studio for several years, was sold for 700 francs, and, still later, brought 12,000 francs at auction, and the purchaser was so pleased with his bargain that he gave a dinner in celebration of the event! Corot's income for several years averaged 200,000 francs from his profession alone. He was twice decorated, first as Chevalier, then as Commander of the Legion of Honor, but he never was able to wrest the grand medal from the jurors of the annual exhibition,—a striking instance of the caprice of fortune. However, a splendid gold medal was presented to him by friends before his death. His last works received their signature at his death-bed, and his last words, as his hand moved against the wall with pressed fingers, as if he were painting, were, 'Look how beautiful it is! I have never seen such lovely landscapes!'

"Corot stands apart. Critics call him a master. In some respects he is one, who was much needed in his school, or, indeed, in any other, as a counter-weight to the prevalent materialism. He is no profuse colorist. Brown, pale greens, and silvery grays with an occasional shade of purple, or a bright spot of intenser color to represent flowers on drapery, are his reliance. Vegetation or figures, which he uses sparsely, are thin masses on washes of color, with only a shadowy resemblance to the things indicated. But Corot is a poet. Nature is subjective to his mental vision. He is no *séer* is not profound, but is sensitive, and as it were clairvoyant, seeing the spirit more than the forms of things. There is a bewitching mystery