

revels in the very medium, and is ecstatic over the results. Retaining still his individuality, he boasts his power of painting like the masters of the modern school.

Even in Conservative England there are men who pride themselves in the fact that their art was studied in some famous Parisian *atelier*, and they openly affect to despise or ignore everything that is British, or that savors of the English school.

This turn of the Britisher, it seems to me, lies well within the limits of affectation, for in portraiture, in poetic and classical subjects, wherein the delineation of the figure is of first importance, the English school yields the palm to none. In landscape it is easy to understand the desire on the part of the young Englishman to seek the studio of the Parisian painter. In England, Turner has no successor, and the artistic trickery of professors of English landscape painting to-day is assuredly a poor substitute for the works of that immortal painter. Despite the fact that Constable was an Englishman by birth, and painted in England, he has more disciples in France than in his native land. Constable has often been referred to as the founder of the modern school of French landscape painters. They saw wherein the Englishman was right, and were not slow to follow him. Nay more, they carried his principles to the utmost verge; and have reaped a rich harvest from the seeds which he has sown. This state of excellence has given to the French landscape painter a pre-eminence over his English rivals, and necessarily brought from the London schools many students to Paris. And as to their faithful efforts, you have but to look upon their glorious attainments in the Art palace of the Columbian Exhibition.

What of the future? Will the schools of Paris still continue to prepare the palette for the artist of the Western continent and his brother of the Eastern as well? For a time at

least, the condition of art will remain most emphatically French; yet there will assuredly be a change. The American painter has gained from France all he could desire. If he continue as he is doing, his work will stand upon a par with the foremost professors of the French schools. Led by the restless spirit peculiarly American, he will turn his easel to the demands of the ruling power.

Will any of the galleries of the present exhibition afford an opportunity for an adventurous spirit? In all galleries there are master-pieces sufficiently impressive to at least awaken an interest. The brilliant sunlight and atmospheric clearness of the Norwegian painter will not soon be forgotten. The work of Van Beers in the Belgian collection will excite at least a momentary interest. The Belgian art, it seems to me, is not in sympathy with the nineteenth century movement—it is too minute in detail, and wanting in breadth. From whatever school the new leader may come, he must at least possess a power greater than his colleagues, to be the principal professor in a new school of National painters. In every nation's collection there are magnificent paintings, the result of the laborious years of successful genius. Yet by few of all do we seem to be moved by that magnetic influence which holds us and claims from us the tribute that is due to undoubted originality and worth.

Three months have passed since I visited Chicago, and there is but one picture that has made a lasting impression upon my mind. In it, the painter seems to have sounded the clear, pure note in the anthem of art. It is a picture wherein the dignity—the nobility—of labor is exalted above all the triumphs attained by the scholarly masters in the realms of mythological or classical art. This picture is in the English gallery, numbered 170, and entitled "Forging the Anchor," by Stanhope Forbes. It is to me the most sacred picture upon