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# THE NEW PATH.

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Society for the Advancement of  
TRUTH IN ART.

No. 7.]

“Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are,  
and the things that shall be hereafter.”

[Nov., 1863.]

## THE OFFICE OF IMAGINATION.

“HE that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory, but he that seeketh His glory that sent Him, the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in him.”—JOHN vii. 18.

THAT art which is the work of imagination is the noblest, not because it gives less, but infinitely more pure fact than is possible to mere topography of external nature. It is, however, of vital importance that the exact meaning of the word, imagination,—when rightly used in connection with art, should be understood. The word is wrongly applied to art, and the faculty misunderstood, when it ascribes to man, as an arbitrary creation, that which is only *through* man by the Creator.

There is an ignoble as well as a noble condition of mind, of which the word imagination is predicable. The former leads away from truth—as in Jeremiah, “They hearkened not, nor inclined their ear, but walked in the counsels and in the *imagination* of their evil heart, and went backward, and not forward.” Heathen mythology is born of this kind of imagination; it is the contrivance of superstitious fancy unguided by knowledge of truth. But healthy imagination gives us the true ideal which is the essential truth of reality—not *material* reality, (which is not reality, but only an appearance)—but *substantial* reality, not of the mere “letter,” but of the “Spirit which giveth life.” The truly imaginative mind is a *deeper*, and it only differs from an ordi-

nary healthy mind in being a more exquisitely sensitive instrument. It also differs from the falsely-imaginative mind in that it is always *controlled by knowledge*. It never disobeys natural laws, because it gives only the *essence* of the real. The office of imagination is not to distort the Creator’s work, and give us man’s fancies of it, but by its deep perception and reverence, to give us the highest truths in their “noblest association.” And this work, be it observed, is after all not any arbitrary *contrivance* of the mind itself. It is simply and strictly illumination, and is sometimes “near akin to inspiration.” Great truths are presented to the mind’s interior vision, which, as an exquisitely polished mirror, it reflects.

And so, after all, it is eminently and only a recorder of truth, and is no more to be praised for fulfilling its functions than the one who is faithful in transcribing the humblest facts.

To those who do not look much beneath the surface, this may seem a degrading view of the matter; but it really is not so. To record truth is a far higher and deeper thing than most men dream. The highest faculties may be employed in it as well as the least; and the higher or meaner faculties *are* employed in proportion to the dignity of the truths with which they deal. The theory of the present school sup-

poses it to be the artist's duty to give us something "better than nature"—he must "select" only those portions that he feels to be most "beautiful," and give us these through the medium of his "feeling" or "fancy." And this feeling or fancy is supposed to be of greater importance than the nature from which he selects. It is true that a picture cannot be right, unless it expresses the artist's feeling; but when this feeling is exalted over truth, it becomes contemptible. The question was put to Mr. Ruskin, "whether is the artist's feeling, or the nature he represents, of more importance in a picture?" To which he replied, "Suppose you were looking through Lord Rosse's telescope, which would you think of most importance to your enjoyment, the telescope or the stars?" The artist is a telescope—very marvelous in himself, as an instrument. But I think, on the whole, the stars are the principle part of the affair. The artist, however, is, when good, a telescope not only of extraordinary power, but one which can pick out the best stars for you to look at—display them to you in the most instructive order, and give you a mute, but somehow or other, intelligible lecture on them. We thus become of considerable importance, but may always be dwarfed in a moment by the question—Suppose there were no stars? And the best artist is he who has the clearest lens, and so makes you forget every now and then that you are looking through him."

The artists who think their feelings of superior importance, never suffer themselves, like the telescope, to be forgotten; but are always thrusting themselves between the spectator and nature with their ignorant notions of the beautiful. With them, truth and beauty are two distinct and indepen-

dent things. But in reality they are one. No entity can exist for a moment without a form; the most exalted beauty consists of essence and form together, like soul and body. They come into existence simultaneously. They are distinct as attributes, but not in themselves independently. Form is the cup which bears the essence of spiritual realities to us. This truth, proves the truth of the Realistic principles,—namely, that absolute truth is the necessary basis of all true beauty and imagination. It will not do to select, with the Purist, only those things which are most perfect and beautiful in themselves, and exclude all other facts; even granting that we know just what things are most perfect and beautiful,—which is not possible to a person who has not studied all truths.

True imagination is that power which can show us the inherent beauty in things that to a superficial eye appear ugly. But false imagination will not condescend to deal with any truths except those which it thinks beautiful.

Seeing the errors which have resulted from an undue and ignorant exaltation of false imagination, it has seemed to me that there could never result any good from imagination of any kind. But further reflection showed that it had a noble function. All theories are false which are one-sided,—and imagination is not to be condemned because it has been perverted. Because there is evil in the world by depravity, we are not to stand apart so as to impair our usefulness in it. This is the error of secluded abstraction, and all monkish teaching, such as the writing of à Kempis. While there is much in it by which every one may profit, yet its premises are nearly all false. Because it sees evil resulting from the abuse of man's natural senses,

it condemns the senses entirely. But this is only going from one extreme to another. The senses were created by God and were called "very good." We are not, therefore, to blame them, but to discriminate between their use and abuse. They must not be extirpated, but *regenerated*.

It is the same with this great faculty of the imagination—it must be employed in its legitimate function and not made to minister to pride. It must not be suffered to "mend" the work of God, or nothing but disgrace, and ruin, and death will ever come of it. It must be *regenerated*, and so, however gifted a man may be with imaginative possibilities, he will never produce any good from it unless he *feeds it with truth*.

"First, that which is natural and afterwards that which is spiritual," says St. Paul. Let the artist, therefore, turn a deaf ear to all talk about producing imaginative work, and set himself deliberately to acquire knowledge, "seeking only to express the greatest possible amount of fact." "Let him chisel his rock faithfully and tuft his forest delicately," and the spirit will come upon him when he is not aware, and he will utter mighty truths. All great men have done this. Shakespeare was a great imaginative poet; but what would it have availed him without the deepest knowledge and perception of human life and character in all its relations? He did not select a pretty bit here and there, but gave us the truth of *both sides* of humanity; it being wonderful how he sometimes dignifies what are commonly considered "*mean things*;" and so it is with the great modern poets—Tennyson and the Brownings—who are highly imaginative, but always *intensely* real.

But if the infinite God manifests

Himself to us through the human mind and the forms of nature, how important it becomes that these forms should be faithfully given by the artist, and the degree of the greatness of his work, will be in the degree of its faithfulness and depth.

It is wonderful to think of the world of truth that may yet be expressed by art. Here is a field for subtle thought and powerful instruction, which has its beginning and ending in the glory of Him who is God over all.

When the world is so full as to appear to our narrow vision quite infinite, and each object from the most minute to the greatest, is an expression of a principle of the immortal soul and consequently full of deep meanings, of which we, at present, cannot know the tithes; how useless to waste time in creations of the morbid fancy.

Imagination, is an extraordinary gift, and if we possess it, we must do the "camp work" before we can make it useful. Let us strive to make the most of those talents with which we are intrusted. The finest faculties may lie torpid. The master gives to one man "five talents, to another two, to another one." Let each beware lest he bury his Lord's money in the ground. And if we have been intrusted with five talents, let us take care that when the time of reckoning shall come, we can say to our Master, "Behold I have gained beside them five talents more." And remember that, if we have imagination, its true office is to make itself a "telescope" which shall show us the brightest "stars" of God's creation in their most instructive and high order.

The popular teaching of the last two or three centuries has been in direct opposition to this, but we have seen its results in the artificial extravagance in

which painters have indulged to the exclusion of all vital truth.

Wonderful revolutions are going on at present, and never before in the world's history, have such "deep, penetrating glances" been sent into prevailing principles. The physical wars between nations are the least of the great wars, that are at this moment going on in the world. The *mental*

wars are producing far more serious results: they are shaking the dogmas of men to their very foundations. The "days of the dragon are numbered," and the battles will not cease till Babylon is utterly destroyed. Hereafter all that can endure must be built upon the rock of TRUTH.

Charles H. Moore 

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## WHAT HAS BEEN DONE AND WHAT CAN BE DONE.

### II.

WE have given in the last two numbers of this journal, a sketch of the progress of Architecture in America up to the present time. In doing so some comments have been made upon several familiar works, and lest they be taken as criticisms, we deem it proper to add that our endeavor has been solely to make a historical review. If in doing so, we have indulged in praise or censure, let it be understood that we have only given conclusions founded upon good reasons, which in their appropriate place will be stated. At a future day we mean to be critical, and severely so.

And now we come to ask what can be done? Not what will be done, for we are not gifted with the eyes of prophecy; but what it is within our power to do with the means at our disposal, provided always that we go in the right path. Within the answer to this lies the whole subject of our writing, our talking and our work. But before entering upon this topic, let it be understood that though we are the first and only journalistic advocates of reform in America, there are earnest workers in the cause outside the society which this journal represents. Our object is to give form and consistency to the principles heretofore set forth, and create a centre around which all true believers can cling, and in which all can compare opinions, so that there will be unity in the new work, and that strength which always results from it.

The best architecture that the world has seen only culminated after five hundred years of gradual development. Therefore for any set of men to assume to reform the architecture of a country in a few years, would be ridiculous. But there has been a time when a reform did take place; and though the arts afterwards fell from their high estate, they had culminated in such perfection as the world neither before nor since has seen; and this development arose from the unwearied exertions of earnest hard-working Christians, through hundreds of years—laborers who had nothing to work on but what their pagan predecessors had left them. From the sixth to the thirteenth century, whole nations were devoted to the task of making a perfect architecture; and they succeeded, for the architecture of the thirteenth century was perfection in its adaptation to the uses of all Europe, though not altogether adapted to our wants.

How differently are we circumstanced! We have the result of their labors to furnish us instruction and inspiration, and by the aid of modern illustrated books and photographs, as well as the facilities for travel, we have the whole field of the labors of the mediævalists spread out for the study of all. In those days men worked from a pure and holy religious enthusiasm, and the result was that they realized a truly Christian architecture. And that is what we would do. We would have a Christian archi-

ecture, one that we could reconcile to our conscience and our religion. The world says our architecture must be practical, as if there were any inconsistency between practicability and Christianity. Christianity is the most practical religion that men ever put faith in.

Of course no building at the present day can be mediæval, else it would not be practical, and we contend for the practical as strongly as anybody. But in it we can combine the essential qualities of both; and by doing so, we do not doubt that better work may be produced hereafter than was done in the middle ages. But not even the greatest inventive talent can of itself accomplish much. We must go to our mediæval builders, and not only copy their work, but search out their thoughts, and if the principle upon which they worked can ever be mastered we will succeed; if it be not, we will surely go astray. There is no reason therefore to doubt that if one is thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the present time, and masters the principles of the mediævalists, he will be able to commence at a point only a little anterior to where they left off, and his work will approach perfection according to the skill and knowledge of the mind that controls it.

The new architecture will at first be seen only here and there, but will be sufficiently perfect to draw the attention of appreciative minds to its merits. This is all that can be done for the present. We will speak hereafter of the necessity and difficulty of enlisting the mass of architects in the work.

But there is a reason why the new architecture has a better prospect of success in this country than in any other, and this was hinted at in the last number; it is on account of the temporary nature of most of the buildings that we now have. There are very few structures (in New York at least,) that will stand the wear of time for fifty years. Therefore if the new work should be generally adopted, it would be scarcely a lifetime before it would be in such an ascendancy as to become the rule rather than the exception; then there would be a reform beyond question. But there are other obstacles which will be mentioned presently, and which, though only act-

ing as clogs to the advance of truth, must yet give way in the end—only retarding an advance which will be certain at last. Putting all these things together we have no reason to expect that the full development of the new architecture will require the time that the mediæval builders occupied before arriving at perfection.

Let us suppose that a few good buildings are erected, and that they are appreciated by the few who can understand their merits; let us suppose that popular taste also seizes them and adopts them as her own; who are to build all the new buildings that shall be demanded? The architects say you? But where are they? Is it to be supposed that the two or three who start the reform will be called upon by strangers? Any one who understands the inner working of architectural practice at the present day knows that if architect A builds a really good house, and merchant Jones likes it, he will go to B, his own architect, and tell him to build another like it. But B does not understand the principles that A works; he has been used to doing anything that would pay a good profit, and has taken no other view of the matter. Moreover he has not the education to enable him to build as A does. But merchant Jones tells him to build his house, and to please his patron and pocket the profits; he does so. He does not build such a house as A would, but he attempts to copy A's work, which he cannot do in reality; for a bad architect can no more copy a good house than a poor painter can copy a good picture. His work is an imitation only, and can exert no influence upon the future of architecture. There can be no serious objection to seeing two good works exactly alike rather than one, but we do object to seeing good works copied by men who do not understand them, and who only mix their own corruption with the purity of other minds—men who, claiming to be architects, will copy details which they have not the capacity to compose, and associate them with their own sham and deceptive inventions—an illustration occurs to us. A church was recently erected on the corner of Thirty-first Street and Madison avenue, in this city, on the exterior of which we find scraps of de-

tail copied from mediæval buildings in the south of Germany, many of which were designed centuries after others. Some are such as are considered interesting only as steps in the gradual development of Gothic Architecture, and a few are specimens of first-rate Gothic work. In other parts of the exterior are the inventions of the designer which are of equal merit with what are generally seen on dwelling houses and cheap churches, and exhibit not the least knowledge of the mediæval architecture of which this church is intended to be a copy. In the interior are displayed originalities of the most painful description, among which are imitations of Siena marble columns in painted plaster—of arches in stucco, and of hard woods in white pine. An analysis of the exterior of this building is facilitated by a well-known book in which are details of the German Gothic work of different periods, and among whose illustrations can be found all the copied ornaments on this church.

This brings us to the great stumbling-block in the way of architectural progress, the ignorance and corruption of architects. It has been said that popular opinion must be educated, but how can it better be done than by the architects themselves wielding their influence for good? It is not in the power of one or two or even a half dozen architects to do all the new work that would be demanded, and the misinformed many, by following in the path of the few, would only be producing such miserable imitations as would retard rather than advance the cause of truth.

Our architects, then, must be educated; we will not try to say how, for many are beyond the reach of all ameliorating influences, and will pass from the world with their works. But a generation is arising who are eager for knowledge. Those who feel the necessity for education will not be slow in getting it, whatever be the drawbacks, but blind prejudice will shut its ears against all instilling influences, and will sink at last into the obscurity that it deserves. For in knowledge there is a power with which the young men of this generation are bound to make their influence felt. We can see daily, the increasing confidence of the business community in young men. The

time is coming when merit will be judged by other criterions than experience. But prophecy is not our office. It is sufficient for us to try and find what can be done with the means at our disposal, and leave the result to time.

How then is the work to be commenced? Of its acceptance at first in all its characteristics we have little hope. But in some respects reforms appealing to the public in a practical sense will be readily appreciated, for they will accord easily with the spirit of the age that demands that everything shall be practical. Therefore we can at least make our architecture constructive, and that by having mainly in view the permanence and durability of a structure, and using good materials in their best possible forms for strength.

We would reject all false construction, or that which seems to be what it is not, and would not attempt purposely to conceal anything that pertains to the construction. Thus to cover an opening we would use an arch in preference to a lintel where there is sufficient abutment; and where a lintel is absolutely necessary we would use iron in preference to stone, unless there be room for a stone of such size that no doubt is felt of the sufficiency of its strength, and we would use a wrought iron in preference to a cast-iron lintel, on account of the additional resistance of the former to a cross strain. The common method of building stone or marble buildings, is to build the face of thin stone and anchor it to the real wall of brick behind it; it would be better to make the stone of sufficient thickness to be considered part of the wall, bearing equal weight with the brick backing; or if the stone be thin to run an occasional course through the walls in place of the anchors, which course could show narrower on the outside than the others, and lying upon its natural bed, would expose the rift of the stones to view. If iron columns are required, we would have them of a diameter proportionate to the strength of the material, and not make them as large as a stone column would be, for to do so is not only a waste of material, but a pretension that it is stone and not iron that we are using; for thus the columns in the first

stories of stores are generally treated. We would not make cornices or drips of iron, for such being cast in thin metal are mere boxes, and in common practice made to imitate stone. We would not conceal a girder beam by boxing it around and covering it with plaster mouldings which are forms peculiar to stone work, and make it look like stone which would break if put to such a use, but would ornament in such a way as not to conceal its strength.

These are only a few of the hundreds of examples that might be mentioned, but it is hoped they will suffice to explain our meaning, as well as to point to some of the errors in common practice. The public need but to have these common fallacies pointed out and will easily see wherein the falsehood lies. Those who have an influence to exert upon our architecture, if they did but know the false from the true, would not be slow in rejecting bad construction, but the fault is with them as it is with the generality of architects, their opinions are formed from what they see about them; not judging anything from a fixed and positive principle, but forming opinions from the comparison of standards equally bad, their conclusions are merely fancies, ever changing as the shifting sands of a desert, and coming to no good. What we need, therefore, and what we have never yet had, is fearless architectural criticism which judges everything from the standard of absolute right and wrong, and which will teach people how to judge the good and bad from some sure standpoint. The would-be practical men would then be met on their own ground, and condemned under their own statutes.

When we have made our buildings substantial, and have built them according to the best principle of construction, then we can make them beautiful by ornamentation. As good building they can be instructive, but by refinement of ornament only can they be enjoyable. By bad ornament, such as covers the new French palaces, they will be made vulgar, and minister to vanity alone; but beautiful ornament, be it ever so simple, will not fail to strike some sympathetic chord in the hearts of well-meaning people. We may differ with some as to what constitutes beautiful ornament, but to de-

termine that is not our present purpose. It would be useless to try and show that what has been done, though it be bad, can be done again. No one disputes that. But what we mean to say is, that many things in architectural decoration can, and ought to be done universally, which now are rarely effected; that we have means and opportunity, if we would but improve them, to produce finer decorative work both in color and form, than have ever been done before.

We have in this country every variety of material to be found on the globe. Almost every kind of wood grows in our forests, and inexhaustible quarries of every material that has been used in past time, underlie our soil. We have ores of all the metals, and mechanical means of every sort to work them into beautiful form. We have clays of all qualities and colors, and skilled hands to make them in every variety of shape. We have, moreover, mechanical contrivances, such as the mediævalists never enjoyed, but in place of which they exercised a perseverance and energy almost beyond our conception. Above all, we have as skillful workmen as can be found anywhere, many of whom, for the time being have their abilities held in check by the demand for bad work, but who only need encouragement to enable them to come out in their full strength, and in what they do to put some thought as well as clever handiwork.

Yet with all these advantages, it is necessary that each material, and every class of workmen be developed, so that every demand can be supplied. At the present time it is difficult to get material as well as skilled labor, and he who would select what he desires, will find almost unsurmountable obstacles in the way. Therefore, before much can be accomplished, it is necessary that material should be handy, and labor experienced, else the architect must search high and low for his material, and then educate his workmen. Though the country produces all the beautiful woods that one could desire, we must be able to find them in our lumber yards, which is not now the case. Then inducement must be given for the working of many quarries of valuable stone which are now closed, and builders should not exert their influence



against the use of certain materials as they now do; for it is difficult to get a contractor to use material out of the regular practice of his trade, which can only be done by paying an inordinate price, or else submitting to use what we think inappropriate. Though we have all desirable metals and all kinds of machinery to work them, there are as yet no persons in this country who make a business of ornamental metal working, and we must needs go for such things to blacksmiths, who, though generally understanding how to do what we desire, yet lack that experience which is only to be found in practiced hands. We know of as fine clays as can be found anywhere, and those of various colors, yet no bricks are made in the best possible manner except those from Philadelphia and Baltimore, which are of one color, red. While a clay is found near Milwaukie, from which, with sufficient care in the manufacturing, bricks could be made as uniform and perfect as those from Philadelphia, of a beautiful yellow color; yet they are so irregular in size, that it is useless to attempt to use

them with red brick. Our workmen, upon whom more depends than upon aught else, and more particularly carvers in stone and wood, should and can be educated. We have very many, most of whom have come from Europe, who understand their business as a trade, as well as any that can be found elsewhere, and many of whom understand it as an art. The latter can be encouraged by having given to them work upon which they can exercise their faculties; the former must first be taught wherein real artistic work consists, and then be set to work untrammelled by conventionalism and rules of art—seeking only in nature the form and spirit of all that is beautiful—actuated as they work by no vain desires either to improve nature or to make her the servant of their pride, but by the one earnest intent to interpret her mysteries, and bring others to appreciate them; which can only result from a pure and holy love for her creations.

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To be continued.

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## THE WORK OF THE TRUE AND THE FALSE SCHOOLS.

It has been said by some of our readers, and with some truth, that our journal talks in a general way about the principles of true art but does not tell us the real, tangible difference between the opinions and works of the true and false schools. The purpose of this article is to state in plain terms the positive difference between the conventional and true artist.

We believe that all nature being the perfected work of the Creator should be treated with the reverence due to its Author, and by *nature* they do not mean only the great mountains and wonderful land effects, but also every dear weed that daily gives forth its life unheeded, to the skies; every blade of grass that waves and shivers in the wind; every beautiful pebble that rolls and rattles on the sea sand. Some things teach *one* lesson, some another, but all are absolutely perfect, and one of them missed breaks that

complete unity which is one of the noblest revelations of God that we possess, and is made expressly for our study and love.

Believing this earnestly and deeply, and seeing God and hearing His voice in every golden-hearted star that bends before the wind, in every blade of grass, in every rosy clover head, and every golden dandelion, think you we would dare to draw or paint any one of these things, bent into grace and loveliness by God's finger, carelessly or coarsely, and give a round or square dab of paint to this world as the truth of mullen, thistle or dock leaf? Now the old school believe that nature is something to be used when they cannot do without it, to make pictures of, or as one of their strongest landscape painters said, "to get notions of pictures from—a convenient medium, through which we give our own little selves and our notions of composition,

general effect and fine tone, to the world; and only to be used to get arrangement of lines, ideas of skies, and general massing of light and shade for pictures."

Take as an illustration of the difference between the two schools, the way in which the artists of each use their time in this country. One goes out of town just as soon as it is warm enough to work. He does not spend much time searching for noble subjects, knowing that everything touched by God is beautiful and valuable to the world—but, believing every subject worthy, he goes to work at once earnestly and lovingly, endeavoring faithfully to render every beautiful curve of line and every smallest shadow and tender gradation of light and color; and on this if it be a pencil drawing he may work not less than six weeks; if an oil study, about three months.

What is the other artist doing in the meantime? He stays in his studio until it becomes too warm to live in the city; then he thinks and wonders, and makes all sorts of inquiries as to the most suitable place. The very finest scenery in the country must be placed before him before he will deign to put brush to canvass. He starts about the middle of July, and this notice appears in the daily papers, under the head of "art items," "Mr. I. P. Mahlstock, has gone to the Catskills for a few days, after which he intends to pass through Vermont and enrich his portfolio by a few weeks' stay in the White Mountains. He expects to be back in his studio about the middle of September."

Arrived in Catskill, he stays one day in the village; walks about until he finds the finest views of the mountains, when he spends half an hour making a sketch; that is, he scribbles on a large sheet of tinted paper the mere outlines of the mountains and trees, and those not truly; then he goes to dinner, after which he takes another splendid view in about the same time and manner. In the evening he leaves for the Mountain House, feeling no regret at passing by all the noble things that surround him on every side, but thinking he has done all that the scenery deserves. In the mountains he stays about a week, covering large sheets of paper with mere lines and

"notions for pictures," making several very broad oil sketches, putting down on his canvass not the colors of nature but those which he has learned in the studio to substitute for them, brown for green, grey for blue, and ochre for gold.

Having so done the Catskills it will be time for him to think of some other place, say Vermont, for about a week, and then he will spend three more at the White Mountains, where he will make what he calls his earnest oil studies, and at the end of six weeks he is home again—his portfolio enriched with numerous large sheets of coarse tinted paper, covered with scribbled outlines of subjects and several very broad oil sketches from which he will manufacture an endless number of pictures of every conceivable subject, size and price, for the next nine months. This is the practical difference in their manner of work.

We will now endeavor to express in words a few of the more salient differences between the *pictures* of the two men, and hope by this means to dissipate the erroneous idea so generally held that the new school men paint nothing but detail. The aim and purpose of every artist that is true to our principles is to paint the *whole* truth of everything, and in so far as they fall short of this purpose they are false to nature and our principles. In so far as their work fails to express such intention, they are *unsuccessful*, not false, or wrong. This is the only true standard by which to judge an artist's work. If their intention was right their work must be good. If their intention was wrong no amount of success in carrying out their purposes can ever make their work noble or themselves right.

We have before us a pencil drawing by one of the true men, not more than six inches long and four wide. The amount of truth that is crowded on this small piece of paper might shame any of the old school men who yearly cover the walls of the Academy with canvasses, six or eight feet long. The drawing represents the interior of a pine wood. In the upper left hand corner in less than two inches of space are drawn the trunks of about ten forest trees, lichen covered and various in light and shade; all the distinctive

characters of each at the distance of about two hundred feet from the spectator perfectly rendered. It is true, all the details of this scene are drawn, yet no leaves are to be seen and no distinct marking of the bark on the tree stems, though we feel all the unevenness of their surface. Between the trunks the limbs of each tree, covered with foliage, stand out dark against the sky. The foliage at this distance is nothing but a soft, confused mass of light and shade, and yet we could not lose the smallest of these little masses, for each one means a limb, covered with its hundreds of thousands of beautifully formed leaves, sparkling in the sunlight. They bend gracefully to the ground or hold up their leaves to the sky according to the growth and character of the tree. We can no more allow an artist to draw these forms carelessly or falsely than to put meaningless touches in his foreground for leaf or weed. This is only two inches of the drawing. No words can describe the myriad facts and marvellous delicacy and decision of hand and eye that has followed every little clover leaf with a loving care, and rendered the whole truth of every patch of lichen on the tree stems—in the foreground. Several broken limbs partially covered by grasses, and dead and fallen leaves lie in the nearest foreground, not the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, yet each one has its perfect gradation of light and shade. On the under side the most delicate little reflected lights prove that the leaves and grasses are drawn with marvellous accuracy. Then comes the shadow and then the highest light giving perfect roundness to it. This drawing was made entirely out of doors.

Now take a picture by an artist of the old school, painted in the studio. It is about three feet long by two wide. In the distance are some pale greyish blue mountains, not *pure* blue or purple as they would be in nature. On the left hand side a group of trees of raw sienna green stand up against the sky. On the right hand side are some smaller trees with cattle standing sleepily under them. A quiet stream runs through the centre of the picture and over it a little wooden bridge, and on the bridge some country folks in a wagon go

riding to market. On the left side of the stream two men are fishing. Right in the foreground is a man in a little boat but what he is doing there we cannot tell for no oars are to be seen. On either bank great masses of yellowish brown are intended to represent the fullness of a foreground life, but we cannot find a distinct form of either grass or leaf. The lights and shadows are all blended into the "sweetest softness."

You cannot tell whether the sun is shining though the sky is quite clear, because there are none of the sharp shadows which sunlight would throw upon the large trees on the left. Although quite near to the spectator we fail to discover a single form bearing close resemblance to a leaf. True the canvas is covered with little touches of paint made with the sharp end of a camel's hair brush, but they look as much like the spots on a checker board as leaves on a tree. One side of a tree is dark and the other side light. This correspondence holds good throughout the picture. There is light in the upper part of every tree which gradually blends into dark shadow. Every line and edge is soft and uncertain, the picture having been scumbled over when finished, with a mixture of white permanent blue and Naples yellow to give it atmosphere.

This is no fancy sketch but a description of an actual picture by one of our most popular men, and is a very good type of the mass of studio pictures that are so pleasing to the ignorant public. Everything is softly and superficially touched upon, but nothing thoroughly drawn or painted. The mind cannot rest with satisfaction upon any part of it for more than three minutes. And such are the pictures in front of which ladies and connoisseurs congregate, expressing their admiration in this wise, "What a lovely picture! O, Mrs. Smith, isn't it sweet? Everything so soft and delicate! nothing positively defined! such a velvety texture to everything; so artistic and beautifully generalized." Whereupon Smith who has been to Italy, seen a great many pictures by the old masters and thoroughly enjoys generalization, central light and velvety textures, buys the picture for five hundred dollars, puts it in a prom-

inent place in his drawing-room where it becomes the centre of attraction for a select circle of connoisseurs and artistic friends.

As another illustration of the variety of truths given in one picture by the new school let us look for a few minutes at one of the noblest of modern pictures, Hunt's "Light of the World." Three distinct truths of light—the starlight, the dawn of day and the lantern light—fill the picture with the most wonderful combination of color ever given in the same space to the world. The golden glow of the lantern light makes the leaves of the foreground weeds bright yellow on one side and deep purple on the other. It gilds the ivy leaves climbing over the door that typifies the sinner's heart, and throws sharp yellow lights over the drapery. It also lights all the projecting parts of the face with its amber glow, and mingles with and gradually loses itself in the bluish-purple starlight.

These effects of light were all painted in the open air from a real lantern in the veritable starlight. In the near foreground lie the apples of the neglected orchard, also receiving light from the lantern, their rosy roundness clearly defined; even the dew-drops on the near blades of grass as they sparkle in the lamp-light are not forgotten, (another truth never given before to the world by the artists.) The transparent blue, studded with its sparkling gems of silver and flushed with the promise of the dawn, is also one of the finest parts of the picture, being beautifully painted.

A distant apple tree rises dark against the sky, and we call the attention of all who believe that the new school paints nothing but detail to this, for it is a most wonderful piece of realistic mystery and uncertain, yet of most characteristic drawing. Notice the graceful curvature of the fruit-bearing limbs and the drawing of the leaves. You seem to see each leaf, and as you look they vanish—there and not there; certain and uncertain. We will not attempt to put into words the expression of the face towards which all the accessories so faithfully point.

The sincerity and passionate earnestness of these men, are sights as noble as they are new to the world, and ought, if they gain nothing else,

to command the respect of the people! They are the only men who give us consummate drawings; pure, true and splendid colors and perfect realization of every fact properly belonging to the subject. Consequently no two pictures by these men can resemble each other, for every one is a faithful record of some new fact in nature. But every argument that can possibly be brought to bear upon the subject, speaks, in tones deep as their purpose, of the divine nature of the cause in which they are engaged, and the absolute certainty of its success. On the other hand, think for a moment, what will be the fate of the art of painting if it is allowed to go on year after year, filling the world with its tinsel gew-gaws and worthless inanities, without a single word of protest from one earnest truth-loving soul.

It is indeed a painful thought, first to look upon nature, the infinitely varied expression of the divine mind—then to think of men in this age of enlightened thought—men in the full exercise of all their powers, understanding, thought and wills, *rejecting* nature with all her beauty and her noble lessons—leaving them all unregarded and unrecorded,—and for what? Really and practically to do homage to their material bodies and earthly senses; loving and studying the outside, but utterly regardless of the rich and marvellous depths of the soul within.

The protest is now being made; by young men, it is true, who are not nearly so strong or so talented as we could wish, but whose intentions and purposes are noble and right. The pertinacity with which the public fight their cause, only yielding their ground when left without an argument, clinging to their old idols and rejecting the new truth without thought or criticism, is strange as it is unfortunate and useless.

Less than ten years ago there was but one man in America, W. J. Stillman, who practically understood and believed in the new art. To-day it counts its believers by tens instead of units. When we think of what has been accomplished in England since the first protest against the old conventionalisms was made by only two young men of determined purpose and large

natural ability, we cannot despair of the cause in America.

In less than twenty years the realistic painters have revolutionized art in England. They now count in their ranks the names of all the men of any talent whatsoever. Year after year they crowd the walls of the Royal Academy with the most intensely earnest renderings of natural fact. The old Academicians who in the commencement of the struggle would say

not a word in their defense, or lift a finger to ward off the malicious abuse and ignorant criticism that assailed their faithful work, are now endeavoring, with more or less power, to follow the lead of their young masters. If this has been done in tradition-loving Europe, where the old canons of art are so authoritative, what may we not hope to accomplish in radical America.

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