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THE NEW PATH.

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SCIENCE IN ITS RELATIONS TO ART.

[CONCLUDED.]

IN drawing or painting, the need of scientific knowledge is equally if not more apparent. We here are obliged to represent forms and distances on a flat surface. To do this we require all the knowledge we needed in sculpture, and more too. When we look out on a landscape we really see it as if it were a flat surface, but our eye has been so educated by experience that we at once place every object at its proper distance, and seem to really *see* the distances. It requires a great deal of knowledge to undo, as it were, all that we have learned, and place this landscape again on a flat surface, but yet in such a way that other eyes will still get the correct idea of distance. To do this we must learn the science of perspective. There have been painters who have represented landscapes with an approximation to correctness without ever having formally studied the laws of perspective, but they had grasped the subject intuitively and had learned its laws from experience. Their capacities were such as not many artists can hope to possess.

The painter of men and of animals is obliged to know as much of anatomy and of mechanics as was necessary for the sculptor. The painter of landscapes must have a far wider range of knowledge. There is no natural science that will come amiss to him. In order to give to us the appearances of the rocks and the distant mountains, the lovely valleys and the pleasant plains, he must be able to tell something of the geology of the region which he is about to paint. By knowing what is beneath the surface he will be able to paint its exterior more correctly. By knowing what produced those elevations and depressions he will be able more readily to represent their form and appearance. He must know something of botany too, to give to us a forest, with all its varieties of trees, of plants, and of mosses, to represent a meadow with its tall reeds and grasses and its brilliant summer flowers, or a brookside, with its creeping vines and its overhanging bushes. In order to paint plants *as* they grow, he must know *how* they grow. "But," some one will say, "this is all very well for those who paint things as they ought to be; what we want is merely to paint things as they are, or rather as we see them. Why, then, if we wish to paint an object in nature, is it not better for us to sit down before it and go to work? One eye will tell us all that we require. Should we not be rather led astray, than guided, by science, and paint what we suppose should be there rather than what is really there?" To such an one we would say, No. If you expect to see certain appearances under certain circumstances you will the sooner notice their absence. If you are aware of the particular mode of growth of any plant you will at once notice any irregularity or singularity about its growth. Instead of seeing there what

you would suppose ought to be there, your eye is immediately struck by the absence of what you would expect.

Let us suppose that two equally conscientious artists, both desirous of giving the truth, go out to draw the same blackberry bush. One of them is as ignorant of all plants and of blackberry bushes in particular, as most artists are, knowing nothing but what he has picked up here and there by experience. The other is one who has a tolerably thorough knowledge of botany, who knows the general character and habits of blackberries—the manner in which they usually grow, their peculiarities of leafage and fruitage, the relative strength of the branches, and what sort of a curve the load of fruit would give to the pliant stem. In the same space of time, which artist will give us the truest, most complete, most finished picture of the bush, the ignorant or the scientific painter? Evidently, the latter. He at once sees the bush in its *ensemble*, not as a picture to the eye, but as a living, growing being, with a purpose and a design in each of its parts. He first catches the detail and its varied arrangement, and even if he has never before seen this particular species of blackberry he has at the start an advantage over his fellow laborer. The other, drawing it as he sees it before him, may produce in time, but in a longer time, a good and correct representation of the object, but apt to contain some errors. For there are in nature many doubtful and deceitful appearances, which bear a double meaning to the unassisted eye, especially if viewed from only one spot. It is these double appearances which it is the especial duty of scientific knowledge to explain, and to show which is the true one.

Again, certain appearances are seen under certain circumstances which are not seen under certain others. It often requires very nice scientific knowledge not to fall into the error of making too quick generalizations from our knowledge of phenomena.

Mr. Herbert Spencer cites Mr. Lewis and Mr. Rossetti as making this kind of mistake.

Right appreciation of works of art as well requires scientific knowledge. To perceive the full value and beauty and worth of things made, it is necessary to understand what difficulties were to be overcome, and what ends were to be sought. Nature must be known before she can be thoroughly appreciated. Only he who has sought in her the great secrets which she contains, who has studied her in all her varied manifestations, can really know her beauties, can really see for himself, or point out to others, the many wonderful and lovely things which she enfolds. And how much more in Art. If we require taught and enlightened eyes to see what is offered to the view of all, do we not require a gaze similarly strengthened and sharpened to perceive the spirit and intention of what Art offers to us as her interpretation of nature? Men, students of Art and Nature, present to us forms and images for our admiration and delight. None but those who have equal acquaintance with the thing attempted to be done, and the effect desired to be produced, can really and thoroughly esteem and judge of it as it deserves. No one so well as the mineralogist can perceive the endless beauties of nature's crystallizations. Where others see dross, he sees the sparkling ore and the brilliant gem, with their innumerable glittering facets. No one but the botanist has that vivid and burning sense of the vegetable marvels of the different zones. The reason is, perhaps, this. Where others see a general beauty they see special beauties. Where the uninstructed pass by with a glance and say "it is very beautiful," or "grand," or "delicate,"

those who have studied and thought and reflected on the eternal laws of things, see great wonders and astounding beauties in form and color and growth and habit. Ought not artists and art-workers to have some regard for those whose knowledge is great and whose appreciation is equally great? There they have their best public; these are those whose approbation they should most desire. Then let them paint, and draw, and carve, so as to please those who have made each special subject their study, and they will be sure of producing also all those lesser beauties and more general effects which please the lesser and more unlearned minds, while at the same time they are instructing others and making themselves more useful.

There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that Science and Nature are at strife, that the scientific mind is less poetic. It is indeed possible that minds may be so constituted as to receive knowledge, and merely take it in with no effect on their emotions. In them an excess of knowledge kills feeling. But do not judge of all from a few rare and even doubtful cases. In most men, scientific knowledge, especially the broader and more thorough it is, increases the poetic conceptions. Their increased knowledge gives them new perceptions, and with new perceptions their emotional nature is more affected. Any number of instances can be brought up to show that science does not impair the poetic spirit. The most that can be said is that it hinders the poetic expression. But this is only in cases where Science is studied to the exclusion of Art and other things, when Science is the profession and the love of that person. But that is no more the case with than any other absorbing pursuit; where Science is studied as a subsidiary to Art it has no such effect. The example of Goethe ought to put all such ideas to flight. Here was one who was the greatest poet of modern Germany, if not of modern Europe, who had a fine and thorough appreciation of painting and music, yet who studied Science *con amore* and prided himself more on his optical discoveries and theories than on all else that he accomplished. His theory in botany of the development of all parts of the plant from the leaf-type, is one which has been abundantly verified, and which has gained for its maker the thanks of all students of that science. Da Vinci is another illustrious example. A tender and earnest artist, he won the plaudits of his own and succeeding ages by his pictures. He benefitted his countrymen by his scientific and mechanical learning and skill. He left behind him numerous volumes on scientific subjects—unfortunately still unpublished—which anticipated the discoveries of Galileo and Copernicus and even of modern geologists and which, without doubt, place him at the head of all scientific men of that illustrious age. Besides this, his "Treatise on Painting," both as to its objects and methods, is still the great and unequalled thesaurus for its students. Such men are enough to show that the knowledge and even the pursuit of Science, do not necessarily interfere with the successful development of the artistic spirit. But it is sufficient for the purposes of the artist that he should study science as a mere auxiliary to his art, and not as an engrossing pursuit. Then, Science and Art will be found not to be at variance, and the artist will be greatly benefitted and not at all injured. The power of art-expression will be increased, and the capabilities of art will be enlarged. The perceptive and appreciative faculties of the public for whom art-work is designed will be widened, and we shall have not only a truer Art, but a greater love for it. One thing especially can Art learn from Science, and that is, the

mode of study. Science teaches humility. Art is too often pursued with pride. True Art is indeed always humble, but most artists are men who have been accustomed to regard Art as distinct from Nature, and so plume themselves on what they suppose their own and especially human achievements. They do not see that great abundance and fulness of nature which their pictures will always come short of, but yet should ever strive to reach; they become too satisfied with what they have done and produced. The student of Science perceives how little he has wrested from the great unknown, and is content to be patient and unwearied in the attempt to get more knowledge. Let the art-student look also on the illimitability of nature, and how little, with his greatest efforts, he can express of it, and learn also suitable humility.

NATIONAL MUSIC.

Mr. Editor: It has been asked, Whence comes the plaintive element of American popular airs, and songs?

The answer requires a comparison of the music of all the races represented here, for it is natural that American music, differing, as everything American-born does, from the foreign parent stock, should still show somewhat of the influence of blood. And American music, like the American people, shows traces of most of the leading races of Europe, in such degree, as to bury all other influences beyond the sight of the ordinary observer. The one class that has at present, and promises for the future, the most influence on American music, is the Irish. And America may congratulate herself that it is so, for the Lyke Wake dirge is a worthy parent, though as yet not known to the opera, and but little troubled with "thirds," "fifths," "counterpoint," &c.;—so much the better; we may well get strength to walk, before we go to the dancing-school.

To prove this claim of the Irish element, examine the principal kinds of music, classified for convenience sake, by nations, though the classification should be by races, but that many of them are yet nameless. Thus the Italian (real, not German opera), skimming lightly over the notes, rather dwelling on the languor;—expressing, softly, dreamily, dying inflections, often light and lively; playful, but with a reserve of expression, as if its joy, though natural, was under some controlling influence; the joy of full ripeness, and the mellowing stage in power. In this compare it with the Scotch melody;—see "Dr. Beattie on Poetry and Music" for the particulars of the four different kinds of Scotch music, "namely, the southern melodies already noticed, the western or Gaelic airs, the northern or Strathspey music, and the species of brisk, exhilarating music distinguished by the name of reel, or dancing music, which cannot be cousidered as peculiar to any particular quarter." Of a different race, climate, and country, the Scotch rises quickly, and easily, as on the memory of great things; but loves to dwell on the falling, weary inflection, as of great things accomplished, as of rest for the great, and none to repeat their work; in this feeling of having lived to "the days of little men," Ossian expresses perfectly the feeling and expression common to both Scotch and Italian; a feeling that neither ever shakes completely off, for any length of time; and although the Scotch melody contains a different humanity, a more social fellow-feeling, a sort of lie-close-and-keep-warm expression, this is a very prominent feature, and one of its greatest characteristics, and peculiar charms.

Still, the gradual sinking from high action to repose, is the most universal feeling of all the varieties of Scotch music, from the Border melody to the "Wind that stirs the Barley." In the Spanish airs, this ripeness, this thing attained, and consequent sadness of "no more worlds to conquer," is quite strong, and therein the Spanish contains an element in common with the Scotch, and Italian. But the Spanish has also a self-dependence, a pride, not found in the Scotch sociability, or the Italian light-hearted thoughtlessness. There is a strength and dignity, in this energetic self-assertion of the Spanish character, that with never a great mercantile community, has made its language, of words, scarcely second to any, for territorial extension, or universal use; when overrun, it crops out through all other languages of the present day. This innate vim is strongly marked in Spanish music, now pushing, and yearning, anon controlled and reposing; this speaks a race life either more full and strong, more intense and energetic, than Scotch or Italian; or else less *passé*.

The Irish comes to us, on the contrary, unlike the Scotch and Italian, with their melancholy repose; it is wild, mournful, but hopeful, energetic; its wildest regret and sorrow, is expressed on the rising inflection; the swelling sound passes from a lower to a higher note, increasing in life and emphasis,—*vide* "The Last Rose of Summer." The whole bearing of the thought is expressed on the rising part of the spring, the highest part of the leap is not yet attained; whatever windfalls have dropped, the sorrow for them is felt by fruit still growing; is none the less deep, and uncontrollable, because the soul that feels it is in its youth, and not yet accustomed to think of the decay to come, does not yet feel its old age begin to press it into companionship with the departed. This energetic vim, felt in all Irish, wake or jig, is so marked, that on hearing a lot of old tunes for the first time, the hearer had no difficulty in assigning each to its own nationality, whether Scotch fading, or Irish growing. The energy of the Irish, is a point of connection or similarity between that and the Spanish; but the rising Æolian swell, and the absence of any decaying mellowness, of anything *passé*, is the Irish par excellence, the peculiar charm of the "wake;" it tells of a race life still in its younger day, a vitality that has more in the future than in the past.

The German, or Central European music, from Tyrol to Bohemia, presents several varieties, but all agreeing in their characteristics; they hop and jump, from note to note, like the mountaineer, from crag to crag, with some little energy, though often weary, for the notes he strikes are as hard as the crags he leaps upon; and a stranger to such life soon gets footsore, and longs for silence; truly, the German music seems fond of cutting capers over rough ground, of showing its agility, not grace, and consists more in movement than in sound! Without self-control, whenever a new feat is proposed, it tumbles over the precipices, and breaks its shins on the rocks blindly. Paying little thought to yesterday or to-morrow, it shows a race-life on its summit, and that not above the clouds. The above applies from Switzerland to Poland.

The negro music of the Spanish Main and Southern United States, has some energy and longing in accelerating motion, the swelling sound rising at the last note, like the snap of a whip; a spasmodic feature noticeable in the negro's laugh, but, in his music, refined and toned, till, when heard at a distance, its effect is superior to the Jodle;—which seems to be its European form, though much overdone.

This seems a youthful and unripe state,

that will mellow with time; but it has not the innate strength, the heavy force of the Irish, nor the similar self-assertion of the Spanish; without the mourned past of the Italian and Scotch, it has with its hope of the future no definite wish, no determination; touching the surface lightly, and with little self-control; hoping, but not intending, some undefined blessing; more inclined to play with the present than to go on to the future, it speaks a race-life culminating, but without glory, and without sorrow; its plaintive tones are the sorrow of to-day, mingled with to-day's pleasures; its hope is the reaction of a light heart, between the moments of discontent and *ennui*.

The French music swells, and fades easily; its characteristic is, grace of motion, combined with sweetness of sound, full, with little or no reserve, though some self-control. When plaintive it yearns for the existing, though absent or unattainable; its past is forgotten, its future unheeded; rising and falling with equal grace, but little Æolian swell of the Irish, little Scotch longing regret, but perhaps more of the latter than the former, especially in the airs of Normandy; the airs of Provence should be even lighter, more elastic, more like the Italian; the whole is the voice of a race-life, self-absorbed, *passant;* rich in fancy and feeling, but of less energy than might have been expected.

The Scandinavian, from the huge anthems of "Tordenskiol" and "Nils Juel" to the "Ung Soëman" and "Kjarlighed med et frit mod," shows much strength, swelling grandly, and falling with a fulness of satisfaction that leaves no room for hope or regret. There seems in this respect to be an element wanting in Scandinavian music that is not lacking in their poetry; but in place of it, perhaps, may be put the falling to a low note, gradually to rise with retarding motion, on the last sound. This, if not a Norwegian peculiarity, is certainly a characteristic. The whole of the Scandinavian music strikes its notes full, without reserve of self-control, and with a long swinging motion. The words *Gamle Norgé* seem to represent the whole scope of music to a Norwegian. In speaking of this Scandinavian music, the Jodle should be excepted; it is the connecting link between Sweden and Switzerland (*see* F. Bremer's book on "Switzerland"), and belonging to the mountains, is less heard among the travelling part of the nation than the more purely national airs. There is, probably, in Sweden still another music to be found when sought for, having a relationship to that of Central Asia. It should be wilder than the Scandinavian, with more self-control and delicate perception than anything from Mont Blanc to the Maelström, though perhaps showing affinity with the Cossack. Also, in Finland good music should be found, graceful in motion, and with some affinity to the Irish. But data on that, and all countries east of those mentioned are wanting.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

If any one should mistake this exhibition for an exhibition of American art "of the period," he would be led to seriously misjudge that particular manifestation of humanity. American art, as it now exists, is not to be studied in these galleries. Different artists have sent hither such different reports about themselves, that no comparative estimate of individuals is possible, and no conclusions can be formed respecting them as a body, or their work as a whole. One painter has

done his best, and sent it; another has done his slightest and hastiest, and sent that. One has hunted among old canvases set face-to-wall about his studio, and selected, finished up, and dispatched the showiest; one has allowed some ill-advised friend to send a piece of his childhood's work, which the ill-advised friend has long had hanging on his dining-room wall; and still another has sent his summer's studies, and trusted to the people who look to rightly estimate their character, as studies, and to judge them from the right point of view.

Obviously, we cannot form any conclusions about the present state of American art. Obviously, we cannot say, because one man is badly represented, that he has fallen off. Obviously, we shall not be able, from anything we see here, to decide for ourselves any of the points that are in doubt. It will not be well to go through the exhibition and discuss in order the works which compose it. It would not be easy to consider one man's elaborate painting and another's rapid sketch, in succession, and yet avoid misleading the reader toward a false relative estimate of the two artists. This is the danger always, but it is a danger that must often be braved, and, if possible, overcome. This exhibition, however, offers too much of the nettle of danger, and too little of the flower of safety. We are more than content to speak of a few pictures which seem to us, from one or another reason, to call for criticism, and, without comparing one to another, to compare each to that standard of excellence by which we think all works of art should be tried.

That standard, so far as the NEW PATH is concerned, remains what it has always been. It has never been lowered;—if it has been raised higher, it is only because the people have grown and we have grown with them, and a higher standard is possible. The standard is still Truth. Whatever we may have had to say about gracefulness, beauty, invention, and composition; weakness and strength; paleness and glow; awkwardness and skill—has always been subordinate to the other more important consideration of truthfulness. Indeed, these considerations are all contained in that one, truthfulness; for it is truth of composition we have urged, and truth of conception and truth of general effect, no less than the copying of natural forms and hues in detail.

The canons of art do not change. None of the laws of the moral universe are less liable to changes of fashion than they. Forms of error are various, and manifestations of truth are many and different in the world of art; that world is not, in these respects, different from other moral and physical worlds. But the spirit of truth and the spirit of error remain the same, and the changes of form are in a circle, and come constantly back to the starting point. Many of the painters whose works come before the people of New York paint more carefully now than they did when the NEW PATH began its work, more than two years ago. Many of them have gained greater skill, better execution, profounder knowledge. Some have taken the great step from carelessness to care. Nearly all paint more to the purpose every year. The criticism of their work is proportionally difficult. The just comparison in degree of merit between one painter's work and that of another, when both are working well and doing nearly their best, is a very delicate and arduous task. It would be impossible to perform it aright, but for the unvarying and universally applicable standard to which all their work is to be compared—the standard of truth to Nature.

Tried by this standard, the most pretentious works in this exhibition—the biggest and brightest-colored—are found to be not the most valuable. And work

that attracts but few gazers is found to be important. And yet not always so, for there is in truthful work a popular side as well, and an uninstructed or not altogether misinstructed public may be trusted to see good in good things, though not, indeed, *all* the good, and perhaps not the greatest good. Mr. Chas. H. Moore's little picture, for instance, No. 192, "Winter Study in the Catskills," seems to be as popular as any picture in the exhibition. Not only do the lookers look, but the talkers also talk and the learned discourse, and nearly all the talk and the discourse is in praise of the charming picture. It is a fortunate work of art, that unites so many suffrages in its favor.

And, tried by the highest standard, how admirable it is! It is the legitimate successor of the picture in the latest exhibition of the National Academy of Design, "Study in the Catskill Valley." There was no doubt possible that that picture was the best the painter could do; it was stamped with the impress of conscientious care and love of truth. This picture was assuredly as carefully painted as that, but could not be more carefully painted; this is not more plainly than that was the fruit of the most loving labor. But this new picture is better than that of last spring, because more truthful; because, that is to say, telling the truth about Nature more adequately and completely. The truth of drawing is perhaps not greater in this than in the former picture. The drawing seemed almost faultless in that one, and, as we look back now to our memory of it, we are not able to say which of the two pictures we should choose the rather to illustrate delicate and subtle truth of drawing, unless the accurate rendering of the lovely forms of the white clouds decide the point in favor of this wintry scene. But in other respects, as, for instance, in color and in gradations of light and shade, this is by far the better, because the more truthful picture.

There is a truth of strength as well as a truth of delicacy. There is a truth of broad masses as well as a truth of delicate detail. There is a truth of "general effect" and "tone," as well as a truth of local color, or a truth of simple form. It has, indeed, always been our doctrine that delicacy, truth of detail and of local color and simple form are the first things which should engage an artist's attention; because we have always held that true strength comes only out of delicacy, and that truth of broad masses comes only from a profound knowledge of detail, and that truths of general effect and tone follow, and not precede, special and local truths. But the study of these things, which, as we have said, should engage an artist's first attention, must lead an artist to knowledge of and power over all the others, or the study will not have been wholly well directed. And the best proof that could possibly be offered of the inherent force and universal applicability of those principles of art which we have always laid down, is the success of those artists who have resolutely obeyed those principles; their success, not only in painting the minute, delicate, and local truths with which they began, but in painting also the general, broad, and evanescent facts which would seem the farthest from their reach.

Mr. Moore has succeeded in both. That still greater success is to be expected for him hereafter—that he has by no means reached the crown of his art—that he is not an immortal painter yet, no one knows better than we know it. The highest standard of landscape art is not illustrated as yet by the practice of any American painter. But the greater (or rather *more complete*) success which we speak of is, we think, more nearly within his reach than that of any other painter who exhibits in New York, or

Boston, or Philadelphia,—far as it may be yet beyond the reach of all, Mr. Moore included. For in this "Winter Study" there is more accurate perception and more faithful rendering of all the facts of nature taken together, near and far, small and great, distinct and vague, local and general, than in any landscape picture of the past year by any American artist, so far as we know or have seen.

It is in the highest degree hopeful that, as Mr. Moore's work grows more powerful, it becomes not less delicate, but even more minutely truthful in detail. There is an ideal of landscape art which perhaps has never been reached by human work. We have no wish to say or even hint that Mr. Moore is likely to reach that ideal. But it is to the credit of his work that it makes that ideal a little more conceivable. That ideal is the *perfect* union of detail and general effect. Let us illustrate our meaning. We have often seen attempts, well intended, meritorious, powerful, to show together, on one canvass, foliage and herbage in the near foreground and on a large scale, and distant forest and mountain. We have never seen the attempt succeed. The imaginable better thing is not vague or a dream, but is very positive, and always seems not impossible to realize,—that is, to paint. The ideal of landscape is not the submitting of special truths to general truths, but the full realization of all the truths in perfect harmony with each other. The ideal of landscape is not a correcting of nature, but a stopping short of the whole truth of nature, just so far as is made necessary by the physical limitations of art, and a stopping short in the best (*i. e.*, the least injurious) way. This ideal is, so far as we know, yet to be reached. It will not be reached, probably, in a time when art is nothing to the mass of the people, and to the connoisseurs little else than a subject for talk and dispute. It will not be reached until the time shall come when affectation shall be very much less common than now, and love of nature much more general; not until most of the artists are working properly, and most of the people interested in their work, and most of the critics doing what they can to help both artists and people. Therefore, we do not hope that Mr. Moore will reach it, even in those moments when his picture seems the fairest and his way of work the most satisfying. We thank his picture that it makes the attainment of the ideal seem not so far in the future as it would seem without it.

We heartily admire Mr. Thos. C. Farrer's picture, No. 279, "Northampton," and yet it is, to us, rather a disappointment than a delight. It does not seem to us to be hopeful. All that there has been good in Mr. Farrer's landscapes of the last three years, is bettered in this, but much that has been deficient or faulty is as bad or worse than ever. We cannot but feel, we repeat, less hopeful of Mr. Farrer's future as a landscape painter, than we felt before seeing this last, most powerful, most impressive of the pictures he has exhibited.

An artist generally has it in his own power to bring to nought the prognostications of his critics, both for good or evil. It is foolish to prophesy very positively concerning the future of a man's life and works, because there are two elements that will go to make up that future, the natural talent of the man, which the critic may be able to judge, and his power of work, which last, though we have called it an *element*, is really compound, being made up of will, nervous energy, physical health, and circumstances, and which, therefore, he cannot judge. So that when a critic says that a picture is hopeful or not hopeful, he means, or

should mean, that it is itself promising or not promising; he should not mean to predicate too positively the future of the painter he criticizes.

There is much of Mr. Farrer's picture that is better than ever before—and that is hopeful. There is much of it that is no improvement on past work of his, even on work long past, and that is not hopeful. This year's exhibitions will not decide, and next year's exhibitions may not decide whether the omens of good or the omens of ill will prevail.

What a lovely sky! Distant, serene, and pure, with white summer clouds, which slowly rise from the horizon, and begin their solemn march across its blue breadth. From one point behind the green hill, which seems to be Mount Holyoke, the clouds have come into sight, scarcely above the horizon; they separate, and begin their course by three different principal routes, radiating like a fan. It is very beautiful. And it is very true to Nature. It is not once nor twice, but many times in the course of every summer that those clouds fan out from their starting-point on the horizon, and spread across the sky. The belt of lower cloud in the centre of the picture seems to us not less truthful in intention, but less successfully painted. On the other hand, the bank of mist which lies along the distant hills in front of the spectator, and just beneath the belt of cloud we last spoke of, is wonderfully perfect in effect.

The whole distance is charming. Mount Holyoke, on the right hand, takes off the eye from much more brilliant color in the foreground fields. The distant armies of forest, that seem to extend their lines away to the mountain, where their strongest point is and their most compact array, are as truthful as the sky, and are less beautiful only than it. And between the forests and the spectator the rich Northampton Meadows with great elms dotted over them like skirmishers, stretch from the uplands to the banks of the smooth Connecticut, rich with varied color, and broken by spots of shade.

It seems to have been the attempt to get general truth of effect, in this picture, that has injured it, and made the foreground so very faulty as it is. The distance is distant and yet brilliant, and the middle distance is made to glow with color;—but at a heavy cost. Exaggerated depth of shadow, giving gloom which is actual blackness in many places, and that at a distance of many hundred yards from the spectator, where Nature's shadows are shadowy, indeed, but are not black; clumps of trees in middle distance, in which there is nothing like foliage or growth or lightness or ramification, but heavy, spungy masses of vigorous green; isolated trees, which are in no way individual in character, but stand about in scores, all alike, radiating brush strokes below and spungy masses above; nearer trees in foreground, which are absolutely conventional, and as like copies from Harding's drawing book as a practised out-of-door workman could make them:—are the worst of the separate evils which make up the unsuccessful, unbeautiful, untruthful foreground.

Not foolish or meaningless work, observe. Work that would not be possible to any but an able and a practised painter, but untrue, untrue to Nature, both in detail and *a fortiori* in general effect. A going astray not to be accounted for except, perhaps, by the comparison with this of much other work contemporary with it, which this exhibition does not afford us the opportunity to make.

A HERETIC SQUELCHED.

MR. EDITOR:

In the article on "Science in its Relation to Art," published in the present number of your Journal, I perceive that the writer does not apprehend the difference between the artist's science of *aspects* and mere abstract analytical science. Hence his mind is led into infinite confusion. He is equally incorrect and obscure in regard to the meaning of the word Art, evidently supposing that Art and *Fine* Art are identical.

He says there is no "disagreement" betwen Science and Art. Perhaps there is not; but certainly they have nothing in common. He says, "Science is knowledge; Art is *skill*. Art is the means and method of applying what we know," &c.

Now, without dwelling upon each separate error of his argument, I can hardly do better than to quote what Mr. Ruskin has written with regard to the relation between Science and Art, which, it seems to me, is quite exhaustive of the matter, and directly meets all the short-sightedness and error of the article in question.

"The grand mistake of the Renaissance schools lay in supposing that Science and Art were the same things, and that to advance in the one was necessarily to perfect the other; whereas they are, in reality, things not only different, but so opposed, that to advance in oneis, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, to retrograde in the other. This is the point to which I would, at present, especially bespeak the reader's attention.

Science and Art are commonly distinguished by the nature of their actions; the one as knowing, the other as changing, producing, or creating. But there is a still more important distinction in the nature of the things they deal with. Science deals exclusively with things as they are in themselves; and Art exclusively with things as they affect the human senses and the human soul. Her work is to portray the appearances of things, and to deepen the natural impressions which they produce upon living creatures. The work of Science is to substitute facts for appearances, and demonstrations for impressions. Both, observe, are equally concerned with truth; the one with truth of aspect, the other with truth of essence. Art does not represent things falsely, but truly, as they appear to mankind. Science studies the relations of things to each other; but Art studies only their relations to man; and it requires of everything which is submitted to it imperatively this, and only this—what that thing is to the human eyes and human heart, what it has to say to men, and what it can become to them: a field of question just as much vaster than that of Science, as the soul is larger than the material creation.

Take a single instance. Science informs us that the sun is ninety-five millions of miles distant from, and 111 times broader than, the earth; that we and all the planets revolve round it; and that it revolves on its own axis in 25 days 14 hours and 4 minutes. With all this Art has nothing whatever to do. It has no care to know anything of this kind; but the things which it does care to know are these, that in the heavens God has set a tabernacle for the sun, "which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

This, then, being the kind of truth with which Art is exclusively concerned, how is such truth as this to be ascertained and accumulated? Evidently, and only, by perception and feeling;

never either by reasoning or report. Nothing must come between nature and the artist's sight; nothing between God and the artist's soul. Neither calculation nor hearsay—be it the most subtile of calculations, or the wisest of sayings, —may be allowed to come between the universe and the witness which art bears to its visible nature. The whole value of that witness depends on its being eye-witness; the whole genuineness, acceptableness, and dominion of it depend on the personal assurance of the man who utters it. All its victory depends on the veracity of the one preceding word, "Vidi."

The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and feeling creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded, or fade from the book of record. It is not his business either to think, to judge, to argue, to know. His place is neither in the closet, nor on the bench, nor at the bar, nor in the library. They are for other men and other work. He may think in a by-way; reason, now and then, when he has nothing better to do; know such fragments of knowledge as he can gather without stooping, or reach without pains; bnt none of these things are to be his care. The work of his life is to be two-fold only; to see, to feel.

Nay, but, the reader perhaps pleads with me, one of the great uses of knowledge is to open the eyes, to make things perceivable which never would have been seen unless first they had been known.

Not so. This would only be said or believed by those who do not know what the perceptive faculty of a great artist is, in comparison with that of other men. There is no great painter, no great workman in any art, but he sees with a glance of a moment more than he could learn by the labor of a thousand hours. God has made every man fit for his work. He has given to the man whom He means for a student the reflective, logical, sequential faculties; and to the man whom He means for an artist the perceptive, sensitive, retentive faculties. And neither of these men, so far from being able to do the other's work, can even comprehend the the way in which it is done. The student has no understanding of the vision, nor the painter of the process; but chiefly the student has no idea of the colossal grasp of the true painter's vision and sensibility.

The labor of the whole Geological Society, for the last fifty years, has but now arrived at the ascertainment of those truths respecting mountain form which Turner saw and expressed with a few strokes of a camel's-hair pencil fifty years ago, when he was a boy. The knowledge of all the laws of the planetary system, and of all the curves of motion of projectiles, would never enable the man of science to draw a waterfall or a wave; all the members of Surgeons' Hall helping each other could not at this moment see, or represent, the natural movement of a human body in vigorous action, as a poor dyer's son did two hundred years ago. (Tintoret).

But surely, it is still insisted, granting this peculiar faculty to the painter, he will still see more as he knows more, and the more knowledge he obtains, therefore, the better. No; not even so. It is indeed true, that here and there a piece of knowledge will enable the eye to detect a truth which might otherwise have escaped it; as, for instance, in watching a sunrise, the knowledge of the true nature of the orb may lead the painter to feel more profoundly, and

express more fully, the distance between the bars of cloud that cross it, and the sphere of flame that lifts itself slowly beyond them into the infinite heaven. But, for one visible truth to which knowledge thus opens the eyes, it seals them to a thousand: that is to say, if the knowledge occur to the mind so as to occupy its powers of contemplation at the moment when the sight-work is to be done, the mind retires inward, fixes itself upon the known facts, and forgets the passing visible ones; and a moment of such forgetfulness loses more to the painter than a day's thought can gain.

What, then, it may be asked indignantly, is an utterly ignorant and unthinking man likely to make the best artist? No, not so either. Knowledge is good for him so long as he can keep it utterly, servilely, subordinate to his own divine work, and trample it under his feet, and out of his way, the moment it is likely to entangle him.

And in this respect, observe, there is an enormous difference between knowledge and education. An artist need not be a *learned* man, in all probability it will be a disadvantage to him to become so; but he ought, if possible, always to be an educated man: that is, one who has understanding of his own uses and duties in the world, and therefore of the general nature of the things done and existing in the world; and who has so trained himself or been trained, as to turn to the best account whatever faculties or knowledge he has. The mind of an educated man is greater than the knowledge it possesses; it is like the vault of heaven, encompassing the earth which lives and flourishes beneath it, but the mind of an uneducated and learned man is like a caoutchouc band, with an everlasting spirit of contraction in it, fastening together papers which it cannot open, and keeps others from opening.

Half our artists are ruined for want of education, and by the possession of knowledge; the best that I have known have been *educated* and illiterate. The ideal of an artist, however, is not that he should be illiterate, but well read in the best books, and *thoroughly high-bred*, both in heart and in bearing. In a word, he should be fit for the best society, and should *keep out of it*." *

So much for the relation of Science to Art. Let us now hear Mr. Ruskin's definition of "Fine Art."

"It would be well if all students would keep clearly in their mind the real distinction between these words which we use so often, 'Manufacture,' 'Art,' and 'Fine Art.' 'Manufacture' is, according to the etymology and right use of the word, 'the making of any thing by hands,'—directly or indirectly, with or without the help of instruments or machines. Anything proceeding from the hand of man is manufacture; but it must have proceeded from his hand only, acting mechanically, and uninfluenced at the moment by direct intelligence.

Then, secondly, Art is the operation of the hand and the intelligence of man together: there is an art of making machinery; there is an art of building ships; an art of making carriages; and so on. All these, properly called Arts, but not Fine Arts, are pursuits in which the hand of man and his head go together, working at the same instant.

Then, Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the *heart* of man go together." †

The intellectual spirit of the present day is doing great good in its own way; but the intellect *alone* is sure to mislead. Our present condition of mind tends too much toward undue exaltation of abstract intellectual speculation, and society will never apprehend the true meaning and use of Fine Art until it gets its *heart* open.

* "Stones of Venice." † "Two Paths."

ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHY has reached such perfection of late, that evident confusion has arisen in the minds of many persons respecting the relative difference in value between it and Fine Art; and, in mere rendering of facts of external nature, at least, they think it may supersede Art,* whence, persons argue, it is useless for artists any longer to employ themselves in recording the plain aspects of nature, but, instead of this, they should endeavour to produce works which should embody certain principles of abstract beauty, "unity of relation," &c., and thus "satisfy the artistic sense."

In view of these opinions, we submit the following remarks.

Photography can never supersede Fine Art; and, no matter what greater perfection of development it may reach, it will still remain just as imperative as ever that the artist should labor faithfully and patiently to record facts of natural aspects; this labor being the only way in which the artist's language can be learned, and his feelings disciplined to recognize the noblest conditions of truth and beauty.

But, irrespective of this, the photograph cannot supersede art, because no photograph can represent *complete* facts.

In photography, objects are represented in much the same way as they are in a Claude mirror. Gradations of shade are never truly rendered by either. In nature, objects are seen under intensely strong light, which admits of an infinitely wide range of gradation before reaching obscurity of shade. In photography, the pitch of light being necessarily as much lower than that of nature as paper is darker than the sun, the range of gradation is, of course, shortened in proportion, and many subtle and delicate forms are, consequently, merged in obscurity, while others are brought out in unnatural relief.

Now, much of the essential truth and loveliness of nature consists in these subtle and delicate forms and colors. Expression of space and infinity cannot be attained without a representation, in some way, of these. Nothing but the well-trained hand, guided by love and intelligence, can accomplish this. The truthful artist aims to represent the largest sum of most vital truth. His pitch of highest light is no greater than that of the photograph; but he works his gradations with the most careful economy, so as to obtain the greatest possible range, although none of the objects represented in a work of art can have the same relation to *all* the rest that they hold in nature, until we can find a pigment equal in intensity of light to the sun.

The technical superiority of art to photography in representing truths of nature, consists in its power so to *economize* these gradations as to represent more subtle and delicate forms before becoming merged into blackness, and thus to secure a larger aggregate of truth.

Photography is an infinitely valuable mechanism by which to obtain records of limited abstract truth, and, as such, may be of great service to the artist. Much may be learned about drawing by reference to a good photograph, that even a man of quick natural perceptions would be slow to learn without such help. But, unless the real shortcomings of the photograph are understood, it must certainly mislead if followed.

But beyond these merely technical matters, art differs from any mechanical

* That is, of course, leaving *color* out of the question.

process in being "the expression of man's delight in God's work," and thus it appeals to, and awakens all noble sympathy and right feeling. All labor of love must have something beyond mere mechanism at the bottom of it.

It is necessary for the artist in his stndies to do much work that may appear to some persons like merely mechanical copying of nature; but it never is such in the hands of an artist of true feeling.

The technical qualities of a work of art are superior to those of a photograph, in that the former contains more fullness of consistent truth; but not in consequence of any superior beauty and delicacy over such gradations of forms as *are* given in the photograph; for no human hand can approach photography in this respect.

It is the artist's business, by harmoniously associated representations of truth and loveliness, to quicken love and gratify and inform the mind concerning the Creator's work, and to lead it to contemplate and dwell upon those things which it is good for human souls to heed.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

"How wonderful is this rock on which I am lying; a little world of varied beauty and interest, changing with every new inch of surface. Look down closely upon it, so as to shut out the surrounding world, and concentrate the attention upon the minutest details. How impossible to see all or even the greater part of this detail, until after long, patient and loving study. Looking down upon the rock from our five feet seven of height as we stand, the eye distinguishes divisions, layers of more or less marked difference in color; it observes quartz, feldspar, mica, and the mosses and lichens which stain its surface. In a shallow rift filled with earth, bunches of grass, dried with the heat, show a few green blades and waving stems. Farther down, in a larger oasis, about the size of a dinner napkin, I see a larger tuft of grass, from the middle of which rises a little nut tree and a cedar, each about eighteen inches high. Farther down, the quartz appears in larger stains, and in other crevices a few small mullens have sprung up. Below, there is a taller cedar, this time six feet high at least, and near it the stump of what has been another, which before it was cut down may have gained twelve feet, for below, where, indeed, the soil begins to cover the rock somewhat thickly, there is a fine cedar twenty feet high at the least, with a brave little nut-tree and a wild-cherry keeping it company; but this is at the very outskirts of the rock. I do not step over the border where the soil begins to cover it out of sight; but these things are what the eye can see without minute examination—without lying down upon the rock itself. One thing more, we notice, that the rock is not long left really bare. The soil indeed disappears, but lichens and mosses cover it thickly on the north side, and spot it everywhere.

"But, now, lie down, and look closely, and see how the world changes. A new life developes itself. It is no longer the rock which is prominent; it is the *life* of the rock; that which before was mere incident becomes now the individual. This streak, which seemed from above a nearly uniform grey, on closer looking we find composed of quartz, shaded from white to smoky amethyst inlaid in mica, which, in its turn, is set with minute pin-point crystals of horn

blende, and garnets of various sizes, some clear and sparkling but small, other masses much larger, but dull in color. Then, again, it is difficult to find so much as a square inch on which the moss has not begun to grow, which it does by little erect plants exceedingly small at first, and of the darkest green. The lichens, also, do their share, throwing out their seeds, which take root in the immediate vicinity of the mother plant, and like the mosses show from the first, the color of the mother plant. All this time not a word of the animal life, from the ants which scour the rock in every direction, untiring and unsatisfied—I saw two just now lugging along a bit of fat pork the remnant of somebody's luncheon in weeks gone by as big at least as fifty ants;—to the little burning orange-scarlet spider who moves with such rapidity that it is difficult to see if he *has* legs, much less to count them. And, just now, on a bright clear-green leaf of wild cherry there lighted a fairy fly exquisitely delicate in shape, and with a body of such vivid, but pale, green enamel as was delicious to see. And this is the rock which we see in pictures, painted with a few daubs of gray, and perhaps blotted here and there with a patch of green!"

July 4, 1863.

—"Even in F's picture, the inexplicable modern love of dull color, of sober hues has made its influence felt. This has coupled itself with an equally inexplicable dislike of definite forms; of patterns—whether considered as arrangements of lines, or of colors of ornaments,—jewelry or other; and, at last, of detail everywhere. The fatal error of so-called generalization has crept in everywhere, and putting its stigma on individualism, has reduced Art to an unhappy mask. A Venetian or a Fleming would have put in place of this dull brown curtain, or wall-paper, behind F's subject a curtain with some well designed, interesting pattern, and either in bright color, or in black relieved with gold. Thus, behind the Virgin, in the excellent copy from Hewling in the Bryan gallery—'Joseph and Mary,' according to the catalogue; but, is it not rather Elizabeth and Zacharias?—there hangs a beautiful bit of tapestry, a black pattern on a ground of gold. Nor is the love of these things entirely dead among the moderns. Baron Leys and James Tissot have done very interesting things in this way. On the hem of Margaret's apron, in Tissot's picture in the Artists' Fund, there is a bit of embroidery very ingenious in color and form."

"He who feeds men serveth few;
He serves all, who dares be true."

EMERSON.

[*Specimen Sheet.*]

THE NEW PATH

PUBLISHED BY THE

Society for the Advancement of TRUTH IN ART.

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

To the Public.

THE NEW PATH having nearly completed its first year can no longer be considered as an experiment. On the contrary, it is a success almost beyond the expectation of its publishers. This fact is more particularly gratifying to those, who, conscious of being obliged to stem the current of popular prejudice, feel their main support in the inherent strength of the cause they advocate. We have thus far battled with the one strong weapon, Truth, and have found it sure and trusty; and, though conscious of many shortcomings, we are confident that the "truth is strong and must prevail."

It was never intended that THE NEW PATH should fulfil the objects of what is usually called an "Art Journal." It does not pretend to give the news of the day, nor does it desire to become attractive on account of the literary merit of its articles or the high sounding names of contributors. Its pages are not intended to contribute to enjoyment, except that which results from obtaining information. It contains no "Art Items," biographical notices or continued stories. Neither has it been started with any idea of making money. The only pay that its editors and contributors receive is the consciousness of having performed their duty. The publishers of THE NEW PATH are only desirous that it should pay its expenses, as it is published at a price barely above the cost of printing. If in this it should fail, its enemies are hereby and forever informed that it will not cease to be published for that reason.

But THE NEW PATH has a mission to perform and will continue to perform it as long as it has power. To this end it will contain nothing but what appertains to that mission; and if the public enjoy it, it will not be because of its pleasant reading matter, but because they see that we are in earnest, respect the truth and feel conviction.

THE NEW PATH, therefore, seeks not so much patronage as circulation. It wants to be heard everywhere, and it is the desire of its publishers that it may come under the notice of every person who takes an interest in, or who can exert any influence upon the development of American Art. Advocating the necessary unity of the arts of Painting, Architecture and Sculpture, it should be read, not only by every one who buys a picture or statue, but by every person who builds or has an influence to exert upon the design of a house.

The size is sixteen double-column pages octavo. The price will remain as heretofore—one dollar a year, payable in advance—single copies, ten cents.

Subscriptions and communications should always be addressed to "The New Path," Box 4740, New York. The agent for the sale of single copies at retail is *August Brentano*, 708 Broadway, New York, who always has back numbers. The new volume commences May 1, 1864.

The following extracts from its pages will sufficiently illustrate the object and principles of THE NEW PATH:

"We hold that the primary object of Art is to observe and record truth, whether of the visible universe or of emotion. All great Art results from an earnest love of the beauty and perfectness of God's creation, and is the attempt to tell the truth about it. The greatest Art includes the widest range, recording, with equal fidelity, the aspirations of the human soul, and the humblest facts of physical Nature.

"That the imagination can do its work, and free invention is possible only when the knowledge of external Nature is extended and accurate. This knowledge, moreover, with sympathy and reverence, will make happy and useful artists of those to whom imagination and inventive power are denied.

"That beauty, in the vain pursuit of which generations of Artists have wasted their lives, can only be appreciated and seized by those who are trained to observe and record all truths with equal exactness. True Art, representing Nature as she is, discovers all her beauty, and records it all. The art which seeks beauty alone, disobeying Nature's law of contrast and narrowing the Artist's mind, loses beauty and truth together.

"Therefore, that the right course for young Artists is faithful and loving representations of Nature, "selecting nothing and rejecting nothing," seeking only to express the greatest possible amount of fact. It is, moreover, their duty to strive for the greatest attainable power of drawing, in view of the vast amount of good talent, of wit, knowledge and pleasant fancy, which is lost and wasted around us every day from mere want of ability to give it due expression.

We hold that in all times of great Art, there has been a close connection between Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; that Sculpture and Painting, having been first called into being for the decoration of buildings, have found their highest perfection when habitually associated with Architecture; that Architecture derives its greatest glory from such association; therefore that this union of the Arts is necessary for the full development of each.

"We hold that it is necessary, in times when true art is little practiced or understood, to look back to other periods for instruction and inspiration; that, in seeking for a system of Architecture suitable for such study, we shall find it only in that of the middle Ages, of which the most perfect development is known as Gothic Architecture. This Architecture demands absolutely true and constructive building; alone, of all the styles that have prevailed on earth, it calls for complete and faithful study of Nature for its decoration. It affords the widest possible field for every decorative Art, for Sculpture of natural forms, for Painting of every noble kind, for the rendering of noble forms and colors in glass-painting, mosaic, metal-working, pottery and furniture; and it is based upon a system of building more nearly than any other that which we at present need. The exact reproduction of mediæval work is only desirable so far as it may be necessary to regain the lost knowledge of the vital principles that controlled it. Out of the careful study and application of these principles, a true and perfect Architecture is sure to arise, adapted to all our wants, and affording the most ample field possible for the display of our artistic power.

"We hold that the revival of Art in our own time, of which the principal manifestations have been in England, is full of promise for the future and consolation for the present. That the Pre-Raphaelite school is founded on principles of eternal truth. That the efforts for the restoration of the so-called Gothic Art, have been, in the main, well-directed. That the hope for true Art in the future is in the complete and permanent success of this great reformation."

"There is need of a journal of this sort in which art can be treated with more justice and a broader criticism than it has thus far received at the hands of our public prints. Most of the writing on art which we find in the newspapers is personal, either in what it praises or what it condemns, and is

apt to be feebly apologetic, if moved to speak with any directness, as if artists were made of more fragile clay than other men, and were to be much more daintily handled. We hold to a different view, and believe that to be a good, not to say a great artist, a man needs such powers of brain and heart as are quite inconsistent with irritability or unwillingness to hear the words of frank and generous criticism. While we mean that in these pages what we believe to be the truth shall be spoken without fear and without favor we also aim to criticise on far higher than personal grounds, and to apply the same tests to works of painting and sculpture that all men are agreed in applying to written works of imagination and fancy."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the North American Review.

By far the most interesting and noteworthy American publication concerning Art, during the past year, is the little journal called by the somewhat vague and inappropriate name of "The New Path." Unheralded by advertisements, appearing without name of publisher, editor, or contributor, it makes no immodest claim to the attention of the public. It rests its claim, whatever it may be, upon its intrinsic merits. And in truth there has been no discourse or criticism upon matters of Art in America so valuable as its pages contain, since the essays by Mr. Stillman in the earlier volumes of "The Crayon." For among the writers in "The New Path" are men, not only of talent, but of serious convictions and independent thought. Disciples of Mr. Ruskin, they are no blind followers even of that great master, to whom every true lover of art must confess his inestimable obligations. They are beholden, indeed to him, not only for quickened perceptions of natural beauty, but for understanding that truth to nature is the test of all art, the most imaginative no less than the most literal. The opinions of the writers of "The New Path," even when far from popular, are expressed with manly frankness and honesty. There is occasionally in its pages a tone of dogmatism and self-sufficiency, occasionally also a crudity and want of completeness, which, being combined with singular sincerity and simplicity, not unpleasantly reveal the youth while indicating the capacity for growth of the writers. But "The New Path" has always contained essays which exhibit rare clearness and consecutiveness of thought, expressed in a style of not less uncommon transparency and unobtrusive beauty.

The fact that there is in this country so much empty, unmeaning and ignorant talk about Art, is likely to prevent "The New Path" from receiving from the wearied public the attention it deserves. But a journal holding faithfully in view the object of promoting truth (that is, truthfulness) in Art, ought to fulfil an important part in correcting the prevailing false opinions, and in cultivating the undeveloped and too often misdirected taste of the community. "The New Path" may not gain a wide and general success, but it gives happy promise for the future of Art in America, by giving proof of the increase and ability of the school of thinkers and artists to which the truth-seeking reformers who contribute to its pages belong. It is a small school as yet, but it includes the most genuine artistic aspirations and the most ardent feeling of the times. Its influence is already deeply felt, and if its leaders hold firmly to their own principles, they will finally be recognized as the redeemers of American Art from its present servitude to tradition and falsehood, and its subserviency to the popular preference for what is showy and admired to what is intrinsically worthy of admiration.

From the Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal, London.

Our readers will learn with pleasure that a new monthly periodical, "The New Path" has been established in New York. Its promoters intend to devote its pages to the promotion of Fine Art generally. It has reached Part 6, and from the excellent character of the contents it certainly well-

deserves, and we hope will receive extensive professional support. We heartily wish for it a great success.

From the New York Tribune.

This is a small nut but with plenty of meat. It is a curious product of current literature in its earnestness,—its contempt of the received traditions of art,—its naïve assumption of infallibility,—its quiet ignoring of popular reputations,—its frank, evidently honest, but intensely opinionated, and cruelly destructive judgments, pronounced as if from the tip-top of some oracular mountain,—and its marked ability. The writers who issue their edicts from behind a veil—no name of editor, contributor, or publisher being announced —are men with a mission, disciples of John Ruskin, and American prophets of Pre-Raphaelitism. Their palpable sincerity challenges attention, their intellectual power commands respect, their calm presumption compels inquiry, while their spirit is like that of all prophets, self-confident, aggressive, uncompromising, appearing to the spectator arrogant, and to the unbeliever impertinent. This at least they show—study and thought, intense and immense conviction, no parrot phrases about high art, no flippancy of censure, no looseness of phrase; but a certain measured, almost solemn style of speech, ideas well-considered, words nicely weighed, and sentences, decidedly not vehemently pronounced, and searching the marrow of the bones. Such an element in the criticism of art is a novelty at least, and may be useful. We should like to hear more of these self-sufficient geniuses—they are clearly men of progress, and that is something—they have "swallowed all the formulas" of conventional art, and it is our wish that "good digestion may wait on appetite and health on both."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As the May number will commence the second volume, subscribers are notified that a new subscription book will be made up and no names will be entered until the price of subscription for the ensuing year shall have been received. Any omission to remit the same will be considered a notice to cease sending THE NEW PATH, after April, 1864.

THE NEW PATH has been enlarged, during the present year, from 12 to 16 pages, and will continue to be of that size. Additional improvements will be made to the second volume.

Bound volumes will be ready as soon as the year closes.

We, the undersigned, desirous of forming an Association for the Advancement of the Cause of Truth in Art, do agree upon the following Articles of Organization; and do pledge ourselves to carry out, by every means in our power, the principles therein stated.

ARTICLE FIRST.

We hold that the primary object of Art is to observe and record truth, whether of the visible universe or of emotion. All great Art results from an earnest love of the beauty and perfectness of God's creation, and is the attempt to tell the truth about it. The greatest Art includes the widest range, recording, with equal fidelity, the aspirations of the human soul, and the humblest facts of physical Nature.

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Therefore, that the right course for young Artists is faithful and loving representation of Nature, "selecting nothing and rejecting nothing," seeking only to express the greatest possible amount of fact. It is, moreover, their duty to strive for the greatest attainable power of drawing, in view of the vast amount of good talent, of wit, knowledge and pleasant fancy, which is lost and wasted around us every day from mere want of ability to give it due expression.

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We hold that it is necessary, in times when true Art is little practiced or understood, to look back to other periods for instruction and inspiration. That, in seeking for a system of Architecture suitable for such study, we shall find it only in that of the middle Ages, of which the most perfect development is known as Gothic Architecture. This Architecture demands absolutely true and con-

structive building; alone, of all the styles that have prevailed on earth, it calls for complete and faithful study of Nature for its decoration. It affords the widest possible field for every decorative Art, for Sculpture of natural forms, for Painting of every noble kind, for the rendering of noble forms and colors in glass-painting, mosaic, metal-working, pottery and furniture; and it is based upon a system of building more nearly than any other that which we at present need. The exact reproduction of mediæval work is only desirable so far as it may be necessary to regain the lost knowledge of the vital principles that controlled it. Out of the careful study and application of these principles, a true and perfect Architecture is sure to arise, adapted to all our wants, and affording the most ample field possible for the display of our artistic power.

We hold that the revival of Art in our own time, of which the principal manifestations have been in England, is full of promise for the future and consolation for the present. That the Pre-Raphaelite school is founded on principles of eternal truth. That the efforts for the restoration of the so-called Gothic Art, have been, in the main, well directed. That the hope for true Art in the future is in the complete and permanent success of this great reformation.

ARTICLE SECOND.

Our objects in forming this Association are—to secure for ourselves encouragement and mutual instruction, to assist meritorious artists who may need help, to develop latent artistic ability, especially among the class of mechanics, and to educate the public to a better understanding of the representative Arts.

To secure these objects we propose, as we have means, and opportunity shall serve:

1st. To hold meetings as often as twice a month, at such times as may be appointed. At these meetings papers shall be read on matters connected with Art; members shall exhibit works of their own, and shall make such explanation of their spirit and meaning as shall tend to the best instruction of their fellow members; an opportunity shall be afforded for free and ample discussion, formal or informal, of Art subjects, and for remarks by the members concerning matters of observation, experience, reading or thought, which they may think note-worthy.

2*d*. To buy works of Art, which may be thoroughly naturalistic and of unusual merit. To give commissions for faithful studies from Nature. To assist pecuniarily, in the above or in other ways, young men of promise who may show a resolve or desire to devote themselves to truth in Art.

3*d*. To offer prizes for open competition in the arts of Drawing and Painting, Sculpture and Architecture; and in the various branches of ornamental manufacture and design.

4*th*. To conduct or assist public exhibitions of naturalistic art.

5*th*. To conduct public lectures, whether by members of the Association, or by persons invited for the purpose.

6*th*. To conduct a journal or magazine for general circulation, containing critical notices and essays, with any matter that may tend to advance our cause; and affording the Association a convenient medium for such appeals to the public as it may be expedient to make.

ARTICLE THIRD.

The officers of this Association shall be, at first, a President, a Vice President, a Treasurer and a Secretary. The duty of the