

Bordes founded the Schola Cantorum, "a kind of second and more modern Conservatoire," which, starting with twenty-one pupils, now has more than three hundred. There are branches in ten other cities, and one of the functions of the institution is to issue fine editions of old works and new. The aim of the Schola is, in the words of D'Indy, to continue and apply Franck's method of teaching.

Vincent d'Indy is not an idolater; he does not believe that everything his master composed was noble and perfect. He divides his career into three periods (every respectable composer must apparently have three periods in his evolution, just as every decent sonata must have four movements), and admits frankly that the works of the first period are inferior to the later ones, the pianoforte pieces, *e. g.*, being all written on a single plan and "rendered monotonous by the entire lack of modulation." He admits, further, that Franck's sacred music is inferior to his other works. But the operas, also, are of no great value as operas; they are, "to tell the truth, less dramatic than his oratorios." It is chiefly for the works of the third period that the author claims preëminence, and among these he singles out the quartet in D major, the chorales of 1890, and "The Beatitudes," to which he devotes pages of admiring analysis.

These are certainly the best of Franck's compositions; but, to be as frank as D'Indy, we think they do not establish his claim to a place among the immortals. They doubtless do avoid for the most part, as claimed, the Wagnerian influence which, for some years, threatened to paralyze national creative effort in France as in other countries; they betray the influence of Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, and some other old masters; but they lack almost entirely that which alone can give lasting life to music—original, individual melody; and because of this lack the world will never welcome these works in concert programmes and rank them among the masterpieces. Nearly all of Franck's works are dull and dry, and the attempt to foist them on the public will only help to deplete the concert-halls.

One regrets to have to say this, for Franck was so exemplary as man and musician that it would be a comfort to write nothing but praise of him. D'Indy's chapters on his personality and habits may be read with pleasure and profit even by those whom his music bores because its scholarship is unleavened by inspiration. There is pathos in the story of the hard work he was forced to carry on for a living. All day he was obliged to give lessons, and he could find time for composing only by rising before six o'clock in the morning. Sometimes he would jump up in the midst of a lesson and write down in a corner of

the room a few bars that had come into his head and that he feared he might forget. He was famous as an organist and noted especially for his improvisations. Most extraordinary was his method of obtaining the themes for his compositions. He required some excitement, and that excitement was—noise! Often his pupils found him pounding away on the piano in a jerky and continually increasing fortissimo the overture to "Die Meistersinger," or something by Bach, Beethoven, or Schumann. After a time the deafening noise sank to a murmur, then silence—"the master had found his idea."

It is announced that in all probability Andreas Dippel will retire from the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, in this city, on May 1, and that the programme for next season will be exclusively under the direction of Giulio Gatti-Casazza. Mr. Dippel will probably become impresario of the new opera in Chicago.

Art.

THE PAINTING OF SOROLLA.

As a permanent memorial of the Sorolla exhibition, the Hispanic Society has reprinted eight of the chief appreciations of this conquering painter of sunlight, adding also the tributes of the press, and what is more welcome a complete catalogue of the show illustrated by 350 halftone cuts.* This record of an unexampled popular and critical enthusiasm, has evident documentary value. The future may take it very seriously as a literary and psychological curiosity. To the present writer it is a disconcerting chorus of praise for a kind of work that he cannot believe has enduring stuff in it. One may agree with everything that is said about Sorolla's athleticism of the brush, and ready command of the primary colors, one may accept his gusto without cavil, and yet question whether the zeal that took nearly 160,000 people to see his pictures had much to do with the more permanent qualities of art.

Since the critics in this volume have done full justice to his extraordinary powers, we feel the freer to point out his obvious limitations. A lack of reflective quality in his work has been generally admitted, but the implications of this criticism have not been fully drawn. Keen as is his vision and amazing as is his executive talent, they both have a kind of commonness. These canvases, upon which, in the words of his pupil, Mr. Starkweather, he has made "a fur-

ious assault" in the open air, are, to begin with, casually composed. Their pictorial arrangement is either *nil* or of the most obvious sort. A great relish has gone into them, but no thought and little selection. They are random sections of a vivid and continuous panorama. He sees much as the kodak or picnicking mankind see, and that is surely the ground of his enormous popularity.

What French critic it was that said "where there is no delicacy there is no art; *Où il n'y a pas de finesse, il n'y a pas d'art*"—I do not now recall, but I am sure that the saying is just, and that its application to the work of Sorolla will be something like a condemnation. But first I must apologize for using so old-fashioned and unpopular a word as delicacy, in connection with art, or, rather, I must explain away the invidious associations of the word. The rude fret with which a rug-maker of the Caucasus adorns a border is also highly refined. With pious care the worker has tied thousands of knots under equal tension, has scrupulously followed the proper lines of the warp, has cautiously and with delicate urging pressed down successive rows of knots upon the solid pile, finally has clipped each tuft daintily that the fabric may lie even. Only through such thoughtfulness—such refinement of workmanship, let me insist—will the bold pattern come out with all the crispness of a design in mosaic. If any part of the process is shirked or abridged, the rug, for its barbaric color, may still delight a careless eye; but no collector will want it on his floor. So the early and apparently crude enamels of Limoges are really most delicate, the relation of exposed metal to vitreous color being instinctively well calculated, and the broad masses of flaming enamel being adjusted to form an harmonious whole. So is the most casual scrawl of Daumier refined. Before moving the crayon he has been sure of the feeling and the stroke. The judgment may have been instantaneous, but it is a judgment, and not a chance shot.

Because the work of Sorolla has almost nothing of this quality of judgment and reflection, it seems to me, in spite of its indisputable gusto and force, to take a rather low place as art. To the most obvious effects of motion, blazing sunlight, physiognomy even, he has willingly sacrificed all those delicacies of contour, texture, and rhythm which to a patient eye nature offers so royally. Or rather he has not sacrificed, could not sacrifice, what apparently he has not even seen. Four of his most admired pictures are at the Metropolitan Museum. One is a huddle of red oxen under the swelling sail of a stranded barque; another, three graceful girls poised in the iridescent whirl of a broken wave; still another shows a girl with her rosy form glowing under a

*Eight Essays on Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. By Aureliano de Beruete, Camille Maclair, Henri Rochefort, Leonard Williams, Elizabeth Luther Cary, James Gibbons Huneker, Christian Britton, and William E. B. Starkweather. 2 vols. in 8vo. 350 cuts. New York: The Hispanic Society of America. \$7.50 net.

diaphanous wet robe while a lad places the mantle about her shoulders; the last picture is of boys swimming frog-like in green water—a technical triumph, for neither land nor sky is admitted to explain the subject. What of these pictures? Each and all they have the radiance of our badly tied rug. On inspection the impetuosity of the workmanship is seen to be coarse and obvious, the vision that of the camera, not of the sensitive eye. The beautiful form of the nearest girl in *The Bath*, Javea, is marred by the rude strokes that are to mean reflected sunlight. Generally speaking, this insistence on the bleak reflection of the sun is the painter's foible, and the formula of the yellowish splotch becomes as tiresome as that of the crimson shadow. In all four of these pictures the arrangement is casual, or rather wanting entirely. The lines of breakers in the background cut the charming group in *After the Bath* in a way to interrupt and impair the swing of the composition. *The Boys Swimming* is simply a brilliant sketch. The picture of oxen hauling up a boat, despite its heroic proportions, is a snapshot. It curiously lacks the dignity and vitality that would justify the scale. The brisk and efficient facture wholly lacks style. The picture gives a thrill, and one is content never to see it again. There never will be anything more in it than one has grasped in the twinkling of a casual eye. To illustrate the possibility and value of style in such a subject, let me recall Besnard's famous canvas of two bay horses kicking off flies. Here we have the same scale and almost the same blond color scheme. But in Sorolla there is a dispersion of interest, while in Besnard there is a concentration of nervous energy that makes his restless beasts memorable and almost monumental. The Parisian has fundamental fineness of vision and a sense for economy of workmanship, while the Valencian has the genial, roving vision of every man, and either thinks not at all or paints faster than he thinks. *The Bath*, Javea, comes very near to being a fine picture, and falls only for lack of thought. The vigorous swirl of the broken wave has none of the lovely quality of moving water. It is as untranslucent as a breadth of watered silk. The rocks, which might have lent stability to the motive, are realized neither in the energy of their forms nor in the interest of their textures. The delightful pictorial motive of the poised bodies of these children has been actually attenuated in the working out.

"But nobody paints sunlight like Sorolla," I hear a hundred devotees exclaim indignantly. This, I think, is a misconception. He merely paints it big and paints it all the time. In actual coruscation I think Tarbell equals him; Besnard surely does. But it is time we

got over the idea that it is necessarily a merit to make a picture look hot and blinding. Technically, such an accomplishment goes for what it is worth; pictorially it may come to very little. I am not wholly of the late Burne-Jones's mind that such impressionists "don't make anything else but atmosphere—and I don't think that's enough; I don't think it's very much." My regret about Señor Sorolla is that, making cubic miles of atmosphere, he seems to me to make it speciously and badly. He knows shrewdly all the short-cuts to expression. His methods are those of the scene-painter or the contriver of panoramas. But I am glad to take Sorolla's art quite on its own terms, and my regret is not that it is dazzling, but that to this minor quality have been sacrificed accuracy of atmospheric construction, fine linear quality, and general equilibrium.

Disequilibrium, in fact, is the especial characteristic of his art. Where there are several of his pictures present the eye does not rest so contentedly upon one that is loath to leave, but moves rapidly from one to another. It is like looking out of so many windows, with no reason for choosing any one. And here is not an embarrassment of riches, but simply the disorderly impression that nature makes before it has been sifted through an artist's temperament. The conditions of this painting preclude such sifting. The subject is chosen quickly and as swiftly executed. A few hours of intense labor in the open air and one of these big canvases is done. A despairing disciple is reported to have groaned: "He [Sorolla] paints as a cow eats." The compliment was just but excessive: a cow is a ruminant. Only by reflection does the artist impose fully upon outer appearances that inward harmony the possession of which is his title of nobility. If an artist has no fine individual forms and works on no instinctive geometry, then he is scarcely an artist at all, and his work, however brilliant in executive quality, becomes at bottom copyistic, purposeless, and, except as it may supply memoranda to a really creative spirit, null. When one has said that Sorolla's paintings are huge sketches one has admitted a great excellence of a small kind—their freshness and spontaneity, qualities once universal, and now rare only because painting has almost ceased to be a significant art; and one has equally denied to these brilliant improvisations all the more lasting and serious attributes.

"Why shouldn't a man make big sketches, since they evidently please him and delight us?" I hear any one of the legion that sought Sorolla at the confines of Manhattan protesting. There is, indeed, no reason why any one should not make any socially innocuous thing he likes to make and sell it for

what he can get. The reasons for not making big sketches which seem to be pictures but are not, is not chiefly moral—though on that ground, too, something might be said—but aesthetic. John La Farge has somewhere stated the issue, and I paraphrase him freely from memory. The sketch is a mere transfer from reality, an episodic memorandum, an unrelated thing. We know it is a sketch from the fact that it has no bounds, but simply occurs upon the paper or canvas. If we frame it, that is a mere matter of convenience; it does not thereby become a picture. If, however, it is calculated with respect to bounds, the sheet of paper, a frame, then it is already a picture. And this is the meaning of Whistler's famous epigram that the fine work of art is finished as soon as it is begun. If what purports to be a picture is not calculated with regard to its bounds then, however robust the work or attractive the theme, it is a pretence. The maker has lightly usurped an alien glory the severe terms of which he has evaded. It is the absence of thoughtful arrangement and of real fineness of execution that makes me feel that the work of Sorolla is, in a sense, outside of art, as a certain kind of writing is outside of literature; of elocution, outside of oratory.

I could wish his method far finer, for then we should have had in his career a positive test of the value of the impressionistic attitude. As it is, his achievement, being far out of the common, is exemplary in this regard. As strenuous executant, always face to face with nature and resolutely minimizing the part of memory, that is, of accumulated individual intelligence, in his art, he has been the impressionist *à outrance* of our times. And over the Giverny school he has had the advantage of proceeding without theory or convention, as of dots, juxtaposed primary pigments, or the like. But, of course, impressionism has never rested on such formulas. It is not a procedure; but a theory of vision. The transaction by which an artist transcribes into his favorite medium the impression made by nature is required to be brief, concentrated, isolated from memory of similar transactions. Brief because nature and the impressions she causes are constantly in flux; concentrated because only so can the momentary impression be converted into the work of art; isolated because otherwise the impression becomes contaminated with alien experiences. The true impressionist theoretically should have no emotional stock-in-trade—merely the necessary executive habits. Every transaction with nature is a new beginning, though it be the twentieth sketch of the same haystack or cathedral façade. The point is to see with the innocent eye, and not let your cerebral accumulations trouble either your naïve

vision or your unhesitating hand. Such, in brief, is the impressionist gospel. Extraneous dogmas are the sanctity of sunlight and of atmosphere. The real point is always the inhibition and total distrust of memory. Paint always before the object; paint nothing that you cannot carry off in a single impulse—these are the main precepts. Forget all previous work, including your own, is the watchword.

It is inconceivable that a habit of work and vision demanding the severest concentration, and at least half-based on inhibitions—a most disciplinary regimen, in short—should have passed for a kind of slovenly insincerity. The fact that the drawing of Manet and the painting of Monet should have been accounted merely odd, showed how much the revolt was needed. The world was truly in a state deprecated centuries before in China by a painter who bewailed the fact that people wished to see his pictures with their ears. We needed a revolution of a violent kind to restore to the eye its simple rights as first counsellor for the graphic and plastic arts.

Yet it was a hasty and false conclusion that, because painters had misused their memories, that faculty must be suspended. Indeed, the most candid impressionists would admit that such abeyance of associations was psychologically impossible. The associations of any human experience may always rise out of latency, must do so, surely, when any habitual act is accomplished. The best we can do is to practise such concentration upon the impression of the moment that relatively the allied cerebral associations are mute. The kind of hypnosis really implied in the impressionistic attitude is impossible, or, if attainable, incompatible with the accomplishment of any conscious act whatsoever. Still, roughly speaking, a high degree of impressionistic abstraction is possible, and without it one cannot become an artist worthy of the name. At bottom, waiving mere studio recipes and themes which are more or less imposed by the spirit of the time, impressionism means, and, except in periods of decadence, always has meant no more than simple loyalty to natural appearances. The arduous endeavor to make mere pigment cope with the complexity of the thing seen, the desire to make the necessary formulas correspond with reality, the renunciation of dull recipes, the purging of the eye as regards indolent, non-visual accumulations of the mind—this has been the straight and narrow way followed by every painter worthy of his salt. The luminists of to-day happen to bulk large and usurp the name and honors because they are innovators in the new themes of sunlight and atmosphere. They well deserve the credit that falls to all archaic craftsmanship, but so far

as their temper and methods are not traditional, they are mostly bad.

Since impression is merely realism taken in its true and not in its sordid sense, it represents a stage through which every artist, not wholly fantastical, must pass. To stay in the impressionistic stage is wilfully to dwarf one's self; the only worse thing would be to leave it never to return. Through grappling with nature and life the personality is constantly enriched, and its spoils from experience are unconsciously transformed into patterns akin to the man. Memory is sifting and fining the mass, rejecting here, confirming there. After a time immediate visual experience becomes less valuable for its own sake, being in a manner repetition, than as a stimulus which concentrates this garnered experience upon a given occasion. Necessarily, the pouring of the visual wisdom of a lifetime into a pictorial composition is a rather delicate process, and cannot be hurried. Here dispositions and abilities differ greatly, but, in general, one may say that we hardly know of any great work that has not been incubated deliberately. Misapprehensions have obscured this obvious truth. We talk as if Velasquez painted a masterpiece in a matter of a few hours. We forget that all his great compositions show numerous corrections, that the incredibly delicate texture of his flesh simply cannot be achieved in a single painting; and we forget also to reckon in his thinking before he set brush to canvas. Unquestionably, Monet's Haystacks and Cathedrals and Water Lilies are delightful things, and were painted as the impressionistic law demands, each picture in a few hours' time. But Monet had the steadying effect of a fixed scientific formula, and those enchanting pictures of the Thames which represent his apogee give every indication of being done slowly, thoughtfully, and largely in the studio. In short, the wise artist learns to bring the whole man—and the most and better part of man is memory—to bear. Any other policy is as false economy as to paint with tied hands or wearing colored goggles. If the artist who has not grown out of impressionism into self-reliance falls short of the stature of a complete æsthetic personality, he who has or thinks he has outgrown the need of direct and tonic contact with nature is in peril of fatty degeneration. The ability to command at will the innocence of the eye is to success in art what the capacity to be as a little child is to perfection in Christian character. It is because Señor Sorolla has complacently remained at the stage of trilling scales and astounding arpeggios while the symphonies are waiting to be composed that I must regard him as a virtuoso rather odd and diverting than really worth while.

"Why don't you out with it and say you don't like his painting?" I hear the indignant enthusiast cry. Because I do like his painting. I get from it the keen thrill that a brass band or a deep baritone declaiming the "Holy City" never fails to produce in my eminently sympathetic sensorium. Such impressions have their value, but I do not need to seek them: they frequently come my way. That I have rarely heard quite so fine a polychromatic brass band as that of Señor Sorolla I gladly admit; but I still prefer the orchestra, or even a more tenuous music, that may hint at heights and depths within a life.

"At least he is a consummate technician." For twenty years I have been familiar with his work, and I cannot see in his bravura the signs of the finest execution. It is wonderfully telling which is quite a different matter. Its emphasis is adjusted not to the fine, but to the ordinary eye. The structure of many of these pictures is as vague as their arrangement. A superficial and certainly skilful application of accents takes the place of real draughtsmanship. Everything is a shimmer and an arabesque which have rather slight relations either with the character of the objects or with their atmospheric values. Here we must take issue with most of the writers in this volume. Sorolla has invented a brilliant short-hand which almost attains illusion, but his is emphatically not the vision nor the patience to seize those subtle variations of luminosity by which objects appear nearer or farther. To replace such study he has a whole bagful of vivacious expedients. What does it mean to a painter that many of the pictures and nearly all the sketches simply are disintegrated when transcribed in half-tone cuts of fair execution? Why merely that the values are all false. A little clever handling of the edges of the planes, here and there a dash of inorganic red, or yellow, or blue—such arbitrary oppositions will to a careless eye give a sense of structure where it really is not.

It may seem that I have left rather little of what criticism has regarded as a first rate talent, and that such isolated scepticism requires a fuller substantiation. Well, I have given my reasons, and some of the pictures are at the Metropolitan Museum and the Hispanic Society to prove me right or wrong. Furthermore, a good deal is left even with the proposed reservations, quite enough to account both for the critical and popular vogue of Sorolla. For the motion of things, the dynamic of water, earth, and the figure he has an extraordinary sense. His relish in the energy of appearances is his most winning quality, and were his vision finer and his hand more restrained, this quality might readily lift him to real greatness. As it is, he attains merely the *ad captandum* facility of certain orators.

and poets who manage to be uncommonly well adjusted to the common likings.

The joy of life and of the open is strong in the man. To him we owe rare glimpses of sun-soaked strands, we should never otherwise see, of lithe wet figures glistening in the dazzling radiance, of proudly swelling sails saturated with sunshine. These are pleasant things, and for bringing them to our doors we are grateful to the Hispanic Society, and to Señor Sorolla. But subjects and facility and bravura and naïve joy of life all pass, while art remains; and the artists who come to meet us we naturally love more dearly than those that require us to come, perhaps through difficulties, to them. The future historian of the psychology of the throng will marvel that a New York before whom Besnard and Zorn had been brought, which boasted, itself, an Alden Weir and a Childe Hassam, which knew the work of the consummate technician Tarbell, put itself to sheer physical discomfort to get a passing glimpse of the paintings of Sorolla. Since the handsome volumes published by the Hispanic Society will explain the phenomenon only in part, I have been at the possibly unwarranted pains of writing these ungracious paragraphs for a future history of taste.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIE'S.

That useful manual, "Art Prices Current," brings the record of all prices attained last winter at Christie's historic auction room. A slight perusal of the lists shows either that there is something wrong with the prices which collectors pay in this country, or something odd about the pictures that are auctioned in London. Both theories, perhaps, have something to commend them, as a few statistics will show.

Last season English landscape robbed the early portrait school of its long supremacy. A dozen Turners were sold. The Burning of the Parliament Buildings, 1834, brought the highest price of the year, £13,125, while Cowes Castle fetched £6,825. The second honors fell to Constable's last picture, Arundel Mills and Castle, at £8,820. In contrast with these figures are the paltry sums attained by the precursors, Crome, twenty sales, and Richard Wilson, twenty-three. Probably only poor and dubious examples were forthcoming.

By virtue of the sale of a Descent from the Cross by Rembrandt at £8,190, the old masters lead the eighteenth-century portrait manufacturers. But with this brilliant exception the old masters are pitifully in abeyance at Christie's. No other of the sixteen Rembrandts sold reached a notable figure. In fact, the only other prices worthy of mention in this field are £5,040 for an Immaculate Conception by Murillo, £2,940 for a Nattier portrait, and £2,415 for Velas-

quez's familiar presentment of Queen Mariana.

Though far below the records, the English school of portraiture still is the staple of this mart. Of the thirty-seven examples of the great Sir Joshua, two handsomely passed the £5,000 mark. At the Quilter sale, Venus with Piping Boys was knocked down at £6,720, a high price for a canvas not a portrait. One is glad to find Raeburn next, and not only that, but actually for a male portrait, Sir John Sinclair, at £6,570. Eighteen Raeburns were sold, mostly at low prices. Romney and Hoppner, master and pupil, were represented by about a score of pictures each, and stand even at the top figure of £5,460. Gainsborough, certainly the most desirable of the school, appears thirty-one times in the list, but reached only £2,940. The elegant and superficial Lawrence falls far behind at £1,942. Thirty-nine pictures by him were sold. It is surprising to find the greatest of English figure painters, Hogarth, failing to bring £100. But the fifteen examples may have been poor or worse, and in any case the English are hardly up to their greatest painter.

The Barbizon school was steady and without sensational features. Millet's tiny but admirable Goose Girl, a very famous picture, fetched £5,250. A Rousseau landscape went to £4,830—a moderate price for it as things go here. Corot and Daubigny were the favorites, with twenty-five sales each, but at no prices that would look large on Fifth Avenue. The sterling landscapist Troyon sold eleven times, with a top figure of £2,677. The Pre-Raphaelite list is short but impressive. Holman Hunt's Scapegoat reached £2,940. The Bella Mano, by Rossetti, a thing in his most luscious vein, seemed worth £2,400. Frederick Walker's Bathers rose to the truly astounding figure of £3,045, but this engaging painter is the object of a cult. Burne-Jones and Watts appeared only in minor examples, and no high prices were paid.

The plight of the old masters was truly pitiful. With the exception of the few prices already noted, only a River View by Cuyt at £1,764 need be mentioned. You could have had six Correggios without going to ten pounds sterling for any of them, or four Giorgiones by straining that limit a few shillings. Of three Titians none need have cost twenty pounds. Five Holbeins would have come as cheap, or twenty Van Dycks. Below the high price of £30 five Tintoretts were sold. Goya, in five sales, did not surpass £220, though his name is shibboleth in the artistic circles of London. Even the adorable Fragonard no more than crossed the £100 mark.

The absence of the high figures paid in recent years at Christie's is perhaps more significant than the beggarly sums

given for resounding names. London is the greatest picture mart of the world, and naturally, as a penalty, attracts the most trash. If one has the slightest acquaintance with the figures at private sales for the year past, it will be evident that the figures at Christie's no longer have barometrical value. Many causes have led to this change. The old masters have been either exhausted or are disposed of through other channels. England once possessed pretty nearly all the Hobbemas there were. A single example was sold at Christie's last winter, and at a base price. The fact speaks for itself. The great sales in England are no longer made in the auction-room. The dealers have so laid their lines that most works of importance must come quietly to them. Whole collections are bought, and gradually the stream that trickles through the auction room is being skimmed of its valuable flotsam. How far the occupation of Christie's by the dealers and the virtual exclusion of the private buyer have discredited that venerable institution we cannot pretend to say. Even more, perhaps, the toleration of bidding in and of factitious records has hurt the London auction business.

It is matter for congratulation that in the best New York art auction-room there is no such admixture of sheer trash as one finds in London. Our market is narrower, but the average is higher. Collectors, too, may well congratulate themselves that here they may enjoy the excitement of bidding in their proper person. The certainty, also, that an auction price really implies a sale and not simply an appraisal for future use is not to be underestimated. If Christie's is, on the plain showing of "Art Prices Current," somewhat in obscurity, it is due not merely to a turn in the business tide, but also to the winking at methods that are not permitted in our first-class auction rooms.

"The Sculpture of the Parthenon," which has been in preparation for several years, is soon to be issued by the trustees of the British Museum. The illustrations include 85 photogravure and 10 colotype plates, measuring 22 inches by 15 inches, and will portray all the known sculptures of the Parthenon. Eighteen plates are given to the principal pediment sculptures, and 234 minor fragments which are photographed on a scale of one-eighth, while the accessible metopes and 156 fragments, on a scale of one-sixth, fill fourteen plates. Sixty-three plates give thirty-four unplaced fragments, on a scale of one-fifth. The text is by A. H. Smith, the keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities of the Museum.

Worthington Whittredge, well known as a landscape painter and for many years active in art circles in this city, died on February 25 at his home in Summit, N. J. He was born in Ohio in 1820, and studied landscape and portrait painting in Cincinnati after leaving school. In 1849 he went abroad and continued his art studies in London, Paris, Antwerp, Düsseldorf, and Rome, until 1859.