THE NEW CENTURY
FOR WOMAN.

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[Written for THE NEW CENTURY.]

TO GEORGE ELIOT.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

O wondrous woman! shaping with thy pen
As Michael Angelo did shape from stone,
Colossal forms of clear-cut outline, when
We dwell upon thy pages, not alone
The beauty of thy rose, we see, as finely traced
As roses drawn by other woman-hands
Who spend their lives in shaping them, but faced
We find ourselves with giant's work, that stands
Above us as a mountain lifts its brow,
Grand, unapproachable, yet clear in view
To lowliest eyes that upward look. O, how
Hast thou shed radiance as thy finger drew
Its shapes! A myriad women light have seen,
And courage taken, because *thou* hast been!

THE EXPOSITION.

AMONG THE PICTURES.

Memorial Hall, now placed at the disposal of the Centennial Commission, and afterwards to be a museum of Industrial Art, extends over an acre and a half of ground, being 365 feet long, 210 feet wide, and 59 feet high over a basement of twelve feet in height. The main entrance consists of three arched doorways, the arches of which are filled in with iron screens, from which hang heavy draperies. The two pavilions on either side, are connected with the grand entrance, or balcony, by arcades, designed to screen the long walls of the galleries, and consisting of five groined arches, from which one can look outward over the grounds or inward over gardens, extending to the main wall of the building. The back of the hall is similar to the front, with the exception of the connecting arches, which are enclosed rooms used for studios or small exhibits of art.

The design is modern renaissance, a dome surmounts the centre and forms a fitting pedestal for the figure of Columbia, while below her the different nations, and from the four corners of each pavilion, rise eagles on the wing. The pavilions are also decorated with tile work, wreaths of oak and laurel.

The main entrance opens on a richly decorated hall, from which, on the farther side, three doorways, each sixteen feet wide and thirty-five feet high, lead to the central hall. In the mural space before these doors, stand two of Guaneris' statues, Arontes in the act of shooting the Virgin, Camilla, (from the Eneid of Virgilius), and a colossal demi-figure of Washington, this last giving one the impression, even in this large space, that the Father of his country is riding a hobby-horse, with an eagle's head and wings; or that the flying eagle has but sufficient strength to support the half of so great a personage, so the artist, for the sake of proportion, has struck off the lower part.

Passing through these doors, one enters the centre hall, eighty-three feet square, the dome of crimson and white glass rising eighty feet above the colossal group of "America," made in Lambeth pottery, from the original group in the Albert Memorial Hall, in London. The walls are white, with arched door ways, three on either side. From the east and west sides, extend the galleries, each 98 feet long and 84 feet wide. This centre hall is to be devoted to sculpture and mosaic. General Blanco and Robert R. Livingston are the only bronze figures, but in the four corners of the hall are empty niches, to be hereafter filled. Placed on one side is a great deal of work by Vinnie Ream, and on the other are bas reliefs representing "Gethsemane," and "The foot of the Cross," made of Lambeth pottery. On another side a workman was putting up a memorial altar from Italy, made entirely of Italian mosaics and sculpture. The centre picture of the Crucifixion is from the design by Guido Reni, in the Church of St. Lorenze, in Lucina, Rome, and is a beautiful specimen of mosaic.

The galleries extending from the east and west sides of the centre hall, are divided through the length by a narrow gallery or hall partition; to the south-east is the German Division, to the north-east the French, on the east the large side gallery belongs to the Austrians. The south-east pavilion, which has not yet been opened to the public, is for German exhibit—the north-east, also unopened, for France.

The western gallery, opening likewise on the centre hall, is divided also in the same way, i. e. the south-west to the United States, north-west division to Great Britain, and the western gallery to Spain and Sweden. The south-western pavilion, when opened, is for the United States, and the north-western, which is the first of the pavilions open, is devoted to the old masters belonging to Great Britain. The long *loggia*, or gallery, dividing the grand central galleries from the northern row of studios, is given to Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, the United States, Germany and France. In the centre of this long row of smaller rooms or studios, is the grand balcony or northern entrance, from which descend a flight of steps, leading to the Extension Art Gallery, which, though built of brick, harmonizes architecturally with the Memorial Hall, built of granite and iron. Through this northern entrance, or balcony, one sees standing in the long *loggia*, Pezzicar's Liberated Slave—the chain lies broken at his feet, and though part of a manacle remains on his arm, he holds aloft President Lincoln's emancipation speech. He wears a wild and excited look, natural to the occasion, but unpleasantly striking to the eye on entering.

Starting from the centre hall to the west, you pass through the hall dividing America from Britain, recognizing familiar home artists on the way, a Fountain in the Desert, by R. Swain Gifford, while above hangs one of Moran's Light-houses, Beard's "Dogs and Monkeys," and Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home," with its out-door fireplace, and the bronze-colored inmates having a good time. In the lower part of the partition are many historical portraits, by Gilbert Stuart and Smybert.

As one enters the larger American gallery, it is hard to make a specialty of any of the pictures, and I can only name the most prominent. Bierstadt, being the most familiar to Americans, deserves first mention, as sending one of the largest, at least, called "The Settlement of California, Bay of Monterey." Then the celebrated picture of Toby Rosenthal, a San Francisco artist, and pupil of Piloty, Elaine, "the dead steer'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood." Huntington's large painting, "Sowing the Word," is prominent, and beside it "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," by Thomas Moran. Other large pictures, "Wissahickon," by Wm. T. Richards, and Hill's "Donner Lake" are striking. On the opposite wall are Moor's "Merchant of Tangier," some Morans, and Page's portrait of Shakespeare.

The immense picture of "The Battle of Gettysburg," by Rothermel, is large enough to be left to the critics to fight over, and in very questionable taste to hang there at all; it occupies the entire eastern side of the room, and one feels a sense of relief in turning to the simple home scenes of Eastman Johnson, who has a crowd of children playing with an old revolutionary coach, harnessing to it the larger ones, while the smaller children play passengers, and great excitement prevails amongst horses and driver. There is also a country store of his, giving a graphic picture of what a country store and post office combine; near it, in queer contrast hangs "The Iconoclast," of E. Leutze. Jas. Smillie, McEntee, William and Jas. Hart, all New Yorkers, are splendidly represented. In the midst of all, Miss Emily Sartain's fine picture, "The Reproof," is hung, and stands the test well. On the same side is a charming picture of a little French girl, by Wm. H. Lippincott, of Philadelphia. It is impossible to specialize in such a good collection, where all have spent their best energies to be well represented.

On entering the British gallery and looking for the most striking picture, one is struck indeed by a red petticoat portrait of a young lady, who seems serenely unconscious of her neighborhood to "Volunteers at a firing point," the next picture, one volunteer aiming directly at her ankles. Over the door are two magnificent lions, by Sir Edward Landseer, and near by are portraits of two greater lions, John Everett Millais, and Robert Browning. On the opposite wall hangs Riviere's "Circe and the companions of Ulysses," whom she has turned into swine, and sits watching, with very unfeminine delight in the situation. Sir John Gilbert, R. A., has many paintings. The Royal Academy has many fine representatives, most of their pictures being familiar to our country people by the engravings. One especially will be recognized, "The Railway Station," by Wm. Powell Frith, and another by S. Luke Fildes, the terribly effective painting of "Applicants for admission to a casual ward." Among the finest work by women is "Imogen," by Miss Louisa Starr; also, a scene from the childhood of the old Pretender, by Mrs. Henrietta Ward; and "The Five Sisters of York," by Mrs. Louisa Jopling. Holman Hunt, whose picture of "The Shadow of the Cross," not long ago made such a sensation among the critics, sends a portrait of himself, painted by himself. It is to be hoped the gods have not given him the "gift o' seeing himself as ithers see him," for the flesh hangs like drapery over a skeleton, and the color is more of *pastelle* than oil. "The Summer Moon" is a wonderfully sleepy and summer picture of two maidens, lying in a half circle, fast asleep, among bunches of flowers and poppy buds; the artist, Frederick Leighton, R. A., has caught the atmosphere, one is puzzled to know how. In the corner of the room is a small picture, by John Pettie, "A struggle between a Smuggler and an Exciseman." The struggle is furious, and so true to life, that one feels like parting them before they quite kill each other. One of the the largest portraits is that of General Washington, by Gilbert Stuart.

The Western gallery is divided between Spain and Sweden; the former sends the most and the largest pictures of historical subjects, and church pictures, both mediaeval and modern altar-pieces. Amongst the finest are Gonzalo's interiors of Spanish Cathedrals. Sweden has home as well as historical scenes; such as a wedding in a country church, and one picture which will touch every artist's heart that sees it,—"Dark Moments," by Baron G. Cederstrom. An artist has thrown brushes and palette on the floor, and his despairing attitude, as he sits in the poor little studio, is more than words; his mother is leaving the room with a world of unspoken sympathy on her face.

Near the wild picture of Flockert's, "Burning the Royal Palace in Stockholm," is a landscape by T. Berg, of a mountain torrent and old mill wheel, sparkling in color.

"Venice doing homage to Catherine Cornaro," by Makart Hans, is magnificent in color and composition. It occupies a large part of the Austrian gallery, but does not seem to overpower the richness and beauty of the other paintings. The room is very harmonious in the arrangement of the pictures, and has many busts, conspicuously Francis Joseph I, Hyrtl the great anatomist, and Maximilian I. Surmounting one of the sofas is a bronze statuette of Michel Angelo, by Wagner.

The German gallery makes a brilliant display, of course, with many pictures of the late Franco Prussian war, and one fine one by Brucke, of Christopher Columbus. There are many peasant scenes and interiors, and amongst the portraits I noticed a fine one of Listz, the composer.

In strong contrast is the French collection. The first picture that is seen on entering is "Rizpah protecting the bodies of her sons from the birds of prey," by Georges Becker. The pictures of raw meat in which French artists seem now to delight, and of which there are many here, are as nothing to this. The only suggestion it conveys to the mind of the beholder is the Morgue of Paris or the dead houses of Germany. It defies criticism.

Turning from the pictures, it is interesting to examine the west side of the room, which is hung with Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries. The best of them is one of "Penelope," sitting by her web. She has the weary sad look of waiting, and evidently cannot see the marble bust of Ulysses near by. The Beauvais tapestries are designs of grotesque Renaissance of figures and flowers forming panels.

The smaller studios devoted to Belgium, Great Britain, Italy and America are not yet in order, and only one room of Belgian statuary, of bronze and marble, and wonderful painted porcelain and pottery is yet open to the public. United States, Great Britain, Germany and France divide the long *loggia* separating the studios from the main galleries, but England seems to be ahead in her preparations, and has hung all her water colors in the *loggia*. Amongst them is Mrs. M. Stillman's "Sir Tristram and Queen Yseult," exibited in New York a few years ago. The *loggia* has at each end a small partition making a room instead of a passage between the west and east galleries and pavilions. At the English end are pictures by Richard Armsdell, R. A., Vicat Cole, U. R. A., and W. B. Richmond's, "Prometheus."

E. E. G.

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

AMONG THE LOOMS AND PATENTS.

The looms occupy the north-eastern end of the Woman's Building. First in order here is the Murkland Shading Loom, for carpets, patented in 1872, and manufactured by M. A. Furbush & Son, Philadelphia. The exhibitors state that it carries 20 shuttles, and weaves 16 colors, and will produce, on a general average, 25 yards of carpeting per day.

A curious, admiring group gathered round it, watching the process,—one saying, "I always wondered how they got the various colors in," another explaining to his little son how the thing was done before steam took it in hand. They used to "throw the shuttle athwart the loom" by hand, a hundred years ago; now a blue shuttle darts in from one side, a white shuttle from the other, propelled by invisible power; the pattern hangs overhead, every separate agent in the work, like a live thing, evidently knows where to go and what to do; if they