answer is a matter of education. Any serious picture, like the "New Republic," is the result of a long progress of taste. No living or dead American could have placed upon canvas these combinations of light and shade, of leading lines, of governed splendor in color. Before such a creation could be made Titian must have theorized his yellows, Veronese must have theorized his grays, Rembrandt must have theorized his characters, Leonardo must have theorized expression, Raphael and Durer must have theorized drawing; and we may safely add, that before this picture was to be painted, at least an more interpretative man must have bleat the methods of those masters and pave the way for our present feeling in Art—Correggio must have melted his sunny angels over the dome of the Parma cathedral, and allied the renaissance with the moderns, before the Belgian school, almost, was possible. Correggio, Schidone, Parmigiano and the Parma group have had, we are sure, a larger influence on the German academies than the more distant and inaccessible grand masters; and we hardly ever see a good Belgian composition without feeling that it has been ruled by the radius which spreads northward and southward from Correggio. Well, we were only saying that a good modern picture is a production and result of those past schools; the result, from the long hood, premeates himself with influences from many an old ceiling rotting with decay, from many a scaling wall, from many a dark canvas covered with the varnishes of an antique taste. Such a man, to whom the pale tad fables of Venice and the legs of Correggio's somersaults are matters of old example and reverence, can have none of our American horror of allegory. The Yankee beginning to form his taste amid a rebellious civilization, has little need to create a Columbia out of his republic, as the taste of the Adriatic republicans led them to form a seaborn Venice out of theirs; he prefers to represent any situation by its characteristic incident, as when Rogers, our ingenious sculptor, depicts the South in the improvished lady drawing tyrannous commands, a national idea has not yet got much further than that, in the effort to separate, from any historical crisis, the accidents which are purely transitory, features which are typical—the comment that is timely from the record that is for all time.

We are by no means defending allegory, we convertes think the Dutchman's method, as chosen by Leutze for his "Westward Ho," much more harmonious with modern feeling. We only plead that when a great painter present himself among us a little encumbered with ancestral ideas and reminiscences, we should not all hasten to display our provincality by laughing at what is in the least ridiculous.

THE GOOD AND BAD OF THE PICTURE.

The infelicities of the picture, then—this somewhat spectral Lincoln, this somewhat unexpected infant-schoolmaster Boecher, are obvious at the first glance—are just where they catch the light and the bloom of modern from American smartness. At the same time the real excellencies of it are somewhat of the nature of pearls cast before swine—although the ingenious fellow of the Palais-Royal is sure that he can make you a string of pearls far brighter and more even than those exposed on the Rue de la Paix,—and we have heard an American artist, luminous after his own lights, ask if this painting was not a little like a transparency. The fact is that there is a large part even of our art public to whom the merits of Pauwels' picture is not appeal, while to many of the ordinary sight seers they must be simply a sealed book. Our public, just indulging in the war taste, is waiting until something in the nature of a printing-press can be discovered for Art. They s and, in relation to a fine foreign statue or picture, it looks as the flagship public stood to Dante in his time. Tae defect in our means of publication keeps these provincial. They know well how to appreciate the perversion and merits of a *literary* man, such for instance as Carlyle, but they are shocked by a *painting* man, if he betrays the least eccentricity.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURE.

But it is time to advise the public what it is they are brought before, with all this ceremony of deprecation and preface. Pauwels' "New Republic," a perfectly single allegory, devotes half its breadth to the consideration of our Immigrants, and the other half to that of Emancipation. Both sides are intended to balance the picture of a true republic, and our artist's allegory could not have been composed before the date of the Edict which is Lincoln's perquisite and glory. The martyr president therefore stands on the highest stage of the composition, at the right hand of a figure of the Commonwealth, and his hand meets here as both rest upon the Emancipation Proclamation. On the left side of the picture, in a corresponding situation, stands Washington with a group behind him of Continentals. The Republic, with the shades of her two great Presidents, stands under a canopy richly profiled against the sky, and the towering honors of palms and plantain-trees. A breath of draperied steps leads downwards from their elevation to the foreground. On the left of the composition is a mass of groups illustrating the sudden joy and gratitude of Emancipation. A huge young slave in the centre, breaking his fetters, holds them up as trophies before the goddess, while with one hand he grasps the symbol of labor, the spade; in his bosom the spirit of Adam is transmuted into privilege and blessing—he only asks to toil in freedom. Mothers kneel upon the stairs, fast holding their ignorant babes—the nation to participate in the blessings of liberty. A group, which will remind the reader of George Shelby and Uncle Tom in the romance, represents the generous and generous American boy pointing out the benignant apparition of the Republic to a slave who is sunk in the disengagement upon the ground. In the corner a tawny giant embraces his quadroon wife with a radiant face, while he grasps the pick in his hand of bronze as he turns to the labor of to-day. His countenance, under its broad yellow hat, seems to shed a light of hopeover the family group. Beecher presents books and counsel to his round-faced and teachable negro children. In the distance a black and white inborer are ploughing together, while over all this section of the picture rises the dome of the Capitol, like a beneficent sun splendid with warmth and life.

A corresponding space in the left foreground is devoted to the story of our foreign population. In front of the familiar landscape of the New York Bay and its graceful heights, we see the whole wealth of the enterprise, the study, the manhood of the world, overcoming its worlds. What a contrast between those negroes, who are our immigrants, and those superb immigrants, who are our life! They pour forward, embodied Arts and Industries. The stout old Hollander, the French enthusiast, the Scot in his bonnet, the Irishman with shamrock sprig, the North and South German, the Black Forester with his huge painted trunk on his shoulder, and, in the distance, on the skirts of the throng, the Italian race who so strangely move on our Pacific seaboard, the Chinaman and the Spaniard. As a representative American, to meet and welcome these visitors, has been chosen the person of Galusha A. Grow, author of the "Homestead Act," which secures to each as he enters that spot of earth which, as to an Antaeus, gives him instantaneous power, and which, as to an Archimedes, will permit him some day to move the world. Among these stout immigrants also the hopeful faces of their wives, and two lovely blondes, in the costume of Saxe-Weimer, will charm every one by their native grace and beauty.

The size of the picture is gigantic, filling the side of a gallery in the Academy. This work has been achieved under the personal care of Mr. D'Huyvetter, who imports it. This gentleman's conceptions were largely adopted by the painter, M. Pauwels, and the accuracy of the likenesses and American types is entirely due to the former gentleman's solicitude in supplying the artist abundantly wi h photographs of the public men represented, as well as of specimens of negro character. Black men being rare in Belgium and Saxe Weimar, especially of the Ashanti cast, it would have been otherwise have been difficult to procure the proper models.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The color and execution will in every inch the idiom of the Belgian school, and will remind those who have been so happy as to see them of the works of Gallait (painter of the recent picture *Dabbie des Dendrecht*), with whom Pauwels ranks on about even ground at home, although less familiarly known here. In our biographical paragraph we will cite the reputation and honors of M. Pauwels. Nothing tests a color-artist more than his whites and blacks; they are of high excellence in this picture, the deepest tones being transparent, sensitive and without deadness. As for the whites, a number of different whites of admirable quality are set on, as it were, here and there about the picture, from the flashing white of the Dutchman's sleeves, with their Veronese shadows, to the warm white of the Weimar woman's costume, and the subdued white of the linen in the portrait of Grow, which is toned against the sky behind. The grouping is generally very good, a convenient pyramid form being obtained by easy means. The color is fine beyond anything we remember to have seen in this country of equal size. A harmony is forced is found in the coloration of the negroes, artists may recollect that these figures were principally painted from photographs in New York lanterns, the hue being supplied from memory or imagination. It seems to us that the warm hue of the quadroon woman at the left is of admirable quality, as it melts over the shoulder into the shadow that deepens along the arm and plays over the hand so as to connect with the dark hair and the face in figure. There is admirable drawing in this man's head and arm, while the plough-handles below are relieved with uncommon felicity, forming one of those *tours de force* which the public love to call, and seize on with such readiness. "Only see," remarks every one, "there's a pair of plough-handles one could catch hold of." From these solid, rude pieces of handling the painter escapes with great readiness and delight to the more refined characters in other parts of the picture; and his tribute to the beauty and picturesque costume of his own countrywomen finds an exquisite expression in the two blondes at the right who nurse the infant between them. The sharp expressions of national character among the emigrants, from the German nationalities accented to the verge of caricature up to the capital Irish face and the romantic and Gallait-like head of the young Hungarian birdcage-maker, give one a high idea of this artist's ready conceptions.

The principal objection we venture to find to the composition, is the *tone* of the group of disenchised apparitions on the dais. It appears to us that the value of the shades hereabouts might have been raised many degrees without losing the distinct relief against the sky, while the result would have been greater spirituality, more air, and an improvement on that sombre spectral quality which is especially critical in the image of Lincoln.

THE ARTIST.

From the catalogue lying before us of the Art Department of the Exposition, we find that Ferdinand Pauwels, as well as another painter of the same surname, was well represented last year at Paris. Our artist exposed four pictures, two of which were taken from the history of Philip van Artevelde. He ranks in Belgium among the lights of her school, his acceptance of a professorship from the Duke of Saxe Weimar having by no means removed him from that fine French-German school which finds its nucleus at Brussels. In 1852, after he had already received one first prize from the Brussels Academy, he was sent by that institution into Italy and Africa as a "Prix de Rome." In his maturity he has received a quantity of medals; in 1861 he was knighted unto the order of Leopold of Belgium and in 1864 into that of the Falcon Blanc of Saxe Weimar.

THE ENGRAVER.

The painting will be engraved in line on a very large plate, in the highest manner of art. This task has been committed to J. B. Jackson, Professor of Engraving at the Royal Academy of Antwerp, whose competence may be estimated from a familiar line-engraving bearing beside the picture at the Academy. The artist has already been a year at his task, working from a small replica of the painting as well as from a photograph of the large original. We do not see now an engraving of this thoroughly national and historical character—a print that is the stamp of an era—can fail of an immense success over all the enlightened portion of the American Union.

Two hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars in treasure arrived in New York from California yesterday.

The cigar manufacturers of New York have resolved to form a protective union as a defence against 'strikers.'"

THE DAILY BILL OF FARE.

BY BARON BRISBE.

[Year before last the Bills of Fare or Menus of Baron Brisbe had all immense success in daily press. In the course of last year the Baron Brisbe, finding himself too rich to continue to increase his fortune by keeping a black-mail of a perfectly fashionable character on record, retired from the management of the Bills of Fare, and went into retirement for many months. Latter rumors have reached us of his intention to return to the management of the Bills of Fare, and to resume his place in "Theodore Tilton's" *Third Journal*.

The Baron Brisbe, who is well known to the readers of a penny paper, called Harper's Bazar, is a nobleman of the old regime, who has seen the inside of the Tuileries. We have no modesty a way to give employment to a French cook, who has had the misfortune to be a Republican, and who is a fellow-sufferer with the Baron Brisbe. We have no modesty a way to give employ