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WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS.

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ART IN WASHINGTON.

The Corcoran Gallery.

"DEDICATED TO ART."

HAVE WE A LOUVRE AMONG US?

LETTER FROM ENFANT PERDU.

DISCOVERY OF THE CITY.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1869.—On the banks

of the Potomac—between the Alma House, if

you know where that is, and the equestrian

statue of Washington by Mills, which is on

three legs of a horse—I have found a great

city. I have found, in fact, two cities, super-

imposed one on the other. A city of potteries

and shingles has been strewn over the ground,

like some grimy, tattered carpet, through the

four holes of which another city—an imperi-

city of icy marbles—crops up as it can, send-

ing up now a dome, now a pointed pediment,

now a file of slender and flowery columns,

now a campanile,—that recognize each other

in the sun, and wonder how on earth they

came to be stuck through such a matted and

vulgar plot. I have sunk into one of the

least grimy of the recesses of the

old city, from which I can contem-

plate at leisure the white harvest of the

towers, courageously thrusting up on every

side and gradually exterminating their weedy

neighbors; the air is balmy and perfumed

with mangolia, the heavy air hangs in a

perpetual haze, the sun is like a

blurred disc, and the air is like a

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golden crutches." The first twelve pictures in

Mr. Belmont's gallery would represent a very

large fortune, and I am assured by Mr. Corcoran

that no such large intention is harbored by

the New York capitalist. He has, however,

with other gentlemen, responded favorably to

Mr. Corcoran's suggestion of donating a single

picture; and the latter gentleman has been wisely

applied in solidifying contributions, and

it is probable that the finest galleries in New

York and Baltimore will be represented by one

or more example apiece. From this kind of

noble begging, which nobody can under-

take so gracefully as Mr. Corcoran, who de-

scribes his own home for the nation, we may

expect a gradual assemblage of representa-

tives from the best galleries of the country.—

Now to recur to the treasures which form the

present decoration of Mr. Corcoran's house,

and the nucleus of the future Washington

Academy.

THE LITERARY GENIUS OF THE COLLECTION IS

Power's original Greek Slave; whose fair feet

took almost the first steps in American plastic

art. She stands now in a beautiful alcove at the

end of Mr. Corcoran's private picture-gallery,

wearing her chains so delicately that she "con-

verts her gyves to graces." A number of busts,

some of them of great merit, now decorate the

library, but I did not clearly understand

whether they are to be removed or not; the

Slave herself, in her pale solitude, forms a

fitting type of Greek art caged and secured;

she will wear her bonds, the only slave in

America, and from her tender imprisonment

will spring some day a whole marble progeny

to serve and wait in the halls of art.

THE PAINTINGS.

The pictures collected by Mr. Corcoran dur-

ing a lifetime of connoisseurship form a cata-

logue of over eighty, many of them are very

choice, and the cosmopolitan habits and tastes

of the collector, as it happens, have secured a

singular variety, admirably suited to branch

out from school to school as the collection

grows. A short account of the more impor-

tant works now assembled may prove interest-

ing.

German and Dutch Schools.—Mr. Corcoran, at

the disposal of the Joseph Bonaparte collec-

tion, bought a large Adoration of the Shep-

herds, by Mengs. It is large, and forms, in

some respects, the most conspicuous object in

the picture-gallery. Anton Raphael Mengs was

struck by an edifice in brown-stone and brick,

which looks very much like a corner of the

Palais National, and is fit to make a

highly creditable Louvre. It faces President's

Square, and the statue of Jackson stands off its

bronze hat to it very pointedly, and looks to

me as if it had formed the mental intention of

entering into the Statue Gallery—for the

building in question is the Corcoran institu-

tion of Art. It handsomely faces South-

ward, and is the most striking pile in view

as you emerge from the Mansion, printing its

unmanned peaks and pavilions against the blue,

and having on its facade the inscription

"Dedicated to Art."

The guide to the interior at present is a Celt

of a sorrel hue, who shows that a maze of

rooms, all bare and noisy with the work of

stripping of the old wooden fixtures. Occupied

during the war by the Quartermaster

General, it was filled with desks, temporary

partitions and crazy galleries. In the principal

room, a noble sky-lighted hall 100x50 feet

in area, and 50 feet high, is visible the large

card:

"Dedicated to Art."

which expressed the watchwords of the De-

partment, and which, if the Gallery should

ever comprise an Academy, might very prop-

erly remain as a monitor to the students. This

large room is upon the second floor, approached

by a fine stairway, and based upon a suite of

ground-floor rooms intended for statuary.

These various halls, now plainly finished in

plaster, are handsomely proportioned and dis-

ceptible of every beauty of decoration.

AN AMERICAN ESCAMOTAS.

William W. Corcoran, Esq., the enlightened

connoisseur whose liberality devotes this fine

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

UNIVERSAL DISSENT.

The Leaven of Republicanism.

The London correspondent of the New York

Tribune writes the following paragraph:

All Germans cherish the ideal of a great

powerful, united Germany, but the States of

Southern and even of Central Germany cannot

swear by the States rights doctrine. They

stand out for that as Hungary has stood out for

Austria; as Irishmen against the union. They

fear that a Federal Union will put State

sovereignty in peril. Hanover and Frank-

fort detest Prussia, which has al-

sobered them. Saxony, which still pre-

serves the semblance of nationality,