



POWERS' FIRE-PROOF COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS.

THE POWERS

FIRE-PROOF

COMMERCIAL FINE ART

BUILDINGS

BY ALPHONSO A. HOPKINS.

EDITOR OF "THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME," AUTHOR OF "SINNER AND SAINT," "JOHN BREMM,"

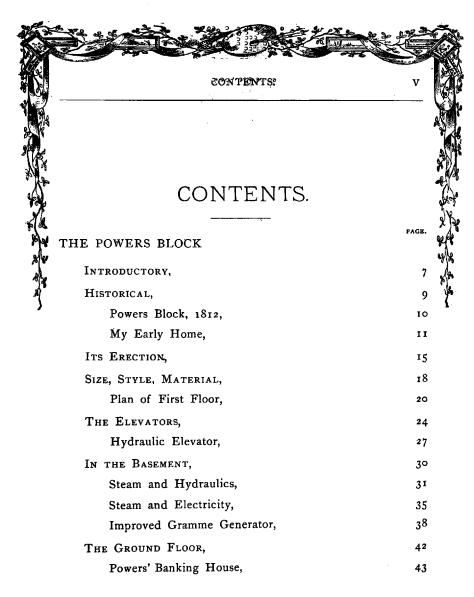
"ASLEEP IN THE SANCTUM," "OUR SABBATH EVENING,"

"WAIFS AND THEIR AUTHORS," ETC.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

E. R. ANDREWS, PUBLISHER.

1883.



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The Powers Block.

INTRODUCTORY

In a dual sense, the Powers Commercial and Art Building is monumental. It marks the spot where stood the first house erected in Rochester, west of the Genesee River; and it stands, therefore, as a monument to this thriving city's beginnings. It represents the good taste, large enterprise and broad liberality of its founder; and it will remain, thus, an enduring monument to one of Rochester's public spirited citizens.

It is so ample in its proportions, so perfect in all its appointments, so admirable in its architecture, so comprehensive in its contents, so varied in its uses, and so elegant in every way, that it well deserves a monograph; and the public interest in it is so marked, its influence upon the community is so pervasive, and the visitors to it are so numerous, as quite to justify the task I have assumed. Among all the vast and costly edifices that private energy has reared, in our country, this one is singularly unique. More expensive structures may be found, in the Metropolis, with here and there, perhaps, a larger one; but in character, in finish, in convenience, in



kaleidoscopic beauty of internal adornment, the Powers Block has no compeer. It ranks alone.

To the one hundred thousand people who dwell in sight of its high tower, it is like Rochester's heart. It seems the very central throbbing place, whence all the energy and activity of the city pulsate. Within its walls are gathered business, trade, music, art, finance, official, professional and social life; and they do not jostle each other. There is room and to spare for all. Surely neighbors more diverse never came into such near proximity. Surely no one edifice ever before brought so much of desirable resource into equally easy reach of so large a vicinage. In more than one respect the Powers Building is a private benefit and a public blessing. Because this is the fact, I have undertaken to describe it and what it contains.





HISTORICAL.

[N 1812 a log cabin took form on the lot where this I superb building now stands. Col. Nathaniel Rochester, who had acquired title to the land on which the city bearing his name is built, sold a portion west of the river to Henry Skinner, who contracted with Hamlet Scrantom to erect for him a house, It was completed in May of the year named, by being roofed with slabs, and Mr. Scrantom gave it a house-warming on the 4th of July, when first he occupied it, by patriotic bon-fires in the front yard. A model of this primitive structure, made to realize the recollection of Mr. Edwin Scrantom (a son of the settler), may be seen now in the present edifice, and is humorously referred to as "The Original Powers Block." It is accurately depicted in the engraving on the following page. Some memories of the place were embodied in verse by Mr. Scrantom, as early as 1843, and were set to music by L. Thayer Chadwick, a talented musician then living in Rochester. The song was published by Oliver Ditson, of Boston, and had a fleeting popularity. I deem it worth preserving here:





POWERS' BLOCK, 1812.



THE ORIGINAL.

1

MY EARLY HOME.

Back on the misty track of time,
In memory's flickering light,
I see the scenes of other days
Like meteors in the night.
The garden, with its low built fence,
With stakes and withes to tie it;
The rude log house, my early home,
And one wild maple by it.

Rude were the sports 'round that wild home,
When little hands were twined,
And echoing woods swept back the joy,
Like voices in the wind.
And there gay birds on bended spray
Their wild-wood songs have given—
The robin sang at dawn of day,
And whip-po-will at even.

But leaves are scattered not more wild,
By autumn winds uphurled,
Than all that group of faces bright
Upon the wide, wide world.
But still on memory's page, in light
Which time can ne'er destroy,
Stand out those scenes, that house and tree,
A lost, but sacred joy.



The location seems to have been a marked one, almost from the first. Although Rochester really began east of the Genesee, and what is known as the present city's "East Side" had three or four years' start of the western portion, that portion soon outgrew the other, and acquired superior dignities. After six years of family service, the log hut alluded to became but a stable, having been removed some little distance to the rear, and a more pretentious domicile took its place. This was erected by Dr. Azel Ensworth, as a hotel, in 1818; and for over a decade the Ensworth House held front rank among the few hotels of which "the Genesee Country" boasted. In it was the first room used in Rochester as a public hall,—a modest attic, which served the manifold purpose of concert-room, ball-room, lectureroom and theater, and in which many celebrities appeared.

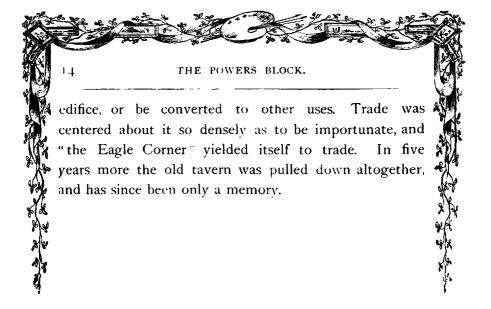
The Ensworth House gave way, at length, to the growing necessities of public accommodation, and was torn down in 1829. Rochesterville had become the center of a fairly settled region,—the county-seat of Monroe, a new county, made up of towns set off from Ontario on the east and Genesee on the west; and in this county were about fifty thousand souls. The swamps that covered



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much of the present city's site were being cleared and reclaimed, or had already been improved; a court-house stood upon the same street, running westward, on which the Scrantom cabin had been reared, and nearly opposite; the village was alive with business, prosperous with industry, and big with promise. It needed a new hotel.

The Eagle arose, where the Ensworth had suffered demolition. A. M. Schermerhorn erected it; and for those times it seemed not less a work of enterprise and merit than is the Powers House to-day. It was built of brick; and for forty years the public knew it as a famous hostelry. Under various landlords-among them such familiar names as Killian H. Van Rensselaer, Coleman & Stetson, and S. D. Walbridge—its reputation kept pace with current progress, and secured for it the patronage of all those distinguished men who honored Rochester by their visits. There was no better known house in New York State than the old Eagle; and when Mr. D. W. Powers bought it, in 1863, and closed its public career, many regrets were expressed, and many interesting reminiscences recalled. Superseded in elegance, and surpassed in size, the Eagle must succumb, like its predecessor, to make room for a grander hotel

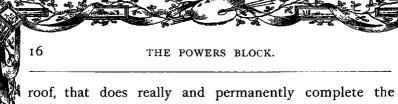






ITS ERECTION.

IKE many other excellent and extended things, the L Powers Building is rather a growth than an original creation. It has grown, moreover, in a slow, solid fashion, which insures permanence. When Mr. Powers began it, in 1865, on the State Street side, he did not dream of the broader plans that by-and-by he should adopt; when he continued it, in 1868, by rearing the corner section, his plans were not so comprehensive as later they became; and when, in November, 1870, he regarded it complete, its external appearance and internal arrangement were by no means as seen now. There was then no tower, and the single Mansard roof covered but the corner section. This latter was soon carried clear round, however, over the north and west wings, adding greatly to the space within; and the tower followed, not as an ornament, but a convenience, even a luxury, which citizens and out-oftown people appreciated at once, and enjoyed accordingly. Marble floors and marble wainscoting through all the corridors, came next; and the second Mansard



Building, was added in 1881. And now the structure shows no lack: it could neither be supplemented, nor subtracted from, in any portion, without marring its harmony and finish. Although built thus from time to time, as requirements impelled, the architectural unities are perfect, the design is single and singularly preserved; and Mr. A. J. Warner, architect, may well felicitate himself upon the final result.

Mr. Powers had been eighteen years an occupant of a corner room right where his bank remains to-day, when in December, 1868, he commenced excavating beneath, for the base walls upholding his new edifice. That corner apartment, indeed, had held a bank since 1832—before Rochesterville became a city. For just eighteen years prior to Mr. Powers' occupancy, the old Bank of Monroe did business there, as tenant of the Eagle Hotel, and when it ceased, in 1850, Mr. Powers took the same quarters, and kept right on in the same business. He made the least possible change in his own office, built around before rebuilding it, and kept its former proportions nearly intact while eclipsing them utterly in elegance. Either he felt a loyal devotion to the place



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wherein his early successes were made, or he was and is by temperament attached to familiar localities. For one reason or the other, his Banking House is not pretentious in size, but none in the country surpasses it in richness of finish.

It was directly in front of the bank, and several feet below it, that they resurrected a political memory. As workmen were digging the deep cellar, the buried portion of a gigantic ash pole came into view, in material reminiscence of the Polk and Clay Presidential Campaign. His supporters erected it in honor of Henry Clay, in 1844, and some one cut it down the year ensuing. This relic brought fresh and clear to many minds the fleeting glory, the fiery enthusiasm, and the lasting disappointment of a generation fled.





SIZE, STYLE, MATERIAL, ETC.

THE Powers Block has a frontage of 176 feet on State Street, and 175 feet on West Main Street, and extends 150 feet along Pindell Alley, parallel to State. It is seven stories (112 feet) high on the two fronts, and as one of these—the first Mansard—is a double story, there are eight stories in rear. This does not include the basement, that has a depth of eighteen feet, and makes well into the solid rock. No foundation could be more secure; it is New Hampshire granite upon Monroe County limestone, and nothing but an earthquake could disturb it.

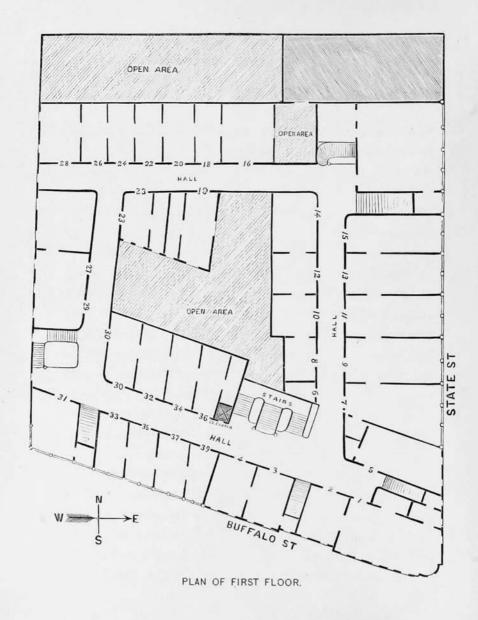
The five stories in front below the double Mansard, and above the basement, are built in part of Ohio freestone, and in part of cast-iron. The stone, or central, corner portion, is elaborately carved, vermiculated and panel blocks alternating; and the iron portions, in excellent design, present a finish equally pleasing, with color that matches the stone. The double Mansard, forty-five

ITS DIMENSIONS.

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feet high in itself, is made wholly of iron and slate, and has a graceful though imposing effect; while forty feet above the top of this the main Tower lifts, twenty-four feet wide by thirty long, with three full stories crowning those beneath, and commanding a magnificent prospect. Two lesser towers rise from twenty to thirty feet above the cornice, to serve the elevators and keep this one company.

In form the building is an irregular quadrangle, its irregularity caused by the failure of State and Main Street to make an exact right angle. Were the quadrangle perfect, we might further describe it as a hollow square, since, above the ground floor, the block is built entirely round an open irregular court, not large, and narrowest upon its western side. This tubular arrangement gives light to every room and every hall, and insures abundant ventilation, while by it each hall becomes an endless corridor, encircling the enclosed area, with apartments opening off on either hand. The accompanying diagram will give a nearly correct idea of what is meant. An average width of eleven feet makes every corridor roomy; the black and white squares of marble tile invite to promenades; and the marble sur-



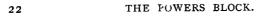


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base, with elaborate marble wainscoting above it, lends a palatial aspect to each hall There is over one mile of this elegant wainscoting, in the finest Italian, Tennessee and Vermont marbles, exquisite of quality and superbly polished.

Six entrances lead from the sidewalk to the second story,—two by elevator and four by staircase—and there are three stairways from the second story to the stories above. All the four staircases first mentioned are of white marble. The three above these are entirely iron. One of the latter—the Grand Stairway—is double, and makes up by right and left turns, from the broad hall on the Main Street side, four full flights. Over fifty tons of iron were required in its construction, and it cost \$20,000. Its bronzed railings and balustrades, and its broad half-landings midway of each story, give it a massive gracefulness unusual; and its ascent, if far more difficult, would repay a stranger, in the pleasure and surprise that await him at the top. For there the art treasures begin.

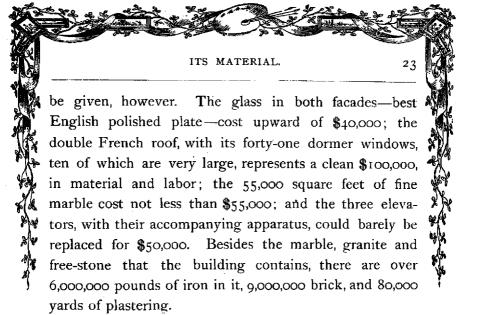
Resting upon the immovable rock itself, this building is built with the utmost attainable solidity throughout. Moreover, it is as perfectly fire-proof as a building possibly can be. All its floors are of rolled iron, filled in by



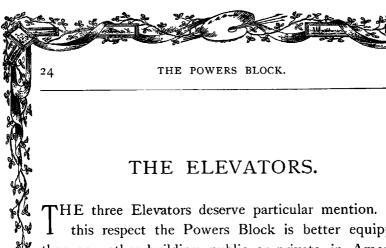
brick arches; all its partitions are of brick; the window-frames and casings are principally iron. Each floor is calculated to bear 150 pounds to the square foot, besides the weight of its own material, which is enormous; and every floor might be filled with human beings, standing closely as they could, without danger to the building or to them. And on the entire nine acres of flooring nearly all Rochester's population might gather, covered once by a single roof.

No feature has been omitted, in the various appointments of this edifice, to lend perfection and satisfy convenience. From basement to tower it is heated by steam, underground boilers supplying it through a great network of pipes, and connecting with radiators in every office and store. Marble wash-stands adorn each room, and closets are plentiful, all fed from the city water mains. Electric lights make daytime by night in every hall, and through the spacious Gallery. Three elevators afford quick transit. So admirably is the vast space arranged that in the entire three hundred and odd rooms, large and small, there are none but can be utilized.

The total cost of it all, is a matter solely for private concern. Some items, of expense and appropriation, may

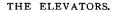






this respect the Powers Block is better equipped than any other building, public or private, in America. Every portion of it is almost instantaneously accessible, as if on a level with the ground. Two elevators are kept in constant operation, and a third but idly waits the possible occasion for its use. Each of these has every appliance known, to insure its ready service, and render it safe. All were put in by Otis Brothers & Co., of New York, whose best work they are.

There are two elevator towers, one near the north side of the Block, and one near the south. The former is double, and has two shafts, accommodating two elevators; in the latter is one shaft only. Both towers are of brick, the larger about ten by twenty-five feet, and rising from the bed rock to a height of thirty feet above the airy roof. In the top of each shaft is the necessary suspensory apparatus for lifting and lowering the car at-



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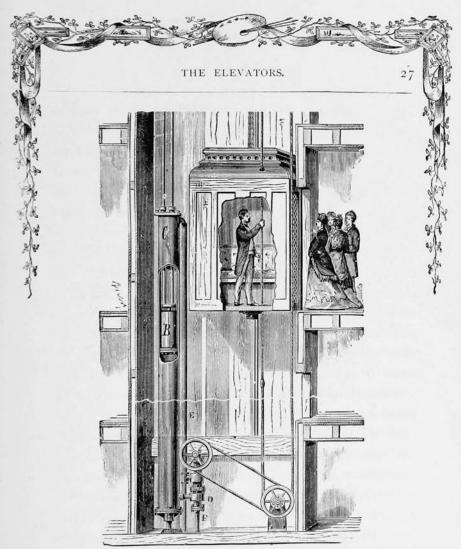
tached; and the double tower is capped by a huge tank. Each car runs upon or between two vertical guide posts of solid iron, from 120 to 140 feet high, which rest on the solid rock. To these are bolted safety ratchets, also resting on the rock, into which play precautionary pawls.

Two of the cars are run by hydraulic power, the third Attached to the latter are two steel lifting cables, one and three-eighths inches in diameter, one of which passes up to and over the patent safety-sheave, or wheel, in the top of the shaft, and thence down between the car and the casing to a winding drum in the basement; while the other coils upon the safety-drum, near the safety-sheave, alternating in a spiral groove with still a third cable, which carries a counter balance weight that would fall instantly and stop the car if the lifting cable should slacken or break. In addition to this there are two independent sets of automatic pawls on the bottom of the car, with independent springs, to which the two lifting cables are respectively attached, so that, in case of the breaking or slackening of either cable, the spring would throw out its pawls and arrest all motion at once. Should all these precautions fail, an air cushion at the bottom of the shaft would receive the car without injury.



Thus absolute safety is secured against a possibility of accident.

The two hydraulic elevators differ somewhat from the foregoing, in suspensory apparatus as in propelling power. A better idea thereof can be gathered from an illustration, than otherwise. This picture rather crudely represents the northern shaft and apparatus, save in regard to height. But two stories appear here, and the elevator now referred to traverses ten stories-136 feet-and is the highest known in this country. It was last of the three put in by Mr. Powers, has a hydraulic cylinder of unusual strength, is swifter than its companions and can carry heavier loads. Six wire cables lift and lower this (and the other hydraulic elevator is similarly provided), each nearly one inch in diameter; and all run over two sets of safety-sheaves in the tower's top. One end of these cables is firmly attached to a block or beam over the cylinder side of the shaft, not shown, whence the six cables pass down to a gin-block and pulley attached to the cylinder's piston, are carried round the sheave and up to and over the fixed pulley or sheave above, and thence are secured to the car. By an ingenious double combination of governor and brakes, acting automatically upon



HYDRAULIC ELEVATOR.



the suspensory apparatus, but not figured in the engraving, any desired speed may be obtained, while its maximum cannot be exceeded; and the same combination furnishes all possible safe-guards against accident. The principle of hydraulic propulsion, in this connection, and its application to these elevators, will be explained further on.

The car most convenient from the Main Street side, is the one first put in position, and surpasses in elaborate elegance all others to be found. It is seven and a half by eight feet on the floor and eleven feet high, is domed with cut-glass sky-lights and ventilators, and is richly carpeted. It is supplied with gas by a flexible tube which it carries, and is furnished with a sofa on one side. and two large mirrors facing each other, in which the repeated reflection of the gas-light produces the appearance of a long train of palace cars. The sides and the dome are adorned with panels, pilasters, cornices, mouldings and carvings, of polished American woods, the variegated colors of which are in pleasing contrast. is started or stopped by means of a wire cable checkrope, passing through it, which the conductor easily operates,

THE ELEVATORS.

The other two cars may be reached through the same entrance, or from the State Street side. One is almost a duplicate of the foregoing in design and finish; the other, though its rich mahogany ceiling seems less ornate, is scarcely less elegant. One of these alternates with the Main Street car, in making upward trips, and each of the alternating pair regularly ascends and descends on an average every three minutes from eight in the morning until six at night. One runs every night until ten o'clock, and both are called into requisition, often, of evenings, when gatherings take place in the public rooms above. The number of passengers borne by them in a year would stagger credulity. It cannot fall short of a million; it may be vastly more. I do not know that an accurate count has ever been made for a single week. The two cars run by hydraulic power have greater speed than that propelled by steam, and either of them will lift a dozen persons from the first to the eighth floor in forty seconds. It isn't a bad way to rise in the world; but some nervous people fairly feel their breath taken away in the swift

descent.

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IN THE BASEMENT.

If "Seven Stories and an Attic" were not Ik. Marvel's title for one of his delicious books, I would call this volume "Seven Stories and a Basement," and begin with the basement. But the genial Ik. developed fiction only, and I am recounting fact. My desire is merely to make plain the amplitude and completeness of a great edifice and so many material figures are needful, that there can be no room for figures of speech.

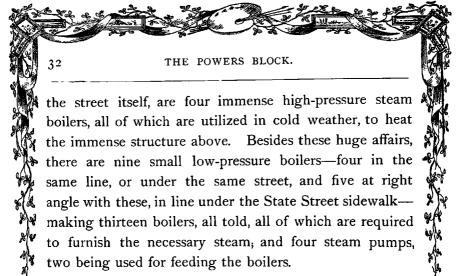
Having sketched with a free hand the outlines of this Building, and presented more in detail one or two of its salient features, we come now to a closer view, from the inside, and the basement invites us first. To this the public are not generally admitted—few, indeed, would suppose admission there desirable. The cellar of an ordinary edifice has little attraction, and less that can instruct. But although this Basement is devoted in part to common cellar purposes, in connection with certain of the stores overhead, and therefore is without novelty, a



vast area of it has reference only to the proper administration of the Block, and reveals many appurtenances unusual and fascinating.

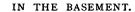
STEAM AND HYDRAULICS.

There is machinery sufficient within it to run a steamship. And if you descend by one of the elevators, and step out into the long apartment from which all the elevator shafts rise, you will think yourself actually on shipboard. For the sounds are not unlike those of a ship: you hear the shirr-r-r of escaping steam, the peculiar exhaust and pressure of a piston in a cylinder. Here is one engine right at hand,—or you think so, until told that it is a steam pump; yonder in an alcove, at the rear, is one, you are sure, motionless now, but the motor of that steam elevator near it; in another alcove, towards the front, is the semblance of a second, but that proves to be another pump, whereby water is supplied to the Building generally when the street mains lack pressure for doing it; out under the sidewalk is a quiet fellow, whose energy is hydraulic, and but occasionally manifest, and then drawn upon for no other duty than to run a sidewalk elevator; and round a corner, clear out under



On the Main Street side the Basement extends almost to the street's center, and that part under the street is a high, well-lighted subterraneous room, of immense size, over which rumbles the busy traffic of Rochester's busiest "four-corners." Under State Street there is less available area, but enough, after accommodating the five low-pressure boilers, as mentioned, and a second hydraulic engine and sidewalk elevator, to store hundreds of tons of coal annually consumed, in feeding the boiler fires.

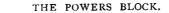
The hydraulic lifting machinery is grouped in the main room first entered, and just off it. As it is all many feet from the sidewalk, the knob-lights there serve it but little, and gas is needful day and night. By the light of this, one may see quite a ramification of pipes overhead, some



of them large enough to swallow a small boy. They carry water, or steam, and each has an important use. Several connect with a huge iron tank, built against one side of the room, and reaching to the ceiling, or nearly so. It holds about six hundred cubic feet of water, and is filled from the street mains. Within it hides the power that propels both the hydraulic elevators, and the strong steam pump near by is but its servant, though so great a force.

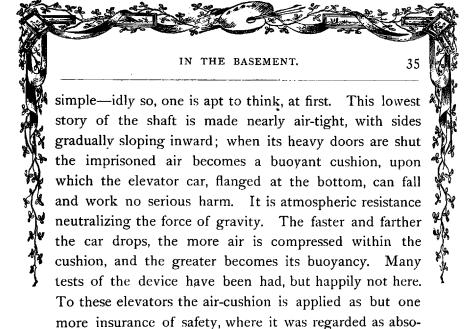
This pump—one of Davidson's best—has a ten-inch suction, and nine-inch discharge, and its task is to force the water from this tank to another like it, at top of the large elevator tower, far above the roof on the north side. At least 150 feet are traversed, horizontally and vertically, in the journey; and arrived at its destination, the water has but one course—to come down again. But it comes through another channel, and first finds other receptacles—the hydraulic cylinder, in the north elevator shaft, depicted on page 27, or this other, nearer by, standing on end in a corner ten feet from the large steam pump. This latter cylinder, like the one represented, is twenty-two inches in diameter by forty-eight feet high. It is placed in the corner, as stated, just outside the shaft

ey se. ne so. is ver ng eat



rather than in it, to save room. The pressure of the seven-inch column of water falling into it at top, from the high tank, forces down the piston that lifts the elevator car, as much water being let out at bottom to make room for it, and the car's weight drives the piston up when the car descends. Eighty-six cubic feet of water, in addition to atmospheric pressure, are required to lift a car the entire distance one time, and from the cylinder this quantity is passed back into the basement tank, whence it is again forced by the pump to the tank above the roof. In this manner the water supply is used over and over, without much loss, and the constant aeration of it keeps it sweet. By simply turning one wheel and then another, water can be let on from the street mains direct, in case of any mishap to the apparatus described; and extra power can be obtained at all times by connecting the steam pump with the cylinder direct, and adding its enormous pressure to that of the usual column flowing in at top.

Passing from the pump, streetward, to the ampler and lighter Boiler Room, you remember the Air-Cushion, said to be at bottom of the elevator shafts, and stop by the foot of one of these for some explanation. It is very



STEAM AND ELECTRICITY.

lute before.

Beyond the four big boilers, that look so suggestive of possible explosion, and consequent damage to the pavement just over them, and are so guarded by every known precaution as to be harmless altogether—beyond these, to the left, is another steam engine, not seen or mentioned hitherto, but of the utmost importance. It occupies rather a retired position, under the street corner, but raised three feet above the Boiler Room's floor level.

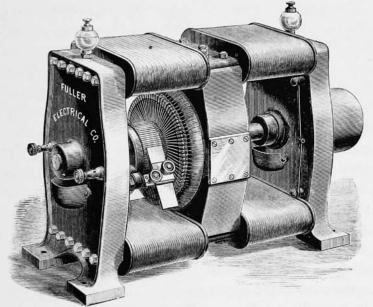


The power of a hundred horses lurks within it; but seldom over half the same is required. By day it is quiet and sleepy enough; at night it stirs and stretches itself, and wakes to lively work. Near by stand three other machines, much smaller, covered with canvas, likely to be overlooked in the twilight of the place, yet dominant as the engine. Here in such close neighborhood, half hidden in this basement twilight, are the two powers which now rule the world—Electricity and Steam. These lesser machines are Electric Generators, wherein the artificial sun-light sleeps. Handle them, now, as carelessly as you wish; the passion in each is passive, and will not leap into flame. This new Samson of the Nineteenth Century lies before us, bound with the green withes of inventive skill. But play with him unduly—tease him with Delilah's indiscreetness and coquetry—wed steam's fury to his sleeping strength and let him have fair chance—and he will burst his bonds, and flash out the silent force of death.

Yet of the several electrical machines now produced, the Fuller Improved Gramme Generator is regarded safest, and can be manipulated with the least caution. When in use, you may lay hands upon it and receive no

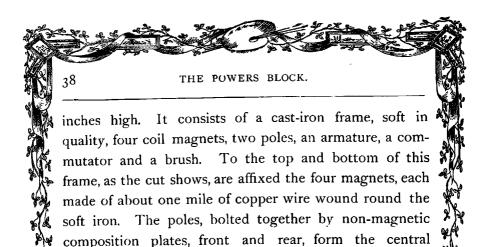


harm, if only one hand be not placed upon the negative wire attachment, and the other on the copper brush. The result of such contact would be a probably fatal electric shock. An engraving of the Generator will make its parts and principles more plain.



FULLER IMPROVED GRAMME GENERATOR.

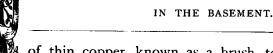
As it stands, securely bolted to the solid floor, this machine is about three feet long, over all, and twenty-two



upright part, and almost wholly enclose the armature—a wheel within the center, made upon an axle, and geared

by shafting to the engine whereby it is run.

This wheel, or armature, is a marvel of patient work. There are 10,800 feet of copper wire in it—No. 15—arranged in eighty distinct sections, upon a soft-iron wire ring, closely secured to the hub. It nearly fills the circular space between the two poles that enclose it, but nowhere touches either. The commutator is that lesser portion of it, with the flat rim, which you see bearing a flat, narrow attachment with two thumb-screws in the center. This commutator is composed of narrow copper sections, insulated from each other, and made removable individually at will. Its office is to collect the electric current, engendered by rapid revolutions of the armature within the poles, and to transmit it through the flat piece



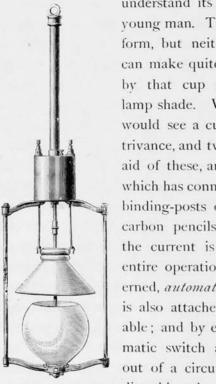
of thin copper, known as a brush, to the positive and negative wires, attached to the left end through little binding-posts. A current regulator, not pictured in the engraving, has place on the front end of the machine, whereby any strength of current, up to the maximum, may be steadily held, so that if but one lamp is lighted it shall receive but one-tenth as much supply as would be necessary for ten lamps.

The machine illustrated is of ten-lamp power. Two like it, and a third, of power matching both, are now employed, to feed the forty lamps at present in place; and the new Powers House is to have similar illumination soon, from the same quarter, adding greatly to the number of lamps, and doubling the machines. There are three circuits now,—one of twenty lamps, for the Art Gallery, one of ten for the Ball-Room, and a third for the corridors of the Block. And small, inefficient as these electrical machines appear, their subtle energy sheds a clear, white, steady blaze of light throughout and around the Block, equal to many thousand gas jets, and far pleasanter to the eye.

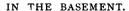
One electric burner hangs near the engine, unlighted now, by day, and you inspect it closely. It is the Wood



Single Carbon Lamp, and in itself is little less wonderful than the Generator. The ingenious perfection of it seems to me more surprising than is revealed in that; and I



understand its inventor to be a very young man. This picture will show its form, but neither picture nor words can make quite plain what is hidden by that cup or cylinder above the lamp shade. Were this removed, you would see a curious clock-work contrivance, and two small magnets. By aid of these, and the electric current, which has connection through the two binding-posts on top of the cap, the carbon pencils are kept in position, the current is switched off, and the entire operation of the lamp is governed, automatically. A hand switch is also attached, for use when desirable; and by either the hand or automatic switch any lamp may be cut out of a circuit at any time, without disturbing the rest.



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There are two carbon pencils—an upper and lower, a positive and a negative, the latter but half as long as the former, before either has been lighted, because the negative burns but half as fast. The latter is stationary; the positive feeds down upon it, by means of the automatic clock work, as both are burned away. They do not touch at any time, but are held just a space apart,—the eighth of an inch, perhaps. They are round, and a scant half-inch through. They will last seven hours, and, when consumed, can be replaced without difficulty or danger. Their consuming flame is rather a dazzling eye of colorless fire than a flame, and it emits no heat. It is a mimic sun without its warming glow; has 2,000 nominal candlepower, yet consumes no oxygen; and gives brilliance without increasing temperature. By it all shades of color can be seen as distinctly as by the sunlight; and its advantage in revealing tints is clearly demonstrated when you visit the Art Gallery by night.

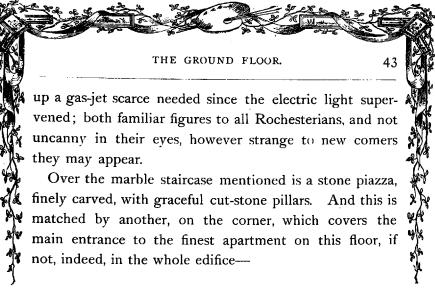
All this varied machinery of the Block is in charge of Mr. John O'Kane, Chief Engineer since 1871.



THE GROUND FLOOR.

THE first story, or Ground Floor, of the Block, is occupied by fifteen stores and a bank. There are two book-stores, two drug-stores, two hat stores, two jewelry stores, a large grocery store, and one of the largest dry-goods houses in Rochester. All are elegantly appointed, and rank among the first of their kind. Some of them have exceptional tokens of good taste and generous adornment. Several of the establishments—like A. S. Mann & Co's, Dry Goods; Booth & Son's, and John T. Fox, Jewelers; Moore & Cole's, Grocers,—are among the very oldest and most permanent in town, and have been tenants as now since the Block's erection.

The two chief entrances to the Block are on West Main Street,—one up a massive flight of marble steps, from the broad sidewalk to the second story; another through one of the book-stores to the elevators. By the latter entrance are two huge metallic griffins, with uplifted wings and outstretched open beaks, each holding



POWERS' BANKING HOUSE.

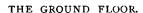
Looking at the Block, from either side opposite, this is its most prominent feature. Unlike the stores on either side, it is not entered on a level from the street, but, being of less height between joints, is reached by a short flight of granite steps. Below it, with approaches leading down several feet, are another bank, and a coal office.

You enter the banking house of D. W. Powers through iron doors, silver bronzed, and a second set, of massive carved wood. Once within, the superlative richness of the room surprises and delights. From a floor of purest statuary marble, set with small cubes of black, rise six windows and two doors, the casings of each being solid



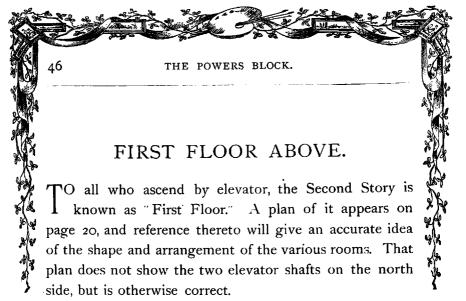
marble, in panels of exquisitely veined Italian, carved and gold-gilt, mounted with rich French stone, parti-colored, and strongly contrasting black. These unique casings are very heavy, but their crowning tops lend lightness to their appearance, and the entire effect of them is admirable. Sills, surbase and wainscoting are all of French marble, the strong, lively hues of which brighten and beautify the whole apartment.

The one high, long, curved iron counter, whose two waving sides traverse the Bank from north to west without one outline of angularity, has no duplicate. It was built by the Architectural Iron Works, New York City, from designs especially furnished by Mr. Powers, and cast in moulds made for this one use alone. The cost of it, as may be supposed, was enormous. Several bankers, admiring its apparently simple, refined elegance of style, have thought to imitate it, but on inquiry have concluded the expense too great. One gentleman remarked, rather ruefully, that the whole building his bank was in cost less money. It is finished in silver bronze, from base to windowed railing, and looks in every way worthy to inclose the piles of currency always to be seen within it during banking hours.



The bank has two large vaults, of heavy cut stone, with iron doors, burglar proof. In line with these, and divided from the main apartment by a half-partition, crowned with glass, is the private office of Mr. Powers, finished and furnished to match the superb style surrounding. One feature of its adornments is a mirror five by nine feet, brilliantly reflecting the brilliance all about. At a desk opposite, the busy owner sometimes sits, but he is oftener moving around in the wilderness of rooms above, scanning with keen eyes an improvement in progress, or meditating re-arrangements in the Gallery, now his chief concern. He gives an amount of personal attention to this vast edifice, and its costly contents, that would be to any man most arduous labor, except, as in his case, it were the one diversion of life.





Reaching this floor by way of the broad marble staircase from West Main, nearest State Street, you are at foot of the Grand Stairway of iron, heretofore mentioned; and a hint of the Block's comprehensive occupancy is found in the fruit and confectionery stand nestled under the base of the stairs. It seems like one of the permanent fixtures, having been located here several years. Another tempting place, somewhat akin, is the Cafè, at corner of the south and west corridors, occupying three rooms, partly facing each other, and a great favorite with tenants of the Block and others near by.

There are on this Floor, besides the places named, two banks, five insurance offices, several business offices,



thirteen lawyers' offices, and a barber-shop. The Flour City National Bank has prominent and ample apartments in the front corner, at right of the main stairway, leading up from Main Street. A second, narrower, marble flight makes up the other side of this bank, from State Street, adjoining one entrance to Powers' Banking House below. The Traders' National Bank has quarters on the State Street front, at the north end of the Block, where long the Mechanics' Bank did business, its direct approach being by the principal State Street stairway. Both these financial institutions are of solid foundation, have broad deposit and discount sheets, and are managed by gentlemen well known throughout the city and state. Indeed the name of Patrick Barry, President of the Flour City, is familiar to florists and fruit-growers the world over. It is probable that the banking transactions carried on in this one Building alone, by the four banks in it, are as extensive as all those recorded in any city of fifty thousand people.

One of the two minor stairways, leading from this floor upward, is at the west end of the Main Street corridor, and mounts by airy sweeps through seven stories. It lifts in single half-flights, angling to the right, and



using a space perhaps twenty feet square along its winding way. Its iron railings, richly bronzed, with their innumerable handsome balusters, and its lofty height, would make this stairway worthy the adjective "Grand," were not the main double one so much grander. At its base the corridor connects by covered bridge with a similar one in the new Powers House.

A marble Tablet, set in the wall opposite the main stairway's base, gives advertisement to the fourteen firms who blended their skill and resources as architects, masons, carpenters, founders, marble workers, stone cutters, plumbers, painters, slaters, safe-makers, elevator builders, &c., to complete the Block. Near by, angling across the corridor, are two immense marble slabs, reaching from surbase to ceiling, that serve as partial Directory to the occupants, on this floor and above.

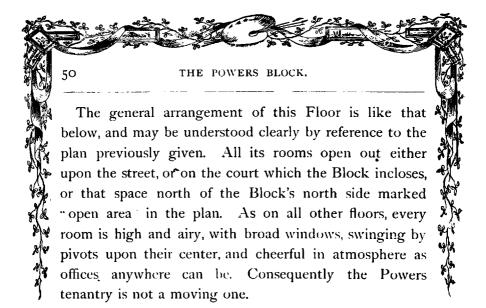




SECOND FLOOR.

A SCENDING to this by the Grand Staircase, at top of the first half-flight, we face a further Directory, composed of two marble slabs, set into the wall, and lettered, like those below, in simple black. Turning to right or left—and it is well always that we lean toward the right—a second half-flight measures the full third story, and a leisurely stroll around the quadrangular corridors will follow.

As a result thereof, you must conclude Law dominant here. Of the more than forty rooms on this Floor, thirty are occupied by lawyers. The U. S. Marshal appropriates two to Government use; one physician has his office in the same neighborhood, and the Rochester Brick and Tile Company is neighbor to both. On the north side, opposite the two elevators there, Mr. A. J. Warner has his quarters. He is Rochester's oldest Architect, and expects to do business within the Block he designed, and the erection of which he supervised, until he dies.



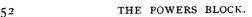




THIRD FLOOR.

Law grows yet more dominant as we ascend. There are thirty-eight rooms on this Floor, and with the exception of three Architects' offices, and two publication offices, all are tenanted by the legal fraternity. What an amount of concentrated Coke and Blackstone these massive walls contain! Nearly all those members of the Monroe County Bar most eminent, are centralized here; and the combined law libraries under this one roof would fill a large building to overflowing.

The Rochester City Directory, published by Drew, Allis & Co., has been put forth from this Floor several years. Nearly opposite this publication office is another, whence issues the *Casket*, a monthly journal of somber quality, devoted to funereal things, though bright and vivacious in its solemn way—a decidedly unique paper.



FOURTH FLOOR.

A SCEND two more half-flights via the Grand Staircase, or one flight, longer but less pretentious, via a third stairway, at the Block's north-east corner, and you reach the Fourth Floor, or the Fifth Story. Here Law may be said to lose ground: there are but a dozen lawyers' offices, designated as such. Four insurance offices appear; one Foreign Exchange office; one musicroom; one architect's office; an electrical bath; and a State office, for the State Engineer of Canals.

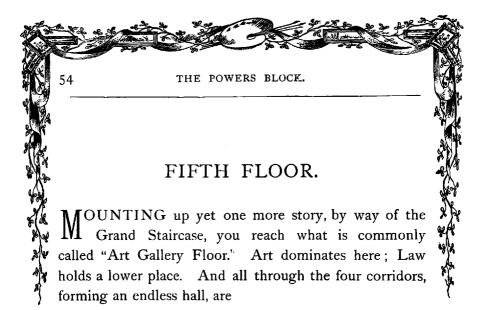
And here Social Life begins. Three of the four Clubs in the Block are domiciled on this Floor. "The Abelard" was named after Abelard Reynolds, father of the first child born in Rochester, and himself for almost seventy years a resident of the city. Beside a rear anteroom, it has two large and elegant apartments on the State Street front, lighted by seven of the great windows, decorated with handsome pictures, and equipped with all the paraphernalia of a well-to-do Club, whose members



have means and love social recreation. "The Audubon" has quarters fronting Main Street, and is as comfortably fixed as its contemporary. "The Celtic" dwells near "The Abelard." in a single good-sized and handsome room.

Here, also, the Art treasures begin. Between the doors, on each side of the four corridors encircling this Floor, oil paintings are hung—every picture "on the line," so to speak, and the entire "line" space filled with them. You may count almost an even hundred canvases, landscapes mainly; and many of them have real merit, though none are catalogued. Some doubtless would please the popular taste better than far finer and more expensive paintings, to which common access is not had.





PICTURES-PICTURES.

Your first impression, as you land at top of the stairs is that they have led squarely into the Art Gallery itself; and you are not disappointed. This high rotunda you have entered, with sky-lights, as seen through the upper floor, doming it full forty feet above, and transomed sidewindows lighting it yet more liberally from the court, would pass almost anywhere for a creditable Gallery, let alone the corridor collections on either hand. But ample and excellent as are these, the Gallery is hidden in those rooms opening off the south and east corridors, facing Main and State Streets, and in yet other rooms still



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higher up. This outer demonstration is but a sign, an assurance, of the inner delights. It is free to all, and hundreds visit and enjoy it every week, if not indeed every day. It is a popular educator.

There are about fifty canvases in the Rotunda, and several are of immense size. Directly over the staircase hang three of the largest, in massive gold frames twelve feet by twelve. One of these represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve, who look as clearly human as if just going out of Paradise. They are life-size, clad only with green girdles of leafage. They may shock your modesty at first, but despite this you will pause to marvel over the real flesh-likeness of their forms. To the right of this canvas is Hubner's Betrayal of Christ, abounding in figures, chiefly soldiers, with Christ prominent in their midst, looking mildly yet with sad reproof upon Judas. Mating these two in size, and hanging next the latter, is Herod's Massacre of the Innocents, by Hubner, a painting too terrible in its realism to afford the beholder much pleas-Those three women in the wide foreground are not mere fictions of the brush; they are horror-stricken mothers, two of them bent in agonizing grief above their murdered babes, while the third stoops to parry



a pending sword-stroke from the infant she may not save.

Turning to happier themes, you find many smaller paintings, on the opposite walls, that have age and interest. Some are very old, others are copies from the antique. A few, like the St. Sebastian of Michael Angelo, seem dingy enough to have hung for centuries in dim old Italian galleries, and one, it is authentically established, was the work of Carletto Cagliari, a young artist born in 1570, who died when but twenty-six years old. Old as this canvas of Charity is, its lively colors remain unfaded; but the idea shown by it, through one woman giving gifts to four romping baby boys, was not St. Paul's. Cleopatra Drinking the Dissolved Pearl is a more accurate conception, though not the Cleopatra of Marc Antony's love. One sees no passion in her face, or if any be there it is neutralized by the warm flesh tints of that inadequately draped woman reclining just above. And almost grossly sensual as is that too naked figure, it is surpassed in sensuality by The Glutton, near it, in which a gormandizer attacks his meal with brute grossness seldom displayed even by a brute. Two quaint water scenes, by Delacroix, are pleasanter to contem-



plate; they show the harbor at Civita Vecchia, decked out and illuminated on some state occasion a century ago.

A few of these pictures formerly held position in the Gallery, and bear catalogue numbers. The majority of them would scarcely pass examination for place there now, though by no means destitute of merit, and reckoned of much value. Here and there, in other parts of this endless hall, right or left from the Rotunda, you find a genuine gem, and admire it accordingly. Cole's four paintings, representing the Voyage of Life, have both allegorical and artistic excellence, and deserve better light than the east corridor gives. In the north and west corridors there is a variety of art, many exquisite steel engravings, of large plate, and some fair water colors, or well colored lithographs, alternating with oil representations of still life, landscapes, etc. The total number of canvases, engravings, and other pictures on this Fifth floor, outside the Art Gallery, is nearly or quite two hundred.

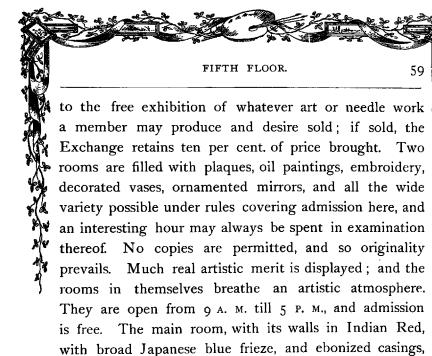
And this does not include whatever may chance to be in another marked feature of the floor—



THE ART EXCHANGE.

It occupies three rooms on the Main Street front, which open each from the south corridor, up three or four marble steps, but are entered only through one. Several ladies organized it in February, 1881, for mutual convenience and encouragement, for the profit of ambitious young artists, or lovers of art, who might wish a medium of communication with each other and the general public, and for the education and employment of some desiring both. From a small, uncertain affair, it has grown to sure proportions, and has accomplished great good. Its purpose and outreach annually become broader; and, in the hospitable air surrounding, it seems likely to achieve much as a wholesome, educating, artistic influence in community. Its occasional exhibitions are liberally patronized, and excite general admiration.

The Art Exchange has regular classes in painting and art embroidery, and employs regular instructors for the same. It gives a free winter course of lessons in painting, to deserving students not able to pay, and furnishes fancy work for many who need the returns thus insured. A membership fee of one dollar and a half annually, entitles

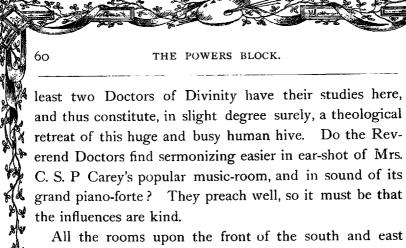


OTHER FEATURES.

has an alluring look, and winningly invites your entrance

through its open door.

But Art does not have this Floor wholly to itself. All the apartments opening off these palatial halls are not given over to things esthetic. There are Doctors of Medicine waiting professional demands, in some; Dental Doctors, similarly desirous of service, in more; and at



All the rooms upon the front of the south and east corridors of this Floor, save those in the corner section, have doorways reached by short marble flights, their floor-level being higher than that of the halls; but the door of each room appropriated to Art Gallery use is closed, and entrance can be had thereto only through the main door, from the Rotunda.

At its western end, the south corridor connects, as does the corresponding corridor in each of the other stories, by covered bridge over Pindell Alley, making it continuous, with the south corridor of the new Powers House, same floor, and a grand promenade of 350 feet in direct line is thus made possible.

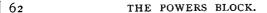
Opposite the elevator on this corridor, a winding iron stairway lifts upward to the floors and tower above. Adjoining this, and neighbor to the Art Exchange, are



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the Library and Private Rooms of Mr. Powers, finished and furnished in a style of artistic uniqueness. The ceiling of each room is brilliant in crimson, green and gold; and from each suspends a sparkling crystal chandelier.

The Library, with its warm olive carpet and upholstering, is luxurious enough for the veriest epicure in pictures and books. And all the books are plethoric of art, while some are rich to sumptuousness. Hogarth is here, in a huge quarto; Canova has representation in two larger, surpassing rich in plates; Claude, and Turner, and Raphael shine out of massive folios, the cost of which alone would buy a good-sized library. Then there are two ponderous volumes of plates depicting "The Passes of the Alps"; six of similar size, illustrating and describing Le Musee Royal, a pair more ample of proportion, comprised of the largest steel engravings, representing the Royal Pinakothek at Munich; and one, of the Dresden Gallery complete. Besides these more important volumes, there are many lesser ones, representative of the finest art in the Old World and the New, forming a collection of art literature seldom equalled, and impossible to duplicate, since only limited editions of some books were printed, and they cannot now be had. In



the eyes of bibliographers, their value would be almost unlimited. Additions are being steadily made, among which might be mentioned the Art Treasures of America, published in parts, abroad, and containing engravings of some paintings from Mr. Powers' own Gallery. In this excellent work all the American galleries have representation; and the modern Art Treasures of Europe will follow.

Several engravings on the Library walls, and a few water-colors in the private room adjoining, are very beautiful, and serve, with other adornments, to render the retreat a most inviting one to him whose sanctum sanctorum it is.



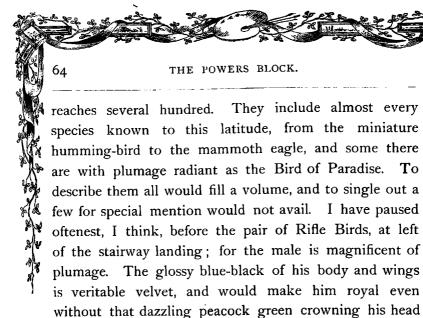


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SIXTH FLOOR.

YOU must reach this by elevator, or via one of the lesser stairways. Climbing the west flight, and landing where the west and south corridors come together, it will be seen that there is no longer a continuous hall, clear round the quadrangle. Face north, and you look square against the Art Gallery's Grand Salon, not accessible from this side. Walk east, and you come to the Rotunda, previously described, the floor of this story being midway the height of that, and your passage barred first by a railing, then by open space. Scarce one-third as much room is available for tenants, therefore, upon this Floor, as on the floors beneath, but this has varied occupancy, private studios prevailing.

For many visitors, the Sixth Floor has decided attractions. Another Stuffed Bird Collection so large, so brilliant, and so artistic as here fills all the wall-space at command, cannot be found. Ninety-two cases are required for it; and the number of individual specimens



and flashing from his tail.

Large and remarkable as this Collection is, it was prepared mainly by two men, David Bruce, of Brockport, being the taxidermist who gathered the larger part of it. And it will surprise many to learn that all of Mr. Bruce's work here shown, comprising quite two hundred species of birds, was shot by him in Monroe County alone, with the exception of one huge bald eagle killed at Niagara Falls. That so extensive a variety of the feathered tribe make this region their habitat, would scarcely be supposed, and might be actually doubted but for such convincing proof.



SEVENTH FLOOR.

A DDED last of all, and really an after-thought of which Mr. Powers may well be proud, the Eighth Story differs from every other, and fitly crowns the Block. And this not alone externally; for while the Second Mansard roof lends finish and effect to the exterior, the interior fittings and uses of it are equally fine.

As you climb the winding staircase leading from the Sixth Floor to the Tower, and pause when up its first full flight, you look into a large apartment right over the Rotunda, and matching it in size. Its exact dimensions are 57 feet long by 26 feet wide and 16 feet high. The ceiling overhead is of corrugated iron, painted white. The floor is laid in tiles of buff and blue, the latter very small, and a border surrounds it, of tiling in blue and brown and black. Large and variegated center-pieces still further set out the floor space, and an elaborate wainscoting, of Tennessee marble, with black marble surbase and



THE POWERS BLOCK.

moulding surrounds the room. Through two square openings in the floor, guarded by bronzed iron railing, light penetrates from the sky windows overhead to the Rotunda underneath. Two side-windows, with colored transoms glowing above them, increase the skylight illumination, by day; and by night three chandeliers and one electric light form substitute abundant. Three hall-ways lead into this handsome apartment, or out of it, and are closed with damask hangings.

The walls here, like those immediately below, are hung with paintings, several of which bear catalogue numbers. Nearly all are quite old canvases, while a few have the additional value of special excellence, and might be singled out for particular mention did space permit. A fine array of exotic plants is ranged about the room, and lends a cheery aspect that is pleasing.

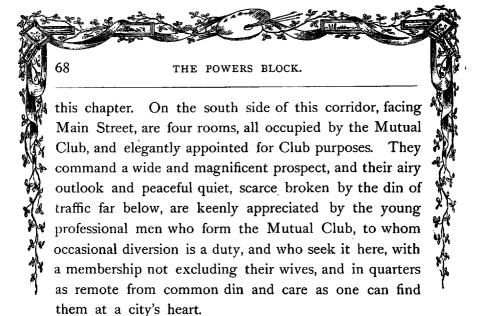
Opening off this room, to the Main Street and State Street fronts, are five other rooms, one being the corner room and also of unusual size. The latter, and those two rooms succeeding *en suite*, upon the west, are handsomely finished and furnished, and are used, in connection with the outer room, for Art Exchange Exhibitions, society festivals, and the like. They are commonly designated



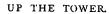
the Powers Parlors, and afford ample accommodation for large gatherings.

Northward from the hall-room described, two corridors make off, the one nearest State Street dropping down a few steps, and being narrow, the other paralleling it, several feet west, lifting three or four steps to a higher level, and of liberal width. The former gives access to several business offices, on the right, and the latter leads to Powers Hall, a well arranged, well lighted and finely proportioned concert-room or ball chamber, large enough to seat at least four hundred people. Just how so ample an auditorium could be secured here puzzles you, at first; and finally brings the great size of the Building more vividly into realization.

The north Corridor on this Floor is beautifully tiled, and to the right of it, on the north, is a suite of five large rooms occupied by the general offices of "The Blue Line," a railway freight transit organization which does an immense business and has here in constant employ about forty clerks. Yet other business offices line the west corridor; and several have place on the north side of the south corridor, which extends from the top landing of the west staircase to the hall-room, first spoken of in







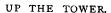
UP THE TOWER.

CLIMB two half-flights further up the Tower Stairway, and you are in the Tower's base, on a level with the spacious roof. From here the stairway mounts through two full stories more to a third, and even there the climbing is not done.

Before gaining any higher altitude, however, it is worth while to look about you here. Even the airy roof is attractive. So very spacious is its irregular quadrangle, that a regiment might camp upon it without crowding. There would not be much danger of falling off, either. The corner section lifts a heavy coping three feet above the front walls, and this is tipped with a massive balustrade that looks quite delicate from the pavement; and lesser copings, with similar balustrades, guard every outer boundary. About the irregular space, within the Building, a railing of hollow round iron runs, and sufficiently shields from harm in that direction.



To all appearance the roof is a nearly flat, pebbly floor, in different sections, on which one might, and some do, walk around with safety and satisfaction. Like everything else about this edifice, it was made to endure. The outer coating of white gravel, or small sea pebbles, is two inches deep, bedded in tarred felt of several thicknesses, and wholly impervious to water. Its weight alone would crush an ordinary building. And how substantial everything seems, even so far above the ground, as if sure of solid footing! The two towers, that break the roof's regularity, and the great chimney, itself a miniature tower, impress one as with a consciousness of weight and permanence. There is nothing fragile here, except perhaps the spider-web grouping of telephone wires, which find concentration and support on both east and west sides, and make Æolian music in a gale. If one were privileged to ascend the smaller tower, on the north. he would see there somewhat of interest, in shape of the upper elevator apparatus, for both the north elevator shafts, and the large tank whence water flows into the hydraulic cylinders heretofore described. But that tower is closed to visitors. Let us be satisfied with climbing the one most eminent and famous.

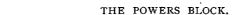


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Beside an ample hall-way, this Tower affords one large room on each floor, till the top story is attained. The only one of these airy apartments having public interest, is that up two full flights, occupied as the

U. S. SIGNAL OBSERVATORY.

A station of the United States Signal Service has been located at Rochester, and in this Block, since 1871. Formerly it had quarters on the seventh floor, but now its permanent location is here, overlooking the entire city, north, east and west, and removed entirely from the influences of temperature or air currents on the street. If you are curious concerning Weather Indications, and wonder how they are made up, the courteous Sergeant in charge will show his instruments, and explain their use. The four barometers and the eight thermometers may not be novel to you, but the clock and electrical self-registering attachment to the anemometer, by which he measures the force and velocity of the wind, must prove so. The anemometer is far above the tower's roof. and connects by telegraph with this peculiar machine, whereby a pencil is automatically checking off each varia-



tion in the wind's speed. There can never be a breeze so light as not to register itself upon the little cylinder, in miles and hours. And on the ceiling overhead a compass is painted, whereon an arrow tells from just what point the breeze or gale may blow, this arrow connecting with a large wind vane capping the tower's cupola.

Three times a day the Weather Observer reports his observations by telegraph to Washington, as do the Observers at fifty-two other stations scattered through the country. They are sent in cipher, not for secrecy's but for brevity's sake; and this station receives daily fifteen reports, from the Washington office, also in cipher. You are shown one of these, it may be, but remember only that "fix" means eighty-two degrees somewhere. Each prediction sent out by the Chief Signal Officer is made as for one hundred square miles of territory; and ninety per cent. of the predictions, it is affirmed, prove correct. So reliable are all the records of weather observation, at each station, that they are now accepted for evidence in court, and the officer in charge has frequent necessity thus to produce them, in answer to a subpœna.

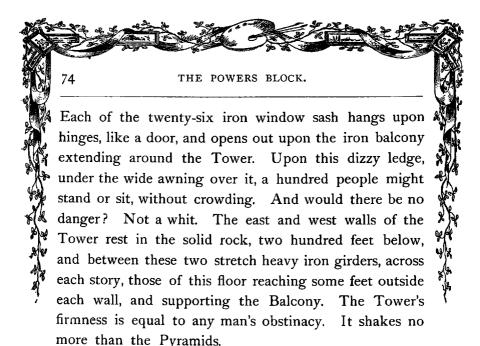


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IN THE TOWER'S TOP

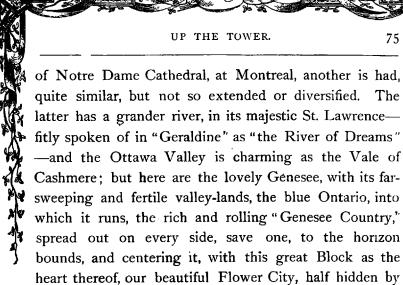
It does not matter much what the weather may be, when you have ascended yet one more story, and stand in the Observation Room. A rain would obscure the prospect, certainly, and a stiff wind might make exposure unpleasant, but in this lofty eyrie, open as its thirteen large windows render it to the outside world, you shall feel no discomfort. From storm and cold it shuts you in; from stifling heat it gives release, for here cool breezes play, however hot the pavements are beneath. In this room the vastness of the Block fairly culminates. Where else in America is found an apartment so extensive, at a height so giddy? And where else, to put another interrogatory, will you see such a magnificent view as from this room is beheld?

The room has thirteen colored bulls-eye windows, besides the large ones already mentioned, which considerably enliven it. Several pictures and other ornaments share the available wall space with convex and concave mirrors, that add grotesque reflections to the place. In one corner, by the stair-landing is a miniature log house—the Powers Block of 1812, in fac simile.



A MAGNIFICENT VIEW

If the day be fine, you climb a spiral (and last) staircase, mounting upward in the center of this room, to the open roof—open, save for a small cupola covering the stairs. And here at last you are under the azure sky, with Rochester at your feet, and all its wide radius outlying round about. For varied beauty and broad extent, this view is unexcelled. Bunker Hill Monument affords one possibly equal, but not superior. From the spire



quite similar, but not so extended or diversified. latter has a grander river, in its majestic St. Lawrencefitly spoken of in "Geraldine" as "the River of Dreams" -and the Ottawa Valley is charming as the Vale of Cashmere: but here are the lovely Genesee, with its farsweeping and fertile valley-lands, the blue Ontario, into which it runs, the rich and rolling "Genesee Country," spread out on every side, save one, to the horizon bounds, and centering it, with this great Block as the heart thereof, our beautiful Flower City, half hidden by its foliage, regal in itself and queenly in its accessories.

75

As you stand here upon the black and white marble paving—for the Tower's roof is really but a sky-floor you are surrounded by a solid coping lined with white marble slabs, and carrying heavy metal corner-posts, in carved design, between which an iron railing runs. the sidewalk beneath is 175 feet, but you cannot fall there, and you will not jump. Beside you rises the square brick cupola, over the stairs, twelve feet further, and beside that lifts the heavy flag-staff yet sixty-three feet more, tipped with a golden eagle. And from this exalted pinnacle your gaze may wander long over the panorama



THE POWERS BLOCK.

revealed. It is full of life, and every sign of life, yet silent almost as a desert scene. The ceaseless din of travel is barely heard. The manifold voices of Industry are hushed. Serenely quiet, as if asleep, the busy town but speaks its busy thought in whispers, or you hear as do the deaf.

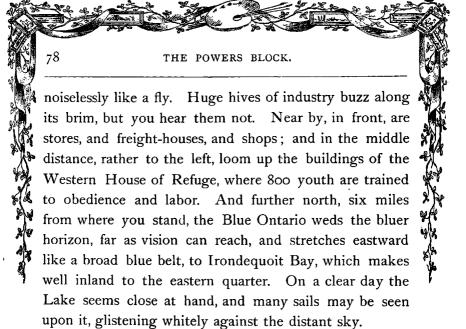
You face the south, and right and left, westward and eastward, Main Street lines its two miles' length, fairly cutting Rochester in halves. Below you, dwarfed to littleness, the Court-House stands, only the topmost pillars of its tall dome aspiring to your level. All the other large buildings near seem dwindled to big playhouses, with roofs not quite familiar because seldom looked at from above. The church spires are modest, even, and worship in a lower altitude. Only the huge and ugly lions frowning from the dome of the Rochester Savings Bank, and the heroic Mercury of Kimball's Tobacco Factory, forever tired of posing on his heel, appear level with your eye; and they are not. Half-shut from sight by the buildings and trees along its banks, the Genesee sweeps southward, trending west; you look across it and catch glimpses of fair Mount Hope, that city more silent yet, - of the gleaming Water Works



Fountain, its neighbor, throwing unweariedly its sixty-foot column of spray,—while far beyond their neighborhood, left and right, the farms of Brighton, Henrietta, Rush and Chili spread their fertile fields.

Face the west, and, overlooking sundry churches, you see the City Hospital, St. Mary's, Cunningham's great Carriage Factory (largest in the world), and the more level country of Gates and Greece, with modest hills outlining the dim distance twenty to thirty miles away. Face the east, and piles of brick and stone make up the foreground of your picture—mills, and factories and stores, lining the river's rim or bounding the streets; Sibley's lofty Seed Ware-House, seems to sentinel them all, where Main Street almost loses itself in leafage, and Sibley Hall stands out upon the right, beyond, marking the University Grounds; and more remote, the nurseries and fruit farms of Brighton, Penfield and Irondequoit reach eastward to the horizon.

The northern prospect is possibly most fascinating. On your near right the river leads through a deep rocky gorge towards the Lake, its Falls concealed and partially its course, with Vincent Place Bridge airily spanning it on strands of gossamer, over which a carriage crosses



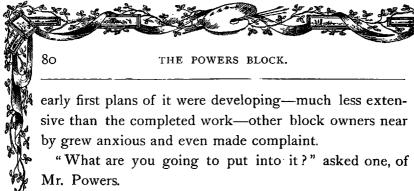
The circumference of this grand view can not be less than one hundred, and may reach over one hundred and fifty, miles. Its longest diameter must measure nearly fifty, at the least. If Rochester were but as densely populated as New York City, the range of vision would include a full round million souls. Ten cents admission fee to the Tower is charged (to meet the expense, in part, of keeping the same in order), but for so little paid so much is rarely seen. I think no one makes the ascent who is not delighted and satisfied. To thousands who have recorded their names in a big Register, open in the Observation Room, it was a novel experience, and remains a charming memory.



IN GENERAL.

[I] HOEVER pays an occasional visit to the Block, will be impressed as much by its uniform neatness of condition as by its great size and comprehensive character. Here is an edifice with full one thousand tenants. to which daily come, I have no doubt, another thousand visitors, led of business or curiosity; and always it is tidy as a private house, its endless marble floors cleanly washed and swept, its rich marble wainscoting guileless of dust, and every portion of it showing scrupulous, painstaking care. To keep it thus requires a numerous company of servants, a long pay-roll and a plethoric purse. Feeling a just pride in his splendid structure,—that seems like a little city in itself-Mr. Powers will have nothing in it common or unclean. Perfect as much money and unsparing pains could make it, it is not less perfectly preserved in all respects.

The Block's influence upon surrounding property has been very beneficial. After its erection began, and the



"Offices and tenants," the builder said.

"Better turn it into a hotel," was the advice that followed; "half of all our buildings will be empty, if you don't."

Many had the same feeling, and expressed it in similar phrase. It was recognized that so large and fine an edifice, on that site, when ready for rental would command an eager occupancy, and there were landlords near by who feared serious loss to themselves, while predicting dire disaster to their neighbor's enterprise.

"Powers must be crazy," was more than once remarked, by men either less shrewd or less optimistic than the gentleman referred to. "Such a building can't pay one per cent. He never'll rent an office above the second story; folks wont climb so high up."

An elevator in a commercial building was unknown then, save in Stewart's Dry Goods Store at New York. The rental question at last became so serious that



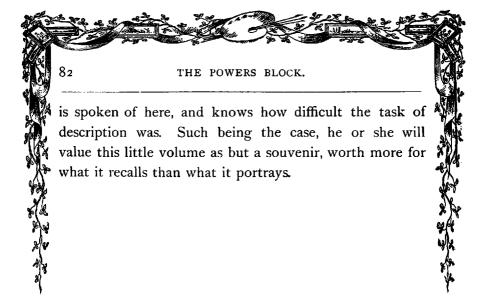
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three property owners near the location held a council to consider it. Two of them spoke rather bitterly of Mr. Powers, for doing as he had done, admitting that their tenants would probably leave them soon, and passing severe condemnation upon him who would thus win their rental income away. But the third felt differently.

"All I've got to say," was his emphatic declaration, "is that when a man has pluck enough to put up such a building as that, in Rochester, he deserves to fill it, and I'll be content with what slops over."

Improvements in surrounding property were soon instituted, as matter of course, and though office blocks near by lost tenants, as the Powers Block speedily filled, the adverse effect did not last long. Real estate values appreciated, business increased, population multiplied; and it was evident, in a short time, that Mr. Powers had rightly forecast the future, had built with wise sagacity, had made a thriving private investment, and was a positive business benefactor.

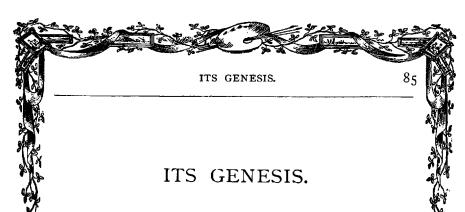
I realize that the foregoing pages are inadequate to convey a clear, photographic impression of the building described, its multiform uses and its remarkable elegance. But the reader has seen, let me venture to hope, all that





The Powers Art Gallery.

 $\textit{Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County} \cdot \textit{Historic Monographs Collection}$

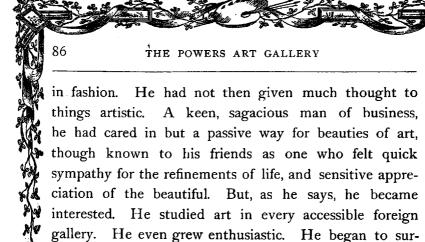


THE Powers Art Gallery, like the edifice containing it, is less a creation than a growth. And its growth had an almost accidental beginning.

"Was it any part of your plan to arrange such a gallery, when you built the Block?" I asked Mr. Powers once.

"No,' he frankly answered, "I did not dream of it. But I was over in Europe, and I bought a picture. When I had bought it, I found getting it home a very troublesome matter indeed. Two invoices had to be obtained—one for the painting and one for the frame; and the red tape necessary seemed endless. It was really as much work to ship one picture as a whole case of pictures, and so I decided to buy more. And then I went up and down among the artists, hunting for good things. I got interested, and this is the result."

I suspect Mr. Powers bought that first picture as so many works of art are purchased abroad—rather to be

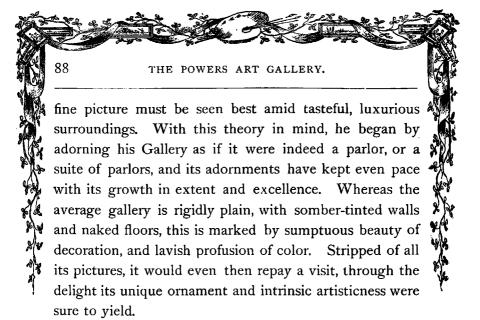


prise his associates.

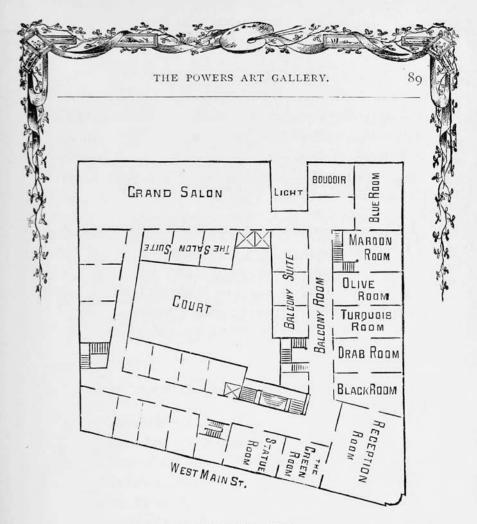
Yet his early importations did not hint of the later splendor showh. They came to apartments limited in number, and modest in style. They were few, and, as compared with many since received, rather inexpensive. They were but nuclei, around which the present large and costly collection has gathered. To Rochester, as indeed to a far wider vicinage, they were a cumulative boon. Beginning in one room, and then overflowing till they occupied four, they then formed a collection regarded large and valuable: they now fill twenty-two rooms, not counting the Rotunda and halls, previously described, and form a gallery that for extent, for elegance, and for beauty, has no equal, as competent witnesses have testified, in the world.

It was not begun, and has not been maintained, to make money. Yet as well before a small fee was charged to it, as since, the familiar question was put many times -"Does it pay?" I think it pays. The public feel sure it pays. Not, however, in cash. The admission fees received but serve to ban a heedless crowd, who may well be content with the free gallery outside; and to meet a part of the daily expenses incurred. But the Gallery pays - pays its owner in satisfaction, pays the community in enjoyment and culture. Every man must have his hobby, we hear it said. With countless men it is a hobby-horse, ridden selfishly, to the profit or delight of nobody save the owner. Mr. Powers has a hobby. It cost him less, perhaps, than Robert Bonner has paid for his extensive stud of trotting horses and their keeping. while in Mr. Bonner's stables the public feels no interest, and from them derives no profit. The man who makes of his hobby a genuine benefaction, influential steadily for good, deserves recognition as a philanthropist. And such Mr. D. W. Powers is.

From the outset, Mr. Powers has argued that, as a beautiful, well dressed woman looks better in a hand-some, well furnished parlor, than in a bare barn, so a







ART GALLERY PLAN.



THE RECEPTION ROOM.

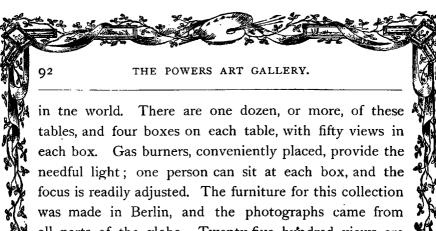
A LL public entrance to the Art Gallery is had through a door opening from the southeast corner of the Rotunda. So much there is to attract and interest in that rich outer gallery that one might well delay going thence to the richer, grander gallery within. If but a glimpse is had of that, however, the delay will not be long.

ITS DECORATION AND FURNISHING.

Entering, the visitor stands in the Main Reception Room, which is rather oblong in shape, and which, being the corner apartment on this Fifth Floor, fronts both upon State Street and Main. Its unusual height—twenty-six feet—renders rather deceptive its size, which averages thirty feet wide by forty long. Its first impression is that pictures are but an accessory: there is so much beside. The broad floor is richly covered by a

Wilton carpet, in warm terra cotta tints, without special figure. The five large Mansard windows, one in the curved corner, are hung with window-shades of prodigal floral richness,—each a picture in itself, some female personification set amid color and bloom so lavish it seems the very air must savor of it. The wide and high window-casings are decked out by elaborate imitations of roses, asters, dahlias, tulips and other flowers, painted like the shades, most painstakingly, in oil. Blue wistaria blossoms droop over each window arch in graceful beauty; and a wide border of wistaria meets and decks out the cornice. The ceiling overhead is in broad stripes of blue, with narrow stripes of yellow between, along which, also, wistaria twines in endless prodigality. And all the surface of the four high walls, as of the ample window-casings, is richly tinted with bronze.

A solid iron column rises in the center of the room, plush covered, in part, then wreathed round with painted vines and flowers, and capped by a gas reflector, near which are two electric lights. Ranged about three sides of the room, and part of the fourth, on black walnut tables, are elegant stereoscopic boxes, filled with stereoscopic views, forming the largest collection of the kind



all parts of the globe. Twenty-five hundred views are mounted in these boxes, and as many more wait position. representing the best art of the best masters, scenery in all countries, people of all climes, remarkable places, beautiful women, curious costumes, noted men. Sitting here, one may travel through Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and other attractive nationalities; study their salient features of topography, of people and of art: enjoy the most noteworthy things they boast in architecture, in picturesqueness, and in history, —and all without journeying a rod, or experiencing any fatigue save that of the eyes. The varied stereoscopic beauties are much enjoyed by those who sit and listen to the

music almost always playing when visitors are present. Unlike the eyes that gaze too steadily, the player's

fingers never tire. They are automatic



THE ORCHESTRION.

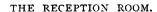
While the average orchestrion ranks little above a hand-organ, and while automatic music lacks and must lack the feeling and depth of that breathed upon and vivified by a living soul, this instrument, so prominently facing the entrance, is really commendable for execution, besides being elegant of design and wonderful in combinations. Its imitation of the orchestra's many parts is very clever. Flute, viol, bassoon, violin, triangle, horns—all blend in it as if heard individually; and the effect is charming, even deceptive.

The Orchestrion stands across the corner, and largely nides the corner window. Its height is twelve feet, its width eight, its depth about four. Much of the internal machinery is revealed through its large glass doors; and a very curious machine it appears. Silver trumpets and bells are the conspicuous features shown, and below these rests a horizontal cylinder, black as ebony, irregularly set with short brass posts of varying thickness. This cylinder is over five feet long by a foot through, nearly, and upon it are arranged several operatic airs. It is turned by powerful clock-work, and brings out in very excellent



ment. There are fifty-odd cylinders like it, each with its own contribution of harmonic arrangement, and, by the aid of some one to shift these at proper intervals, the Orchestrion can play the finest operatic and other music for hours, without repeating a single selection.

It is the largest instrument of the kind ever produced in America, and its maker - Mr. Bernard Dufner, of Buffalo, N. Y.—boldly affirms that it is the most perfect ever constructed in the world. Mr. Dufner has patents on various portions of the orchestrion itself, but the cylinders, his individual handiwork, need no patent to cover them, save the uncommon one of superlative skill. Mr. Dufner is a Swiss, who formerly lived at Basle, in Switzerland, where, as he claims, his family originated the manufacture of orchestrions. There must be a vast deal of work out of sight, in this product of his art, for the total weight of it is about eight tons. The extra cylinders are kept beside the Orchestrion, in three costly walnut cabinets; and mounted upon the cabinets are several stuffed peacocks, gorgeous as in life, their brilliance heightening the lavish color effects.

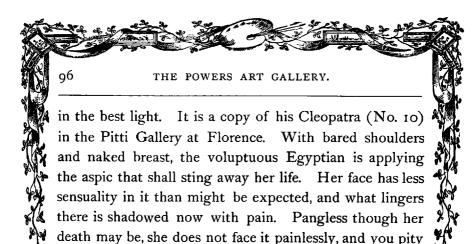


THE PAINTINGS.

The Reception Room contains more canvases than any other room in the Gallery, except the Grand Salon. Nearly fifty may be counted on its walls, and with few exceptions they are figure pieces. As you stand near the Orchestrion, admiring its handsome front, a portraiture of Lucretia the Roman (Catalogue No. 60) fixes your gaze, just at the left. The original of it, painted by Guido Reni, hangs in the Capitoline Gallery at Rome. There is a sad little story only hinted of by the picture. Sextus dishonored the fair wife of his cousin Tarquin against her will, and despite her pleadings. When she had sent to Rome for her father, and to camp for her husband, and these had sworn to avenge her wrong, she declared her innocence of willing guilt, but killed herself, "lest," as she argued, "any should think that they might be false to their husbands and live." So runs the tale in Livy; and here Lucretia waits before you, with a look of sharp agony in her face, as she pushes the dagger far into her breast, that fairly stabs you too.

Another striking figure, by Guido Reni, is hung rather at the right, almost above the Orchestrion, and not always

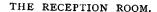
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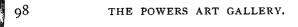
her who was so dire a sinner, and whose shame and sin

insured so sad an immortality.

The Cumæan Sibyl (No. 122) from an original in the National Museum at Naples, recalls an ancient and singular legend. Apollo fell in love with the Cumæan Sibyl, first among all Sibyls it is said, and offered her whatever she would ask. Picking up a handful of salt, she begged for as many years of life as there were grains within it. Her request was granted, and with the gift Apollo made tender also of himself. But she refused him, and thereupon Apollo willed that youth with years should be denied her. So the prophetess grew old, and wasted away till nothing was left of her but her voice, and yet lived on and could not die for thirteen hundred years. Setting at naught the legend, however, the painters depict her ever young, as did Romanilli when he painted this.



Turning to face the entrance, two large companionpieces are seen, one on each side the door, which have unusual warmth. They are copied from Louis Leopold Robert, a Venetian artist, and symbolize Spring and Summer. Winter, by the same hand, is not here; and while engaged upon the fourth in his series of seasons, Robert took his own life, sitting at the easel. The lefthand canvas (No. 127) portrays the Festival of the Madonna dell' Arco at Naples, and is highly characteristic of Italian life. In it is spiritedly embodied the great Neapolitan Spring holiday, when everybody dons gay attire and drives and walks or dances to the Church of the Madonna dell' Arco, seven miles eastward, at the foot of Mt. Somma. All the distance is a scene of merrymaking, and the festive procession that lines the route can nowhere else be seen. Here we have but one group of it—a Roman cart with oxen attached, decked out in gala fashion; half-a-dozen young men and women, in brightest costume and jolliest attitudes, upon the cart, while others round it are dancing out their joy. them is the Bay of Naples, forming a hazy distance, with a bit of the city itself sleeping upon the left, while beyond the Bay and City both, Vesuvius lifts its shapely cone.



The right-hand picture (No. 20) shows the Arrival of the Reapers in the Pontine Marshes, and glows with yet stronger, riper color. Its many figures are typical of Harvest, and have the tawny hue of ripened grain. They make up a peculiarly National group. While the Pontine Marshes are tillable, they abound in malaria, and can be occupied but temporarily. During necessary seasons of work alone, therefore, are they peopled; and these people are come for the Summer's reaping, which soon will end. With their work-cattle, so nearly akin to American bison, and their tent and family effects, they present a picturesque appearance.

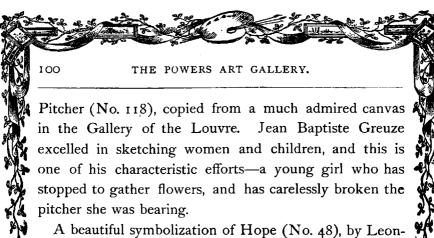
The upper left-hand section of this western wall is occupied by the largest canvas here—The Rape of Europa (No. 21). It hangs directly over one of the two doors leading from this room into other parts of the Gallery, and has what may be termed the place of honor. Paul Veronese painted the original of it, nearly three hundred years ago, and it is seen in the Palace of the Conservatori at the Capitol in Rome. According to ancient legend, Europa was the daughter of Phoenix, who founded Troy. Becoming enamored of her, Jupiter changed himself into a beautiful bull, and approached her



as she went into a field with her companions gathering flowers. Europa, delighted with the animal's beauty and docility, caressed him, crowned him with blossoms, and finally mounted upon his back, whereon he at once plunged into the sea hard by, and swam to Crete, where the disguised god resumed his own form and made love in more usual fashion. As here depicted, Europa is just mounting the beast—a rather small and spiritless fellow, it may be said—with her companions assisting her.

Below and to the left of this painting is another of large size, though much smaller, accounted specially fine, but not likely to please the ordinary taste. It is called The Three Graces (No. 66), and represents the three legendary daughters of Jupiter—Euphrosyne, Aglaia and Thalia, led by Mercury. They are nearly nude, and their attitudes are uncommon if not graceful. Where Mercury would lead them nobody can say. The flesh painting here is remarkably good.

Less excellent than this, it may be, but more modest and far brighter, is The Bathing Girl (No. 53), which hangs high up on the south wall, near the angle. It is a striking composition, and illuminates this corner charmingly. Below it is another girlish figure, The Broken



A beautiful symbolization of Hope (No. 48), by Leonardi, an artist now living in Rome, has place over the entrance; and in line with it hang Justice (No. 3), Poesy (No. 4), and Charity (No. 160), three canvases differently symbolizing these three respective qualities.

Under the last named is An Odalisque (No. 112)—a rich, languorous Oriental figure. It represents a slave in the Sultan's harem, smoking the narghula, by which tobacco smoke is drawn through water. Her attitude is that of dreamy, indolent ease, and the deep color of her face and arms, the dark beauty of her eyes, and the full Eastern features, combine to make up a fascinating portrait.

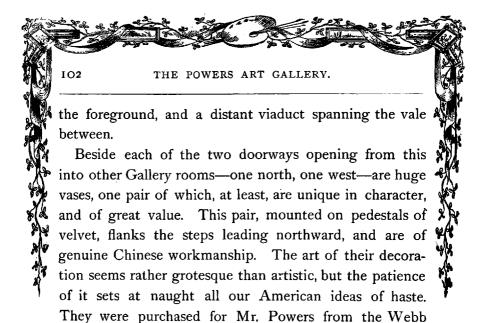
Low down in the corner opposite is another portraiture, similar in character but superior in effect. Only the head and a little of the bust are shown, but The Greek Slave (No. 40), in a strong light, seems charmingly alive.



Her head reclines upon a pillow, her arms raised gracefully above it; her large, lambent eyes look up and beyond, though facing you; and one bared shoulder is but half revealed, through the wealth of rich dark hair floating loosely down. Did ever man possess a slave like this, and not its slave become?

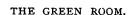
Over this modest canvas—which once favorably seen, recalls to frequent study—is yet another figure-piece, a woman's portrait, painted by herself: Madame La Brun, of Paris (No. 20). A youthful dame, of round and pleasing face, with a little girl clinging to her neck, there is nothing wonderful about this picture save as it represents both artist and subject in one.

On the north wall, flanking the door which leads into the Gallery's northern rooms, are two landscapes—almost the only ones here shown. The Return from Fishing (No. 121), a copy from Jos. Vernet, has an exceptionally careful and correct delineation of a ship and its harbor surroundings; the streamer floats from yonder masthead as if the breezes were stirring it; the sunlight on the water is suffusive, as if actually golden sheen. Companion to this is The Torrent (No. 143), by C. J. Vernet, a bolder though less pleasing canvas, with huge bluffs in





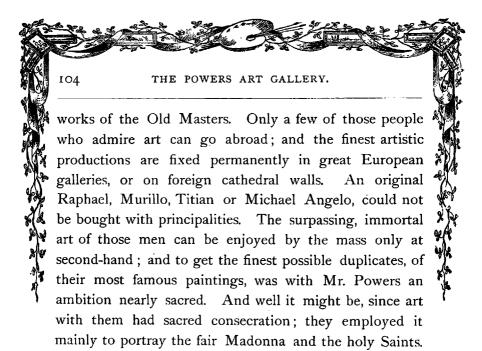
collection in New York.



THE GREEN ROOM.

TT is reached through the west door from the Reception Room, to which, in every respect, it presents a striking contrast. Small, its walls draped in dark green cloth, its doors and windows hung with green plush, and the prevailing tint of its carpet likewise deep green, a tone of subdued sombreness pervades it, rather intensified by the character of the window curtains, painted after holy patterns, in imitation of stained glass, and of the chief paintings here placed. The light drab ceiling overhead, with its illuminations in solar and gilt; the broad, original frieze, in which white annunciation lilies alternate with passion flower designs; the olive and maroon borders of the drapery, heavy in richness: and the delicate yet bright figures in the carpet, scarcely noted at first, somewhat relieve the effect; and there is ample color in the thirty canvases, thickly hung about,

A primary object of the Powers Gallery is manifest here: to exhibit the best attainable copies of the best



THE SISTINE MADONNA.

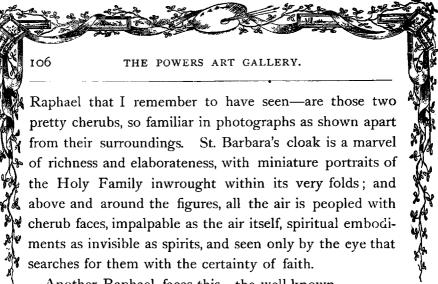
The chief place here is held by the Sistine Madonna of Raphael (No. 351), famous both as Raphael's master-piece and as the last painting wholly finished by his own hands. It was painted for the Sistine monks; and more than two hundred years the original of it remained in the church of San Sisto, at Piacenza. The Dresden Gallery now has it; and as artists are not allowed to do copying there, this is therefore, but the third real copy ever made.

And I had great difficulty in securing this," said Mr.



Powers to me once, as I sat admiring it in the strong afternoon light, so necessary to a full revelation. "I had seen copies throughout Europe, and supposed it an easy matter to secure one; but when I went to Dresden I found no one was allowed to copy from the original. Theodore Schmidt, the Director of the Gallery, and an artist not surpassed in all Germany, had this, painted in front of the original itself, in brief snatches daily, after the Gallery was closed to visitors. I was two weeks in daily intercourse with him, trying to buy it. He did n't want to sell. I made it solely to leave my family he said; 'I am too old ever to make another, for this has taken all the time I could have a chance to copy from the original for five years.' At last, however, I won him over, and here it is. All the copies in Europe, but two, were made from engravings, and photographs of engravings, and this is the only one in America made from the original itself. It cost me a great deal of money, and it would take a great deal of money to buy it."

This Madonna shows the Mother and Child, with St. Barbara in the left, and St. Sixtus on the right, both devoutly kneeling before her. Below the central figure—the face of which is finer than any other Madonna by



Another Raphael faces this-the well-known

ST. CECILIA

(No. 6). It hangs between the two windows, rather in shadow of their drapery, and seldom gets a good light. The original, accounted by many the finest painting in the world, was painted for Bologna, where Raphael long lived, and where now it holds the position of honor in the Academy of Fine Arts. St. Cecilia was and is the patron saint of song. In her case one may scarcely tell where history and legend blend. As best we can learn, she did live in the third century, and thus far tradition must be true; probably, also, she suffered martyrdom, of some sort, and may have died, singing sweetly, as the

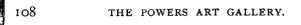


legend affirms, for the church of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere, Rome, is said to contain the treasured remains of her husband and herself; but that she was thrown into a bath of boiling water, as punishment for embracing Christianity, and came forth without injury, is open to doubt.

As here seen, St. Cecelia is the central figure of a group of five, she being surrounded by the four patron saints of Bologna—St. Paul, St. John, St. Augustine and Mary Magdalene. A faint aureola surrounds the head of each. The strong, typical face of Paul is bent downward, as if in profound meditation; John's womanly countenance looks toward the manly features of Augustine, as if in sweet expectancy; Mary Magdalene stands in an attitude of patient adoration, and St. Cecilia, with a "regal in her hands, is listening, in ecstatic rapture, to angelic music from a heavenly choir chanting above her head.

SOME MURILLOS.

Murillo, the greatest Spanish painter, delighted in color, almost as did Titian, and spared none of it in his most spiritual themes. His Madonna and Child (No. 13), hanging near the door of entrance, is in marked con-



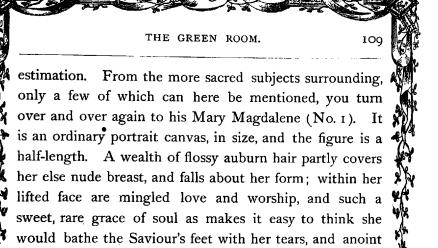
trast with that of Raphael, previously described; for here the Mother is a brilliant, glowing figure, the very opposite of that subdued, spiritulized form, and the child seems just ready to spring from her arms with sprightliness. This is commonly called "The Virgin of the Napkin," since Murillo is said to have painted the original upon a napkin, when begged by the cook of the Convento de la Mercu for some memorial of his brush.

The children of the Shell (No. 31), is the somewhat fanciful name of Murillo's representation of St. John as a babe in the wilderness—a purely legendary portrayal.

In the Annunciation (No. 28) Murillo is seen at his very best. Gabriel has just brought to Mary tidings of the incarnation of Christ. He kneels before her, and as she, also kneeling, receives with thankful humility the wondrous words, a troop of cherubs fill the upper air with joy. Gabriel's face is one of rare beauty, and Mary's looks as one readily believes she might of whom the Christ was born.

TITIAN'S MAGDALENE.

As a colorist, and a delineator of the human form. Titian surpassed all other of the old Masters, in common

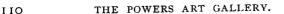


OTHER NOTABLE PICTURES

Gallery in Florence.

It must be remembered, however, that the Magdalenes of the painters follow in identity the old legends of the church, and that this is the Mary, sister of Lazarus, whom Jesus loved, and not, as the narrative signifies in Luke, a woman of the town. The original is No. 67 of the Pitti

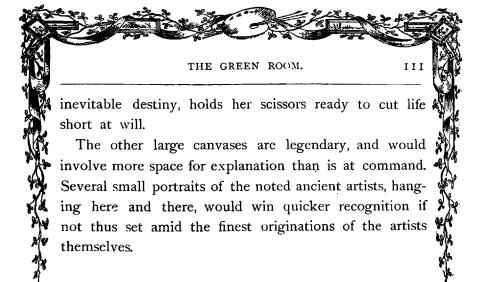
On a line with the Madonna of Raphael, and close by it, is another—Adoration (No. 37), by Carlo Dolci, the original of which is in the Gallery of the Corsini Palace in Rome. The Virgin has here just discovered the divinity of her infant son, and bends above him in a



pure, delightful, awesome surprise, conscious of an unexpected sacredness in maternity through being mother of the God-Child every Jewish mother craved.

Yet another Raphael hangs upon this wall, but in a higher line. The Transfiguration (No. 45) is a small copy of the upper half of the renowned fresco-painting in the Vatican, and represents all that Raphael himself executed of that immortal work. A copy of the entire painting hangs elsewhere, but in that this marvellous upper half is less effective than in this; and who cares to see Christ's Disciples trying vainly to cast a devil out of the lunatic boy, at the mountain's base, when on the mountain's crown is seen the Christ Himself, radiant in transfiguring light?

The original of The Three Fates (No. 7) was painted by Michael Angelo about 1550, and is in the Gallery of the Pitti Palace. Unlike its neighbors, it is not commemorative of Christian legend or history, but of heathen mythology. According to this, the Fates were three daughters of Erebus and Nox, and presided over the birth, life and death of mortals. Clotho holds a distaff, from which the thread of being begins to run; Lachesis twists the thread between her fingers; and Atropos,

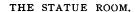






THE STATUE ROOM.

ROM the Green Room and its half-somber atmosphere, you look through the open doorway west into the utmost warmth and luxury of crimson light. Entering, the mellow splendor of the Statue Room surrounds you, like a sunset glow. On three sides the walls are covered more than half their lofty height with garnet plush, making a dado of prodigal breadth and richness; above this is a plain surface of bright gold bronze, superb in its effect; and this is surmounted by a broad frieze, singularly striking in design and lavish of pigments. The fourth side is occupied largely by a huge window, fronting on Main Street, its triple arch crowned with heavy garnet lambrequins, bordered by gold fringe, its wide casings covered with damask like that above. A lower arched niche fills out the remaining wall space each side the wide window, with a crimson-curtained oriel gleaming near its top; and meeting these two lesser arches are other two on either side, one above the other,



rich in plush drapery, and reaching to the oriental ceiling overhead.

This ceiling has more warmth and brilliancy than any other in the Gallery. In it, and in the splendid frieze, Mr. J. W. Miller—who has been in Mr. Powers' constant employ since 1876, and to whose skill and taste the Gallery owes all its artisticness of decoration—gave free course to his love for high lights and vivid combinations. Crimson, buff, black and gold are lavished upon it, in designs quite Moorish in effect if not in character. All the color was laid on by handwork, in oil, and therefore is unfading. Below it glows the carpet, in similar tints of red and black and gold.

THE STATUARY.

Several minor marbles once in place here have been scattered about in other apartments, but enough of sculpture remains to delight any lover of statuary. The work most popular, possibly, is Love's Mirror. Many visitors to the Centennial Exhibition will remember it as among the finest productions there. Sculptors generally seek to compact and unite the several parts of their design, as much as may be, but here, with no seeming



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THE POWERS ART GALLERY.

regard for difficulties or danger, the artist has spread out delicate limbs and slender carvings at will. His idea is at once manifest. Cupid, the tricksy sprite, holds up a mirror for one to look in who just begins to be conscious of her charms. As love's first lesson commences with vanity, the god of love appears mischievously eager to note the progress made by her; and the expression of both is inimitable. For mechanical daring and artistic beauty, this group by the Roman sculptor, Papotti, cannot be surpassed.

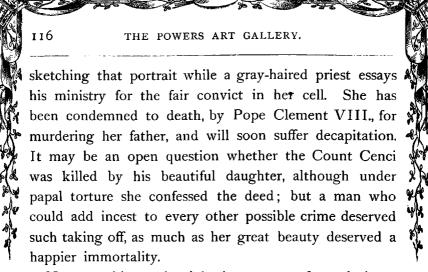
The West Wind, by Gould, of Florence, is a life-size female figure, breasting a strong gale. Her form is lissome, her pose admirable. The thin drapery that wraps her round half conceals and half reveals her grace. In spirit and life and charm she is less marble than positive flesh and blood.

The Genius of Art, by Papotti, is very striking in conception. Here genius is embodied in a young, boyish figure, alert, sensitive, expectant, stretching forward from the top of a broken, upturned Corinthian column, as if to catch the very inspiration of the future. You will rarely see so much animate being leaping out of the inanimate stone, as when you study this statue.

THE BLACK ROOM.

A DJOINING the Reception Room on the north, and reached through a heavily draped doorway, up a short flight of steps, is the Black Room. It is fitly designated, although nothing funereal awes you as you enter. Not large, and rather irregularly shaped (its front being wider than the rear), it yet holds over thirty pictures, and is exceeding rich in appearance. Three mirrors fill the rear wall, as to breadth; the front wall, which they reflect, is occupied by the two large arched, Mansard windows, still more sumptuously draped in similar material; the side walls are simple black; and overhead, the ceiling is mellow in different shades of buff and gold.

Of the originals in this room, you see first Beatrice Cenci in Prison (No. 47), it being almost opposite the entrance. Beatrice's portrait is copied from the well-known painting by Guido Reni; and here, as depicted by Leonardi (an artist now living in Romo), Reni is



Next to this, on the right, is a canvas of equal size—Marratti's Holy Family (No. 50), copied by Romanelli. We get scarce a glimpse of Christ's life, in Scripture, from earliest infancy until he was twelve years old; but painters have tried to picture that life in Holy Families without number. This shows Zacharias and Elizabeth offering fruit, and is known as the Virgin with the Cherries. It is full of bright color.

Facing these, upon the opposite wall, is The Conception (No. 56), by Murillo, the original of which hangs in the Royal Gallery of Madrid. The great Spanish artist won his greatest distinction by producing this; and the copy, by Leonardi, is a painstaking reproduction of

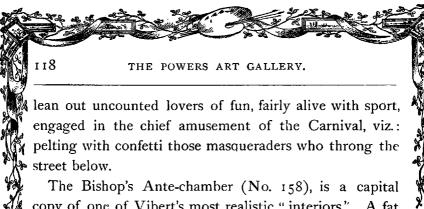


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Murillo's best work. Its portrayal of the Virgin seems almost a divine inspiration.

Five other copies from Murillo are seen here, the originals of which all have place in the Old Royal Pinakothek at Munich. They are companion pieces, and of a popular character as to themes, quite unlooked for in him who so sedulously painted Madonnas and Magdalenes, and other sacred personages. Two Beggar Boys Eating Fruit (No. 359), Two Street Boys Eating Melon (No. 360), Two Beggar Boys Playing at Dice (No. 361), and Two Beggar Girls Counting Their Money (No. 362), show a humorous perception of the picturesque in common life, while the Old Woman and Boy (No. 363) is eloquent of troubles that even an uncrowned head falls heir to in parts of Europe. Murillo knew that there are things hidden in this world, which can be searched for successfully only with a fine-tooth comb.

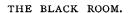
Some of the lesser canvases are worthy special note. The Carnival in Rome (No. 125), by Pagani, a Roman artist, has remarkable finish, and is a fine specimen of modern figure painting as well as a vivid illustration of the great Italian holiday. From balconies and windows



copy of one of Vibert's most realistic "interiors." A fat Franciscan friar, making soft speeches to a peasantess, a liveried porter whispering to the Bishop's private secretary, an austere Dominican monk, and the Bishop himself, looking in upon the others through the "fermez doucement" door, make up a group seldom surpassed in characteristic portrayal.

A brilliant copy of Guido Reni's Aurora (No. 22), by Mazzolini, will surely fix attention, on account of its vividness and movement if not its theme. It shows the Goddess of the Dawn strewing flowers before Helios, God of the Sun, whose chariot is surrounded by dancing Houris. The original is a fresco in the main hall of the Casino, in the gardens of the Palace Rospigliosi, in Rome. If the color there matches the brightness here, what a strong, fresh piece of wall painting it must be.

The Meeting of the Pope and the King (No. 124), is a modern historical picture, painted by Pagani. It rep-



resents Pope Pius IX. and Ferdinand II., King of Naples, meeting at the ancient seaport of Antium. Opposite hangs a piece of ancient history—Henry III. and the Duke of Guise (No. 119), mortal enemies, meeting (1588) in front of the Chateau de Blois, wherein Henry had sought retreat. This painting by Comte, a French artist, is in marked contrast with the brilliant canvas by his Roman compeer, which faces it. An episode of still more ancient history is memorialized in Joseph and Potiphar's Wife (No. 157), where a woman none too handsome is laying hold of a youth not sufficiently willing, who strives to get away. But that is Joseph's side of the story. Potiphar's wife put it differently.

As you turn to leave this room the Watch Dog (No. 389) confronts you in one corner. Resting on the floor, he looks at you from out his kennel in a very watchful way indeed.





THE DRAB ROOM.

NE realizes, in the subdued gray tones prevalent here, a softened, chastening influence, very restful. Wall tints, furniture, floor, door and window draperies, all harmonize. There is little pronounced color, save on the blue ceiling above, in the blue velvet drapery borders, and on the canvases so abundant; and many of these latter are marked by mellow Italian skies, and a tranquil atmosphere of peace. Something in the character of this room makes me feel, whenever I enter it, as I feel on looking into the serene face of a pious nun, or of a sweet-souled, white-haired Quaker matron.

Yet there are figures on these modest walls that might make Quaker modesty blush. Looking out from its soft gray drapery over the door of entrance, is Le Bouton de Rose (No. 387), a life-like female bust, leaning forward with a rose in one hand, bare arms and breast as vividly pictured as the flower; while opposite, similarly placed above the door-way, as if parting the curtains of a balcony, La Confidance (No. 388) leans out—two other female



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figures, superbly drawn, and not less pronounced in flesh tints.

The novel arrangement of these two canvases is startling; but much more so is The Wife of Rubens (No. 442), copied from the famous panel by that artist in the Belvidere Gallery at Vienna. This is a full-length, life-sized portrait of a woman, almost entirely revealed by dropping off the robe that had been round her. pose is open to criticism, and her nudity will shock unaccustomed sensibilities; but the flesh painting here seen is wonderfully fine.

On the same wall are several Venetian pictures, accurately representing present scenery in Venice or earlier features of Venetian Life. The familiar Rialto (No. 238), by Canaletti; the grand Church of St. George (No. 64); the less known Church of the Salute (No. 192); and the Doge's Palace (No. 61), comprise an interesting group.

Near them is the Marriage of the Sea, at Venice (No. 67), which spiritedly depicts an ancient Venetian observance. A segment of the harbor, surrounded by palaces and other buildings, is fairly alive with gondolas, gaily decked for holiday festivities. On the wharf in the foreground scores of people are gathered, looking at the



grand state galley so conspicuous. The scene portrayed is a strange one, and to understand it you must recall the fact that in early times a custom, religiously kept, required the annual celebration of the espousal of Venice to the Adriatic. On Ascension Day of each year the Venetian Republic observed this, as a national duty. With magnificent pomp, the ruling Doge was taken to the harbor's mouth, where he threw a ring into the sea. Splendid state galleys were from time to time constructed, to give glory to the rite; and the gilding on the last of these is said to have cost \$40,000. This is the one represented in the picture. It was built in 1725, and destroyed in 1797, when the French took possession of Venice. That ended the marriage of the sea, save as here memorialized.

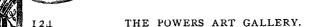
Another characteristic canvas is The Regatta (No. 69), in which several single-oared gondolas, such as were common in Venice years agone, are having a race upon the Grand Canal. Its gondoliers impress you as having strength and skill. The Piazetta (No. 68), shows the little square of St. Mark by moonlight. Looming up darkly on the left appears the west facade of the palace of the Doges; in the foreground rise two graceful granite



columns in clear relief; beyond, across the mole in the distance, you see the Church of St. George.

The large mythological picture prominent above these Venetian scenes, was copied from a fresco by Caracci, on the ceiling of the great hall of the Farnese Palace in Rome. It is the marriage of Ariadne with Bacchus, drunken Silenus heading the rampant, half-dressed parade.

On the wall opposite are some paintings more agreeable as to theme, and of an order quite different from those thus far noted in this room. The Penitent Magdalene (No. 24), fixes attention first. A fair-faced, fair-haired woman reclines in easy attitude within a cave. A robe of blue enraps her form, but feet and shoulders She studies an open book. A sad sweetness marks her lovely countenance. The early church legends made Mary, sister of Lazarus, the "sinner" who wiped our Saviour's feet; and according to those legends she, with Lazarus and Martha, and the blind man restored to sight, was set adrift upon the Mediterranean, shortly after the crucifixion of Christ, in a boat without sails, rudder or oars. They were wafted at length into Marseilles, and there did wonderful work as preachers and teachers; but Mary, always bewailing her early sins, soon



retired to a cave, where she lived the life of a *Penitente*, ministered to by angels, and borne to heaven by them in due time.

On a higher line hang four medium-sized canvases, worthy of study: The First Snow (No. 355); The First Cigars (No. 356); The Sled Maker (No. 357); and The Guest of the Convent (No. 358). The first will be generally best liked, and is a very gem. A father has brought his babe and a cunning three-year-old to the door, to see the wonder of the first snow-fall. The manifest surprise and delight of the older child are admirable; you can fairly feel it quiver, underneath the outspread apron, as it quickly catches breath.

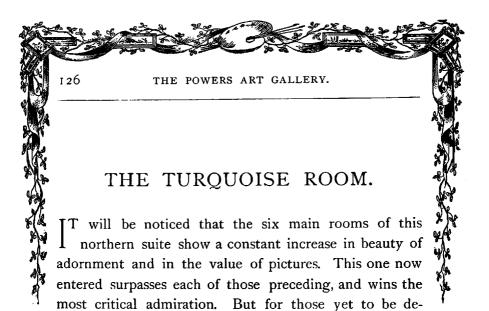
Children carrying a Garland of Fruit (No. 354), is a copy from Rubens, and represents one of the brightest and liveliest of the fifty paintings by that master in the Munich Gallery. A very spirited original is The Alarm of the Pets (No. 372), by V DeVos, of Brussels, in which three house dogs, who have been in mischief, hearing footsteps, have sprung up and stand watching for the expected reproof.

A group of water-colors occupies the end wall, opposite the windows. They are designated An Ancient



Chariot Race (No. 421), Pursuit of Fame (No. 422), The Holy Family (No. 423), and The Building of the Pyramids (No. 424). No. 422 is poetic in spirit, and bold in treatment; the painting from which No. 423 was copied is owned by Miss Wolf, in New York City, and is very valuable.

Space will permit mention of but one more painting here—Speckbacher and His Son (No. 443). It is doubtless the best canvas in the room, being a reproduction of Franz Defregger's masterpiece, in the national museum of Innspruck, painted under the supervision of Speckbacher was a noted Tyrolese Defregger himself. revolter in 1809. His young son joined a company of sharpshooters, against paternal will, and was so fortunate, soon, as to shoot an eagle on the wing. By all Tyrolese custom this feat made the lad "king of the shooters," and as such he is brought before his father and other leaders, at an inn, where the eagle's plumes, and the plea of the old man who escorts him, win fatherly forgiveness. canvas is thickly peopled, and every figure is vividly portrayed.



Its walls are painted a dark green. The one window is hung with velvet plush to match. The two door-ways are heavily draped with the same, relieved by heavy fringe and bordering of brown and gold. The Saxony carpet on the floor makes velvet greenness under foot. Green and olive upholstering covers the furniture. It is the Turquoise Room, very decidedly.

scribed, I should speak of it as superlatively rich.

But there is a variegation of color, notwithstanding. The ceiling overhead glows down in vivid tints upon the green beneath—a ground of blue, hidden, almost, under silver parallelograms, starred by Maltese crosses in pink and gray, which are centered by brilliants of garnet and



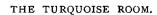
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emerald. And all over the field so diversified as to figure and hue, yet so harmonious in tone, are scattered garneteyed stars of gold, that glisten with novel effect. this superb ceiling a broad, resplendent frieze makes down the walls, painted in brown and green, and blue and gold; glittering with points of diamond light, as if the artist had flaked it with lapidary's dust, profuse in crystal fragments; liberal in contrasts of color even to extravagance; its designs as original as their treatment, and sufficiently varied, in their real uniformity, to escape appearing monotonous. The style might be called Egyptian, if it were an imitation of any special style. little too florid to pass as pure art, it is, nevertheless, as effective a piece of wall ornamentation as one may find, and makes the room a beauty. Like much of the decoration in which this Gallery abounds, it was evolved from Mr. Miller's own fancy, as he painted on. The dado, which supplements it round the base of the walls, is not less elaborate, though more uniform, its dominant colors being blue, brown and gold, with Chinese figures in black adding life and interest.

There are fewer pictures in this room than in the former ones, but they cost more money. All are originals,



by the best foreign artists, procurable only at a high price. The two chief canvases directly face each other, and are in a double sense opposites. Yet both abound in figures. The Auction (No. 48), by A. Lueben, a Munich artist, is strong with German individuality, and • the twenty-one men and women portrayed are typical of every-day life. They stand or sit in an old curiosity shop or auction room, in attitudes as varied as their dress, their faces marvelously different and expressive, their surroundings as remarkably painted as are they. Two men loiter by an open doorway on the right, and one lights his cigar. Two women sit in front of these in eager converse. A half-dozen of both sexes have position to the left and back, intent upon the central group—four persons busily inspecting a ring, while a fifth holds up. for all to see, a robe with red interior, rather the worse for wear (the worst side towards him), and the old auctioneer sits with uplifted mallet, waiting for his bids. Behind him, on the left, wait two women of a richer class, in conversation with a third who may, perhaps, be mistress of the place. Across the foreground is an array of bright rugs and old books, and miscellaneous bric-abrac, as wonderfully painted as are the people, and

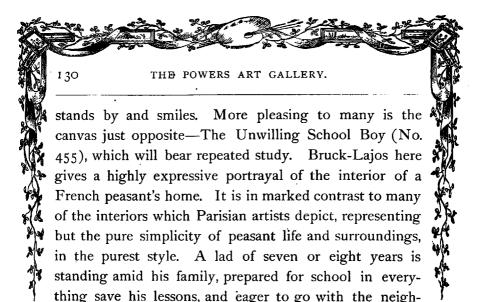


adding brightness and spirit to a singularly spirited scene.

The vis-a-vis of this depicts a bit of court life vividly, and is remarkable for high color, and perfection of detail. Une Repetitione de la Tragedie de Mirame chez le Cardinal de Richelieu (No. 477), is by Adrien Moreau, and shows an actor declaiming before the Cardinal and his court. All the fourteen figures are costumed in the richest style, Richelieu's Cardinal robes of crimson contrasting picturesquely with the white and blue of those about him. The actor's pose is finely dramatic, and the listening earnestness of all gives emphasis to the words we do not hear. All the back-ground is palatially elegant.

One of the best easel pictures is School Recess (No. 436), by J. A. Degrave, a pupil of Gerome, in which four "little tots," sitting on a bench, are eagerly striving to possess a jumping jack in the hands of a fifth, who is the only satisfied one in the group. This realistic little canvas is as amusing as it is artistic.

The Prince's First Ride (No. 471), is by Fritz Neuhaus, of Dusseldorf, and represents his little Highness on the bent back of the court jester, while a gratified maid



The Proposal (No. 326), and The Musical Rehearsal (No. 414), hang on either side the great mirror at the rear end of the room, framed in its green and gold. The woman's face in the former suggests some lover more preferred. The latter is a French interior of elaborate texture, but not so gratifying as No. 455

boring children who wait for him at the open door.

those peasant women have.

is being questioned from an open book, by mother or aunt who sits beside the table, and, realizing his inability to answer, he becomes a very statue of despair. The figures about him are drawn with charming facility, and you may search long before meeting sweeter faces than



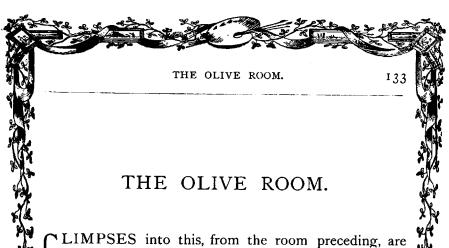
Exquisite beyond words is The Reading (No. 367), by Meyer von Bremen, most noted now of all the German painters. It is a small easel canvas, and shows one young girl, sitting by a stand, who has dropped her knitting to enjoy the portly volume that she holds. She hears you coming, and looks up in half-expectant wonder. Across her flaxen hair and ruddy arm the light falls cheerily from the window behind her, where sundry pot plants bloom, and a caged bird has but just ceased singing. Her face is as perfect in drawing as a photograph, and the lights and shadows are handled with most dainty art.

The Card Players (No. 435), by Anton Seitz, is another and much smaller easel picture, which cost many times its weight in gold. It is also an interior, but a group, painted with the utmost carefulness of detail. Near it, upon the wall, and almost eclipsing it in superabundance of color, is yet another interior—The Unwelcome Visit (No. 417), by Carl Hoff, of Dusseldorf—a liberal canvas, wrought over in the very highest realistic way, its three figures surrounded by the most ornate appointments of a fashionable drawing-room.



But the climax of artistic power is revealed in The Hungarian Draft Horses (No. 366), by Adolph Schryer, of Frankfort. The whole force of this artist's genius seems bent on delineating the abnormal and malformed in the horse species; and he has studied equine anatomy as probably no other painter ever did. In this production seven horses, drawing a heavy load through the forest road, are pulling, as might be said, "for all they are worth." True, they do not appear to be worth much, and you would not give much for them, perhaps, but they cost Mr. Powers enough to buy a small farm, and two large farms could not buy them.





full of allurement. It shows a plethora of pictures; but before looking at these you stop to admire the exquisite taste and elegance of its adornments. Even the ornate splendor of the Turquoise Room seems excelled by the velvet richness here.

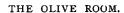
Above the half-Turkish carpet is a broad surface, with a border of bright maroon plush, out of which rise beautiful ferns and royal peacock feathers, in dainty blending against a ground of gold. The walls are painted a soft olive tint, delicious to tired eyes, and are crowned by a tasteful frieze which complements the ornamentation at their base. The ceiling is frescoed in blue and olive, decked out with red and green fern leaves in admirable profusion. About the doors, window and the central mirror, are magnificent hangings of olive and maroon plush, brightened by bordering of blue. Four broad and



high mirrors reflect the varied beauties all about. Beneath one of them is an elegant marble fire-place and mantel, in black and gilt.

The paintings here are so numerous and so excellent, that more space should be devoted to them than is at command. Only the more noteworthy can be mentioned, as in rooms previously passed through, and many, that deserve particular notice, may receive no word of recognition.

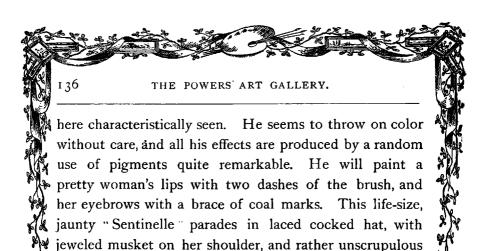
The one sure to be first observed and admired is The Favorite of the Pasha (No. 365). It is the largest canvas, and the most striking. It holds the place of honor, and lights up superbly in a strong afternoon reflection, or by the electric lamp at night. The Queen of the harem reclines on a divan, reading a book. Her drapery is of the gorgeous oriental kind—blue and white and gold; the cushion supporting her is of deep green; by her side upon a little table are a cup of smoking tea, a tall ewer from which it may have been poured, and a bit of scarlet wrapping thrown aside. The figure is lifesize, and such as a Pasha might well fancy. Cleopatra could have posed for it, assuming Cleopatra to have been all she was represented. A queer little velvet cap crowns



the low-browed beauty's head, from which you might as easily remove it as—as you could clasp the marvelous hand and arm that the canvas barely holds captive. You would guess that a Parisian painted this, and experts would as quickly guess his name to be Edouard Dubufe.

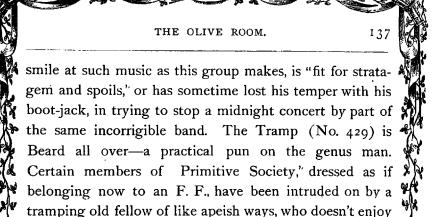
There are some animal pictures here of exceptional merit, in which department thus far the rooms have been meagerly supplied. Driving out the Flock (No. 153), by Giuseppi Palazzi, is unconventional in composition, and highly artistic in effect. It portrays the opening of a sheep-fold, in the early morning, out of which comes the flock, drawn with spirit and life. The dark, gloomy looking trees in the fore-ground, and the glimpse of smiling country which is had through these, afford a contrast very beautiful. Better than this, perhaps, is Cattle on the Meisenger Lake, near Munich (No. 380), from the brush of Frederick Voltz, whose name guarantees its value. The cattle are good enough to make up an entire canvas, but though the canvas is not large, there are other excellences in it than these.

A figure certain to be looked at, if less sure of admiration, is La Sentinelle de Louis XV. (No. 136). The method of Romako, a Roman artist who painted it, is



witchery in her eyes. Examined too closely, she is painfully a product of paint, but "distance lends enchantment to the view," and makes her coquettishly handsome.

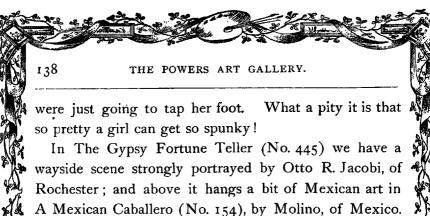
Foreign artists do not have a monopoly of the Olive Room, nor is it given over altogether to conventional themes. William H. Beard, our native humorist in oil, has two canvases here. His Voices of the Night (No. 428) causes every one who beholds it to smile. I think it his most amusing picture, not forgetting that larger one of the Bears on a Bender. Two frogs lift their heads from a pool, about which is a section of stone coping. On the coping's very edge, next the water, are six big bull frogs of the largest sort, open-mouthed for sounding low C. And ranged above these are four cats and four owls, each uttering his best notes, while back of them are five dogs baying at the moon. The man who wouldn't



Finely shown, upon an easel, The Reprimand (No. 432) wins every visitor. Eastman Johnson has here demonstrated that an American may fairly meet foreign artists in their chosen field of *genre* painting. He so concentates your interest upon the two figures, that not much is thought of their surroundings; yet the rude apartment is very realistic, and the fire-place and liberal chimney are sketched exceedingly well. Nothing could be more perfect than the old man and the young girl, each a study in expression most unique. The girl has been disobedient and the old man is administering reproof, to little purpose. Her attitude and look indicate smothered rebellion; she seems, as I once heard a lady say, "as if she

being ordered out, and whose "Go when I'm a min' ter"

would have stirred a fellow feeling even in Darwin.



wayside scene strongly portrayed by Otto R. Jacobi, of Rochester; and above it hangs a bit of Mexican art in A Mexican Caballero (No. 154), by Molino, of Mexico. It well pictures a Mexican cavalier of the Aztec country, riding a gaily caparisoned black horse, both beast and master proud of their appearance. Another out-door portraiture, by an artist this side the sea, is The Old Beaux (No. 308), by R. De Elorriaga, of New York. It is painted very painstakingly.

Accounted of special value, The Misfortunes of War (No. 369) will bear close scrutiny. It is a populous interior, in reminiscence of the way they collected war taxes in olden times. Its author, H. Tenkate, put both skill and conscience into his brush. Another interior, painted with similar care, and more pleasant in theme, is The Tailor's Workshop (No. 416), by a Venetian artist, Van Haanen. It is hung poorly to show for all that is in it.

There are several dainty canvases, almost lost amid the larger ones, which, when once really observed, are sure of

repeated notice. Of these may be mentioned The Tea Party (No. 330) and The Toilet (No. 331), by J. E. Reyntjens, of Brussels. Opposite hangs a larger pair, also noteworthy—Lost in the Desert (No. 390), and Camp in the Desert (No. 392), by C. De Hageman, of Paris. Their treatment is individualistic and effective. Hanging on the same wall is a still larger canvas, the effect of which is somewhat similar to that of the last two—The Return of the Foragers (No. 375), by Ditterman, of Berlin. Snow fills all the air, and so keen and biting does it seem that if you look long enough at it, you may begin to shiver.

Probably the oldest canvas here is Representations of Game (No. 161), in which specimens of still life are admirably delineated. It was obtained from an old collection, and the author is unknown.

The pretty marble bust of Joy (No. 487), which has place on a pedestal in front of the central mirror, was wrought by Thomas Ball, an American Sculptor long resident in Florence.



THE MAROON ROOM.

ITS APPOINTMENTS.

THIS princely apartment might with equal fitness be designated The Gold Room. For though its walls are tinted a dark maroon, they fairly gleam with the gilt of massive frames, covering pretty much all their space; the Wilton carpet has a body of old gold, its hue barely modified by the delicate black leaves and vines traced over it; the two high windows and the doorways are splendidly hung with tapestry damask, in which threads of pink and black are nearly lost beneath the gold silk that shapes itself in birds and leaves and flowers, and the ceiling and frieze are so painted, though of many hues, as to reflect a mellow, golden light, made richer yet by the intense blue that bounds the stairway, above the frieze, at one end. And the gold is richly set off by the black,—delicately asserting itself in the carpet and the tapestry, and on the ceiling; more pronounced in the fringes and tasseling, so profuse about doorways and windows; and in strong relief along the base of the walls,



in the handsome easels and chairs, and upon the elegant staircase and balcony.

The rather somber walls would be sufficiently relieved by frieze, and ceiling, and hangings, if every frame and picture were removed. With its half-diamonds, placed alternately point and base down, and bordered with stars of brown and buff, the frieze is a novel and unique bit of Each alternate triangle encloses a black decoration. plumaged bird in flight, surrounded by gilt figure-work; and between these, in each of the other alternate sections. a brown waterfowl stands, amid appropriate leafage, reaching his long neck upward. A pleasant feature of the ceiling is that fine vine of clematis, painted upon the sides of the skylight, its base like a saffron sunset, on which the green of the vine and the purple of the blooms show out in beautiful relief. The draping of the doorways is gothic in design, the high point of each just meeting the frieze; while across the room's front end, the damask hangings rise from the arching windows, and the wide space between, to the ceiling above, in heavy festoons bordered by maroon plush, and looped with heavy cords.

The elegant ebony staircase, that rises beside the door of entrance and runs along the rear end of the room,



although an afterthought in construction, is both an ornament and a convenience. It leads to that portion of the Gallery on the floor above, through a passage royally draped, that opens from the balcony landing. The deep ultra-marine of this half-hallway's walls, above the main room's height, is bordered by a frieze wholly unlike the frieze below, which rises to tints and designs very delicate and pretty on the upper ceiling. A crystal chandelier hangs over the staircase; and from the solid carved newel-post, capped by its costly porcelain vase, springs a gas candelebra of fire-gilt brass, bearing several globes. A massive mirror, lightly framed in black, and set at a slight angle, on the half-landing up four steps, brilliantly multiplies the splendor on every side.

Beneath the stairway stands an automatic Flute Organ, ornamental in its solid mahogany case, and sweetly musical as to quality. In mechanism it is but a smaller orchestrion; in tone it is a monster music box. There are six cylinders for use within it, and pleasant variety is thus insured in its performance.

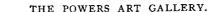
There are three vases in this room, which deserve and attract special attention. They all came from the Tycoon's Palace, Japan, having been exchanged for arms



by the Japanese Government, not long before coming into possession of Mr. Powers. The largest stands by the foot of the staircase, and is nearly four feet high. is a genuine Basket Satsuma, the making of which is now a lost art. Probably the figured designs upon it, in antique coloring, have meanings that could once be interpreted. It cost the present owner seven hundred dollars. The other two vases are mates, and flank the doorway leading north, each on a square pedestal upholstered to match the drapery. They are about three feet high, and larger around than the Satsuma. They are made of copper, inlaid with pearl and other material, innumerable bits of hair-like gilt or gold wire being curled up all over the surface, or in it. They represent years upon years of patient skill, for in each vase may be millions of inlay pieces—you surely will not attempt counting them. It is believed that the like of these can not be found elsewhere in America.

FRENCH ART

Where mention is so justly merited by every picture, it is a difficult task to single out the few to which especial reference can be made. The most prominent canvas is a



Bouguerreau, and squarely faces the entrance. It is affirmed of this artist—who is the most prolific and most famous of living Parisian painters—that among his many pictures, not a poor one can be found. The Little Thieves (No. 420) ranks as one of his purest and best. Bouguerreau excels at drawing and coloring the human form, and delights greatly in nude figures. Here, however, is no nakedness, but the sweet, modest charm of maidenhood. A girl of ten or twelve years is helping another, much younger, off a high wall, over which they have been stealing fruit. A filled basket stands beside the older girl, tempting to even the honest beholder. figures are life-size, and so natural is the little one upon the wall that you half fear her falling, while the curious look of penitence in her pretty face makes you quite forgive the theft accomplished.

In The Italian Spinning Girl (No. 427) French art has chosen a southern theme, well adapted to the strong effects that Parisian artists enjoy. This is also one of the large canvases, and charmingly effective. The dark, almost wild type of beauty which it portrays is as fascinating as uncommon, and the primitive handicraft illustrated heightens the young girl's innocent grace.



She is drawn in easy posture, with garb of picturesque hues, carelessly worn, her ragged blue petticoat just disclosing the bare feet below. In her right hand she holds a distaff of flax, in her left the spinning bobbin. Her ebon hair falls in heavy profusion over a low forehead, and shades the deep black eyes sparkling beneath. This is accounted one of Adolph Pict's best works.

Beside it is one of the Gallery's latest acquisitions—La Danse (No. 511). It is a genre picture of the most elaborate French style, and bears the sign-manual "A. Lesrel, 1881. In it are shown three musicians—two men and a woman—playing for a handsome page to dance, while at the open door stands a fourth figure, looking and listening. The gay costumes are partly rough-painted, in little blotches of color, but the woman's face, and the page's, are smoothly wrought, and with exceeding fineness of touch. As for the roses on the floor, you could stoop and pick them up. There is no better work of the kind on any canvas here

More brilliant in character, yet less pleasing, is the larger composition opposite, entitled The Conqueror Conquered (No. 491). It is likewise a musical sketch; but who shall say whether the bold drummer, at rest



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upon his silent drum, is conquered by the sweet strains of the girl beside him, or by her possibly sweeter face?

In the very front rank of French artists is J. G. Vibert, whose pictures are always small. On one of the easels is one of his smallest and best, The Monk's Diversion (No. 482). Seated upon a pile of saddle-bags, in a stable, a card-loving monk is playing out his little game with the hostler. Each figure is a study; the hostler intently scanning his "hand," and pondering how to play, the shrewd old monk complacently scanning him. You wonder at the latter's satisfied, complacent look, perhaps, until you observe a card tucked slyly into one sleeve, and another half hidden under his heel. There are strong touches of character in this bit of realism.

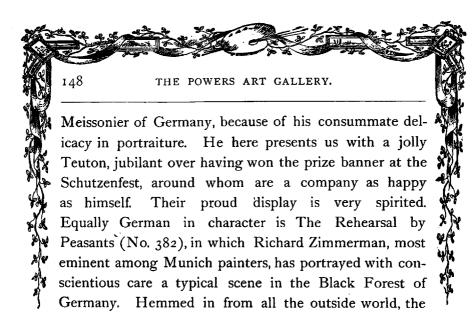
Although the artist's name (George Ferry) is English, A Literary Re-union Under the First Empire (No. 483), another easel picture, is unmistakably Parisian. It shows a populous interior, and among the several figures of men and women, so elaborately drawn and colored, we should look confidently for M'me De Stael, if her literary reputation were not acquired, chiefly, after her banishment from Napoleon's court.

Among the gems here gathered is Marguerite (No. 438), by L. Emile Adan, pupil of Cabanel. With the daintiest art it portrays a scene from Faust—Marguerite kneeling in profoundest grief before Michael Angelo's sad group of the Pieta, while her companions are gathered in gossiping triumph just outside. Clad in purple, the poor girl is as real as was her sorrow; and every feature of her surroundings is as carefully wrought as she.

Another of Vibert's gems, smaller even than this, and more intense in color, is Rehearsing (No. 439.) Here a red-robed monk is playing, but in holier fashion; he plays a bass-viol, and is quite absorbed in the occupation. It would be impossible to put more delicacy of touch, more completeness of detail, and more vivid exqusiteness of coloring into the same space, than Vibert has shown on this dainty canvas, with dimensions not over six inches by eight. Vibert's genius rejoices in small frames and large prices.

GERMAN AND OTHER ART.

Yet another easel picture, though larger than those mentioned previously, is The King of the Shooters (No. 434), by Anton Seitz, of Munich. Seitz is called the



A portraiture catalogued as Vanity (No. 111), is so evidently belied by its name that an error is quickly guessed. It should be known as The Invalid, in which character the lovely creation by Gustavus Mancinelli, of Rome, was drawn. She sits by an open window, a look of mingled weariness and gladness on her face, one arm resting on a cushion. Akin to this in purity of tone and

figures are particularly expressive.

inhabitants of that secluded district have preserved the ancient German characteristics in marked degree, and we have here, therefore, not only an interesting group of home-taught musicians, but as well a faithful picture of common life in Germany in days far past. The central



perfection of treatment is The Princess Elizabeth (No. 431), by Daniel Huntington, chief of American portrait painters, who has rarely if ever done better work than this.

PAINTINGS ON PORCELAIN.

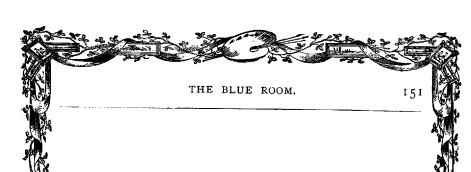
Hanging on the stairway wall, to the left as you pass upward, are several porcelain pictures, so delicate in tone, and so exquisitely soft in finish, that the uninitiated marvel how they could have been produced. Painting on porcelain is an art scarcely practiced in this country, but carried to the very climax of effect by a few artists abroad. In Munich they make a specialty of porcelains, and all these came from there.

Porcelain plates are prepared with great labor and special care, from the finest and purest clays, and are then burned from twenty-four to forty-eight hours in the highest white heat. The pores in them are then filled, and their surface is glazed, by a paste made chiefly of powdered quartz and feldspar, fused or melted on them by heat a little less than that in which they were first placed. With paints made of a paste of powdered glass, variously colored by metallic oxides, and fusing at a still



lower temperature, the picture is then painted on the plate, which is afterward subjected to a heat sufficient to melt the glass of the paints. It is through such an ordeal of fire that every porcelain picture passes, and the number that come forth perfect, without fracture, is small in comparison to those put under way. A fine porcelain is therefore the most valuable, as it is the most enduring and beautiful, of all paintings.

The plates here grouped are copied from leading German artists, by the best porcelain painters. Nothing could be more lovely than Psyche (No. 402), from Beyschlag, copied by Horn. The beauty of the art adds wonderful grace and charm to the graceful figure. It is as beautiful as any dream of womanhood; the very soul of beauty hides indeed within the perfect face. The Gypsy Woman (No. 411) is from Teschendorf, by Meinelt, and has a differing yet a positive fascination. Its color is warm and rich; and the deep brunette features portrayed are scarcely less worthy admiration than the more ideal face beside it.



THE BLUE ROOM.

ITS DECORATIONS.

DEOPLE who enter it often, speak of it sometimes as "the Parlor." It is the northeast corner room, upon the Gallery Floor of the Block, and is excellently proportioned for effective decorations and fine appoint-In size it is twenty-four by thirty feet, with high ments. ceilings, like those preceding. It has three doors, one of which is overhung with drapery, and is never opened, and three windows, one of those being a large double mansard, fronting State street, while the other two look out upon the roofs of neighboring blocks on the north, or would if not close covered with drapery. Between these two north windows, and squarely facing the door of entrance, a splendid mirror has place, six feet broad, and reaching almost from the floor to the ceiling. It is an unusually perfect plate of glass, of immense size, and produces a superb effect.



One's first impression on stepping into this room, is of superlative elegance and unimpeachable taste. The luxurious Wilton carpet is of a warm olive hue, in full harmony with the sofas and chairs resting upon it. Above the baseboard is a broad stripe of olive plush, paralleled by a similar breadth of gold, upon which is painted a wreath of many-colored pansies, with sprays of blue-bells; and this rich bordering lifts up beside each door and window and mirror, to meet the heavy lambrequins drooping from above. A deep and sumptuous peacock blue makes rich and regal all the walls, which are surmounted by but a narrow frieze, gracefully outlined in alternate semicircles and squares of luxurious red and gold.

The ceiling overhead is more chaste than any heretofore mentioned, and is marked by a refinement of beauty admirable indeed. A broad border makes clear round its outer edge, and seems to broaden the narrow frieze. Within this border are large parallelograms of light blue, each defined by a slight belt of deeper blue, that also continues diagonally across it; while relieving and separating these are transverse parallelograms of red, nearly covered by illuminative designs in gilt. Inclosed by this



i 53

unique bordering, is an ample center, in wide stripes of grayish blue, very light and delicate, separated by narrower stripes of buff, on which are dainty designs in pink, and green, and blue. Underneath is hung a costly crystal chandelier.

The main window is heavily arched and corniced with black walnut, and upon either side of it two small oriels admit additional light. In each front corner, angling toward the center, is another superb mirror, four feet wide by eight feet high. Heavy cornices in walnut.gilt, crown both of these, and the doors likewise; and hanging low from all are lambrequins of garnet and blue and olive plush, from beneath which droop and trail the sumptuous curtains that form so unique a feature of the belongings here. These curtains are composed of lace and satin, in alternate stripes about six inches wide, each satin stripe being of olive tint, painted in oil from handsome floral designs, and lined with bright blue. They were made and painted in this very room, under Mr. Miller's own hand, and attest his originality, and the resources of his art as a decorator. Given carte blanche to make the Blue Room such a climax of beauty as the rooms preceding seemed to suggest, he spared neither



THE POWERS ART GALLERY.

skill nor means to produce the regal elegance now seen.

The visitor here forgets that he or she is in a public Art Gallery, and feels more as if waiting in a princely private parlor, amid such tokens of culture and taste as wealth and refinement would gather about, for the host Pictures are not too numerousor hostess to appear. as they may almost be regarded in other apartmentsalthough abundant; and their choiceness, their variety, and the additional features of interest, have a fascinating charm not easy to define, and as difficult to resist. You sit down in content, if there be no envy in your soul, and make the peace and luxury of the place a little time your And they have clocks here!" said Emerson once, in a locality where he thought the hours should pass unnumbered. Two or three fancy French affairs keep ticking on amid this quietude, from pedestal or wall, but offer no disturbance. A superb English chime clock breaks the stillness every quarter hour, with its changing notes; and but for this the retreat is serene in its silence, while delicious in its repose.



ITS PAINTINGS.

The canvas first to command attention, amid so much of decorative beauty, is singularly adapted to its surroundings. It holds the place of honor, on the west wall, opposite the large window. The Birth of Louis XIV. (No. 299) is a court scene of the most regal sort, representing, with elaborate detail and avowed accuracy, a palatial "interior" of 1638. It is recorded that "a few days after the birth of the dauphin, the great dignitaries and gentlemen of the King's household were admitted to the Queen's room to pay homage to the new-born heir of the Crown of France." Here you have the splendid tribute, and here you may see who made up the Court of Louis XIII., and Anne of Austria, his wife. These twain are prominent in the picture's left; in the center is borne their baby boy, who five years later was made King of France; on the right, in princely procession, comes a fine array of courtiers, handsome women and knightly men, many of them actual portraits, and all robed in rich and splendid garb. It is as perfect a portraiture as possible of the pomp and magnificence with which royalty surrounded itself two hundred and fifty years



ago. Jaques Leman painted it—one of the great contemporary French artists; and it was secured by Mr. Powers at a cost of about six thousand dollars.

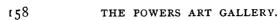
A canvas that excites almost equal interest with this, is Sappho, the Greek Poetess (No. 508), hanging at the right of the great mirror, over one of the covered north windows. It is, I think, the most striking single figure in the Gallery. At top of a flight of steps stands the divinely gifted girl, her slight, graceful form in clear relief against a crimson curtain but partially looped up. small and perfect head is slightly bent forward, leaning upon her uplifted right hand. In her left hand is a lyre, held carelessly downward by her side. Her complexion is a vivid brunette, shadowed by low-drooping hair of black, on which is a jeweled coronet. White lace but barely veils her breast and arms; a golden bodice folds about her waist; and a skirt or robe, of ultra marine blue, tightly fits her form, over which falls a loosely pendant sash of crimson and gold, while folds of purple velvet, broidered with gold, reach forward from behind. Upon the marvellously painted rug or carpet at her feet her blue cap lies, so real that you could stoop to lift and restore it. Ed. Richter, the artist whose wonderful work



this is, is a German, but resident in Paris. He has given us here a Grecian theme under French treatment, with a certain depth of individuality in it that is native to his national art

Companion to this, in a poor light at the mirror's left, is Francisca da Rimini and Paolo (No. 486). It is from the brush of A. Vély, a Parisian artist of uncommon grace and sensitiveness. While the canvas is but of moderate dimensions, there are two figures on it, both full length yet barely half-size. They represent a pair of lovers, in sentimental posture, with no very marked individuality about them. Francisca's face and figure show in clearest relief,—a lithe and slender form, below a face with forehead quite too high to crown a Grecian beauty. But Francisca was Italian, and Paolo, whose darker features rest in Rembrandtesque shadows back of her, was Francisca's guilty Italian lover, as Dante's "Inferno" has it. And both were put to death by Paolo's brother, husband of the handsome girl, who learned the sin committed and avenged his wrong.

A face we like far more than this is Juno (No. 510), that hangs upon the opposite wall. How bright and life-like it is! you may step very close to the portrait and



find it still much more than pigments. It is, indeed, a most effective specimen of smooth painting and of vivid color.

Both the critical and the unversed in art stop admiringly before The Italian Mother at Prayer (No. 419). It
is a large canvas, by Carl Becker, of Berlin, than whom
no other German artist is more popular. In the two
figures (of mother and child) here portrayed he has
embodied his best and most noteworthy characteristics.
They are strong, individual representations, magnetic
with humanity. The woman's costume would win more
than a passing look; her face is full of deep devotional
character, and the latent feeling of her race, and compels
you to pause. Her child, it may be interesting to know,
is the artist's own, and his wife may have posed for its
mother.

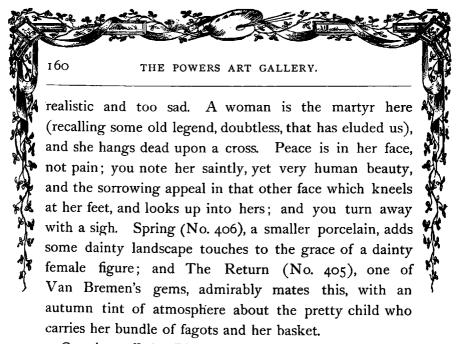
One of the costliest pictures here is The Butcher Boy (No. 425), by Ludwig Knaus, second to none among living German painters. It has place upon an easel, and in its theme would not so readily attract the popular eye as would the others we have named. Part of the great price Mr. Powers paid for it may have gone on the score of Knaus's reputation; yet the critic sees in the



canvas wonderful realism, and the most conscientious detail of art. Simple and single as the one small figure appears, its production required genius, patience, and long study. There is only a youth in a butcher shop, dressed in the garb of his calling, setting a keener edge upon the knife-blade held in his hand. But if you like liver he will cut you some fresh and real in a moment, so alive and real are his accessories and himself.

Another easel canvas is a Meissonier, but not altogether by the Meissonier. The painter of The Actors (No. 509) is Edward Meissonier, nephew of the noted Frenchman whose name makes any picture worth many times its weight in gold. He did the heads of this, it is understood, and well are they done indeed. Few better figures than these, as a whole, are met with, we may add.

There are several porcelains in this room that claim especial notice. The Vestal Virgin (No. 412) after Kaufman by Stadler, stands easily first among these, and is the largest. Could human idealization portray a more exquisitely spiritual face than this? And after painting her could Kaufman love any woman in the flesh? Or was it because he loved, and spiritualized his love, that he depicted her? The Christian Martyr (No. 400) is too



Opening off the Blue Room, and not shown in the Art Gallery Plan given on page 89, is a dressing suite of one large and two small apartments, fitted and furnished very tastefully, and containing several minor pictures.



16 i

BALCONY ROOM AND SUITE.

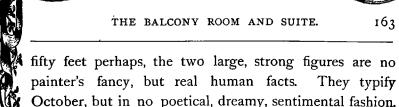
PASS up the handsome staircase in the Maroon Room, and linger a moment on the balcony, looking downward, to your right. The effect is fine indeed, and splendidly unique. But you are tempted through the heavily draped doorway, into the upper Hall or Balcony Room, as fitly it may be termed. You enter it from one balcony, and, turning to your left, look outward through another, into the Rotunda. Formerly this was but a corridor, closed at the southern end; but easy changes made it the long apartment which now is seen, measuring almost one hundred feet from end to end, with its airy outlook in two directions.

Upon the side walls are hung a profusion of photographs and engravings, all of the latter good, some particularly excellent. La Dischesa Della Croce, Le Spasimo de Sicilia, Jerusalem in Her Grandeur, and Jerusalem in Her Fall, are most noteworthy. A large crayon portrait of Mr. Powers has place here, rather hidden in the shadow at the farthest end.



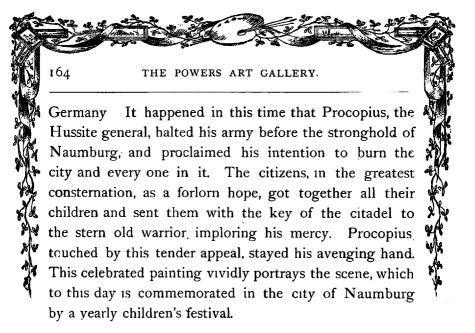
As you walk towards the Rotunda, three doorways open into as many minor apartments to the right, which look out upon the court. They form a pretty suite, furnished rather as dressing rooms. The door and window casings of each are in dead black; the walls and floors harmonize in buff and brown and gold. In one there are no pictures save photographs, and these portray chiefly American scenery—the grand sublimities of Yosemite predominating. Colored photographs and water colors adorn another. The third reveals a multitude of small etchings, uniformly framed, from Murillo and other great and lesser artists. There are exceeding a hundred of these, which, while less attractive to many people than pictures in color, have a special interest for connoisseurs. The ceiling of this latter room is vivid with vines and flowers, and the somber baseboards blossom into prodigal bouquets. In time the other rooms of the suite will doubtless be decorated as beautifully.

Again in the Balcony Room, you face the north, and a startling realism of the canvas. It stands against the northern wall, and reaches, with its massive frame, from floor to ceiling. A window of stained glass throws ample light upon it, and as you gaze upon it, at a distance of



painter's fancy, but real human facts. They typify October, but in no poetical, dreamy, sentimental fashion. It is the husbandman's realization. A man and woman in a naked field, no gold of foliage about them, no flush of sunset sky beyond or above, but only the brown of bare earth, and the blue of a forbidding, wind-swept skythis is the picture. The woman holds a bag, and into it the man pours his basket of potatoes; the man's garb fits the field in color, and the woman's costume well reflects the sky. October (No. 496) is a wonderful piece of figure work, and the whole tone of it, the entire atmosphere, is full of marvelous strength. Hagborg created it.

This portion of the Balcony Room recesses outward, and is made to appear double its real size by two immense mirrors, which cover the east wall. It is tapestried in wine-colored plush, and the mirrors are regally hung with crimson damask, superb in its effect. Upon the recessed wall is The Hussites Before Naumburg (No. 364). John Huss, the great Hungarian Reformer, was burned at the stake in 1415, when his followers took up arms, and for many years were victorious over all opposition, burning and destroying innumerable towns throughout







THE BOUDOIR.

PASSING north from the Balcony Room, through a crimson-draped door-way, you enter the smallest room in the Gallery. It is, moreover, the newest and most novel, as well as the most elegant, in appearance. Another massive mirror faces the entrance, and duplicates the brilliant drapery through which you came. Two windows give it light, superbly curtained with blue satin, bordered with blue velvet, the heavy satin folds painted richly with luxuriant running vines in bloom. The groundwork of the walls is dark blue, to match the hangings, but upon it are fantastic tracings in manyshaded gilt; while regal flowers and vines weave along a chain of golden links upon the light-blue dado above the olive base-board, and rise on either side the solitary picture on each wall.

The ceiling is nearly covered by a superb circular center-piece, on whose broad outer rim of silver are leaves of green and bronze, and within which narrower



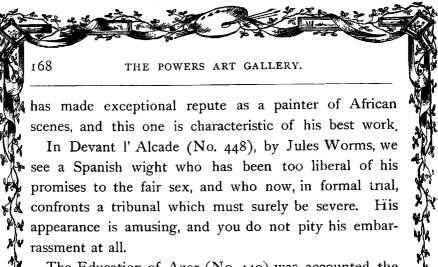
THE POWERS ART GALLERY.

belts of olive and buff shade off to the central star in olive green and gilt. From the circumference, in silver tints and brownish green, branches or spurs of fern and other leafage make toward the star. On two sides of this brilliant figure—that meets the wall upon the other sides—upon a background of blue rather lighter than that of the walls, smaller circular figures appear, in colors less brilliant, but very rich. And looking up to all these, from the blue velvet carpet beneath, are stars of olive and blue, within a luxurious border parti-colored, in which olive seems the dominant hue. Of furniture there is little—a chair or two in ebony and olive, and a pedestal in blue satin and velvet, singularly rich.

Of the four paintings here, the most notable, perhaps, is Interrupted (No. 502). It has two figures, full-size but only half length,—a young woman, sewing by an open window, and a young man whose appearance without has compelled a pause in the work within. The pose of the former is very graceful, and her face as pure as it is lovely. Her fluffy golden hair is so real the breeze could toy with it, and the fabric of her gown is wrought with wonderful fidelity, as is also the bit of scarlet stuff that has fallen in her lap, on which idly rest her surprisingly

life-like hand. The young man's face is effeminate, though poetical, and quite of a Rembrandt cast; his costume shows bright contrasts of color; and his black hat, his deep-dark hair, and his velvet cloak form an effective background for the vivid figure he so evidently admires. Hugh Merle, who painted this remarkable canvas, was acknowledged one of the finest artists in Paris, and his death removed Bouguerreau's chief rival as a colorist.

More striking and original in design than this is On the Roof in Tangiers (No. 507), by Benjamin Constant. Its atmosphere is intensely oriental. A light blue sky beams above the eastern walls and roofs. In the foreground is a Turkish rug, and upon it stands a dark-faced beauty, robed in black and gold, leaning carelessly against a parapet, upon which reclines another, likewise gorgeously appareled, holding some Oriental instrument of music above her breast. Between these two, upon the parapet mentioned, stands a third figure, yet more Oriental in its light, breezy robes of brown and white, looking toward the east; while a fourth face peers out of a window near, and two other figures flaunt their garments on a roof considerably higher up. Constant



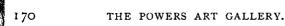
The Education of Azor (No. 440) was accounted the most valuable canvas of the entire Harper Collection, sold in New York, March 30th, 1880. Painted by Leon Perrault, a pupil of Bouguerreau, it has the chief excellences of that master colorist, with none of his frequent doubtful features. Azor is a Spitz dog, whom three young girls are teaching to "sit up," or one is tutor and the other two look on in delighted satisfaction at the progress of their pet. The dog could bark, if he dare, his pretty tutor is as alive and alert as he; and in fact the whole work fairly speaks. And the flesh and fabric painting in it has marvellous finish and effect.



THE GRAND SALON.

IT is but a few steps from the Boudoir and its beauty, to the Grand Salon and its magnificence. The two are separated only by the Balcony Room which, as might have been before remarked, in shape resembles a monster T. You traverse its top to reach the Gallery's culmination of effect, its most superb apartment, rightly reserved for the last. Through an open doorway, draped in richest scarlet plush, you enter and are surprised.

The previous rooms have been regal in appointments, but of modest size; this is princely in all respects. It is, indeed, a salon. In length it falls but little short of a hundred feet; its width is thirty; and it is high enough to preserve due proportions. Twelve tall windows give it ample light—two on each end and eight on the north side. Opposite these latter are five doorways, open or closed; and all the eighteen windows and doors are hung sumptuously in scarlet plush, bordered with white lace. Bronze gilt covers the walls; and the ceiling is in light blue, with belts of cream color, barred with gold. The



carpet is in old gold and wine colors, mellow and a glowing.

This royal room is even more magnificent by night than by day. Then its four massive crystal chandeliers glisten as if starred with diamonds; and its four white electric lights suffuse everything with splendor, which the great mirrors at either end magnificently reflect. There are two of these mirrors on the right of the door of entrance, with one window between them; and from the center of each springs a crystal side chandelier. The apartment's farther end is occupied wholly by its windows and mirrors; and round the frames of the latter are painted brilliant flowers, trailing along their base, climbing their sides, and festooning their tops; a perennial wealth of bloom so real that you fairly miss its perfume.

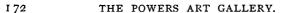
Although the side walls are liberally hung with pictures, the main treasures of this room are congregated upon the floor, where twenty easels stand, with marble statues peopling part of the ample space between, and double chairs, in ebony and plush, invite to lingering and restful admiration. Exquisite grace and rare delicacy characterize the statuary here. Sunshine and Storm are of the finest—companion and contrasted pieces of less



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than life size—the one basking in the sunshine, the other breasting the blast. The former, holding the gleanings of a wheat field in her hand, with joyful life in her face, and grace in every outline and movement, is the living image of the Summer; while the other, scowling at the bleak and bold winds that make so free about her, and striving to hold a feeble show of garments against their force, is the spirit of the storm wind. These little figures, carved in the purest taste and in the purest marble of Carrara, will bring the visitor often back to them. Two Cupids—"Confidence and Treachery"—is a winsome and dainty little group, representing one little innocent asleep, while another, not so guileless, steals arrows from his quiver. The Hunter Boy is also noteworthy for its beauty and alertness; and in the Flower Girl there are real spirituality and sweetness. A marble bust of Mr. Powers greets the visitor here, which was produced in Rome by Popotti, and very faithfully portrays the face of him whose taste and liberality are here revealed.

The paintings in this apartment represent many schools of art, and many nationalities. In variety they surpass the contents of any other room the Gallery numbers; and while some are of minor excellence, not a few come



from famous studies, and glow with the genius of color. Near the door are some animal pictures uncommonly well drawn, The Sheep Cote (No. 418), by Eugene Verboekhofen, having exceptional fidelity to life. It could not be surpassed; and Leading Out the Flocks (No. 347), by De Beul, of Brussels, is not less life-like, while at the same time more brilliant of color.

"El Pelil," the Effigy (No. 337), is by a French artist, and shows the Spanish ceremony of tossing the effigy of Judas on the night before Easter. The locality of the scene is where such a character ought to be fully appreciated. The time is well indicated by the store which the good monk has laid in to break his long lenten fast. This painting is an exceedingly characteristic and well executed work.

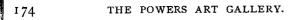
As strong and impressive as any canvas here is The Martyrdom of Merula (No. 298), which one can scarcely gaze upon without pain. Angelus Merula was one of the first who fell victim to the cruel wickedness of Philip II. of Spain. This monarch, fanatically supporting the Inquisition, would have forced it upon the free-spirited Hollanders if he could. At his command Merula, condemned to be tortured and then burned alive, was



brought to the stake, but the rack had been too severe, and death relieved the old man from further misery. He is here shown, limp and almost lifeless, near the fagots kindled for the awful end, while round him gather Philip's minions, and in the background a whole army waits the work commanded. Barend Wynveld, professor in the Academy of Fine Arts at Amsterdam, has in this scene given demonstration of great artistic power.

After such an exhibition of inhumanity, it is pleasant to look upon the serene peace of Morning at Cohasset Cove (No. 474), by Alfred Perkins, of Rochester. Mr. Perkins paints water almost as well as did Gifford, and in this effort he is quite unconventional. A morning mist hangs over the sea. Through it a sail looms up in the middle-distance. Far by the horizon the sun is struggling through the misty haze. On the left is a low beach, and farther off appear some trees. A deliciously cool and peaceful atmosphere broods over it all.

Bright and brilliant to the extreme of glowing color is Coming Ashore (No. 137), in which two Italian figures fairly startle you with their life-likeness. One is that of a tambourine girl, handsome and laughing, borne ashore by the other, a youth as grave and sober as she is merry



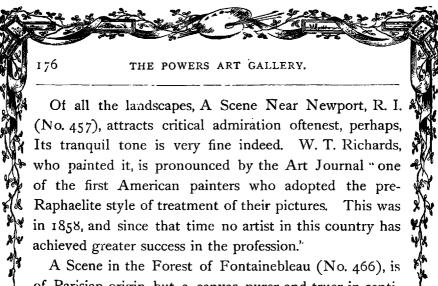
and full of fun. Round and over them is a warm and mellow Italian air.

Of a very different atmosphere is Skating in the Bois de Boulogne (No. 472), where frost and fun are mingled, and the spirit of winter sport enlivens every inch of the canvas. And differing from both remarkably is The Challenge (No. 476), by J. G. Brown, in which an episode of gamin life in New York is vividly depicted. The brave little challengers on the left are all fighting material, whether boy or dog. The other party, more prudent, rather thinks he had better hold on to what remains of the beauty of his pet a little longer. It is a speaking portrayal, and every visitor pauses before it.

There are two or three landscapes on these easers, which have positive merit. Quiet River (No. 481), is from the brush of Edward Gay, whose landscape work is conscientiously wrought out, and with much of poetic feeling. It represents a rural scene of real freshness and artistic coloring. The quiet stream, the path through the fields, the farm-houses nestling among the trees beyond the hills, the blue sky fretted over with fleecy clouds, the cattle drinking leisurely—all combine to make a pleasant impression



In a Shore View on the Bay of Naples (No. 42), we see vividly delineated something of that busy, peculiar shore life that one witnesses and wonders at in all the long ride from Naples around to Vesuvius. Another glimpse of life across the sea is had in the Dutch Kitchen (No. 383), where in-door surroundings are revealed through almost subterranean contrasts of light and shadows. If it were not for the culinary materials and utensils with which the artist has so skillfully ornamented this dark vaulted basement, we might almost imagine it the laboratory of some old alchemist. Not less remarkable for detail than this, yet wholly unlike, is Home for Poor Boys (No. 465), by R. S. Zimmerman, of Munich, which represents one of the many instances of the fostering care exercised by the Catholic Church of the old country over the welfare of the poorer classes. It is a school of the humble arts and trades, from which have sprung many a prospered tradesman, and many a bettered life. Secret Homage (No. 468), is a still more elaborate interior, depicting both the costumes and manners of best society in the last century; with the decorations and artistic designs of the room in perfect accord, the whole forming a picture of singular symmetry and interest.



A Scene in the Forest of Fontainebleau (No. 466), is of Parisian origin, but a canvas purer and truer in sentiment than many French artists produce. A Painter's Studio (No. 460), by C. Seiler, a pupil of Meissonier, is good enough, in its way, to be from that master's own brush. If you admire warm and glowing tints, The Molo or Harbor of Venice (No. 463), will win your repeated inspection. It is purely Venetian in atmosphere, though painted by A. F. Bunner, New York.

Another pleasing scene is A Landscape (No. 399), by Duprè, which has much depth of sentiment, and will repay the second look.

An unusual character study is Peter Kraemer's Portrait of a Monk (No. 450), in which one can fancy there is more of the convent's odor of good living than of the

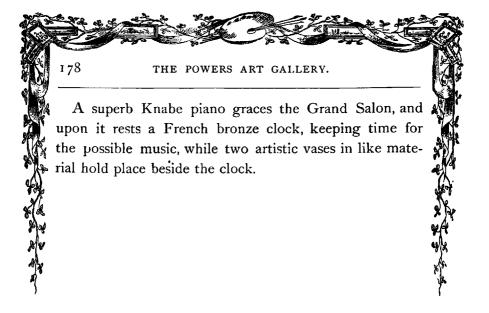


saint's odor of sanctity. Monkish discipline and selfsacrifice are plainer shown in The Recluse (No. 456), which, though a much smaller painting, on a panel, has finer artistic touches, and is quite noteworthy, though its author is unknown.

The Betrothed Couple (No. 462) is of similar size, and superior in attraction. Its two figures are excellently sketched and colored; she demure, modest and reserved; he satisfied, bold, self-congratulatory. Firman Girard, of Paris, painted this.

There are few stronger animal pictures than Sheep in a Storm (No. 464), by August Schenck, Paris, which won the medal at our Centennial in Philadelphia. The spirit and individuality of this canvas make it specially noticeable.

The Old Estate (No. 488) is a large canvas by Edward Gay, whose Quiet River has been mentioned. It may be supposed to represent one of the time-honored manors upon the Hudson, now fast going to decay. It has a breadth of sentiment and a serenity of atmosphere quite pleasing, albeit there is something half pathetic in the almost forsaken appearance of the place







THE SALON SUITE.

ON the left of the Salon, communicating through open doorways heavily draped, are three small rooms, which may be termed the Salon Suite. They are not elaborately decorated, the walls of each being in pale green, while the windows, which open out upon the inner court, are hung only with lace and curtained by shades. There are some paintings of special note in these rooms, and several that claim the quality of great age.

Of the more modern, The Gypsies' Home (No. 129), may be reckoned best. It is a Spanish representation, by an English artist, C. Laren. Sprung from the degraded caste of pariahs in India, the Gypsies have now been among civilized people four hundred and fifty years; yet they are still precisely the same in race and nature as when they first intruded themselves into Europe. They are most numerous in the south of Spain; and are there



compelled by force of numbers to conform themselves somewhat to civilized modes of living. The painter of this remarkably interesting picture seems to have found, in the outskirts of Seville, a place where the Gypsies live in houses, or at least under the open sheds that are adjoining to them.

Much the most ambitious canvas in either room of the Suite is A Dream (No. 135), painted by Jeune Ballavoine, of Paris, for a Russian Prince, for twenty thousand francs. It is very large, very nude, and very Frenchy. In a thicket of sleepy poppies reposes the horn of Morpheus, and out of its white ivory trumpet, rising on the air among the flowers, ascends an etherial form, breaking the chains of slumber from her wrists and seeming to float away like the dream which created her. The drawing seems open to criticism, and the theme borders too closely on the supernatural to be satisying.

A Canal Scene in Amsterdam (No. 318) has all the charm of Holland's quaintness, as seen in this capital city of the Netherlands. Resembling Venice in its network of water-ways, Amsterdam is yet unlike any other town in the world, and this canvas, so elaborately wrought, is fairly photographic. It presents the queer



gables and the otherwise uncommon architecture very faithfully.

Two or three animal sketches win attention. A Cattle Scene (No. 395) is by Enneking, an American artist, but Milking Time (No. 311), by Kooiman, of Brussels, surpasses it in clearness of portraiture and precision of touch. It would be difficult to find anywhere more perfect cows than these which here so contentedly await the hour's demands upon them.

A View near Brest (No. 309) has an atmosphere of delicious summer coolness and peace; Maternal Happiness (No. 79), though a copy, well represents home life in a lowly hut; and an original Van Dyck is found in The Children of Charles I of England (No. 76), representing Charles, William and Henrietta Maria Stuart. Antony Van Dyck died as far back as 1641, therefore this still fresh looking picture is almost two hundred and fifty years old.

Two of the best paintings in this suite are reminiscences of war. The Stragglers (No. 116) has a dark, cold winter sky, beneath which an ambulance wagon plods along through the snow, picking up the straggling soldiers who have dropped out of the regiment supposed



THE POWERS ART GALLERY.

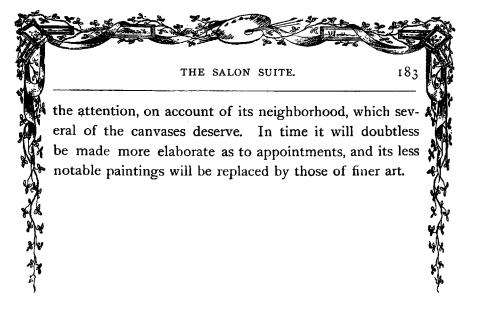
but recently to have passed. This is an excellent copy, by V. Breton, of a powerful work by F Ghenn, another French artist, now deceased.

The Retreat from Moscow (No. 504) is also a winter scene, with an atmosphere not less powerful, and a strength of figure superior to that just mentioned. A grim soldier has seated himself in the snow, and shelters beneath his blanket a younger comrade—perhaps the vivandiere, so fair and handsome is the face—who has fallen exhausted in the race. Misery, pain and the courage of despair are seen in the countenance of this chief figure; and the whole canvas commands lingering study. It was copied from a celebrated original in Europe.

One of the better pictures in this suite is The Morning Toilet (No. 336), by J. Carolius, Brussels, which, though of German origin, is French in character.

A deserving subject is fairly treated in the portrait of Longfellow (No. 505), by J. Tensfield, Chicago; and none who ever met the beloved poet in life will fail to recognize his patriarchal face, as depicted here.

The Salon Suite is at this writing the most modest and retired portion of the Gallery, and scarcely receives





The Powers Hotel.

THE POWERS HOTEL.

STANDING, in part, upon land these many years given over to hotel uses, and near to that on which was reared the first public house in Rochester, the new Powers Hotel will long perpetuate the site as originally dedicated. This vast and splendid edifice, now taking on completion, is all that its name and neighborhood would guarantee. It is located immediately west of the Powers Block, from which it is separated only by a narrow passage way, and with which it is connected by continuous corridors on each story above the ground floor. It has a frontage of one hundred and sixty feet on West Main street, with an average depth of like amount facing on North Fitzhugh street. Its height is six stories, with two corner pavilions, and one in the center, of seven stories.

The Powers Hotel was begun in the summer of 1882, and its erection pushed with unusual enterprise throughout the succeeding fall and winter. Like the Block, it



THE POWERS HOTEL.

has an immense basement, with extensive mechanical facilities. Above this are stores, upon the ground floor, the hotel entrances, the Exchange, office, reading room, café, etc. Upon the second floor are the parlors, the dining rooms, the culinary apartments, and all the regular equipments of a first-class caravansary; while above these, throughout the remaining upper stories, are a long array of rooms, single and *en suite*, luxurious in appointments, and unsurpassed by the best metropolitan establishments.

The open court, around which the edifice is erected, above the first story, is fifty by seventy-two feet in dimensions, and yields ample light and ventilation. The principal staircase makes up from the Exchange, at bottom of this court, to the second story, and is of marble. From the second floor to floors above two heavy iron stairways lift, with intermediate landings in each flight; and two hydraulic elevators reach from basement to roof, one carrying passengers, the other freight.

There are three dining rooms, the main one fifty by ninety feet; and sixteen and a half feet high, with white Italian marble floor; off this a private dining room, eighteen by twenty feet, and the ordinary, thirty by thirty-

