

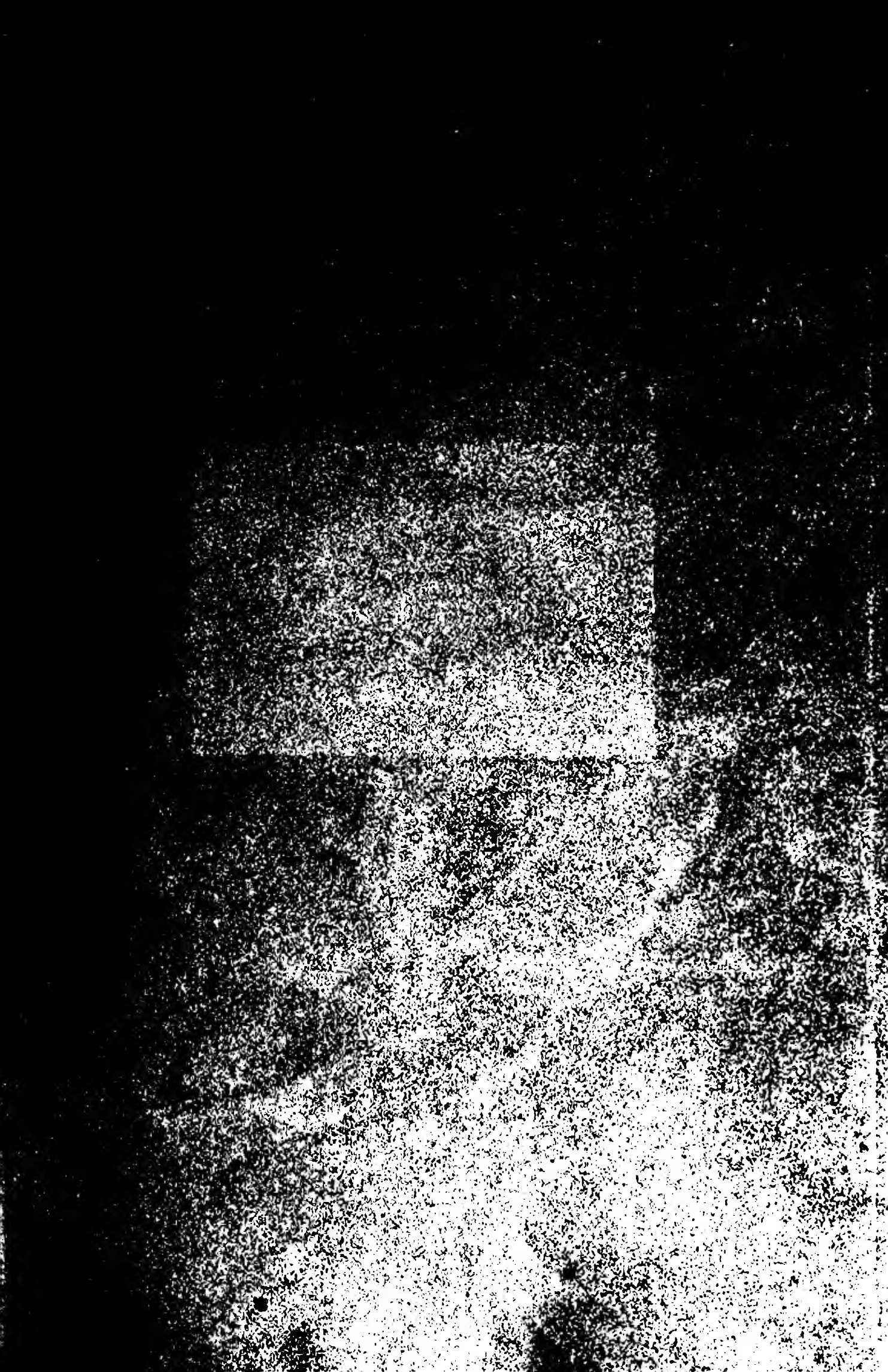
SALON

OF

1896







HOLLAND EDITION



BOUSSOD, VALADON & C.

PARIS & NEW YORK

SALON OF 1896

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

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N^o 



HERZ-GEISTLICH JACOBEL

WILL IT BE FINES?

JEAN-GUSTAVE JACQUET

“WILL IT BE FINE?”

THIÉBAULT-SISSON

~~~~~

GOUPIL'S

PARIS SALON OF 1876

One Hundred Plates—Photogravures and Etchings

AND

ONE WATER COLOR FAC-SIMILE

BY

GOUPIL & C<sup>o</sup>

11, rue de Valenciennes, PARIS



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# THE SALON

IN THE

## CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

**I**F we are to believe the critics in the daily papers—or at any rate the greater number of the critics—the Salon of 1896 is amorphous, no new tendency is to be discerned in it, and the only characteristic to note would be the same as that stamped on former Salons, a singular want of coherency.

We cannot subscribe to this opinion.

At the same time, we find no reason for surprise at its prevalence. The habit of hasty and incomplete work to which the necessity for giving an account of the Exhibitions before their opening has led in the daily papers, makes all serious criticism impossible. At the Champ de Mars, where the number of works is limited, they have some chance; but at the Champs-Élysées, where paintings, water-colors,

and pastels amount this year to the enormous number of 3,166, where sculpture and medal work amount to 793, and engraving, architecture and various artistic objects number one thousand, how can it be supposed that the most hard-working and best-informed critic can, in these days, receive anything but a very superficial and consequently often false impression ?

So we must ascribe to such immature opinions a merely relative value, and while respecting those judgments, generally well founded, that are pronounced on individual works, we must form our own as to our impression of the whole exhibition.

This impression is decidedly favorable. Though it may be true that in the Champ de Mars, for instance, French painting, represented by very various kinds of talent with no common point of contact, shows signs of real decay, though after due examination we recognize only one great work, that of M. Puvis de Chavannes, only one great attempt, M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Last Supper," it is no less true that a tribe of young artists, MM. Collet, Lucien Simon, and René Ménard at their head, display striking vitality. Breaking completely with the tradition started about ten years since by a too loose style of painting which accepted the *Approximate* as its sole guide, they have discovered that drawing is not a thing to be despised, and that bright harmonies of color have their value.

At the Champs-Élysées the first effect is not satisfactory. Artists who have already won success fill up "the line," and neither those "*hors concours*" nor other successful painters have made any change whatever in the program on which their success and reputation were founded. But if we look closer, matters are different. Above the huge, commonplace canvases, among the assertive or uninteresting works forming the contributions of the elders—of the greater part of the elders, I should say—you will find certain little portraits, carefully worked up without insipidity, delicately painted interiors, and firm handling, which, as compared with the work of recent years, are very striking. These contributions from young and unknown





men, which nobody remarks at a first glance but which attentive study reveals, and of which the individuality is really amazing, are found on careful examination to have the same characteristic stamp as the works of the younger school at the Champ de Mars. They show a no less marked reaction, and a not less evident tendency towards serious work. They contradict with the greatest energy the



F. REYNAUD *A Savable*

superficial judgment pronounced by the first-come critics. In short, they allow us to state, on sufficient authority, a clear and unbiassed opinion. This opinion, with the conclusion it forces upon us, is as follows :

The day of the anemic school of painting is over. The system of no color applied to easel pictures, by an annoying extension of the principles proper to monumental painting, has no more than a limited popularity. Young artists are returning with all their

might to the glowing power of color : they avoid the facile harmonies obtainable by lowering the intensity of every hue to its minimum. They seek full and rich keys of color, steady harmonies, pure tones, and under favor of this tendency, drawing is resuming its sway over the minds which impressionism had for a time led astray. Painters no longer allow themselves to be tempted, as they have been, to sacrifice form in order to catch a fugitive flash of light, a gleam, a reflection, a spot of crude color. The texture is more studied, the modeling is shewn. In a word, a return to conscientious work is the characteristic of this Salon.

And while the younger men, learning from the deplorable examples of which they have seen so many among their seniors, warned by the repeated failures which have been the result and the lesson, are striving after a more serious training, the elder men, in the autumn of life, are showing a delightful ambition to prove that they can work as firmly and with as splendid mastery as they did in the triumphant days of their youth. Bonnat, Humbert, Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin-Constant, Bouguereau, Henri Pille, in a magnificent series of portraits, Jean-Paul Laurens, in a Byzantine empress and a pretty picture of sound workmanship in which anecdote assumes the dignity of history : Henner, in his "Christ before Burial;" Harpignies and Bernier in their grand landscapes, so solidly handled, so fine in feeling, so severely beautiful in their lines, can bear comparison without fear with their best early work. They combine, with the works of Henri Martin, of Duvent, Baschet, Steck, Buland, Bourgonnier, Barillot, Besson and Bonis to produce a general effect which gives hopeful promise for the future.

## I

## DECORATIVE PAINTING

In no foreign school shall we find anything at all like the fine friezes executed by MM. Henri Martin and Bonis for the Hôtel de



H HARPIGNIE.



THE LOIRE

MARCH DE 1896







Ville in Paris, of which they exhibited the first portion last year. Their compositions, intended to decorate the upper part of walls pierced with round arches, had to be arranged in length and are of various height. These conditions gave rise to peculiar difficulties. The point aimed at, in spite of the curves of the arcades, was to give apparent unity to the subjects and to satisfy the eye by a little artifice, notwithstanding the too evident disproportion of the length of the frieze to its height.

M. Henri Martin has solved the problem in a way no less satisfactory than ingenious. In his decoration he had to deal with Music, Sculpture and Poetry ; the figure of Clémence Isaure draped in the legendary white robe suggested a symbolic figure for the last ; he has identified Music with Massol, the composer of Toulouse, and Sculpture with Dampé, the wonderful craftsman who models in clay, chisels marble, works in gold, ivory, and steel, with incredible delicacy. Between these figures in the spandrils of the arches and larger spaces, winged figures come and go with exquisite grace of movement, while a number of children, most picturesquely grouped in the background, recite or sing passages written in verse by the poet, or set to music by the composer.

The children and the winged figures have their being in a dream-like landscape seen through a row of young beech-trees placed at wide intervals, their heads rising against the sky. By thus dividing the frieze into a number of parallel strips, all running upwards, the artist guides the eye to look up. Thus, by an ingenious precaution, he conceals the shallowness of the frieze and at the same time gives it unity. Nothing could seem simpler ; nothing could in fact be more difficult to hit upon.

The scheme had been invented last year ; this year it is brought to perfection. Happier combinations of detail give a simpler effect to the impression, and the brush-work has gained in freedom. It has gained no less in the matter of coloring. The useless juxtapositions in which the artist so long indulged have given way to a calmer

key and softened harmonies of which the result here is exquisite. M. Henri Martin also seems, so far as it is possible to judge with the unaided eye, to have altered his brush-work; he still works with pure color, but instead of laying it on in little dashes he lays it in broad strokes which are not too abruptly contrasted. This is a new charm.



M. Bonis, in his "Intellectual Exercise," has remained faithful to the scheme imposed upon him in his former composition by the very nature of the subject.

"Physical Exercise" could only be fully worked out in the open air; and it is in the open air that we this year see youths in antique costume, though of very modern type and aspect, gravely listening to a lesson in Mineralogy given on a flint pebble by a professor. others chasing a gaudy butterfly

with a net, to pin it to an entomological drawer, classifying many plants in a botanical herbal, or drinking in the words of the philosopher who expatiates on the nature of things. All these groups, isolated by the arches between them, are brought together by the atmosphere they move in, by the noble line of the landscape which is continuous, forming a harmonious whole so broadly executed as to be in the highest degree grand and decorative.

M. Steck's "Gentle Autumn," though it is not painted for any

F H KAEMMERER



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PARADE









particular position, must be classed rather with decorative work than with landscape, from the spirit in which it is composed, its low key of coloring, and also its dimensions. It is late in the afternoon; the sun must be dying in the distance on the horizon, its last rays, lighting up the gilded tops of the huge trees whose tangled branches form the background of a clearing, shed luminous golden peace. The meadow is already in shadow, and women's dresses, here and there, are spots of light color against the subdued green. A young man, lying at the foot of a tree, turns with a look of rapture to his wife who smiles at him, and to the little daughter whose hand she holds. It is a perfect poem of confiding quietude and gentle joy, in sweet harmony with the landscape, and rendered as to the expression of feeling with equal tenderness and reticence. There is the same tenderness, the same reticence in the key of color, at once rich and reserved. Solemn greens, golden greens, tender greens melt into rose-color, lilac and pale yellow, with a richly mellow effect. The success is unique of its kind.

It will be all the better appreciated when we have seen the attempts of every kind displayed in the same Salon by painters, full of talent for the most part, but who none of them seem to have a suspicion that decorative art has its own rules, and that those rules cannot safely be disregarded. They imagine that the same scheme of composition may be applied to a hanging or a panel as to a picture, or that for the former, it is not even necessary to know how to compose.

They adapt, for better for worse, some subject which at the best is suited for an illustration. Thus, in a decoration for a theater where there is a marble fountain into which water falls with monotonous variety, a few nude figures are placed in groups which do not pretend to have any meaning and which, in fact, mean nothing. The figures, devoid of character, are flabby, and the landscapes, not studied at all, lack contour. The color, employed without selectness, is as monotonous and cold as the rest. This is supposed to be decorative art; it is simply a bad picture.

This is M. Gorguet's blunder. Far from suggesting "Paphos," his large canvas has the effect of a set task courageously faced, but worthless.

There is more to interest us in the vast composition intended by M. Lévy to decorate the Hôtel de Ville at Lyons. Under a semi-circular portico, supported on two rows of columns between which we see glimpses in the distance of the city churches and towers, "Burgundy," represented by a little woman of elegant proportions but commonplace enough, accepts the homage of the great men produced by her fertile soil, arranged by the painter in sympathetic groups around her.

Here is Bossuet with the men of the *grand siècle*: there de Bosses and the freethinkers of his day; further off we see Carnot and Lamartine.

Three young female figures, in transparent drapery, standing in front of the allegorical figure of Burgundy, and symbolizing, as it would seem, the three departments into which the province was divided, look uncomfortable among the fine gentlemen. A Genius, for whose presence there is no excuse, unless perhaps a space to be filled, looks on with infinite pathos. He is not wanted, nor are the young ladies; still, the work as a whole has some style: the arrangement and combination of architecture and landscape are happy; the background is refined, well studied, and full of charming color; the figures, placed in easy attitudes, are at once to be recognized and identified. The artist has done all he could with an uninspiring subject. He has acquitted himself creditably, and on the whole we have only praise to offer him.

M. Béroud's case is somewhat different. He has painted for a wealthy American an immense panel he imagines to be decorative, it represents "Beauty, the Queen of Kings." He has done it, we admit, with matchless tact. Just as last year, he took the opportunity of a scene in the Senate House to represent, not the orators' tribune, but a glaring study of the nude, he has now taken as a setting



At the Entrance

THE BATTLE OF BATTLE



the Lady Chapel of the parish church of Saint-Sulpice. He has put the same obtrusive Beauty, first undressing her, in the place of the statue of the Virgin. This is the only change he has made.

And in front of this lady two kings are groveling on their knees. For her men, also nude, are killing each other. Perched on the



H ALBERTI — *Mlle Yvette Guilbert's dressing room*

confessionals, on the paneling, on the mouldings, they take each other by the throat in Academic attitudes and the cheerful pose of athletes. It is a mass of incoherency, matched only by the crudeness of the tone, in defiance alike of good taste and the laws of harmony in color.

MM. Yarz and Debat-Ponsan have painted for the Hôtel de Ville at Toulouse, the former a decorative panel of powerful execution, the latter an historical anecdote, pleasantly told if a little thin. It

represents the Archbishop and Governor of Toulouse, Loménie de Brienne, visiting the open air studio of the sculptor François Lucas, and studying the fine bas-relief of the "Mouth of the Garonne," to which the artist was putting the finishing touches in 1775. The scene is tastefully composed, but painted in a washed-out key of color, which deprives the work of all solidity. It is, in fact, a piece of genre, which treated on a more modest scale, would have been brilliant; enlarged out of all measure it is somewhat cold.

M. Tapissier has a fine sense of the balance of masses, and of the qualities of simplicity of composition and breadth of treatment needed in decorative work. His "Sirens," to be sure, do not in any way answer to their name. On the shore of a noble river, its ripples flashing in the sunshine, three nude women are sporting under a pine tree, amusing themselves with a parrot perched on a branch, and a monkey showing his teeth. But the figures are drawn with accurate decisiveness, the attitudes are stamped with original grace, and the flesh, painted with an impassioned touch, harmonizes admirably with the powerful coloring of the whole picture.

Nothing is more difficult to compose than a ceiling. The part to be played in it by figures is restricted to a mere patch of color in consequence of the height at which it is usually placed. The point, then, is to combine these patches in a manner pleasing to the eye, and to place the lines in graceful curves. M. Gervais has understood this, and the ceiling he exhibits, in which he has sought no subject, but has confined himself to balancing the figures with much taste, and distributing the brighter color, is certainly one of the most successful that we have seen.

M. Maignan has great gifts as a colorist: he has lavished them on the ceiling intended for the Chamber of Commerce at Saint Etienne. He has filled the long parallelogram he was required to decorate with two groups, both illustrating the industry of the district. In one, female figures seated on clouds seem to be struggling with *serpentins*: they symbolize the ribbon manufacture.



POILLEUX - SAINT ANGE



POILLEUX - SAINT ANGE  
1896

M. RICHARD - PAYER



G CLAIRIN



THE RETURN TO MURAN

ALVIN DE 1896



Glowing furnaces, driving belts, cog-wheels, draw-bridges, and hammerers striking the anvils with powerful blows, represent metallurgy. The middle of the space is empty.

Need we speak at all of the ceiling composed by an American painter, Mr. Dodge, for the National Library at Washington? The subject he has chosen to illustrate is "Ambition." To symbolize the fatal passion that leads conquerors to their ruin and nations to their fall, he has fallen back on the dusty old paraphernalia which allegory and mythology combined have placed at the artist's service. It has not struck him as too old-fashioned. He has dug at hap-hazard into the property store of classical art, and has brought out Fame, Pegasus, Phaeton and his chariot; he has invested these ideas, somewhat meagre in themselves, in warrior-like forms of the most stalwart academic type; over all he has shed a grey, cold tone, and his work comes a little late to please or amuse the French public.

M. Marioton is nothing if not daring. In a light, subtle, tender sky he has erected marble terraces on which he has set figures conversing. A plane-tree springs up into the blue, and its crown, full of Cupids and lighted Venetian lanterns—and yet it is broad daylight—overhangs the void. There is nothing on the opposite side to balance this architecture and scenery. M. Marioton must have bet that he would be absurd; he has won the wager.

In a rectangular panel, framed with garlands of flowers, a female figure, elegantly draped in lilac, is mounting to the sky on a chariot of clouds. From her pretty fingers flowers drop into space, flowers which, to Mademoiselle Louise Abbéma's mind, are symbolical of "Fragrance." The painting in itself is charmingly refined and full of insinuating grace. As a wall panel it would be irreproachable, framed in the mouldings of a cornice it would certainly be open to criticism as not suggesting a ceiling.

The same fault attaches to M. Blanchon's "Angels' Kitchen." Other faults may be noted, and of a more serious character. What

a strange notion is this, of representing in the middle of the sky a stove on which a seraph turnspit is tossing heaven knows what omelette of celestial eggs, with all sorts of ridiculous antics. And how poor his painting is! What a melancholy mixture of pink and buff? Can it be believed that this artist ever had any genuine gifts? But he has shown them before now, in solid workmanship. Under what fatal influence have they deteriorated, almost vanished in these ten years? Lack of conviction and defective cultivation are, I fancy, the causes. M. Blanchon is a man overboard.

## II.

### GREAT SUBJECTS.

These, as usual, are plentiful; it is one of the miseries of this year's Salon. The desire to be singular, to attract attention at any cost, spurs and stimulates the madness of artists at least once in their life-time. The surest way, as they think, to stamp their name on the public mind and force themselves on the notice of critics, is to cover a colossal canvas with a subject full of ill-regulated fancy. Blame or praise, it matters not which. "Slate me if you like," said a young painter to me at the entrance of the Salon, "but mention me, I entreat you." And so long as the Salon is the Salon, so long as the Palais de l'Industrie exists with its vast area, bright with crude daylight, this spirit will survive.

There would, no doubt, be a way of hindering young artists from devoting themselves to this fruitless labor, and cutting short this orgy on broad canvases. It would be enough to add a rule, a little harmless rule, to the regulations for exhibitors, to this effect: "Every canvas measuring more than 1 meter 50 in each dimension will be rigorously rejected. Only such artists as can show an order from the Government or from a Municipality for a public work, or from a







M<sup>me</sup> VENEVILLON



CHATELAIN



building committee for a church, will be allowed to exhibit a work on a large scale."

But what jury will dare to adopt this radical and simple remedy? It would expose them at one fell stroke to all the fury of the young; and in these days of struggle for life, the young are ferocious.



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT — *Portrait of the Artist: Son*

No, the rules will not be altered, and large pictures will pour in, as of old, till the day when the Palace of Fine Arts is reconstructed on a new plan with a small number of large galleries lighted from above, and an endless number of small rooms lighted from the side only; thus compelling artists to give up the acres of canvas, which remain on their hands, or, if purchased by the State, dishonor provincial Museums already crowded with second-rate work.

This plague of pictures, useless for anything, is just now more terrible than ever, owing to the fluctuations of fashion. Formerly, history supplied the subjects chosen by the painters of these intolerable affairs; and history, having at any rate a logic of its own, gave some colorable pretext to their inanities. Now Allegory predominates, and such Allegory! In these rampant inventions idiocy

and pretentiousness dispute for the palm; the extravagant oddness of the ideas emphasizes their vacuity. There is a mania for symbolism, anarchy is the rule, and a new view of life is being taught. "I am an 'intellectual,'" cries the artist; and thinks himself excused from being a painter. Nay, he may be a painter, and a good painter, and forget it. This is what has happened to M. Pelez.

This artist has endeavored to epitomize, in a singularly absurd picture, all the contrasts that shock us in a senile and somewhat dislocated society like ours. A double line of figures are seen grouped on a carefully-raked path of the Parc Monceau, edged by a grass slope as bright as an emerald. To the left are none but haggard creatures with tired eyelids, fevered looks, and dull skins. To the right are comfortable middle-class, or rich women, with buxom nurses and rosy, merry children, enjoying their walk in the warm and kindly sunshine.

And the poor cast envious looks at the rich, while a girl, gaudily conspicuous, stares at them with impertinence that they return. To the right again of this group, a workman is making a great display of extravagant gesture over a worthy citizen who has gone to sleep, and whose smooth, round face evidently symbolizes to the painter the degraded proletarian, the man of the people enslaved to the rich, and transformed into that despised thing stigmatized by the word "flunkey."

The execution is by no means commonplace, but unfortunately it is unequal. The paupers have absorbed all the painter's best powers; they are living and carefully studied. The middle-class group, on the other hand, dressed in light colors, bright with delicate touches, have lost all their solid relief, being crushed by the greens of which the artist has struck every note in the scale for his background.

This is not all. Beyond this foreground a fantastic figure attracts the eye. In the middle of the grass-plot stands a cross, and from



BLESSING FOR THE PROCESSION



THE CLASS







this cross, on which He is dying, a cadaverous phantom Christ gazes down sadly on his work ; he sees that it is lamentable and repents of it.

Such is the scheme of this picture, over which the socialist papers had made a great preliminary fuss. They have had their pains for nothing. Merely to describe such a work, to show these figures with scarcely any connection, placed one after another in a row like puppets, and above them all an anarchist Christ, is to criticise it. A realism which was in no way imperative has inspired it ; for a week it was the delight of the public, who found it exhilarating and who reveled in glee before it. This gave way to absolute indifference. When once the Salon is closed, will even a memory remain of this work which shows indeed a remarkable effort, but of which the execution is as purely artificial as the conception ?

The subjects which M. Jean Béraud looks at through the diminishing end of the telescope, M. Rochegrosse sees through the other end. Excepting in size, the bearing of "Human Misery" is the same as that of "The Struggle," of which M. Béraud gives the foretaste at the Champ de Mars. To the left is the black and dismal panorama of a great town of factories, endless chimneys, lurid lights and smoke ; to the right a grave-yard ; in the middle a scarped rock. In a sulphurous sky piled with livid clouds, hover two female figures, winged and smiling, clothed like the rainbow in garments of iris-hues, and equally intangible. These, no doubt, are *Illusion* and *Dreams*, and towards them, up the scarped rock, a crowd rushes with shouts—men and women in modern costume, ball dresses and blue jackets, black coats and uniforms. They are struggling over each other, trampling the foremost down, and in despair at being unable to seize or even to get near the unattainable, they kill each other or roll down in avalanches on the cemetery.

The figures, of the size of life, are set forth with a striking

stamp of determination ; the execution is certainly superior to any the artist has hitherto given us ; but the mastery with which he paints the figures and the realism he has infused into them makes his work all the more painful. The cruel scene is simply odious ; it is one of those that cannot be rendered in painting. Even in literature it is a perilous attempt, requiring rare powers of expression in the writer or poet. Under the brush it inevitably becomes too real ; it is painful and vulgar.

We are not at an end of these grimly grotesque subjects. After M. Rochegrosse behold M. Trigoulet. "The Way of Death" is the name of his picture. Again a lurid and fantastic sky, and on earth a ragged procession of men and women, old men, cripples and children. The procession moves on towards an abyss above which a gigantic skull opens its formidable jaws and deliberately devours the pilgrims. Edgar Poë and Mother Goose's tales in one !

Still, there is talent, great talent, in this childish composition, excusable on the score of the artist's youth. He distinguished himself, several years running, in the competition for the Prix de Rome. He constantly failed ; but not ingloriously. He is casting his skin, it is a transient distemper which will pass off, and next year we shall no doubt see him using his gifts to better purpose and with less ostentation.

M. Tattegrain, in his "*Bouches inutiles*," brings us back to history, but history as lugubrious in its way and far more repulsive than the allegorical symbolism of which we have closed the list.

It is the siege of Château-Gaillard at Les Andelys, by Philippe-Auguste. It is cold weather. The hills along the right bank of the Seine on which stands the feudal stronghold, follow the curve of the river and close in the distant horizon. Buried in snow, as the fortress is also, as twilight falls they have assumed a tender slate grey hue, and the waters of the Seine, lighted up by the last reflections of sunset, roll a muddy flood between the frozen banks.

To the left the glacis of fortress, divided from the heights by

H. CHARTIER



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AFTER THE CHARGE

HANAU 1813

SALON DE 1896



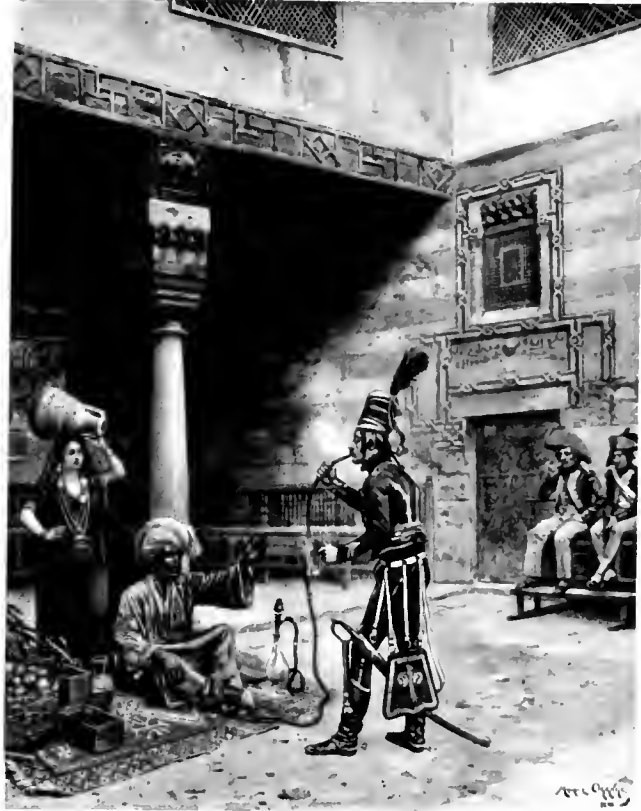


THE MARCHING BAND

THE MARCHING BAND



a ravine on which the King's army has established itself with its movable wooden towers, and has drawn up its forces of *ballistæ*, mangonels and catapults. In the ravine, between the besieged and the besiegers, there is a nameless crowd of spectral forms. These are the *bouches inutiles*, the useless eaters, women, children and old men, driven forth from the town at the beginning of the siege, and rejected by the attacking foe. The hapless, worn-out wretches are dying of hunger. They dig in the hard earth with their fingers to get up some herbs or fragments of roots; they are stealthily watching each other—each looking for his



MANUEL P. PÉREZ. Famine during a siege.

neighbor's death, to fall upon him and feed, cannibal-like, on his flesh. The artist has not spared us a single detail of the spectacle. He has not thought that the snow splashed with red stains was sufficiently graphic evidence of these horrors, and sets them unhesitatingly before our eyes. In the foreground a victim is being cut up; from his ribs and thighs strips of warm flesh are being sliced off. It is impossible to conceive of anything more disgusting. The sickening effect it produces is its sufficient condemnation.

I regret this all the more because the landscape in this huge

canvas is exquisite, delightfully true in the distance and touched in the foreground with a stern solidity which must appeal to every spectator. The figures, cleverly grouped, are in keeping with the scene: they have air all round them, in studio parlance, and the technical qualities they display bear witness to such progress in the artist's powers as we cannot fail to recognize. He is a colorist, too, and eminently conscientious. But what dismal use he makes of his conscientiousness!

It is a relief to turn from these horrors to lesser horrors. Two subjects from Flaubert's "Salammbô:" M. Thivier's "Défilé de la Hache," and M. Surand's "Massacre of the Barbarians," appear mild by comparison with the ancient chronicles illustrated by M. Tattegrain. And yet the scenes they give us are painful. Here we have the Barbarian league, whom Hamilcar is charging in cold blood with his monstrous elephants, their tusks armed with iron spikes. Under their huge feet the maddened foe are falling, reduced to hideous pulp. M. Thivier shows us the Gaulish mercenaries shut into the ravine, and appealing for mercy to the Carthaginian legions commanding them from the heights. In M. Surand's work the composition is sincerely thought out; it is dramatic and to the point. M. Thivier gives us a landscape with a charming sense of color. But of what use are these vast studies of history? Who on earth really cares for them? And who would ever think of buying them?

We can say no less of "Germanicus finding the Relics of Varus," of which M. Lionel-Royer has been guilty. Well known is the fine passage in Tacitus where he describes with dramatic soberness the feelings of the Roman army on discovering in the forest depths of Teutberg the field of carnage where the massacred legions of Varus lay strewn on the ground. The artist might easily have represented the scene with all its painful interest if only he had concentrated the subject, restricted it within suitable limits and abjured superfluous detail. On the contrary he has drowned himself in details. The soil is strewn with skeletons—skeletons of animals, skeletons of men







1870-1871



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THE DEFENSE OF RAMBERVILLERS (1870)



—laid out in perfect order, as in a museum, in rows of admirable symmetry, as if there had been no struggle, as orderly and neat as though the vast charnel-house had not tempted the hungry tooth of the wolf or the bear. The execution reminds us in tone of the colored stenciling that was the joy of our childhood. It looks not so much like a picture as like a huge sheet of wall-paper. It is incredible that the jury should have awarded a gold medal to so flat a piece of work.

The Virgin is crossing the stony bed of a torrent shrunk by the summer's drought to a shallow stream of running water. She is holding her precious Babe carefully in her arms. As she springs from one stone to another to avoid touching the water she is struck by a vision in the clear mirror of the brook. A cross lies there in lines of fire, and on the cross who is it that hangs nailed? The Child she holds clasped to her heart, but the Child grown to be a man. An anguish of terror comes over her. This is the subject that M. Salgado has thought it well to treat on a canvas measuring at least two or three meters in height and four or five in breadth; and the picture, though painted with a certain freedom in a sufficiently pleasing scale of light color, is perfectly ridiculous. Even if it were borrowed from the Gospel the story would be too slight for such a large work. But this legend, if it is not wholly the invention of the painter's fertile brain, has no foundation in any sacred record. At most might it be found in the apocryphal Gospels. Thus it ceases to be a religious picture and is a piece of genre. Though admissible or even interesting on a small scale, in this disproportionate treatment it annoys us, seeming all the more pretentious and vapid.

I greatly prefer, among religious pictures, "The Martyrdom of St. Leo," as M. Bergès represents it. The Bishop of Bayonne, as the biographers of the saint tell us, was preaching a little way outside the walls of the town. Some pirates in search of a stroke of mischief saw him. They hastily landed and the little band of

hearers fled; Leo and his brother Gervais remained alone. Both were beheaded by the sword. But while Gervais lay on the ground, the body of the saintly prelate picked up its head and carried it as far as one of the city gates. The pirates, terror-stricken, fled back to their boats and made their escape.

This is the moment M. Bergès has chosen for the action of his picture. The martyr, wearing his sacerdotal vestments, is walking slowly away in the direction of the city, of which the red brick walls fill up the background. This bit of landscape is delightful. Nature seems to be making holiday in the hot sunshine, and the light plays in delicate and ingenious variety in the brilliant southern sky, on the droughty powdery earth, on the strong harmonious tones of the brick-work. The accessory figures of the pirates are treated with the same truth of movement, the same conscientious care as that of the Bishop. A clear atmosphere surrounds them all in bright, broad light. Though intended, of course, for a church, the picture would not be out of place anywhere. This is a great charm.

Subjects from the antique catch the eye though they are not numerous. Whatever sincerity of effort and happy results I may discern in M. Foreau's "Pagan Procession," I still see in it no more than a sketch on a large scale and agreeably composed. I cannot call it a picture. This evening landscape, in which Dionysus, languidly reclining on his car, is drawn by wild creatures made tame by the sweetness of love, is full of reminiscences of Corot; and those reminiscences always have a hold on us. At the same time the artist has not made up his mind to give them predominance in his work by assigning the leading factor to nature as his subject; on the other hand he has not wholly thrown himself into mythology. This is the capital defect of his work; it is neither altogether landscape nor altogether a classic composition. It is just such a compromise as shows a lack of maturing of the idea, and as hybridizes and weakens the work by leaving the conception vague.

M. Abel Boyé, who exhibited last year a "Homer" inspired by







ALFRED FAFFA



A FORAGING PARTY IN ALGERIA



Chénier's fine poem *L'aveugle*, this year sends a "Nausicaa." Here we have a bevy of young girls in the hollow of a meadow where, towards sundown, they are enjoying a variety of open-air sports. He has set a number of pretty female figures in graceful attitudes and light nimble movements, in a nook of green landscape which is not devoid of style though first-hand notes are legible in the painting. His execution, last year somewhat weak, has acquired breadth and character; his color too has gained in truth and force. We see real promise in this work.

The best subject from the antique is undoubtedly M. Paul Buffet's "Procession." Inspired by Phidias' famous frieze, this long file of figures marching between the dense throngs of gazers, up the slopes of an Acropolis crowned by a Doric temple, is an ingenious, bright and spirited reconstruction of the public and religious life of the Greeks. It is pitched in a key of amber tones which is very pleasing, and we could praise it unreservedly if the masses of the crowd, instead of sticking to the rock like tapestry figures, had some appearance of movement and seemed alive.

This is not the only historical work to be mentioned. In the Salon d'Honneur there is a large canvas by M. Rouffet of very startling effect: a scene of the Campaign in Russia. The Imperial Staff, under a grey sky, makes its slow way across the snows; the standards, torn by shot and yet more forlorn in the cold, follow the Emperor in melancholy procession. The composition is not devoid of grandeur, an epic breath has blown over it.

I need only note briefly an "Ishmael" for which Madame Demont-Breton has found no very interesting inspiration in the Scripture narrative; and a picture of a Roman amphitheatre, "The Arena," in which M. de Laubadère has given us some good work from the nude but not enough emotion. The composition is ill-arranged and cold.

All these pictures again are very large. They are anecdote painting on a vast scale. How much more delightful is the style

in which a Belgian artist, M. de Vriendt, gives us his historical illustrations. The "Creation of the Order of the Golden Fleece," and the "Transfer of the Relics" of some nameless saint, have afforded him the subjects of two pictures in which his worship of the old masters betrays itself with the utmost candor. A love of truth shows itself not less clearly here than in the miniatures of Memling's school which enrich so many precious manuscripts, and the very moderate dimensions of his canvas allow him to insist on every detail with dexterous brilliancy of execution.

The modern Belgian school, with its audacious naturalism and gift of vital force, has produced one of its strongest works in M. Luyten's episode of a strike. A tavern parlor, a crowd of workmen in blue jackets, a red flag hoisted over a table, pushing, shoving, outstretched arms, fierce faces, in one corner a wounded man who has just been brought in, these form the subject of the picture. It is alive with frantic movement; the thing is speaking, acting, shouting; it is like the stir of a pack of hounds. As to the execution it matches the rest, bewildering in color and rapid with undreamed-of fire. From a strictly pictorial point of view this is perhaps the finest work in the Salon. M. Luyten will do great things.

### III.

#### THE NUDE.

The nude becomes less and less popular. Of the faithful few who still do it service the greater number are of a past generation. M. Georges Ferrier is the only man who, without the smallest provocation, has rushed into a debauch of the nude in his "Paradise of Flowers." The idea of these women-flowers is not his, however. The "Knight of the Flowers," exhibited two years since by M. Rochegrosse, is probably responsible for it. I cannot undertake to trace its paternity.

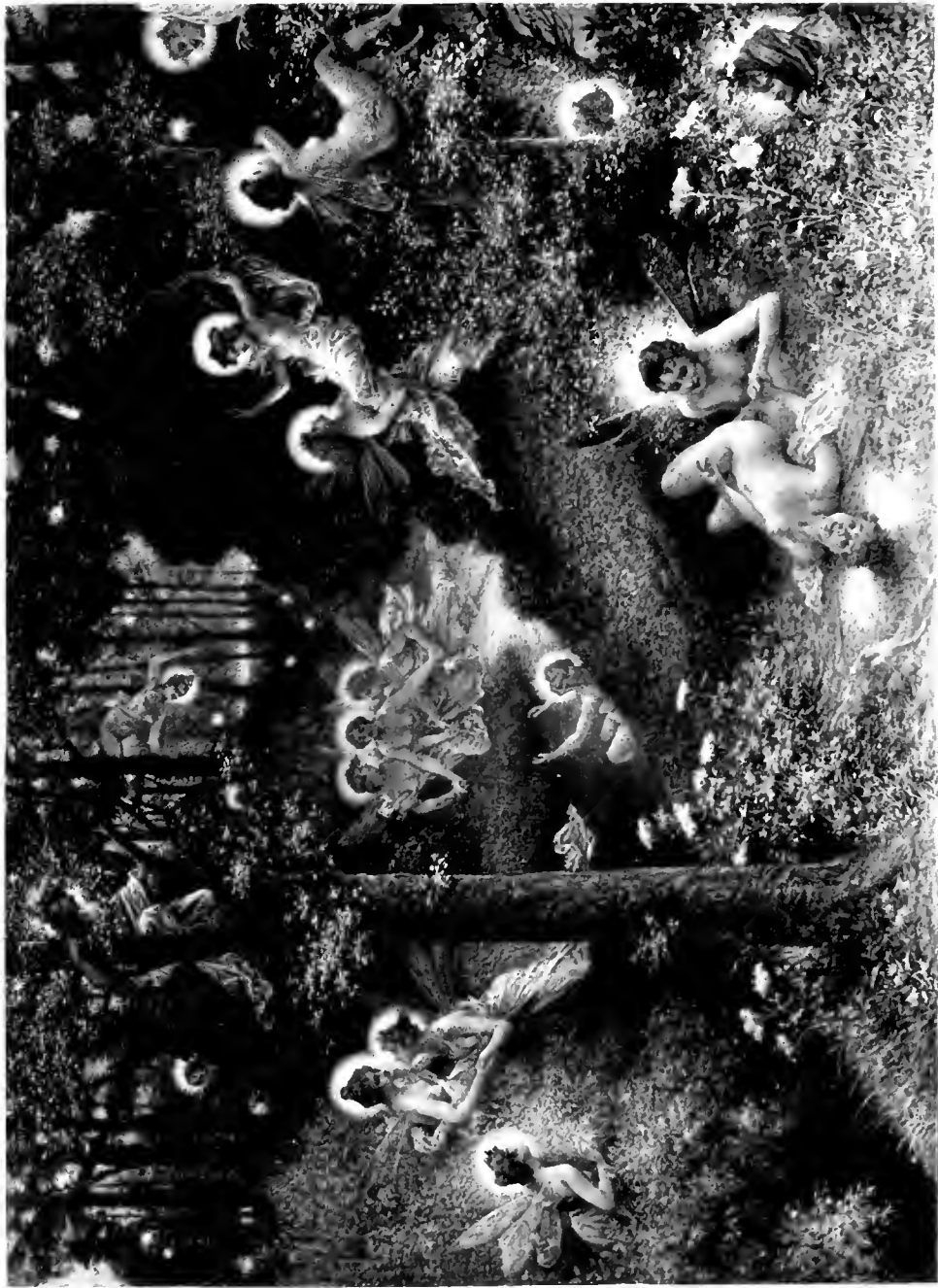
H FORE



A FAGAN PROFESSION

1900









The work, such as it is, commends itself by undeniable technical merits. Each portion taken separately is the work of a skilled hand. But the whole does not hold together. The figures have no atmo-



sphere and their heaviness, in a subject which ought to be aerial, is quite a shock.

M. Guinier's nude will be more acceptable. Richly painted, fine in form, harmonizing in tone with the evening landscape, they live such an intensely poetic life that we find it hard to part from them. There is charm and dexterity, very great dexterity, in a fine study of the nude by another new painter, M. Lartean. The "Wood Anemone," by M. Raphaël Collin, has the same qualities of sweet grace

and chaste delicacy. A "Woman Bathing," by M. Souza-Pinto, is a very careful bit of work, and yet fresh and free. M. Fantin Latour's female figures are, as usual, enjoyable, full and round, but stamped by elegant distinction. M. Wencker, in his "Nymphs," has merely sought a pleasing piece of decoration, and M. Danger in "Fireflies" has done no more.

Given a perfectly modern room, and a man dressed like the rest of us, place by him a nude figure of a woman without the intended contrast producing any shock: this is a problem, a wager, on which M. Weber has ventured. He shows cleverness, knowledge and daring. The allegory hidden under his picture of "A Man with Puppets" saves the unpleasant side of the scene. He has painted it with refined art in the details, with interesting experiments in color, but on the other hand with some faults in the modeling which here and there lacks solidity.

M. Emmanuel Benner, like many others, has gone back to the ever-renewable subject of "Saint Jerome," lying flat on the ground in the desert, and completely bare of clothing: it is an interesting work by sheer force of conscientiousness. But the palm for the nude must still be given to the fine artist who has so often interpreted its dignity and expressed all its gradations in so masterly a manner, Jean Jacques Henner.

At the foot of the Cross itself, on a white winding sheet already funereal in the growing twilight, he has laid the bloodless body of the Christ. He has emphasized its palor by a tragic background of clouds; he has shown Him as ideally beautiful in death, without any regard for religious sentimentality. The result is an original work, faultless in the anatomy, learned in the drawing, and to compare with the finest pictures known for beauty of color.

M. Lucien Berthault, eager for notice at any cost, has had an idea which may perhaps commend itself as highly spiced to the "old gentlemen" of whom Yvette Guilbert sings, but which to simple folks seems perfectly outrageous. In an open meadow on a

E CAGNIAR



CITTA' E IL RAIN

CIVITA' DELLA MADONNA - 1901

1901





Illustration by [unreadable]



heaps of hay, he shows an undressed studio model ; he has emphasized her nakedness by an attitude of coarse and ignoble indecency. If he ever should sell this picture it can only be for squalid uses. It would not perhaps be out of place in a bar. In a drawing-room or a picture gallery it would be disgusting.

The fair one who, in M. Franc Lamy's picture "Under the Willows," exposes her nude person to the sunshine subdued by a light screen of foliage is chaster in pose and feeling. The painter may indeed be accused of a slight touch of mannerism, and the grace of the figure is not devoid of mawkishness. He did better last year, and next season will no doubt recover himself and give us a more solid study of bolder execution.

The fine open-air study exhibited by M. Lavalley under the name of "Flora" has already been seen at the *École des Beaux-Arts*, amongst the pictures sent home by its pupils in Rome. Under the shades of the Villa Medici garden, where the painter, as a change from copying the old masters, has attempted the most modern effects, he has placed, on a sloping path, a female figure of juvenile freshness. He has thrown, on the rosy tints of her skin and the pearly whiteness of her flesh, a not ungraceful play of light, so brilliant as to rouse by its rather daring impressionism the wrath of that hide-bound and conventional Institute. We find good reason for being less severe. There are indications in this work of individuality of temperament, and the brilliancy of coloring is after all perfectly legitimate. A keen eye has noted it, and its boldness is redeemed by the aerial lightness of touch.

"The Last Gleam," by M. Paul Chabas, is conceived in the same modern key, and imbued with the same light and airy quality. It is a creek of a river whither three young women have come to bathe. On the verdurous background of the opposite bank of the stream, the sun, low on the horizon, flings a mitigated glow and slowly dying light. Two of the bathers are seen reclining in a boat in the foreground, and faint shadows show the delightful and refined modeling of their bare shoulders. A third, wrapped in lilac dra-

pery, is about to join her companions, her feet splashing through the clear water with evident enjoyment. It is an exquisite and very simple scene, full of a well-directed naturalism tinged with poetry that is delightfully idyllic : the execution, judiciously refined, bears witness to no less learning than facility.

“The Daughters of Atlas” are out hunting. On the barren plains of Africa, fringed on the horizon by hills of granite of a softened rose-color, they have been all the morning following the rare game, and now, overtaken by fatigue, are resting on the top of a rock that commands a view of the plain. While enjoying their well-earned repose they survey the distance with watchful eyes, and from their coign of vantage note the movements of the swift and timid gazelles. Their approach no doubt is imminent, for one of the fair archers is already preparing to bend her bow. In this very carefully studied picture there are some excellent passages ; the landscape is the work of a genuine orientalist who knows and loves Algerian nature. It is painted in a sweet and harmonious key, and the tone of the flesh is brought into admirable keeping by its fresh and rosy carnations. Still, the painting of the figures is weak, the grouping is too scattered and the composition lacks any centre of interest. M. Leroy owes us compensation and is quite capable of doing it handsomely.

The Academic nude still has its ardent partisans. M. Bouguereau is at once the pontiff and the past master of this style of work. He shows his consummate mastery in his allegory of “The Wave.” On the smooth sandy shore, a nymph as pretty as pretty can be, and beautifully, though rather fully, modeled, is kneeling in an attitude which reminds us of the crouching Venus of the ancients, to receive the caress of a wave curling high behind her. The execution is, as usual, highly finished : but the painting has the smooth enameled lustre which may be pleasing in porcelain but which is scarcely enduring in a picture. The brush-work is overwrought and reflects the light like a lacquered panel ; it produces an effect annoying to the eye, like that of a polished hard surface. After



L. M.A.





Mlle E. GARDNE



EUGÈNE DELACROIX

SALON DE 1836



all, it is a matter of taste. We must own that it is not to ours.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gardner, like M. Bouguereau, is faithful to this treatment of the nude. The picture she has called "In the Fields" shows us an infant lying under the guardianship of a dog, in the shade of a thick screen of trees—the child of a rustic couple reaping in the distance. And this child of peasant parents looks to me, so



MME E MURATON — *A Family Party*

pretty and mannered is he, as though some day, in a fit of disgust, he must disown his progenitors. There will be plenty of sentimental souls ready to adopt him and make his lot enviable in some luxurious mansion beyond the sea. The painter, we are sure, would be delighted, and so should we; and MM. Piot, Perrault and Rodriguez would be green with envy. "Slumber" and "A Daughter of Eve," by the first, "Spring-time" and "A Nymph,"

by the second, and "Luli," by the third, are not inferior either in affected elegance of attitude or in polish of execution to Mrs. Gardner's pink and white babies. They have the same kind of attractiveness, and display no less knowledge; but the lady is the fashion, and a great success, whatever it may do for her, is hers. Fortune has her vagaries and they are law.

We will not quit our review of the nude without doing the justice

it deserves to a small and delicate piece of work by M. Lebayle. Under a sunlit arbor, a fair and very youthful female figure, elegantly modeled, holds with one hand on her knees a white drapery, green in the transparent shadows and reflected lights ; with the other hand she shades her brow from the sunbeams that treacherously peep through the foliage. This pretty figure is modeled with incomparable freedom, the shadows of the leaves lie on it with perfect precision but with a very true sense of gradation, and the whole result is full of innocent grace, exquisitely chaste.

We may also mention "Sappho," by M. Lenoir, throwing herself into the sea with a well-conceived movement ; "A Woman with Doves," by Madame Dubé, pleasing, but shallow ; a pretty nude female figure of "Memory," by M. Chantron ; and to conclude, an exquisite study by Mademoiselle Dufau called "Pastime." It represents, I imagine, a model resting, and the girl, without taking the trouble to dress or throwing anything over her shapely bosom but a light gauze scarf, has opened a book of prints which she is studying with absorbed interest.

This artist attracted attention last year by a pleasing study of a bather. A boy just out of the water, was amusing himself by making ducks and drakes on a calm clear river ; the drawing was exceptionally sincere. It is not less so in "Pastime," but in this year's work there is a marked improvement in coloring. The artist's eye has gained practice, the feeling for tone is more subtle, the harmony of hue is happier. Add to this a very refined sense of grace and charming freedom in the attitude ; and join me in congratulating an artist whom I believe to be young and whose talent is not merely a matter of promise.

#### IV.

#### PORTRAITS.

The return to conscientious work, which in my opinion char-



THE SHEPHERDESS OF ROLLEPOULE







A BOWL OF SOUP



acterizes the Salon of the Champs-Élysées, is brilliantly conspicuous in the portraits.

This view of course refers only to the works of the younger painters. It would be puerile to apply such a remark to those masters whose very name is synonymous with conscientious workmanship. We shall not therefore dwell long on the works by which they once more earn the admiration of the crowd, and the respectful sympathy of the critic. In the portraits of "Monsieur Ricard," the retired Keeper of the Seals, and of "Madame Bodley," we find the exact observation, the stern and sober energy, the solid and brilliant execution which M. Bonnat invariably brings to his renderings of the living being. More especially will the spectators delight in the lady's dress, with full sleeves brightened with the prettiest roses. There are gleams in it, a sense of true and reflected light of the rarest skill and the daintiest brilliancy of hue.

M. Jules Lefebvre is correctness itself, as usual; a somewhat cold correctness, no doubt, but deliberate, full of a tact and sincerity which do not lack character, in a portrait of a girl in white.

M. Bouguereau, in an admirably drawn portrait of a young woman, is, as ever, amazingly sure of himself, but always himself alone; his immaculate perfection is disconcerting.

M. Henner has portrayed his friend, "M. Carolus Duran," in a curious half-naturalistic style. It is painted with the retouched effect, the facility and delicacy to which he has accustomed us.

M. Benjamin-Constant, sumptuously decorative and rich in texture in a full length portrait of Mrs. W., whose husband is the proprietor of the English *Times* newspaper, handles black with consummate ability in a portrait of his own son, broad and solid work which his admirers may ere long have the pleasure of seeing again at the Luxembourg Gallery, for which it is purchased by the State.

A picture of a young lady in a green velvet bodice with a purple-red rose at her waist, will be remembered as one of the best

portraits by a man who has never painted any but good ones. In this masterly example by M. Paul Dubois everything is striking, the richness and frankness of color, the simplicity of attitude and rare distinction of the sitter. The artist has expressed with infinite charm her fresh color and the look, so difficult to render, of timid grace and smiling modesty.



M. Aimé Morot, in a very fine portrait of a man, brings to bear his distinguishing qualities of solid modeling, severe accuracy, thorough workmanship and life-like reality. We shall find similar qualities, but used in a manner in which M. Bonnat's influence is so manifest as to overpower the painter's individuality, in a powerful profile painted by M. Crès, of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the *Chasseurs*.

M. Pharaon de Winter has studied lovingly and rendered with vigorous exactitude and rich tones some pathetic heads of nuns, wrinkled by old age. Still, he shows less individuality than in his

E. DEBUIŦ



L. J. DEBUIŦ. 1896.

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ALB LAMBERT



ALB LAMBERT

ALB LAMBERT





last year's work. We are conscious of a reminiscence of Delacroix, whose "Portrait of my Housekeeper," has certainly been the subject of the painter's careful study.

Apart from the others let us finally name an artist, better known as an illustrator than as a painter, M. Henri Pille, whose portrait of "Doctor Laffon in his Laboratory," is a masterpiece. The accessories surrounding the sitter—glass retorts with endless taps, test-tubes filled with variously colored liquids, an electric machine worked by a powerful dynamo—are handled with dexterous realism and great breadth. They surround the principal figure, mute witnesses to his life's work, silent aids to his progress; they do not interfere with him.

M. Chartran has brought home from America a portrait of "Sarah Bernhardt," admirably depicted in the part of Gismonda, which she played last winter in New York. In this clear-cut, and precise study, delicately finished in execution, he has set forth all the witchery by which the great artiste holds us spell-bound. He has given us a portrait which exactly expresses her, with her factitious charm and her real charm, the whole of her; a portrait that will be handed down to posterity and which to succeeding generations will be uniquely authentic. A portrait of a man, not less thoroughly studied and which looks like a very close reproduction of nature, is exhibited with this of Sarah Bernhardt. This is a twofold and brilliant success.

No one needs to be told that M. Humbert is one of our finest colorists, and that in his presentments of women he can be both very artistic and ingeniously truthful. His portraits, incomparably high-bred in quality, are elegant, calm and refined. He adds dignity to distinction and lends expression to grace; in short he excels above all others in making his coloring harmonize with the character of the sitter. Thus, in his portrait of "Madame P. S.," note the happy sympathy of the grey hues with the look of rather weary dignity and the somewhat melancholy expression of the head. In the picture of "Madame Héglon," of the Opera, on the other hand, does not the fur

cape with its russet tones set off to perfection the clear smiling eyes and the brilliantly fresh complexion? The full, fluffy quality of the color in this work is an admirable auxiliary to the lady's look of delight in pleasing and evident gladness of life.

So much for the past masters. Now let us turn to the younger aspirants and see what they can do.

Their contributions are, generally speaking, characterized by simplicity of arrangement, an attentive study of the countenance, accurate and severe draughtsmanship, and rich effect of color. One of the best, on these several grounds, is the portrait of "the Artist's Father," exhibited by a former prizeman, M. Victor Marec. M. Paul Leroy, in a portrait of himself, gives a piece of the soundest workmanship, in which the carefully elaborate atmosphere has had no ill result on the solidity or relief of the head.

We find the same qualities in the portrait of a young painter sitting at his easel by M. Guillonnet. The portrait of a lady by M. Ypermann, and one of a girl by M. Morisset, have not a point in common. In the first we see a deliberate exclusion of everything that can divert interest from the face, in the second there is painstaking harmony of color : a green velvet dress, a delicate fair face and a background of Liberty-stuff with a small green pattern on a yellow ground. In both we find conscientious purpose, both are alike successful.

M. Constantin Le Roux, whose rustic interiors with their softened light, interested us greatly last year, has painted in amber tones, with similar atmospheric effect, an intimate portrait of a man with a beard. He has infused into it a very new feeling of individuality. M. Lynch, who had from the first adopted genre as his style, has now attempted portraiture with great mastery. Nothing can be better studied, or more solidly painted, more delicate or refined, than his young "Comtesse de D." in a pale pink ball dress. We should gladly dwell at length on a work of such rare quality, and point it out with delight to the amateur.



4 Sarah Bonharts  
Jewelry to her  
Chapman  
New York Fe 96



The excursions which M. Léandre allows himself into the domains of caricature, where, with his exceptional gifts of draughtsmanship he shows such a keen sense of the ridiculous, have not hindered him this year from distinguishing himself in a portrait of a young lawyer in a cap and toga, under a fine effect of light. He has placed the model in his studio, under a tawny red screen lighted by the sun so as to cast tender rosy reflections. These tones,



LEANDRE

thrown on the fair young face, add to its freshness, and accentuate the modeling by a charming effect of shrouded light.

We find the same happy choiceness in a pretty portrait of a young girl in a park, the figure thrown up without any loss of subtlety by a bright and cheerful background of sunlit verdure.

M. Calbet, in a portrait of a dark lady in a straw-colored dress ; M. Braut, in a simple female profile ; Mademoiselle Jenny Fontaine, in a fine portrait of an old lady ; M. H. L. Lévy, in a bright, solidly-painted portrait of a girl ; M. Léon Félix, in a very

well considered silhouette of a woman in black; M. Aviat, in a "Girl with a Mandoline;" M. Charlet, in a portrait of Henri Rochefort sitting at his writing-table; M. Bellery-Desfontaines, in a group of well-sketched portraits, show very various individualities, but each effort is remarkable in its way and deserves high praise.

Decorative portraiture is represented with no particular distinction by MM. Gervais, Schommer and Franzini. The first has painted, in a light key of color, with a background of tapestry, a young woman of elegant and refined beauty, with two charming little boys. The drawing-room in which the painter has grouped his models is a pleasing and unobtrusive setting; the arrangement of the figures is natural and happily conceived. On the other hand we might wish for more vigor in the rendering of the figures, more character and expression in the heads. M. Schommer loves the play of light on silk; he has a fine sense of sumptuous texture, but he has nothing else, and this is not enough. M. Franzini would have earned nothing but praise if his sitter's fluffy red hair did not look like part of the tapestry against which the face stands out—or rather into which it is inlaid.

M. Marcel Baschet, in successfully carrying on a series of which each work has been quite excellent, shows us "M. Brisson," the President of the Chamber of Deputies, a noble and genuine countenance not spoiled by useless detail. M. Louis Chalon, whose picture of "M. Mesureur," formerly Minister of Commerce, is too assertive, has not taken sufficient care in this florid portrait to subordinate accessories to the likeness.

The public seem to have been startled by the full-length portrait of a young lady in a purplish dress, by M. Henri Martin. It has not been understood that, though the rigid attitude and the pretentious air with which the model holds in her hand a sunflower, dear to decadent literature and to London esthetes, may seem laughable, the work, as a picture, has great charm in its artificial and mystical grace. We may also add that in this portrait, even more











than in his decorative work, the artist has improved on the brush-work in which he has indulged for the last ten years. This return to common sense will be satisfactory to all who appreciate his talent, but fail to relish his extravagance.

We must not overlook the minute portraits painted by M. Axillette, with his usual precision, original though somewhat dry. We examine, not with pleasure but with real interest, his likeness of Paul Hervieu, the novelist, looking as if it had been stamped out. M. Marcel Baschet and M. Henri Guédy are not less precise, but are less dry in their portraits of "M. Henri Lavedan" and of the painter "Albert Maignan."

The little picture of a lady in a red dress by M. Hébert is a colorist's treat, and M. Lemeunier has shown real taste in his treatment of the portraits of "M. Félix Faure" as major of the Mobiles of the Seine-Inférieure, 1870; and of "M. Edouard Detaille" as sub-lieutenant of the reserve corps of Infantry Chasseurs, 1880. The background of figures against which M. Félix Faure stands forth is animated and busy, a pleasing episode; the grove of trees behind M. Edouard Detaille is ingeniously composed, and charming as an effect of color. These unobtrusive little pictures are excellent.

The foreigners, whose art as portrait-painters is, at the Champ de Mars, so full of individuality and so superior to our own, would not here deserve particular mention but for the importance of the English portrait-painters. America is well represented by a portrait of a lady, in which Mr. Seymour Thomas harmonizes grey and white with much dexterity, and by a study by Mr. Louis Loeb. Austria-Hungary sends some praiseworthy examples. England exhibits only three portraits, but these are masterpieces of the highest class. We hail them with all respect.

Here, against a background of buff hangings, we see a lean thick-set old man, with fresh, clean-shaven cheeks and a brick-red complexion. He stands in a riding-dress—top-boots, doeskin breeches

and a black coat—with calm decision, on legs whose strength is undiminished by age. His hunting crop is under his left arm, his right hand lies firmly gripping the left, in which he holds his tall hat and gloves. We feel here one of those tenacious natures which have expended their surplus energy in military service, and which are preserved in manly vigor to the last verge of old age by the habit of violent exercise. This is "Colonel Anstruther-Thomson," painted by Mr. Lorimer. English art has never produced a more manly piece of work in the small portrait form, or pitched in a happier key of sober coloring.

Mr. Orchardson has in his own country a still greater reputation than Mr. Lorimer, and it is well merited. He has always painted genre and portrait, hand in hand, and in each has produced works of high interest. We saw last year, a picture by him at the Champs Elysées, "The Salon of Madame Récamier," which was much admired, and a male portrait which was no less successful. He is represented here, this year, by a genre picture, "The Young Duke," and another portrait of a man. For the moment we will look only at the portrait. The arrangement is easy and pictorial. The sitter, in front of a table loaded with papers, books and pamphlets, is seen in profile, gazing absently before him. Some mental preoccupation absorbs him and has brought a smile to his lips. Nothing more simple can be imagined by way of attitude. It is easy, free, without being loose; its unpretentiousness lacks neither dignity nor style. The type of head, on the other hand, is studied with a clearness of vision which is shown in a thousand characteristic details, nowhere overinsisted on. It is a model of a family portrait in a setting of superior culture, and the somewhat shallow painting, the monotony of coloring—light brown and hempen yellows predominating—do not detract from the effect produced by the work as a whole. Better painting than this can be done in France, but nothing that is more impressive.

R H RAVAUT



TRAINING FOR EYES



G. RAVAILLÉ



RETING - TIDE

SAU. 10. 1906

G. Ravaillé 1906





I have kept till the last the large canvas on which Mr. Herkomer has revived, with singular power, and calm, full harmony, the portrait-group style of a past time. This painter, born in 1849 in a little Bavarian village not far from the town of Landsberg, and taken



A. G. CHANTROU *Remembrance*

to England when he was but eight years old, is English by education, English in his life and in his art; but he has preserved a tenderness for the land of his birth and shows it by frequent and touching evidences of affection. The last is this picture, wherein he has represented the Mayor of Landsberg in his Council Chamber, surrounded by the town councillors.

We see a large room with three windows in the wall opposite. Those to right and the left are wide open, and reveal a charming scene—a public square with a fountain crowned with a statue of the Virgin, old German houses

with battlemented gables, or copings cut into broad curving outlines. A soft, grey atmosphere hangs over the distance and throws it back, giving it the indispensable effect of remoteness. The middle window is screened by a dark blue curtain, and the outer daylight modifies its raw tone very agreeably. On a shelf across the recess stands a bust of the Prince Regent of rich bronze hues. A secretary with his back to the window is sitting at a long table, next the Mayor, who stands dressed in his official costume—

black velvet coat and breeches, a silver chain round his neck.

The Burgomaster, his hands resting on the table, stands in the side-light, evidently making a speech to the Council, and the ten councillors, seated five and five on either hand, in high-backed stalls of oak, listen in various attitudes of attention.

A German by birth, an Englishman by adoption, the artist on both grounds owed it to himself to give care to every detail. He has handled them as a skilled workman, with the greatest care but with judicious reserve. Neither the piles of red-edged books that fill the corners, nor the brightly polished floor on which the light plays, nor the bronzed bust of the Regent, intrudes itself on the spectator to the detriment of the heads, which are admirably studied, modeled with decision and a full brush, full of intense vitality. The soft light that pervades the room falls tenderly on men and things with equal truth, and the skill with which it is distributed bears witness to a special sensitiveness of eye. In a word, it is a finely balanced composition, sober, full of delicate illumination, and most firmly painted. The religion of nationality, while inspiring the artist, has raised his powers of expression to a pitch he has never before reached. He has made a really great work, out of a commonplace subject.

## V

### INTERIORS.

In paintings of interiors, as in the larger pictures, painful subjects abound, but they are not aggravated by insistency and are represented on a more modest scale, a double and important advantage.

In the subject attacked by M. Bourgonnier under the rather far-fetched title of "*Mater Dolorosa*," we have the physical torture of child-bearing. A young woman lies stretched on an iron





bedstead, stiff with spasmodic pain, her hands clenched, one holding on to her husband's rigid arms, the other on her mother's. At the foot of the bed stand three young women—sisters or near relations—watching the painful scene with alarmed solicitude. Two of them are holding lamps screened with lace shades, of which the light falls on the principal group. In the shadowy background there is a touch of white ; a cradle, trimmed with muslin, awaits the expected infant whose first cry will bring a smile to the mother's lips.

The scene is most skilfully arranged. The persons grouped round the sufferer's bed have the right expression of face and are perfectly natural. Their faces reflect to admiration their emotions of sympathy mingled with hope, and the effects of the light about them are noted with subtle delicacy. The color is a pleasing harmony of light hues. Whites, pale violets, lilac, soft pink and light yellow, combine in judicious juxtaposition, without harshness or unnecessary fuss.

A Belgian painter, M. Struys, whose powerful qualities of technique were noticeable last year in "A Visit to the Sick," has reappeared with a "*Viaticum*," in which we see the same richness of color, the same full and heavy *impasto*, the same forcible relief, the same vigorous and rather heavy handling. Preceded by the sacristan in his gown, the priest, wearing a cope, is crossing a low room on his way to the room where lies the dying man to whom he is bearing the holy oil. While the mother goes to prepare the sufferer to receive the consolations of religion, the father has thrown himself into a chair, and the wife or sister, kneeling by a straw-bottomed chair, hides her tear-stained face in her hands in despair. The scene, brutally natural, is piercingly true.

M. Dierckx, like M. Struys a Belgian, has similar qualities as a painter. He has to some extent spoilt them this year by striving after a lightness and freedom of brush-work, and an airiness which

do not suit his temperament. His "Corner of a Table at a Charity Meal" is not by a long way so good as the "Smoking-room in a Workhouse," which he exhibited previously. These groups of women and children seated in disorder on benches, are but clumsily arranged, and the quaintness of the room, the lower portion showing a sort of chequered pattern, adds in no small degree to the incoherent impression produced by the whole picture.

Much interest was felt last year in a picture of a "Workroom of Grey Sisters," painted by M. Boquet—a low room lighted by dim daylight, where half a dozen orphan girls were sewing. The subject having proved successful, the artist has returned to it, content to modify it a little. It is a fête-day and a procession is to pass through the town. The curé of the parish has called upon the best girls of the school to strew flowers on the ground before the Sacred Elements. A good Sister, in a large white cap, is busy in the parlor of the refuge, putting finishing touches to their costume. One of the orphan girls holds a pin-cushion from which the Sister takes pins to be stuck in here and there, to fasten the white veil to the white frock, and the white ribbon round the child's throat. A window opening on an inner court-yard sheds a cold light on this pleasing scene, and the young painter has caught the effect with a light accuracy that is quite charming. His choice and study of heads is no less excellent: the attitudes of the Sister and the girls are harmonious by their simplicity; they have the instinctive grace which young and guileless creatures naturally display in their movements. Not one is forced, and the rapture of the tiny child who clasps her hands in a transport of admiration is all the more expressive because it is evidently direct from nature.

M. Buland has hitherto adhered to a special line of rural types studied with keen but bitter incisiveness. We recall his interiors of forges, churches and taverns; his "Archery," his "Pleaders in a Police-court." Rarely has the rustic frame of mind been

marked in genre pictures by such carefully-studied countenances or such precise and clear characterization. If the artist had added to his powers of relief some qualities of texture and some sense of atmosphere, his painting would hold the first rank. Has M. Buland understood this himself? Has he of his own accord accepted the



L. NOLLET. *Mont Saint Michel*

advice so freely given him by his critics, in spite of their sympathetic appreciation? It matters not. The fact remains that he has ceased to give us in his work a race of men carved out of wood. His "Empty Cradle" betrays a radical change in his manner of painting. He shows us, seated on chairs, on their return from the funeral, a young peasant couple in mourning, staring at the little vacant bed. Their dazed attitudes, their stricken faces, their awkwardness emphasized by their Sunday dress, are rendered with the intelligence that is to be seen in all this artist's work. From the black dresses in contrast with the white curtains of the cradle he has got effects of

color of which we should hitherto have believed him to be incapable. We can find nothing in the picture to complain of, excepting the background against which the figures stand out—a chimney-hanging with a border of blue cloth edged with braid and fringe, entirely out of place in a peasant dwelling. Such an improbability as this, such an useless detail injudiciously introduced, is enough to bring a charge of insincerity against the artist and compromise his success beyond retrieving.

Neither simplicity nor artlessness are to seek in M. Baugnies' "Reading the Will." The heirs, in attitudes of attention, are grouped round the lawyer and his clerk, sitting in the recess of a window in full daylight. The efforts they are making to understand the precise sense of the document through the legal formulas is shown in their heavy position, leaning over the basket that rests on their knees placed close together, and in the mechanical action with which they pinch the cloth of their Sunday trousers. And we feel that the old mother herself, in the corner where she sits alone, even under her affected attitude of despair, shares her children's agitation, and is listening anxiously to the reading. The execution, as regards the figures, is perhaps a little heavy, but the effect of light is happy, and the work is fine in tone and general harmony.

In a gayer key, Mr. Joseph Bulfield's "Breton Barber" is as good a piece of work as a study of character. It is superior in vivacity and a sort of sly fun, as well as in execution, variety, lightness and facility.

A "Breton Tavern," by M. Menesson, is especially meritorious in point of color; it is, strictly speaking, no more than a sketch, but a powerful sketch, painted with no less decision than sincerity.

A "Book-binder," by M. Debaene; an "Interior," by M. Jules Petit; a "Gem-cutter," by M. Burdy; a "Shoeing Forge," by M. Delahaye, are more elaborate works, but reveal an identical purpose. This characteristic is common to all the younger painters, no matter whose studio they may have worked in. It is equally



M. L. MERF.



BEAD THREADING IN VENICE



T RALL:



A WOMAN SELLING FLOWERS IN A GATEWAY CITY



conspicuous in the pupils of M. Benjamin-Constant or Cormon, Jules Lefebvre or Gérôme, and in those of M. Gustave Moreau ; and the little portrait of "M. Mounet-Sully," in the part of Aretino, by M. Albert Laurens, is not less explicit on this point than the "Woman's Head" or the "Old Woman Sitting by her Chimney Corner," painted by M. Fernand Sabatté.

M. Gustave Moreau's pupils, however, are distinguished from the rest by their preference for black. They use every note in the scale of black, often with more determination than felicity ; and most of their pictures look as if they had been painted in a cellar rather than in a studio. The "Dead Christ bewailed by the Holy Women," by M. Rouault is quite uncomfortable from this point of view ; and while we do homage to the composition, which has much picturesque quality, and to the feeling which is genuinely emotional, we cannot but regret the absence both of all sense of tone, and of even the very slightest regard for atmosphere.

It is a pleasure to turn from this heavy opaque painting to the little domestic scenes set in bright interiors exhibited by MM. Paul Thomas, Dantan and Bréauté, to M. Alfred de Richemont's "Last Rays ;" to "The Almshouse of the Holy Ghost, at Lübeck," by Mr. Simonson, and to three canvases which must be ranked among the best sent to the Salon : "The Lord be with you," by M. Duvent ; "Folding Cloth in an Alsatian Factory," by M. Zwiller ; and "Children at Play," by Madame Laura Müntz.

The first represents the interior of a church in Brittany while Mass is going on. By the pillars of the nave and on benches, Breton women are kneeling in their black petticoats and white caps ; old men too are humbly on their knees. The daylight, coming through stained glass that blazes with crimson fires, is diffused in subdued tones under the vaulting, warming the old stones and falling tenderly on the crowd of worshippers. All the accidents of this illumination are painted with ingenious fidelity ; all that is useless is skillfully passed over, only what is pictorial is retained. Hence an unity

of effect which gives to the whole scene the refined and sober harmony that at once rests and satisfies the eye.

M. Zwiller is an Alsatian, and finds all his subjects in Alsace. He has always chosen them with taste, and his patriotism is answerable for none but good pictures. He excels in interiors of schools and factories with daylight pouring in through large glass windows.

In the "Folding Room" he now exhibits, he has used the effects he delights in with greater skill than ever, and greater art. We cannot but take pleasure in his fresh-faced working girls, modeled against the light with such delicate finish, and the cheerful variety of light hues for which the pieces of stuff in many-colored piles have afforded an excuse.

In a home-like drawing-room, with a subdued light, two tiny pink and white children in mauve frocks are trying to dance. The little things hold each other's hands and are slipping and turning to the measured music of a piano, with exquisite awkwardness on the waxed boards of a polished floor. In the background, grand-mamma looks on in delight, and the young mother, while her fingers wander over the keys, turns round and watches the little dancers with admiration. This is the subject which Madame Laura Müntz has treated with consummate skill in her "Children at Play." She has a feeling for the vague movements and instinctive grace of infancy: she renders them with refinement and tact unspoiled by any pretentious sentimentality, and enhanced by the freshest coloring, the freest, the most airy, the most flowing handling. I must confess, though at the risk of offending many persons, that I find far more solid qualities in this little picture of domestic life than in the scenes of genre so carefully studied and so ingeniously set forth, of which the English school has secured the productive monopoly. Like Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Lorimer, whose "Young Duke" and "Mariage de Convenance" are models of the style, Madame Laura Müntz is English by birth: but she acquired her training in Paris







HERRMANN LEON



THE DOGS OF THE TRENCH



under masters of the French school. We do not see that her talent has lost anything by this.

To the pictures already enumerated we must add two others of great interest. "A Village School in Brittany" and "A Franco-Arab School at Tlemcen." Both are by the same painter. This clever artist is M. Jean Geoffroy, who produces with equal mastery these bright scenes of school interiors, and the melancholy aspects of dispensaries, charitable institutions and night-asylums. Perhaps he did best in this class of subject. He threw into them a firmer accent, and brought to them great insight in the study of human expression. We might fancy that in contact with childhood he has feared to be too realistic, and has thought himself obliged to give a certain prettiness to the actors in the scene, the more to enlist our sympathies.

His powers of execution, however, have lost nothing. He has never shown greater ease, richer variety of coloring, or a lighter and more delicate touch than in the school-interiors he here sets before us. The Franco-Arab school is one of the most delightful studies of light and shade that we have seen at the Salon for many years. The setting is picturesque, the grouping of the little people is full of grace, and the pictures would be faultless but for an open door in the back wall of the room through which the light pours in. The contrast with the subdued tone of the large hall in some degree destroys the harmony by its harshness. On the other hand, we have nothing but praise for the "School in Brittany."

The composition is charming in its simplicity. In the background, the little girls in black frocks and white caps are diligently writing out their tasks. In front, on the left, the school-mistress, also wearing the Breton costume, is teaching a group of little ones to read out of a book she holds wide open before them. Two tiny children, too young yet to understand or care for what is going forward, sit with clasped hands, lost in an ecstatic dream in which their companions very certainly play no part.

The execution is of the most refined delicacy, as in all this artist's work. The treatment of the rich black, the more or less subdued whites, the tender greys, is perfect ; and the silvery light that falls on the baby faces like a nimbus is a real joy to the eye. It may perhaps be objected that the children's attitudes are here and there rather affected, their demeanor too elegant for little girls who are certainly not Parisian, and their prettiness rather fine-drawn : still, as a picture there is no fault to find with it. The technique is consummately skillful.

## VI

## PICTURES OF INCIDENT.

We now turn to what we may call anecdote painting.

The subject may be trivial, but from the point of view of technique a picture is never uninteresting from the wonderfully dexterous and prodigiously facile hand of M. Tito Lessi. There is, indeed, no intense interest of subject in his "Gil Blas Interceding in Favor of Garcias" or in his "Convent Garden ;" but what a charming interior is the Archbishop's room, and how serene is this terraced walk where the Dominican Sisters, on a summer afternoon, are enjoying the delights of *far niente* under the guise of work !

A pretty room indeed is this of the Archbishop of Granada, with its massive table, sumptuously covered with red velvet, braided in a scroll pattern of gold. The harmony is rich, and yet sober, of the red table cover and the episcopal hood, and of these reds with the green that is the dominant note in the wall-hangings. And how subtly witty is the action of the story, the obsequiousness of the licentiate, the quiet irony of the secretary, and the haughtiness of the Prince of the Church. We are evidently in our rights when we say that we prefer to this little picture the Book-collector's library in which the artist reveled last year, lavishing on it all his gifts with the utmost freedom, and lending an intensely living aspect to old books and the

H LAISSEMENT



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dignified elegance of the finest Louis XV. paneling that can be imagined. But though he was more admirable in the work of yesterday, we will not pick holes in the picture of to-day. His inventiveness, his dexterous manipulation, his refined taste, are not inferior, and the play of color is as charming.

From M. Tito Lessi to M. Alberti, who has drawn on real life, showing us "Yvette Guilbert" in her dressing-room, is a very long leap. The drawing is not absolutely sure, there is some indecision in the movement, but the effect of light is not displeasing, and the artist, who is young, shows an advance on his former efforts.

Serious qualities are not lacking in an interesting little picture by M. Lambert, "Five o'clock." The attitude of the young mother, suckling her baby of a few months old, as she sits by the stove where the soup is simmering, is exactly and amusingly



MELLE M. GUYON *The Dinner Table*

truthful. The two little girls by the fire, contentedly munching their dry bread, are naturally and expressively grouped, and the scene in its domestic key would be touching enough if the painter had been content with less display of wit in his title. To give the pretentious name of "Five o'clock," by which French snobs designate in English an afternoon tea, to the suckling of an infant in swaddling clothes, strikes me as supremely ridiculous. It is the sort of witticism relished by commercial travelers, but by them alone.

One of the personages of romance whom it is most difficult to transfer to the realm of art is Manon Lescaut. The erring heroine, brought into the world by the venturesome Abbé who bore the name of Prévost, and who somewhat discredited the clerical robe by the scandalous follies of his youth, is too complex a character for the brush to succeed in any attempt to represent her. M. Lynch, to interest us in her fate, has indeed chosen the moment when the sentence pronounced on the courtesan falls on her like a deadly blow and so simplifies her emotions.

The King's ship, which is to bear her off beyond seas to Louisiana, lies rocking majestically at anchor in the distant roadstead, and the boat that conveys the disreputable damsels is being pulled with all oars out to get to her. The herd packed into the boat are in mad spirits. Hussies with coarse faces are talking to the boatmen, and their jests are no doubt highly spiced, for they are laughing loudly. Others, younger and less hardened, smile calmly at the future. Des Grieux, at the prow, seated by Manon, who is wrapped in her cloak and sunk in a sort of stupor, supports her with a loving arm. We cannot conceive otherwise of the departure and the attitude of the stricken lovers. The natural grouping and subtle grace of the scene, the firmness of the drawing and the skillful execution, make this well-balanced and carefully-studied picture one of the best to be seen of its kind.

If we were to take the word of certain folks who go into ecstasies over everything that comes from England, Orchardson's "Young Duke" must be a perfect wonder. We do not share this view. We see in it the work of an expert, no doubt, but of an expert who, in our opinion, holds observation and truth too cheap. Analyze this large work in detail. In a luxurious eighteenth century dining-room, with elaborately-carved and gilt paneling, stands a large horse-shoe table. In the central seat of honor sits a melancholy-looking youth. In vain have his companions risen, glass in hand, to drink to his health, for they are keeping his birthday, their enter-







tainer preserves the same forced smile ; the same expression of disenchantment is legible in his weary countenance and features drawn by debauchery.

The subject, it must be allowed, is not novel. It has been rife in every studio, for Menander among the Greeks, and Terence among the Latins, have dealt with the story of the heir left too early to himself, dissipating his fortune in folly, and deriving no pleasure from it after all.

What means, then, has the artist here adopted to rejuvenate the old story ? We look for them in vain. All the guests have precisely the same profile. Under the various heads of hair, some fair, some dark, some rufous, we find the same studio-model, capable no doubt of giving an appropriate attitude for each person he sits for, but incapable of varying his expression and character.

As to the execution of these figures, it is very thin ; and if the picture did not recommend itself by some delicacy of handling in the details, if the table loaded with flowers and fruit, silver and crystal, were not a fine study of still-life, we should be hard on this piece of commonplace art.

The painting is of sterner quality in Mr. Lorimer's "*Mariage de Convenance.*" Though here again the subject has no novelty, though the sight of a young bride in white, sobbing under her veil as if her heart would break when her bridesmaids come to escort her to the church, is a subject we have seen a hundred times before, still we are conscious in this work of a determination to get a grip on nature, which in spite of everything lends it interest. Perhaps this dexterous, neatly-finished brush-work is a little dry ; perhaps, too, the little landscape seen through an open window is rather aggressively near ; but the work is nevertheless that of an artist unusually sure of himself, and certainly curious.

The execution is but second-rate in the picture exhibited by M. Chocarne-Moreau, "Opportunity," but the incident has at least the merit of being amusing. Outside a wooden booth occupied by

a news-vender, a pastrycook's boy is ecstatically staring at the last numbers of *Le Journal Amusant* and *Le Rire*. Tempted by the cakes displayed in his flat basket, two sweeps are quietly annexing some of them.

Madame Maximilienne Guyon's "Fortune-teller" is full of



observation and cleverness. The proficient in chiromancy, seated at her table, with a large book open before her, and studying the slim hand held out by a pretty client, is a complete specimen of the old impostor, and the patient's anxiety, and the merely inquisitive attitude of the friend who accompanies her, are admirably true. We may add that Madame Maximilienne Guyon has never shown greater refinement or purpose in her technique. This little painting is irreproachable and charming.

We must be content merely to mention M. Kaemmerer, as crisp and florid as ever, in "Mountebanks;" M. Gérôme, who has had a fancy to "restore," with the learning of an historian and the accuracy of an archæologist, a water-party by night in the gardens of Versailles in the later days of Louis XIV.; M. Wagrez, whose "Tannhäuser in the Venusberg" is cleverly and delicately enticing; M. Brispot, with his poetical "Village Bell-ringers," and a little family scene. "Too fond," very delicately rendered; M. Bompard, whose "Bead-threading, Venice," is one of the best-imagined pictures he has ever set before us, living, busy, brilliant in color,

THE FLEET



THE FLEET

THE FLEET





THE RIVER





and remarkable as a study of the types and manners of the Venetian populace.

M. Laissement's "In the Anteroom" is not to be despised. The execution lacks brilliancy and is cold ; still, the light and shade are pleasing, and the play of expression is well imagined. Again, we must mention a student of Greek life, M. Ralli, with his "Woman Selling Tapers in a Greek Church ;" M. Clairin with his "Return to Murano ;" Mr. Finn's "Knocked Out ;" M. Eugène Le Roux', "Rustic Inn," with lovers in Directoire costumes very prettily got up ; Madame Euphémie Muraton's "Family Party ;" Mr. Bacon's "Interior of a Country Church," fresh and bright in tone ; M. Boucher, with his "New Cider." Then we have an ingenious and novel composition by M. Paupion of the "Repose of the Virgin ;" M. Deuilly's "Proposal ;" Mrs. Wentworth, with a picture of "Prayer ;" an expressive study, "Will it be Fine ?" by M. Gustave Jacquet ; "Morning Prayer," by M. Poilleux Saint-Ange ; "A Quarrel," between two little rascals, by M. François Reynaud ; "An Old Woman," by M. Hirsch ; "An Intruder," by M. Mayet ; and "Fishing for Eels" by M. Ravaut.

We must make special mention of M. Edouard Gelhay. His "First-born" and "Waiting in Vain" reveal him as a most refined painter of open-air effects. In the first, a young mother is playing hide-and-seek with a baby in a pink frock, under the trees of a park. In the second, on a garden seat, a forlorn damsel yields to despair under the conviction that her lover has forgotten his promise and comes not. The subject is in itself trivial, but the artist, by treating it simply, with a very subtle and well-apprehended effect of light, has given the stale motive a very new and unexpected variety. He has earned unstinted praise.

Nor is there any reservation in the praise given by every good judge to an English artist, Mr. P. Melton Fisher, for his "Summer Night, Venice." It is nine in the evening. Dinner is over ; we have left the hotel dining-room and are standing on the balcony

beneath which gleams the Grand Canal. There is not a sound. At this hour the *raporino* has ceased to ply, and only the gondolas glide over the dark water with a soft rippling. This is the hour chosen by the town-singers to come in a boat dressed with flags, and serenade foreign visitors under the windows of the Grand Hotel. Round the heavy barge a dense crowd of gondolas soon collects, while on the balcony, amid the dying sparks of lanterns, the æsthetic and the curious of both sexes, overcome by the all-pervading languor, give themselves up to endless day-dreams of inexpressible sweetness. Mr. Fisher has rendered this night scene with equal truth and charm. His picture is full of dreaminess, but the dream does not hamper the reality; the figures, though softened by the darkness, stand out in full relief, all the more striking as capricious and startling effects of light accentuate them here and there. The work is as successful as it is daring.

## VII.

### MILITARY PICTURES.

Studies of military life are relatively few this year. Anecdote has superseded them. Following the public taste, painting has renounced the heroic vein, which is, indeed, out of place in homely drawing-rooms, to devote itself to amusement. In the whole Salon there is but one military picture characterized by genuine feeling; it is the huge canvas called "*Aigles*," in which M. Rouffet has symbolized with noble feeling the lamentable spectacle of an army routed by the cold. A trace of the same patriotic emotion is to be found in the composition by M. Chelminsky, showing Joseph's staff-officers crossing the pass of "Guadarrama" in Spain, under a snow-storm. M. Benoît Lévy, in his "*Defence of Rambervillers*," sets forth with remarkable vital power the conflict between a Prussian column and some French sharpshooters. The

Polish hussars and lancers marching past Napoleon in an indescribable glow of enthusiasm, in 1813, after the memorable charge at Hanau,

are not lacking in vigor. A foreigner, Mr. Charlton, whose name is new to us, has illustrated with striking power the fine passage in Zola's *Débâcle*, in which he describes the day after defeat, and shows us the maddened herd of horses, whose riders were killed in the fight, rushing across the field of battle full tilt over the dead.

In the genre of familiar episode M. Orange holds a good place with his "Narghileh." The scene takes place during the Egyptian Campaign. A handsome negro, squatting on his heels, has been smoking a magnificent narghileh, blowing forth clouds of fragrant smoke that have stirred the envy of a hussar. He has snatched the pliant pipe and stuck the amber



H. P. X. 1860. 1860.

mouth-piece between his teeth to the great wrath of the protesting Moor. It is well painted, though with more than a suspicion of dryness.

M. Chaperon, who exhibits a capital portrait of an officer, has amused himself with painting "A Halt"—a trooper ingratiating himself with a sergeant by offering him a drink. M. Berne-Bellecour shows us another trooper billeted on "A Native," who has at once set to work to provide brush-wood for the cook. M. Petit-Gérard makes marked progress every year, and his two episodes of the autumn manœuvres will find admirers: "A Meeting" and "A Siege Train."

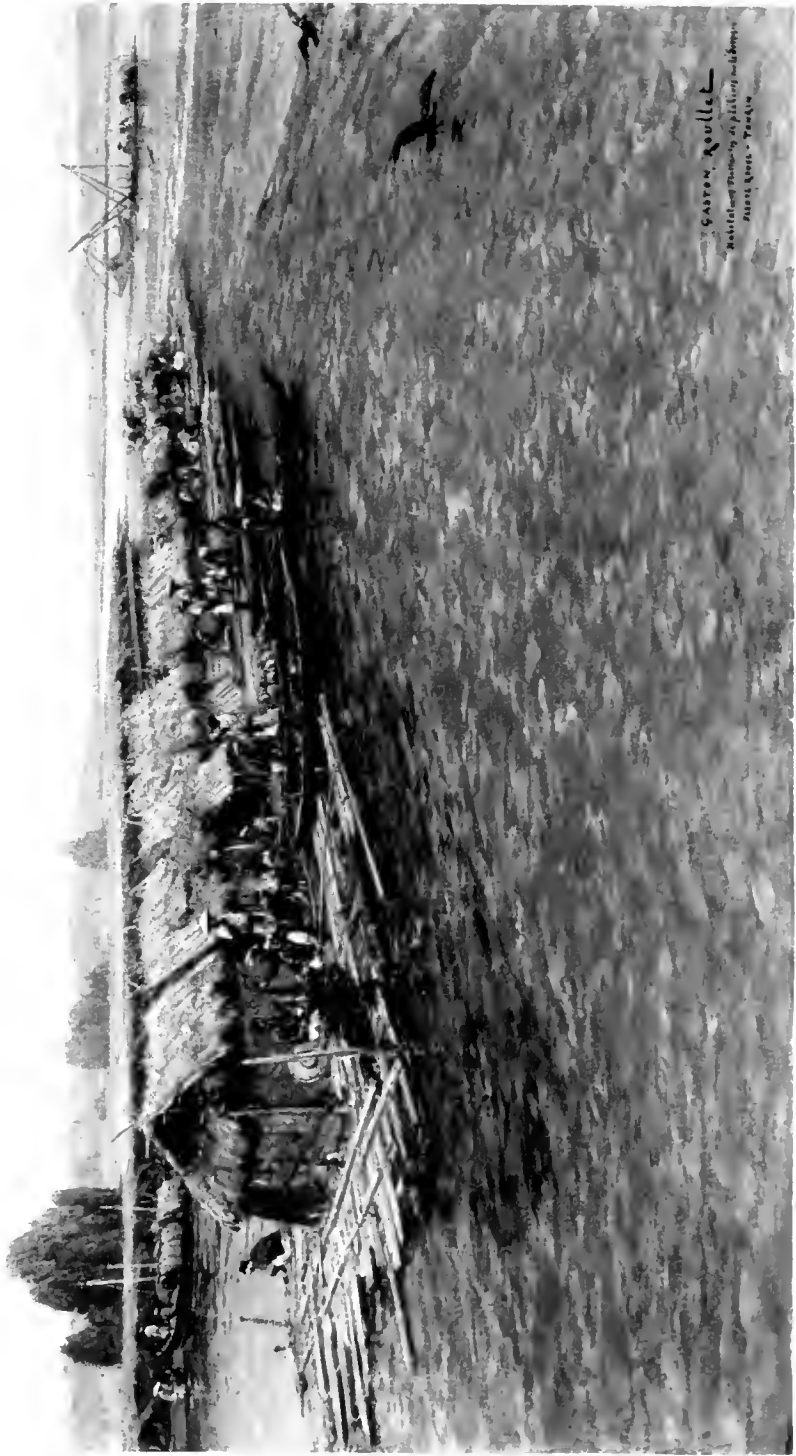
### VIII.

#### LANDSCAPE AND OPEN-AIR STUDIES.

There are two ways of seeing and rendering nature. It may be painted just as it is, with a determination to make its variety tell as much as possible, emphasizing designedly, by the power of color, everything that is susceptible of emphasis. This is the line taken by the Mediterranean painter Olive, and such northern artists as Nozal and Petitjean, Gagliardini, Thurner and Tanzi. The result is sometimes quite admirable.

Certain effects of dazzling sunlight, certain wild tracks of country, certain broad contrasts of a sky loaded with threatening clouds and a land carpeted with spring flowers of the tenderest shades, are congenial to this rather rough-and-ready manner, and owe to it, not indeed their charm, for that is absent, but to the peculiar interest that they certainly have. This aspect of landscape-painting, which is admirable in gallery pictures, seen under a harsh light, and among surroundings that are generally adverse to subtle harmonies, has on the other hand given no great work to the taste of the amateur.

What effect, for instance, would be produced in a quiet room, lighted by diffused and softened daylight, by such pictures as the "Village of Roussillon, Provence," by M. Gagliardini? They would



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seem detestably gaudy—as they are. Unless the artist can infuse a sense and sentiment of subdued tone, as M. Dameron has done in his “Evening Light,” M. Dainville in his “Twilight,” and M. Cornellier in his “Environs of Marseilles,” he is condemned to brilliant but almost meaningless effects, and that redundancy and declamatory pomp of which M. Nozal year after year exhibits a gorgeous monotony.

Nature may be viewed otherwise, and will be viewed otherwise more and more in years to come. A tendency is evidently diverting our artists from the deceptive effects of literal transcripts to lead them to a more individual apprehension and more idealized rendering of nature. They are beginning to perceive once more that there is a soul in things, and great joy to be found in revealing that soul while representing the things.

But, even so, they are perfectly distinct from their immediate predecessors. They, in their interpretations, tried to reconcile their love of accuracy with their desire for a nobler interpretation. Of these is the aged, but still stalwart, Harpignies. His large canvas, “The Loire,” is splendid in style. Anyone who has seen the great river in summer, idly flowing over the shifting sands of its bed, must recognize it in the master’s picture and pronounce it a perfect likeness. But though the general aspect is truth itself, the artist has not felt bound to exactitude in the details of the composition. He has altered and re-arranged to his taste the beautiful woods that group themselves on the banks, and frame the flood with proud dignity. We find the same feeling in a fine work by M. Camille Bernier : the “Forest of Kerlagadic, Brittany.”

The more modern idealists, on the other hand, seem rather to prefer the way which M. Pointelin first cut out for himself ; they love the vague outlines and uncertain shapes given by an evening light to even the sternest scenery. In this key we find a very remarkable quality in the dream-like landscapes of M. Albert Goselin, in M. Noirot’s “Mont Saint-Michel,” and in the exquisite

moonlight effect which M. Eymieu calls a "*Nocturne*." Equally noteworthy are M. Japy's "Spring Dawn," M. Didier Pouget's "Moorland, Pink Heather," M. Adrien Demont's "Promised Land;" M. Paul Lecomte's "Weir;" and, in a stronger manner, M. Champoux's two pictures, "Moonlight after a Storm at Sea" and "Mac-Gillycuddy's Reeks."

Not to be overlooked are M. Kreyder's flowers and fruit pieces, Madame Mac Nab's roses, nor the admirable still-life studies by M. Chrétien. We must pay brief tribute to the pleasing Parisian flavor shown in the works of MM. Luigi Loir, Caquiart and Guillemet; to Mr. Chetwood-Acken's "Mariners' Cross," Mr. Ridgway Knight's "Shepherdess," to Mademoiselle Carpentier's "Candles," and M. Vayson's "Laborer's Meal." We must remember, too, that there is a school of orientalists, painters who are increasingly popular and constantly improving in mastery. We may point to the Algerian landscapes, blazing with light, but that light made delightfully soft and harmonious, by M. Rigollet, to the "Fatigue Party Carrying Forage," by M. Paris, to "Evening" and "Fetching Wood," by M. Gustave Pinel, and "Floating Dwellings on the Red River," by M. Gaston Rouillet.

Of the marine pieces we must be content to name "A Rising Tide," a masterly work by M. Ravanne, and a brilliant picture by M. Chabanian, "Moonrise on the Atlantic, from Beg Meil." To these we add two animal painters, M. Bisbing and M. Barillot, thus ending with two capital pieces of painting. Neither Troyon nor Van Marcke have done anything better than M. Bisbing's Dutch cows lazily stretched out in the afternoon light, on the meadows by the Scheldt. And the bulls and heifers M. Barillot portrays in landscapes studied in Normandy, are full of energy, often very subtle energy, proclaiming him undoubtedly a master.







THE LION



## SCULPTURE.

Sculpture, this year, makes on the whole but a poor show. It could hardly have been otherwise. Masterpieces cannot be produced every year, and the rich harvest of last season had exhausted our sculptors. Paul Dubois, wholly absorbed in the new statue of Joan of Arc, promised to the city of Reims and lately inaugurated with so much splendor on the Cathedral Square of the old Archbishopric, exhibits nothing. Some of the best qualified of his brethren appear before the public with nothing but small carvings and works of secondary importance ; and though a few of the younger sculptors have produced work worthy of serious attention, the greater number have given us good craft rather than high art.

The supple figure of a "Dancing Girl," whose suggestive and slender nudity M. Falguière has reproduced in marble, with her voluptuous sway, and lean, exaggerated torso full of youthful verve, will be remembered among this master's naturalistic efforts, as one of the most expressive, if not the most stately.

The "Saint Michael" exhibited by M. Frémiet in plaster before executing it for the State, in repoussé brass, in the dignified ease of the attitude and the triumphant charm of the face, reminds us of the religious images of the Middle Ages with their exquisite ingenuity ; the costume too is learnedly exact and the arrangement is well invented. Nevertheless, the inspiration and feeling under the coat of mail that protects the saint are essentially modern ; and the Archangel's wings, widely spread, will have a fine effect on the top of the great tower on Mont Saint-Michel which looks down on the proud stronghold of conventual buildings.

The commemorative monument in which M. Adolphe Mercié has

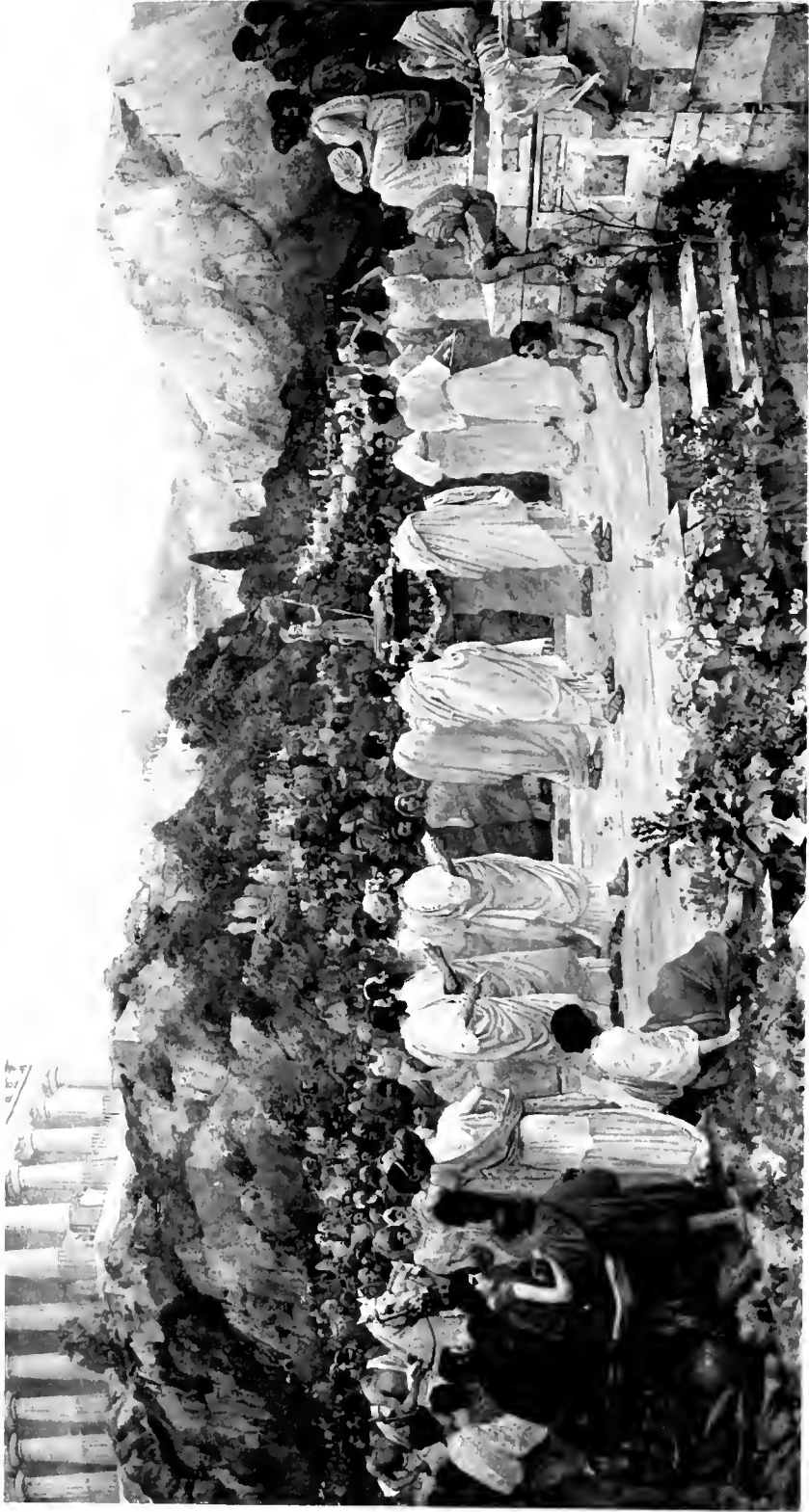
represented allegorically the heroic resistance to the Prussians, in 1870, of the town of Châteaudun, has attracted general attention, and is in every way worthy of such appreciation. This figure of a woman crouching over a man's body, between the legs of a National Guard who is aiming at an invisible enemy, is strikingly beautiful. Her bodice unfastened, with haggard eyes, and hair hanging in disorder, she is holding a horse-pistol clenched in her right hand and is ready, we can see, to sell her life dearly. It is a work of thrilling power and executed with noble breadth.

The State, in a happy moment, had officially purchased before the opening of the Salon a group of "Fighting Panthers," which competed with the fine decorative group by M. Gustave Michel, called "Inspiration." It strikes me as being on the whole quite the newest idea and most characteristic work in sculpture this year. The two wild beasts in their fury are tearing each other with their claws, and biting with their sharp teeth. The amazing suppleness of their bodies and the prodigious tension of their muscles have been rendered by the artist with unerring certainty, and a vivid sense of vital force. We greet M. Gardet, the artist, as a worthy successor to Barye, who, if he had still been living, would have found in him a rival.

In a different class of work, M. Alfred Boucher's "Convolvulus" has a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, who delight in the chaste grace and ingenuous delicacy of this figure of a girl in high relief, with its background of shrubbery chiseled in the solid marble with delightful refinement. It was a serious risk to venture on so perilous a subject, a work of such subtle genre, without fear of degenerating into mere prettiness. M. Boucher has acquitted himself triumphantly, which will surprise no one.

A romantic artist, born out of due season, M. Becquet, has infused into a "Dead Christ," executed with patient finish and the most inveterate conscientiousness, all that the subject could suggest of sincere and intense pathos. M. Pezieux has for many years shown himself







a master in figures of strikingly modern feeling combined with really antique grace. In his statue of "Meditation" he seems to



have attempted to revive the long forgotten tradition of those ambiguous forms dear to the art of Greece, a sort of compromise between the woman and the boy, so soft are the limbs, and so elegant the modeling. Connoisseurs, who know how skillfully this artist handles marble, and what unexpected refinement he gives to the forms he

creates, while seeking no more than the general mass in the original model, expect great things from the finished work, for the plaster is beautiful.

Among the crowded ranks of young sculptors, about half a dozen show good promise. "The Tempest," by M. Larche, is a group of genuinely tragic feeling. Female forms are seen writhing in a whirl of clouds that lie on the tossing waves; the idea is strangely powerful, the attitudes wild and grandiose. The City of Paris has purchased this fine work to its own honor.

A bas-relief sent from Rome by M. Gasq, "Hero and Leander," has also made a sensation. The conception is quite modern, in a style which it seemed difficult to revive. The attitudes are supremely graceful but without injury to the severe study of the model. Certain hollow spots of shadow are observable which, in bronze, would not seem forced, but which in marble are too strong. Nevertheless, there are great hopes of an artist still so young.

Another Roman student, M. Lefebvre, has wrought an emaciated Christ sinking under the burden of the Cross and falling to the ground on the hill of Calvary. This, with M. Just Becquet's "Dying Christ," is the only sample of religious sculpture we have seen for many years that has any solid qualities of execution.

But M. Becquet has brought very moderate powers of expression to second his qualities of execution. The dead body of a God and the dead body of a man are alike. There is much more to be done with a God in agony. M. Lefebvre has rendered the God in agony with piercing intensity of emotion: his marble statue is one of the noblest, dramatically speaking, and at the same time one of the simplest ever inspired by Christian art.

Two more efforts by beginners arrest our attention: the "Psyche" shown us by M. Roger Bloche, being borne away on a soft bed of clouds by Cupid transfigured by ideal love; and the antique couple, so youthfully chaste, modeled by M. Jean-Marie Boucher. In the



M. J. N. V.



former there is a reminiscence of Prud'hon's poetical inventions; a sort of transposition into sculpture of his soft and airy grace. The newness of the attitudes and the ingenious composition are, in M. Boucher's group, not less striking than the exquisite purity of feeling.

In decorative work M. Claussade's "Venus teasing Love," and M. Massoule's marble vase are not to be overlooked. The movement of the Venus is very happy; it skillfully gives emphasis to the thorough modeling of a youthful figure, set off, in the style of the eighteenth century, by a suggestion of smiling frivolity. The female figures with which M. Massoule has graced the handles of his vase form an elegant curve; they do not interfere with the outline, they emphasize it, and the general harmony is delightful.

But to balance this dozen or so of exceptionally good works, what a mass of senseless efforts! By dint of search we may indeed find some ingenious ideas pleasingly set forth; the monumental stone for Chaplin by M. Denys Puech, M. Houssin's "Desbordes-Valmore," M. Richer's "Sower," M. Greber's "Fire-damp," and M. Laporte's "Mother's Love." If to these we add from the commonplace array of busts some faces full of purpose, "Brisson" and "Ambroise Thomas," by M. Bernstamm, the "President of the Republic," by M. Hercule, the "Marquis of Salisbury," by Mr. Bruce-Joy, we have exhausted the list of really good pieces of sculpture in the Salon.

This poor result is a matter for surprise and fills us with apprehensions for the future. Our artists, it is true, are still and always craftsmen whose conscientiousness is above suspicion, their learning solid and undeniable. But as for originality, where is it? The same types are constantly repeated, dull and conventional; and no one tries to create anything fresher.

All the pieces of sculpture exhibited here are more or less alike, with the likeness of near relationship. They might all be wrought by the same hand—all sisters. This has been going on for a long time, and it would, no doubt, last eternally if the worthy public

should not weary of it at last. But there is a rumor current that it is growing weary, and sculptors are repeating this from studio to studio. They still work on in the same groove, but they have been startled ; and their uneasiness is evident in attempts, every year more numerous, to introduce color into sculpture.

Some apply wax to the surface of the marble ; they thus tinge it yellow, softening the outlines down to insipidity, and thinking themselves very clever when they can vie with modeling in lard. Others, more audacious, paint the marble, as formerly stone was painted, or figures carved in wood. These again are in the wrong. The tones of nature in a portrait are perfectly admissible ; in the nude figure they are detestable. Only nations in their infancy can take pleasure in the result ; to them a statue should cheat the eye, and it charms them more in proportion as it is more like the real thing. And even these restrict color to stone and wood. M. Michel has understood this judicious distinction in his coloring of the group of "The Blind Man carrying the Cripple." He has thought, not without reason, that only the coarser texture of stone lends itself to such treatment ; and the innovation he has hit upon of substituting for paint, which obscures the surface, a stain that penetrates it, showing the grain, certainly deserves encouragement. Who knows whether we may not see sculpture transformed as a result of attempts of this kind, by the very fact that the material will be different, and that sculptors, neglecting marble, will more frequently work in stone.

This idea may seem startling ; it is, however, only rational. There is no more radical way of transforming an art than by compelling the artist to modify or alter his technique. Now the technique of sculpture is not the same for working in marble as for working in wood or stone. Hence there are real reasons for supposing that if our sculptors fall back on other materials than marble, this alteration, by influencing their treatment, may modify their inspiration. This is so true that M. Alfred Boucher who placed his "Diana" in the







hands of a potter for reproduction in earthenware, had to work the whole figure over again. And by this process he has given it fresh charm.

No material lends itself so well to the reproduction of sculpture as earthenware on whatsoever scale it may be. It is as plastic as terra-cotta, lending itself with admirable ease to the most delicate modeling. The small amount of shrinkage in the firing does not spoil the proportions, nor has it any effect on the modeling as executed by the artist.

It is, however, quite possible that it would never have occurred to a sculptor to avail himself of so simple a method of reproduction if an enterprising and well-known potter, M. Emile Müller, had not perceived that earthenware might be used for reproducing large statues and other pieces of sculpture as well as small objects.

Understanding the impulse that was tempting sculptors to the use of color, he discerned what an advantage it would be to them to work in so versatile a material; it was his dream to make it available not merely for statuettes, but for statues, and even for colossal compositions. He appealed to sculptors and they saw the cogency of his reasoning. This is why, this year, we have the Salons peopled with brilliant statues with a fine surface, the work of our best masters.

Besides Boucher's "Diane," here are "Out of School," a fine rustic group by Falguière, "An Ox," and "A Gryphon," both fantastically modeled by Frémiet—originally for Pierrefonds; Fagel's monumental slab, Escoula's life-like busts, Aubé's allegorical figures; some powerful bas-reliefs by Meunier, and exquisite compositions by Dampé.

It is impossible to imagine how good an effect is produced in the Palais de l'Industrie, among plaster casts and marbles, by Falguière's "Out of School." This simple figure of a woman bending down with the sweetest smile to the little school-girl, while a still younger sister hails her with delight, has gained a quality from the rich color-

ing of the earthenware, which the original statue lacked, and we see no work in bronze which can hold its own by the side of this fine specimen of what may be called a new art, glowing with rich blues broken in places by equally rich reds, the result of the caprice of fire.

The whole effect of the statues and busts is completed by an interesting attempt of M. Müller's to reproduce, also in earthenware, the famous frieze of lions brought from Susa by M. Dieulafoy, who found it there. The reproduction is absolutely exact; still, it strikes me that the colors have a crudity which does not faithfully reproduce the tones of the antique in the Louvre. Be this as it may, such rich hues have a great charm, and after seeing this fine decorative work we can but regret that architects have as yet made so little use of a material which would yield such original and novel results.





# NATIONAL FINE ART SOCIETY.

PAINTING.

M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

**I**F it were necessary once more to prove that a work of art has no concern with the literal transcript of nature which realism has taken for its prime article of belief, we should have only to go into the Salon in the Champ de Mars for evidence.

Every school has its representatives there. Every cult performs

its rites, and dashing displays of execution according to every known formula abound; still, the only perfectly satisfactory work to be seen there is highly idealistic. M. Puvis de Chavannes, in his compositions intended for the Boston Library—even more radiant, if possible, than his *Muses* last year—leaves the fullest and most permanent impression on the eye, the feeling and the brain; but of reality, in the strict sense of the word, there is none; you will not find either landscape or figures copied from nature. On the contrary, the artist has used nature as a documentary record, which he has long thought over and at last interpreted in his own way.

In thus interpreting it, however, he has not weakened the individuality of what he has seen. While modifying the objects of his study, he has done it with an admirable sense of fitness. Even while remodeling them, he has left them a flavor of truth, which pervades and perfumes his inspiration, and gives the whole work vitality and solidity.

On the other hand, no inspiration can be simpler. In the panels of which the present work consists, the painter has divided and distributed the central idea of his last year's composition. He has represented the favorite pursuits of each Muse in characteristic figures and simple allegory, and we here see five out of nine of these separate compositions.

Here, in a mountain landscape, in what we feel to be a still, soft night, under a brilliant powdering of stars, pensive figures are absorbed in watching the circling planets and calculating their orbits: this is Astronomy, invented by Chaldean shepherds.

There, in a gently undulating meadow, broken here and there by boulders and shut in by a background of forest, a brook winds and sparkles, while cows come down to drink. Straw thatch protects some hives; beech-trees rise tall in the air, as straight as flag-poles and clothed only with a few leaves, their summits pale and grey. A poet, laurel-crowned, in a white tunic belted with







A. B. NAPE



THE CASCADE



light blue drapery, leans meditatively against a tree in the calm, harmonious scene : this is Virgil and bucolic life.

Next we have Æschylus and dramatic poetry.

On the distant horizon lies the sea, the ideally blue sea that washes the steep crags, infinitely jagged, of Hellas. A light, clear atmosphere floats over it; tiny wavelets ripple the surface and here and there splash the blue with white, tumbling foam. It is broken by sharp-toothed reefs; an unchangeably calm sky bends over it. Under the shade of a rock, on the moss-grown granite of a cliff, a solitary dreamer is reveling in the peace that favors poetic vision. He lies stretched on the ground and robed in woollen stuff, dyed in some Tyrian factory, of a violet purple hue. Leaning on his elbow, his nude and powerfully-modeled torso is half raised, and while the fine, thoughtful head, supported on one hand, betrays the travail of the brain, the dream he sees takes substance at the painter's bidding and hovers embodied over the waves. On the peak of a rock a human form hangs chained and writhing; a vulture soars above, and from the depths of the sea rise a flight of white weeping forms, whose songs are to soothe the victim's torment and lull his pain : the Oceanides are consoling Prometheus in his chains.

After dramatic poetry comes Epic poetry.

Still the seas of Greece, still the same clear sky ; but its blue has assumed a turquoise hue. Instead of a steep shore, here we have a strand with rocks lying here and there. On the shoulder of one of these rocks sits a white-haired old man, sheltered from the breeze, near a grove of laurels. His weary eyelids droop over sightless eyes : he is Homer. His two offspring, the Iliad and the Odyssey, are crowning him. The Iliad has assumed the aspect of a warrior goddess with the helmet of Pallas, armed like Pallas with a spear; the adventurous Odyssey, wearing a mariner's woollen cap, holds an oar; she, in allusion to the tempests from which Ulysses suffered, is wrapped in a cloak of slaty grey, in contrast with the

Iliad's *chiton*, of which the strong color at once suggests warlike trumpets and blasts.

In another of these paintings the past is revived and brought to light by History.

The ages one by one have come and gone, overlaying the civilizations of the past. Palaces and temples, buried under heaps of dust, have formed mounds on the face of the earth, and vast forests have grown over them. Here, unexpectedly, an excavation appears in the side of one of these hills, and in the yawning gap we see the noble lines of a Doric temple. History, crowned with laurel like the other Muses, with a subdued red drapery over the white *palla*, is descending the slope on the very edge of the pit in which the ancient temple stands. The genius of Science, bearing a torch, attends her, and History, bending over the unknown, is examining it. We can see, from the commanding action of her uplifted finger, that magical periods are flowing from her lips, and that she is adjuring the ages that are dead to yield up their secrets to the present.

The allegory is majestically beautiful and enhanced by the dignity of the scenery. The woods in terraces on the crown of the hill stand out with gnarled trunks against the calm sky. On the crumbled slopes of the rift clumps of oleander form a charming contrast with the melancholy gloom of the ruins; they also harmonize their dull tones with the full, rich red which so finely drapes the divinity.

And we find the same sense of tone, the same power in the group so happily worked out of Æschylus and the Oceanides. In every part there is the same breadth of handling and the same simplicity of treatment. In the flesh, too, the same solidity, the same fullness of form, the same style and impressive grandeur.

And this is the work of a man of past seventy! This perennial youth, this constantly renewed freshness and lucidity of conception, this coloring, richer every year, this always perfect concord of the picturesque with true style, are really miraculous; words fail to do them justice. It is better to be silent and admire.

A RODDIERER



DE JEFFERSON'S ROOM



G CUIGNARI



ALDO FALLAI





But we must nevertheless return to the subject, for these five paintings are not all that M. Puvis de Chavannes has sent to the Champ de Mars. In the adjoining room he has exhibited a fine series of drawings executed at various times for the different great works which decorate our galleries and Hôtels de Ville, at Marseilles, Lyons, Poitiers, Amiens and Paris. In these we see how this incomparable master formed himself, independently of State instruction and of the conventionalities of schools.

We see him, at the beginning of his career, endeavoring, by means of resolute study, to inform a pencil line with all the subtleties and niceties of form. He does not invariably reproduce all this learned and precious detail with



scrupulous anatomy in a painting, for he is above all else a decorator, and decoration, as he well knows, purposely excludes all that is useless, sacrificing whatever is not essential. Hence the fable set afloat by his violent detractors, accusing him of defective drawing and insufficient study. To refute them, we have only to examine this mass of drawings. None of the tricky dexterity of school-work

is to be seen there, it is true. M. Puvis de Chavannes' drawing is severe and his stern but expressive pencil is averse to every kind of facile skill. From his point of view form is made only to express and render feelings, passions, and ideas. The slightest of his sketches shows purpose as well as outline. His dignity lies in his sincerity.

#### FRANCE AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

Having paid this tribute to the great painter whose manly genius, full of mind, casts so bright a glory on French art in this declining century, we will turn to the motley swarm of artists who form a flotilla round this grand ship of war, a strange medley of frigates and canoes, torpedo-boats and torpedo-catchers, gunboats and mere pleasure craft.

There is something of everything in this crowd ; indisputable talent asserts its presence, and artists of great promise are to be found. But this talent, though formed in the school of French training, is for the most part foreign talent. In our own ranks failures are every year more numerous, and want of balance is more amazing. Those whom we formerly regarded as masters, overcome as it would seem by some exhaustion, have lost their firm touch ; and the younger men, with few exceptions, vacillate, undecided and vague, between dying conventionalism and every shade of impressionist or decadent eccentricity.

There is nothing strange in this prevailing uneasiness. The Champ de Mars, by the laws of its being, is doomed as an institution. The gallery is far from being an open one. The artists who put their money into the concern naturally look for interest. To secure the best chances of pleasing the public, and consequently selling their pictures, they absorb more and more of the best wall space ; they exhibit as merchants, not as artists. And their customers are very much mixed. The true amateur buys not at the Salon,









but in the artist's studio, or in a "one-man" exhibition ; or again, sometimes at a dealer's. As a result the founders of this Institute, however clever they are, generally allow themselves to be led into basely flattering the bad taste of the mingled crowds who, for three or four months, walk slowly past the array of canvas. They are still very dexterous, but they have ceased to work for the sake of doing well.

Others have not lost any of the refinement which led to their success ; but by dint of staying shut up in Paris, and breathing none but the fevered air of the capital, they have lost the habit of renewing themselves as soon as they are ceasing to lose their freshness, of reviving impressions that once were new and sensations that once were spontaneous.

They need isolation, refreshment, to prepare stronger work in the restful peace of nature ; but they stick persistently to Paris. Round and round in the same circle, they waste themselves in useless efforts and vain struggles after an ideal that still eludes them, or in waiting a yet more evasive commission from the State. Under so debilitating a regimen any reserve of vitality must fail!

Foreign art, on the other hand, is overflowing with life, and fresh talents are revealed every day. We will study in order all the schools where these vigorous powers are developed.

#### THE BELGIAN SCHOOL.

Among the Belgians an admirable group of landscape painters, always in touch with nature, depict it under various but always healthy aspects, conscientiously, but with fresh and serene sincerity. The trained eye of Baertsoen, Marcette, Willaert and Tremerie discerns in the misty atmosphere of Bruges and Ghent a world of subtleties which their hand is skilled to perpetuate, rendering the most delicate shades with ingenious skill. And they are something

better than clever, for they infuse emotion into the quiet streets, the stagnant canals, the silent and desolate monastic buildings—a feeling they have known, a tender pathos of pity for the sad aspect of dead things.

And what fine workmanship withal! What rich and solid painting!



You will find the same qualities with a sterner manner and a sort of savage power in Courtens; with less force and greater weight of style in Verstraete; with a more modern and less unctuous touch in Claus, whose effects of sunshine on rustic homes are extremely refined.

Two artists must here be especially mentioned: M. Frédéric and M. Jef Lempoëls, who by dint of studying the old Flemish masters, have acquired a singularly interesting method of treatment and artistic technique.

The second is indeed but a beginner, and he lacks the most ele-











mentary good taste. In a triptych of antique style he has reproduced, in the middle, the portraits of his parents, with his own and those of his two sisters to the right and left. Photographic exactitude is too obvious, but the work is so conscientious as to promise good results in the future.

The first-named, on the other hand, is a master. He has often shown want of tact, but never want of talent, and this talent is, in the expression of heads, full of manly power, unequaled anywhere in Belgium or in any other country. Look at the female torso he calls "Modesty." It is impossible to study the modeling and draw the outline, to set on an arm and give the sense of relief with surer mastery. The execution is highly skilled, in a solid and firmly-grained impasto which is as yet unpleasing, the depths being crude, but which in ten or twenty years will have a beautiful surface and be most harmonious.

But the picture in which M. Frédéric asserts his talent most distinctly is a portrait of a country girl, fair and sweet, as she gazes ecstatically at the sky while her mind takes in with rapture all the marvels shed on the earth by Spring. There is a powerful harmony of tones between the verdurous landscape that serves as the background to her figure, and the dull red apron she wears. The paint is less granulated and the color simpler than in the first-named picture. This is a work that will score in the artist's record, as did the "Torrent," in which he first revealed himself nearly five years ago, at the Champ de Mars. Let us hope that it marks a return in the painter's manner to simple and rustic subjects which never lead the artist astray.

#### HOLLAND AND GERMANY.

Israels, the painter of the poor, who so worthily upholds in Holland the artistic fame of his country, comes every year to the

Champ de Mars to give us a lesson in stern art, an impressive and earnest lesson. You must admire this pensive figure of a woman leaning on the window-sill, her anxious gaze through the window-panes lost in the distance on the horizon of the vast sea. This artist's palette is very much limited to grey, black and white; but what rich combinations he gets out of them, and what intensity of expression those mournful tones add to the melancholy of his subjects.

Another fine painter, akin to the Belgians, and like them, working with a full brush, here is old Mesdag, with his marine epics, where the yellow-grey North Sea is seen capricious but grand, in its treacherous calms, its storms, its impetuous moods following on its dark rage.

A follower of Israels is the German painter Liebermann, whose methods of work are no more amenable to vaporous mildness than his master's. His views of nature are sad, and he selects them in Holland; but though he has a weakness for the wretched he does not reject other subjects, and the effects of light under a grey sky, on the backs of some schoolboys at play, their flesh tints reddened by the dashing waves, has this year attracted his happier mood.

A Dutchman, M. Willy Martens, has derived inspiration alike from Israels and from his pupil Liebermann. He also chooses familiar subjects, and rustic scenes, but with a sense of elegance which Liebermann and Israels repudiate, and which weakens the force of his compositions, giving them even a touch of insipidity.

The Dutch landscape-painters, among them some of marked individuality—the brothers Maris for instance, and Ten Kate, who lives in Paris—exhibit nothing this year. This is to be regretted.

Gotthardt Kuehl, a Bavarian, who has long selected Dutch subjects, is a constant exhibitor in our Salons. He is dexterous in his interiors, in subtle effects of light: he has not fallen beneath himself in his "Butcher's Shop, Lübeck." His powers of observation are

F LAFON



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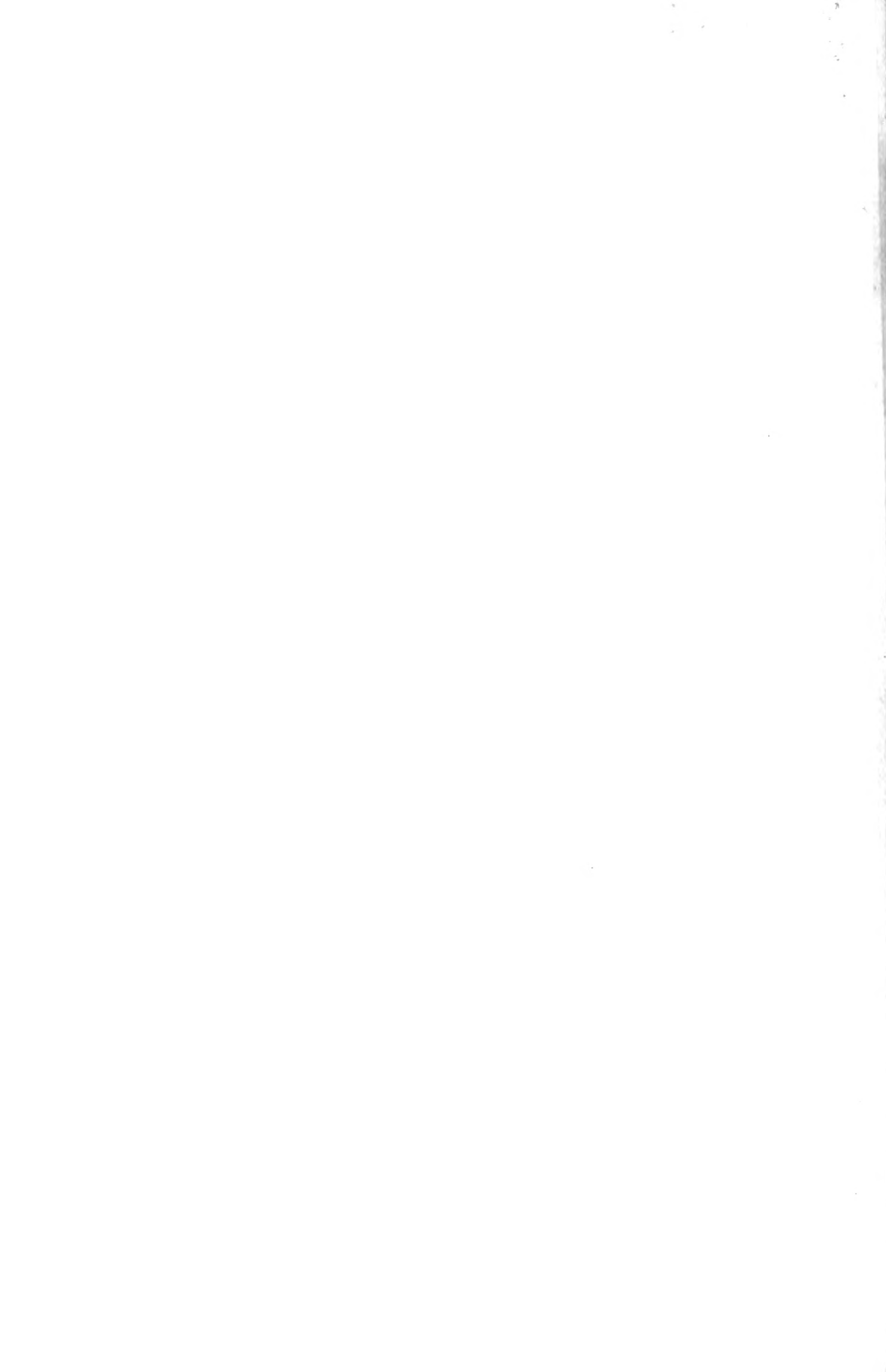




PIANE RICCHI



PIANE RICCHI



still keen and cunning, and his touch, formerly a little dry by dint of precision, has acquired greater breadth. In M. Gudden, another Bavarian, who exhibits "A Dutch Interior," we find similar high qualities.

Still, in spite of these valuable qualities; Germany cannot hold her own against France. Of artists of the first rank she has but one first-rate draughtsman, Menzel, whose eightieth birthday was kept this year at Berlin with splendid festivities, and the portrait-painter Lenbach who studies faces, scrutinizes souls, and reveals minds with the prodigious skill of an analyst. But Lenbach, like Menzel, is unique of his kind. Both must die without heirs or successors.

Among other German exhibitors at the Champ de Mars we may mention Madame Dora Hitz, whose improvement as a portrait-painter is remarkable; M. Armbruster, whose "Weaver's Home," and "Portrait of a Man," in the old thorough German manner are full of character; and M. Fritz Bürger whose two large male portraits are interesting.

Austria-Hungary is hardly represented at all. Still she sends as



CARL MEFFERT.

an exhibitor M. Rippl Ronai, whose two portraits of women, in pastel and in oil, deserve more than passing mention. They show a fine sense of color, remarkable freedom of handling, and a very original feeling for art.

#### ITALY AND SPAIN.

Italy sends us but one painter, and he is a Parisian by habit and choice ; but this Italian is not an ordinary man ; his portraits of women are noteworthy for their original flavor and a spice of pleasant eccentricity : his name is Boldini. In the risky art of emphasizing the enticing grace of his figures by an unexpected movement, an exaggerated and often indiscreet attitude, Boldini has not his equal. Worthy of him is the alluring portrait of a lovely young woman, dark, in a rose-colored dress, cut low so as to enhance the beauty of the bust ; and he has surpassed himself in the "Portrait of Madame M..." She wears a grey dress with shoulder straps of gold braid, and is standing up in a slightly forced attitude which shows off her slender form but reveals it very strangely.

Spain exhibits regularly at our annual shows. We find in the catalogue of the Champ de Mars a dozen artists of Spanish birth or name. Two of them, M. de la Gandara, and M. Rusiñol are fine painters in the best sense of the word.

M. de la Gandara began by painting still-life studies in which the influence of both Ribot and Ribera might be traced. Some small portraits, drawn with the finest pencil and a softened vagueness of quality that lent mystery to the model, gave him his well-merited reputation in Paris. Oil portraits then attracted him ; he made some very unequal attempts, but this year his pictures have placed him in the foremost rank. A fair beauty, tall and exquisitely round in modeling with a rather haughty graciousness of expression ; a brunette, equally beautiful, with a fine skin and features full of character, have





G. BETTUNE







been the subjects of his two full-length portraits. The first wears pink and the second white satin.

He has rendered with elegance and precision the voluptuous grace, tempered by a look of pride in the fair lady, and the slightly wiry prettiness of the dark one. Whistler's influence, to which he formerly



J. M. W. TURNER *On the way to the river*

yielded with too much enthusiasm, still pervades his work, but in these two pictures of superior quality, he has borrowed nothing of his master but the sense of style and some peculiarity of atmosphere. The action of the figures is happy and is his own, and so is the execution, with its ingenious touches. In short, these are good works, distinguished in their arrangement and yet more in their coloring.

M. Casas, whose pretty interiors we admired last year, in their

key of white on white, has this season indulged himself in another fantasia in white-major. He has painted a handsome olive-hued Spanish girl in gala attire, ready to start for the Plaza de Toros, and he has done her mantilla the honor of painting it on her shoulders, of the size of life. The shawl is worth it.

M. Laureano Barrau loves a smooth, licked method of work—it is too smooth. By excessive finish in the painting of his figures he makes his work as heavy as lead, and destroys the out-of-doors effect which might be so happy. His “Fête-Dieu in Catalonia” is nevertheless a meritorious picture, interesting by its variety of character.

M. Rusiñol has long been seeking his way; he has now found it. His series of the “Arab Gardens at Granada” is a rare and brilliant success. We know from the enthusiastic description of the Generalife, given by Alexandre Dumas in his voyage in Spain, how lovely is the scene, made for dreaming in, whither M. Rusiñol transports us at every hour of the day; the Sierra in the distance, baked and burnt, with its crown of snows; close at hand the old residence of the Khalifes with its black walls to which time has given adornment: with its dancing waters, its fountains, its frail and slender arcades; then the garden itself, quite small, but a paradise of delight, gay with the song of birds, crowded with pomegranates, bay-trees and oranges, fragrant with a myriad scents and shaded by archways and domes cut out of the dense growth of yew-trees. M. Rusiñol has given all its charms with refined delicacy of tone, and calm but rich harmonies. Bravo, M. Rusiñol!

#### SWITZERLAND.

The small Swiss group is faithful to our exhibitions. Among them, always interesting in spite of his rather monotonous coloring,







Small boat at the pier, 1901.



we find M. Baud-Bovy, the painter of mist and clouds on Alpine peaks.

M. Burnand, whom we saw last year in an epic mood with the "Escape of the *Téméraire*"—rather heavy in style—comes back in a milder frame with a new scale of feeling not known to us hitherto. His "Saint Francis of Assisi," in a green landscape with a flock of sheep, to whom he is speaking; his "Goats at Rest" in a sunlit clearing in a wood, reveal him as a clever draughtsman and a careful student of light and shade.

M. Giron knows his business as a portrait-painter. He proves it by some small, crisply-painted likenesses, light and delicate in touch; and by a full-length portrait of a young woman, rosy of complexion, dressed in black. But again he makes us doubt it by a horrible discord of greens which he styles, heaven knows why, "A Decorative Portrait."

We pass on to M. Delachaux, who paints domestic scenes. His sincerely studied little pictures, pleasing in *chiaroscuro* and elegant in sentiment, give us a reminiscence of Chardin bereft of the brightness of his brush, and reduced to refined amiability.

Mademoiselle Breslau is Swiss only by birth. She is quite French in her facile use of pastels. Neither Perroneau nor La Tour in the last century ever did anything more exquisite than her portrait of a young lady, fair, in a blue dress trimmed about the throat with white tulle. There is in the attitude an easy and modest grace which is indescribably touching. The color is sweetly harmonious and at the same time full. It is altogether perfect.

But indeed there are many successful efforts in this year's Salon among the works sent by this lady. Again in pastels we have the portraits of "The Children of M. Joseph Reinach," and of a little man with a very wide-awake expression whose parents will, we strongly suspect, find him a handful to manage. In oil she exhibits a large decorative panel, a sweet "Sleeping Girl," some flowers, a little girl in a yellow dress ironing her doll's frock

—all vigorous portraits, carefully kept low in tone and full of distinction.

### SCANDINAVIA.

We miss Denmark from the Scandinavian group. Sweden and Norway, on the other hand, keep up their connection with us, all the more easily because many of their artists live in France. M. Zorn's portrait of himself has the *brio*, the swift execution, the raciness, the strange effects of light which are customary with this painter. Madame de Sparre, in an interesting portrait of a young man, still makes progress. M. Thaulow is more audacious than ever, and more than ever successful in his audacity. His daylight effects are open to criticism: but his night scenes are admirably conceived and strangely impressive.

M. Albert, whose early attempts have been seen for nine years at the Champ de Mars, is not yet so famous as the elder painter; but he will be ere long. Perhaps he may go further, if not in audacity, at least in endeavor: but he has not the graceful ease of M. Thaulow. He exhibits, with a free and brilliant sketch, "Sunset on the Oise," two pictures of the same spot at Chantilly—in one buried under snow, in a winter twilight: in the other in summer twilight, almost night. These two pictures are wonderfully felt, the serial perspective is faultless, and the struggle of day and night with its softened misty effects is recorded with unsurpassable skill.

M. Edelfeldt, by birth a Finn, made his first appearance in Paris, but was not trained there. He has gradually acquired our taste for sterner and less careless work. The portrait of "Doctor Roux," exhibited here, is not in the least glaring; it represents the young surgeon standing on the lecture platform, a testing-tube in his hand, giving a demonstration. On the slaty-black ground of a black board the meagre outline, sinewy and full of character: to the right of





THE CAVALRY







the professor a very narrow strip of window lets in the light which sparkles on mysterious liquids contained in glass bottles, and sheds a little brightness on the picture. We should be glad if we rather



C. PECK *Breakfast*

more frequently met with portraits so sober in key and so earnestly artistic.

### ENGLAND, THE UNITED STATES.

Apart from the Belgian school and a few exceptional individuals, we have hitherto, in our rapid review, seen only isolated groups without bond or cohesion or any new artistic product. England and the United States afford some novel products. A shifting of the centre of gravity of pictorial art is coming, it would seem, from beyond the Channel and the Atlantic.

When I say this, I am not thinking of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

He never was a painter. An exquisite draughtsman, calling up with consummate art old forms rejuvenescent through his sincere enthusiasm, and quite the most accomplished representative of the pre-Raphaelite school, he is nevertheless a mere accident in this evolution of English art, having no permanence and no possible influence. His art is that of a literary man, who aims neither at life nor movement, who neither loves nor understands color, and who finds his true value only when translated by the graver—as may be seen from the portrait of a lady he exhibits here. The celebrity he enjoys and the high prices paid for his pictures deceive us as to his power; but he exerts no real influence excepting on the outside public.

Abandoning pre-Raphaelitism, artists, even the most academic, have rushed into brilliant effects of color: they have not always understood the sense of them. Only the new Scotch school has any gift for it. There it is instinctive, powerful and masterly.

Consider, in the Champ de Mars, the "Simeon Stylites," by Brangwyn, so warm in tone, with the mountainous background gilt by sunset fires, so learned in the modeling of the figure, and with such breadth of decorative style; the three portraits by Guthrie, so living, solidly designed and broadly executed, under the inspiration of Velasquez and Whistler; the picture by Lavery, full of reminiscences of Spain; those of Walton, influenced, no doubt, by the national masters, Reynolds in portraiture and Constable in landscape painting. And again, the work of Annie Ayrton, in which power of tone is combined with a spirited execution acquired in France. You get a sense as of an organic school, of a movement that is spreading violently, and which, gradually pervading the whole of Great Britain, is destined to revive the great tradition founded with such brilliancy by the masters of the close of the last century.

In the United States we note the same effort, but originating in our French school and assuming a perfectly modern tendency. Mr. Sargent, and a few others trained under M. Carolus-Duran to be absolutely independent, have derived from his instruction effects

E. FOURNÉ,



LIBERTÉ

AL. N. 1011. 1894.

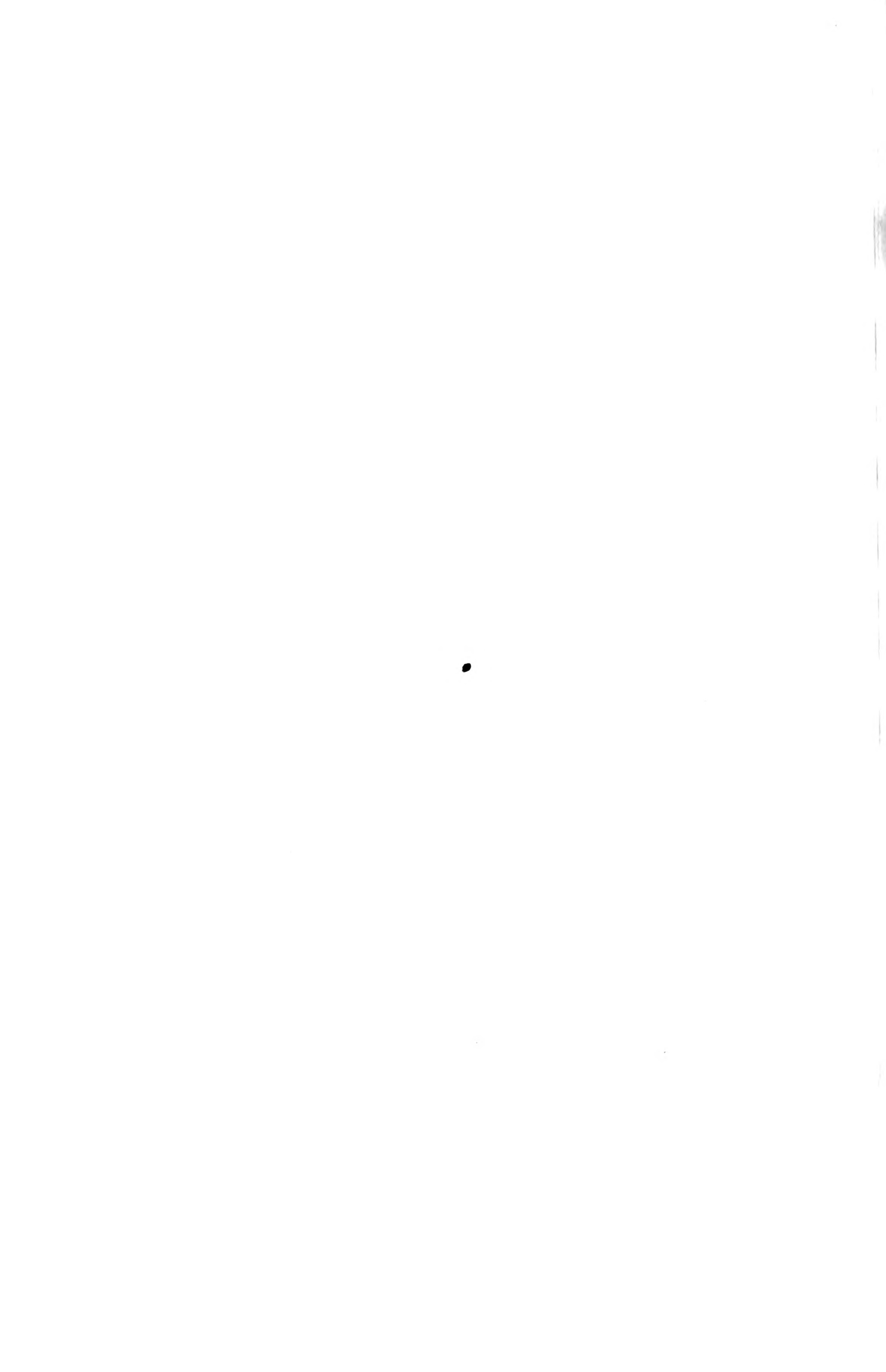




DAVID NILLET



LE CONFESION



of which no one had hitherto dreamed. Besnard too has been of use to them ; he opened the way to loud and daring harmonies. From Whistler they have borrowed the liking for a mysterious atmosphere and a new sense of movement. No tradition has hampered them in their swift upward flight ; no kind of atavism has withheld them from expressing what they see with deeper intensity and stronger originality than we in France have done.

And look at these again in the Champ de Mars. Their numbers grow day by day and they have fresh surprises for us every year. You know John Sargent—you have seen him before among the Frenchmen ; you will find him here, with a portrait of a young Englishman of slender and almost feminine grace—the master of admirable technical qualities, while the parentage of his talents, and his kinship with us are clearly legible.

In mere skill he is outdone by some younger men—Douglas Robinson, Hopkinson and Humphreys Johnstone. There are some sea pictures by the first-named artist in which the caprices of the waves are apprehended with magical skill, and represented with a full, luminous impasto, vying in brilliancy with the sinking waves by Harrison, and outdoing them in ingenuity of handling. The same painter excels in landscape. His “Reach of the Seine,” near Vetheuil, has a distance of unequaled delicacy ; he is equally successful in the figure ; and I find nothing more delightful than the women’s shoulders he displays rising from pink bodices or dark Japanese stuffs accentuated with purple bows.

Mr. Hopkinson affects Whistlerian harmonies, and has found some that are very exquisite ; his pale blue interiors, decked with golden-yellow cushions, his bust of a woman draped in white and watching a gold fish through the iridescent water of a glass bowl, are refined in touch and studied with a keen eye for truth.

Further on a wonderful portrait of an old lady dressed in black, with some curious touches supplied by the dim sheen of fur and the violet lining of a cloak, is signed Humphreys Johnstone. The head

has been somewhat sacrificed to preserve the intended harmony of the whole; it lies a little above the gilt wooden frame of the sofa, and is lost rather than relieved against the background, which is more brown than old gold is. But the harmony the artist has aimed at is complete; neither the little red lacquer table with a china cup on it, and a bunch of tea-roses close by, nor the green silk sofa, interferes with the powerful charm produced by the combination of these tones, whether vivid or subdued, as they strike the eye. It is a magnificent work. Where among our own pictures can we show its match?

And I have not yet done. I have not mentioned Mr. Alexander, who has this year reminded us of his existence by a work of no great importance, but who, in last year's Salon, exhibited a picture of extraordinary dexterity and refinement; nor Miss Elisabeth Nourse, whose Dutch interiors, painted in a rich and unctuous manner, are interesting both by the truthfulness of the light and shade and their admirable sincerity of feeling. Nor have I spoken of Mr. Carl, who sends a delightful study of the nude, a young woman looking in a long glass at her youthful form, repeated by the mirror. I have omitted Mr. Lockwood whose brush, more pliant every year, lends such a peculiar character to the faces he depicts. Nor have I yet said that Miss Beaux, competing with Carolus-Duran, has surpassed him; that her gift of color is exquisite, and that the frank freedom of her brushwork never spoils the scrupulous precision of her drawing.

#### FRENCH ART.

Now let us turn to the French pictures. In contrast with the Champs-Élysées great subjects are not many on these walls, and decorative painting is represented by only a small number of works, for the most part of little interest.

First for the great subjects. There are but two, and religious











history has supplied them both. "The Last Supper," by M. Dagnan-Bouveret; and a decoration by M. Delance for a church in the Basses Pyrénées; this is divided into four separate pictures: the "Garden of Olives," the "Resurrection," "Saint Dominic receiving the Rosary," and the "Purification." There is little to be said concerning these four compositions; the artist has turned them out of the old mould created by the Italians of the Renaissance; he has been inefficient to renew their youth, or to give them an emotional thrill; they are dull, and if it were not for the tender gray harmony the painter has shed over them, they would scarcely be worth mentioning.

The case is different as regards "The Last Supper," though it has been coldly received by the critics, and even by the artist world. M. Dagnan has evidently been influenced by the remembrance of the "Last



Supper" painted by Leonardo da Vinci, in his time, for the refectory of the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan; which may indeed still be seen there, but so distorted by endless restoration that it is impossible to form any adequate idea of the original painting. And M. Dagnan-Bouveret, while accepting the same scheme as his precursor, has taken due care not to follow servilely the composition marred by half-a-dozen daubers. The imitation—if

imitation there be, for it is of a perfectly independent character—is inspired by the work of Vinci's best pupil Solario, whose copy of "The Last Supper" was painted for a convent in the neighborhood of Milan.

This copy is not exact. The arrangement of the figures is the same, but neither the background nor the details are strictly imitated from the original. These alterations, slight indeed, would not suffice to prove inventiveness in the copyist. But where originality is really to be discerned, and that very conspicuously, is in the coloring, of which the admirable freshness, unimpaired by time, is in the finest style of fresco. The figures, all alike in complexion, a brick-red as befits men of the people, mariners burnt in the fierce sunshine and tanned by the salt breeze, are fully draped in robes of which the leading tones are light green and pale rose.

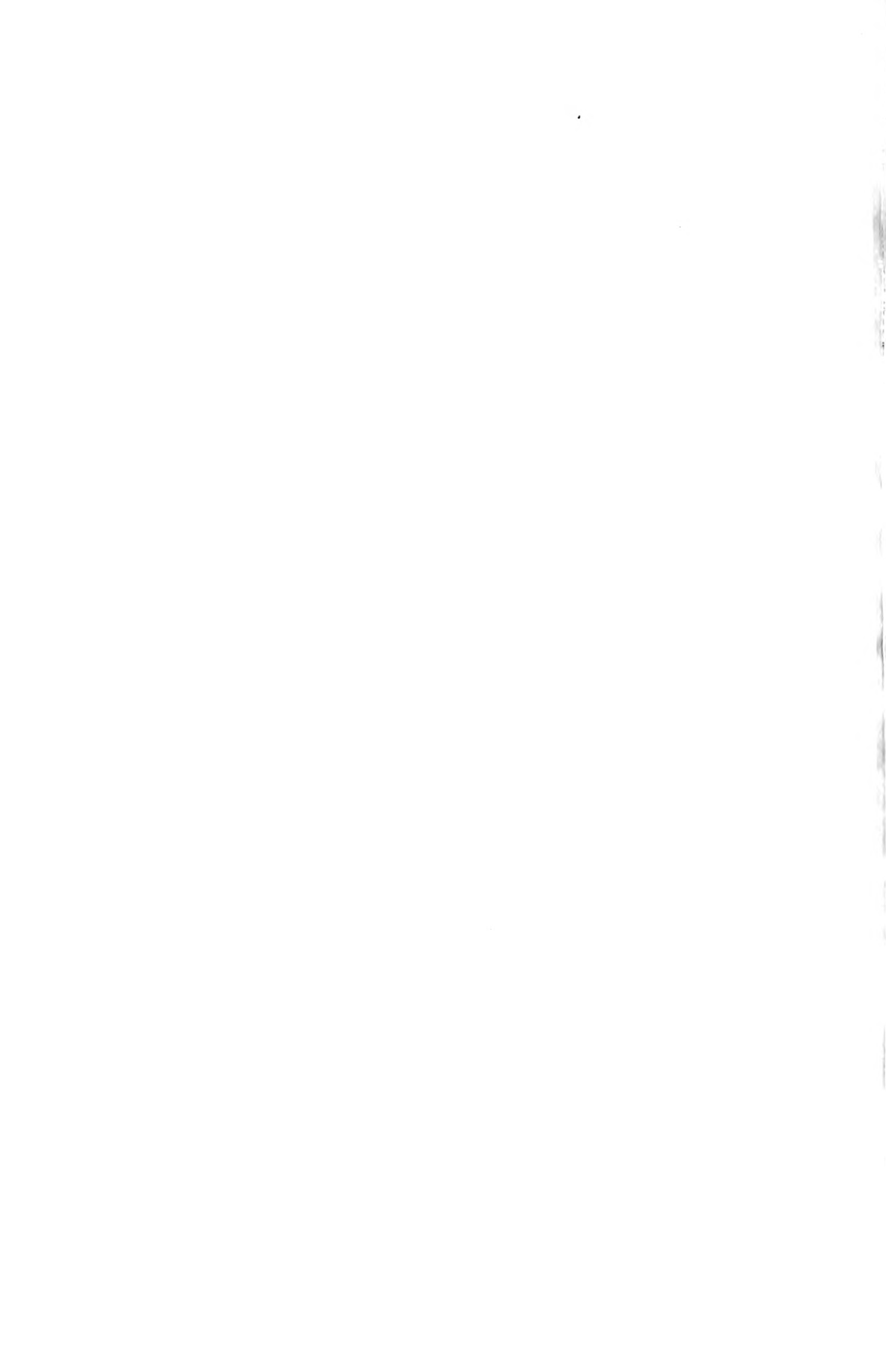
A similar feeling for bright tones is discernible in M. Dagnan-Bouveret's picture. He has preserved the general harmony employed in Solario's fresco, but he has transposed the rose and green to a key of mauve, pale blue, and creamy white. All the rest of his efforts have been directed to the general arrangements. Leonardo, and Solario, following him, had placed the Apostles in a large room lighted from behind by windows through which a glimpse of landscape is seen. M. Dagnan-Bouveret, bent on something different, has gone to Rembrandt for inspiration. His figures, seated in a sort of cellar whence the light of day is excluded, are illuminated by a supernatural radiance emanating from the divine person of Jesus, and shedding brilliant touches of pale yellow light on the white cloth, the tender tones of the drapery, and the faces—brick-red, like those of Solario.

The idea in one way is happy: but why should the body of Christ, which is the source of light, cast strongly marked shadows on the walls of the room? This contradiction alone is enough to startle the spectator, or, at any rate, to disturb him. As to the effect of light thus treated, it is not pleasing to the eye. To human eyes

A BAERTSBOOD



THE N. OF THOMAS



unaccustomed to gaze in the face of the sun, the glory is almost painful. It is no doubt in admirable harmony with the light colors of the draperies and the white cloth on the table; on the other hand, it is out of keeping with the harsh color of the wine Christ has poured into a glass and is holding up to the Disciples, saying: "This is my blood." Finally, it may be observed that in the group of the Apostles the faces are really extravagantly youthful. The Disciples, with the exception of John, were mature men not youths, and much less youths like these who, in their attitude, expression and looks, display sentiments of refinement which are quite discordant with the rustic homeliness of the Apostles.

So much for fault-finding. There is much more to be said in the way of praise. The faces being granted, with their too-marked youthfulness of character, it will be seen that they have been treated as portraits with an elaborately careful study of each type. The composition, too, claims our respect; it is well balanced in its unity. The finish of detail, if carried a little too far, is exquisite; especially that of the various objects of still-life that are spread about the table. This is not enough to make the work as a whole a splendid masterpiece; but it is enough to redeem it from the commonplace, and to give all who study it a sense of high and noble effort. In these days of lax and slovenly painting this is no small praise.

In the decorative style, M. Guillaume Dubufe has distinguished himself this year by an ingenious and well thought-out scheme for a room, in collaboration with MM. Montenard, Rosset-Granger and La Touche. The library-sitting-room he has planned, shews us the marvelous scenery of Capri on six panels set in dark blue borders. The landscape basks in serene sunlight. Objection may indeed be taken to the practical part of the scheme, the narrow book-shelves, placed without any very obvious reason each between two views of the sea-shore; but the purely pictorial part is delightful. The four artists have worked together with a rare sense of that absolute co-operation which decorative art imposes on all who undertake it.

MM. Montenard, Rosset-Granger and Dubufe have contributed their charming feeling for the open air ; M. La Touche his admirable gift of color, which in his easel pictures, is not seconded by sufficiently firm draughtsmanship or quite sound sense, but which is all that is needed in purely fanciful design. The whole result of their collaboration is most successful.

M. Gervex has exhibited a decorative work this year. Close by a young mother suckling an infant, and a little child trying to walk, rises an immense raw green cliff overhung by clouds as black as ink. This composition, ungainly as it is, is intended for the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. This picture is not calculated to allay the fears the artist has frequently inspired during the last five years. It is but an extravagantly enlarged sketch, which would lead us to suppose that the painter had altogether collapsed, if the two pictures before described did not prove that the author of this abortion is capable of better work and better invention.

We go on to portrait and landscape painters. To these we owe the best of the pictures which represent French art at the Champ de Mars. We find here M. Carolus-Duran, more facile and brilliant than ever, in portraits of "M. Leygues," formerly Minister of the Interior, and of "M. Paul Déroulède," poet of *Les Chants du Soldat*. By the same artist there are two charming portraits of a child and of a young girl.

The study of "Alexandre Dumas" in his dressing-gown, exhibited by M. Roll is admirably seized and rendered : it is marvelously "hit off." Though unfinished, it is infinitely more life-like and truer than the portrait wrought by Meissonier with his accustomed conscientiousness ; he set his model too stiffly in an attitude. M. Bouvard fils, in a portrait of a lady, shows himself the worthy son of his father. "Prince Henri d'Orléans," by M. Jean Béraud, is not to be compared with his portrait of "M. Lionel Laroze," painted with a light and spirited touch. Finally we may note a portrait of "Willette," in a Pierrot's costume, by M. Desboutin : a pretty portrait of







a woman by M. Dinet ; by M. René Ménard a melancholy portrait of a fellow-artist, "M. Lucien Simon," and an expressive and manly profile of another, "M. Charles Cottet;" by M. Besnard a curiously elaborated head of a girl ; by M. Aman-jean a pleasing picture of a young woman, set in a dream-like landscape that forms an exquisite background.

M. Blanche has learning and accomplishment, but he is haunted by the English masters of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. The spell they hold over him is visible in all his portraits, in a variety of reminiscences which, far from adding to the merit of his work, do it discredit. This has marred his portrait of Thaulow and his family. He shows us the Norwegian landscape-painter in the open air, sitting before his easel. Round the fair-haired giant, his children are standing with his wife, and their fresh, rosy faces and smiling countenances form a delightfully sympathetic group. But why has the artist hung a mass of threatening, inky-black clouds over these calm, simple, healthy and flourishing persons? Simply because Gainsborough and Reynolds in their day did the same. If the sitter is a figure of tragic history this may pass muster, but in the case of wholesome citizens, M. Blanche, why?

The landscape-painters are legion. Here is Cazin, whose green old age has preserved all the refinement and captivating charm of his prime ; Billotte, the conscientious and subtle painter of suburban scenery ; Sisley, the impressionist, whose "Church at Moret" under a grey sky with gleams of sunlight, is in no respect inferior to his former works ; Raffaëlli, who has no sense of tone, who cannot paint, and who mocks at perspective, and yet has fine artistic insight. Gustave Collin, who can paint, and whose strong sea-pieces with their grey harmonies are superb ; Besnard, whose "Lake of Annecy," with the deep verdure of the shore, is strangely and powerfully attractive, while his "Bathers"—women standing under a waterfall that showers down on them—shows a dexterity verging on sleight of hand.

M. Stengelin has represented with perfect truth, and a simplicity not devoid of dignity, the swift race of waves rushing up to take the beach by storm. Under their reiterated shock the fishing boats are slowly beginning to float. As the tide rises past them, and its ponderous breakers dash into foam on the shore, they unfurl their



MALBERT *Rising Tide* sculpture by Stengelin.

sails and are wafted away, gently rocking on the swell. This "Rising Tide" is, with M. Courant's fine sea-pieces and M. Charles Cottet's robust studies, what the Champ de Mars has to show of the best in marine pictures.

For the last three years M. Charles Cottet has gone to Brittany for his subjects. He loves its tragic touch, its rough aspect, its wild and

melancholy gloom. And he paints that gloom, that wildness, that tragedy with unrivaled grandeur. Only look at these stretches of Ocean, where white sails mark out the distances with exact precision; at this group of old sea-dogs, so full of character; at the "Old Blind Woman," whose bent shoulders and black gown, though a little heavy in treatment, stand out solidly against the green water, and say if there is not the stuff of which a powerful artist is made, in this young painter who will some day do his country honor.

Not, indeed, that he is alone in the track he has chosen to pursue. Other young artists, coming behind him, form a group of no small





importance, and of curiously unexpected variety. Here is Lucien Simon, who gave great promise, and has fulfilled it in his "Pardon de Tronoan"—Breton peasants in a long procession of weather-beaten faces and lumbering gestures, at the foot of a granite "Calvary." Here is René Ménard, who has strengthened his method this year by borrowing from Cottet the powerful hues of his palette, to render with more startling energy the delicate purity of a figure against a fine landscape background. And Dauchez, whose night-effects have something both of Simon and of Cottet, while his individuality reveals itself, notwithstanding, with genuine charm.

M. Jeannot, in a meeting of "Women in Mourning," in their village, once more gives proof of great talent and indisputable mastery. His drawing is marvelously accurate; he never paints any type that he has not observed with a sincere eye to truth, and a passion for exactitude which place him in the front rank of our *genre* painters. As to his technique, it gains in firmness and consistency every year, without losing any of its finished delicacy. M. Jeannot is a born artist.

Such another born artist is M. Lobre. His "Château de Versailles," at the hour when the last rays of sunset are dying on the window panes, and linger with a parting kiss on the front facing the park, is one of the most attractive pictures at the Champ de Mars. The fugitive impression of the twilight gleam is rendered with its atmospheric softness and pathetic charm by a hand which no difficulty can dismay, and which reproduces every subtlety. Happy is the man who can afford to treat himself to this true and emotional study of nature! Happy the Boston Museum in owning the "Salon of Marie-Antoinette!" Happy the French gallery on which the State may bestow the "King's Library," which it has purchased.

A few *genre* pictures here deserve special mention. These are for instance M. Muenier's "Parting," M. de Montzaigle's "Demi-Vierges," "Blind-man's Buff," by M. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, "An Accident,"

by M. Planels. "The Last of the Summer," by M. Gaston Béthune. M. Chabas, in his "Ideal Land," has tried with some skill to harmonize decorative landscape with the nude. Madame Madeleine Lemaire, in an elegant figure of "Phoebe," shows her usual feeling for grace. M. Girardot, who exhibited last year such remarkable African landscapes, has this year made an excursion into the realms of mysticism and has brought back "The Little Princess," to which we greatly prefer his Oriental scenes. M. Guignard, in his "Calves for Sale," displays his usual dexterity, a kind of skill curiously made up of sheer trickery and original gifts.

It would be unfair to omit all mention of MM. Adrien Moreau, Tournès and Biessy. Very captivating, by the first of these artists, is "A Landing Stage," with a background of fresh verdure; by the second we have "The Home," full of charm, where a young mother sitting by a round table superintends her daughter's work; while M. Biessy shows us, in "An Interior," a young girl in a subdued light, arranging a bunch of bright chrysanthemums in an earthenware jar of sober hue. Nothing can be more refined than these two last-named pictures. The atmospheric effects used—and misused—by M. Carrière are employed by MM. Tournès and Biessy with a discretion and tact which enhance their admirable gifts of color.

Finally we must name the "Dismal Dawn" which, in a conscientious work by M. Eckermans, ends a night-watch by the dead; "On the Way to the River," by M. Lignier; a "Saint-Martin," in a fine snow-wrapped landscape, by M. de Moncourt; "Hanging out Linen," by M. Vidal, a figure easy in movement and cool in color; "The Spinning-wheel," by M. Crochepierre, well studied as to drawing but the figure dressed in too harsh a red; a rustic scene, "A Confession," in which M. David Nillet has not forgotten Millet's interiors; "Clarisse," by M. Engel, an interesting study of an old peasant-woman; "A Temple at Yokohama," cleverly dashed in by M. Dumoulin, but a pleasing sketch rather than a picture; and "Breakfast," by M. Peters, an amusing baby triumphantly brandishing a spoon.

U. BARELLI







This is to the credit account of the pictures at the Champ de Mars.

We must not conclude without adding a word or two as to an evil which during the last few years has attacked French painting, and which may be called photograph fever. It consists in a constant and very annoying use of photography to record a place, or a group of figures in motion, by a "snap-shot."

Every one knows that there is nothing more difficult in elaborating a picture than the first grouping. It necessitates repeated sketches, and patient study of detail. It takes a great deal of time, and for that very reason is a foe to "hit or miss" workmanship; the inevitable slowness is a check on precipitancy, and on the careless and inconsequent work that is the stamp of a too ready dexterity. Photograph fever dispenses with all this.

A simple print takes its place. The "snap-shot," with its merciless veracity is now the one help to which painters in a hurry and devoid of conscience have made it their habit to fly as the basis of a painting. Instead of sketching in a pocket-book the movements they think suitable, they store them in their camera; instead of seeking to balance the proportions of the landscape they mean to represent, they set it out on the canvas just as it is, from a photograph snatched in haste; then a rapid daub, done in a quarter of an hour, is enough to suggest the coloring of nature. And this is the memorandum on which the artist keeps his eye during the course of his work to revive his impression more or less, and give him the effects of color.

This method unfortunately has its drawbacks. The photographer's camera is faithful, but only within limitations: to use it advantageously it would be necessary to work only from the middle distance of the photograph, the foreground being always thrown out of focus by the convexity of the lens. Thus, only the largest sized camera should be used. This apparatus being difficult to move about, artists are willing to use very small sizes, convenient as to portability, but

of very doubtful utility. Hence the shambling style of landscape with which the Salons are crowded, more numerous and more false to nature every year. They form a display all the more offensive to the critical eye, because, while form and line lose their individuality, color suffers quite as greatly.

One of the most startling examples of this system, which is tending to the destruction of painting, is to be seen this year in the Champ de Mars, in the pictures of M. Adolphe Binet. The artist is not devoid of merit. He achieved a few years since a great success which we contributed greatly to secure for him. At this moment we deeply regret having done so. Consider for a moment his "Return from Fishing," and his "Rustic Lovers," in a village garden with their elbows resting on a white wooden paling, and say whether in these two pictures there is anything to suggest the effects of color as seen in nature. In spite of the vividness of hue lavished with an unjustifiable violence on the more luminous portions, the whole effect is washed out. It testifies, with blatant emphasis, that not only has the picture been "set out" from a photograph, but the indispensable painted study by which an artist must work, was never made at all.

Another man overboard!

## SCULPTURE.

Sculpture here is weak—oh, how weak!

Not only is the number of exhibits very small, but the works sent, even by acknowledged masters, are not all above criticism. M. Rodin, whose great talent we should be the last to dispute, though his taste is far from being equal to his powers of execution, invites our attention to half-a-dozen small marbles, finished, as usual, with





minute delicacy of chiseling; he has made the terrible mistake of exhibiting with these two misshapen sketches at which the public have laughed long and loudly. The master's fanatical admirers regard them as works which they sentimentally compare with those of the divine Phidias. The points of resemblance, we own, escape us; it is true that we common-sense folk are but Philistines. At any rate, the Philistine majority is a respectable one. M. Rodin, of course, will care nothing for their opinions, no doubt; the greater pity!

M. Injalbert has wrought in marble, for the town of Pézénas, a monument to Molière in which we recognize once more a talent given to generous redundancy, a little southern perhaps, but quite French nevertheless. He has placed the bust of the writer on the rounded top of a column; a saucy Martine stands on one side doing homage to the dramatist whose effigy she crowns with flowers. On the other side a Satyr sits with crossed legs, personifying satire as it would seem. The identification strikes us as more than daring.

A group of "Wrestlers," by M. Jef Lambeaux, will not add to the fame of the great Belgian artist. It is a work of learning and skill, but it reveals nothing beyond learning and does not rise above skill. A vast composition by M. Tegner, a Dane, allegorical alas! beyond interpreting, simply proves, in spite of great talent, the inadequacy of sculpture to represent a too ambitious flight of ideas. M. Marquet de Vasselot, in setting before us the author of *La Comédie Humaine*—Balzac, in the guise of a winged Sphinx, seems to be less judicious than eccentric.

The best of what is to be seen in this Salon among the groups are "Ubenspiegel," exhibited by a Belgian artist, M. Samuel; and M. Lefèvre's fine group of a mother and child. Madame Cazin, to symbolize "The Standard," has modeled a female figure which the world agrees to regard as poetical. An austere figure of a field-laborer, and a profile in Müller's ware of a "Fisherman," by

M. Constantin Meunier, have given the revered master's admirers sincere and exquisite pleasure.

Among portrait-busts that of Verlaine, by Niederhausen, has been highly appreciated for its remarkable likeness and remarkable insight; two rustic busts by M. Escoula are full of character; a small figure of a child by M. Schnegg; the bust of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, by his friend M. Dampt; the expressive child's head by Mademoiselle Claudel, and a fine bust of a man by M. Carl were also admired. A reproduction in bronze of some fine studies of the nude, exhibited last year in plaster, by M. Bartholomé, and a cistern and washing basin by M. Baffier, whose architecture is disputable though his details are curious and artistic, complete the list of works in which any feeling for art can be discerned.

THIÉBAULT-SISSON.



Constantin Meunier

Wings to the Soul

## LIST OF AWARDS

### "Médaille d'Honneur."

M. J.-J. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

### Second Medals.

MM. L. ROYER, C.-A. LENOIR, J.-H. LORIMER, J. BOQUET, L. DE SCHRYVER, C. DUVENT, T.-C. GOTCH, J.-A. MARIOTON, G. POPELIN, H. CAIN, P. CHABAS, H. BIVA, C.-H.-M. FRANZINI d'ISSONCOURT, M.-A. ZWILLER.

### Third Medals.

MM. P.-M. FISHER, A. GOSSÉLIN, M<sup>lle</sup> J.-M. FONTAINE, MM. E. DEBON, G. HARCOURT, E.-G. MARCHÉ, E. PIÉTERS, M. LÉVIS, L. FAURET, M<sup>me</sup> M. ABRAN, M<sup>lle</sup> M. CARPENTIER, MM. F.-C. CACHOUD, M. RÉALIER-DUMAS, L.-M. PIERREY, P.-A. STECK, E.-L. THIVIER, A.-S. COPE, P.-E. MÉRITE, H. PERRAULT, W. DIDIER-POUGET, H. GUINIER, M<sup>lle</sup> N. SCHMITT, MM. E. PAUPION, G.-M.-J. GIRARDOT, C. PATTEIN, N. GILLET, M<sup>me</sup> M.

### "Médaille d'honneur"

M. G. MICHEL.

### First Medals.

MM. P. GASQ, J.-M. MENGUE. *Medal work* : M. A. BORREL.

### Second Medals.

MM. C.-H. THEUNISSEN, H. LEFEBVRE, E. FONTAINE, J.-M. BOUCHER, H. GRÉBER, J. DERCHEU. *Medal work* : MM. P.-C. GALBRUNNER, C.-P.-G.-A. PILLET.

### Third Medals.

MM. B. y F. MIQUEL, A.-J. OCTOBRE, V.-J.-J.-A. SÉGOFFIN, C.-L. PICAUD, J.-B.

DURÉ, M. M. DAINVILLE, M<sup>lle</sup> L. LE ROUX, M. H.-J.-F. BELLERY-DESFONTAINES.

### "Mentions Honorables."

MM. J. GARNELO-ALDA, L. LÉVY-DHURMER, L.-P. DE LAUBADÈRE, A.-V. THOMAS, A.-E. ARTIGUE, H.-J.-P. LOUBAT, J.-G.-F. SABAITÉ, A. CHABANIAN, J.-G. BESSON, H.-O. TANNER, L. ALLIAUME, E. TAPISSIER, A. DUBOIS, M. DEMONTS, H. AUBURTIN, E. DE BERGEVIN, M. HEYMANN, M.-P.-A. BÉRONNEAU, M<sup>me</sup> J. HAZARD, M<sup>lle</sup> J. TOURNAY, MM. M.-T. DICKSON, G. INNESS, O. DE CHAMPEAUX, M<sup>lle</sup> L. MERCIER, M<sup>me</sup> E. GRUYER-BRIELMAN, MM. G.-H. BURDY, A. RENAUDIN, A. SWIĘKOWSKI, R. CHOQUET, M<sup>lle</sup> J.-A. CHEVANDIER, MM. C.-G. GASTÉ, H. COUNIN, J.-W. FINN, L.-M.-J. RIDEL, R. SANTORO, V.-F. TARDIEU, J. CORBOUET, M<sup>mes</sup> S. DE NATHUSIUS, J. MARCERON-MAILLE, MM. J. FINNIF, A.-P. GARCIMENT, C.-L. GODEBY, E.-F.-A. DESHAYES, A. VARIN, M. BARIHALLOT.

CHAMPEIL, S. SALIERES, P.-H.-R. ROUSSEL, L. MADRASSI, L.-G. VÉBER, M<sup>lle</sup> J. ITASSE.

### "Mentions Honorables."

MM. C. ANTOINE, G.-L. ARNAULT, C.-L. BAILLY, P.-E. BRETON, A. BRUCE-JOY, G. CALVET, B.-K. CANFIELD, COWELL, P. CURILLON, M<sup>lle</sup> E. CURTOIS, MM. E. GAUDINSART, A. GAUTHIER, G. GUITTET, J.-P. LEGASTFLOIS, M<sup>me</sup> H. LEVEL, M. A. LEVY, M<sup>lle</sup> I. MATTON, MM. E.-F.-E. NAVELLIER, C.-T. PERRON, L. ROSSELLO y ROSSFLO, H. SCHMID, M<sup>lle</sup> R. DE YÉRIAN. *Medal work* : MM. P.-J.-A. BÉVILLE, E. CLAUS, L.-A. COUDRAY, A.-E. DAMON, M. FAVRI, W. TROJANOWSKI.

## "Médaille d'Honneur."

M. L.-H.-G. SCHELLIER DE GISORS.

## Second Medals.

MM. L.-M.-H. SORTAIS, F.-E.-L. BOUTRON, in collaboration with M. X.-F. SCHÖLLKOPF, L.-G. DELAUNEY, L.-J. YPERMAN, P.-L.-A. LEGRIEL, P. DUSART, P.-H. BOUSSAC, E. DUPONT, in collaboration with M. A. GUILBERT.

## Third Medals.

MM. E. BERTONE, J.-L. CHIFFLOT, A. REY, E. BOURDON.

## "Mentions Honorables."

MM. G.-L. BACOT, J. BERNARD, J.-L.-E. BRUN, C. CHAUVET, A. FORGEOT, J.-L. DEPERTHES, C. GARIN, G. GROMORT, in collaboration with M. L. SUE, E. LECAMP, in collaboration with M. C. MOREL, P. LE CARDONNEL, E.-L. LONGFILS, L.-A. MAVEUX, F. MOTTAR, M.-A.-J. PRÉVOST, H.-A.-G. RIGAUT, M. SAINSAULIEU, J.-E. SOTTAS, C.-A. VASSIER, P. VERDIER.

## "Médaille d'honneur."

M. H. LEFORT.

## First Medals.

M. A. DEZARROIS *line engraving*.

## Second Medals.

MM. G.-A. THÉVENIN *wood engraving*; L. ALLEAUME *lithography*; A.-L.-P.-E.-A. DUVINIER *etching*; J.-E. BELAND *line engraving*.

## Third Medals.

MM. H.-E. BOURMAUD *wood engraving*; L. DAUTREY *etching*; J. SOURBIER *lithography*; A. MAVEUR (*line engraving*; C.

FONCE *etching*; A.-J.-M. BROQUELET, *lithography*; A. CRAUK *line engraving*; L. SALLES *etching*; A.-A. GEORGES-SAUVAGE *lithography*.

## "Mentions Honorables."

M<sup>me</sup> M.-J. ALIOT-BARBAN, MM. H. BAUR, V. DUFERTRE, C. PETIT (*wood engraving*); M<sup>me</sup> C.-E. CHAUVET, M. F. DE LAUNAY, M<sup>lle</sup> H. LECOCQ, MM. L. BASTARD, J.-L. BRÉMOND (*etching*); M<sup>lles</sup> M.-H.-L. BARDON, Z. GOLTDAMMER, MM. J. RUCH, P. CHOUETTE, L. TRINQUIER-TRIANON *lithography*; MM. G.-H. LAVALLEY, A.-J. VIBAUT, A.-G. BESSÉ, L.-E. PÉNAT, L. BUSSIÈRE (*line engraving*).

(IN CONNECTION WITH THE 4 SECTIONS)

## Second Medals

MM. R. LALIQUE, A. LEDRU.

## Third Medals.

MM. J.-L. BRÉMOND, M.-G. GUERCHET, L.-R. CARRIER-BELLEUSE.

## "Mentions honorables."

MM. J. RIVIÈRE, A.-S. BUSSY, NOEL-BOUÏON, C.-A.-H. ROBALPHEN, E. LEFÈVRE.



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| BENJAMIN-CONSTANT. . . . .                     | <i>Portrait of the Artist's Son.</i>             |
| BESSON (J.-G.). . . . .                        | <i>In Front of Saint-Sulpice.</i>                |
| BINET (A.-J.). . . . .                         | <i>In the Sun.</i>                               |
| BONNENCONTRE (E.). . . . .                     | <i>"Le Lit de la Cigale."</i>                    |
| BORDES (E.). . . . .                           | <i>The Laborer and his Children.</i>             |
| BOUCHÉ (L.-A.). . . . .                        | <i>The Village Square.</i>                       |
| BOUILLON (L.). . . . .                         | <i>Nude study.</i>                               |
| BOURGOGNE (P.). . . . .                        | <i>Spring Flowers.</i>                           |
| BOYÉ (A.). . . . .                             | <i>Nausicaa.</i>                                 |
| BRAUT (A.). . . . .                            | <i>Woman's Head.</i>                             |
| BROUILLET (A.). . . . .                        | <i>A Haymaker.</i>                               |
| BUFFET (P.). . . . .                           | <i>An Antique Festival.</i>                      |
| BURDY (G.-H.). . . . .                         | <i>An Engraver of Gems.</i>                      |
| BUSSON (Ch.). . . . .                          | <i>The Vale of Lavardm.</i>                      |
| CESBRON (A.). . . . .                          | <i>M. François's Wednesdays.</i>                 |
| CHIGOT (E.-H.-A.). . . . .                     | <i>A Pilgrimage to Saint-Josse-sur-Mer.</i>      |
| DAMERON (E.-G.). . . . .                       | <i>The Vale and Castle of Angles-sur-Anglus.</i> |
| DINET (A.-E.). . . . .                         | <i>The Day after Ramadhan.</i>                   |
| DUVENT (Ch.). . . . .                          | <i>"The Lord be with you."</i>                   |
| ENDERS (J.-J.). . . . .                        | <i>Washing Day.</i>                              |
| FOURNIER (L.-E.). . . . .                      | <i>A Shepherd.</i>                               |
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| HAREUX (E.-V.). . . . .                        | <i>The Peak of Villard d'Arène.</i>              |
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| LOBRE (M.). . . . .                            | <i>The King's Library, Versailles.</i>           |
| LORIMER (J.-H.). . . . .                       | <i>Portrait of Colonel Anstruther-Thomson.</i>   |
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| SURAND (G.)         | <i>A Massacre of Barbarians under Hamilcar.</i> |
| TARDIEU (V.-F.)     | <i>Remembrance.</i>                             |
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| THIVIER (E.-M.)     | <i>"Le Défile de la Hache."</i>                 |
| THOMAS (P.)         | <i>A Mandoline Lesson.</i>                      |
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| M <sup>me</sup> BRIES (F.) | <i>"Une Élégante," water-color.</i> |
| MM. LUNOIS (A.)            | <i>Spanish Dancers, pastel.</i>     |
| MILCENDEAU (Ch.-E.-Th.)    | <i>Peasants of Vendée, drawing.</i> |

## SCULPTURE

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| MM. BOUCHER (A.)    | <i>Casimir-Perier, marble bust.</i>               |
| CAPTIER (F.-E.)     | <i>Despair, plaster statue.</i>                   |
| CORDIER (H.-L.)     | <i>Artilleryman, bronze equestrian statue.</i>    |
| DESBOIS (J.)        | <i>Leda, marble statue.</i>                       |
| DESBOIS (J.)        | <i>Destitution, wood statue.</i>                  |
| DESBOIS (J.)        | <i>Death, bronze group.</i>                       |
| DÉSRIUELLES (A.-F.) | <i>Job, plaster statue.</i>                       |
| FAGEL (H.)          | <i>Grafter, plaster statue.</i>                   |
| GARDET (G.)         | <i>Panthers, marble group.</i>                    |
| GASQ (P.)           | <i>Hero and Leander, marble bas-relief.</i>       |
| GASQ (P.)           | <i>Medea, marble group.</i>                       |
| GREBER (H.)         | <i>Fire-damp, marble figure.</i>                  |
| HUGUES (J.)         | <i>Industries, plaster group.</i>                 |
| LAFORÊT (Em.)       | <i>Ambroise Thomas, marble bust.</i>              |
| LALOUR (L.-M.)      | <i>General Changarnier, marble bust.</i>          |
| LOISEAC-BAILLY (G.) | <i>Gambetta, marble bust.</i>                     |
| MENGUE (J.-M.)      | <i>Cain and Abel, marble group.</i>               |
| MICHEL (G.)         | <i>Thought, marble statue.</i>                    |
| PECH (G.-E.-B.)     | <i>A Great Secret, plaster group.</i>             |
| PERRY (L.-A.)       | <i>Valbonnais, marble bust.</i>                   |
| PILET (L.)          | <i>Fontenelle, marble bust.</i>                   |
| ROCHE (P.)          | <i>The Struggle (fountain), plaster.</i>          |
| SAVINE (L.)         | <i>Gougeard, Minister of Marine, marble bust.</i> |
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