

SALON
OF
1900



PARIS
GOUPILO & C^o
ART PUBLISHERS
MANZEL, JOYANT & C^o
ART PUBLISHERS SUCCESSORS



THE J. PAUL GETTY MUSEUM LIBRARY

Salon of 1900

GOUPIL & C^o

GOUPIL & Co., PUBLISHERS

MANZI, JOYANT & Co., Publishers, Successors.
PARIS & NEW-YORK



LE PALAIS NATIONAL - GRANDE FÊTE DE LA PAIX



FRANÇOIS FLAMENG

SALON OF 1900

SALON OF 1900

With text in English, translated by CLARENCE WASON

VELLUM EDITION. — Text and engravings on VELLUM PAPER.

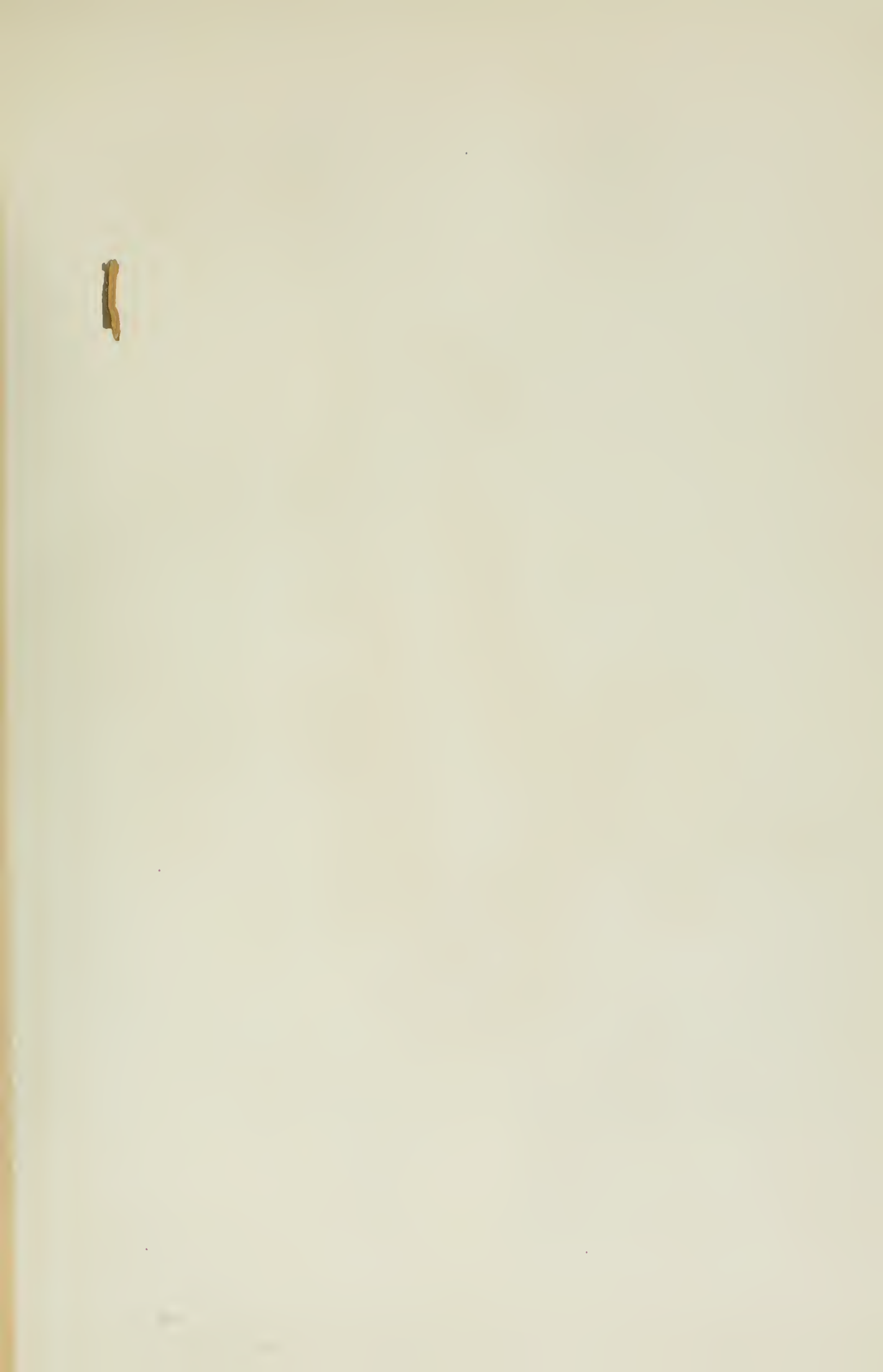
HOLLAND EDITION. — Limited to 75 copies. — Text and engravings on HOLLAND PAPER, *each copy numbered : from 1 to 75.*

SALON OF 1900

With text in French.

VELLUM EDITION. — Text and engravings on VELLUM PAPER.

HOLLAND EDITION. — Text and engravings on HOLLAND PAPER, *each copy numbered.*



LA FRANCE C'EST LES NATIONS A LA GRANDE FÊTE DE LA PAIX



9. By Jean Dea d'Almeida

FRANCOIS FLAMENG.

France Inviting the Nations to the Grand Peace Festival.

HENRI FRANTZ



THE SALON OF 1900

AND THE

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION

With text in English, translated by CLARENCE WASON



GOUPIL & C^o

ART PUBLISHERS

MANZI, JOYANT & Co.

ART PUBLISHERS, SUCCESSORS

PARIS & NEW YORK

1900

PERIOD

N

5065

527

1000a

INGRES.

Diploma for the Universal Exhibition of 1855.



PREFACE.

THE year 1900 will certainly be a significant date among all others in the history of French art. Indeed, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that no nation has ever presented a stronger or more brilliant display for the delight and judgment of the entire world; never has an equal number of works of all kinds revealed to the same extent the activity and creative force of a race, and it is with an astonishment, to which is mingled a little apprehension, that we observe the artistic productive power of this generation. Each year the Salon offers us an uncommon quantity of works, but to-day is added a second exhibition that is otherwise expressive; we shall, in fact, have to study, as a complement to the Salon, the Decennial Exhibition. The first will aid us in watching the activity

of our artists in a somewhat limited sphere; in the other, on the contrary, we shall be able to appreciate from a more general point of view what characteristic works French art has produced during the last ten years.

If the Salon is, perhaps, a little too recent to enable us to judge these productions with that interval of time so necessary for the sound appreciation of a work of art, the Decennial Exhibition, on the other hand, is, in our eyes, the summing up of an entire page of artistic history. Here, time has already treated as they deserve a great many fleeting and superficial enthusiasms, and, with the exception of a few rare, great and favoured names, whose possessors have, by their genius, created at once an eternal, or at least a durable renown, many artificial reputations, made, not by real talent but by excessive puffing, have crumbled. Others, on the contrary, at first unappreciated, ridiculed and disdained, stand out clearly from the rest, and we may, with greater certainty, predict the destiny that the future reserves for their names.





ASTON LOUIS KNIGHT.
The Château of Clisson.

SALON OF 1900.



THE SALON.

PAINTING.

THIS year the one hundred and eighteenth exhibition of the Society of French Artists was held in a specially-constructed building at the Place Breteuil, near the Invalides, the Machine Gallery, where the Salon had been placed the past two years, having been taken for the Universal Exhibition. The building at the Place Breteuil is entirely provisional, as next Spring the Salon will be opened in the new Palace of the Fine Arts, in the Champs-Élysées. Therefore we

must not be surprised that the temporary building erected this year was not all that could be desired for an art exhibition. In fact, the construction was of the most rudimentary sort. It is for this reason, and perhaps, also, on account of the proximity of the Universal Exhibition, that there is a relatively small number of works shown this year. In any case, the number is smaller than the total of the previous year.

Upon entering the gallery, the first question that comes to our mind is whether the present exhibition is inferior or superior to that of 1899. Superficial observers have inferred that because there is a smaller number of works exposed the Salon of 1900 is not so good as its predecessor. This is not our opinion; we should rather be inclined to believe quite the opposite, and to declare that the four or five best canvases of this year's Salon are superior to the equivalent works of 1899. But this is a question of very delicate distinctions; it is, in fact, difficult to admit that an artist can accomplish a marked evolution in a year's time. For this reason we do not have much faith in the efficacy of annual exhibitions; on the contrary, we share the conviction of a large number who think that the Salon should not be held so often. Artists, the public and amateurs would surely gain by the change. The first would have more time to meditate and would probably show us works less hastily conceived and executed; the others, having to judge more perfect productions, would not hesitate so much in the formation of their judgment.

Therefore we cannot but approve and yield when, even to the detriment of our great artistic pleasure, we see such masters as Fantin-Latour allowing one or two years to pass by without sending any paintings to the Salon. This course is that of artists who are, above all, careful about the perfection of their art, which for them is not simply a common daily labour but a work of the noblest and highest sacerdotal character.

There are still other absences to be noted at the Salon of 1900.



F. HUMBERT.

Portrait of M. Alex and of Mademoiselle Elsa Grand.

SALON OF 1900





A. DE RICHEMONT.

St. Yves's Charity.

Among the poor he recognised Christ

Salon of 1900

Among the artists who do not exhibit are MM. Lecomte de Nouy, Bonnat, Rochegrosse, Detaille, Hébert and George Harcourt, the English painter, whose fine picture, *Too Late*, was highly appreciated last year.

The Medal of Honour having been awarded this year to M. Ferdinand Humbert for his *Portrait of M. Alex and of Mademoiselle Grand*, it is only right that we should first speak of this work.



The portrait is painted on a large canvas, upon which the artist has represented a young girl seated, with a book in her hand, while her brother is standing behind her. Their familiar dog is crouched at their feet, and in the rear of this charming group we see the distant outlines of a park. At the very first glance this painting gives an impression of gracefulness and fascination, and we can well understand that the jury of the Salon should have bestowed its highest reward for this portrait, which is the best one ever executed by M. Humbert, the one wherein he

has given the freest play to his gifts of elegance and charm.

The French artist has in this portrait been directly inspired, for his composition as well as for his effort to give a warm, rich colouring, by the English painters of the eighteenth century, such as Romney, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and more particularly, Sir Thomas Lawrence. The same as these artists, M. Humbert places his personages in the open air and upon backgrounds of trees, verdure and flowers. He wishes to have us divine behind his models the soft horizons of the English country, and when we regard these children we are inclined to recognise in them some young members of the nobility of the last century who are reposing themselves in one of their parks at Windsor or at Richmond. This remark is especially true of the young girl, for the young man is more suggestive of Van Dyck.

To know how to *finish* a portrait is not an easy matter for all artists, and there are few among modern painters who find time to finish works that can equal in conscientiousness and technical skill the famous productions of the old masters. And at this point I cannot help thinking of the portrait of Mademoiselle Marguerite Moreno, which has recently been placed in the Luxembourg Museum; this portrait is due to M. Joseph Granié, an artist hitherto but little known. This painter is also faithful to a tradition; he has been influenced by the old Germans of the sixteenth century, the same as M. Humbert has been by the English of the eighteenth century. M. Granié, who has shown himself to be a great artist, is almost able to equal his masters in technical perfection and skilful modelling, and it is this which gives to this work, and doubtless to those that he will produce later on, a special value.

To return to the Salon, where the portraits are numerous enough to retain our attention, we are at once struck by M. Benjamin-Constant's *Portrait of M. Stephen Liégeard*. Here is a highly characteristic work, not, perhaps, very attractive at the



BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.
Portrait de M. Stephen Liégeard





J. G. GAGLIARDINI.
Upon the Couze, in Auvergne

first glance, but of very acute observation and scrupulous exactness, in short a psychological achievement that is among the best accomplished by this artist.

Although thinking of Titian's *Man with the Glove*, M. Benjamin-Constant has produced a very modern work and taken a most brilliant advantage of the costume of a man at the close of the nineteenth century, which is generally considered as entirely anti-



esthetic. From the point of view of colour his portrait is of perfect unity; its general tone is gray, but a clever colourist like M. Benjamin-Constant has succeeded in relieving here and there this somewhat harsh tonality by more luminous tints, such as the green of the cravat and the red of the ribbon.

M. Stephen Liégeard is solidly posed, one hand resting upon the hip, while with the other he holds his hat and gloves. The attitude, as will be seen, is simple, yet the lines of the portrait

are firm and well defined. A slight defect strikes me, however : the left hand, as vigorously and admirably modelled as those of Rembrandt, this browned hand that seems capable of giving an energetic grasp, is a little too strong when compared with the face, where the eyes shine with so much lustre.

But, such as it is, this portrait is an excellent and admirable piece of work. It is the perfect likeness of the modern man, and it seems to me that when M. Stephen Liégeard's descendants look at this fine portrait they will learn more about their grandfather than from all the biographies in the world. They will read in this face the most characteristic energy and determination, and be able almost to distinguish his tastes, habits and preferences. This is the end and aim of a good portrait, of those portraits that pass along victoriously from age to age, before which spectators meditate indefinitely and the lips of whose models seem to tell us the story of their lives, their anguish, their passions and their pleasures.

When we walk through the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice and question those magnificent doges painted by Tintoret, Titian, Giorgione or Paris Bordone, before the distant perspectives of the marvellously-wrought marble palaces, do we not feel that all the harmonious life of that century, so full of colour, is unfolded before our eyes? When, in the homes of Genoa we contemplate the effigies that Van Dyck painted of such gentlemen as the Spinolas, the Dorias and the Pallavicinis, do we not have a precise vision of these bold seigniors who sailed on distant seas, who plundered and made war, and who, with the money of their conquests or their speculations, erected these magnificent dwellings which continue to fill us with astonishment and admiration? And when, in the Borgia chambers at the Vatican, we regard the image of Alexander VI., or in the Dutch museums Rembrandt's millers and common people and Pourbus's gentlemen, do we not have the whole range of history before us?



A. LEVEQUE,
The Triumph of Death. Triptych. A fragment





J. E. BLANCHE.

The Painter Thaulow and his Children.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Yes, M. Benjamin-Constant has himself admirably written that a portrait ought, above all, to be *a page of history*, but this is a designation that we should be tempted to give to only a very few modern portraits. Still, no works would better merit this



epithet than the portraits of Mr. George Frederick Watts, one of the glories of modern English art and the greatest portrait-painter of the present day. Watts has raised monuments more lasting than bronze in honour of his contemporaries. He is the painter of the portraits of Morris, Tennyson, Robert Browning and Swinburne, which England, extremely solicitous with regard to her national celebrities and of keeping up hero worship, preached by the great Carlyle, has placed in her National Portrait Gallery at London.

To be really strong and durable, the work of the portrait-painter presupposes, on one hand, a power of observation, a knowledge of the human soul, the faculty of drawing out of a physiognomy its most secret thoughts; and, on the other, a technical skill sufficiently perfect to be able to freely express the slightest shades—both qualities very rare in our day of hasty and often superficial production. Before taking the risk of this effort the great painters, masters in their profession, observe for a long time and patiently; in a word, *they think*. They thus succeed in finding out the tastes, character and habits of their models, in familiarising themselves with the play of their features and their different expressions, so as to be competent to fix the most distinguishing ones in their portraits. It is in this manner that artists like Holbein, Franz Hals, Rembrandt or Romney—to cite by chance some very different individualities—endeavoured, above everything else, to paint those persons with whom they came in daily contact, and whose inmost psychology they had carefully scrutinised.

M. Roybet's conception of a portrait, such as we see it once more exemplified in his *Portrait of M. Waltner*, is quite the opposite of M. Benjamin-Constant's ideal. In the work of one of these artists we have a scrupulous study of individuality and an effort to show us the modern man as he is. In the other, on the contrary, it is a sort of reconstitution of the man of a bygone age. M. Roybet has, in fact, all his life painted the grand seigniors of the sixteenth century; he has, to be sure, painted them very brilliantly, as he is a great colourist. Consequently, when he has to make a portrait he remains faithful to his favourite century. In the present instance he has represented M. Waltner in the costume of those splendid and joyous old soldiers whom we find in the work of Franz Hals, the master and model of M. Roybet.

Mademoiselle Juana Romain, his pupil, has been particularly successful in her *Portrait of Mademoiselle H. D.* This portrait, treated in the artist's usual manner, is a very attractive painting;



F. ROYBET.
Portrait of M. Waltner.





JOHN LAVERY
Father and Daughter



the face is fresh and animated in colour, while the stuffs float, palpitate and flash their iridescent hues with an abundance and precision that become greater every year.

M. Fulop Laszlo has painted this year the *Portrait of Madame la Comtesse Jean de Castellane*. Although this canvas is among the best portraits of women at the Salon, I have not found in it some of the qualities that struck me last year in the portrait of the Prince de Hohenlohe, which was of such splendid appearance. The portrait of Madame de Castellane lacks this proud bearing, the colour is not handled with the same force, and the eyes do not at once attract by their lustre. In a word, the work is not as perfect as those we have been accustomed to expect from this young master. Let us hope that M. Laszlo has painted the Pope—his most recent portrait in date—under a luckier star.

M. Jules Lefebvre has sent this year a small *Portrait of M. Ernest Sanson*, but we learn nothing new from this production.

Mademoiselle Beury Saurel makes a very praiseworthy effort to paint the portrait of a young girl in simple tones, flexible and natural attitudes. If Mademoiselle Beury-Saurel would study Velasquez and Whistler, we are sure she would make great progress.

M. Jean-Paul Laurens's *Portrait of M. Goy* is rather dull. It gives us the impression that this artist, who is an excellent decorative painter, is not quite at his ease with portraits.

M. Léon Comerre is somewhat cold in his *Portrait of Madame la Baronne de S.*

On the contrary, how much more spirited and graceful is Mr. John Lavery's portrait entitled *Father and Daughter*. What splendid grays delicately shaded, and how charming and lithe is the little girl with her tapering legs, buried in the big arm-chair.

I must also mention as among the most important works of this kind, M. Maillart's *Portrait of M. Chelles*; an excellent portrait of a man by M. Pierre, a pupil of Gustave Moreau, but

whose work recalls, rather, the style of Ricard; that of *Mademoiselle E.*, very warm in colour, by M. Ruppert Bunny; and others by M. Antonin Mercié (*Portrait of Madame A. E.*), Aimé Morot (*Portrait of M. Edouard Dumont*), Mademoiselle Odette Pastré (*Portrait of Commandant H.*), M. Tattegrain (*a Study*), M. Benner (*Portrait of Mademoiselle Jacqueline B.*), M. Marcel Baschet (*Portrait of a Woman*), M. Boulet (*Portrait of M. Vail-
lard*).

Landscapes constitute the principal attraction of this Salon, many of them showing on the part of their authors a personal character and vision. However, before examining them, and in order to better understand them, it will be well to cast a glance backwards and show the evolution that has taken place in this branch of art during the present century.

Two grand movements, two cycles, have left their luminous trace in landscape-painting. First of all, the men at the beginning of the century, who were under the influence of certain English landscape-painters such as Constable, David Cox, Crome and Cotman, and who discovered the route to the open air and fields, which had been barred for the previous thirty years. At the Salon of 1824, where Constable exhibited three paintings, and Richard Parkes, Bonington, Copley, Fielding, Harding, Samuel Prout and Varley figured with important works, it seemed as though the art of our great French landscape-painters was already in its germ, such as it was to manifest itself a few years later with Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Troyon, Brascassat, Dupré, Français and all the grand masters who have so well comprehended nature and glorified it in such a personal manner.

By the side of this school, which today has still its masters, less powerful, less creative, perhaps, but always very interesting, another landscape school sprang into existence under the more special influence of Turner and the Japanese; impressionism gradually took its place in art, bringing to it a greater desire to



C. BERNIER.
Near the Farm. In Brittany.

SALON OF 1900.





PIERRE LAGARDE.

An Inundation.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION

render with sincerity and ingenuity all the shades of colour that strike the eye in nature. After the well-known struggles after the celebrated Exhibitions of 1874, 1875, 1877, 1880, 1883, 1886, where the critics showed themselves particularly hostile towards the innovators, these introducers of a new note into art have, little by little, been definitively accepted, and their entry into the Luxembourg Museum has finally ratified such



names as those of Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, Boudin.

The Salon of 1900 contains more especially representatives of the first of these schools. With, perhaps, some exceptions such as M. Axilette, who, in his *Banks of the Morin*, shows an affinity of colouring with the impressionists, most of the landscape-painters at the Salon belong to the Barbizon School, and several appear to us even as under the absolute and direct influence of some particular master. Thus, M. Delpy is an excellent pupil of Daubigny, and M. Chaigneau remembers Charles Jacque.

Since the death of Français, M. Harpignies is the last survivor of this generation that has given so many admirable masters to France. Notwithstanding his great age, M. Harpignies sends to the Salon with untiring activity, and spectators seek out his pictures all the more readily as they are pretty sure not to be disappointed. No one is more equal in his work, while at the same time he knows how to largely vary his manner. We have this year an irrefutable proof of our assertion. In his picture entitled *Olive Trees and Green Oaks at Beaulieu, in the Alpes-Maritimes*, M. Harpignies makes us think, not so much of the painter of the verdant landscapes of the north and centre of France, as of Corot's early manner, of those softly brilliant canvases that the master brought back from Italy and that enchanted all eyes at the Centennial Exhibition.

Harpignies's little work is extremely simple in scene and vision: a few olive trees with their leaves of silvery gray, this gray that glitters so beautifully upon the southern sky, a soil with dull shades like the soil of Greece, where, under the caress of the strong north-west wind, nothing grows but bushes and briers. In the distance are outlines of peasants under trees. What harmony the painter has put into all this! How well all the tones are graduated and the effects varied! Those who care to attentively study M. Harpignies's canvas will obtain a particularly savoury impression of antique life. Nature as here represented is of a thoroughly Virgilian grace and elegance; it is the ideal surroundings that we imagine for the poet's eclogues.

Several of the landscape artists who exhibit at the Salon endeavour chiefly to paint a special hour of the day: some are attracted by the light morning mists that float over the valleys and rivers; others seek the hard, sparkling brightness of noon, while many find in sunsets and twilights effects of colour that are dear to them.

This last class is the most numerous one at the present Salon.





L. RIDEL.
Last Flowers

SALON OF 1900.



M. Jules Breton, in his small painting entitled *Twilight Ardours*, has expressed with a particular eloquence the melancholy of the evening which envelops the plain. Beneath a sky of dark red that is gradually toned down, large stacks of grain with their golden heads stand out upon the flaming horizon. A profound silence covers the fields, where the peasants, near relations of those whom Jean-François Millet painted on the same plains, are returning home after their day's toil.

This picture is not only of a fine uniformity of tone, but the anatomy of all the personages is faultless. M. Jules Breton is certainly the accomplished painter not only of those beautiful plains of the Ile-de-France country, but we feel that in this work, as in his painting of last year, he has shared the life of these peasants, that he has followed them in their humble labour and observed them unceasingly at all the hours of the day. Their existence has, consequently, no longer any secret for him; he knows the tired movements of the reapers or the wood-cutters who are returning to their modest homes, and

Les grands chars gémissants qui reviennent le soir.

And it is this human element that strengthens still more the impression we gather from these canvases, which are already excellent by their technical skill and exact vision. M. Jules Breton is infinitely sensitive to the joys and sorrows of the peasants whom he so faithfully renders for us; but this delicate poet never falls into vulgarity or realism. If some of the aspects of country life are wanting in beauty, M. Jules Breton knows how to conceal them and to show us the soil and its tillers only under their noblest aspect. And at what moment could this aspect be nobler than at the solemn hour when the distant sounds of the angelus are heard while the first stars of evening appear!

M. Jules Breton's paintings may be divided into four general series: work, repose, rural festivities, religious fêtes, and it is to

the first category that belongs the picture we are now discussing. It is one more delicious delineation of the calm and healthy existence of the labourers, presented with tenderness by the painter, and well worthy of all the previous canvases of M. Jules Breton.

These earlier works are of the kind that are not forgotten, and they are still present to all minds: *The Gleaners* (1855), *The Benediction of the Grain* (Luxembourg Museum), *Evening* (1861), *The Close of the Day* (1865), *The Potato Crop* (1868), *The Gleaner* (1877), *Evening in the Finistère Hamlets*, *The First Communicants* (1884), *The Last Ray* (1885), *Labor's End* (1887), *The Shepherd's Star* (1880), *The Evening Call* (1889), *The Last Ice* (1895), *The Pink Harvest* (1897).

M. Joseph Bouchor sends a work of a like sentiment; the only difference is in the scene. Here it is no longer the life of the plains but that of the woods. Some wood-cutters pass among the trees of a meadow, straight and strong under the weight on their shoulders; another hewer is stretched out against a tree and rests while watching the stream that winds along in the distance and the horizon that is gilded by the setting sun.

It is the soft hour that the poet Louis Bouilhet has described in the following lines, which adapt themselves so perfectly to Bouchor's inspiration:

Les grands bœufs sont couchés sur les larges pelouses;
La fumée, en tournant, s'échappe des hameaux,
Toi tu souris d'espoir derrière les coteaux,
Vesper, astre cruel, teint du sang des épouses!

M. Ferdinand Chaigneau is also a conscientious and sincere artist. Although a pupil of Brascassat, he follows much nearer, I think, the style of M. Charles Jacque, and has, like that master, a very firm manner of drawing. In his *Clear Night* we see a herdsman driving his sheep across meadows covered with a light mist that rises from the river and casts a shade over the moon. Here is a work of a charming colourist. First of all, it is this





E. DEBAT-PONSAN.

Up Hill!

SALON OF 1900

quality of colouring that strikes the eye, but those who closely examine M. Chaigneau's picture will find other merits: in the drawing of the sheep, of the dog and of the shepherd wrapped in his long cloak, there are excellent qualities of observation. The drawing is very firm and very correct. We feel that the painter has studied every movement, and prepared his work by a



series of preliminary sketches. When we examine a good many of the landscapes at the Salon we cannot help expressing the opinion that some of the painters have exaggerated the size of their pictures. Indeed, what is the advantage when the artist simply wishes to represent a corner of a meadow and a hill, a clump of trees or some houses in a plain, sheep or oxen passing along a Normandy cliff, to paint such scenes upon canvases several yards long and wide? Are not these scenes familiar ones, which would

gain by being shown in a more unobtrusive manner and on a smaller scale than historical subjects? Naturally, if a landscape forms part of an historical picture, our criticism would not apply to like works, for then the artist would not seek to concentrate all the spectator's attention upon this accessory.

Look at the works of the masters, especially those at the Centennial Exhibition, and there we shall see that neither Corot nor Daubigny, for instance, ever gives a landscape more importance than it merits.

This remark, evidently, does not detract from the value of the works themselves, and we appreciate none the less such paintings as *Evening Haze*, by M. Cabuzel, *The Mill-Course of the Caursure Mill, near Fresnay*, by M. Lambert, and *Evening Mist in the Sacy Marshes*, by M. Moisset.

M. Pointelin is a master, and a master of impressionism. There is nothing in his picture but a brown line of a slope in the Jura, above the white spot of the sky which recedes and sinks down infinitely. Yet what melancholy, what powerful accord of lines and tones! Where is the artist who could better render the transparency of space!

M. Carl Rosa exhibits *A Misty Day on the Banks of the Seine*, a work in which the colourist has succeeded in putting a fine and delicate light. To the left, cottages and hills rise up out of the mist; on the other side, the Seine winds along through the meadows like a wide silver ribbon.

M. Bertrand also shows a flowery country, and M. Cabié *An Evening at Tursac*, with a fine sunset among the large oaks, "an horizon capitally made for the pleasure of the eyes."

M. Beauvais has painted this year *The Donville Coast*, with the green cliffs upon which goats graze and from which the sea is seen in a clear perspective.

M. Claverie, with *The Old-Mill Road at Gignac, in Provence*, and M. Boudin, with *In Provence*, try to give to their palette



DANIEL RIDGWAY KNIGHT

Repose.

SALON OF 1900.



Copy 1012 - In Manuscript - August 1



the hard brilliancy of the meridional sun and to vary their bright tints.

M. Diéterle shows us some *Mowers at the Close of Day*, in which work he approaches M. Jules Breton in sincerity and emotion. His grains are of a very rich impasto.

M. Foureau, in his *Source*, has evoked in the pale and wavering morning light the forms of nymphs wandering among the trees. The idea is a happy one and recalls Corot in some of his works. But M. Foureau's colour seems to us somewhat smooth and dull.

Concerning M. Cachoud's picture, I will make the same observation that I applied to M. Moisset's work : his *Mist and Dew*, although very agreeable, does not require such large dimensions.

M. Japy exhibits a delicate *Spring Morning*, M. Biva *The Villeneuve Park*, and M. Joubert *A View of Vétheuil*.

M. Guignery, like M. Chaigneau, takes pleasure in showing us herds marching in the evening light.

M. Gosselin acquaints us with a Normandy meadow scene, bordered on one side with houses and on the other with trees.

I note particularly M. Emile Mesnager's painting, *In the Triansons*, suggested by the poet's line :

Un soir tombait, un soir équivoque d'automne.

His picture is a penetrating vision of autumn. In the foreground a couple are walking in a lane slightly darkened by the foliations upon the carpet of dead leaves. In the distance there is a fountain which closes the perspective.

M. Louis Le Poittevin has abandoned his favourite Saint-Valéry or Varangeville cliffs this year to give us a splendid *View of the Combours Chateau*. He has exactly represented the rude, cold aspect of the spot where Chateaubriand spent his youthful years, and where the great René felt in his soul the beginnings of that sadness which clung to him throughout his life.

M. Le Poittevin excels in awakening in us this impression of

melancholy by the harmony of colours and lines. It would seem that while painting this view of the Combours chateau he had ever present in his mind all of Chateaubriand's youth, passed in the mansion where "he was haunted by confused phantoms which tormented his existence by asking him to create Atala shaking his magnolian locks in the Florida winds, Velleda running through the heather by moonlight, Cymodocee veiling her naked breast under the leopard's claw, and the white Amelia, and the pale René."

The view of the chateau as represented by M. Le Poittevin is, in fact, described by Chateaubriand in his "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*," and it is not without interest to see how identical are the painter's vision and the writer's description: "From the windows of the large hall we could see the Combours houses, a pond, the bank of this pond by which the Rennes road passed, a water-mill, a meadow covered with cows and separated from the pond by the bank. On the border of this meadow there extended a village, dependency of a priory founded in 1149 by Rivallon, Seigneur of Combours, where his mortuary statue in a knight's armour was seen couched upon the back. From the pond the ground gradually rose and formed an amphitheatre of trees, out of which peeped the village roofs and castle towers. Upon the remote horizon, between the east and the south, were the outlines of the heights of Becherel. A terrace bordered with tall, trimmed box, was at the foot of the chateau on this side, passed behind the carriage-houses and rejoined at various points the bathing garden, which opened on to the grand mall."

M. E. Jacque shows us a meadow at sunset upon which graze some roebucks whose natural movements are well studied; some are browsing, while others are attentive, their ears pricked up, their muscles stretched, ready to bound.

M. Place-Canton continues to execute very clear and very

ALEXIS VOLLON.
Pierrot poet : invocation.

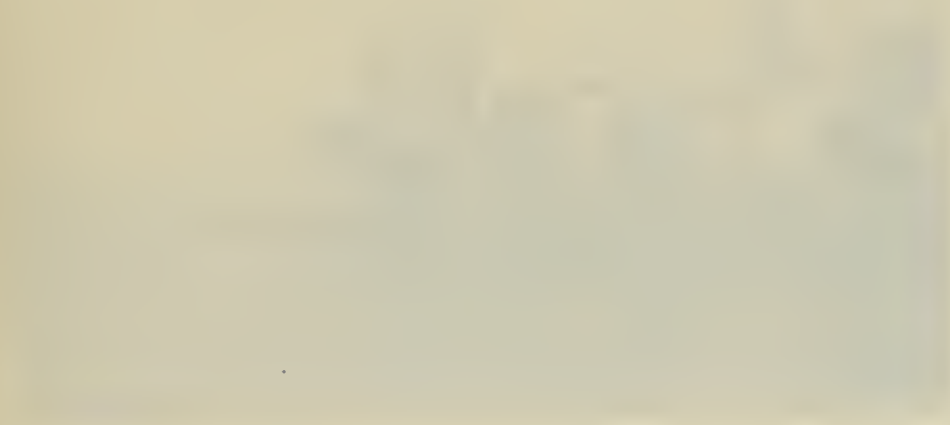
SALON 1889



F. BAUER.
La Cigale's Revenge.

SALON OF 1900.





E. PETITJEAN.
The Chain Tower at La Rochelle.

minute painting. The mountains that rise in the form of an amphitheatre around the river Var, at Colomars, stand out with a perfect clearness. M. de Clermont's palette is also very bright; this artist shows us a plain in Flanders, with the towers and belfries of a little town perceived on the horizon.

M. Laurent-Desrousseaux's canal in the Nivernais extends without end among the banks and long rows of trees beneath which



the water glistens. M. Dufour and M. Lecomte also paint with great charm water seen through trees.

M. H. C. Delpy takes a more important rank each day among contemporary landscape artists. He is the painter of the most mysterious corners of the valley of the Marne or of the Oise, where the verdant little islands stand out upon the whiteness of the water. He puts into all of his canvases the brightness and transparency of the air, now poetising nature and now fixing her aspects with surprising accuracy.

Most of the foreign landscape-painters that we are accustomed

to see at the Salon have sent their well-known pictures to the Decennial Exhibition. So we have only to speak here of a few who ought not to be forgotten. First of all, Grimelund, the delicate Scandinavian artist, who exhibits a view of *The Port of La Rochelle at Sunset*, a delicious work of subtile and fine transparency.

Mr. George Inness, jr., has an excellent and mysterious landscape, with evening effect, entitled *The Coming Storm*. The thick clouds that he has amassed upon the horizon give a very good idea of the threatening tempest at the close of a warm summer day, while all nature appears attentive and silent. This impression is distinctly felt in Mr. Inness's work and is a good omen for his future.

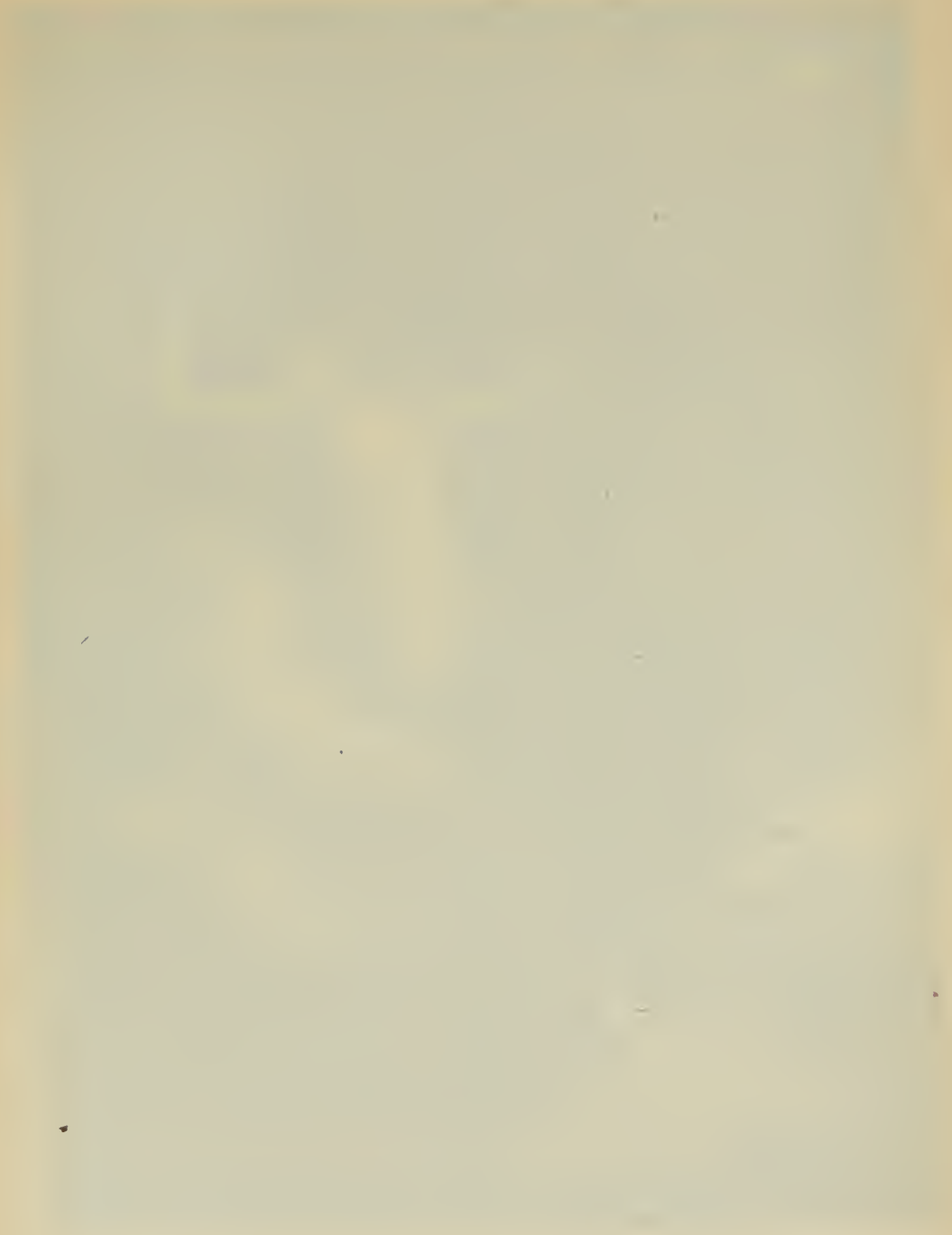
Miss Mabel Reed Deming reveals herself to us in a superior little canvas representing a cottage surrounded by trees under a sombre sky. In *A Dark Day* Miss Deming shows us that she belongs to the Scotch School of landscape-painting, which interprets nature so simply and soberly. It is the same stern execution, but does not exclude warm colouring. Miss Deming's picture has, besides, the merit of faithfully representing the aspect of one of those northern skies, nearly always covered with a haze, and of the country with its very soft horizons, calm and harmonious outlines and pure light.



The endless extent of the sea-shore, the monotonous lines of the downs and strands, the intense and multicoloured life of the ports, and especially the infinite variety of the colour of the ocean, are some of the preferred subjects of our contemporaneous painters, the same as of their predecessors, for that matter, from the Ruysdaels, the Van Goyens, the Bakhuisens, down to the Vernets, Isabeys and Ziemss.

Among the numerous marine pictures at the Salon there are some worth mentioning.

M. Timmermans has *A Calm upon the Triens*, in Brittany,



A. ÉDOUARD.
Night Extends her Starry Veil.

SALON OF 1900.





wherein is a whole flotilla of little boats that glide along a canal between the banks dimly lighted by the moon.

M. Le Sénéchal, in his *Quai de la République, at Tréport*, has painted one of those little ports so much in favour with M. Le Gout-Gérard, or M. Chevalier, whom we shall again meet at the Decennial Exhibition.

Madame Nanny Adams, with her *First Lights*, enables us to relish the contrast between the clearness of the water in the middle of the harbour and the dark keels of the ships that are still in the shadowy distance and towards which a tug is rapidly steaming.

M. Signoret has gracefully grouped a lot of fishing-boats upon one of those calm seas, such as the Mediterranean alone knows how to be in autumn. They appear motionless and yet agitated at the least ripple upon the white October wave.

M. Robert Mols has a more sombre vision, which is easily explained by the fact that he is from Antwerp and is particularly well acquainted with the northern seas. He endeavours to give the same black tones as Jongkind, but does not attain the splendid vigour of this master.

M. Theodore Webber exhibits some ships going out to sea, which are well observed.

I am less pleased with Madame Gabrielle Morin's *Wreck*, by far too forbidding, with this pallid corpse that rolls among the waves.

Some artists find such a harvest of fine colour in the sea that they do not take the trouble to add boats or shores. For instance, M. Julius Olsson paints with a delicious intensity of colouring one of those ruffled northern seas beneath large white clouds; Mr. Percy Heard studies all the reflections and transparencies of a great wave which has just broken upon the sands; M. Salis, a talented Spanish painter, and M. Chabanian interpret the sea in a like manner.

M. Palézieux sends a cold and dead Irish sea, with a dull sun

and vague cliffs rising up on the horizon. A flight of sea-gulls alone gives a little animation to the mournfulness of this landscape.

M. Marcotte, with his sailing vessel beside which some smaller craft are anchored, makes us think of Ziem, but he is not so strong a colourist.

I greatly admire the highly-coloured vision of M. Petitjean, who belongs, with M. Allègre, M. Decanis, M. Garibaldi, M. Olive and some others, to the group of painters who chant an eternal hymn to the glory of southern brightness. M. Petitjean's picture represents the entrance to the port of La Rochelle, with its big pier and the many-coloured sails of the numberless boats anchored at the wharf. It is an infinitely attractive spectacle; aside from the symphony of colours created by the painter, it is a real pleasure for the imagination to see the activity at this port, to watch the great ship go out and to think of all the distant countries towards which they sail!

M. Jean Rémond exhibits *A Sale of Fish at Cancale*, a large and important work, wherein the artist has tried to note, with a very varied technical execution, all the movement and confusion of the fishermen unloading their fish.

M. Armand Jamar, in his leaden *Heavy Weather at Boulogne-sur-Mer*, gives us a bad Mesdag.

Madame Elodie La Villette makes the furious waves break over the Quiberon rocks.

M. Allègre has left aside for the moment his favourite horizons, the ports of Marseilles, Cassis, La Ciotat, La Madrague, and now paints for our pleasure, and his own, a *View of San Michele Church, at Venice*.

M. Decanis, another southern painter, and not one of the least, delights us with a picturesque and luminous *Lake Berre*, in Provence.

M. Gagliardini has *An Evening on Lake Maggiore*, and M. Nardi



LIONEL ROYER.
Bassanio's Choice (The Merchant of Venice)

SALON OF 1900





J. WAGREZ.

The Pigeons of Saint Mark.—Venice (Fifteenth Century).

SALON OF 1900



JACQUES WAGREZ - 1900



L. TANZI
On the Willow Banks.

SALON OF 1900.

some *Olive Trees* on the route from Toulon to Cape Brun, very bright and truthful pictures.

M. Jourdeuil, with *The Croé Rocks in a Strong, North-west Wind*, M. Bréfort, with *The Rising Tide*, and M. Berthélémy, with his *Net Fisherman on the Normandy Coast*, ought not to be overlooked.

M. Guillemet renders very well the site of the extreme Brit-



tany region, with its houses scattered upon the cape beaten by the winds and tempests.

M. Bouillé's *Port of Douarnenez*, with its swarming crowd, would have gained, I think, if it had been painted on a smaller scale. I know a work by Bonington in which he has treated the same subject in a water-colour of much more modest dimensions, and much more skilfully.

In presence of the works of many landscape and marine

painters we are often tempted to regret that they do not make greater efforts to reproduce the particularities and characteristics of their own locality. This pleasure is rarely given us, and then by artists of a very pronounced individuality, whose art has freely developed at the sources of nature and who have there found their inspiration without allowing themselves to be hampered by any consideration of schools. For this reason there is a zest in each canvas executed by the Spanish painter Sorolla y Bastida, who is, moreover, represented at the Luxembourg Museum by an important picture. He exhibits at the Salon this year a *Return from Fishing*, which shows upon a sunny shore, with hard and short shades, the fishermen drawing in their boats. Some naked little Spaniards are running along the edge of the water among some very picturesque groups. I know of no painter who renders with more intensity the blue sky and sea and the white sands.

Several painters seek by preference the aspect of the sea at low tide. M. Adrien Demont, in his *North Shore*, strengthens still more the impression of sadness of these gloomy stretches by brightening them up with a red and veiled sun. M. O. de Champeaux, in *Galway Bay*, and M. Masure, in a *Sunset in a Fog at Rising Tide*, give us much the same impression.

Madame Virginia Demont-Breton also loves the sea-shore, and shows us under the title of *First Daring, First Shiver*, two little boys going into the water.

*
* * *

Some of these artists, M. Olive or M. Allègre, have already opened a door upon the Orient, for they depict us scenes in Venice, where the light attains the warm beauty of the tropical skies. Let us profit by the fact that we are already half-way, and continue on towards the Orient.

Since the days of those significant Salons, where Delacroix, with his *Massacres of Chio*, his *Giaour's Combat* and other cele-





GRANCHI-TAYLOR.
A Fisherman's Widow.

SALON OF 1900.



brated canvases made known the Orient, and where the Decamps, the Marilhats and the Fromentins glorified the marvels of Africa, Orientalism has been a veritable tradition, and not one of our Salons of French art would have merited this title had it been without paintings of this kind.

However, the Orientalists are much less numerous this year, and this comes, we believe, from two causes. First, the Orient has ceased to be a novelty for us, very few artists not having made at least the journey to Algeria. Then, the Orientalists have formed a group and each year display their works in a smaller exhibition, which shows them off to better advantage. It is at these smaller Salons during the last two years, rather than at the large annual Salon, that we have seen the very characteristic canvases of M. Dinet, M. Girardot, M. Eugene Girardet, M. Chudant and those that M. Victor Prouvé brought up from the extreme south of Tunis, or those by M. Cottet d'Assouan.

This tendency of the artists to form themselves into groups according to the special subjects they paint and to exhibit their works in "Little Salons," is a distinctive sign of the artistic evolution of recent years and is worth noticing. Certainly, no one can blame these artists for preferring to display their pictures in rooms where they are more carefully hung than in our too vast annual Salons. In this way we have already had the Society of Pastelists, the Water-Colour Society, the International Society and others; and next year we shall see another new Little Salon, in which such artists as Feure, Granié, Prouvé, Lévy-Dhurmer and Khnopff will exhibit their works.

But let us return to this year's Salon and to the Orientalists who are there represented.

The best picture of the kind appears to me to be M. Dagnac-Rivière's *Arab Fountain*, a work of particularly vigorous touch, which indicates that the painter is, in some measure, a disciple of Decamps.

I strongly suspect that the *Fall of Jericho* was, for M. Louis Pierrey, simply a pretext for painting the whiteness of the walls standing out on the blue sky of Palestine. But, after all, the subject is of little consequence for us the moment the painting is satisfactory.

Somewhat improbable, but rich in colour, however, is Made-moiselle Hilda's woods, in which we see two large tigers coming towards the edge of the water, while further on are frisky flights of flamingos, ibises and all sorts of birds with gay plumage.

M. Ernst depicts for us a Hindoo priest approaching a sacred pond in the interior court of a temple.

M. Neydhart, an Austrian artist, exhibits a view of *The Buddhist Temple Jye-Mitsu, at Nikko*, out of which come a lot of excessively picturesque Japanese.

We notice with interest the vast *Pyramids of Kheops and Khephren, at Gizeh*, painted by M. Eugene Bourgeois.

M. Lazerges has painted a caravan marching through a vast Algerian plain surrounded by high mountains whose ridges stand out in the extreme limpidity of the air. It is the hour when the sun appears, and the Arabs who precede the caravan have stopped to say their prayers; some have fallen upon the ground, others are kneeling in various attitudes. In the meanwhile the camels drink in a torrent.

We always find pleasure in looking at M. Buffet's paintings, not only because they show the eye of a colourist and an investigating technician, but because he reveals to us so many new things which have not heretofore been painted. M. Buffet had already exhibited, last year, some curious sketches of Abyssinia, and this time he also shows us the gigantic flora and strange brightness of that country.

An Indian Dancing Woman, by Mr. Edwin Weeks, is vigorously drawn, but would have gained by being more finished.

M. L. Deutsch's small picture represents two Arabs seated at

ED. RICHTER.
The Reigning Favorite.

SALE OF 1900





P. GROLLERON.

No Passing!

SALON OF 1900



P. SINIBALDI.
The Evening of a Summer Day.

SALON OF 1900.

the door of a mosque, one smoking his long pipe while the other reads the Koran to him. All those who know Arab life will be charmed by the truthfulness of these gestures and attitudes.

M. Ernest Jean Delahaye presents a fragment of a diorama of the Marchand mission, showing *Major Marchand in the Bahr-el-Ghazal Swamps*, and M. Taupin a luminous *Evening at El-Kantara*.



M. George Washington's *Meeting of Arab Cavaliers for an Expedition* is equal to his previous works and fully justifies his fine reputation. His cavaliers, costumed in brilliant colours, are life-like and well posed. M. Washington is an artist gifted with a nice touch and a cleverness that does not exclude the sense of local colour and picturesqueness.

*
* * *

But is it always essential to seek this local colour and this picturesqueness so far, on the confines of the Sahara, in the virgin forests of Abyssinia, in the Ceylon jungles or in Japanese pagodas? Do we not often find them near us, in some cities whose history and beauty speak as eloquent a language to the

soul? The attraction that Belgium and Holland exercise upon many artists is, therefore, only too natural. These artists are called painters of dead cities! What a fascinating designation, and how it at once evokes the unique charm of those quiet cities of Flanders or the Low Countries, so well delineated in M. F. Willaert's canvases, with their old open-work belfries, with the idle slowness of the canal

Qui rêve au long d'un quai dans une ville morte,
Où le vent faible à son isolement n'apporte
Qu'un bruit de girouette en son cristal foncé.

There is a melancholy in those old walls which gradually crumble and harmonise so well with the surrounding silence, in those decaying ports and those "lakes of love."

But in addition to all the fascination that is exercised over the minds of those who are delighted at the view of those mournful cities, those countries of waters, canals and

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés,

are marvellously adapted for the painter's vision. It is, indeed, a fixed and unquestionable fact that moist countries, overcharged with mists, like Holland and Venetia, offer a special aliment to the colourist's eye, and produce chiefly artists that are amorous of colour.

This idea has been well expressed by Taine: "Instead of distinct lines, sober tones and motionless grounds, the eye incessantly sees first of all a moving and brilliant surface, a flashing of varied and continuous light, a delicious mingling of veined and mellow tones infinitely blended with their neighbouring tints; next, it perceives a gauze of light mist that is drawn up from the water by the incessant vaporisation, and, enveloping the forms, gives a bluish tinge to the distances and spreads large clouds in the sky; then the eye everywhere meets with the contrast between



the intense, hard and glossy blues of the water and the dull, stony colour of the buildings bathed by it. In a dry country the eye is struck by the outline, and in a moist country by the *tache*, or spot.

« This fact is proved by what we see in Flanders and Holland ; the sight is not applied there to the delicacy of the outlines, which are half clouded by the interposing moist air, but is fixed upon the harmonious colouring, which is vivified by the universal freshness and shaded by the varying density of the surrounding vapours. In the same way at Venice—save the differences that separate the bluey-green water and purple sands from the palish mud and dusky skies of Amsterdam and Antwerp—the eye is naturally colourist.”

M. Emile Wery, the artist who has, at this year's Salon, given us the most splendid vision of Holland, does not, strictly speaking, belong to that country, but his frequent sojourns there and his lively sense of nature have made him the real painter of the Amsterdam canals. In his picture entitled *Amsterdam Boatmen* we see large canal-boats glide along through the light and transparent mist which rises over the grand canal of Amsterdam, upon the thick and almost greasy water, so shiny is the surface whereon are reflected the dark hulls. In the foreground, upon one of these big boats are all the members of one of these river families. Two vigorous youths are pushing the heavy-laden boat with long poles, over which their bodies bend with all their might. At the rudder there is one of those old Jack-tars, such as are seen seated at the doors on Marken Island, standing beside a woman nursing her babe, and in this scene we at once have the impression of the continuity of calm, private family life upon this moving dwelling.

The same movements and attitudes of other boatmen further on continue the delineation of this feverish life, so strongly in contrast with the silent houses bordering the water. At the left is

the entrance to a canal, with one of those curious drawbridges through which the boats pass, and in the distance the perspective of the houses along the grand canal extends indefinitely, while a tower rises up through the mist.

This is the way that M. Wery's painting appeared to us, although it would be difficult to express in words the somewhat indistinct charm of this excellent picture. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that this painting obtained for its author the annual Salon Prize, which was awarded to M. Wery by twenty-two votes against sixteen.

M. Wery is thirty-one years old; he received a third-class medal in 1897, a second-class medal and a *bourse*, or traveling scholarship, in 1898.

M. Augustin Hanicotte has also carefully observed and well presented, in *When the Angelus Sounds*, these calm, deliberate, dreamy Dutchmen. While the women, with their large head-dresses bow down, and the men arrest their heavy gait to uncover themselves, the captivated eye perceives behind them the Marken canals, which wind through green meadows, and the broad outlines of the mills upon the horizon.

Another characteristic view of Holland is M. Charles Duvent's *Family*, shown on a large red boat beside a mill.

The sites at Versailles also attract the painters, and this is not surprising, for could there be any spots more melancholy and more charming?

M. Henry Tenré, who deserved, perhaps, a higher recompense than a third-class medal, is a lover of the grand *Neptune Fountain*. He has very skilfully painted the glistening water in the foreground, and the verdant backgrounds with their well-distributed slidings of light and shade.

M. Zuber continues to be the very delicate artist whose works are so well known and who, in each picture, reveals some new beauty of this unique Versailles park. This time he has painted



J. ADLER.
The Creusot Iron-Works

LONDON: 1900





CH. FOUQUERAY.

The "Avenger of the People" on the 13th Prairial, Year II

SALON OF 1900.





JEAN BRUNET.
Evening in the Valley, at Poitiers-la-Cassette.

SALON OF 1900

a mild evening upon the terrace of the palace, showing in a pale light the statues, imposing fronts and sombre lines of the park.

*
* * *

With M. Jules Adler there is a veritable esthetical problem offered for consideration: Is there in modern life, or rather in



some aspects of modern life, a sufficient amount of beauty or emotion to really merit being interpreted by art?

Charles Baudelaire, that marvellous writer who, more than fifty years ago, divined talents that are only now understood, who, alone and the very first, loved Wagner when that master still encountered none but detractors, has, in his articles on the Salon of 1845, replied in some sort to this question. "To the wind that will blow tomorrow," he said, "no one lends an ear, and yet the *heroism* of modern life surrounds and presses us. Our real sentiments stifle us sufficiently for us to know them. It is

neither subjects nor colours that are wanting to the epopees. The painter who succeeds in drawing from actual life its epic traits will be the veritable artist."

It is evident that this expression of heroism in modern life can be understood in many ways and not merely in the interpretation that is here given to it. However, there can be no doubt that M. Adler in his *Strike at the Creusot Iron-Works*, resolves the problem in some measure.

Upon a sombre horizon of black hills, with tall, smoking chimneys darkening the atmosphere, a crowd of men and women advance, singing, with banners unfurled. In all this mass of black garments the flags alone give a little colour. The general harmony of the picture would suffice to enlighten us upon the sadness of this scene and to show us the anguish of hunger that is visible upon all these faces convulsed with exasperation.

Still, if the artist has perfectly set forth the heroic and even dramatic side of this scene, may we not ask if this delineation of the working man entirely responds to the plasticity of every work of art, and if the interpretation that M. Adler has given of him is not a little too realistic?

The work of another artist will still better respond to the question. Look at the miners and working men as they are represented by Constantin Meunier in his water-colours and by his statues; examine this magnificent *Dock Labourer*, erected in front of the Antwerp Museum, which has something of the beauty of a Greek youth, and you will see still more clearly that these subjects are not wanting in beauty or in heroism.

But the value of the work is precisely in this fact that Constantin Meunier never tries to render his models in a literal and realistic manner. What he translates is rather their soul, and he endeavours to show us, with an incomparable variety, all their attitudes and efforts in the fulness of their expression. It is certain that M. Adler will succeed, in his turn, in doing the same thing.



M^{lle} ANGÈLE DELASALLE.
A Forge.

SALON OF 1900.



Mr. Schumacher, also tries, and valiantly, to attain a similar end in his painting entitled *Building a City*. This work is done in gray harmonies that recall the execution of some of the Scotch artists. M. Schumacher has acquired from his master, M. Benjamin-Constant, a boldness and accuracy of drawing. His workmen, indeed, are very lifelike as they push along a block of stone with all their might. The figure of the man in front who makes such a strong effort, is admirably designed.

M. Jean Gustave Besson has a picture entitled *On a Bench*, in which he depicts a particularly melancholy scene of city life. Two working men are seated upon a bench in an attitude of fatigue and discouragement. Their movements are tired and their faces emaciated. Standing behind one of them is a sad, pale woman in a long black veil.

When we look at this scene so full of a sombre realism, we have some difficulty in conceiving that the author is a pupil of Gustave Moreau, who painted only the radiant apparitions of heros and demi-gods in the most sumptuous and most magnificent landscapes. But when we examine more closely M. Besson's work, when our eyes light upon the front of the church in the middle-ground, upon the stained-glass windows and frescoes, of such an ardent and at the same time softened brilliancy, we then understand that the master of *Orphee* and *Salomee* was not without influence upon M. Besson.

As I am speaking of one of Gustave Moreau's pupils I must not neglect to call attention to the *Narcissus* of M. Desvalières, who follows still more closely in Moreau's wake and paints subjects that were dear to him. We shall meet at the Decennial Exhibition other disciples of the master, M. Bussy, or M. Piot, among others.

M. Cagniart exhibits the view of a reeking factory of strange and unexpected shape. To the left, in front of the enormous mouth of the furnace full of metal in fusion and from which spurt out flames and sparks, we see the vague forms of the

workmen at their toil, while on the other side there is a very gray sunset, which emphasises still more the contrast between the daylight and the blaze of the furnace.

Factory life interests M. Zwiller, who shows us a scene of the textile industry in Alsatia, called *Raponage*. In a long, rectangular room, softly lighted by several windows, spinning women are seated before their looms, while others, squatted on the floor, finish the work and range the cloths.

Mademoiselle Angèle Delasalle's work is anything but feminine. What a vigorous painting is her *Forge*, where, among iron, steel and chains piled up to the ceiling, four workmen are standing beside the metal in fusion, their faces covered with a protecting mask. In the centre of the group the blazing iron throws out its drab brightness, while in the foreground a workman is seated in a very natural attitude denoting fatigue. There are some very fine qualities in this work, and we are pleased to find that Mademoiselle Delasalle seeks new fields for her studies while so many women-painters are contented with insipidly weak and finikin subjects.



When we examine at the Salon the pictures representing interior scenes, we are tempted to recall to our mind the Dutch masters, Pieter de Hooch, Van Ostade and Jan Steen, who carried this kind of painting to its highest point; still, even with our memory full of these old masters, we must not shut our eyes with disdain in presence of the productions of our modern artists. Some of our living painters, M. Joseph Bail, for example, are not far from equalling the old masters in perfection, and nothing indicates that when the years shall have passed over their works they will not then be universally admired.

M. Bail's *Cinderella* is equal in perfection to the Dutch paintings of which we have just spoken; when the years shall have



JOSEPH BAILL
Cinderella.

SALON OF 1900.





PAUL ALBERT LAURENS.

Solitude.

SALON OF 1900.



given to its colouring this patina that we so much admire with the ancients, his work will very probably stand this comparison, which now seems so redoubtable and crushing.

This Cinderella is charming with her artless grace and tattered garments as she approaches the window ; how just, precise and well observed are all her movements ; how the light in this modest room penetrates and envelops everything ; how it impreg-



nates all the objects, such as the glasses and copper utensils on the floor, making them stand out with surprising distinctness !

There are few among the artists who exhibit at the Salon this year that rise to such a height of technical perfection and to such a successful comprehension of an interior. We will take note of their efforts, all the same. Artists paint by preference the interiors they continually have before their eyes, and, consequently, their studios. Thus, M. Albert Boufflet exhibits a small panel showing a woman seen from the back, reclining in an armchair before a spread table. M. Boufflet, it seems to me, might have graduated his effects a little more.

In M. Léon Caille's small painting, *The Gamekeeper Won't Know Anything About It*, where we see in a small peasant's house a poacher trying to sell a hare that he has just killed, there is a very praiseworthy desire to seek the graphic element, which is shown in the attitudes and costumes of the personages.

M. Édouard Gelhay depicts a young girl reading before an open desk. The picture over her head and all the little objects that encumber the room are treated with a great deal of precision.

M. Albert Bréauté displays some concern for elegance in his *Choice of a Piece*. In the yellow light that percolates through the silk curtains, two girls, leaning upon each other's shoulder, are reading a piece of music, while a violincello is resting upon an armchair beside them.

Mr. Edward B. Fulde, an American and a pupil of M. Bail, sends *A Corner in a Studio*, where, among pictures and draperies, a painter is trying to play on a mandolin. The interesting part of this subject is the figures, and it is precisely this part that the artist has neglected, instead of making them real little portraits.

M. G. L. Bocquet is also under M. Bail's influence, although being a pupil of Gustave Moreau; but he is far from the nicety that we so much admire in M. Bail's work.

M. Edmond Picard has painted an amusing *Mountebank*. Wrapped in his great cloak the mysterious quack offers to an old woman a precious phial, which she hesitates to take, her mind being divided between fear and hope.

M. Désiré Lucas, who is from Martinique, does not seek for his subjects in that distant island, but is satisfied with views of church interiors, which enables him to show us brilliant and skilfully painted stained-glass windows in his *Little Sailor's Vow*.

M. Laissement's *At the Business Agent's* is finished and exact, but a little dull in tone.

M. Charles de Marinitsch has an excellent picture, *Rigging a Little Frigate*. Two children with attentive faces are watching



J. BENOIT LÉVY.

Death of General Moulin at the Battle of Cholet (1794).

SALON OF 1900.





an old sailor who is arranging the tackle of a tiny vessel placed upon a table between them. The expression of these three physiognomies is perfect.

M. Salvator Hugard shows us *An Old Lady* reading by lamp-light. The circular brightness of the lamp and the shadow that fills the rest of the room are well distributed.

M. Gonyon's black tones in *Dawning Day and Dying Love* are altogether too pitchy; his picture looks as though it had been painted with bitumen.

M. Pigeard has a first-rate interior view of a rural church, with Breton women at prayer, back to the spectator.

M. Marcel Reider exhibits a very good interior view, sketched at La Frette.

M. Saint-Germier is as skilful as ever. His view of a studio is one of the best of the kind.

M. Henri Brispot's painting is entitled *Criticising the Portrait*, and represents a studio where several persons are grouped around an easel, studying and discussing the resemblance of the painted portrait with the model, a sententious character seated in an arm-chair, while the painter, in the rear of the studio, buries his head in his hands in despair.

The general criticism that might truthfully be made, I believe, of most if not all of these interior scenes is that the painters sometimes imperfectly render the obscured light of rooms. We do not often find in these modern interiors those clear shadows and those shaded dark corners in which the Dutch artists excelled.

Take, for instance, any small picture by Van Ostade or Teniers; without doubt it will be as dark as possible, but what an infinite variety in the tones that are almost the same, and yet all the objects are well in place and have their proper contrasting effect. On the contrary, the black tones in the work of some of our modern painters—except that of M. Joseph Bail—have never that fine, golden quality of the Dutch masters.

The fault, I know, is not with the painters alone, but is owing to the bad quality of the colours that are sold today, which turn black so quickly; but even with this poor paint, and M. Joseph Bail proves it, our artists might do better.

*
* * *

What an infinite domaine is history and how well calculated to tempt all imaginative artists!

We are, therefore, not at all surprised to find at the Salon a very respectable number of historical works, but they often shine more by the interest of the subject than by their esthetical value. This is because there are some things so vast and elevated in history that to give them a form worthy of their importance would require the brushes of the greatest among our masters.

To be equal to the subject treated by M. Rouffet, the imagination and evocative force of a Delacroix would, it seems to me, be necessary. It is a page of the grand imperial epopee. On the evening of a great battle, attested by the heaps of dead and wounded, the standard bearers are massed to salute the Emperor, whose profile on horseback is seen in the distance upon the sunny road, passing at a trot among the regiments.

M. A. F. Ledru, who is one of Detaille's pupils, has depicted a scene in La Tour d'Auvergne's life: "Some of the enemy's soldiers wanted to tear off his cockade. He pierced one of them with his sword and cried to the others: 'Let any one of you who dares touch it come and take it!'"

Mr. Harry Mills Walcott exhibits a Christ standing against a sunny Palestine wall, his hands chained, with an armed Roman soldier beside him.

With M. Roussel-Géo we return to the Empire. This artist shows us the body of General d'Hautpoul, killed at the battle of Eylau on February 7, 1807, watched by his cuirassiers.

M. Fournier-Sarlovèze has taken as his subject an episode of



A. LE DRU

La Tour d'Auvergne Made Prisoner by the English.

SALON OF 1900



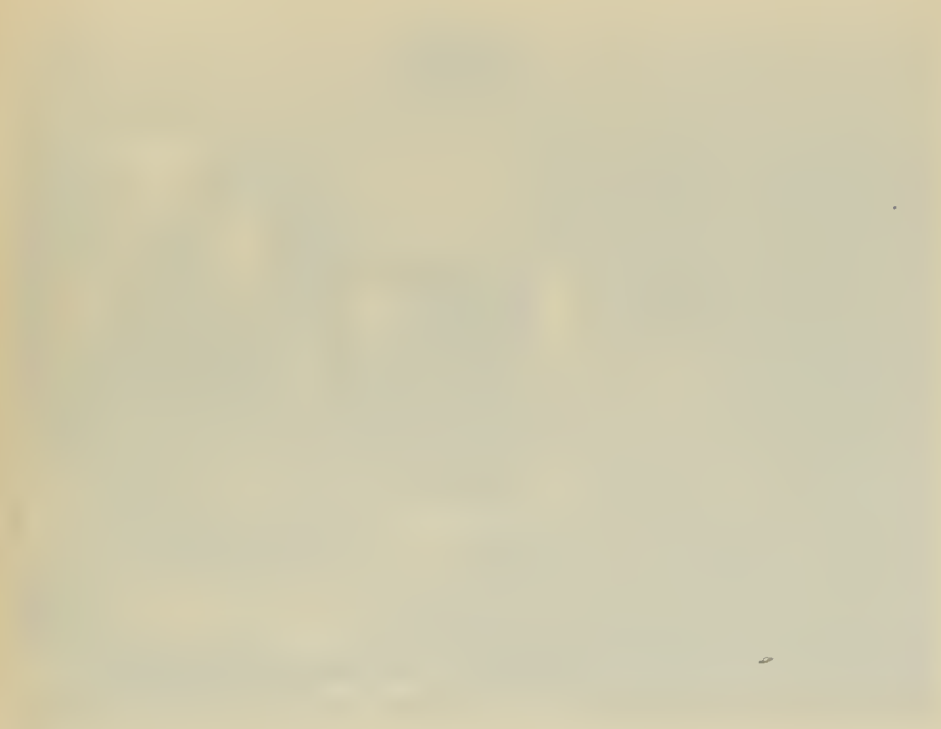


VACSLAV DE BROZIK.

Proclamation of George Podiebrad as King of Bohemia (1458).

SALON OF 1900.





EUGENE BULAND.
Washerwomen at their Noon Breakfast.

SALON OF 1900.

the passage of the Beresina river, thus described by General de Ségur in his "History of Napoleon and the Grand Army": "The Russians attacked the French left wing, and all would have been lost without Fournier's memorable effort. At the head of two Hessian and Bavarian regiments Fournier rushed forward and forced the already victorious Russian right wing to defend itself, and the enemy's ranks were broken by three bloody charges."



M. Jules Girardet sends pictures regularly to the Salon; sometimes they are delicately observed portraits, and sometimes scenes from every-day life which show rare feeling. Two years ago M. Girardet tried his hand at decorative painting and brushed a large panel, *Attack on a Bridge by Charles the Bold*, which figured at the Salon of 1898 and is now in the Mayor's office in one of the large Swiss towns. Last year M. Girardet exhibited a

portrait of *The New Officer of the Garrison*. Today he gives us a companion picture, as it is a vision of the same epoch. However, M. Girardet's inspiration is this time more explicitly shown. His subject, *Learning to Walk*, is a scene from the childhood of Napoleon II., and represents the infant King of Rome in a large park on a fine summer day between two women guiding his steps as he toddles towards the Emperor, who tenderly holds out his arms.



There are only two large decorative panels at the Salon this year, and by decorative panels I mean not only canvases of vast dimensions, "big machines," as they were called as early as 1850, but works conceived with the object of covering a special place in a special room. The paintings of this kind exhibited at the Salon of 1900 are: *The Plateau of Gravelle*, destined for the Vincennes City Hall, by M. Maurice Chabas, who last year painted a panel for the same building, and the *Entry of King John into Douai* (1355), by M. François Gorguet.

What is the essential requisite of decorative art, which has become for us the equivalent of the fresco paintings of the ancients? It is, first of all, to give the eye the impression of *unity*. The spectator must first feel the general harmony of the work before enjoying the details, and it is this general harmony—where nothing should be out of tone—that some of the rare modern painters, Puvis de Chavannes, for example, have possessed in the highest degree.

Artists should be careful, therefore, not to use too many colours, and thereby divert the attention, which ought to be centered on the whole and not on the details. M. Francis Auburtin, who has made two decorative panels for the Universal Exhibition, has perfectly understood this rule.

However, it should not be supposed, as some artists appear



A. GORGUET.

Joyous Entry of King John the Good at Douai, 1355. (A fragment)

SALON OF 1900



to think, that under cover of this preoccupation of the work as a whole, a painter can neglect the details. Certainly not! But this solicitude for the "fine bit" should not take precedence over the charm of the general harmony, and thus attract the spectator's attention by such or such a detail before he has been struck by the integral beauty of the work. Painters of large decorative panels ought not, therefore, to employ more than three or four tones.

These principles, although so elementary and applied to large decorative painting when it is well comprehended, are not, it seems to me, followed often enough by modern painters.

Still, I note with interest the fine effort made by M. Gorguet. His canvas, which is of vast dimensions, is not without decorative qualities and denotes a great deal of disposition and knowledge. The artist shows us King John's brilliant cortege standing out in relief from the decorated houses, the windows of which are filled with the inhabitants of Douai; these sight-seers add to the picturesqueness of the work but give it an impression of being crowded. The two processions meet at the left side of the picture, M. Gorguet having rightly given the largest space to the King's cortege. The citizens and provosts are assembled before the city gate. At a few steps from them is a group of richly-dressed archbishops and prelates advancing under a canopy. Then comes King John on horseback, and behind him other cavaliers in the midst of a cohort of men-at-arms and archers; all this is very animated and highly-coloured. When M. Gorguet's work is placed in the Douai City Hall it will certainly gain still more in harmony and decorative effect.

*
* * *

M. Henner's painting, *Revery*, has been much admired by the visitors to this year's Salon. The subject is a nude woman with reddish hair and very white skin, placed in a landscape, the

general harmony of which is broadly indicated. It is one of the usual, highly-coloured works so dear to M. Henner, wherein all the values and harmonies are perfect and distributed with a surprising skill. There is an incomparable science, if not an impeccable verity, in the manner in which this savoury nudity is treated.

This is because M. Henner is rather a pupil of Francia, of Andrea del Sarto and Prud'hon than of Drolling and Picot, and it is from the two first-mentioned masters that he has obtained the secret of painting this luminous flesh.

Some persons too eager to criticize have reproached M. Henner with always being the same and not sufficiently varying his style. It is, in fact, evident that being a master of this superior technical method, M. Henner has always preferred to seek his effects in identical toning. We have often seen this same head which stands out from the shadow and whose attitudes alone change, or this point of an ivory-coloured shoulder on a background of red drapery. But we ought not to be astonished or excessively offended, for Mr. Henner in this respect is like many of the great masters, and even like some of the greatest.

To find examples among the latter class we have only to look at the paintings by Leonardo da Vinci or those by Bernardino Luini. Do these artists not always show us this same ambiguous smile and these same mysterious horizons that enable us to immediately recognise no matter which one of their works? Is not a picture by Frans Hals at once known among all others for the simple reason that every painting by the Harlem master contains qualities that are almost always the same?

We cannot conceal our astonishment when, in looking at this female figure executed with such strong touches and painted with such a vibrating and juvenile love for the beauty of the human form, we remember that M. Henner was born on March 5, 1829. The same as for M. Harpignies, advancing age has given him an



I. J. HENNER

Revery.

SALON OF 1900.



HENRI MARTIN

Beauty.

SALON OF 1909





RENÉ CHOQUET.
The Horse-Market.

SALON OF 1900.

increasing and ever-fresh desire to produce beautiful creations, and his energy has never failed throughout the whole of his splendid career. His existence has been a remarkably active one : since 1858, when he exhibited *The Death of Abel*, his first effort towards his definite manner of execution, he has never ceased his unremitting labour, whether he was wandering in Italy and listening to the counsels of the old masters, or



whether he was visiting his native Alsatia, where he returned to gather strength in simple and vivifying nature.

How many works attest the effort of this artistic career ! We shall find a splendid group of them at the Decennial Exhibition ; so we may quit M. Henner's *Revery* and examine the other paintings that we wish to mention before concluding this study.

M. Paul Chabas has a delicious delineation of the female form that harmonises very well with the landscape, always so carefully painted. Last year this artist appeared to have attained

his definite style with his *Joyous Gambols*. His picture this year, *Last Rays*, is a similar work.

He shows us two young women passing along the edge of a pond whose transparent water is rendered pallid by the evening light. These figures are the same ones we formerly so much admired. The first, especially, who seizes her hair with her hand, while her open cloak discloses her beautiful shoulder, is very graceful. However, the tone of the cloak trouble me a little; the red seems too violent, and I should like to see it harmonise better with the softness of the surroundings.

M. Antoine Calbet, the author of a fine *Nocturn*, is also an excellent painter of nude figures. He is equal to M. Paul Chabas in showing the pearly whiteness of the water's reflection upon the female form. In addition, M. Calbet is a good draughtsman and is very skilful in rendering and expressing the boldest and most natural movements.

M. La Lyre, in a large canvas, remains faithful to his customary naiads and sirens. I must admit that I have not much taste for these worn-out allegories, such as the Salon contains in too large a number. Does not life and nature offer to the painter more resources than these eternal mythological scenes?

It is certain that when there appears a creative genius like Gustave Moreau, who vivifies these scenes with a personal technical execution and gives them, so to speak, new shapes, it is not the same thing, and neither the eye nor the imagination is ever tired of his work.

But this, unfortunately, is not the case with M. La Lyre. At least, this artist knows the technical side of his art well, and this explains why he was placed *hors concours* this year without yet having obtained a third-class medal.



THE GRAND PALACE.
Universal Exhibition of 1900.



THE DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.

1900.



THE object of the Decennial Exhibition is to show in a vast collection all the most perfect works of painting produced by French artists during the past ten years. This task was surely not an easy one, and we may say without any prejudice that, from an absolute point of view, it was almost impossible to realise the desired end. Still, in spite of some imperfections, the exhibition is very interesting.

Perhaps there are too many pictures exhibited. Would it not have been better, even for the visitors, to reduce the

quantity without diminishing the quality? Is it not the coveted wish to show, above all, good things and not many things? It seems to me that in so doing the general bearing of the fine arts exhibition would have been considerably increased.

The important point was that every artist of talent belonging to the Society of French Artists, to the National Society of the Fine Arts, or even to no society at all, should be represented by a characteristic work, enabling us to form as complete an idea as possible concerning his ability.

Now what do we find in most cases? Some artists have six or eight, and sometimes more, pictures at the Decennial Exhibition, while two or three would have been amply sufficient. Other painters, on the contrary, are very imperfectly represented by a single canvas, so badly hung that the superficial visitors—there are so many of this sort—necessarily neglect pictures of real merit. It seems to me that the organisers of this exhibition should have kept within the two extremes.

But, as I am calling attention to the principal defect of the Decennial Exhibition, I must also say what care has been exercised in its arrangement, which is surely the best of the kind that has ever been seen.

The new Fine Arts Palace, called the Grand Palais, although lacking the elegance of its opposite neighbour, the Petit Palais, is, nevertheless, admirably planned for the display of paintings. The galleries are spacious and high-studded, and some of the smaller rooms are well disposed for seeing the easel pictures. Generally speaking, the light is suitably distributed, although it is sometimes a little crude, and this explains why, in some of the foreign sections (especially in the German gallery, arranged with great care), large veils have been placed under the top-windows so as to let the light fall to the right and left.

The French section of the Decennial Exhibition comprises 1,546 paintings, 190 drawings, 144 water-colours and 123 pastels.

EUG. THIRION.
The Republic.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



EUG. THIRION.
Œdipus and Antigone.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



It would, of course, be difficult for us to study here each one of these works; we will, therefore, select for mention, as far as possible, those that appear to us to be the best productions.

One of the finest groups is furnished by M. Benjamin-Constant, who has sent a large decorative work and eight portraits, among which is that of the Queen of England; amateurs were impa-



tiently awaiting the chance to examine this portrait, and its appearance has not deceived the most exacting critics. It is a magnificent State portrait, and one of the best ever executed by M. Benjamin-Constant. The Queen, seated upon a throne at the end of a large Gothic hall where the light streams through stained-glass windows, is really a sovereign by the majesty of her bearing. The face is broadly treated, but not to the exclusion of precision and accuracy. M. Benjamin-Constant has here signed one of those portraits that may well figure by the side of the finest effigies of English sovereigns in the royal galleries.

It is, in fact, in display portraits, in the rich and magnificent portraits of women, that M. Benjamin-Constant shows his superiority better than in smaller likenesses; he is attracted by the rustling of stuffs, the brilliancy of gems, the amplitude of movements and the general harmony. The *Portrait of Madame J. Von Dermies* is conceived in this spirit; the yellow tones of the landscape and the dress are admirably proportioned.

The *Portrait of Mademoiselle Emma Calvé* is done in a brilliant red toning.

The danger for a painter of women's portraits is, it seems to me, to reproduce his model's dress in too realistic and too exact a manner, thus giving it the appearance of a fashion plate. When the fashion has gone by, a few years will suffice to prevent our looking any longer at these costumes made according to the ephemeral taste of a day or a season. But, when the artist drapes his model freely and at the same time scrupulously reserves her anatomical lines, then there will be no reason why the work should lose its interest.

Such appears to us to be the case with the *Portrait of Madame Glaenzer*, executed in delicate pale tones; it is a work of great elegance of attitude and bearing.

I notice, also, the *Portrait of Madame Emile Fourtou*, and the *Portrait of Madame Ernest Laugier*, and pass on to a work that appears to me to be much more beautiful and significative: *Portrait of M. Benjamin-Constant's Two Sons*. In this portrait there is no longer any care about the accessories, but simply the desire and determination to render the individuality of the two models. M. Benjamin-Constant has lovingly painted these two familiar heads, rendering them with all the best of himself without feeling it necessary to have recourse to the *ars celandi artem*.

His vision is, in fact, infinitely true, and his technical skill has never been finer than in the modelling of these faces and



F. SCHOMMER.

Portrait of Mesdemoiselles H. H.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION



hands. The principle that I propounded above, concerning portraits in general, is here verified: that an artist can only completely render the faces of those with whom he has been daily intimate.

We should have been pleased to see by the side of all these portraits, and to thus have been better able to note more distinctly the artist's evolution, some of the pictures wherein he has so graphically rendered scenes of Arab life; but these paintings are at the Centennial Exhibition and therefore do not come within our domain.

Among M. Benjamin-Constant's paintings at the Decennial Exhibition is a large decorative panel destined for the Hall of the Illustrious in the Toulouse Capitol building. It represents Pope Urban II. entering Toulouse to preach the first crusade, and triumphantly received by the Count of Toulouse, Raymond de Saint-Gilles, the clergy and the people. As will be seen, the subject relates to one of the most important events in the history of Toulouse, and the picture will there take its place as worthily as M. Jean Paul Laurens's *Toulouse Against Montfort*.

M. Benjamin-Constant has, in this panel, given proof not only of the same comprehension of decoration as he shows in his ceiling at the new Opéra-Comique, but of great historical accuracy as well. All the costumes are strictly exact, as they should be in a work of this kind. Pope Urban II., who is on horseback, preceded by a brilliant shrine and surrounded by bishops, cardinals and soldiers, is the genuine type of those warlike popes of the Middle Ages, who put on the helmet much more readily than the tiara, and wielded the sword or the axe like men-at-arms.

M. Maurice Bompard's *Butchers in the Chelma Oasis* is a scene of Arab life in which the artist, while representing an interior with its whitewashed walls, gives at the same time an

exact idea of the crude light of the extreme south that dazzles outside, shortening the shadows and turning them blue.

The same artist also exhibits an *Entrance to an Oasis*, where some old Arabs and chiefs are reposing beside a carpet loaded with all kinds of fruit.

We have already, apropos of the Salon, spoken in a general manner of M. Antoine Calbet's talent. His portrait of the regretted sculptor Falguière is a precious work, and he here shows us, besides, more pretty bathing women, whose forms indicate that he has a perfect knowledge of nude art. M. Calbet has admirably observed and well expressed the caress of the green water upon these white forms and the free movements of these bathers.

M. Emile Breton sees and reproduces nature under her most rigid, sad and sombre aspects. In *Winter in Artois* he gives us an airy impression of snow. *Hail, Before the Tempest*, *All Saint's Day* and *A Hail-Storm in Picardy* are carefully-observed works. His *Sacred Wood*, a souvenir of Roman landscape, is an agreeable contrast to these other somewhat melancholic subjects. For that matter there is in Latium and central Italy some perfectly beautiful landscapes that the painters of today, unlike their ancestors, appear to neglect. However, some illustrious examples remain to show us the rare beauty that a colourist can find in that picturesque region. Need we recall the magnificent Italian landscapes by Corot, and some fine views by Harpignies? I am convinced that there is a great deal to be done by the artists in the unique Roman country, so full of beauty, and this remark will come naturally to those visitors who examine at the Gustave Moreau Museum the savoury water-colours that the great artist brought back from his sojourn at Rome.

Mademoiselle Angèle Delasalle, with her *Return from the Hunt* and *A Digger*, shows us two different inspirations. The first is a scene of prehistoric life, which recalls M. Cormon a



E. HEBERT.

Portrait of Mademoiselle de S. A.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION





M. BASCHET.
Portrait of Madame G. and her Children.





LEON PERRAULT.
The Toilette of Venus.

little too much. Some men and women of the stone age are in the shadow of a cavern, while some vigorous huntsmen enter, dragging after them the carcass of a bear that they have just killed. In the second picture Mademoiselle Delasalle has not sought so far for her subject and has truthfully painted what she had before her eyes.

I have already said how much I appreciate M. H. C. Delpy



and how interesting his work is to me; I need not, therefore, stop before his luminous *Spring Morning at Pont-de-l'Arche*.

M. Aman-Jean is an artist who has a personal vision, although not wanting in a slight mannerism, especially in his portraits of women. I much prefer his excellent *Portrait of Jean Daupt, Sculptor*. M. Aman-Jean has portrayed the master sculptor seated, in a dreamy, meditative pose; the model has put on the leather

apron of the artisan, for it is well known that M. Dampé rightly takes pride in this title, the same as did the workers of the Middle Ages, and executes all of his pieces of sculpture himself. Upon the prettily decorated frame of the portrait M. Aman-Jean has painted some rural scenes of Burgundy, the sculptor's home.

When Paris shall have a museum of portraits of its celebrated men this one will find its place already marked, as much by the interest taken in the artist as for the exceptional value of the sculptor whose features and methods of work it perpetuates.

M. Alfred Roll is one of the artists most abundantly represented at the Decennial Exhibition. First of all there is his *Souvenir of the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Alexander III. Bridge*, a work seen at last year's Salon and already popularised by engraving. M. Roll has displayed a great deal of ability and conscientiousness in this composition, but the subject, we must admit, is not a very decorative one; it is a sort of every-day-life subject on a large scale. M. Roll, who is also a remarkable sculptor, has made for his picture a very fine frame, which is an interesting effort in applied art.

I confess that I do not like his *Child on Horseback*, the proportions of which are far from exact; but on the other hand I gladly see once more M. Roll's talent expressed in its most delightful manner in his magnificent studies of rural life: *Labourers of the Soil*, *Child and Bull*, *A Young Bull* and some other canvases.

What can be said about M. Bouguereau that has not already been said, for very few painters have been as much reviled and praised as he? It is, therefore, probable that our opinion will not make any difference. M. Bouguereau exhibits: *Regina Angelorum*, *Comparison*, *Admiration*, *Psyche and Cupid*, *The Attack*, *A Childlike Idyl*, *Elegy*, and *Portrait of the Countess C.*



ALBERT MAIGNAN.
The Green Muse. (Absinthe.)





ALBERT MAIGNAN.
Fleeting Fortune.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



M. Jules Breton is very well represented at the Decennial Exhibition, and those who have not kept run at the exhibitions and annual Salons of the various works of this exquisite artist can here admire without any restriction, as they should be admired: *A Cry of Alarm*, *Weeding the Flax-Plant*, *Poppies*, a sketch, *Last Gleanings*, a sketch, *A Breton Pardon at Kerghoat*, a work that I like less than the artist's simple landscapes, *A Christmas Turkey*, *The Secret Hour*, *Landscape*, *Hay Stacks*, *Evening*, *A Beggar Woman*, *A Gleaner*, *A Harvest Woman*, *A Haymaker*, *A Peasant Woman*.

M. Pierre Lagarde is one of the most interesting and most delicate of landscape-painters. I admire his *Joan of Arc*, from the Laon Museum, and a *Saint Hubert* kneeling in the forest, with a stag in front of him having a luminous cross between his horns.

I am still more pleased with his small painting entitled *An Inundation*, all the effects of which are so true and so well graduated. In the foreground, grooved by the rain poured down upon the village from a dense black cloud, the water is invading the fronts of the houses after having covered the route upon which a horse has been caught by surprise, while on the distant horizon the sky is lighted up by a sudden and crude blue streaked with orange lines. The work would be excellent if M. Pierre Lagarde did not appear to be somewhat a slave of his process, which consists in painting by small, equal cross-hatchings. The process may be a good one, but it should be made less apparent.

M. Carolus-Duran exhibits his portraits of *Madame G. F. and her Children*, from the Luxembourg Museum, the *Countess C.*, *Madame F. B.*, *The Poet with the Mandolin*, *Evening in the Forest*, *A North-west Wind in the Morning*, two landscapes, and finally a nude study, *Danae*.

Few legends have tempted the artists so often as the fable

of Leda and the Swan. The Renaissance has left us a goodly number of variations upon this theme, the principal ones of which are the famous pieces of sculpture by Ammanati, after Michael Angelo's cartoon, and the Leda by one of Leonardo da Vinci's pupils, which is in the Borghese Gallery at Rome.

There is scarcely a Salon without some representation of this very plastic motive of the union of a woman and a swan. But, although this subject may be considered as hackneyed, M. J. Francis Auburtin, one of Puvis de Chavannes's best pupils, has treated it in quite a new manner. He shows us the border of a creek on a clear blue night, overhung with large branches from which flowers droop towards the pallor of the water, where Leda has just waded in up to her knees. And as the swan is attracted by the white apparition, Leda bends over it and envelopes its neck with her arms in order to draw it into the shadow of the branches.

We have again seen with pleasure M. Paul Albert Laurens's decorative and imaginative *Squall*, first exhibited at the Salon of 1898, and his two portraits of women.

For those who judge works of art upon their real merit and not upon the name they bear, there are some that may prove to be a genuine revelation. Such is the case with a small *View of the Quai de la Tournelle, at Paris*, by M. Frederic Houbbron. This artist, who rarely exhibits his paintings, has two pictures at the Carnavalet Museum. He is for us pre-eminently the painter of the various phases of Paris. When we look at some of his piquant and truthful works we cannot help thinking of Bonington, this other famous water-colour artist, who carried to perfection this branch of painting. The same as Bonington, M. Houbbron has the gift of rendering with a freedom of technical dexterity and incomparable precision, all the picturesqueness of the great city: its solitary streets that wind among the old houses with their high fronts, the tall scaffolding of the buildings in



J. BÉRAUD

Christ.



T. ROBERT-FLEURY.

Washington.



construction, the river covered with little steamers and large barges ; then, the swarming of the crowd in the poorer quarters is delineated by M. Houbron with a special and significant sense of masses.

In his *Quai de la Tournelle*, a particularly successful work, he represents for us in consecutive grounds whose values are indicated and admirably proportioned in their relation with one



another, the bridge with its large arches, the monotonous straight lines of the houses and the glistening of the stream

Le long des quais, sous la plaintive mélodie
Des cloches, l'eau déserte est tout inoccupée
Et s'en va sous les ponts, silencieusement,
Pleurant sa peine en son immortel tourment...

as described by the poet George Rodenbach in recalling a city landscape resembling this one.

*
* * *

Everyone knows M. Jean Béraud's practice, which consists in showing Christ in modern surroundings and in representing some

of the persons of our day in well-known characters of the Bible, as, for instance, in *Mary Magdalene at the Pharisee's*, or in *The Descent from the Cross*. M. Béraud's *Christ* makes us think of the smooth painting of Carlo Dolci and the Florentines of the seventeenth century.

M. Emile Friant exhibits some small paintings that are very good in colour, among which we may mention the exceedingly graceful *Little Mirror*.

M. Emile Wery's works have such great charm that I desire to speak once more about the talent of this young and very gifted artist. We have seen his work at the Salon, where he shows himself such a personal painter of Dutch scenes; at the Decennial Exhibition we find several of his Brittany pictures, nearly all of which are conceived in a similar manner. In *A Penmarck Girl*, *A Stormy Evening* and *Last Gleams* we observe an equally conscientious study of individuals and nature. In one of these paintings there is a Breton woman who lulls her child, while behind her we see the boats in the port.

An almost corresponding composition, which might serve as a counterpart, is this old fisherman seated upon a hillock and looking at the quay of the little Breton town spread out at his feet; groups squeezed in their black suits pass along this quay, while on the other side are a lot of fishing-boats anchored close to one another.

In these subjects, which seem to be the same in appearance, the painter varies his tones infinitely; as in *Amsterdam Boatmen*, he excels in showing us the sails of the boats diversely lighted, the tops gilded by the setting sun and the lower parts gradually entering into shadow.

His *Returning from School*, at Plougastel, which was in last year's Salon, is well known; the landscape is of an almost inconceivable richness, the movements and faces of the children being admirably observed and expressed.



HENRI LÉVY.
The Angel of Death's Kiss.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



GABRIEL FERRIER.
A Scraglio Flower.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



I also consider the *Edam Canal* a charming study; it was made in Holland, and dates, probably, from the same period as the picture exhibited at the Salon this year.

M. Dinet is certainly the most remarkable artist and colourist among our French Orientalists. He has even added a new and characteristic note to the work of the Delacroixs, Marilbats, Regnaults and Fromentins; with M. Dinet we penetrate into the most inaccessible parts of the African desert, in the country of fierce light, where the most savage and also the most curious tribes wander. But I notice, not without some astonishment, that M. Dinet has only three small canvases at the Decennial Exhibition, while he might have offered many others for our admiration. Is it the fault of the painter or of the jury? I do not know; but it is curious all the same, to observe how much the number of works exhibited is sometimes, and even often, in inverse ratio to the talent.

Nevertheless, these three small pictures by M. Dinet are very interesting. No artist better renders the hardness of the light and of nature in the extreme South and the brutal beauty of its inhabitants; we feel that these pictures were not painted in the studio, which is the redoubtable danger for an Orientalist, but are sincere and truthful studies brought back from an adventurous existence among the Arabs and Berberes. M. Dinet mingled with them in their daily life, not like a number of tourist painters who each year try to "do Orientalism," but as a veritable explorer; consequently the Orient has no longer any secrets for him. He has watched the young Arab girls marching together in the twilight while their monotonous song died away in the solitude; he has observed the *Little Washer-girls of Oued*, with their tattooed faces; he has seen the tangled battles of the young Arabs fighting over a penny that rolls in the dust amid cries and blows.

M. Albert Gosselin, the author of a fine *Moonrise*, is also a charming landscape-painter.

With M. Jean Charles Cazin we come to one of the most incontestable glories of contemporaneous French painting. I shall not be contradicted when I say that his landscapes constitute the principal attraction of our Decennial Exhibition. There are, in fact, some artists in this Grand Palace whose works stand out and remain engraved in our memory. It is thus with Whistler and Sargent in the American section, with Sorolla y Bastida in the Spanish section, with Lenbach in the German section, with Israels in the Dutch section, with Stevens and Khnopff in the Belgian section, with Watts, Orchardson and Burne Jones in the English section. In the same manner, M. Jean Charles Cazin stands out among all contemporaneous French landscape-painters with all the grandeur of his genius.

M. Cazin is a native of the Pas-de-Calais Department and has always painted by preference the horizons beneath which his youth was spent, following in this manner the example of the Dutch masters, who never aspired to anything else than to render the infinitely varied aspects of their country. M. Cazin resembles these masters in still other ways. He has not only his own special technical method, but the firmness and precision of colouring of the Hobbemas, the Van Goyens and the Ruysdaels. There is between some of M. Cazin's works and those of the artists just mentioned the same conception of similar landscapes, with their uniformly-lined downs, their old ports abandoned by the sea and neglected by men, their thin and gray verdure and all the profound melancholy with which the northern sky envelopes everything. For, M. Cazin's art, while being that of a colourist, is of a particularly mournful essence, and is in this wise faithful to the meaning of these rural spots nearly barren of verdure and where even the gaiety of the sun is an exception.

Each one of the fifteen paintings exhibited by M. Cazin merits a detailed examination, but in so doing we should exceed the limits of this study. We must, therefore, be content to pause



J. J. LEFEBVRE
Lady Godiva.



THE WHITE HORSE, 1891.



J. B. OLIVE.
The Grand Canal at Venice.

before some of them. *September* is the title of a magnificent view of cliffs painted soon after sunset. In the foreground puddles of water gleam among the large black rocks brilliant with dampness; a little further on the whiteness of the cliffs mounts towards the gray sky, and from the other side we divine the line of the sea, over which a beacon throws its flickering light. M. Cazin has



twice painted silent villages, *Mesnival* and *A Coming Storm*, seen from the border of the route in the transparency of the night. The impression is almost identical in the two subjects, with the difference that in the second of these pictures M. Cazin threatens the village houses with a coming storm. Here, as is often the case, the artist has known how, so to speak, to give a presentiment of nature's menace.

M. Cazin does not confine himself to solely painting landscapes

without figures. He knows the peasants and seamen in the north of France, and by the side of the works we have mentioned he exhibits an admirable composition, full of emotion and grand and simple beauty. It is that of a labourer standing in a field and holding in his arms the infant which his wife has just brought to him. The simplicity and truthfulness of all the movements tell us as much about the skill of the draughtsman as concerning the sensibility of the man.

Another subject, and not one of the least attractive of those treated by M. Cazin, represents a tramp going briskly along a silent and monotonous route that stretches out indefinitely among tall trees, the same as in a landscape by Hobbema. It is impossible to render by feeble words all the fascination of this picture.

The room in which M. Cazin's paintings are exhibited is, according to my opinion, one of the best of the Decennial Exhibition; interesting works there abound, although not one of them has the perfection of those of the old master.

We already know most of the twelve paintings sent by M. René Ménard: *A Storm in the Forest*, *Evening Harmony*, *A Rainbow*, *Antique Land (Agrigentum)*, *A Glade*, *Evening*, *Portrait of the Painter's Mother*, *Portrait of M. Simon*, *A Nude Figure*, *A Storm*, *Mount Blanc*, *The Ailly Beacon*. All these works show the various features of his fine talent. First of all is the landscape-painter who, in *Antique Land*, has reproduced the noble forms of a temple standing in its proud solitude under the ardour of a Sicilian sunset. This temple has inspired a poet with these admirable lines, which are a worthy counterpart to M. Ménard's picture:

Le temple est en ruine au haut du promontoire
Et la mort a mêlé, dans ce fauve terrain,
Les Déesses de marbre et les Héros d'airain
Dont l'herbe solitaire ensevelit la gloire.

M. Ménard often wishes to determine by the evocation of

C. HERRMANN-LEON.

Out of Breath.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



human beauty the impression he receives from the landscape. He perfectly succeeds when he presents us at the summit of a promontory whose pines with their splendid leaves rustle under the warm monsoon of the Hellenic seas, these two priestesses clothed in the ample peplum and doubtless declaiming Pindar's harmonious stanzas while accompanying themselves on their lyre.

I am also delighted with *A Rainbow*, which represents a nude woman extended on the edge of a pond, and *A Glade*, wherein we see some elves mysteriously dancing as in the "Erlenkönig" of the German poet.

* * *

The artist who has the noblest and most perfect vision of antique beauty is M. Ary Renan. He has certainly been nourished from his cradle with Mount Hymettus honey, and trodden as a pilgrim of the ideal the majestic plains of Attica, the heights of Acro-Corinth and the valleys of Arcadia. His artistic career has been entirely occupied in seeking beauty in its purest form. Alternately with pen and brush he endeavours to realise his ideal. In a recent book, written in an incomparable style, he has raised the finest of monuments in honour of Gustave Moreau and given the great artist the place that belongs to him, that is to say in the front rank of our admiration.

M. Ary Renan has three paintings at the Decennial Exhibition : *A Wreck*, *Scylla* and *Phalene*.

A Wreck is undoubtedly a reminiscence of one of those Greek shores where his artistic soul expanded and where his memory sometimes wanders for refreshment. The beach is deserted, and the dying waves of that intense and sombre blue peculiar to Greek waters have just broken upon the gray sand. Still, the wrecks of vessels, or of triremes show their desolate forms rising from the ground. I imagine that this is the Salamis shore, where the contending fleets clashed together to the sounds of the

paean, or that of Eleusis, where were celebrated the mysteries of the goddess Demeter among the corteges of virgins clothed in white and the triremes decorated with flowers.

Of all this beauty nothing remains except the wreck mournfully beaten by the sea. But a woman is walking along the shore, a nereide, whose hair is braided with sea-weed and flowers, and whose pure lines and form as harmonious as the antique marble are divined beneath the large peplum. While going along her foot has touched a skull, over which she is bent in revery.

I like very much, too, the canvas entitled *Phalene*, where the delicate poet, Ary Renan, evokes the vision of a woman among the waves enveloping with her arms a sea-fowl with large, outstretched wings.

Then, here is *Scylla*. In the abyss hollowed out by the tumultuous waves a body appears, extended towards the surface of the water. There is in this composition a splendid study of waves, with all their reflex movements and their iridescence, with transparencies of emerald and trails of lapis-lazuli upon which the moon's rays cast a golden phosphorescence that palpitates upon the high waves. All this is at once magnificent and true, with an implacable correctness of drawing and an extraordinary richness of impasto.

M. Ary Renan seems to have received from Gustave Moreau, whom he loved and has explained, and whose intellectual mechanism he has thoroughly comprehended—perhaps, also, from his own classical erudition—this precious and rare art of bringing the figures into close relation with the landscapes in which they are placed; this faculty is a gift of harmony, a delicious accord that never fails. And as this quality is seconded by an irreproachable technical execution and by a very varied scale of colour, it is easy to conceive the double charm that we find in Ary Renan's work.

L. BARILLOT.
Oxen in the Shade.



Mr. M. H. Spielmann, an English art critic, who was one of Burne-Jones's intimate friends, quoted to me one day a phrase of the English master apropos of his own colouring. The phrase was something like this : " I hope that if, some day, a particle of



one of my pictures be found, those who examine it will be able to say that it was precious matter." I believe that if, in the future, one of these paintings by Ary Renan were destroyed, its fragments would shine like gems !

M. Jeannot is a draughtsman who observes and knows how to

represent his observations with an equal precision and variety. In his painting his technical methods are faulty. Still, it is always a pleasure to see the very bright sketches that he has made of military life, and his attractive interior studies in water-colour or in gouache.

All the works exhibited by M. Léon Bonnat at the Decennial Exhibition are well known, as they have already figured at the Salons. They are: *In the Basque Country*, *An Eagle Binding a Hare*, and portraits of Renan, Taine, M. Bertrand, of the Institute, Madame Bonnat and Madame Cahen.

M. Ernest Hébert continues with great charm the tradition of the Italian masters, and by the sweet feeling of his Madonnas becomes closely related to the Raphaelite School. The reason is that M. Hébert has passed a large part of his life in Italy, and it is upon the steps of SS. Trinità de' Monti that he has found this type of Virgin, which already filled with ecstasy the painters of the sixteenth century and has survived intact. This type is reproduced in his *Sleep of the Child Jesus* and in his *Madonna with the Goldfinch*.

M. Hébert also exhibits some delicious portraits, among which is one of a little girl that still enchants us after having fascinated us at the last Salon. "It is a charming portrait," wrote M. Desjardins, "in which it seems that the illustrious octogenarian (he won the Roman Prize sixty years ago) has freed himself from all his tendencies of half a century ago; he has retained only his voluptuous adoration of flesh tints and continues to place his strokes as he would kisses. The abundant, wavy blond hair falls upon a dark-blue background, which is relieved by a light-blue knot; the child wears only an undershirt, which drops upon the arm, whose whiteness is touched up by a black ribbon rolled through the fine cambric; the naked neck is lovingly modelled, and all the pulp of the flesh is covered with an enamel that recalls the little Saxony figures."

L. LHERMITTE.
The Movers.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.





With M. Meunier we return to the life of the fields and rivers. This painter has an affection for the water, and his best picture is the one in which we see two peasants seated upon an old stone bridge and looking at the green stream that flows beneath their feet. The National Society of Fine Arts thus has its Jules Breton in the person of M. Lhermitte or of M. Meunier. This last-named artist also exhibits *A Summer Evening*, *A Sea-Apple Fisher*, *Beautiful Days*, *Willows*, all works in which the luminous outlines of things are admirably expressed.

M. Humbert has sent a whole cortege of elegant women, splendidly dressed, smiling amid the luxury of their jewels and their toilettes, notably the *Comtesse de B.*, *Madame Heglon*, *Madame Saulnière*. Then, M. Humbert shows us a striking likeness of M. Jules Lemaitre in the privacy of his study, seated at his writing-table, and the large triptych, *Mary Magdalene*, which was exhibited at the Salon of 1899.

I carefully avoid dwelling here upon works already seen and known by everybody, belonging to museums, having figured in recent Salons and been popularised by engraving and all kinds of reproduction. I pass them rapidly in review, but not because my admiration for them has diminished.

Here, for instance, is the whole side of a gallery occupied by the works of M. Eugene Carrière, which we and all those who have any predilection for art have already enjoyed in all their beauty and emotion. The painter of maternity is to be seen here with his very personal technical method, excelling in these gray flat-tints that appear somewhat monotonous at first, but are not wanting in the most delicate modelling. We again see with pleasure the *Popular Theatre*, which no one now thinks of contesting, the carefully-observed *Portrait of M. Gabriel Séailles*, pensive and lost in profound meditation, that of *M. Paul Verlaine*, smiling and candid, or that of *Mademoiselle M. D.*, full of exact and graceful movement. I also admire, in *A Study* and

Sleep, the verity of the attitudes seen in the penumbra of the interior views, and the faculty of emotion that this painter of humble folks shows in each one of his pictures. His *Christ on the Cross* is certainly one of the most religious paintings of this century.

M. Gueldry has taken pleasure in painting two English river-scenes. Both rivers flow near a dam; the numerous boats are pressed against one another and give the impression of a flashing of bright toilettes under a summer sun.

M. Roybet is also represented by some of his best-known works: *Charles the Bold at Nesle*, *Hot Cockles*, *An Astronomer*, *The Saraband*, *At the Tavern*, *A Geographer*, *Portrait of Mademoiselle Romani*, *Portrait of M. Prétet*.

I prefer M. Jean Veber's small, humorous works to the large canvases that he exhibits here, *Gold* and *A Man with Dolls*.

M. Chevalier's three sea-pieces are all of fine appearance. In *A Wreck* he represents a night effect upon the water; the outlines of a large sailing vessel emerge slowly from the mist, behind which the moon is vaguely seen, while in the foreground the threatening waif rises upon the wave. All these sea-views by M. Chevalier are, indeed, admirably observed. The painter selects by preference night or evening effects. *A Corner of a Port at Night* shows us large ships at anchor, around which the deep water reflects various effects of light.

M. Boutet de Monvel has painted for the Domremy church a *Joan of Arc at Chinon*, recognising King Charles VII. among the Court seigniors. He has tried to render this subject with the minuteness of an artist of the Renaissance, and this endeavour has enabled him to make a very exact work, at least from an historical point of view. The costumes are strictly accurate in every detail. Still, we cannot help making a slight criticism: in the group of the Court ladies the white tones of their faces, of the large head-dresses and the gowns, risk being confounded when seen at a distance.







Mlle DEBIENNE.
A Reclining Woman. (Marble statue).

M. George Rochegrosse exhibits his *Race After Happiness* and the *Assassination of the Emperor Geta*, which was shown at last year's Salon. Near by I find two charming pictures by M. Pierre Waidmann. A *Sunset on Lake Lemán* is a beautiful impression, seen with the eyes of a born colourist.

M. Charles Cottet and M. Lucien Simon are, with M. Emile



Wery, M. Dagnan-Bouveret, M. André Dauchez and M. Fernand Piet, author of a fine *Pardon at Pont-Labbé*, pre-eminently painters of Brittany scenes. M. Cottet is one of the strongest and most personal among the artists of the young French School. This personality is distinctly manifested in the series of paintings entitled *In the Seafaring Country*, which is completed each year by more characteristic works.

In his exquisite *Farewell Repast* M. Cottet evokes one of the most touching scenes of the existence of mariners, whose manners and customs he so thoroughly knows. It is a splendid triptych, in the centre of which we see men and women with serious coun-

tenances seated around a table in a seaman's house, for it is the painful hour of separation. Through the large window the sea appears in the soft evening light. In the right wing of the triptych the artist has portrayed *Those Who Remain*, the Breton women, with their tall head-dresses, looking sadly at the sea while awaiting the return of the boats from Iceland, and in the left wing is seen, in a perfectly symmetrical group, *Those Who Have Gone*, seated upon the deck of the large fishing-boat.

This work is executed in sombre harmonies, but in *A Procession at Plougastel* M. Cottet shows us a greater variety of fine colouring. His *Evening in the Port*, *Mourning*, *An Old Horse Upon the Moor* and *Saint John's Night* continue the series of his careful observations. M. Cottet has succeeded in painting all these scenes with such a scrupulous realism that M. Benedite was right in saying that M. Cottet had observed all these views of Breton life with as sharp a vision as that of Maupassant. This was already worth noting; but beside this acuteness of observation there is in M. Cottet's work a vibrating sentiment of humanity, of pity, for these humble seafaring existences. He has really experienced the sensation of all the subjects he has painted and rendered them with a winning sincerity of emotion. Although M. Charles Cottet apparently uses uniform toning as means of expression, there is, nevertheless, an extreme variety of shades to be found in his blacks, whites and grays.

Brittany appears under brighter aspects to M. Lucien Simon; his vision is evidently less profound, but it is scrutinising. M. Simon does not penetrate as deeply as M. Cottet into the soul of his personages; he asks them especially to furnish him bold contrasts of colour. This search for contrast appears in his large painting entitled *Wrestling*. The scene is represented upon the coast of Finistère, one of the saddest and most melancholy spots in the world. In the centre of the moor, with its coarse, thick vegetation extending along the river side, Breton men and

L. BALESTRIEVI.

Beethoven.



women are grouped in a circle, intently watching the struggle between two men who are stripped to the waist, two young men solidly planted, their legs bent against the soil, whilst a third fellow is undressing to take part in the sport.

The painter has noted, as a veritable ironist, all the animation and appearance of this crowd. If his drawing is sometimes careless, several details, especially the Breton women at the right, are very successful as colour effects. By the side of this picture is *A Travelling Circus*, less interesting, and a fine fragment of a Breton religious procession.

M. Le Gout-Gérard is the painter of the Brittany ports. Some of his canvases, such as *Fishing-boats in Concarneau Harbour*, *Moonrise*, and *In Port*, are discreetly luminous works in which he gives special attention to the soft tints of morning and twilight. M. Le Gout-Gérard has figured at the Luxembourg Museum for several years, and is one of our most interesting marine painters.

M. Henri Martin exhibits several pictures : *Every One his Illusion*, *Towards the Abyss*, *Serenity*, *Apparition of Clémence Isaure to the Troubadors*, *Twilight*, *A Wood Nymph*, *Sadness* ; but among some happy discoveries in decoration we regret the too great monotony of the execution.

It is not one of the least important or one of the least interesting questions to follow, in the works at a grand artistic manifestation like the Decennial Exhibition, the influence of a master, and to seek in what measure his pupils continue his style. This is the question I asked myself concerning Gustave Moreau. It is certain that the painter has exercised an influence over many artists in bringing about a return to idealism, and even some of those who have not directly followed his teaching, such as M. Ary Renan, M. Lucien Monod and M. Francis Auburton, are in a measure disciples of Moreau.

But, beyond these artists there are the pupils properly so-called

of Moreau, and those never cease to interest us. M. Paul Flat has, for that matter, very well explained in a recent book, this part of educator. "At the same time that Moreau reached a broader and higher comprehension of life, and as his ideas became purer, he diverted his intellectual sympathy towards those who seemed to him worthy of it. He became more and more 'in love with souls,' according to the beautiful expression of a saint who was also the most marvellous of spiritual directors, and this is the first condition for being an educator. All those who had the privilege of intimately knowing this rare mind are unanimous in recognising the variety, the abundance of his points of view, the magnificent erudition that served them as a solid basis, the eloquence and spirit with which he knew how to animate them, so much so that at some moments it was permissible to doubt if it was really a painter who was talking! A few, only, have been able to say with what affectionate and tender solicitude he watched the development of those who appeared to him gifted, how he loved to guide them, to give them counsel and to make them benefit by his experience in the anxious period of their beginnings; in brief, to spare them as much as possible the pangs of doubt which torture the best ones. This is the real educator, the one who, lavishing his intelligence, also gives something of his heart, skilful in vivifying by sympathy what there may be of dryness in a too precise teaching."

We find among several artists the fruitful results of this intelligent direction. Thus, M. George Rouault, who devotes himself to eloquently representing for us *The Child Jesus Among the Doctors* and *Christ and the Disciples of Emmaus*, thereby continuing some of the biblical subjects so dear to Moreau. M. George Desvallières exhibits a powerful *Orgies*, some portraits of a superb colouring and another fine canvas, *Archers*. M. Charles Milcendeau quits his heroic subjects and applies himself to works that reveal great delicacy of feeling, such as *A Woman at the*



MAURICE LELOIR.

The Pont au Change Under Louis XV. (Water-colour).

BICENNIAL EXHIBITION.



Ansicht der Straße in Wien, 1870

Spinning-Wheel and *A Vendean Home*. M. Jules Flandrin also remains faithful to the master's doctrine in his superior landscape entitled *The Valley of the Isère*. With M. Besson we still feel Moreau's influence, but only in the colouring, and is not this one more proof of the independence of the master's teaching?

* * *

M. Albert Besnard is one of the finest colourists of the present day, and I do not believe that we can cite among modern artists one who plays with light with more brilliancy and skill. The activity of this master is, besides, very great, and he excels as well in portraits as in landscapes, in every-day-life pictures and in large decorative panels.



I should have liked to see represented at the Decennial Exhibition this eminently decorative side of M. Albert Besnard's talent, such as it is manifested in his ceiling exhibited at the Salon of 1899, and such as it appears in his frescoes at the Paris Hotel de Ville and in other public buildings.

M. Besnard has four portraits at the Decennial Exhibition. We must not ask of him classical portraits such as those to

which we are accustomed, but rather some brilliant improvisations of which his model is the theme and starting point. Among these four canvases I especially like the magnificent *Theatrical Portrait*, which produced such a great sensation at the Salon of the National Society of the Fine Arts two years ago. It is a large canvas representing a renowned actress in the strong light of the stage raising one of her arms in an artificial gesture. The execution of the stage light surrounding the actress is a veritable feat. As for the pink dress, its tones are so lively and supple that you really believe you see the stuff palpitate even in its smallest folds.

Notwithstanding the extreme skill shown in these fine portraits the four other paintings by M. Besnard charm me still more, for the master's fancy has free course in these canvases where the artist is not restrained, as in a portrait, by considerations of resemblance.

His *Spanish Dance* is the most incredible feast of this colourist. Upon the stage of some Seville theatre he has thrown from his brilliant brush groups of wandering bohemian women who dance some *malaguena* or some fandango in a flashing of coloured stuffs, while around them are other dancing women seated according to the tradition, and through the smoky background of the little theatre are seen the spectators with their large, broad-brimmed hats.

After the hymn to light chanted by Turner at the beginning of the century, it might be believed that no other painter would ever attain a like boldness. Besnard, however, has done it. Could there be a more audacious work than these heads of *Arab Women* or this *Arab Horse-Market*, in which the light is intensified to an almost impossible degree and attains the last limit of human comprehension?

Here is M. Lévy-Dhurmer, an artist of exquisite sensibility and sure technical execution. One of his favourite subjects is a repre-

P. A. BESNARD.
An Arab Horse Market.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



sensation of delicate faces that smile mysteriously, while behind them are landscapes such as we find in the Florentine paintings of the fifteenth century. The landscape with which he surrounds the human figure admirably completes the impression made by this figure. What a lot of examples of this perfect accord between nature and humanity are to be found in the numerous works of M. Lévy-Dhurmer, among others in the *Portrait of George Rodenbach*, the poet who is in revery before his favourite horizons of Bruges, or in that of the *Princess de P.*, on a background where the setting sun is expanding over the sea. Today we still find M. Lévy-Dhurmer equal to himself with two oil paintings of a like sentiment. Both portray the *Madonna and Child* treated with a great variety of decoration and expression. In the first picture, which is full of a delicate Italian sentiment, we see the Virgin bending gently over the child that she holds upon her knees and whose brow is illuminated with an aureola of light. Behind the Madonna Venetian palaces rise up on the border of a canal, the finely-wrought front of the Doges' Palace, the Piazzetta and its bell-tower and the granite column which is crowned by the tutelary winged lion of Saint Mark.

In *Notre Dame de Penmarch* this same scene has the dryness and harshness of the Brittany landscape which unfolds itself mournfully before our eyes. The Madonna, clothed in the most sombre garments, holds the Divine Child at her side, and this group has a sort of Celtic rigidity.

M. Lévy-Dhurmer, indeed, knows how to interpret religious scenes in a thoroughly modern manner, as he shows us in his pastel entitled *Shepherds*; these shepherds, guided by the mysterious star, march along the plain bordered in the distance by hills that stand out upon the paleness of the sky, which is reflected by some indistinct ponds. In *Love-Sick* the inspiration is entirely modern, with a rare penetration of sentiment and showing the artist's power of emotion in a most captivating manner.

M. P. A. Maugrant, who exhibits an excellent composition entitled *To the Memory of Puris de Chavannes*, is also a meritorious sculptor, and his frame in carved walnut appears to me to be a work showing a strong decorative feeling.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret displays the varied and always equally fascinating aspects of his talent. He is by turns a painter of every-day-life, of religious subjects and portraits, and continually shows the same qualities of style and colour that makes him one of the most prominent artists of the French School.

His *Breton Women at the Pardon*, with their large, white head-dresses, are grouped upon the meadow in perfect harmony. Undoubtedly the painter is governed much less by accuracy than by beauty and concordance. Some of the faces are admirably modelled and have a thoroughly classical appearance.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret's *Lord's Supper* must possess very great artistic quality to be looked at with so much interest and pleasure by all visitors when their memory is so full of the numerous and admirable representations of the same subject bequeathed by Italian art, those by Ghirlandajo, the Lippis, Perugino, Andrea del Sarto, Paul Veronese and the admirable Milan fresco, so touching in its disuse, where among the faded tones Leonardo da Vinci's art still appears so full of life. M. Dagnan-Bouveret's work is perfectly classical in its tendencies; he forms the same groupings that were so much in favour with the masters of the fifteenth century, and reproduces some of their preferred expressions. It is in his colouring that the painter is modern. Instead of the aureola that the ancients placed around Christ's head, M. Dagnan-Bouveret has entirely enveloped it with a light that emanates from the Saviour and illuminates his attentive disciples seated at the table.

For those who like to look at a delicious portrait of a woman, that of *Madame L. C.*, so natural and life-like and in such a graceful attitude, is one of the most perfect portraits at the Exhi-



E. DAMERON

The Poupenot Mill Dam at Montbard

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION





HENRY TENRE.
The Neptune Fountain at Versailles.

SALON OF 1900

bition. Finally, let us not quit M. Dagnan-Bouveret without having once more admired *Conscripts*, *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, a *Brittany Washing-Place*, and the *Portrait of Madame D. and her Son*.

We now come to some magnificently coloured canvases :



Eclogue, *A Levite of the Tribe of Ephraim*, *Christ in his Shroud*, *Portrait of Mademoiselle L.* They were executed by the Henner of earlier days, by the masterly Henner, who drew with colour and handled his pigment with such incomparable brilliancy and poesy that he then appeared to us as one of the greatest colourists of the century.

M. François Flameng exhibits some fine portraits, those of *Mademoiselle O. Pastré*, *Madame Japy*, *M. Bourdet*, *Madame*

Laveissière, Madame F., Mademoiselle F. and M. C., The Flight into Egypt, Kleber with the Army of the Sambre-et-Meuse (campaign of 1795), and an exquisite choice of those decorative paintings in which he excels. Although he everywhere shows the variety of his talent, the skilfulness of his hand and the boundless resources of his imagination, his numerous paintings displayed in the galleries of the Grand Palace give but a small idea of the quantity he has produced during the past ten years. No other painter has succeeded so well as he in carrying on at the same time the great monumental compositions such as the decorative panels for the Sorbonne, the Opéra-Comique and the Festival Hall at the Universal Exhibition, historical paintings with many personages, such as the five pictures of Napoleon's career, *Isola Bella, Malmaison, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Saint-Cloud*, his charming *Frascati* and the whole series of his small Napoleonic battle pieces, *Vive l'Empereur! Waterloo, The Standards (Jena, Oct. 14, 1806),* and *A Review by the First Consul*, while executing a quantity of portraits, those of women full of a constantly renewed charm and gracefulness, those of men strong and remarkably accurate.

But, it is with M. François Flameng's works the same as it is with those of M. Edouard Detaille, M. Hébert and M. Gérôme: they spread the renown of French art throughout the world, to the frontiers of Asia and across the oceans, but once gone they rarely return. How can we ask of persons who have dearly bought them and who rightfully consider them as the gems of their galleries, to take the risks of voyages in which they might perish? From Saint Petersburg, where are now classed in the Imperial collections most of the series of Napoleon's career, and where the portraits of the *Dowager Empress* and the *Grand Duchess Xenia* are hung in the place of honour, a return would be possible; but could we expect the Grand Duke Nicholas Michaelovitch to send us *Waterloo* from Borjom, near Tiflis? He

EDOUARD DETAILLE.

Victory is Ours!

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



By Light 1900 By Marine August 2

has forwarded a large part of the treasures he keeps at Saint Petersburg: *Bonaparte Consul*, which is admired at the Retrospective Exhibition of the Land and Sea Forces, and the *Departure for the Promenade*, the large historical gouache by Carle Vernet, which may be seen at the Centennial Exhibition, but the precious collections at Borjom are naturally absent. This is to be deplored, for no other amateur shows such enthusiasm and perseverance in hunting throughout Europe for additions to his series.

It is precisely this relative poverty at the Decennial Exhibition which all the more assures M. François Flameng's renown, and this observation, upon which it is necessary to insist, may be justly applied to all his emulators. If M. Edouard Detaille has been able to show some of the phases of his fine talent it is because, by a lucky fortune, the Fine Arts Department has, during the last ten years, ordered from the great military painter a certain number of pictures for the national museums and palaces, thus assuring to France so many masterpieces, among which are: *Victims of Duty*, the *Marching Out of the Huningue Garrison*, *Pasteur's Funeral*, the *Emperor and Empress of Russia and President Faure of the French Republic Going to the Bouy Railway Station After the Review at Chalons*. *En Batterie!* almost belongs to the State, as it figures in the principal hall at the school for the children of sub-officers established by Commander Henriot at Rambouillet. Finally, M. Detaille has just finished the *Portrait of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, Heir to the Throne, at the head of the Hussars of the Guard*—the present Emperor—and even before enjoying the view of this portrait at Saint Petersburg the Imperial model has authorised its exhibition at Paris.

M. Edouard Detaille has also been able to reserve for the Grand Palace a charming episodic picture and *General Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angély with the Army of the Alps* (1849), a com-

position that he had, at one moment, thought of developing upon a larger canvas and which, whatever its dimensions, is among the best inspired productions of the national painter. Under the title of *Victory is Ours!* he presents, not an episode, which, however poignant or dramatic, becomes classed with time and requires explanations and commentaries, but a synthesis of the Imperial epopee that strikes the eye, stirs the mind and, while remaining strictly accurate in its details, acquires a philosophic bearing that very few artists of our time are able to attain. Certainly it would be superfluous to dwell upon the exact and precise science shown in each new work by the president of "La Sabretache," upon his profound knowledge of military history, which renders him capable of organising almost alone and in a very short time, with slight resources and in face of a determined opposition, this retrospective exhibition of the army, which has won the only undisputed success at the Universal Exhibition and has the double and rare fortune of attracting the crowd and interesting all amateurs; but M. Detaille here shows that he is not only the most vigilant of collectors, a first-rate connoisseur, the man best fitted to rouse up the well-disposed, the artist who most perfectly assimilates the ways, manners, appearance and attitudes of military men of all times; he is more and better than all this.

The setting sun gilds with its almost horizontal rays the plain and inundates with its light a rise of ground at the foot of which the soldiers are ranged. In the glimmer of the apotheosis that encircles him, Napoleon, very calm, appears followed by his staff with their variegated uniforms all covered with gold and silver, all flashing with colour. He advances upon his white horse, and at his feet the soldiers wave the captured flags while the bands play "Victory is Ours!" There are no exaggerated gestures, no theatrical enthusiasm. It is the chief who has given the order to win and the soldiers who have won. The officers salute with

ALBERT DAWANT.

Death of Commander du Couedic of the « Surveillante » (1779)

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



Copyright 1901 by James H. H. H.

their swords in the manner prescribed by the regulations, the soldiers present arms, the musicians keep time. It is the army which, by its military hat and long coat, is still the Army of the Revolution, but has now joined to its *valour*, which made it redoubtable, a *discipline* that renders it invincible. To conquer



requires the abnegation of self, an entire confidence in the chief and a strict subordination; it requires, also, a sort of automatism that triumphs over the revolt of the flesh and, at the same time a possible animation which transforms the automaton into a thinking, acting being combating for his own account. Automatism added to activity of movement is personified by the Army of the Camp of Boulogne.

This army and its chief have never been better comprehended by any artist. To trace a portrait of the Emperor that would be at once touching and historic, a painter must willingly accept the legendary physiognomy that has been imposed upon posterity by Napoleon in agreement with the painters and sculptors chosen by him. To hunt after what was his real likeness and see how his hair floated at stated moments upon his cranium is a matter for the discoverers of curiosities and not for historical painters. Even though Napoleon never resembled his official portraits, it is still those effigies that should be followed, for they are the ones by which he is recognised by all nations. Yet it is essential that this military image of the Emperor, while remaining traditional, should not become a tracing of preceding images, those executed by Gros, the Vernets, Raffet and Meissonier. In portraying this image the artist ought to contribute a part of his own personality. Now, from this point of view, we could ask nothing better. M. Detaille, in taking no account of any epoch, has been able to reject the lean Napoleon painted by Carle Vernet in *The Eye of Austerlitz*, and the heavy, overwhelmed Napoleon represented by Meissonier in his 1814. He has taken the legendary Emperor in full force and power, at the moment when, to the consciousness of a genius about which he never had any doubt, was added the constancy of success. Napoleon is not astonished; what he combined and foresaw has simply been accomplished, and it is only by a flash of a darker blue of his steel-like eyes that we can read the inward triumph. These flags that the victorious soldiers wave before him and the colours of which symbolise peoples and the armorials tell of kings, are a sheaf that he adds to the astonishing harvest of trophies with which he has filled Notre-Dame, the palaces of the Senate and Corps Législatif, the Paris Hotel de Ville and the Hotel des Invalides; they represent the money of his glory, which he distributes as a title of honour while awaiting the erection of a temple dedicated to the Grand

A. LEPÈRE.

Washerwomen on the Banks of the Oise.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



Army, wherein the records of his history will be inscribed upon tablets of pure gold, and the names of all the soldiers who died for their country will acquaint future generations with their titles to the nation's gratitude. These grand, lucid thoughts, so well calculated to eternally touch, move and affect, are borne in front of the troops, and are so powerful that Napoleon anticipates their realisation, almost forgetting the present hour and living in the days to come.

This figure is so great and certainly the one best known by all men that no artist could prudently detach a single one of the legendary accessories that renders it impossible to be mistaken for any other. When Lejeune painted the portrait of the Emperor wearing a fur cap while running over the battle-field of Eylau he was in strict conformity with the reality, yet posterity has retained only Gros's picture, which represents the Emperor wearing a small cap. And still the people are bewildered by the green velvet fur-lined cloak in this admirable canvas; it takes from them something of their Emperor. What does it matter that the Wardrobe Accounts show the famous frock-coat to have been sometimes brown or green? We must have it gray, the same as we must have the white horse, although it was only for reviews or entry into cities that he rode horses of this colour. These characteristic details designate and settle his appearance more surely than even his features, and M. Edouard Detaille has not neglected to furnish them. In addition, he has displayed his science in the details of the harnessing, and especially in the grouping of the staff officers, in suitably rendering the bearing of each one and in the military aspect given to them. Need we praise the Light Infantry of the Guard escort and insist upon the perfection of their appearance and carriage, since M. Detaille has already so accurately shown them in canvases that are now celebrated? Yet comparison obliges us to do so. It is not so easy, it seems, to show a soldier with a colback, to place a plume

upon this colback, and to furnish the real tone and exact movement to a pelisse ; nor is it childish to give a satisfactory physiognomy to the ancient Guides of Italy and Egypt, to the Light Infantry of Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena. How many artists have tried and failed ! How many offer as Light Infantry of the Guard only a poor model embarrassed under his bear-skin cap in which he has pricked a small swinging broom ! How many show brand-new uniforms fresh from the tailor's and worn by supernumeraries ! What M. Detaille excels in painting is the life-like air, the wrinkles in the uniform made by use, and the fashion which, in military matters, preserves its rights in avoiding the regulations. It may be boldly asserted that he is the only one in France or in the world who has this superiority.

It would appear as though, in the manner of representing the staff officers who follow the Emperor, the artist had the intention of giving a silent lesson in military science to some of his colleagues. If he has grouped with such skilful art the uniforms in a way to bring out the tones by their reflective action upon one another, if he has placed in the hands of the escort so many conquered standards that they form a train of glory to the silent, gray comet, if he has waived the folds of these flags in the breeze of history and in the triumphal light shed by the horizontal sun, he has also furnished the models for the most curious gallery of uniforms that could properly appear in the Emperor's suite, and thus indicated to watchful eyes that he has not chosen a special moment for this scene but established a synthesis of the Imperial epopee. M. Edouard Detaille is accustomed to these high ideas, and it is doubtless one of them that he has interpreted in that detail of *The Dream* which shows us above the heads of the soldiers of the army of today and tomorrow the idea of the standards that the French of all times have superbly carried in the face of the enemy. Here is the sacred image of the country, an almost living image, for at given moments these



H. HARPIGNIES.
Foggy Weather on the Mediterranean.

BICENTENNIAL EXHIBITION





E. DESCA.
Jesus Condemned to Death. (Plaster group).

SALON OF 1900.

shreds nailed to a piece of wood seem to breathe, suffer, wave sadly or gaily, feel triumphant or vanished, and to have a soul.

Although belonging to the State *The Dream* does not figure at the Centennial Exhibition. It will doubtless be said that it would not have been considerate to strip the national museums of their principal attractions, and this reason is as good as another.



Victory is Ours! alone suffices, notwithstanding its limited dimensions, to first of all place M. Edouard Detaille in the front rank of the painters of the modern French School, which at this Exhibition establishes its unquestionable superiority over all the European schools, and then to assure him with the gratitude of all patriots the most distinguished position among thinkers and historians.

M. René Billotte is one of the best of contemporary French portrait-painters, and each Salon of the National Society of the Fine Arts brings more prominently into view the talent of this

superior artist, who has such a true sentiment of nature and who so finely expresses all its most delicate shades. With *Moonlight on the Saint Denis Canal*, the *Nanterre Quarries* and *October Radiance*, M. Billotte continues to be the painter of scenes of the Parisian suburbs, of which he was one of the first artists to render their striking aspects and special colour. But it would be an error to suppose that the suburbs claim M. Billotte's undivided attention. All the northern landscapes, all the gray, moist skies have an attraction for him, and no one has better painted the Dutch canals, those of Dort or of Amsterdam, with their large mills that loom up like phantoms above the dull water and moist vapours coloured by the setting sun or moon.

M. Henri Gervex has sent to the Decennial Exhibition a large canvas already known, *Distribution of Recompenses at the Industrial Palace* and some portraits.

In the same gallery M. Jean Paul Laurens exhibits his decorative panel representing an episode of the struggle of Montfort against Toulouse. It is a very happy blending of history and fiction. Upon the remparts men are loading catapults and ballistæ, while a lion crosses the heaven, pierced with a javelin upon the flag of which is inscribed the victorious cry : "Montfort is dead, long live Tolosa !"

M. Lhermitte's favourite subjects are groups of reapers reposing in the shade of hay-cocks or cutting the golden-yellow grain; calm meadows and silent convents, all of which he treats with his accustomed skill.

M. Cormon, on the contrary, remains faithful to the scenes of pre-historic life, in which his sure and sound knowledge does no harm to his artistic sense and eye of colourist. His eight cartoons for the decoration of a hall in the Museum of Natural History are just so many beautiful drawings before which spectators linger with pleasure: *Primitive Man*, *Flint*, *Hunters*, *Fishers*, *Agriculturists*, *Gauls*, *Blacksmiths*, *Potters*.

H. GERVEX
Maternity.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.





H. GERVEX.
Portrait of Mademoiselle S.





JEAN PAUL LAURENS
Jean Chrysostome.



In a small portrait of an aged woman M. Burdey equals the precision of the old German masters. M. Burdey is a pupil of the late Gustave Moreau, and not one of the least.

M. Alfred Agache's manner of execution is stern. *The Annunciation*, *The Sword*, *The Secret*, *Fancy* and *A Decorative Study* are fine and serious works in which the artist never seeks to please us in spite of ourselves, as so many others do, but his art attracts us by a great deal of dignity and elevated ideas.

M. George Callot shows some fine nude and open-air studies.

M. Henri Royer exhibits, as usual, several religious subjects full of sentiment; M. George Borgès some *Flamencas* that are far from making us forget the same subject treated by Besnard, or the Spanish Women by Zuloaga, at the Luxembourg, which show that this painter is a direct descendant of the Goyas and the Murillos. I hasten to add that this rare and curious artist, so thoroughly Spanish, was not accepted by the jury of his countrymen.

M. Gustave Courtois shows himself as an elegant artist in his portraits of *Madame Spitzer* and *Madame Gautreau*, and M. Lerolle as an agreeably decorative painter in his three portraits.

Among the portraits of women exhibited at the Decennial Exhibition those by M. Jacques Blanche deserve special mention. This artist, who lived for a long while in England, evidently follows the style of the English painters of the eighteenth century; but he could not have taken better models. Each day, indeed, M. Blanche's individuality asserts itself more clearly.

M. Victor Prouvé has sent his *Circle of the Damned* (from the Nancy Museum), in which he represents the sensualists such as they are described by Dante, rolled by a fiery wave, convulsed with pain and lost in despair. It was not a slight task for an artist of the present day to thus enter at once into the spirit of Dante, to identify himself with these powerful visions and catch the tumultuous and formidable side of his imagination.

Few artists appear to me to have so perfectly assimilated this descriptive power of the Italian poet. With this work M. Prouvé has a good and characteristic portrait of a woman. Another canvas, full of fancy and delightful in colour, is the portrait of the master glass-worker, *Emile Gallé*, among his phials and vases with their manifold reflections, holding in his hand a crystal cup upon which he is about to engrave some charming subject.

M. Luigi Loir paints scenes of street-life. His *Circular Railway Line* is a happy representation.

In a corner of one of the galleries is a very intelligent arrangement of a group of paintings that form a series of clear harmonies. First there is a delicious *Portrait of a Young Lady*, by M. Raffaelli, surrounded by some other works of this master; then a canvas by M. Charles Perrandean, an artist who does not appear to me to have yet been appreciated at his real value. His canvas represents, under the title of *Holy Girls*, a group of religious sisters clothed in white, among flowers. It is a picture of such profound sentiment and such noble appearance as to direct our most careful attention to this painter.

If you care to see an effigy of the Pope, do not look at the portrait by M. Chartran, who is more worthy of his reputation in his *Signing the Peace Between Spain and the United States*.

Not being able to speak in detail of all the pictures exhibited at the Decennial Exhibition, I must limit myself in closing these pages to mention some of the principal works. Thus, we should not forget the names of MM. Japy, Iwill (*On the Downs, Calvary*), Petitjean (*A View of Verdun*), Piet (*Pardon at Pont-Labbé*), Zuber (*Landscapes*), Saint-Germier (*Views of Venice*), Pierre Rocher (*Water-colours in relief*), Mercié (*Madonna, Eve, Portrait of Mademoiselle X...*), Maxence (*Lake Flowers*), Machard (*Portraits of Women*), Maurice Lobe (*Views of Versailles*), Besson (*Christ the Consoler, the Burden*), Lepère (*Washing-place*), Biessy (*Portrait and An Interior Scene*), Le Poittevin, M. Cazin (*Drawings*), Clairin (*A Great*

J. H. ZUBER.
Wood Cutting in Upper Alsatia.

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



Ware), R. Collin (*At the Sea-Shore*), Le Liepvre (*Landscapes*), Delahaye (*Capture of Montbéliard*), Dumoulin (*Saint Peter's at Rome*), Frappa (*Signing the Second Concordat*).

SCULPTURE.

Notwithstanding the enormous size of the statuary hall in the Grand Palace, the pieces of sculpture are so numerous that they have been crowded together in such a way as to mutually crush one another; and even after the opening ceremony it was found necessary to remove several pieces into the garden. These conditions, it must be admitted, are not very favourable for the leisurely examination of the works exhibited, because, still more so than paintings, statuary needs air. To well judge a piece of sculpture in its entirety we must be able to see it from all sides; this is not possible at the Decennial Exhibition.

Still, we cannot help feeling more than ever—particularly as the productions of French and foreign sculptors are shown together—that the names of our own French artists are the most brilliant ones in modern statuary. Undoubtedly, in painting we may sometimes find our equals and even our masters. We have not, in portrait-painting, such strong individualities as John Sargent and Burne-Jones; we cannot claim as our own the Israels, Lenbachs, Khnopfs and Watts; but in the kingdom of sculpture at least, we are sovereign.

As in our study upon the paintings, where we have examined those works that seemed to us to merit consideration, we do not pretend here to see everything but to give our attention to the most important pieces.

M. Barrias's *Monument in Memory of Victor Hugo* was impatiently awaited. The monument, crushed by the roof of the palace

and stifled by the proximity of other works, needs to be in the open air to be finally judged, admitting that a contemporary is competent to definitely form an opinion about a work. M. Barrias has represented the poet as still a young man, wrapped in his cloak on the summit of a rock, at the foot of which are muses who offer him with graceful gestures a lyre and the tragic mask.

The monument is certainly not wanting in power and amplitude, and it is one of the remarkable creations of this superior artist. However, there is another Victor Hugo that I prefer, the one which Rodin exhibits at this moment in his pavilion on the Place de l'Alma. One reason for my preference is that in M. Barrias's monument the poet's face is almost insignificant. See, on the contrary, how beautiful and expressive it is in Rodin's work, where Victor Hugo is presented under the features of a snowy-white old man who contemplates the infinity of the ocean and extends his arms with an imperious and dominating gesture. Here all the attention is centered on Victor Hugo; in M. Barrias's monument he is almost an accessory detail.

In *Nature Unveiling Herself* M. Barrias has employed different polychrome marbles, which produce a very curious effect.

Two other fine monuments are the *Tomb of the Duc d'Aumale* and *Joan of Arc*, by M. Paul Dubois. The Duc d'Aumale is represented by the sculptor as reclining in the folds of the flag, the hand clasping his sword.

M. R. de Saint-Marceaux also exhibits a tomb, a very beautiful monument designed for the grave of Alexandre Dumas fils. I should prefer, however, to see Dumas's splendid head without the crown of laurel, which strikes the eye in a disagreeable manner. A fine bust-portrait of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, a piece entitled *Our Destinies*, and three statues of women flying through space, show the wide range of M. de Saint-Marceaux's talent and execution.





· EDWIN WEEKS
An Indian Dancing Woman.

SALON OF 1900.

A very thoroughly finished bust of M. Paul Sédille, by M. André Allar, is worthy of attention.

One of the most important pieces of sculpture at the Exhibition is unquestionably M. Bartholomé's *Monument to the Dead*. It consists of

an edifice of severe and simple lines representing the entrance of a tomb. Upon the threshold are two figures, the husband and wife, back to the spectator, who are about entering into the unknown, supported upon each other with a free and graceful



movement. To the right and left other groups prepare to cross the fatal threshold. A man with tottering legs, trembling hands, his back bent with age, seems to hesitate, while at his feet a woman overwhelmed with grief appears resigned to her fate. On the other side is the desolate group of those who weep and lament, crushed down by destiny, while below the entrance the

sculptor shows the man and wife in the tomb. The idea of the monument is, as will be seen, simple and noble, and the execution of the work is on a level with the idea.

Madame Besnard exhibits a fine *Saint Francis of Assisi*, and M. Emile Bourdelle, one of Rodin's best pupils, an exquisite head of *Aphrodite* in marble.

Mademoiselle Camille Claudel's talent increases each year, and constantly reveals to us a more refined meaning of life and a more transient and subtile sense of beauty. Her two statuettes and her *Ophelia* are exquisite productions.

Another artist who puts the most graceful movements into art is M. Fix-Masseau. His three works are entitled *Emprise*, *The Secret* and a *Bust-Portrait of a Woman*; the first is executed in marble, the second in wood and the third in ceramic. M. Fix-Masseau has, besides, at his disposal, a whole scale of material, stone, metal, ivory, which he chisels according to their special quality with equal skill and infinite variety, without ever allowing the fascination of the beautiful material to make him forget his qualities of fine modelling, subtility and delicacy.

M. Gardet's supple and nervous lions charm us each year at the Salon, for this artist is one of the rare sculptors who continues the grand tradition of Barye. This year M. Gardet exhibits several pieces. Panthers, lions, tigers and Danish dogs figure in the interior of the Grand Palace, two splendid lions are at the right and left of the entrance to the Alexander III. bridge, while a fine group of stags decorate the pediment of the Fishing Palace, below M. Francis Auburtin's fresco.

M. Victor Peter has also watched animals with a scrutinising and wary eye, and his *Young Bears at Play* are, as well as his female lion, first-rate pieces. M. Peter equally excels in making medallions, and has rendered with great fidelity the features of Henner, Rodin, Dalou and Lhermitte.

The regretted master Falguière is represented at this Exhibition



by works that we are never tired of admiring : the statue of *Henri de la Rochejaquelein*, a young cavalier of delicate and elegant appearance, with heroic brow and noble gesture, and *Cardinal Lavigerie*, heroic also, bearing the cross with a movement full of power and beauty, the movement of a conquering apostle.

M. Frémiet's *Saint George* is one of the finest pieces of sculpture at the Exhibition. The cavalier excites his horse, whose haggard eyes express terror, and with all his weight, which bends his lance, the rider thrusts the sharp arm into the dragon's neck. Another work by the same master is the *Struggle Between an Orang-Outang and a Savage*. Both of these pieces are incomparable by their splendid and proud bearing and by the imaginative qualities they display.

M. Alfred Boucher is an artist who has become celebrated by the delicate sentiment and simple execution of his works, and those he exhibits today, *In the Fields*, *Tenderness* and *To the Earth*, will not diminish his fine reputation.

M. Jean Esoula is a young sculptor who has the rare merit of chiseling himself all of his own pieces of statuary, following in this respect the custom of the masters of the Middle Ages. It must be admitted, in fact, that in our day a great many sculptors too often turn over their pieces to hired workmen who rarely know how to skilfully handle the chisel. M. Esoula follows the example of M. Jean Dampé, this great artist, who is, unfortunately, absent from the Decennial Exhibition, but we hope to find him at the next Salon. The author of *Raymondin* and *Melusine* is, indeed, one of the highest glories of contemporary French art.

M. Henri Cross has a liking for glass impasto, which gives to his works a very fine incrustation.

Let us not pass by without stopping before the excellent bust-portraits executed by M. Dalou (Albert Wolff, Armand Renaud, Albert Liouville, Charles Floquet, Jean Gigoux, Paul Richer and M. Cresson), before the statues, sometimes overcharged, of M. Fer-

rary, and take note of *Orpheus* and *Cherreul, Aged One Hundred Years*, by M. Guillaume, the *Muse* and *La Source*, by M. Jean Hughes, *Nymph* and *Satyr*, by M. Injalbert, the *First Fault*, by M. Stanislas Lami, the *Sorceress*, low-relief in bronze, by M. Lévy-Dhurmer, *Nemesis*, by M. Lucien Pallez, a bust-portrait of Mademoiselle Emma Calvé, by M. Denys Puech, several very interesting wax figures by M. Jean Ringel d'Ilzach, and various bust-portraits by M. Raoul Verlet.

M. Pierre Roche is one of our most interesting artists. All the recesses of the sculptor's art are equally accessible to this seeker, who always or almost always finds something. Here, to begin with, is a bronze bust of the novelist Huysmans. In *The Effort* M. Roche has mingled not without considerable charm, lead and stoneware. Finally the *Fire Dance* shows his inspiration in a lighter and more jocular mood.

M. Auguste Rodin's *Kiss* is certainly a very beautiful piece of sculpture. All amateurs know this group, at once very passionate and very chaste, in which the master sculptor has displayed all his expressive force, all his art of fine modelling and beautiful forms. Certainly this is one of Rodin's most perfect works, developed and finished as much as could be desired and without the rough sketchy character of some of M. Rodin's productions at present on exhibition in his pavilion on the Place de l'Alma. I do not by any means intend to speak disparagingly of these rough sketches, which often denote genius and show a unique conception of life. However, I may be allowed, while at the same time keeping a place apart in my imagination for the sketches, to prefer a work like *The Kiss*, which might have been signed by one of the three or four eternal masters of sculpture.

By a praiseworthy intention of the organisers of the Decennial Exhibition, a special room has been reserved on the first floor for the works of Jean Carriès. There can be seen eight choice productions by this sculptor of genius, whose existence was one



HECTOR XIMENES
Renascence. (Bronze statue).

DECENNIAL EXHIBITION.



of the hardest and most deceiving struggles that any artist has been obliged to sustain in this century, so cruel, however, to many among the best. Carriès, who was unappreciated during his life, definitely triumphs here with his bronze portrait of himself, *A Nun*, *A Dutch Lady*, an *Infant*, and some magnificent stoneware works : a *Sleeping Child*, *Young Girl* and *A Miner*.

No sculptor practises with more brilliancy and talent the precious and delicate art of the statuette than M. Theodore Rivière, whose works, after so many other things seen, remain in our memory with a significant precision. With M. Rivière the statuette again becomes what it was in ancient times and during the Middle Ages, and he is one of the rare, perfect artists whose works can sustain a comparison with the delicious and highly-finished ones of the Naples Museum, which have occasionally inspired him. But he has also been inspired by life and truth, and this is why we take special pleasure in mentioning his works sent to the Decennial Exhibition; they mark the successive advances of his talent. First of all is the small group from the Luxembourg Museum, *Salammbô and Matho*, where the sculptor has perfectly comprised Flaubert's conception while at the same time knowing how to observe for himself. It is a work full of life and science and also of feeling and passion.

M. Rivière had then returned from Tunis and thought of translating his impressions and notations of the Orient in other statuettes and groups. He has fully succeeded in his marvellous *Sunnam Virgin*, where ivory and onyx are mingled in perfection.

Other domains, in history and legend, have tempted this sculptor. Thus, this warrior who strikes his last blow with a gesture of such beauty and fulness; and this delicate group of Fra Angelico in ecstasy, while the angels at his side paint his divine frescoes.

It would be impossible after several promenades employed in studying all these pieces of sculpture—and overlooking some slight

defects of arrangement—not to have an essentially favourable souvenir. Our French School of Sculpture succeeds in being at once traditional and innovating. We here see such artists as the Falguières, Peuches, Frémiets, Barriases, Allards and Bouchers remaining classic, while others, on the contrary, the Rivières, Fix-Masseaus, Bourdelles and Claudelles, succeed in attracting us by fresh sensations and new technical methods. It is these two currents that give to the visitor to the Decennial Exhibition the unique impression that he has been able to look at once into the past and the future with the same confidence and admiration.

HENRI FRANTZ.



A. DEVAMBEZ.

Upon the Grass.

SALON OF 1900

LIST OF AWARDS.

PAINTING.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. F. HUMBERT.

Second Medals.

MM. C. MOULIN, A. GRANCHI-TAYLOR, H. L. M. PINTA, L. M. J. RIDEL, C. H. DELPY, V. LEYDET, A. LALIRE, P. C. CHOCARNE-MOREAU, E. TRONCY, M^{me} H. RICHARD, MM. J. VERDIER, F. LAUTH.

Third Medals.

MM. H. E. ROUSSEAU, L. JACQUOT-DEFRANCE, C. SIMS, E. SUAU, J. M. AVY, M^{lle} B. LENIQUE, MM. E. ZIER, L. ALLEAUME, M^{lle} JACQUES-MARIE, M. P. LEGRAND, A. DÉCHENAUD, M^{me} F. VALLET-BISSON, M^{lle} M. S. GREENE, MM. N. A. LAURENS, H. TENRÉ, D. F. BOYDEN, M^{me} O. WISINGER-FLORIAN, M^{lle} C. DE CHAUSSE, MM. F. BAIL, R. E. MILLER, G. PIERRE, A. LEVÊQUE, P. BOUCHARD, G. INNESS junior, R. C. E. HIS, L. STOLTZ, A. LALAUZE, A. G. VOISARD-

MARGERIE, E. W. COT, P. ANTIN, E. FOUGERAT.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. R. M. GUILLAUME, C. BOIRY, J. P. ALIZARD, G. PIGEARD, A. L. MESTRALLET, J. G. FERRY, C. H. G. DAGNAC-RIVIERE, M^{me} A. OPPENHEIM, MM. G. SEIGNAC, R. BALIGANT, G. C. RIVIÈRE, M. H. NAJERA, M^{lles} J. PINOT, A. DE F. PARSONS, MM. E. STAIGER, J. L. E. LANET, C. GENTY, J. B. BAUDIN, E. B. SELMY, A. W. ABLETT, A. DEACON, F. R. GREEN, M^{lle} C. BERLIN, MM. C. BESSET, G. E. BONNETON, J. OLSSON, A. SWIEYKOWSKI, A. LORIEUX, PARKER-LAWTON, P. BELLANGER-ADHÉMAR, M^{lle} M. L. LUCAS, MM. C. DENET, B. DE SZANKOWSKI, L. PETIT, M^{lle} V. PÈPE, MM. P. RIBÉRA, F. PLANQUETTE, G. H. MARCHETTI, L. PRINTEMPS, M^{lles} J. d'HAZON, J. H. TIRMAN, M. J. B. F. RAGOT.

SCULPTURE.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. R. C. VERLET.

First Medals.

MM. H. COUTHEILLAS, H. VIDAL. *Medalists* : J. E. ROINÉ.

Second Medals.

MM. A. CARLI, G.-V. LEROUX, P. CURILON, J. B. A. CHAMPEIL, J. H. SCHMID, A. T. F. FOSSÉ.

Third Medals.

MM. H. F. VARENNE, P. RICHER, A. ABBAL, J. DÉCHIN, C. J. M. MATHIEU,

E. L. L'HOEST, L. BERTRAND, V. TOURNIER, P. R. CHRISTOPHE, A. M. VERDIER. *Medalists* : G. A. LAMBERT, F. A. M. A. LE DOURLE.

"Mentions Honorables."

M^{lle} S. BIZARD, MM. J. F. A. MALET, M. BLONDAT, E. BLIN, C. MILLES, X. SORTINI, R. DE CHATEAUBRUN, M^{lle} C. A. CURTIS-HUXLEY, M. K. J. ELDH, M^{lle} R. MATTE, MM. F. A. PLESSIS, J. LLANECES, M^{lle} E. Y. DIÉTERLE, MM. J. BAUWENS, C. G. CANIVET, M^{me} J. BISSON, MM. C. BRETON, H. WARD. *Medalists* : V. D. BREUNER, E. DAUSSIN, F. P. LASSERRE.

ARCHITECTURE.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. A. GUILBERT.

First Medals.

MM. D. DESPRADALLE, A. H. RECOURA.

Second Medals.

MM. P. BIGOT, A. R. G. A. PATOUILLARD,
M. DOURGNON, G. CALDERINI.

Third Medals.

MM. F. CAPRON, in collaboration with

M. G. RENEVEY, G. RENEVEY, in collaboration with M. F. CAPRON, G. DEHAUDT, L. L. MARTIN, H. V. BLANCHARD, E. P. DEMUR, G. GROMORT, in collaboration with M. A. LECLERC, A. LECLERC, in collaboration with M. G. GROMORT.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. H. L. DENEUX, A. J. BRUEL, G. P. J. CHAILLIER, E. MÉHU, S. BÉRAUD, E. T. E. M. BOIS, S. G. GRANDJEAN, A. L. RADEL, R. FOURNEZ, C. MONTEL.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY.

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. A. BOULARD.

First Medal.

M. A. MIGNON (*copper-plate*).

Second Medals.

MM. E. CHIQUET (*copper-plate*); P. V. AVRIL (*copper-plate*); F. E. M. BOUISSET (*lithography*); E. DUPLESSIS (*wood engraving*).

Third Medals.

MM. A. J. DELZERS (*copper-plate*); C. H. DUPONT (*copper-plate*); E. CHAHINE (*etching*); G. L. S. RODRIGUEZ (*etching*); F. JACQUE (*wood engraving*); G. FRANTZEN (*wood engraving*); A. E. LERAY (*wood engraving*); L. A. C. HODEBERT (*lithography*); M^{me} Z. GOLTDAMMER-DUPONT (*lithography*).

"Mentions honorables."

MM. G. POPESCO (*copper-plate*); C. BOURGEAT (*copper-plate*); P. DEVAUX (*copper-plate*); P.-P. CHENAY (*copper-plate*); M. FROMENT (*copper-plate*); M^{lle} M. STEIN (*etching*); M. F. LAING (*etching*); M^{lle} J. SEVRIN (*etching*); MM. P. L. POSELER (*etching*); A. P. M. DANGY (*etching*); P. ROUXEL (*wood engraving*); M^{lle} M. M. H. GAILLARD (*wood engraving*); MM. E. MARGARD (*wood engraving*); OUTREBON (*wood engraving*); G. E. LAVERGE (*wood engraving*); G. CLAUDE (*lithography*); L. HUVEY (*lithography*); M^{lle} L. DELBEUF (*lithography*); MM. G. STALIN (*lithography*); E. MENIN (*lithography*).

SUB-SECTION OF DECORATIVE ART.

(IN CONNECTION WITH THE 4 SECTIONS).

Third Medals.

MM. G. FALGUIÈRES, J. E. J. DESCOMPS,
G. PRÉVOT.

"Mentions Honorables."

M. A. P. L. QUÉNARD, M^{me} N. MARTIN-SABON, MM. M. E. DUFRÈNE, C. PIERRE, M^{lle} M. HERVIEU, M^{me} O. ANDRÉ.

Marie Bashkirtseff Prize.

M. J. M. AVY.

De Raigecourt-Goyon Prize.

M. F. C. CACHOUD.

Rosa Bonheur Prize.

M. A. GRANCHI-TAYLOR.

Salen Prize.

M. E. WERY.

LIST OF WORKS OF ART

PURCHASED BY THE STATE.

PAINTING.

MM. BEAUMONT (H. DE).	<i>Lunching.</i>
DUFOUR (C.).	<i>The Seine at Bonnières.</i>
LAURENS (P. A.).	<i>Solitude.</i>
LAVERY (J.).	<i>Father and Daughter.</i>
LECLERCQ (L. A.).	<i>"Give us this day our daily bread."</i>
RIDEL (L. M. J.).	<i>The Last Flowers.</i>
ROYER (H.).	<i>An Evening in Lorraine.</i>
THIÉROT (M. J. H.).	<i>Summer.</i>
THOMAS (P.).	<i>A Young Girl Reading a Letter.</i>
TRONCY (E.).	<i>Convalescent.</i>
WERY (E.).	<i>Amsterdam Boatmen.</i>

WATER-COLOURS, PASTELS, DRAWINGS.

MM. FABER DU FAUR (O. DE)	<i>Passing the Beresina (water-colour).</i>
LENIQUE (M ^{lle} C. A.)	<i>A Miniature.</i>

SCULPTURE.

MM. CARLI (A.).	<i>Christ and Sainte Véronique (plaster group).</i>
GREBER (H. L.).	<i>Death of the Chief (plaster group).</i>
RICHER (P.).	<i>A Woodman (plaster statue).</i>
ROGER-BLOCHE	<i>Portrait of Léon Lhermitte (bronze statuette).</i>



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PREFACE	Page 1
THE SALON OF 1900.—PAINTING	3
THE DECENNIAL EXHIBITION OF 1900. — PAINTING	47
— — — — — SCULPTURE	89
LIST OF AWARDS AT THE SALON OF 1900	97
LIST OF WORKS OF ART PURCHASED BY THE STATE AT THE SALON OF 1900	99

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAINTING.

	Page		Page
Adler (J.).	32	Devambez (A.).	96
Artigue (E.).	14	Édouard (A.).	22
Bail (Joseph).	36	Ferrier (Gabriel).	58*
Balestrieri (L.).	70	Flameng (Fr.). . . Frontispiece in colour	
Barillot (L.).	64	Flameng (Fr.). — <i>M^{me} Voular Larski</i>	4*
Baschet (M.).	52*	Fould (M ^{me} Consuelo).	8*
Bauer (F.).	20*	Fouqueray (Ch.).	32*
Benjamin-Constant.	6*	Gagliardini (J. G.).	7
Benoit-Lévy (J.).	38	Gervex (H.).	86
Béraud (J.).	56	Gorguet (A.).	42
Bernier (C.).	12	Granchi-Taylor.	26*
Besnard (P. A.).	74	Grolleron (P.).	28*
Blanche (J. E.).	9	Haquette (G.).	57
Bonnat (L.).	66*	Harpignies (H.).	84
Bouchor (J. F.).	81	Hart (M ^{lle} Emily).	18*
Bouguereau (W.).	2	Hébert (E.).	52
Bréauté (A.).	6*	Henner (J. J.).	44
Breton (Émile).	12*	Herrmann-Léon (C.).	62
Bridgman (F. A.).	22*	Humbert (F.).	4
Brozik (Vaclav de).	40*	Ingres.	1
Brunet (J.).	33	Knight (A. L.).	3
Buland (Eugène).	41	Knight (Ridgway).	18
Cei (C.).	65	Lagarde (Pierre).	13
Chabas (Paul).	46	Laurens (J. P.).	86*
Choquet (R.).	45	Laurens (P. A.).	37
Dameron (E.).	76	Lavery (J.).	10*
Dawant (Albert).	80	Le Dru (A.).	40
Debat-Ponsan (E.).	17	Lefebvre (J. J.).	60
Delasalle (M ^{lle} Angèle).	34	Leloir (Maurice).	72
Delorme (M ^{lle} Marguerite).	49	Lenoir (C. A.).	16
Demont-Breton (M ^{me} V.).	26	Lepère (A.).	82
Detaille (Édouard).	78	Levêque (A.).	8

	Pages		Page
Lévy (H.)	58	Roybet (F.). — <i>An Astronomer</i>	68
Lhermitte (L.)	66	Royer (Lionel)	24
Maignan (Albert). — <i>The Green Muse</i>	54	Schommer (F.). — <i>Madame D.</i>	50
Maignan (Albert). — <i>Fleeting Fortune</i>	54*	Schommer (F.). — <i>Mesdemoiselles</i>	
Martin (Henri)	44*	<i>H. H.</i>	50*
Olive (J. B.)	61	Sinibaldi (P.)	29
Orange (M.)	38*	Tanzi (L.)	25
Perrault (Léon).	53	Tenré (Henry)	77
Petitjean (E.).	21	Thirion (Eug.). — <i>The Republic</i>	48
Ricci (J.).	16*	Thirion (Eug.). — <i>Œdipus and Antigone</i>	48*
Richemont (A. de)	5	Vollon (Alexis)	20
Richter (Ed.).	28	Wagrez (J.)	24*
Ridel (L.)	14*	Weeks (Edwin).	91
Robert-Fleury (T.)	56	Wery (Émile).	30
Rochegrosse (G.)	68*	Zuber (J. H.)	88
Roybet (F.). — <i>M. Waltner</i>	10		

SCULPTURE.

Debienne (Mlle).	69	Gérome (J. L.)	90
Desca (E.)	85	Loysel (J.)	73
Frémiet (E.)	92	Ximenes (Hector).	94

ARCHITECTURE.

Grand Palace (the).	47
-----------------------------	----



