



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ART-NOTES FROM PARIS.



MONSIEUR CABANEL has seldom completed a more successful work than his just finished picture of 'Vashti,' which will probably be on exhibition in New York by the time these lines appear in print, as it was painted to order for Mr. Wilhelm Schaus. The figure is life-size, and is of three-quarter length. The fair and haughty Persian queen sits in a semi-regal state beneath the shadow of encircling draperies. She is most exquisitely lovely, the type of her beauty being at once refined, royal, and Oriental. The thick, heavy tresses of her jet-black hair escape from beneath a high Persian cap of azure and gold. Her robe of white gauze wrought with gold is open in front so as to show her beautifully moulded throat, and her perfect arms are left exposed by the loose, backward-falling sleeves. A drapery of transparent golden gauze is fastened below the hips by a jewelled girdle fastened with a large round rose-shaped clasp set with gems. With a gesture full of dignified command and eloquent of refusal, she signs with the handle of her fan to the messenger from King Ahasuerus in token of his dismissal. The head and hand of this messenger are alone visible, the latter, with open palm and fingers extended towards the spectator, being a very remarkable bit of foreshortening. The face and the upper part of the figure of the beautiful queen are in shadow—a transparent *clair obscur* that lends to the personage a most appropriate tinge of mystery and seclusion without in the least obscuring the outlines or the colouring. The execution of the picture is in the highest degree masterly. Cabanel has of late years done nothing finer and but few things as fine. The hands and arms, for instance, are marvellously painted, and particularly the hand that holds the fan with its blue tracery of branching veins, showing beneath the pearly transparency of the skin. All the accessories of the picture, the costume of the queen, the chair in which she sits, with its vividly hued, incised ornamentation, her long, pointed feather fan, its handle set with a stone of a peculiar greenish blue, are all the fruits of minute and careful archæological research. One fault alone can be found with the work, and that was expressed by an American critic who, on viewing it, turned to M. Cabanel with the declaration, "Monsieur, so lovely have you made your 'Vashti,' that neither Ahasuerus nor any other sovereign on earth could ever have found it in his heart to repudiate her."

M. Cabanel has just commenced a picture, in cabinet size, of 'The Casket Scene,' from "The Merchant of Venice." Though still merely a sketch, it already shows the master's hand in its drawing and grouping. He has appropriately placed his personages in a lordly hall divided by columns. Within these columns, to the right of the spectator, stand the caskets, *Bassanio* has just laid his hand on the leaden casket, and turns to look at *Portia*, who sits at the right, surrounded by her ladies and other personages of her suite. Her attitude is eloquent of the overwhelming joy and glad relief from suspense, told in the passionate exclamations wherein her long-pent-up emotion finds vent:—

"O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit."

Nerissa, standing behind her, holds back the voluminous curtain that else would veil the caskets and the fortunate wooer from our view.

M. Cabanel's studio also contains three portraits. That of Miss Eva Mackay is as delicate and refined in tone and treatment as is the shading of the plumage on a dove's wing. The fair sweet face with its brown transparent eyes, expressive mouth, and finely outlined features, fronts the spectator a very realisation of Longfellow's vision of girlhood. The portrait of Miss Louise M——, a New York belle, is less daintily youthful in costume. The young lady, who is very lovely and winning, is attired in a draped polonaise of pale-green silk over a striped white skirt, and has a small feather placed in her hair. The face is very charming and is an admirable

likeness. Near it is placed a just completed portrait, of a young French lady, a native of Normandy, and of English descent. The features are delicate and attenuated, the hair of a reddish gold, and the aspect and expression tell of fragile health. Her dress, of bluish-green velvet and silk, is admirably painted, its hues suiting the pale, undecided tints of the complexion of the wearer to marked advantage. Despite the later successes of Bonnat and Carolus Duran in the difficult field of portraiture, Cabanel still preserves unrivalled his supremacy as a painter of ladies' portraits. No other artist can so well combine masterly execution with the power of transferring to canvas the grace and distinction of an elegant lady, the purity and sweetness of a carefully nurtured young girl.

M. Castiglione is now at work on a large painting which promises to be one of the most successful of his later efforts. It is something in the style of Vibert by reason of the number of clerical characters introduced, as well as by the finish of the execution. It is called 'Une Vocation Manquée,' a title which it is next to impossible to translate. It represents a young and beautiful girl, a blonde with long golden hair escaping from under a broad, shady hat lined with blue silk, posing to an artistically disposed cardinal for her portrait. She is an elegant and high-bred young lady and is superbly attired, her robe of white satin wrought with gold sweeping in graceful folds over the edge of the platform on which her chair is placed. Near the centre of the foreground sits the cardinal intent upon his work. Behind him an old bishop sits watching his progress with an interested gaze, while an old monk leans over the bishop's chair and smiles sarcastically at the work. A handsome, fair-haired lady, robed in blue, presumably the mother of the fair sitter, also watches the movements of the cardinal's pencil. A Capuchin monk at the farther side of the room turns over the leaves of a richly-illuminated manuscript volume with a wearied air; he looks as though he were awaiting the cardinal's leisure and was very much bored in the process. Two priests peep shyly in through the door as if marvelling at the new occupation of his Eminence. The room itself is a magnificent Venetian interior—a study, by-the-way, from the audience-hall of one of the most splendid of the old Italian palaces. M. Castiglione, while in Italy a year or two ago, brought back a large store of studies of Italian interiors as well as of Italian landscape. The colouring of the picture is singularly rich in tone, the scarlet robes of the cardinal and the sheeny white satin of his sitter's dress lighting up with good effect the sombre magnificence of the apartment. The heads of the old bishop and his attendant priest are very characteristic, and are finely executed. This picture is destined for the *Salon* of next year.

M. Castiglione has also nearly completed a small-sized picture of great beauty representing 'Olivia and Sebastian,' from Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The moment chosen is that succeeding the first scene in the fourth act, wherein Olivia adjures Sebastian to accompany her to her dwelling:—

"Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go."

"Seb. Madam, I will."

Olivia, a superb and stately lady in a splendid robe of white and gold slightly veiled by a short cloak of emerald-green velvet embroidered with coloured flowers, is leading her young and willing captive across the entrance-hall of her abode. Her face is turned to his, and she is whispering some sweet confession in his ear. Sebastian, who is a personable young gentleman, looks somewhat puzzled yet wholly charmed at his unexpected good fortune in thus suddenly winning the heart of so fair and virtuous and noble a lady as the Countess Olivia. Beyond the doorway in the background, a group of *Olivia's* attendants comment together in the antechamber, and cast inquiring glances in the direction of the enamoured pair. M. Castiglione has also well under way a view of the Champs-Élysées, taken during a bright afternoon in the early summer. The point chosen is just a little below the Palais

de l'Industrie, whose long façade, crowned with its wreath-offering statue of France, rises at one side. The lovely avenue stretches away in the sunny distance with the Arc de Triomphe revealed at the end of the long perspective. The roadway is crowded with

carriages and horseback riders, while on the sidewalk beneath the trees sit groups of ladies and children surveying the scene. It is a brilliant and animated work, and well reproduces a characteristic page of Parisian summer life.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.



HE claim of that young and promising organisation, the Philadelphia Society of Artists, that its second annual exhibition, which was opened in that city on the 1st of November, contains "the finest collection of American Art ever brought together in this country," is by no means a bold one—as any intelligent spectator of that noble array of pictures can testify. There he will see, among other attractions, forty-five American pictures from the Paris *Salons* of 1880, 1879, and 1878, and this fact alone he will recognise as sufficient to emphasise the importance of the event. In no previous year would such a display have been possible; for it is very doubtful if in any previous year there have been in Europe, available for transportation, so large a number of American works that had received the coveted honour of places in the *Salon*. Certainly in no previous year were there in existence forty-five such pictures so notable in quality as these. More American artists than ever before are now studying Art in Europe, and more creditable than ever before is the present exhibition of the triumphs of their professional genius and skill. It is in the excellence of these artists, fresh from the later European training, that the true and distinctive glory of the Philadelphia exhibition consists.

Not that the earlier Americans are inadequately represented in this magnificent display—emphatically not. These artists are present in strong force. Mr. Bellows is there with his 'Hillside in Chester County, Pennsylvania,' and his elder sister carrying her young brother 'Into the Sea.' Mr. J. G. Brown is there with his 'John Anderson, my Jo'—as carefully painted and expressive a *genre* as he ever touched a brush to—and with several girl children, each by herself in the fields and the sunshine. Mr. J. B. Bristol is there, with more than a 'Glimpse of Lake Champlain, from Vermont.' Miss Fidelia Bridges, perhaps, was never more refined and winning than in her treatment of 'Pond Lilies.' Mr. Samuel Colman, with his 'Dutch Boats at Low Tide, Antwerp;' Mr. J. F. Cropsey, with his latest reminiscence of 'The Mohawk Valley,' and of 'Autumn on the Wawayanda;' Mr. M. F. H. De Haas, with his well-drawn waves off 'The Beach near Flushing, Holland;' Mr. Henry Farrer, with his modest water-colours, especially with the tender charm of the 'Twilight;' Mr. Edward Gay, with his 'Echo Bay;' Mr. Swain Gifford, with his cool 'Beach Road,' his lonely 'Aged Companions,' and his fading 'Autumn Grasses;' Mr. Heade, with his flowers; Mr. Hetzel, with his pre-Raphaelitish 'Quiet Nook on the Cowanshannock;' Mr. David Johnson, with his admiration for Rousseau; Mr. George C. Lambdin, with his 'Portrait' and his 'Roses;' Mr. Joseph Lyman, Jr., with his 'Beach at Perce, Canada;' Mr. McCord, with his golden sunshine; Mr. McEntee, with his hymns that sound so like dirges; Mr. Charles H. Miller, with his large 'Oaks at Creedmoor,' and a drove of cattle receding under them; Mr. Peter Moran, with his shivering sheep in a storm; and Mr. Edward Moran, with the full-blown sails of his sea-craft; Mr. W. H. Beard, with his evolutionary tributes to Mr. Darwin's sagacity—this time a man-monkey holding a baby and named 'The Prehistoric Henpecked;' Mr. Arthur Parton, with his sensitive landscapes that need only foreign recognition to gain home praise and dollars; Mr. Arthur Quartley, with his presentation of the new in things familiar; Mr. Satterlee, Mr. Shurtleff, Mr. Story, Mr. George H. Smillie, Mr. Wordsworth Thompson, Mr. Van Elten, Mr. Wilmarth, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Yewell—all are present in the noble galleries of the Academy Building—galleries which, by-the-way, are more commodious and more in number than those of the corresponding institution in New

York. Yet the new-comers from Europe naturally receive the lion's share of attention, partly because they are new-comers, partly because of the freshness of their subjects, and partly because of the interest belonging to a comparison of their methods of technique with those of the famous masters under whom they have been studying.

It is, for instance, not necessary to be told that Mr. William A. Coffin is a pupil of Bonnat; his 'Idylle' discloses that fact at once. The painting of the flesh-tones of the nude woman seated on the bank of a stream that flows towards the spectator out of a dark, almost hidden forest background is obviously an amateur's exposition of Bonnat's professional processes. Clever work it is, too, in boldness and vigour of modelling as well as in representation of flesh, and a fine sentiment breathes from it all; only no painter educated in this country, outside of the admirable schools of the Art-Students' League, could possibly have laid paint on as Mr. Coffin, with the advantages of training in Bonnat's studio, has done. Mr. F. A. Bridgman, whose experience under Gérôme has stamped his style unmistakably, appears with four important examples—'The Burial of a Mummy on the Nile,' 'A Royal Pastime at Nineveh,' 'An Interior at Biskra: Arab Women weaving the Burnous,' and 'Tents of the Nomads, Plains of Biskra, Algeria'—all of them from the Paris *Salon*. Mr. Blashfield, dissimilar in mechanical means though he is to Mr. Bridgman, has much in common with Gérôme; the spirit of the latter's well-known picture, 'Ave Cæsar! Morituri te Salutant,' is echoed in the former's 'Roman Ladies—a Fencing-Lesson at the School for Gladiators,' and not feebly echoed either; the spectator who has studied Gérôme's work feels that, at Blashfield's age, Gérôme himself would by no means have been ashamed of his pupil's composition and textures. In the 'Aviary: Roman Ladies playing with Birds and Tiger,' in 'The Besieged hailing an Army of Deliverance,' and in 'The Music-Lesson: a Roman Slave-Girl teaching Children,' Mr. Blashfield has varied his theme sufficiently to demonstrate his capacity successfully to deal with figure-subjects of any kind—not excepting portraits; and no notice of his recent work or of Mr. Bridgman's would be satisfactory which did not recognise cordially the largeness of the ambition of these industrious and capable artists. But the two young Americans who just now have secured the most eligible niche in the temple of European fame are Mr. William L. Picknell and Mr. E. L. Weeks. The former sends to Philadelphia his very extraordinary landscape, 'La Route de Concarneau,' which was a real "sensation" in the *Salon* of 1880, and his less notable landscape 'Sur les Bords du Marais,' also from the same *Salon*; the latter is represented by a single specimen, 'A Street in Cairo,' superb in the colours of its architectural façades, of the embroidered stuffs that adorn the camels, and of the costumes worn by men. It is a feast of subdued but glowing and perfectly harmonised tones, and the drawing is masterly besides; while Mr. Picknell, in his 'Route de Concarneau,' a turnpike of white sand in the centre of a level, shrub-grown landscape under a flecked blue sky, has painted sunshine, atmosphere, and space, as any painter, ancient or modern, might have been pleased and proud to have done—painted them without mannerism, without plagiarism, and, as an artist would say, without paint. The sense of paint is wanting. The picture is Nature herself, subjected to artistic conditions, and sampled in a frame.

The works of Messrs. Beckwith, Bunner, Bunce, F. S. Church, Eakins, Fowler, Swain Gifford, Hovenden, Bolton Jones, Pearce, Patterson, Sartain, J. R. Tait, and Ward, and of Miss Sarah P. B. Dodson, are other notable members of this collection.