



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.

that will serve many useful purposes. A very good idea can be formed of the disadvantages under which the artist labours in attempting to give luminous qualities to his colour, from the fact that these results show that, even with the greatest care in mixing some of the colours, their brilliancy is nearly fifty per cent. less than when they are mixed by means of rotating disks. These same disks are painted, and the colours used are, of course, dull in comparison with those of the solar spectrum.

The subject of complementary colours is one of vital importance to the painter; indeed, without a knowledge of the complementary colours, he cannot produce with certainty a good painting—that is, one that is fine in colour. Of course, a knowledge of these experiments, arranged in coloured tables, would not enable any one to become a colourist, but a colourist would be assisted by them in the matter of quantity and quality.

Beginning with the most common complementary colours, the author explains how to produce hundreds and even thousands of pairs of complementaries; and he suggests that we repeat these experiments, and take notes with colour, so that his tables may be useful for future reference. Physical causes are given for the appearance of these complementaries according to the theory of Thomas Young. The chapter on the effect on colour of change in luminosity, and the one on the duration of the impression upon the retina, we pass over as being rather of a scientific character, and not adapted greatly to interest the general reader. The chapter on the modes of arranging colours in systems is interesting, and of some practical value, but would probably be seldom referred to.

Coming to the subject of the contrast of colour, the writer begins with the simple experiments usually employed for this pur-

pose, and then passes on to more complicated and original ones, giving contrast, diagrams, and a table of the distances of the colours from one another. Directions follow for the construction of a simple apparatus by which simultaneous contrasts can be studied. The remarks on modified contrasts and the harmonious relation of colour show a keen appreciation of what is most highly valued by painters and decorators, and what is considered by them absolutely indispensable to a fine work of colour. The treatment of gradation is almost entirely from the painter's point of view; no mere scientist, destitute of a practical knowledge of painting, could have written so understandingly on this difficult subject—a subject the comprehension of which marks the difference between the great colourists and the ordinary painters. Formulas are given for the balances of colour in many books, but they have very little practical value; and Professor Rood, who is perfectly aware of this fact, says that the matters should be left to the taste and judgment of the painter. Probably, the only way of getting any intelligent instruction on the subject, would be to study the paintings of the best colourists. Formulas of the quantities and qualities of colour necessary for a painting can hardly be serviceable, when the subject of the interchange of colour plays so important a part in a good painting.

We cannot wholly agree with the writer in his opinion that form is so much more important than colour. Of course, form is necessary to the proper explanation of objects, but who can measure the importance of the influences that come from beautiful colour? The charm of the sunset sky is not dependent upon form, neither in the impressive solemnity of the twilight that precedes the night. The author's discourse on chromatic composition, with which the volume ends, is most charming.

ART-NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.—THE DE NITTIS EXHIBITION.—MANET AND THE IMPRESSIONISTS.—M. BAUGNIET.—THE BLANCHARD SALE.—MR. SCHAUS IN PARIS.



HERE has been an unusual activity reigning in the world of Art during the present month. Generally speaking, April is very devoid of Art-topics of interest, owing to the near approach of the opening-day of the *Salon*. The artists have laid aside the brush and palette, and are meditating new themes; the preliminary exhibitions are closed, the picture-dealers are awaiting the vast display of the coming month, and stagnation is the universal rule. This year has brought about a notable change in this respect. The growing opposition to the *Salon* has taken form and shape in a number of private or minor exhibitions, all of which are interesting.

The second exhibition of the French Water-Colour Society is, in reality, its third, but as the intermediate one was made up of oil-paintings by its members, they do not seem to count it. I understand that they will never organise another exhibition of works in oil. Their last one was brilliantly successful both in an artistic and a pecuniary point of view, but it brought upon them so many demands for membership from the painters in oil, that they have determined to entrench themselves resolutely within the limits of their original plan. Not but what they would gladly have extended their circle if they could have done so, but the rooms that they have at their disposal for exhibition purposes are by no means large, and could not accommodate the works of a larger number of members than they now possess. Besides, as they founded their society as aquarellists they have decided that it will be best, hereafter, to restrict their exhibitions to water-colours merely—a wise decision, and one by which the galleries of the *Salon* will probably profit hereafter.

Detaille, among all the masters of water-colour who are represented on the walls of the elegant *salons* of the Rue Lafitte, shows supreme by the size and importance of his contributions, and the blended force, truth, and refinement of their execution. They are all English subjects, the young painter having recently paid a long

visit to London for the express purpose of studying English military types. First we have 'The Scots Guards returning from Drill through Hyde Park,' admirably painted, and full of life and expression. The scene is the main drive of the Park, under the soft, misty atmosphere of an English May. The white-coated Guards fill the central foreground with a needed effect of light; the foliage has the delicate tinting of early spring, and the general colouring is subdued. The varied English personalities have been perfectly caught and reproduced, not only in the countenances of the soldiers, but in the dress, *physique*, and general bearing of the bystanders. The young girl in a poke-bonnet and scanty skirts, who is holding a little boy by the hand, the pretty *equestrienne* sitting trim, erect, and graceful on her fine thoroughbred, the young gentleman-promenader with his umbrella under his arm, the blue-coated mounted policeman who waves back the advancing carriages with an authoritative gesture, are all distinctly and characteristically English. So, too, are the personages of Detaille's other large work, 'The Parade-Hour at the Tower of London.' The scene is the open space in front of the main gateway. A detachment of red-coated soldiers are just going through their exercise. A group of tourists, under the guidance of a good-natured-looking old beef-eater, occupy a prominent place in the foreground. Each individuality, from that of the stiff old gentleman who cares but little for the sight, down to the eager foreigner, who, with spectacles on nose, is busily engaged with his guide-book, has been carefully studied and accurately reproduced. Two small single figures, one of a Scotch piper and the other of a British grenadier, fill out the panel devoted to the works of Detaille.

Louis Leclair exhibits six works, all remarkable for the frolic grace and dainty fantasy of their conception, and for the delicate minuteness of their finish. One of the most remarkable of these is a fan, the subject of which is entitled 'Besieged,' and verily the poor hero of the picture *is* besieged with a vengeance. A young and handsome monk has built for himself a hermitage amid the

branches of a tree, and lo! the Seven Capital Sins, impersonated by seven aerial and beautiful female forms, have sought him out in his high-perched abode. They float through the air and hover amid the branches of the great tree, one offering him a casket of gold, another a laurel crown, a third a bishop's mitre, while a fourth has suspended, right under his saintship's nose, a basket heaped with fruits and dainties and bottles of wine, while still another, and she the most dangerous of them all, has no other lure than the warm, glowing loveliness of her own face and form. The poor man peers from the window of his cell in sore dismay. There is a wonderful charm about this delicate and elaborate design, the grouping is singularly graceful, the movement of the figures is full of airy witchery, and the colouring is as daintily brilliant as a butterfly's wing or the petal of a flower. The 'Promenade Sentimentale' shows us a *bourgeois* yet comely couple in sixteenth-century attire, who are taking a walk together, looking unutterable things at each other meanwhile. 'The Bouquet' represents an elderly gentleman with a huge bunch of roses in his hand, who is knocking at the door of his lady-love's abode, and looking up meanwhile at the balcony overhead to see if she heeds his coming. Vain hope! there is no one there. Three small and finely-painted figures complete the contributions of Louis Leloir.

Vibert has given his frolic imagination play in the two largest of the pictures that he has sent to the exhibition. These are called, respectively, 'The Roof-Menders,' and 'What the Roof-Menders saw.' In the first-named work, a party of workmen engaged in repairing a roof have paused in their toil to look down through the hole they have just made. Pigeons and swallows circle around or perch on the lofty and elaborate weathercock. The companion painting shows a superbly ornamented bath-room, with a group of gay girls in white bathing-dresses, engaged in diving and swimming in a vast, marble-lined tank; others, wrapped in dressing-gowns of Japanese silk, repose on the cushions or partake of refreshments; there are one or two elegantly-dressed ladies looking on, and the whole installation has a luxurious and Oriental aspect. Both these pictures have been purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt, I am told, the price paid being \$5,000 each. Vibert would not be Vibert if he sent any pictures to an exhibition without having at least one ecclesiastic among his personages, and here he is, the hero of the work, entitled 'The Burned Letter,' a young dark-eyed slender cardinal, who is burning in the flame of a brasier some tell-tale document or other, his scarlet robes showing, with a rich effect of colour, against the dusky-hued tapestries and marbles of the background.

Lambert's cats are marvels in their way, and so it causes the spectator no surprise to learn that the fan that figures among his contributions has been sold for the sum of \$1,400. Yet the design is of the simplest—a row of cats' heads at the top of the fan, while below is painted a bow of blue ribbon with long, floating ends, as if meant to encircle all the pretty furry necks above it. But every head is different—tabby, tortoise-shell, white, black, Angora, &c., and every feline countenance wears a different expression; one has an aspect of sleepy beatitude, another is mewling, a third squalling, a fourth has just caught sight of a mouse, &c., &c. This charming device has been the success of M. Lambert's contribution, admirable as are his other works, and particularly one wherein an energetic cat family is laying siege to the cage of a starling. To be sure, the bird is not in the cage, but is sitting on the top of it well out of harm's way, but that trifling detail has not checked the progress of an enterprising small kitten, who is plunging into the cage head-foremost through the door, while the mother cat and the remainder of her progeny look on approvingly.

But I must not linger too long on the Water-Colour Exhibition, as other topics claim a portion of my space. So I will but signalise the Molière illustrations of Eugène Lami, Heilbut's 'Dans les Foulles,' Doré's very spirited reproduction of one of his illustrations to Rabelais (a mediæval street crowded with knights in armour in every stage of intoxication, with the good-natured giant looking down at them from the end of the street), and his 'Puck,' an elfin figure nestling amid the feathers of a huge owl, who is sitting in an ivy-bordered niche in some old wall. Then we have an exquisite scene of Spanish groups by Worms, &c., &c. The two large Details, 'The Roof-Menders' of Vibert, and the Leloir and Lambert fans, have been the "sensations," or rather the popular successes, of the present exhibition.

M. de Nittis is one of the revolvers against the *Salon*, but the reason of his rebellion is hard to understand, as the works of this eminent Italian painter, who is so genuinely Parisian by his talent, have always found there ready acceptance and a good position. This year he has opened on the Avenue de l'Opéra an exhibition of his collected works, numbering some thirty in all, and comprising not only a number of pictures in oil but several aquarelles, gouaches, fans, and pastels. One of the largest and most impressive pictures in the exhibition is that entitled 'A London Sunday.' The point of observation chosen is Cannon Street, City, one of the busiest of the busy city's arteries of trade during the week. As the artist has portrayed it, the Desert of Sahara is scarcely more lifeless. The long thoroughfare stretches away one line of closed shop-windows, and barred doors. A cat or two are dimly visible in the distance, while overhead the dome of St. Paul's shows, illumined by a pallid gleam of mist-veiled sunshine. In the immediate foreground a solitary policeman stands at the corner of the street, looking stiff and official-like, and also, it must be confessed, not a little bored. A group of bootblacks behind him, with their boxes slung to their backs, yawn and gossip together, hopeless of a job. The desolation and the gloom of a London Sunday could hardly be better portrayed. The picture next it might fitly have been intended as a companion-piece, and called 'A Sunday in Paris.' It is a view of the upper part of the Champs Elysées on a sunny autumnal afternoon. The Arc de Triomphe rises in the background under the golden rays of the declining sun. The roadway is crowded with vehicles, from the elegant equipage of the millionaire to the lumbering cab with its red-waistcoated driver. The sidewalk is thronged with promenaders, and a group of pretty girls, sitting under the trees, occupies the immediate foreground. Then we have also a most charming picture of the 'Bird-Charmer of the Tuileries,' a brilliant summer scene, showing the garden aglow with flowers, while an elderly gentleman in the foreground calls around him the plump, chattering sparrows that dwell in the ruined home of kings, to receive from him their daily rations of bread. Across the sunlit sward falls the shadow of the unseen ruins. The snows of the past winter have inspired 'A Skating-Lesson in the Bois de Boulogne,' a most effective winter scene. 'A Lady at Hampton Court' is an admirably painted view of the Thames, taken at a point near the historic palace, with a fair young English lady in the foreground, seated on the bank and watching the gambols of a pair of ducks that are disporting themselves on the smooth surface of the river. Among the minor objects in the exhibition is a very effective winter view of the Avenue des Acacias of the Bois de Boulogne in water-colour, and a most curious fan that looks as though it were inspired by Mr. Dana's 'Solitude,' the design being a heaving, storm-tossed ocean, streaked with gold by the rays of the full moon that peers through a rift in the black clouds overhead. No boat, nor sail, nor fragment of wreck, no trace of human or of animal life is visible on the watery waste or in the storm-darkened atmosphere. The whole conception is far too weird and impressive for a feminine toy like a lady's fan.

The Impressionists have opened an exhibition at No. 1 Rue des Pyramides; but the most celebrated of the group, M. Manet, has not seen fit to join his forces to those of his brethren and sisters, and has gotten up, like M. de Nittis, an exhibition of his own on the Boulevard des Italiens. Of M. Manet it must be said that he is less mad than the other maniacs of impressionism. His pictures, which are admitted to the *Salon* without difficulty, show the hand of a master even amid their vagaries. His 'Beer-Drinker,' which figured at the Favre sale some years ago, and the portrait of M. Favre himself, in the character of 'Hamlet,' which was among the last of his contributions to the *Salon*, were replete with very strong and real qualities. Consequently, he is not to be judged by the same standard as are those who have joined the ranks of the Impressionists merely because it is easier to dash off an unnatural daub, defying all the rules of perspective and colouring, than it is to paint an accurate and carefully-finished picture. But, in truth, all these distinctions are useless. There are painters of talent and painters without talent, there are good pictures and bad ones, and these are the chief lines of separation. M. Manet's chief defect is that of the realist school, namely, a complete ignoring of the claims of beauty. When will Realism understand that there is as much reality in noble and lovely objects

as in mean and hideous ones—as much reality in a rose as in a cabbage, in a butterfly as in a caterpillar, in a refined and beautiful woman as in an ugly, coarse peasant? Yet M. Manet is not wholly devoted to the ugly and the commonplace, as the present exhibition proves. Therein is to be found a really fine and attractive group of portraits. That of Madame Zola, for instance, possesses much of the vaporous charm of Lawrence's works. The profile, called in the catalogue simply 'A Female Head,' would be altogether charming but for certain peculiarities in the drawing of the cheek and mouth. 'The Café-Concert,' which represents a workingman smoking his pipe before a table, reminds one of his 'Beer-Drinker,' by the breadth of its execution. Another picture, 'A Corner of a Café-Concert,' is remarkable for its effects of reflected light, and for a singularly powerful study of a broken-down man of the world among the personages. As to the rest—"that way madness lies."

M. Baugniet, the eminent Belgian painter, is hard at work on his picture for the Belgian National Exhibition. After the close of the exhibition it is to be transferred to the Musée Royale at Brussels, it being an order from the Government. It is called 'The Widow,' and represents two lovely young girls in picturesque, Louis XVI. costumes, visiting the interior of a fisherman's hut, and in the act of condoling with the young widow, who offers her baby for their inspection, while two chubby boys stand aloof and survey the visitors with abashed amazement. It may be brought as a reproach against the picture, that the young peasant-mother is far too refined and lovely for her supposed station in life—she is almost as daintily pretty and winning as are her two

fair visitors. M. Baugniet has also well under way two smaller pictures—one that of a young convalescent enjoying a breath of summer air at an open window and solicitously tended by her sister, while the other represents a youthful mother bending over the cradle of her first-born. These tender, graceful pictures of sweet home-life are replete with all the pure and kindly charm that M. Baugniet's pencil can impart so well. Refinement has its charm in Art as well as in Nature, the Realist school to the contrary notwithstanding.

The *post-mortem* sale of the late Edouard Blanchard's paintings, sketches, and drawings, took place the other day at the Hôtel Drouot. There is something peculiarly sad about the untimely demise of this young artist. He was only thirty-two when he died, leaving a wife and a young infant. He was a medal-winner of the *Salon*, and was rapidly rising in his profession. His last picture, 'Francesca da Rimini,' which was included in the sale, gives evidence of no common talent. The leading artists of Paris all sent contributions to the sale, which thus assumed a character of unwonted importance.

Mr. Wilhelm Schaus is now in Paris, and has made numerous and important purchases, including fine specimens of the talent of Corot, Diaz, and Daubigny; a brilliant Madrazo; an Italian girl by Bonnat, painted in his best manner; pictures by Jules Lefebvre, Vibert, Hector Leroux, and others. At the Water-Colour Exhibition he secured a charming work by Maurice Leloir, representing a young hussar in a rich uniform gallantly wading mid-leg deep in a stream to gather a water-lily for his lady-love.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURES.



AMONG recent Art publications none has so much unique interest as a selection from the works of Rowlandson, the caricaturist of the last century, just published by Mr. J. W. Bouton, of this city.* Rowlandson is principally known by his designs for Coombe's "Doctor Syntax," "The English Dance of Death," and "The Dance of Life."

He was contemporary with Gillray, another eminent caricaturist of the Georgian period, whose works have also been collected and edited by Mr. Grego. Rowlandson and Gillray were foremost among caricaturists in an age that was replete with humorous and satirical productions of the pencil. Rowlandson had less of the brutality and coarseness of Gillray, but the works of both are pervaded by a similar tone and purpose. When George III. was king, there were no subjects so congenial to the caricaturist's humor as the swarthy countenance of Fox, the red nose of Sheridan, the pointed features of Burke, or the rotund proportions of Lord North. In the two handsome volumes before us we see how Rowlandson dealt with these and other celebrities of his time; but more interesting even than political caricatures, the exact significance of which is sometimes lost, are those pictures which, through all their humorous exaggeration, reveal the manners, fashions, and weaknesses of the period they delineate. There is to-day no better means of studying phases of English domestic life than that which the pages of "Punch" afford; and caricaturists of every period, even sometimes quite unconsciously, give curious insight into customs and manners. A study of Rowlandson's caricatures is therefore a study of the period in which he lived (he was born in 1756, and died in 1827). His designs bring to light many curious minor facts, and often throw a side-light upon the litera-

ture of the time. They reveal also the great change that has come over our ideas of taste. Rowlandson's designs, as we have already said, are less coarse and brutal than those of Gillray, but, as compared with the work of John Leech and Maurier, they exhibit extraordinary evidence of the difference in the way of refinement that less than a century has brought forth. In these designs we see all the breadth, the unctious, and the grossness, of the earlier English comedy; they bear, indeed, just such a relation to Maurier's social sketches in "Punch" as the plays of three generations ago bear to the comedies of Robertson and Gilbert. Whether we today enjoy the fine hits of the humorists as well as our grandfathers did the riotous fun of the good old times, we cannot say. There was unmistakably then the boisterous and contagious laugh, but possibly a quiet chuckle may be as indicative of enjoyment as the loud guffaw. We probably find considerable pleasure in the old caricatures simply by way of contrast; and the revelation of bygone fashions has historic as well as personal interest. It is always delightful to transfer ourselves for brief moments to former epochs; and in these volumes, as one has well said, "we realise to the 'top of their bent' the modish vagaries of noblemen of fashion, and the extravagant eccentricities of the gilded butterflies of the hour; we see fraud, jugglery, jobbery, and quackery nailed up to obloquy; we relax our 'stern fronts,' and become cosy and convivial at roustering *symposia* uncounted, where the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul' shed lasting lustre on the banquet; we linger at festive boards, enlivened with the witticisms of gay spirits, the business of whose lives appeared to be prolonged pleasure; we hob-a-nob with the light-hearted, existence-cherishing members of circles of choice companions, whose society we are as loth to lose as those veteran convivialists were then reluctant to leave the good things which the gods had provided apparently for their especial jollification."

Mr. Bouton has published the volumes in sumptuous style, with an ample page, good paper, choice printing, and handsome binding.

* "Rowlandson, the Caricaturist: a Selection from his Works, with Anecdotal Descriptions of his Famous Caricatures, and a Sketch of his Life, Times, and Contemporaries." With Four Hundred Illustrations. By Joseph Grego, author of "James Gillray, the Caricaturist," &c. 2 vols., demy 4to. New York: J. W. Bouton, publisher.