

## THE PARIS PANORAMA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

### THE ARTISTS.



NE of the attractions of Paris during the International Exhibition was the Panorama of the Nineteenth Century, the production of two talented artists, M. Alfred Stevens and M. Henri Gervex.

Those in France best qualified to judge of such a production are unanimous in their opinion that it rises far above the general average of work of that class. Instead of merely putting on canvas, as is too often the case, confused masses of fanciful personages, the two artists have taken the trouble to paint life-like portraits of a thousand or more of the most illustrious men in French history, from 1789 down to the present year.

MM. Alfred Stevens and Henri Gervex, the authors of the panorama and of the following article, are not unknown in America.

M. Alfred Stevens is the elder. He was born in Belgium in 1830, and was the pupil of Navez, at Brussels. He came to Paris when only seventeen to work in Camille Roqueplan's studio and perfect himself in the technique of his art. Since then he has never left the French capital. By the time he attained his twenty-fifth year he was the object of considerable attention on the part of artists and connoisseurs; but the turning-point in his career may be said to date from the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, to which he contributed no fewer than eighteen paintings in oil-colors, some of which, notably "The Visit," "The Lady in Pink," "Miss Fauvette," "A Duchess," and "India in Paris," at once placed the young artist in the foremost rank of living painters. Ten years later M. Alfred Stevens exhibited "The Seasons," four panels that were purchased by the King of the Belgians, "The Lady in Yellow," "The Japanese Mask," "The *Mondaines*," "The Young Widow," "The Lady Visitors," "The Enigma," and "An English Lady taking a Walk." More recently he contributed to the world of art several well-known canvases, such as "The Little Boy," "View of Havre," and "Sunset at Sea," which greatly increased his reputation. While he takes rank among the best modern painters, he is also one of the most prolific.

M. Stevens is much above medium height, of commanding presence and vigorous frame,

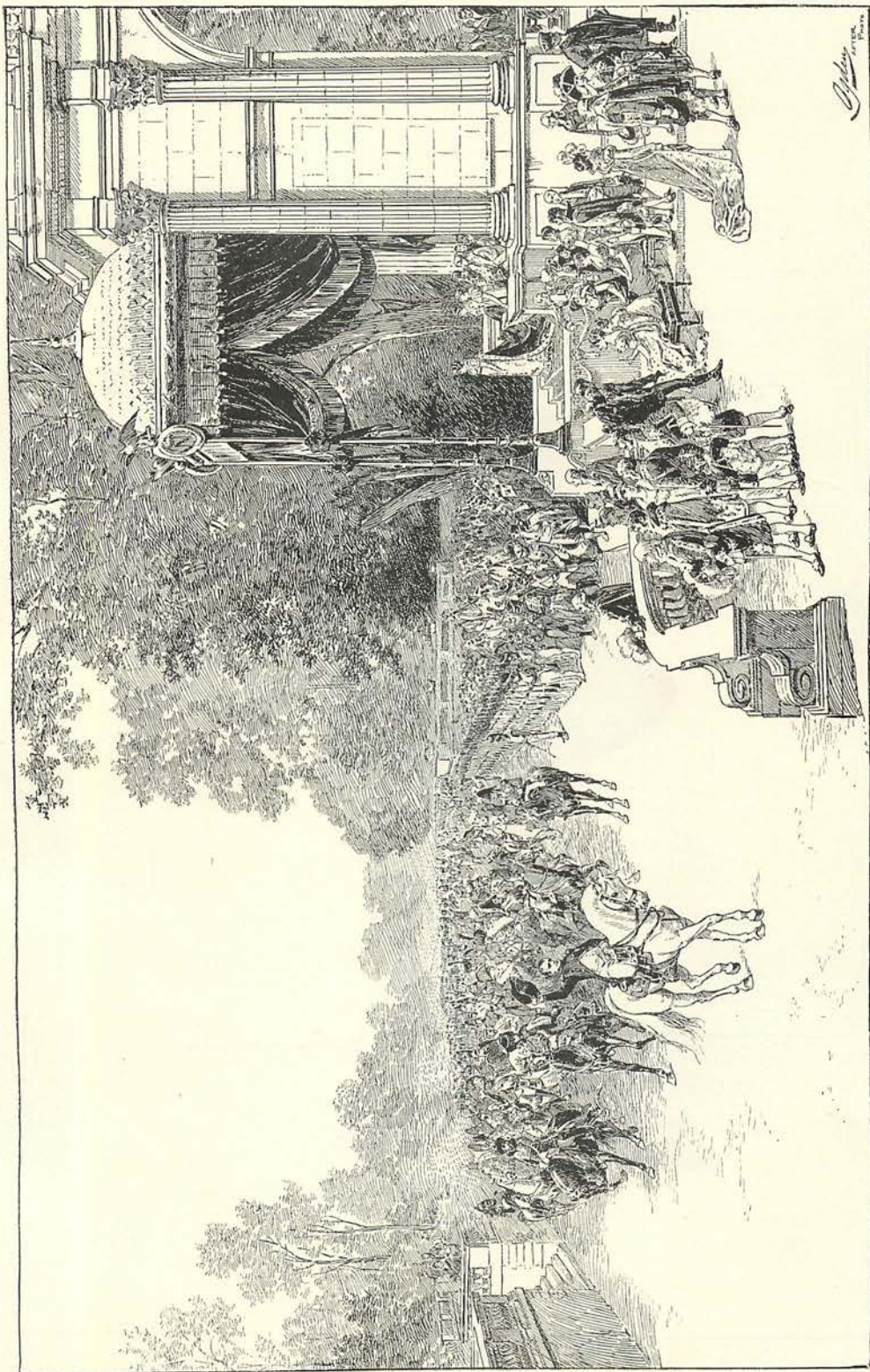
with a heavy gray mustache, which gives him a military air. His features are regular and evince great force of character. He holds a high position in the social world of Paris, and may lay claim to a favor rarely accorded to living men by the city fathers, that of having a street named after him.

M. Gervex is twenty-five years younger than his colleague, whose pupil he was formerly, and of whom some years ago he painted a most striking portrait. He was born in Savoy, at the foot of Mont Blanc, but he also came to Paris at a very early age, and began painting at fifteen, under the guidance of M. Brisset. Later he followed the lessons of Fromentin and Cabanel.

His *début* at the Salon dates from 1872, when he sent a study after the nude which was purchased by the state. Another work, "Diana and Endymion," sent the following year, was the object of considerable notice at the time; it figures to-day at the Luxembourg. Unshackled by the prejudices of the ultra-classical school, the young artist gave himself up entirely to the study of nature. He, too, desired to be "modern." All his more recent pictures bear the impress of that aim, as shown by "The Girl Communicants at the Church of the Trinity," "Rolla," and "Home from the Ball." In 1879 M. Gervex exhibited some cartoons for the decoration of one of the Paris *mairies* (mayoralty houses), and secured the order from the municipality over the heads of three hundred competitors. His subject was "Civil Marriage," and it ranks high as a work of art in the estimation of all connoisseurs. Among other of his works deserving of attention we may instance: "A Sitting of the Jury at the Salon of Painting," "After a Masked Ball, at Six in the Morning," "The Woman with the Mask," and "Dr. Péan at the Saint Louis Hospital." His pastel portraits of M. John Lemoine, the Prince de Sagan, M. Guy de Maupassant, and of some very pretty feminine heads, the Comtesse de Montebello, the Baronne de Heeckeren, and others, have attracted considerable attention.

M. Gervex is of medium height, with a pleasant and refined countenance. He is clever at repartee, full of merriment, and is a general favorite in society.

THEODORE STANTON.

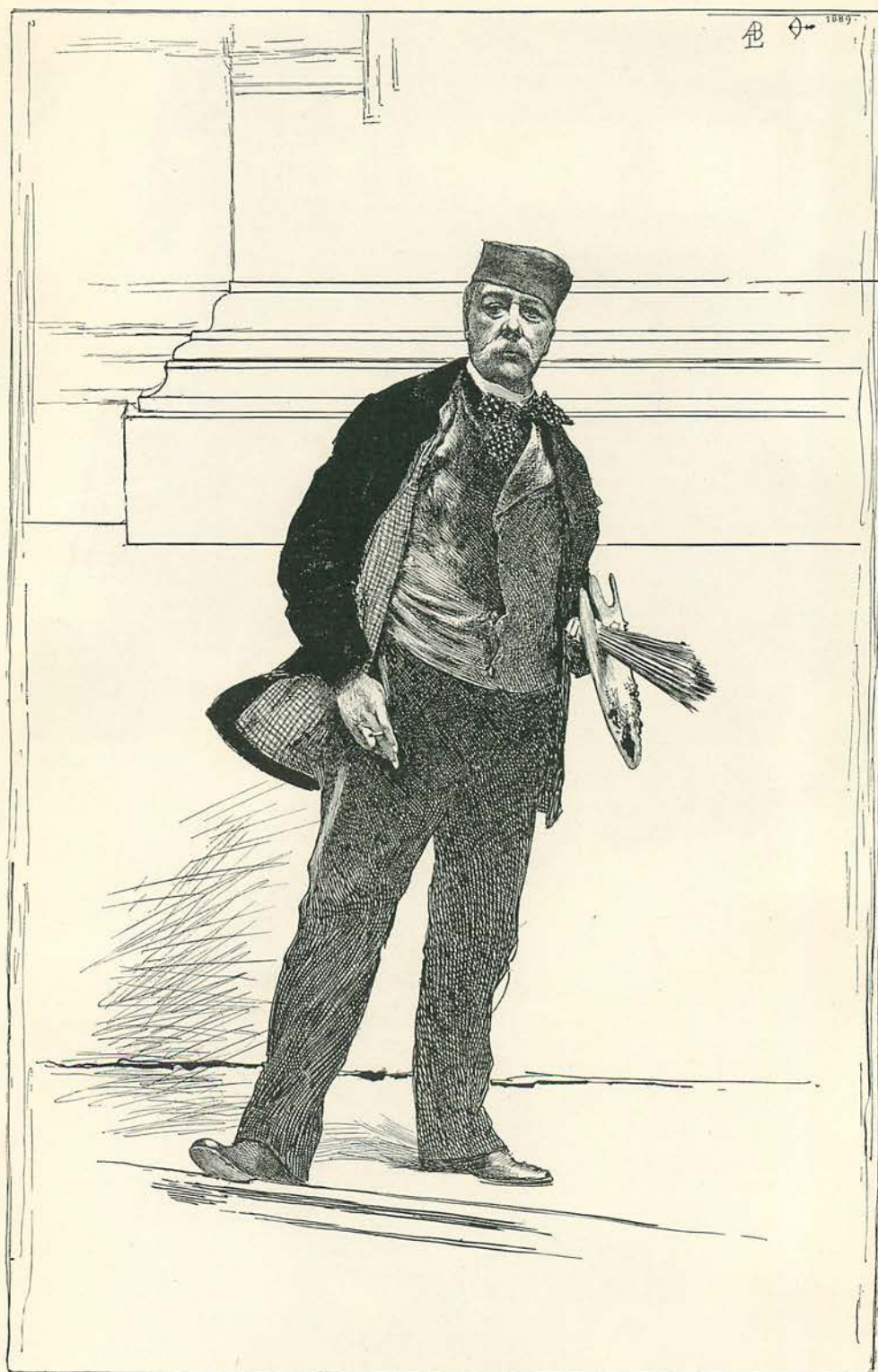


JOSEPHINE.

LANNES.

NAPOLEON. NEY.

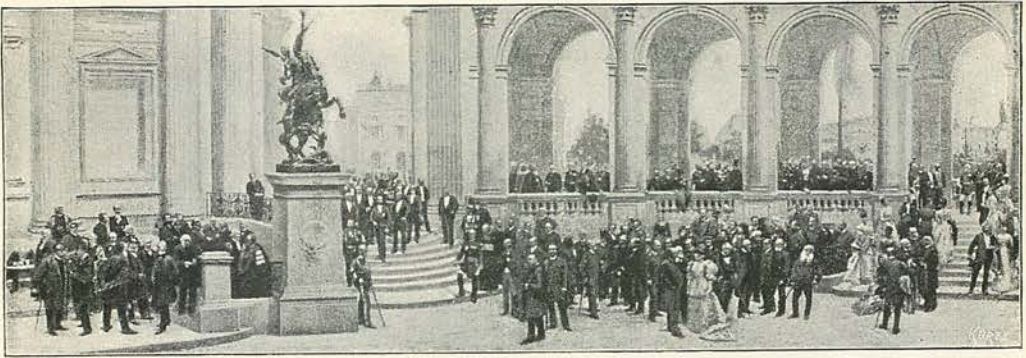
MURAT.



ALFRED STEVENS.



HENRI GERVEUX.



THE PANORAMA.

PARIS was not built in a day. The same may be said of our panorama, which, far from being an improvisation, is the outcome of long, deliberate reflection. The first faint notion of such an undertaking suggested itself to our minds as we viewed the fine exhibition of portraits of noted personages of this century which was opened six years ago on the Quai Malaquais. The curiosity with which the public examined the lineaments, the details of every-day life, and even the costumes of the celebrities who had disappeared within the last thirty or forty years, struck us forcibly as characteristic of the time. The same public may be seen daily crowding outside the shop-windows wherein are displayed the photographs of men and women of note, the gods and goddesses of the hour, professional beauties, ministers in office, celebrated actresses, notorious criminals—all those, in fact, to whom the gale of popular favor lends an ephemeral existence. Exhibitions, indeed, are the craze of the present century.

It appeared to us, however, that in thus ministering to the general taste photography usurped too large a share of the public attention. Why should not painting claim a like position before the world? Why should not the artist give attention to the variegated fancies of the age, and snatch from the living scenes that

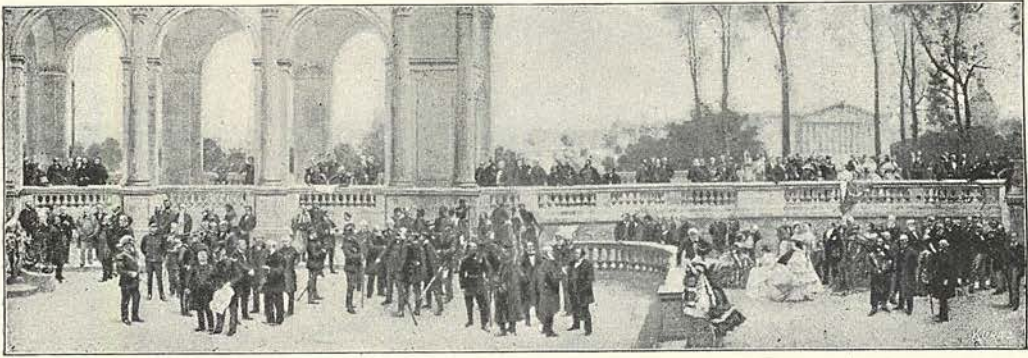
surround him a vivid sketch of Parisian life, depicting, for instance, a recent sitting at the Chambers, the last race at Longchamp, or the latest fashion in female attire? Surely such work would prove as interesting to the average sight-seer as the time-worn Andromeda, the ever-recurring Cleopatra, and all that Græco-Roman toggery with which even the French Institute itself is beginning to be heartily tired.

Often these questions came up during our long, familiar chats, when, of course, many an obstacle was suggested and many an objection propounded. Under what aspect were we to embody our notion of "actual" life? In a country so instinctively mobile as our own, might we not run the risk of wasting our time over a task that must perforce be out of date even before we had quite got through it? To execute a work that would last was of paramount importance, or we should have to give up the idea at once. Now, in order to compass such a result, and at the same time excite and retain public interest in the undertaking, we must needs find something more durable to paint than a mere picture of the present "fleeting hour." Our object should be rather to revive, if possible, a long period of time; a whole century, for instance, wherein the past and the present would be, so to speak, juxtaposed; a graphic representation that would afford to the eye of the spectator as many elements of comparison as possible, from an epoch when the French Royal Guards had muskets down to our own Lebel rifles, and from a time when our grandmothers had curtains to their bonnets until the present day, when our elegant and fashionable ladies wear feathers in their hats.

These views seemed so beautiful, so grand, so ambitious, and at the same time so difficult, nay, so impossible of realization, that we relinquished the thought of such a work as quickly as it had suggested itself to us. Indeed, we had given up all talk on the subject, when one fine spring morning, while taking a stroll after breakfast, we happened to come upon that



THE PANORAMA BUILDING (CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES).



lovely spot which every visitor to Paris delights especially to recall—the entrance gates to the Tuileries in front of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. Just at that moment we met two deputies, both friends of ours, who were coming from the Palais Bourbon.

“What news?” inquired we, by way of saying something, as they went by.

“Nothing,” was the answer. They were about resuming their walk, when one of them turned back.

“Oh, yes; by the way,” said he. “If this bit of news can be of interest to you, you are welcome to it. Yesterday the President of the Council of Ministers informed us that there would be an international exhibition in 1889, to commemorate the centenary of the Revolution.”

After which both took their leave.

An international exhibition! The first thought of two artists when such an announcement is made to them is to inquire mentally what space is likely to be reserved to their works in the fine-arts section, and to see what they can do to get as much length of wall as possible “on the line.” Absorbed in these selfish speculations, we held our peace for a while; when suddenly one of us struck the iron railing of the Luxor Obelisk with his cane, and exclaimed:

“I’ve an idea, my dear fellow; I’ve an idea!”

“What is it?” asked the other.

“Suppose we carry out our grand idea—the pageant of the century—for the exhibition of 1889? What do you say to a colossal panorama, where a spectator may review the last one hundred years of French history—a veritable *tableau-vivant* of the great men and the chief events of the century, evoked from out the past with all the witchery of historical reminiscences? One hundred years of history, which the sight-seer may review in half an hour, from Louis XVI. to M. Sadi Carnot; wherein, for instance,—not to go beyond the military, literary, and artistic orders,—General

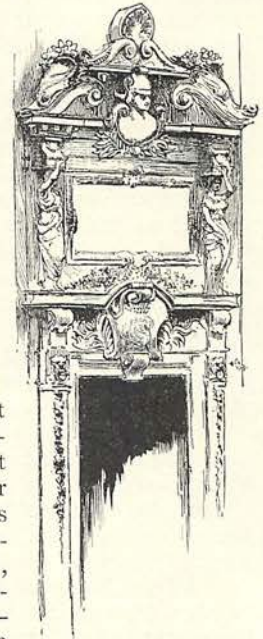
Lafayette, Beaumarchais, and Greuze would open the line of march, which Marshal MacMahon, Alexandre Dumas, and Meissonier would close!”

The one who made this suggestion spoke with such warmth that he soon brought conviction into the mind of the other, who in turn fired up, and replied:

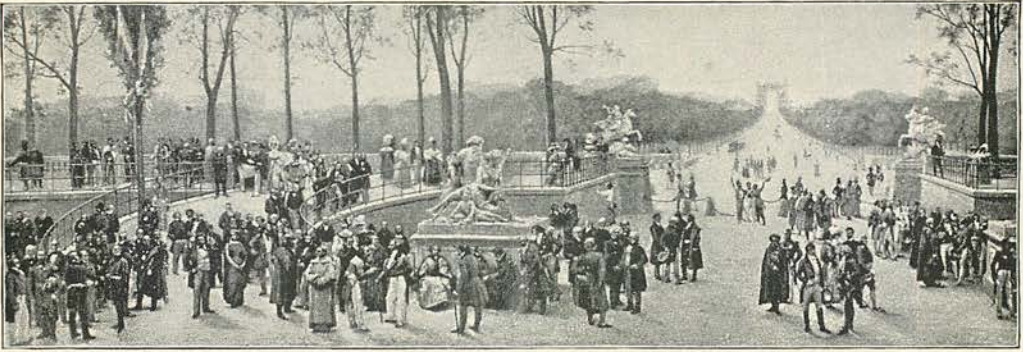
“You have hit upon the idea. Good! I have found the background for our picture. Do you know where I would propose placing this review of the century? Right here—yonder, in the Tuileries. The old palace of the kings

of France has, it is true, foundered in one of those political convulsions which afford subjects for our canvas; but the site remains. There lies the garden, and, beyond its trees, the eye catches sight, does it not? of the Louvre, which is only a prolongation of the Tuileries. We are standing in the full center, in the very heart, of Paris. All the great events of French history have been wrought within the circle of our present vision. Louis XVI., the Great Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, Napoleon III.—all have lived within that radius. Is not this

Place de la Concorde which skirts the garden even to-day the antechamber, so to speak, of the Chamber of Deputies, and the spot over which flows the Paris world of fashion and elegance on its way to the Champs-Élysées? And is not this the obelisk to which Théophile



THE ENTRANCE.



Gautier (a poet not to be forgotten in our panorama) lends the words :

Je vois, de janvier à décembre,  
La procession des bourgeois,  
Les Solons qui vont à la Chambre,  
Et les Arthurs qui vont au Bois.

"Yes, the Tuileries, long live the Tuileries! And, while I think of it, what matters it if the palace is destroyed? The personages of our panorama must not be crowded into an edifice. To be well seen, they must stand in the open air. As for the architecture, let us adopt lofty arcades, under which every figure may be brought out in a clear light, and above which may extend a long balcony filled with handsome women, all the queens of fashion, whether ladies of high rank or actresses, who for the last hundred years have, at one time or another, thrilled the heart of the great capital."

We shook hands and parted.

The matter was now settled between us. But we had to find a third associate who would furnish the needful capital. In less than three months we had done so. Our idea, it would seem, was not only artistic, but practical, for it won over at first sight bankers who were often less ready to subscribe even to a state loan. Shortly after, we drew up a brief outline of our scheme.

In the first place, we were to retrace with the brush an epitome of the whole history of France from 1789 to 1889.

Secondly. We decided to give as perfect a likeness as possible to all the personages, whether male or female.

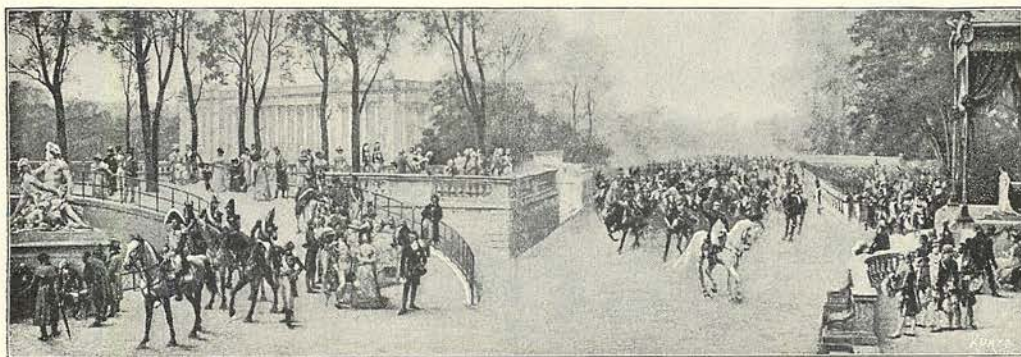
Thirdly. Our space being limited, we were to select from each reign or régime the more prominent scenes, and in so doing carefully set aside our own political preferences.

Fourthly. We were not to lose sight of the fact that our century is the century of Schopenhauer; but, at the same time, that our work must be as gay, chatoyant, and brilliant as possible.

These points being agreed to by both of us,

we set about obtaining full data to work upon. Soon our artist friends were at a loss to recognize us when they met us. They saw us coming home with huge, atlantean folios under each arm. They learned that we had been found at the National Library, absorbed in the reading of innumerable manuscripts. They missed us at our social gatherings, and heard that we had been seen in the company of M. Taine, that austere and rigid investigator of contemporaneous French history. For fully six months we were looked upon as demented. The truth is, that during that period of incubation we had profitably gone over again our academic education.

But the hardest part of our task was the research and reconstitution of the female fashions. Of course we readily found portraits in oils or pastel, engravings and prints of the time; but these were insufficient for the purpose of artists whose chief object was accuracy. The stuffs must be touched and handled; the cut of a skirt and the fit of a corsage must be seen to form a right judgment of the object to be painted. One epoch especially was found to be sadly wanting in proper documents about ladies' wearing apparel. We refer to a time when the famous crinoline was so much the vogue, in or about 1860. The fashionable beauties of the day, who have since become grandmothers, had kept no dress of that period; they had long been made over to their chambermaids. Toilets which had cost their husbands such big prices had long since passed from second-hand stores into the rag-picker's basket, and the once glittering and showy texture converted perhaps into this very sheet of paper upon which we are now writing. What were we to do? Where should we look to find the material with which a crinoline dress was made, so that we might fix its evanescent form and color on canvas? We knew of one odd Parisian character whose amusement it was to have dolls dressed up each year by the best *couturière*, in order, he alleged, to preserve to posterity a yearly sample of feminine futility; but the trouble was



that this otherwise precious collection began just one year too late, when the crinoline had gone out of fashion. A thought struck one of us.

"M. Worth, the renowned man-milliner, considers himself to be a great artist," said the speaker. "Now an artist, whoever he may be, always keeps a sketch of the works he sells. It is impossible, therefore, that a man of genius like M. Worth should have completely destroyed the fruit of his many midnight vigils. Let us go and see him. We may perchance yet find in a stray corner of his atelier some patterns or models of the fine dresses that in bygone years he sent out to the four corners of the known world."

The following day we called on the *couturier à la mode*. Our inference proved correct. Like a genuine artist, M. Worth had gathered as in a museum the works of his scissors for the last thirty years. The crinoline therefore figures in our panorama, and the sight of it will prove a piquant contrast with the tight-fitting style of dress, which is to-day much what it was when it came into favor twelve years ago, in 1877.

But the fact of amassing historical material and drawing up afterwards a general plan were only a part of our preparatory work. We had also to find assistants. However diligent we might be, a division of labor was imperatively demanded to get through our task by the appointed date. We sought the cooperation of several young artists of merit, who cheerfully responded to our call and labored under our supervision. Among these were M. Sinibaldi, M. Stevens, junior, M. Gilbert, and M. Picard, and for the architecture M. Cugnet. These young men were all on hand every morning at nine o'clock, and worked diligently at our studio in the Avenue de Clichy, in the midst of a picturesque but most disorderly array of stuffs, uniforms, helmets, and objects of all kinds, the *bric-à-brac* of a century.

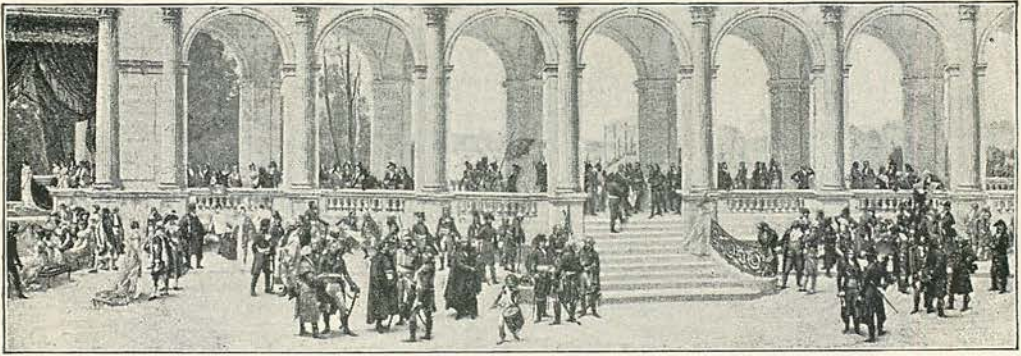
The sketching, which entailed two years of unremitting labor, was finally at an end. The

next step was to transfer it to the panorama canvas, giving to each figure a size eight times that of the original drawing.

This part of the work was by no means the least important to execute. We must here state that our undertaking is, strictly speaking, more of a decorative painting than a panorama. We have followed the example of the great masters, more especially the Italians—Raphael and Paul Veronese—when they did fresco painting. The process is simple enough. Our decorations were traced on large cartoons and the figures appeared of the size at which they were to be painted. The outlines of the drawings were all carefully punctured with a thick needle or pointed tool, so that when powder was rubbed over the holes the drawing was found reproduced on the canvas. By this means we were enabled to obtain a most accurate reproduction. Such an elaborate process is by no means necessary in the ordinary course of panoramic painting, and if we have had recourse to it, it is only from a sense of punctiliousness.

We shall now enter upon a general description of the whole picture, which is, of course, painted in chronological order. Our first panel brings on the scene some of the members of the States-General, convoked in 1789. The Tiers-État—a generic expression for the *bourgeoisie* and the people—figure in the costume of the time, with the short, black, plaited cloak then worn. A deputy from Brittany, however, appears in the picturesque garb of his province. From this group Mirabeau steps forward, his arm directed in defiant gesture towards the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, grand master of ceremonies at the court of Louis XVI. Around him gather the rising members of the Constituent Assembly, Duport, Lanjuinais, and Sieyès. The deputies of the nobility, such as the Marquis de Rochechouart-Mortemart, the two Lameths, the Prince de Broglie, and the Duc de Montmorency, stand apart from the rest and discuss the grave events preparing. Farther off, members of the clergy, in purple





mantle, white band, and skull-cap, are also visible, while somewhat withdrawn from them and taking notes is the Abbé Grégoire, who at a later day voted for the death of Louis XVI. In the foreground are three celebrated personages—Bailly, who was mayor of Paris; Necker, then Prime Minister to Louis XVI.; and General Lafayette, in appearance still proud of the laurels he had won in America. The general has on the full costume of commander of the National Guard—white buffskin breeches, blue coat, vest with white facings, and powdered wig.

Under one of the arcades are assembled the Girondins, and with them is Mme. Roland, the ruling spirit of their party. One young man of the group, however, turns away his head, and gazes afar off at Queen Marie Antoinette, whom he secretly loves, and who may be seen dressed in the transitory splendor of her court. By her side stand King Louis XVI. and her ladies of honor, among whom is the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. Louis XVI. wears the blue cordon over a mauve coat with lapels.

But events precipitate their course. Under the first arcade Camille Desmoulins, his arms upraised, incites the people to march on the Bastille. The Palais Royal is visible in the distance. Another background depicts the "Feast of the Federation." In the foreground are several members of the National Convention, among whom is Saint-Just; while under the same arcade cluster the terrible women of the Revolution, Théroigne de Méricourt and Cécile Renaud, attired in the cap and neckerchief of the time. Coming slowly down the staircase is another woman, who grasps a dagger in her hand and has her eyes steadfastly fixed on three men debating close by—Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. We know for whose heart the blade in her hand is intended, and we quickly recognize Charlotte Corday. At the foot of the stairs appear several generals, among them Dumouriez, the hero of Jemmapes, and Kellermann, the victor at Valmy.

In fact, the military epic now begins and unrolls its pages uninterrupted. Here is Pichegru; there is Carnot, dressed as a representative of the people on a foreign mission. Beyond these are Joubert and Hoche; the latter consults a map, probably that of La Vendée, for the chiefs of that civil war, La Rochejaquelein and D'Elbée, are not far off. After these come the generals of Napoleon's expedition into Egypt, Kellermann and Desaix, side by side with such illustrious men of science as Monge and Berthollet, who shared their trials and dangers.

Farther on we find Paris under the Directory, with its *incroyables* who sport such inordinate neckties, and its belles who affect the antique peplum. Mme. Tallien and Mme. Récamier, the latter in all the beauty of her twenty-fifth year, help to make up a group in which figure such remarkable actors as Talma and such immortal painters as Prudhon and David. The latter, an old Terrorist grown tame, has an eye on the Empire, which is building on the ruins of the Directory; while two stanch members of the fated party (Barras and Rewbell) almost elbow some of the members of the Council of the Five Hundred, at whose head is Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of him who is about to assume the imperial crown.

In the next group is the Emperor, dressed in a green coat which, opening half way in front, shows the white waistcoat under it. He rides a horse richly caparisoned, and reviews his famous body-guard of grenadiers. A massing of the colors takes place, and the standards of the various regiments are conspicuous in a maze of brilliant uniforms. The Emperor holds in his hand his little black cocked hat. He salutes the flags, while those around salute him. His marshals flock about him, Ney and Lannes, Murat and Davoust, Duroc and Poniatowski, the last in a bright uniform of the Polish lancers. We have sought to depict the Empire at the period of its highest splendor and glory. "To-morrow will be St. Helena,



to-morrow will be the tomb," as Lamartine was to say at a later day. At present, it is Austerlitz.

With Louis XVIII. we enter upon a calmer period. Seated on the terrace of the Feuillants, in the Tuileries Garden, with the edifice known as the Garde-Meuble in the background, the brother of Louis XVI. wears his sky-blue coat, with the blue cordon and the cross of St. Louis. Near him stands his Egeria, Mme. de Cayla. Farther off is the lady of whom it was said that in her were condensed the smiles and gaiety of that whole reign, the Duchesse de Berri, mother of the Comte de Chambord. The duchess wears a fine gauze dress, trimmed with puffs and rosettes of satin, the corsage being adorned with *baguettes* of blonde lace. The headdress is all gauze and flowers. Under the same arcade with the duchess are three court gentlemen: first her husband, whom Louvel is to kill, then the Duc d'Angoulême, who will one day go into exile; and finally the Marshal de Bourmont, who has not yet had the glory of taking Algiers.

In 1830 the scene changes. Fronting the gates of the Tuileries extend the Champs-Élysées, with the Triumphal Arch at the top in course of erection. At the garden entrance stand a National Guardsman, a pupil of the Polytechnic School, and a workman; all three fraternize and sway above their heads the recovered national flag. Inside the garden, in front of the well-known statues which we have faithfully reproduced, figure all the great leaders of that artistic and literary renovation called Romanticism, side by side with those of the classical school, Musset and Balzac, Eugène Delacroix and Ingres, as well as the celebrated women of that period, Mme. de Girardin and Georges Sand, the latter, with uncovered head and heavy black tresses, seated in close proximity to Rachel, the great tragedian, upright in the red tunic of *Athalie*. In a less prominent position, Scribe, the prolific playwright, and Henri Monnier, the immortal author of *Joseph Prudhomme*, symbolize

the *bourgeois* element of Louis Philippe's reign, which is further characterized by the presence of M. de Rothschild and Isaac Pereire, who bring to the king the plan of the first railway line in France. The king is viewed standing under the trees of the terrace, surrounded by the members of his family, his ministers, and his Algerian generals, the vanquishers of the Arabs in white bournous close by, among whom will be recognized Abd-el-Kader.

These generals, however, will not be able to save their king. Cast a look farther on, where stands the revolutionary Raspail, who jealously keeps watch and guard over an urn, or ballot-box, wherein for the first time universal suffrage may deposit its votes. The Republic has been proclaimed, and the members of the provisional government, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and others, with the republican scarf of office round their waists, appear under a "tree of liberty" adorned with flags, which is being blessed by Monseigneur Affre, the archbishop and future martyr. Two distinct groups, composed of Generals Cavaignac and Changarnier and the socialists Proudhon and Barbès, surround them; and as a connecting link between the new régime and that which is to follow we have represented Baudin, who fell, the 2d of December, 1851, on the barricades of the expiring Republic.

As a background for the Second Empire, we have chosen the terrace of the Tuileries which overlooks the Corps Législatif, to-day the Chamber of Deputies. The chief authors of the 2d of December are there, Morny, Persigny, St. Arnaud, and Maupas. Above them is displayed the imperial court: Napoleon III., in the uniform of a general of division; and the Empress, wearing the bee-strewn court mantle and a crown of diamonds on her head. To the right and left are Marshals Pélistier, Canrobert, Magnan, and Lebœuf; and the principal members of the Cabinet, Rouher and Walewski, with staff-officers and *cent-gardes* in the rear.

As an offset to this political and military



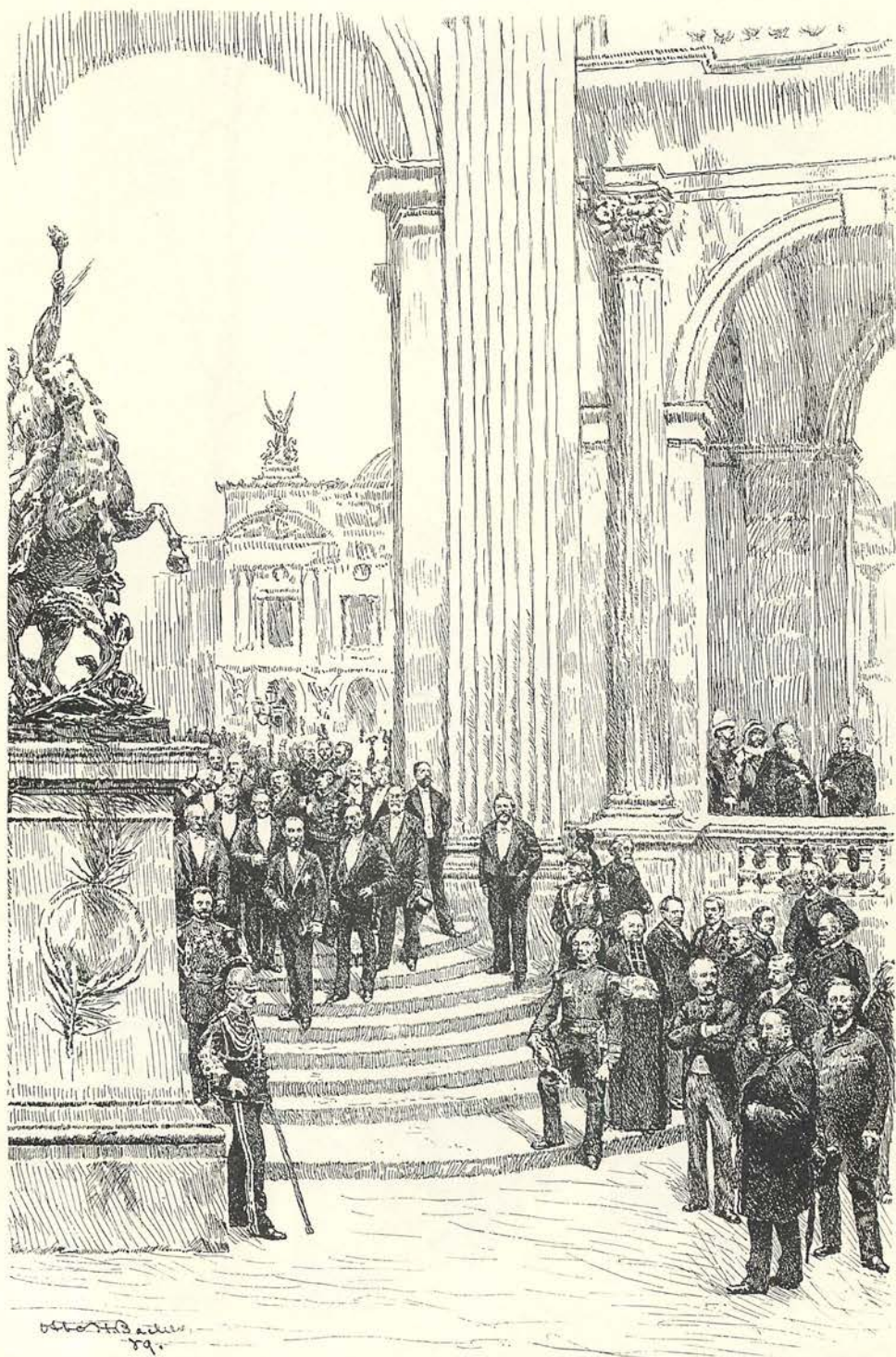
GOUNOD.  
DUCHESS DE MONTEBELLO.

NAPOLEON III. EUGÉNIE.  
PRINCE IMPERIAL.  
PRINCE NAPOLEON.

MÉRIMÉE.  
VIOLLET-LE-DUC.

group, we have painted below it the salon where, then as now, Princess Mathilde welcomes her literary and artist guests. Her brother, Prince Napoleon, is by her side. Here may be seen Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Viollet-le-Duc, Théodore Rousseau, Corot, Troyon, Daubigny, M. de Nieuwerkerke, and Gounod, all chatting and amusing themselves, unmindful of Marshal Niel, then Minister of War, who, lower down in the picture, prepares his vehement prophetic apostrophe to the legislative body: "In refusing to help me constitute a strong army, do you then wish to convert France into a cemetery?"

Alas, yes, a cemetery! Now comes the Franco-German war, and now the siege of Paris. Under the arcades of the resuscitated Tuileries Palace, while already the sky is studded with bomb-shells and the Hôtel de Ville exhibits its ruins in the background, General Trochu is discovered with those members of the Government of National Defense who have not left Paris: Favre, Picard, and Arago. They are conferring about the best means to carry on an unequal contest. At the same time, by a privilege of ubiquity allowable to all artists, you find yourself suddenly transported to a great distance from Paris in one of those siege balloons which dot the air with the



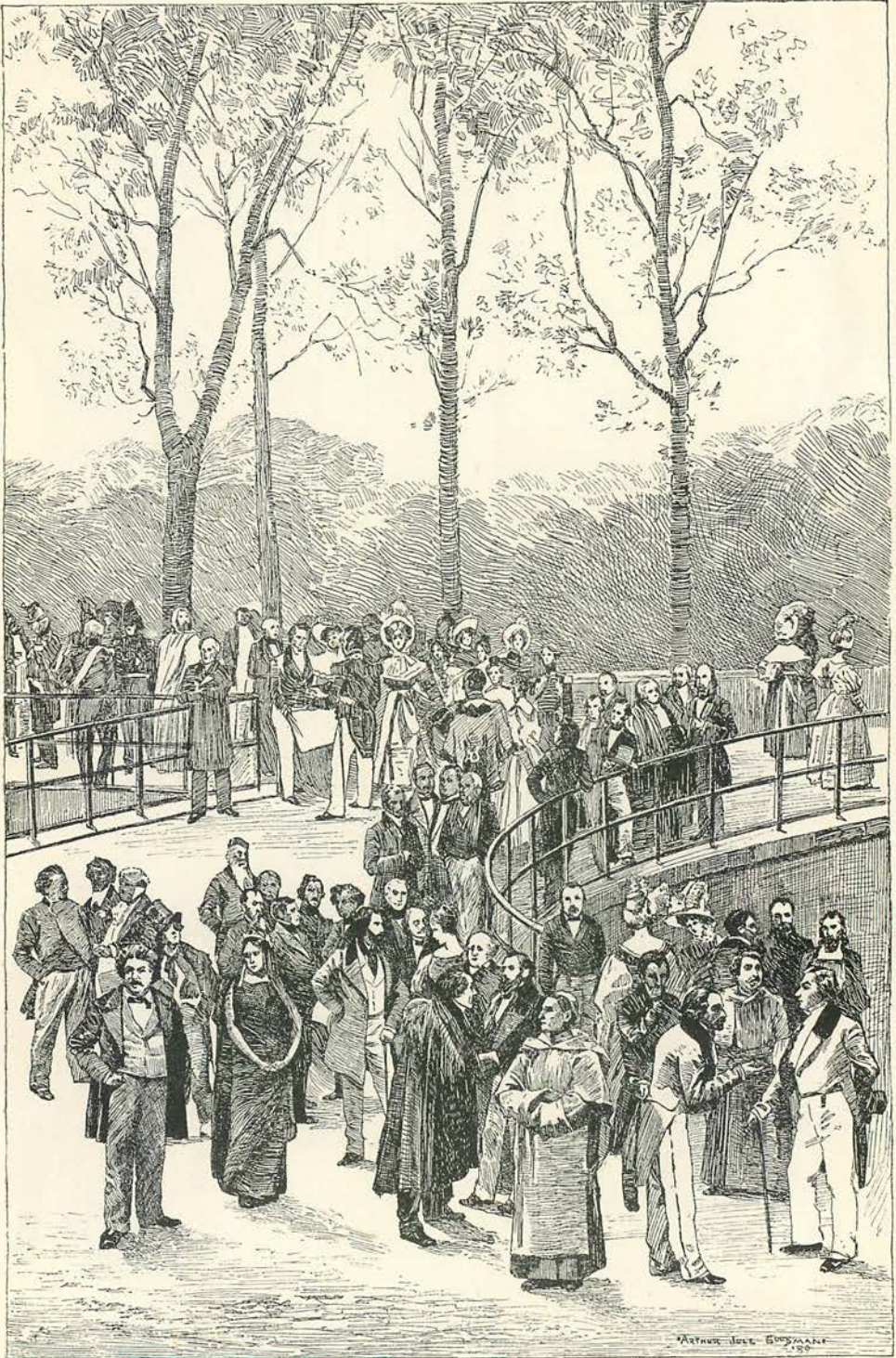
St. H. B. 79.

CARNOT.

COURBET.  
SPULLER.

CLEMENCEAU.

CASSAGNAC.  
FERRY.



DAUMIER.  
DUMAS.

RACHEL.

DE MUSSET.

LACORDAIRE.

BALZAC.

SUE.

carrier-pigeons — our postmen of the Année Terrible. Gambetta, with impassioned brow and upraised arm, inspirits with patriotic ardor the generals around him, Bourbaki, Chanzy, and Faidherbe, and even the aged deputy Crémieux and M. de Freycinet, his colleagues.

Peace is now concluded and M. Thiers placed at the head of the national government. He has crushed the Commune, whose last champions, Delescluze, Flourens, and Jourde, we have delineated, together with its last victims, Darboy, Deguerry, and Bonjean. M. Thiers is surrounded by Generals de Cisse, Vinoy, and de Gallifet, whom he addresses while issuing his instructions to M. Pouyer-Quertier and M. Rémusat, his Cabinet ministers.

A change of scene follows. Marshal MacMahon is President, and the coalition of the 16th of May is on foot. Its instigators, the Duc de Broglie and M. Buffet, endeavor to bring about a capitulation of the Republican journalists, Girardin, Ranc, About, and Hébrard, massed in a group below. To the left, at the top of a monumental stairway, Marshal MacMahon presides over the Exhibition of 1878. Ladies in fashionable toilets of the time line the stone steps. It is the last important event of the septennate. M. Grévy then comes to the front as third President of the Republic, with a number of parliamentary notabilities, M. Lockroy and M. Paul de Cassagnac, M. Jules Ferry and M. de Breteuil, side by side with various other militant celebrities, such as the late Admiral Courbet, in full uniform and blue trousers.

We now reach the present hour. M. Sadi Carnot, President of the Republic, was graciously pleased to come and sit for his portrait

at our studio. We have surrounded him with the best known military officers of the day, General Saussier, and his Cabinet ministers.

Close by him, or scattered in different parts of the canvas, appear many distinguished personages whose fame will certainly outlive any ministry. They include literary men, artists, scientists, all alive to-day, such as De Lesseps, Berthelot, Taine, Augier, and Pasteur. The illustrious centenarian, the late M. Chevreul, who had well earned the right to a comfortable arm-chair, is seated.

All of these distinguished personages, Presidents, ministers, gifted orators, writers, painters, sculptors, chemists, and doctors,— we have painted upwards of a hundred portraits,— are grouped about a monument which embodies our panoramic idea. The whole architectural conception is consecrated to France, whose bronze statue stands out underneath a gold mosaic cupola. France grasps a flag the folds of which shelter two other statues, one of which personates the National Defense sharpening the point of a sword, and the other the genius of Labor. Below these are two more statues, one allegorizing Law and the other History. On the pedestal is inscribed the word "France," and underneath is a golden palm-leaf with the two dates 1789—1889. On the left-hand side and on the right of this monument appear the personages first and last described — on the left Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau, and on the right M. Sadi Carnot and his ministers; while well in front is Victor Hugo. We thought that he who wrote "La Légende des Siècles" might without presumption be held to incarnate for France the spirit of the century at the commencement of which he was born.

*Alfred Stevens.  
Henri Gervex.*

## A BURIAL.

THE moon, as yellow as a citron, smolders  
 In the brown dusk of air;  
 Dull, oily puce the dreadful water molders,  
 An image of despair.

With lurid flame the smoky torches burning  
 Make blinder still the night;  
 The loathsome flood in viscid eddies turning  
 Swirls in the rower's sight.

Dim, noisome reptile shapes after it thronging,  
 Into the dark lagoon  
 A thing is slipped that throbbled with love and longing  
 When last the sun marked noon.

*Arlo Bates.*