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THE FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

A RETROSPECT.



"YOUNG MARSYAS." (DRAWN BY ELIHU VEDDER AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE EXPOSITION).

BEFORE its memory becomes dim, and before public interest in it, as the latest and the greatest of international displays disappears, let us attempt to record some part of the remarkable history of the Paris Exposition of last summer. Our study will be rather concerning the grounds and the exterior of the buildings than of the exhibition of art and industry itself; except as some works of art in the galleries seem to call for special notice. To do justice to any one department of that great exhibition would call for a longer article than this can be.

And first of the plan we present,—by the

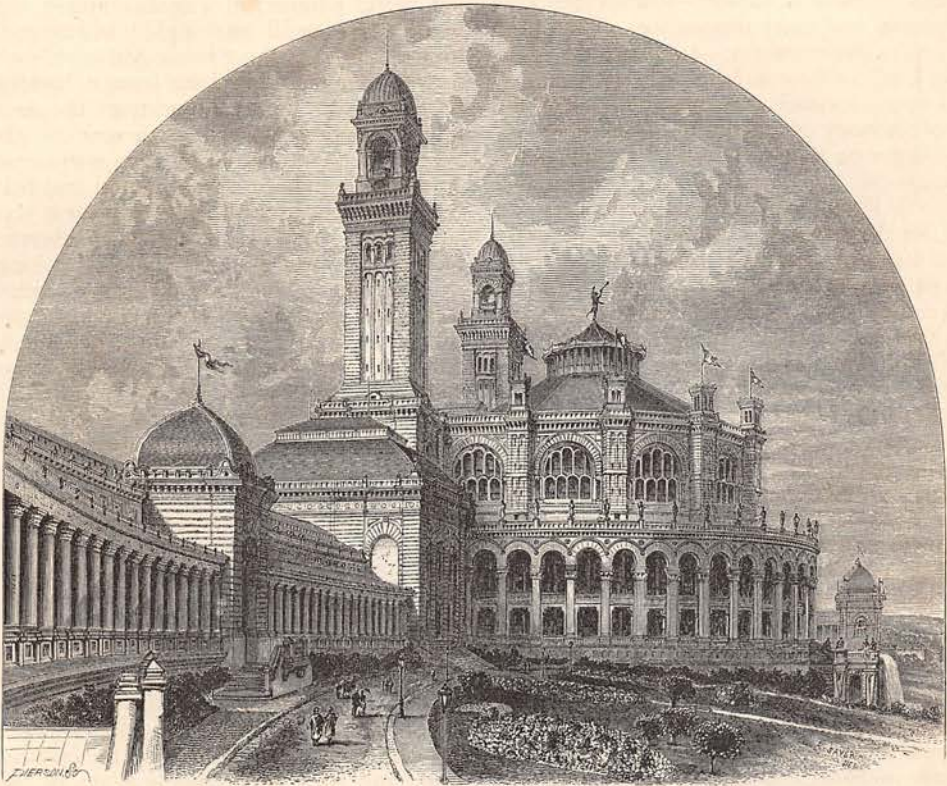
aid of which and some wood-cuts we hope to give such a description of the grounds and the more prominent buildings as will be readily understood, and an impression that will not immediately fade away of the very important architectural features of the world's fair of 1878. This plan (see page 164) has been prepared under the immediate supervision of the writer, by means of half a dozen official and non-official, more or less accurate surveys and maps and of a tolerably complete familiarity with all parts of the grounds. The great point has been to decide what to leave out. The

plans published hitherto (except the very slightest and most diminutive) all fail from trying to give too much,—too many incompatible kinds of information. They fail entirely to explain themselves to one who is not on the spot; nobody ever made out from them how the different things described in the newspapers all “go together,” and where each is to be found. They were made, one and all, for the use of the visitors to the grounds, and naturally were concerned with giving to those visitors every sort of guide-book information; how to go the quickest from any one place to any other; where Andorra leaves off and San Marino begins; where post-offices and police-offices and rolling-chairs were to be found, and refreshment shops of all grades; rather with this than with any of the important general features of the exhibition. And naturally so, because with the main characteristics and great general scheme of the exhibition a visitor could hardly fail to be at once strongly impressed. And to give to the non-visitor just such a strong impression is the object of this paper and its illustrations; so the plan has been stripped of all details that could be spared, and simplified until it can be understood at a glance. Everything which is shaded with lines in one direction only, and therefore paler, is within the inclosure but open to the sky. Everything which is shaded with lines running in two directions—that is, all the darker tint—is under cover; all of that is floored and roofed,—all of that and nothing else than that, or at least nothing else more important than a covered seat or a marquee. Everything which is shaded at all is within the exhibition inclosure; and this is the whole of that inclosure, except that on the left, to the south-west of the Trocadéro Park, between the Quay and the Boulevard de Lessert, there is a somewhat greater extent of annexes than is shown. The exact dimensions of this small inclosure the writer had no means of ascertaining. The whole exhibition is thus beneath the reader’s eye, always excepting the cattle-show grounds which were not far away to the eastward, on the esplanade of the Invalides. Then, of course, the white parts of the map are Paris without the grounds; and here the reader can see the different approaches by water and by land, and the outside communications kept open between old Paris and the Banlieue, on each side of the river.

The exposition of 1867 was confined to the left bank of the Seine, and occupied the whole Champ de Mars. This big

flat field, famous in Parisian history for many a year, is all on our plan, and extends from the front of the “École Militaire”—so called, though it has long been a barrack for troops—to the river, and from the Avenue de Suffren on the south-west to the Avenue Labourdonnaye on the north-east. This has long been a drill-ground and field for maneuvers, and is big enough for a very considerable number of troops to exercise in. It is almost exactly a kilometer long, or thirty-three hundred feet, and rather less than half as wide—say one hundred and fifteen acres of plain,—of dust, one might say with truth, during any but an exhibition summer. Right in the middle of this quadrangle the oval building of 1867 was placed, occupying half of its area, surrounded by a multitudinous swarm of little buildings of all sorts, scattered about a very beautifully disposed garden. The plan of it was the well-known combination of concentric belts representing different departments of industry, with radiating bands representing nations. The visitor started from the outer edge and made his way along the Belgian radius, let us say, from raw material outside to fine art in the innermost belt; or, taking textile fabrics, for instance, one voyaged from his own fatherland around the civilized world and back to his home again, in one circuit of the building. That was clever and well imagined, and there were novel enough devices of construction in the “great gasometer,” as it was called, and plenty of interesting little buildings around it; but none of peculiar importance, and none that have continued in existence. All has passed away from earth, like the imperial government that created it. That government, then at the height of its power and importance, was thought fully enough given to a magnificent, not to say an extravagant, way of doing things. What it did in 1867 was thought reasonably splendid and wholly satisfactory. To be sure the exposition was wholly confined to the Rive Gauche, and it seemed to be a good way from everywhere, and there were no prominent or lofty buildings connected with it, nothing that could be seen from Paris proper, unless from a very high tower indeed. But then it was thought that these were necessary and unavoidable drawbacks. It was the showiest and largest exhibition so far, and the emperor and his “pals,” and the Parisian public and the world of visitors were all very happy about it.

But Paris and France were in a very different humor in 1878 from that of 1867—a



THE TROCADÉRO PALACE.

very different and a more enterprising, more ambitious, immeasurably more intense, mood of mind. Ruinously defeated and amazed at her weakness where she had thought herself the strongest, but full of strength, hope, resource, and a truly youthful energy; lately regarded as impoverished by war, but newly enriched by industry; still doubtful of her military strength, and avowedly so, but rich and growing richer, strong and growing stronger, prosperous and happy perhaps beyond any nation in Europe; as much surprised and gratified at her success in self-government as she had been surprised and shocked at her failure in arms,—France felt herself at once called upon for, and fully capable of, a greater effort than the empire had ever imagined. 1867 had been a busy and a splendid time, but 1878 must needs be still more crowded with incident and with triumph. All the world had come to Napoleon's fête, and now the republic must invite the world to a festival so splendid that no refusal would be possible, and that all former achievements would be surpassed. Of 1867 nothing remained but a remembrance which the later displays at

Vienna, and, to a certain extent, at Philadelphia, had dimmed. But the republican ceremonial of 1878 should leave behind it monuments which would endure for ever. Expense? What question could there be of expense when the national honor was at stake, when the Republic's reputation was concerned, and when it was important that no voice should anywhere be raised that could deny the magnificence and wise liberality of the new government. As to expense, too, the outlay attending the imperial show of 1867 had been exceeded at Vienna in 1873, and even by the most thrifty of nations, the transatlantic republic, at Philadelphia, in 1876; and it was evident to all that there must be no stint this time, and that besides the forty million francs for temporary buildings and temporary expenses, ten millions more might with advantage be spent upon an edifice which, while aiding the temporary need both of space and of splendor, might remain as an added decoration to the capital.

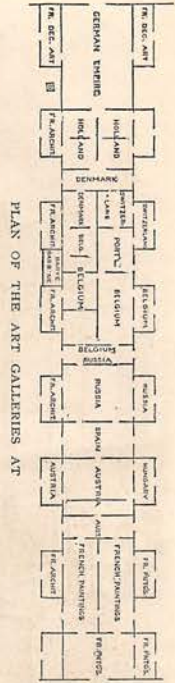
Across the river from the Champ de Mars, on the right bank, the slopes of Chailot and Passy have long been known as

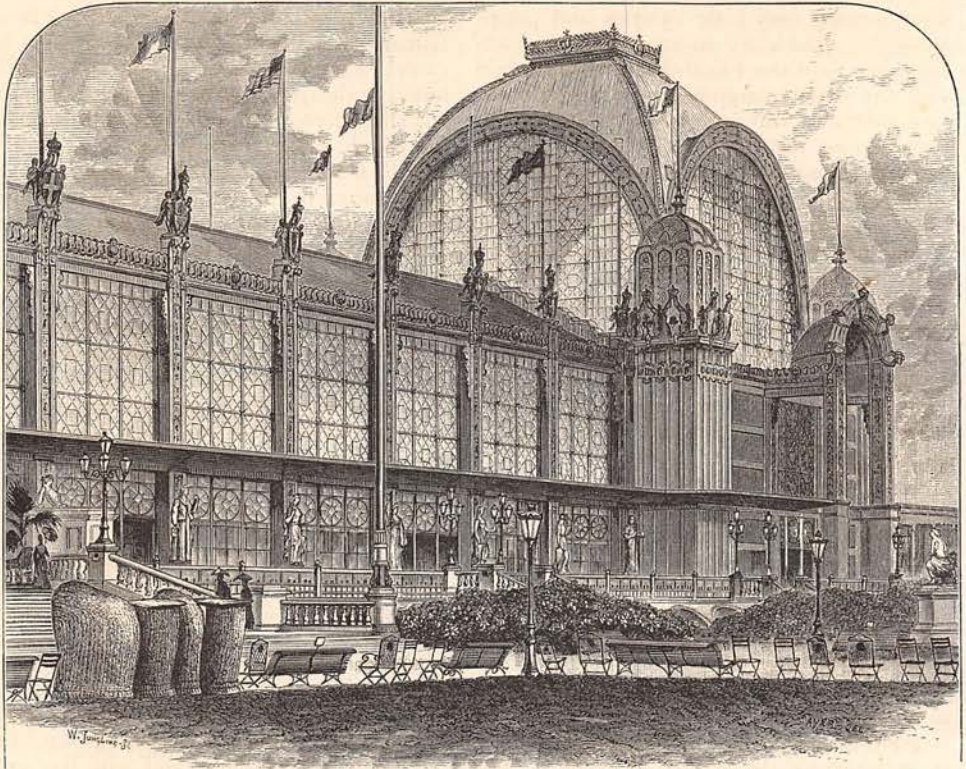
or west along the quays and never mounted the steep and broken hill, and those bound for Passy took still other roads. But it was an aspiration of the restored Bourbons to replace the Bonapartist traditions by their own. Military successes, indeed, were hardly in order, but one small chance was given them, when the Duc d'Angoulême was posing as a conqueror and a pacificator in Spain, in 1823. A small fort which defended Cadiz Roads, bearing the name "El Trocadéro,"—as it does to-day,—was reduced by the French army, and a loyal journal, bravely mixing up several different ideas to make one, proclaimed to all the world that now the sun of Austerlitz was dimmed by the luster of the sun of the Trocadéro. So that it came to be proposed to King Louis XVIII., and to be determined on by himself and his advisers, to build a monument or column which should tower over Paris, to commemorate the Spanish expedition; and the heights opposite the Champ de Mars were fixed upon to bear this monument aloft, and christened with the sonorous and Spanish-sounding name of the Trocadéro. Nothing came of the monument project under the immediately succeeding reign of Charles X., and the name given to the locality was pretty much forgotten all through the reign of the Citizen King. Although the picturesque and dominant height itself was within the barriers, as they were in Louis Philippe's day, and although, after the fortifications were built, all that district became, as it were, one with Paris, yet the beautiful hill seems to have been neither private property nor public grounds, neither built upon nor cared for. In the early days of the Second Empire it remained still unnoticed. It was not until just before the Exposition of 1867 that the park of the Trocadéro was laid out. No one knows how many millions of francs were spent in this work and in building a most prodigious flight of stairs,—only seventy-five steps high, indeed, but wide enough for a hundred men to march up abreast. From this height, thus newly decorated and opened up to the public, Maxime Lalanne took the scene of one of his largest etchings, which shows the buildings of the Exposition of 1867, with the still river and its bridges and distant Paris, and the new esplanade with its lamps and promenaders.

Upon this height, this slope and the bridge connecting them with the Champ de Mars on the left bank, the enterprising officials of the autumn of 1876 fixed their

eyes. It must not be forgotten that all was very symmetrical, so to speak, the two tracts of ground and the bridge between them being all on one axis running north-west and south-east, and just at right angles with the river at that point. There in the plain was the place for the exhibition of contemporary industry, for the great congeries of iron and glass sheds,—larger by half than that of eleven years before,—for the machinery, the products, the invention and the art of the present day. There on the height was the fitting place for such a palace as would be a new ornament even to Paris,—a palace devoted in part to the arts of the past, in the way of a great museum of works of fine art received on loan, and in part devoted to music, to festivity and to ceremonial. Then, by setting back the Palace of Industry well toward the rear of the Champ de Mars, the double park, divided by the river but united by the bridge, half on the level and half on the slope, would be nearly half a mile long from one of the large buildings to the other, and would seem all the larger for its division and for its variety of surface.

In the map before us, the building at the extreme north-west, or top of the map, is the *Palais des Fêtes*, as it seems to be called officially. It consists of a very large music-hall, or hall of assembly, in the middle, and enormous wings, stretching from north-east to south-west, almost exactly a quarter of a mile. Each of these wings contains a long, continuous, top-lighted gallery; and on the inner side, toward the park and the river, a noble colonnade and sheltered walk runs





WEST CORNER DOME OF THE MAIN EXPOSITION BUILDING.

unbroken from one end of the building to the other, passing around the music-hall and connecting at each side of it with great open vestibules, which pass through the building from the city to the park. It is from this colonnade, at its extreme south-western end, that the view shown in our cut on page 163 has been taken. This picture shows the main dispositions well enough. The distant pavilion at the extreme end of the opposite wing contains an entrance on the lower level reached by the fall of the ground, and a wide staircase leading up to the floor of the gallery above. A similar arrangement is behind and to the right of the spectator. What the French call *perrons* and New Yorkers call "stoops" (while the rest of the world has no name for them) connect the open colonnade with the broad paths below; and from the colonnade to the gallery within, a door opens on the axis of each of these approaches. These doors, indeed, were kept closed last summer, or barricaded with benches, but that was a mere detail of police arrangements. Of the three open galleries that surround the central mass of the building, the lowermost is

on the level of the colonnades of the wings; the upper ones open from vestibules above the great entrance vestibules of the ground floor. But the simple and excellent arrangement of these stairs and corridors cannot be dwelt upon here. What must be said is however a few words of general criticism of the building, which seems to the writer one of the best productions of modern art, and the reasons for this opinion, which is not that of the newspaper correspondents, may be worth stating.

It must be observed that here is a practical denial of the assertion often made, and with apparent reason, that splendid architecture will not be needed or be possible hereafter. "For us no more the throne of marble, for us no more the vault of gold," said Mr. Ruskin, at Bradford, just twenty years ago, "but the privilege of bringing the power and charm of art within the reach of the humble and the poor." The lecturer did not perceive that the magnificences of architecture in the future, for the benefit of the whole community, and paid for by the whole community, may be at least as great as in the past. It is the splendor of

private buildings that has disappeared forever, leaving only little vanities and prettinesses of upholstery to represent the picturesqueness of the Elizabethan manor-house and the stately magnificence of the Florentine *palazzo*. And probably splendid church architecture has gone, with great church organizations,—all undermined together and tumbled into a heap by the insidious foe called “right of private judgment.” But if any one believes that great communities will be happy without great and splendid buildings, let him consider for a moment one result of the new *régime*: the fact that since the people took their affairs into their own hands wars have been bloodier than ever before,—more gayly undertaken, more bitterly fought out. There are on record the statements of English papers to the effect that loyalty without a prince to be loyal to was an obvious impossibility; that costly war would never be carried on by a people who could make their objections to taxation felt and obeyed, and so forth, and so on. And yet, here is this Yankee nation of “shop-keepers,”—a community known, at last, to be quite willing to spend and be spent for anything it cares about. It is as yet immeasurably more ignorant of what fine art is and is good for, and what is meant by splendor in architecture, decoration, in display, than any other civilized people; but whether it is willing to spend for such purposes or not can best be ascertained by looking at its half dozen great parks, the worst of which excels, not so much in extent as in elaborate ornamentation and in cost, anything that existed in Europe when Central Park was planned, and by looking at the rather blundering attempts to produce fine public buildings at our state and national capitals. Now in all that concerns modern city life and organization Paris is the guide and model; not to be implicitly followed, but as the most brilliant example of lavish outlay, guided in the various departments by trained skill. This palace of the Trocadéro would be impossible to-day in any other city—but wait till a near to-morrow! Is it London town, or New York, or Rome, or Melbourne, or San Francisco that for a similar object will first surpass it, if not in beauty and convenience, at least in expense? Ornate architecture is sought for by all self-governed communities; we have only to hope for the controlling influence of reason and good taste.

The buildings so built for the delectation of the public will have to be very different

from the old palaces and cathedrals. The teachers of architecture have not yet found that out, nor the architects, except in a few cases; it is rare to see any important public building designed for its purpose alone, and without reference to buildings built long ago for wholly different purposes.

This is then one of the peculiar merits of the Trocadéro Palace that it is very novel in plan, and wholly independent. The art galleries are only one story high,—for the top is the best for such galleries; there are enormous open colonnades outside, because all Paris will crowd there of a Sunday and look at the noble view; there is the great concert hall in the middle, perfectly accessible from all parts of the edifice, and from the out-door walks which adjoin it, and from both the city and the park, and yet so wholly disengaged that it has windows all around, except where the great organ and the stage are placed. Now, in the matter of architectural design, there are always some fine distinctions to be made. Let not the reader suppose that this structure is about to be compared with the world-renowned monuments of by-gone styles of architecture. But this building, convenient as we have said, and well adapted to all its purposes, does really sit most gracefully upon its hill-top, its towers group admirably with one another and with the great mass of the concert hall, and the central group so formed composes well with the wings. Seen sidewise, as in the cut, it is picturesque and effective; seen from the Bridge of Jena, or from the Champ de Mars, it is more imposing and stately; everywhere it looks large. M. Gonse, writing in the “*Gazette des Beaux Arts*,” thinks that its vast size (the towers are 240 feet high, the rotunda about 180 feet in diameter, the spread of the whole front 1,300 feet measured on the chord) is not fully felt, when viewed from the opposite side of the river: in this opinion the writer cannot agree. It is a building which looks near while yet it is felt to be far away. There is no need to pick out a detail and to think how big it is before the whole magnitude can be felt, as is the case in certain famous pseudo-classical constructions. As one emerged from the doors of the main Exposition building last summer, eight hundred yards away, the distant palace at once took the eye and held it, as does a mountain seen every day from the village streets, familiar in all its details, plain to be seen, right upon us—and yet felt to be huge and far away. There are weak things about



BRONZE GROUP, "GRATITUDE," FROM THE SCHNEIDER MONUMENT, BY CHAPU.

it: the great twelve-sided roof is of dark-gray slate and is at once gloomy and weak; the tower roofs are of copper with gilded ribs, and the wing colonnades are covered with red tiles (what a pity that the center could not have been roofed in one of these two ways!). This central roof is stiff and weak, and carries a wretched little lantern, the whole crowned with a statue, which, however fine in reality,—and it is by a most worthy and excellent sculptor, M. Mercié,—is almost invisible from below, and has no sort of effect on the general design. Then,

as regards details—well, it is in detail that the architects of the Paris school fail. They are taught to plan wonderfully well, and to make their exterior show the interior disposition and follow it, and the best of them soon shake off whatever of academic tradition may have been calculated to restrain their powers of design. But to combine sculptured and painted details, lovely in themselves, so as to make a noble building nobler and more graceful by their use, is not the special gift of the Paris-trained architects. With the best sculptors in the world,

—and indeed the only living school of sculpture,—they have no carved ornament for their buildings which is worthy of serious consideration; they have forgotten how to use moldings; and the tendency seems to be toward plain square jambs and flat

stripes of buff and pale-red limestone, and the friezes under the cornices decorated with patterns in mosaic, in gold and pale blue and white, with pale red terra cotta; but it still lacks ornament. The angles of window and door, and buttress and pier, are all too



STATUE, "CHARITY," BY PAUL DUBOIS, FROM THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL DE LA MORCIÈRE.

façades of little decorative effect, with life-size and colossal statues in full realized sculpture set up against them as their chief and almost their sole decoration. Now, the Trocadéro Palace is not so bad as that, for it has some contrast of color, the material of the walls being arranged in alternate

hard, the spectator seems to knock his head against them; the immense windows are cut too squarely through the walls, and lack the penumbra of delicately molded or carved archivolts and imposts; the building looks as if an army of skillful stone-carvers should be turned loose upon it, to soften it into

greater harmony and to bring about a more gentle transition between its lesser subdivisions. These are faults common to modern buildings, and come of the lack of trained workmen (trained, that is, in artistic ways), of the great cost of labor, of haste and indifference, and of the contract system of building; in so far as the Trocadéro Palace was kept free from any of these evils, their absence was made up by the peculiarly severe pressure of haste, for the building was not started until late in the autumn of 1876, and was finished complete in eighteen months, including two winters; and this, although there were peculiar difficulties in the way, as the ground was found to be perfectly honey-combed with ancient quarries, and the new foundations had to be begun deep down in the seemingly solid hill.

These old quarries are found in all the suburbs of Paris. When the great church of the Sacred Heart was devised, nine years ago, to stand upon the heights of Montmartre, and to serve, in a way, as the church's manifesto in rivalry of the new opera-house and the world, the hill was found to be in even greater need of complete rebuilding than the hill-side of Chaillot. But in the Trocadéro Park there is, at all events, one very interesting result of the cavernous condition of this part of the world—the aquarium, shown on the plan by an irregular bounding line. This feature is cleverly arranged in a number of the old quarry-holes. The visitor steps about among a series of little ponds, so arranged, each a little higher than its neighbor, that the water slowly runs from one to another. These ponds are open to the sun, like any piece of natural water; but by going down some rough stone steps and into the bowels of the hill, the visitor finds himself among the fish and on their own level, separated from the water only by plate-glass on either side, behind, before, and even overhead.

All this park of the Trocadéro is sloping ground, all leading up from the bridge to the great palace. In the middle, and springing from the rotunda of the music-hall itself, as seen in our illustration on page 163, is the cascade, which, after the manner of such ornamental waters, descends the hill by little steps, after it has taken its first great plunge of thirty feet or more. It is admitted that the slope of the cascade is not quite steep enough; that, when looked at from below, it does not fall rapidly enough for the best effect; that it is too much lost in

the foreshortening. But the basin in which it ends its course is very successful, with its three fountains, the center one playing always in a slender upright jet, the two side ones in "bouquets" of spray. At the four corners of the basin are four statues of singular subject, which have excited as much remark and criticism as any sculptured work about the Exposition. They face out from the water in four different directions, four enormous quadrupeds of gilded bronze: a horse and an ox, an elephant and a rhinoceros. A very remarkable success has been achieved in these. Mr. Cain's ox is especially admirable. As for Mr. Jacquemart's rhinoceros, the wonder is so great that he should succeed in doing anything at all with the creature, as a subject for sculpture, that perhaps one's critical humor is lulled asleep; but indeed the modeling is capital, at once artistic and faithful to the minute peculiarities of the beast, and the treatment, in a decorative fashion, is truly surprising.

The buildings nearest this basin, one on each side, are two of the more elegant and expensive of the numerous restaurants within the grounds. From that on the right a charming view is to be had, almost like the view from the colonnade of the palace, though of course less extensive. This was the place to dine during that memorable summer! At six the buildings were closed; but the grounds were lighted more or less brilliantly, and they were open till eight o'clock for in-comers, and indefinitely for lingerers; at least, the restaurants began to shut up and the attractions grew strong elsewhere, before ever any notice of dismissal was served upon the loitering visitor. At six one could dine pleasantly,—for there was no crowd, except at the hour of *déjeuner*,—and then take a comfortable chair under the colonnade which crowns the hill, and watch the sunset light upon the distant domes and towers, the gleaming river, and the Exposition building across the river, with its four bubble-like domes at the four corners, and the long perspective of roofs between.

In this respect the buildings of 1878 were vastly superior to the oval mass of 1876; for the great size of the whole group was perfectly evident; the domes nearest the "École Militaire" looked to be, as they were, half a mile farther off than the nearer ones; and the transparent lightness given to these square domes by their way of construction (which may be partly understood by examining the cut on page 166), greatly aided



STATUE "JEANNE D'ARC AS A CHILD," BY ALBERT-LEFEUVRE.

the effect of the whole, making it all seem vague and vast in the dim light. In the *Parc de Jéna* there was a little government building,—shown on the right hand of the map, and lettered M. P. W., which stands for Minister (or Ministry) of Public Works,—

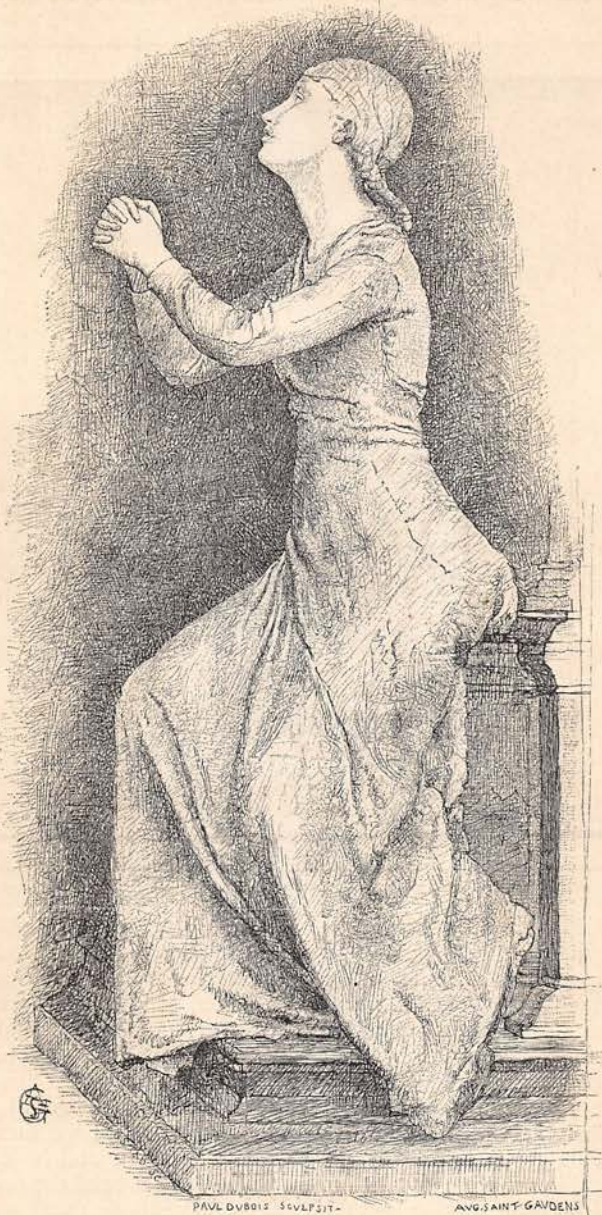


ANCIENT TAPESTRY, FROM THE FRENCH SCULPTURE GALLERY. (AFTER DRAWING BY D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.)

and on the top of it was a little light-house, or lantern, from which a revolving light, now white and now red, threw its flashes through the gathering night. In one other respect, also, the prospect grew more pleasing as darkness descended: the buildings which are seen on the map standing along the river-side, between the river and the "sunken street" on each bank, were nearly all roofed with red tiles, and in broad daylight the succession of these roofs of vivid color, one rising behind the other, divided the landscape too violently, while they concealed too much of it. That was a serious oversight, and the worst blot upon the general beauty of the grounds.

The lower part of the slope, on this side the river, was thickly strewn with buildings; that farthest to the left is the Chinese bazaar, with ornamental gardens around it;

the larger block of buildings near, fronting on the cross-avenue, which continues the Boulevard De Lessert, is the Egyptian building; behind it, down the hill, are wooden structures put up by Swedish and Norwegian exhibitors; and fronting on the main avenue that leads to the bridge, is the Japanese model farm. Of this last, the house is not so important as the very pretty cottage put up by the Japanese at Philadelphia, but the pretty garden, the delicate fences, the ornamental plants and the general arrangements were very attractive; and the gate was so picturesque and so prettily ornamented with carvings in wood that it was one of the most valuable pieces of ornamental art in the Exposition. The most important building on the eastern side of this park is the Algerian pavilion, the white tower of which is prominent in



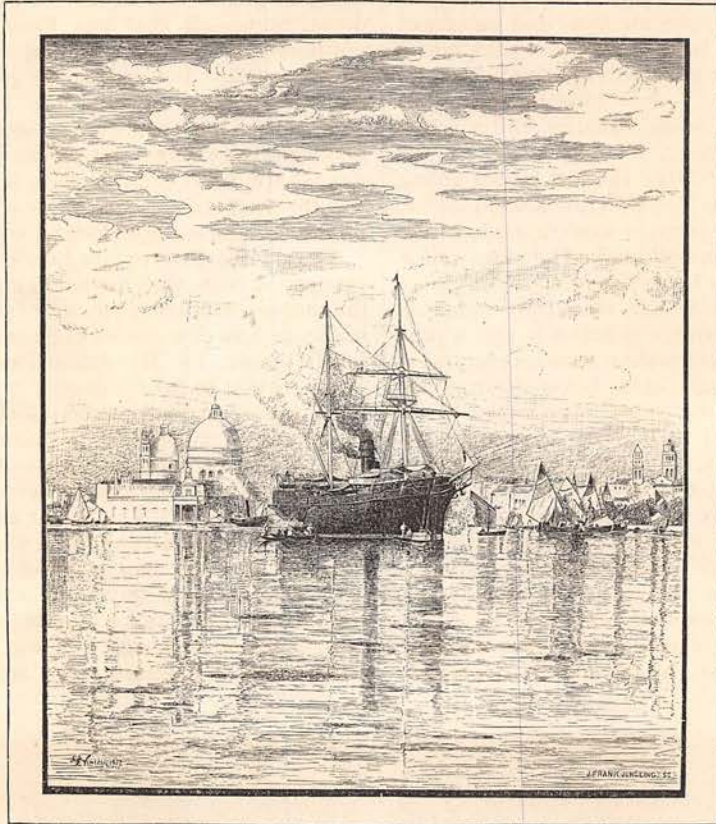
STATUE, "FAITH," BY PAUL DUBOIS, FROM THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL DE LA MORCIÈRE.
(FROM DRAWING BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.)

every view of the Exposition grounds or of Paris from the Trocadéro. This is the large oblong structure close to the Rue de Magdebourg, and between gates C and D.

An important structure is the Creuzot building near the Pavilion of Public Works—important on account of the great industry it represented, with the evidences of which it was

filled, on account of its own considerable value as an architectural design, and on account of the very interesting monument it contained. In the cut on page 168 is engraved a part of

wooden *sabots* and rough clothes. The truly artistic management of all this, and the pathos and sincerity which fill it, are the more delightful because they are unexpected.



"VENICE, PAST AND PRESENT." (DRAWN BY C. C. COLEMAN AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE EXPOSITION.)

this monument which is erected to the memory of Eugène Schneider, the founder and chief the iron-works at Creuzot, and head for so long a time of an unusually prosperous and contented community. At the base, seated on a projecting step which serves her as a seat, is a mother pointing to the statue of Schneider at the top, and calling her son's attention to it as the object of his gratitude and imitation. This group is one of the most real and valuable products of modern art. The dress of both the mother and the boy is that of the work-people of the Schneider *usine*; advantage is taken of the habits of workers in the casting-shops and forges to give the boy's body naked above the waist, and to model carefully its spare and youthful forms; but except for this, the sculptor's only material after he leaves the two characteristic and expressive heads, are coarse shoes,

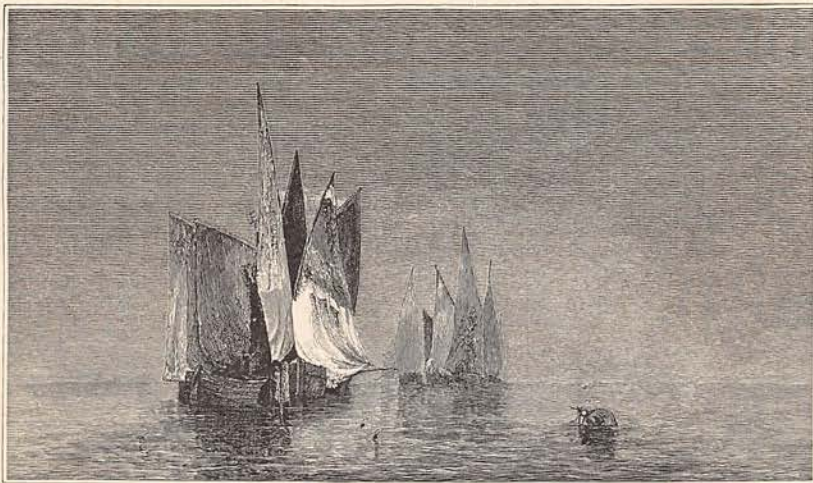
However learned and skillful, however valued by the French official and municipal leaders for its monumental and grandiose character, M. Chapu's work generally lacks freshness and native impulse,—is too often but cold and dull. There are many large and stately works by this sculptor in and about the great Exhibition building, and they all repel. If we turn away from the Creuzot pavilion and look across the lawn and the lake toward the central entrance of the grand vestibule, there, on the steps leading to the terrace, was a colossal seated female figure—"The French Republic"—gazing out toward the park and the bridge. Within, and under the side *loggia* of the Paris pavilion, was the monument to Berryer, the great advocate, intended for the Palace of Justice, which is now being repaired and rebuilt after the incendiarism of 1871. These

and six or seven important works that were in the galleries leave the spectator cold and indifferent, and, until he learns to understand and feel the strong desire of the French for stateliness of effect in connection with monumental sculpture, he is inclined to wonder at the immense fame and success of the sculptor. But this group of the Creuzot monument, known as "Gratitude,"—"La Reconnaissance,"—has modern feeling as well as great artistic qualities, and is a true work of the time.

The view on page 166 just misses giving the statue of the Republic, mentioned above, and shows the extreme western angle of the main Exhibition building. The glass wall is the front of the Grand Vestibule, as we may readily consent to call this really immense hall; a broad terrace is before it, and a projecting roof shelters the numerous entrances. The statues ranged along below this roof are emblematic of the nations who joined in the Exposition, and high above each statue, on the top of the pier against which it is set, was a shield bearing some heraldic or other device also appropriate to its nationality. There was not much value in these statues; Mr. Aizelin's "Japan" received the most general admiration, but they were all together of small importance,—at least in comparison with the works of art around. For entering the vestibule, say by the middle door-way,

beyond. Out of the grand vestibule, door-ways opened to the long corridors of the building beyond;—a door-way in the middle to the art galleries, on each side of this a door to one of the open streets, and again beyond these, on each side, door-ways to the different departments—all that was French on the north-east, or Paris side, all that was foreign on the other. But the fine-art galleries are not divided in this way, but follow one another in long sequence, as shown in the plan on page 165. Since the first three rooms are filled with French sculpture, it was the more suitable that some of the more prominent pieces should stand without.

Among the four or five hundred statues, groups and busts, the bass-reliefs and medals, the monumental compositions of the French sculptors, how few can we even name! The lovely statue, by Mr. Albert-Lefevre, of Jeanne d'Arc in her childhood, stood in the large, square sculpture gallery,—the first as you pass from the vestibule,—and was on the right, just at the right-hand jamb of the door leading into the long gallery beyond. The full title is "Jeanne d'Arc, enfant, entend 'ses voix.'" The cut, taken from a photograph, does not give the best point of view; but yet the meaning of the statue can be seen and understood. What cannot be seen is its sculpturesque beauty. It was the only work in the Exposition of an artist who is

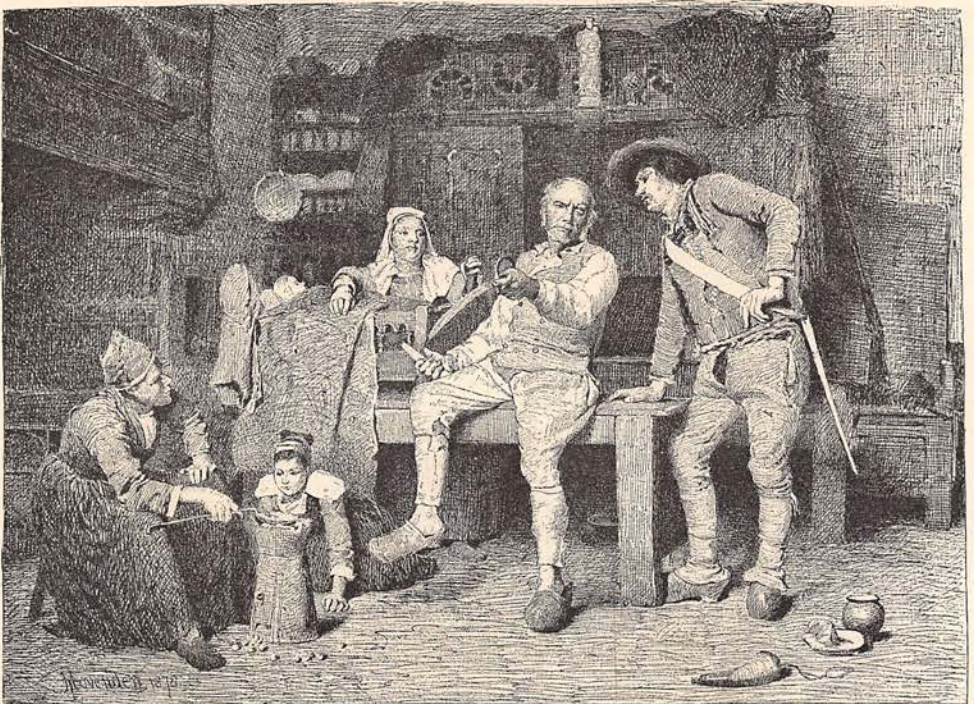


"THE APPROACH TO VENICE." (PAINTING BY W. G. BUNCE.)

the visitor found an assembly of statues and groups in marble and in bronze, which, without crowding the immense space, or seeming to interfere with free passage, welcomed the visitor to the display of fine art

still very young, and whose promise is of surpassing excellence.

The average merit is so high that it is hard for one accustomed to other modern sculpture than that of France to form any concep-



"BRETON INTERIOR IN 1793." (DRAWN BY T. HOVENDEN AFTER HIS PAINTING IN THE EXPOSITION.)

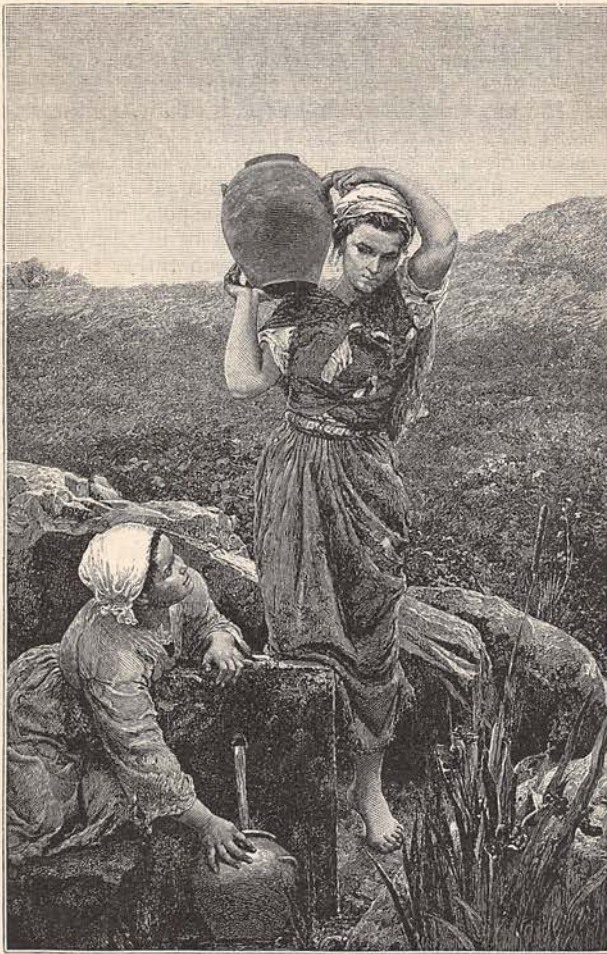
tion of it. As an instance we may mention the extraordinary vigor of the great number of portrait-heads (for they are hardly "busts," having little more than the head and throat, to the breast). There were, perhaps, seventy-five of them in the long rooms coming second and third in our diagram, and scarcely one was inferior to, or less worthy of study and admiration than, the others. It is not wonderful, of course, that of all the thousands of works of sculpture of the past eleven years, the selected five hundred should have been fine. Every year the *salon* contains six hundred, so that the commissioners had at least six thousand to choose from. It is in its abundance and richness that the glory of the French school of sculpture lies. The ample encouragement given to sculptors by the government and by the cities and public bodies, has counted for much, and it is the custom in France to be magnificent in sculpture, as well as in painting. The result is that there is an immense amount produced which is of a certain value, and among it all some little which reminds the student of great times gone by. The question that one asks, on first surveying this immense body of art, is whether any of it is admirable artistically,—admirable in modeling, admirable

as a work of sculpture. "Never mind about the meaning of it!" the enthusiast is almost ready to cry. "The young women at home are producing statues which are wonderfully full of meaning; but are there any of these which are beautiful? Grecian perfection I do not ask nor expect," he says, if he is reasonable; "but is there anybody alive that can give some of that antique grace, that modulation of surface, that subtle gradation of form, which lasted long after the glory of Greece was past, and which makes the sculpture, even of what we call corrupt and decaying epochs, a despair to modern men?"

Well, there was something to show the enthusiast. Outside of the line of galleries, on the French side, the open street was called the Rue de France, and passing down that street toward the center of the main building, the visitor found something in a recess between two of the alcoves which showed what modern sculpture can achieve. In our diagram (page 165) it is shown at C, in the last recess before we reach the first *loggia*, or cross-passage. It is the tomb of General Juchault de La Moricière, with its statues by M. Paul Dubois, set up for the first time and intended, when made perfect by the

completion in bronze of all the statues at the angles, to stand in the cathedral of Nantes. As it stood in the Exposition, the statue, or rather group of "Charity," and the statue of "Military Courage," which were exhibited as plasters in the Salon of 1876, were in dark bronze, but the other two supporters, "Faith" and "Meditation," were in the plaster still. Of these we give engravings of "Charity" and

among the few finest things of modern art. Military Courage gives name to a noble statue, too, of which photographs and Barbiedienne's bronze reproductions in small can be had. The monument itself with the four statues at the four angles, and the recumbent statue of the general beneath the canopy, is altogether, architecture and sculpture, a very admirable piece of work, and no doubt in



"LA FONTAINE." (PAINTING BY JULES BRETON.)

"Faith," the first from a photograph which was taken from the plaster original; the other from a drawing by Mr. St. Gaudens, made from the statue during the Exposition. With their tranquillity, their perfectly sculpturesque design, the simple and delicate treatment of dress and accessories, and their refined modeling, as of a great sculptor of the Renaissance come again, but with newly gained anatomical science, these statues are

time to come casts and models of it will be set up in our museums.

Before leaving the French sculpture galleries, mention should be made of the very sensible plan adopted for masking the nakedness of the walls. They are almost covered with large ancient tapestries, many of them of great beauty. No catalogue nor handbook mentioned them, except casually; no labels were appended to them; to whom they

belonged and whence they came there was no one to say. One of them is reproduced in the engraving on page 172, from a drawing made during the Exposition by Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong.

In our diagram of the galleries (page 165), the recesses between the alcoves are in some cases marked by letters. A is nothing of consequence, a big terra cotta reproduction of the Diana of the Louvre, a specimen of Doulton's Lambeth pottery. B is better; it is a very spirited bronze group by J. E. Boehm, "A Clydesdale Stallion," and his groom. Mr. Boehm is also the author of the large statue of Thomas Carlyle which has been often copied and photographed. But the most important piece of sculpture in the British exhibit is, without doubt, the "Athlete Struggling with a Python," of Sir Frederick Leighton, the painter. This stands in the large room of the British subdivision, among the pictures. Indeed, with the exception of France, no nation separates statuary from painting,—not even those who, like Italy, send a large collection of each.

The compact little gallery occupied by the United States contained much that was really interesting and worthy to be on exhibition in Paris, even among the pick of the last ten years of European art. Mr. Vedder's "Marsyas," engraved from his own drawing, is believed to be a good deal more faithful

to the original picture, and more beautiful as an engraving, than the illustration in "L'Art" which the writer in that journal oddly praised at Mr. Vedder's expense. Mr. Kreuzberger is credited with the drawing of that picture, which, reproduced by some one of the numerous processes of photo-engraving, now so common, appears in the fifteenth volume of "L'Art," page 199. This would have passed as a tolerable print and tolerably like the picture, but for the amazing statements of the accompanying text, in which it is said that the copyist "has amused himself with putting into shape the picturesque dreams of Mr. Vedder," and that "perhaps this may be profitable to Mr. Vedder himself, whose notice will, in this way, be called to certain deficiencies in his talent." The moral aspect of that criticism has been treated of in many journals; our business has been rather to give a really adequate idea of the picture, by obtaining Mr. Vedder's own drawing, and having it engraved by Mr. Cole. Mr. Coleman's "Venice, Past and Present" also is engraved from a drawing by himself. It needs little power of imagination to see the artist's meaning in the trim steamer anchored off the customhouse, while on one side of her are the painted sails of the Venice fishing-boats, and on the left the old Dogana and the Church of the Madonna of Salvation. Mr. Hoven-



"STUBBLE FIELDS." (PAINTING BY A. SEGÉ.)

den's "Breton Interior in 1793" was drawn by himself from the painting, while Mr. Bunce's "The Approach to Venice" was engraved from a photograph.

The other paintings which we have engraved are all from the French contributions. M. Segé's landscape, "Les Chaumes (Eure-et-Loire)," is one of the best pictures of the younger men, who are building up in France a wonderful school of strong and free landscape-painting. M. Protais' "Color Guard" is one of the very few pictures of military subject which were in the Exposition. All the works of art which in any way reflected recent animosities or recorded recent strife were barred; the motto of the Exposition, placed high above its principal front, was "Peace." M. Protais' picture, as fitting any time and place, with a few others, such as M. Berne-Bellecour's "Cannon Shot" (*Un Coup de Canon*), pictures by Meissonnier and others of the soldiers of the First Empire were among the military pieces admitted. As one goes out of the United States gallery into the first French picture-gallery, the wall on the left was half filled with the paintings of Jules Breton, and a noble show they made. What a pity it is that it is not yet possible, in any of our picture-galleries, to get the works of an artist all grouped together! The childish fancy for variety, which had rather see each wall covered with as varied a collection as possible, is exactly equivalent to that stage of intellectual development which reads poetry in books of selections; it is about time that the hanging committees ceased to regard it. Not that the Bretons were all absolutely together. One had to find some strayed canvases, besides. The one we have engraved from a photograph is perhaps as valuable a picture as any, nor was there in the collection anything much finer in the way of free and noble rendering of peasant life and rural landscape. It is always true of Mr. Breton's peasant girls that they are peasants indeed, and not Parisian models in peasant dress. This gives to all his work of this class a character of truthfulness and real life, the reason for which is not at first easy to understand.



PART OF THE BELGIAN FAÇADE.

And this is one of the chief causes of a reputation which is just a little surprising. For the artistic quality of these pictures, though high, is certainly not the highest; there is little or none of that strange dignity of which Jean François Millet had the secret. It would not do to say that it is to despised and decried *realisme* that Jules Breton owes his power over the spectator; and yet, where else to seek for it? At the same time, it must be said that among his pictures there are some which remind one of the great Millet. The picture, "Les Amis," where girlish figures—not, as in "La Fontaine," of life size, but much smaller—are seen coming through the corn-field, is perhaps, of all



INTERIOR OF AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE, TIME OF WILLIAM III. ; ENGLISH EXHIBIT.

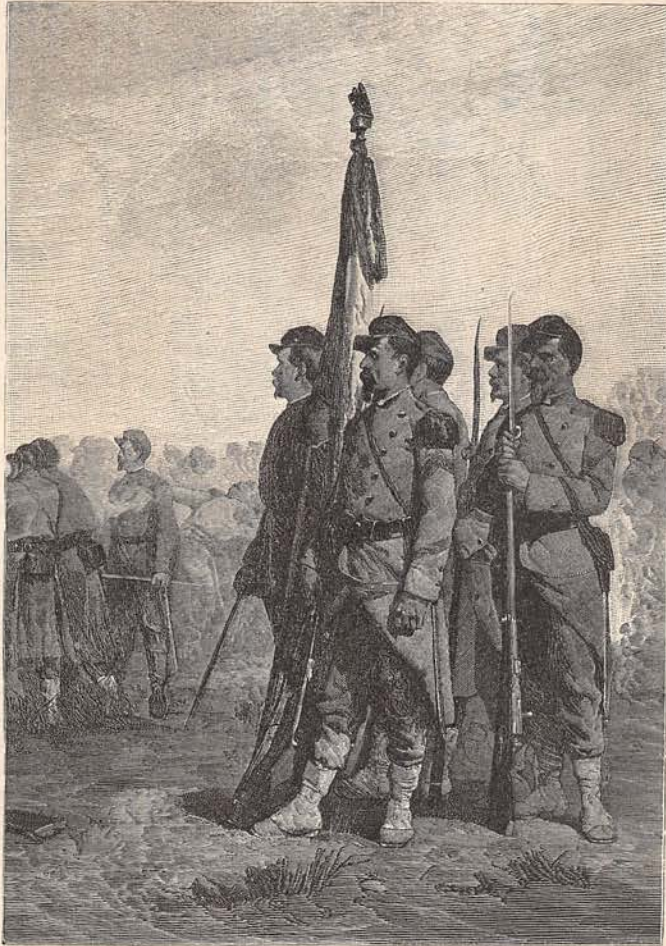
these nine pictures, the most noble and severe, the best in every way, and the most like the work of the dead artist whom we have twice named.

Opposite the Bretons, on the other long wall of that gallery, hung M. Bouguereau's canvases—a very different collection! It seems to be priestly influence that gives him so much valuable space for his saintly personages, with broad, gilded haloes. His rather effeminate art has but two notes: pietism and girlish sentiment; and, compared with the daylight sensibleness of the Bretons, it is all feeble indeed. When the visitor looked back toward the screen, around which he had passed in entering, he found it covered with the pictures of Corot—ten Corots together! This was an afterthought; the Exposition was two months old before these Corots were hung, there having been only two or three at first. What bad management it was, or what willful exclusion, which kept out Millet entirely, and almost succeeded in excluding Corot, it is impossible to

say, though there was gossip enough about it. The corresponding screen in the gallery alongside (the one opening out of "Sweden") was hung with the paintings of the elder Daubigny; and near, on the wall dividing the two French galleries, the pictures of Carolus Duran, including the "Mlle. Croizette" of the Philadelphia Exhibition. But it is impossible to go on in this catalogue style, hinting at pictures which we cannot engrave, nor describe, nor, alas! see again. In the galleries beyond was the wonderful work of the Alsatian, Henner, and of Laurens, the most truly historical and the most truly a painter, of all living historical painters; and here, too, the work of Benjamin Constant, who perhaps will surpass him, as having certainly greater art-power. It is hard to imagine anything more magnificent than M. Constant's huge picture of the fall of Constantinople,—magnificent in a worldly, too visible, superficial way, perhaps; but noble still, as a huge earthly event itself is noble. Then there were the strong and

sincere young landscape-painters, of whom M. Segé only has been named. With him should always be classed L. G. Pelouse and the Burgundian Pointelin, Bernier of Colmar, and the younger Daubigny. And, among all the pictures of younger and older men alike, the marvelous workmanship and powerful conception of Bastien-Lepage—a new man, whose first medal was only of 1874

for the front upon this of the French buildings on the north-east was a blank wall of iron and glass, and the picture-galleries and alcoves were not ornamental. But the other street was a different affair. It was called "Rue des Nations," and each visiting people had a front upon it exactly proportionate to the size of the ground it occupied. Thus, Great Britain had some five hundred feet of

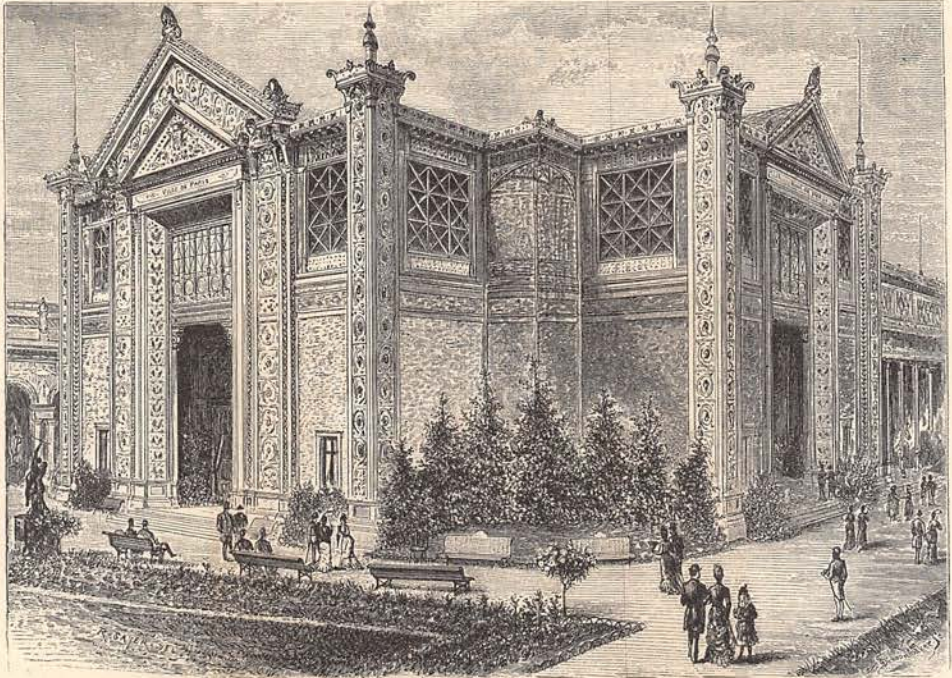


"THE COLOR GUARD." (PAINTING BY PROTAIS.)

—drew the lovers of vigorous and independent art to the out-of-the-way corner where his best canvas was hung. In despite of this attractive panorama, and instead of passing on to the galleries beyond the center, our business is to stop for a moment at the first *loggia*, and look about us.

The open street on the Paris side was, as has been said, the Rue de France. And this is a plain, and even ugly, street enough,

frontage; and the next largest exhibitors being Austria-Hungary and Belgium, it was they who came next in the amount of space occupied on the street. These fronts were all occupied with the "façades," of which so much has been written. Each nation did as it chose; and very oddly they chose, some of them! The chief and most honorable building was that of Belgium. The Belgians took the suggestion *au grand sérieux*, and spent six hun-



THE PAVILION OF PARIS.

dred thousand francs, and built a building like a Renaissance town-hall, of one pavilion of which we give a picture. The architect of this building, M. Janlet, showed great ingenuity in working into his design the various building materials which were contributed,—polished marble and granite columns, stone of various colors, brick, bronze-work, wrought-iron work,—and all without clashing or want of harmony.

The five hundred feet of front occupied by Great Britain was filled, not by one "façade," but by five separate buildings, one of which was built and fitted up as a private residence for the president of the British Commission, the Prince of Wales. The most satisfactory of the five was the little edifice erected by Messrs. Collinson & Lock, a London firm of decorators and upholsterers. It was a faithful reproduction of a small country house of the time of William III., and represented in its simple and careful design, both within and without, an unusual degree of skill, knowledge and taste. Our cut, from a drawing by Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, gives the interior, at the archway between the entrance vestibule and the stair-way hall.

But in the heart of the huge structure

(where a park was to have been had not space, even in this most vast of exhibition buildings, proved scanty) was the best building on the Champ de Mars, the really beautiful pavilion of the city of Paris. This building, devoted to the exhibition of the city itself, in its corporate capacity, with its various departments of religion and education and police, lighting and paving, parks and public monuments, is really very large—about two hundred and fifty feet long. Our cut shows the south-eastern end of it; or, rather, the easternmost corner, with two of the six great door-ways; and on the right, a part of the covered veranda where statuary and monuments belonging to the city were exhibited; on the left, just seen, is an arch of the Austrian Façade on the Rue des Nations; the street on the right is the Rue de France. Space does not allow of a minute examination of this edifice, which in some respects is the most important in the Exposition, and which marks an era in modern building: a purely constructional work, built and decorated by the means readiest to hand; absolutely novel, and underived; free from the copyism which ruins modern architecture, and altogether a marked success as an architectural design.