

The Small Galleries.

The "Cercle de l'Union Artistique."

Portraits, as is usual in modern exhibitions, predominate. Jules Lefebvre has one of a young girl in a black gown, the colouring of which is a little cold, but the note of purity, so noticeable in his picture in the Cercle Volney, is not missing.

M. Bonnat shows a bust portrait of Mlle Bréval of the Opéra, Carolus-Duran has a picture of a little girl in white, which is charming, and Bouguereau sends a figure of a Greek girl, who holds on her knees a Child, with the face of an angel.

M. Ferdinand Humbert's portrait of the Marquise de Breteuil, one of a woman in black by Dagnan-Bouveret, whose pictures in the Luxembourg show such remarkable colouring, and Mr. Bridgeman's fashionable woman leaving a ball-room are some of the most noticeable portraits.

M. Gérôme sends a picture and a bust. Monsieur Lami shows one of his exquisite Bruges pictures, and M. Marcel Coigniet has obtained some good sky and water effects in "La Rivière de Pont-Aven".

Among the sculpture, René de Saint-Marceaux has a very graceful little figure of an Arab boy. Baron Marochetti an exquisite little work which he calls "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle". M. Gérôme's statuette of a woman in the act of raising her veil is truthful, and M. Puech, has a small bronze portrait of M. Bonnat. There is also a bronze of Jean de Reszke as "Siegfried", by M. Antonin Mercié.

The American Art Association.

The American Art Association have opened their Winter Exhibition at their new Club house, a quaint old building at 74, rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs.

The portraits are the most striking features of the exhibition. Some of these are distinctly good, Otto R. Gaensslen has one of a man in a fawn-coloured coat, which compels notice more by the clever way in which it is treated than by any charm of the subject. There is, indeed, something almost repelling in the sinister expression on the man's face. Not so with the portrait of a lady by Edward Dufner. The high lights of this picture are all centred on the face, which seems to come out of the frame to greet one. Yet it is not a beautiful face in the general acceptance of the term, neither is it a young one. Of the landscapes one might ask the painters thereof, as a French landscape painter once asked of Turner, "What is their method?" and should their answer be as was Turner's: "Our pictures grow up, and we know not how", one might be tempted to resort to a copy-book maxim and reply, "what is one man's meat is another's poison." Among those who have succeeded in producing something good, method or no method, are Herbert Faulkner, whose simple treatment of "The Landing Place", Venice, strikes a truthful note, R. A. Ulmann in "Les Remorqueurs" gets a fine colour-effect, and Oscar Miller's "Dutch Interior" attracts by its quiet tones. Harry H. Osgood shows a very effective etching "Under Blackfriars Bridge", D. S. MacCloughlan's "The Carmelite Forge" is a worthy example of his always earnest work, and C. B. Bigelow, whose work is so well known in Paris, has "Place Basse Vieille Tour, Rouen". The only examples of decorative art, are two panels by H. W. Moore, which are vaguely suggestive, like Copenhagen China. Among the sculpture, a portrait bust by Hans Schuler, is particularly strong, and shows great promise.

M. E. Pountney.

BALZAC*

To AUGUSTE RODIN

Giant, with iron secrecies ennighted,
Cloaked, Balzac stands and sees. Immense disdain,
Egyptian silence, mastery of pain,
Gargantuan laughter, shake or still the ignited
Statue of the Master, vivid. Far, affrighted,
The stunned air shudders on the skin. In vain
The Master of "La Comédie Humaine"
Shadows the deep-set eyes, genius-lighted.

Epithalamia, birth-songs, epitaphs,
Are written in the mystery of his lips.

Sad wisdom, scornful shame, grand agony
In the coffin-folds of the cloak, scarred mountains lie,
And pity bides i' th' heart. Grim knowledge grips
The essential manhood. Balzac stands, and laughs.

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