

Reviews of Recent Publications

nature, full of intensity, and admirable in their poetry and truth. The mythological scenes by M. L. Monod are exquisite alike in composition and in execution and they are instinct with a deep love of antiquity. From Bruges, M. Le Sidaner has brought back some exquisite things—old *façades*, now pink, now white, projecting from the silent quays, their steps worn by the feet of generations dead and gone.

MM. Emile Claus, Eugène Vail, and Henri Duhem are worthily represented in Georges Petit's galleries. The first-named sends his *Brouillard du Matin*, and M. Vail three canvases, *Chemin de Foi*, *Crépuscule*, and *Il Pleut sur la Ville*, which is reproduced here. They are landscapes marked by an exquisite sense of nature, at once delicate and full of force. Equal praise is due to M. Henri Duhem, a landscapist and animal painter of the first rank. His *Parc de Moutons* and his *Troupeau dans la Dune* are impregnated with naturalness, and distinguished by a feeling for beauty which, alas! is all too rare nowadays.

G. M.

Amidst the more or less unimportant talk of the Paris studios just now there is one rumour making itself heard in many quarters, and with some insistence, which may be worth attention. It would seem that the election of Carolus-Duran to the Presidency of the National Society of the Fine Arts is far from satisfactory to certain of the younger members of that body. It is urged that M. Carolus-Duran's selection means the beginning of a reactionary movement in art, a movement, in short, in a direction exactly opposite to the tendencies of the newer men. This group of painters, the apostles of modernity, entered a new field for the cult of impressionism with the founding of the National Society of the Fine Arts. Under the presidency of Puvis de Chavannes, an artist of too much individuality, and too much apart from all the schools to be suspected of favouring any, they were not especially restive, but in the new president, M. Carolus Duran, a painter of contested eminence, the enemy by virtue of his whole artistic education of the newer æsthetic tendencies, these gentlemen fear a dangerous adversary. From this attitude to the making of a new, a third, Salon is but a step. The new society will rally round the famous leaders of the group, Degas, Monet, Pissaro, and the others. It will be a league of the impressionists, of the moderns. The scheme meets with some approval among the sculptors, who

would be likely to go into it heartily were one of their own men, say Auguste Rodin, given the honour of the presidency. Such recognition has, however, not as yet fallen to the lot of the sculptors from any of the societies of art.

B. B.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

English Lyrics, from Spenser to Milton. Illustrations by ROBERT ANNING BELL, and Introduction by JOHN DENNIS. (London: George Bell & Sons.) Price 6s.—“It is the old songs that haunt the memory and make music in the heart.” So says Mr. Dennis in his introduction to this delightful collection of lyrics by Herrick, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sidney, and many other singers of bygone days. Whatever the faults to be found in an ultra-critical age with the compositions of the older poets, there is yet a quality of joyousness, of English sweetness, simplicity, and healthfulness that must ever commend their verses to the appreciation of their countrymen. New editions will be called for again and again, and



ILLUSTRATION BY R. ANNING BELL
FROM "ENGLISH LYRICS" (G. BELL AND SONS)