ART AND ARTISTS OF OUR TIME

CLARENCE COOK.

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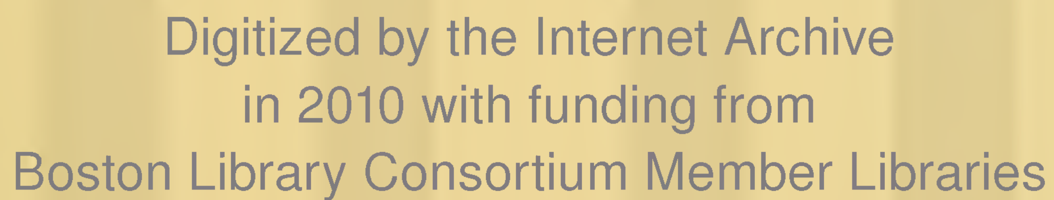

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TH. GÉRARD, PINXT.　　　　W. RIDGWAY, SCULPT.

A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

ART AND ARTISTS

OF

OUR TIME

BY

CLARENCE COOK,

EDITOR OF "LÜBKE'S HISTORY OF ART," EDITOR OF "THE STUDIO,"
AND AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

With Many Illustrations.

VOL. VI.

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AMERICAN ART (CONTINUED).

With all due respect for West, and with the natural desire to do our countryman justice, it must be pointed out that this determination of West came naturally from the prosaic realism of his character. He had not a spark of poetic fire in his composition. He was filled with the ideas of "grand art" which played such mischief in England in his time, and he was inwardly persuaded that great art had much to do with big canvases. He took his subjects from classical history and from the Bible, and succeeded in extracting from them every trace of poetry and human interest. He proved to us that the diamond is, after all, nothing but charcoal.

West, it seems to us, did little more toward effecting a revolution in art than to extend the principles of Hogarth, who had advocated the same truth to nature in the treatment of subjects drawn from private life that West would have followed in historical painting. Hogarth died in 1764, five years after the battle of Quebec and a year after West's arrival in England. It is certain that had he lived he would have been one of West's strongest supporters in the contest that arose over this question. Nor, indeed, is there any doubt that had the decision of the matter been left to the public vote, West would have had the majority on his side, as Hogarth had on his. There was never any doubt as to the popularity of Hogarth's prints with the general public. It was "society"—the rich, the learned, the polite—who held aloof. And West, too, had the public with him for many years, and so great was his success that it gave a strong impetus to the painting of historical subjects, which no one since his day has attempted to treat in any other than a realistic way. Dunlap has remarked on the curious fact that three Americans led the way in this style and showed the way to Europeans. West first, with his "Death of Wolfe;" Copley next, with "The Death of Major Pierson;" Trumbull last, with "The Battle of Bunker Hill." The principle once

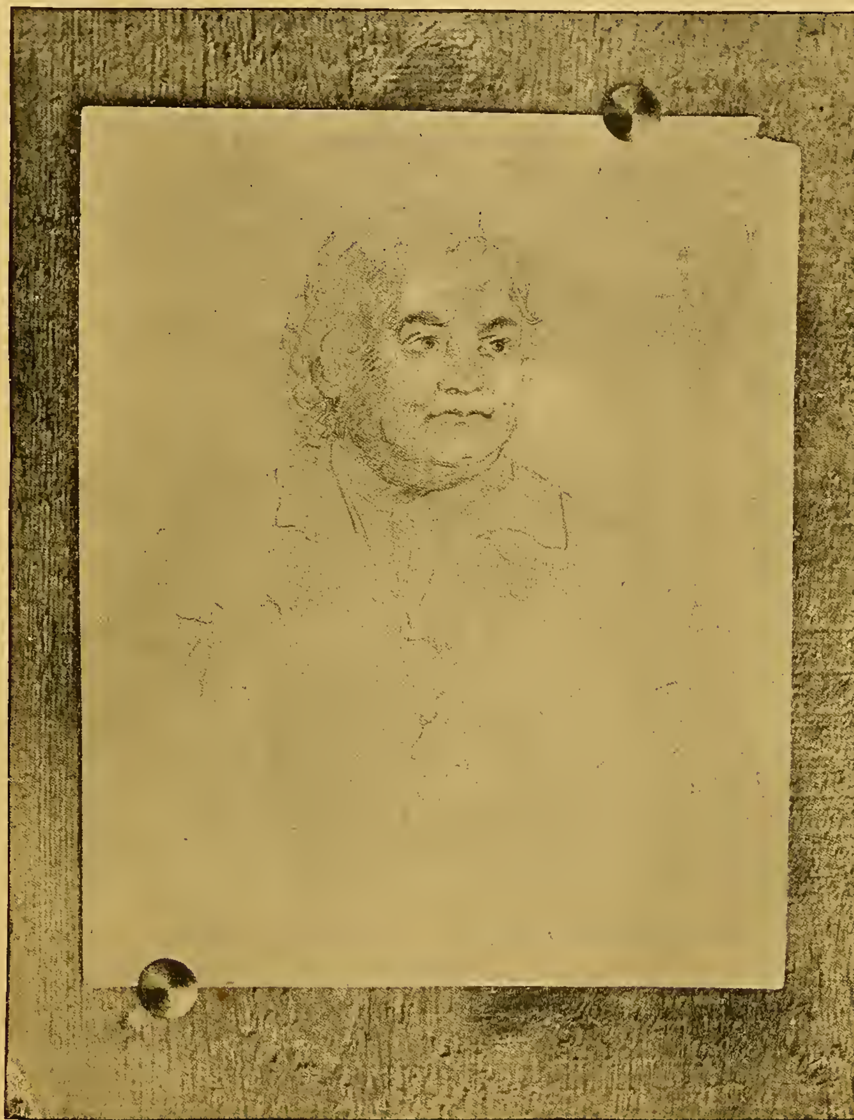
established, was so entirely in accord with the general scientific tendency of the time that it is not surprising to find it generally accepted, nor that it should have been introduced by Americans, natives of a country where the test of reasonableness was getting itself applied to every subject with relentless logic.

West's influence in England was next felt in the establishment of the Royal Academy, which was due almost entirely to his suggestion.

This important event gave West a commanding position in the world of art in England, even though he was not the first president of the Academy. In fact, the choice of Reynolds for that office, insisted on by West and readily confirmed by the king, doubtless added to the consideration in which West was held, since it showed that he was not moved by personal ambition. On the death of Reynolds in 1791, West was unanimously elected to the office, and he continued to hold it, with a slight interruption, until his death, in 1820. At the time of the Peace of Amiens, West went to Paris with the rest of the world, anixous to see the pictures and statues of which Napoleon had robbed the galleries of Italy. While there West attracted the notice of the leading statesmen of France, and was treated by them with so much favor and distinction that it is believed this was the chief cause of the coolness shown him by the English court soon after his return home. West had never concealed his republican leanings, even though his tact forbade his intruding them. And his sympathies were strongly in favor of the French Republic, while he had a strong personal admiration for Napoleon himself. Leigh Hunt, whose mother was a niece of Mrs. West—both ladies were from Philadelphia—and who when a child was a frequent visitor at the artist's house—he has left us a lively description of it in his delightful "Autobiography"—speaking of this visit to Paris, says: "Mr. West certainly kept his love for Bonaparte no secret; and it was no wonder, for the latter expressed admiration of his pictures. The artist thought the conqueror's smile enchanting, and that he had the handsomest leg ever seen. He was present when the 'Venus de' Medici' was talked of, the French having just taken possession of her. Bonaparte, Mr. West said, turned round to those about him, and said, with his eyes lit up, 'She's coming!' as if he had been talking of a living person. I believe he retained for the emperor the love he had had for the First Consul, a wedded love, 'for better, for worse.' However, I believe, also, that he retained it after the emperor's downfall, which is not what every painter did."

We have already intimated that West lost favor with the court. This was toward the

end of the life of George III., when the king was in declining health, bodily and mental, and those about him thus left free to act as they would. It is not necessary, however, to ascribe the withdrawal of favor from West and the stopping his commissions wholly to a



"GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM."

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY JOHN TRUMBULL, BELONGING TO BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, ESQ.

dislike of his republican opinions. We may reasonably think that something of these was due to a growth, or at least a change, of public taste. West was outgrown. He had received more commissions from the crown than all the other artists in England put together, and

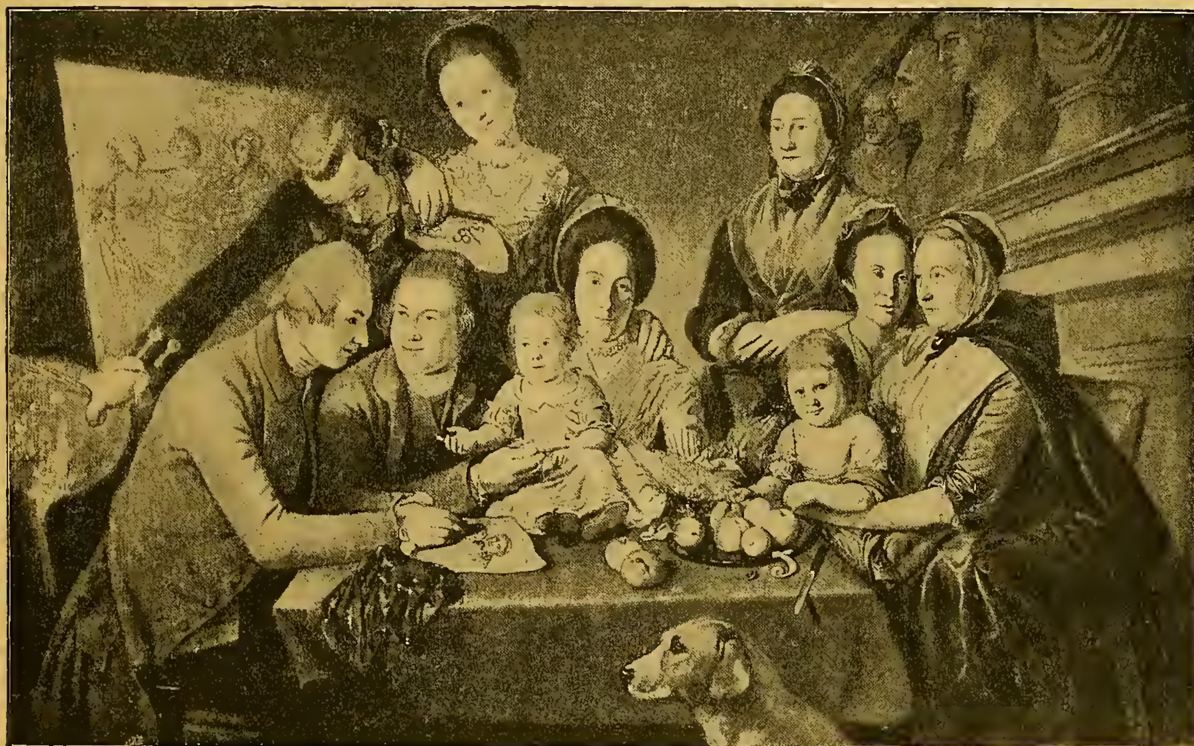
while the man still held his place in public and private esteem, the artist had become wearisome; his pictures had long since ceased to please.

We give two illustrations from the voluminous work of West, the "Thetis Bringing the Armor to Achilles," which is a good example of his treatment of classical subjects, and the picture of himself and his family, here reduced from the engraving in line and stipple made in 1779 by George Siegmund and Johann Gottlieb Facius. This picture shows West in the most favorable light. The group of the mother and child is very skilfully managed, and the grace of the woman that can subdue even the austerities of the Quaker dress to its charm is well contrasted with the rigid formality of the two old men, the father and uncle of the artist, Quakers to the backbone. Behind them stands West himself, palette in hand, while his eldest son leans upon the arm of his mother's chair.

West's position in England had for many years been an incitement and an encouragement to the ambition of his younger countrymen; and hampered by the many circumstances unfavorable to the success of the arts in America, rising artists, here at home, turned their eyes eagerly toward England, where, as the examples of Copley and West had shown them, they might hope for some of the rewards so dear to the artist: employment, a competence, perhaps fortune and fame

Among others who came to England to study under West was John Trumbull, the painter of "The Battle of Bunker Hill" and of "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence." Trumbull was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1756. He was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the colonial governor of Connecticut. He was a graduate of Harvard University at the early age of seventeen, and seems to have had a native love of learning, for he tells us that he was further advanced in his studies than the most of his companions, and that, as time hung somewhat heavy on his hands, he made the acquaintance of a French family in the neighborhood who had been banished from Acadie, and obtained from them a knowledge of French sufficient to enable him to read and write it with some facility. He had an early inclination for art, and studied a book on perspective which he found in the college library, and he made copies of the few pictures which he had access to, in Boston: an "Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius," by some Italian unknown; a "Rebecca at the Well," by Nicolas Coypel; and Smybert's copy of Van Dyck's Cardinal Bentivoglio. He learned much, too, from the painting of Copley, who was then living in Boston: we have already mentioned the circumstance of his visit and the impression made upon his youthful mind by the sight of the

artist's material prosperity. After leaving college, Trumbull amused himself with painting, and it is a sign of the times that he dived for subjects into ancient history; trying his hand at "The Battle of Cannæ," "Brutus Condemning his Sons," and the like. But, fortunately for his fame, he was shortly to find subjects here, at home, which concerned him and us more nearly. The war with England broke out, and to avoid being made a clergyman, which was his father's ambition for him, he entered the army and was made an adjutant of militia, as he says,



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AND HIS FAMILY."
FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES WILSON PEALE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

before he had even seen a regimental line formed. A few days before the review took place the battle at Lexington was fought, and from a mock adjutant he was suddenly transformed into a real one, and stationed at Roxbury under General Spencer. While at his post the battle of Bunker Hill took place, and in painting his picture of the scene in England, eleven years later, he drew upon his imagination for the facts, since it was impossible that he should have had any personal knowledge of the action. All that he could have seen of the actual battle was the smoke from the British ships of war, and the smoke from the burning village

of Charlestown. Bunker Hill is three or four miles from Boston, and the hills on which Boston stands rose between Roxbury and the scene of the battle. That he saw that a fight was going on, is all he can mean when he says of himself: "The artist was on that day adjutant of the first regiment of the Connecticut troops stationed at Roxbury, and saw the action from that point." It is not necessary for our purpose to go into the details of Trumbull's military career. It was not a long one, and Dunlap is at no pains to conceal his opinion that Trumbull was inclined to overrate the value and the extent of his services. All that need be said here is that he entered the army in 1775, and in the winter of 1776 or spring of 1777 he retired from the army and went to Boston, where he renewed the study of painting, occupying the room which had been built by Smybert for a studio, and where several of his pictures were still hanging. Here he remained until 1779, and in 1780, having made the acquaintance of Mr. Temple, afterward first consul-general of Great Britain to the United States, who assured him that he might safely go to London to study under Mr. West, he embarked for France, and in August of that year passed over to England.

According to Trumbull's own account, information had been sent to London in advance of his arrival that led the British Government to regard him with suspicion. Trumbull himself, with what reason is not known, attributed this to the ill-offices of Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford, an American who at first sided with the British against the colonists in the war, and who had shown such ability as a bearer of dispatches that he had been made under-secretary of state. He was living in London at the time of Trumbull's arrival, and gave notice to his superiors that John Trumbull, son of the rebel governor of Connecticut, and who had himself served in the rebel army, was come to England. It is possible that no notice would have been taken by the government of this fact, other than perhaps to keep an official watch upon the doings of the new-comer, had it not been for the unfortunate affair of Major André, whose hanging as a spy had roused the deepest indignation in England and made the people eager for retaliation. Trumbull had arrived in London in August, 1780. In October of the same year André was tried and executed, but the news did not reach England until November. Trumbull, who was then studying under West, had the misfortune to be a lodger in the same house with an American who had been an officer in the army, and against whom a warrant had been issued for high treason. As it was thought that Trumbull might be implicated in this person's affairs, or might have papers about him that would assist in his prosecution, orders were given to make his arrest at the

same time. He was taken before a magistrate, and as he tells us himself, he rebuked the court,

"PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON,"

AS A COLONEL IN THE BRITISH SERVICE IN VIRGINIA. PAINTED IN 1772 BY CHARLES W. PEALE. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION, FROM THE STEEL ENGRAVING MADE FOR "IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON" PUBLISHED BY G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

and acknowledging both his parentage and the fact that he had been an aide-de-camp of Washington, threatened retaliation in case he were ill-treated. Dunlap, who certainly had no love for

Trumbull as a man, though he does him ample justice as an artist, regards this reply of Trumbull as mere bounce, and indeed it seems to have been unnecessary, seeing that the facts he confessed with such boldness were not only known already to the authorities, but were, in part, the very reasons for his arrest. The result of the examination was, that his confinement was ordered during the king's pleasure; but no sooner had West heard of the affair than he hastened to the king and made a personal appeal on behalf of the artist, which so far availed that Trumbull was set at ease as to any serious consequences of the affair. The king gave West his personal assurance that whatever might be the legal decision in the case, Trumbull's life was in no danger, and that he might pursue his studies begun, without fear of interruption. Trumbull speaks of a confinement, presumably in prison, that lasted eight months, from November, when he was arrested, until the following June, but it seems probable that he was only considered under arrest, and that his movements were but little restricted. He kept on with his studies, engaged principally in copying pictures under Mr. West's direction, and in June, 1781, such a turn had taken place in the public affairs of the two countries that the government began to relax its severity. Trumbull, as he tells us himself, was admitted to bail by a special order of the king in council, on condition of quitting the kingdom within thirty days and not to return during the war. West and Copley became his sureties, and he immediately left England for America, crossing to Ostend, and embarking from Amsterdam. After a series of misadventures he reached home in January, but with health much shattered by the long and disastrous voyage, so that he was disabled for work until the end of the next summer. Even then he did not resume his painting, but went into business with his brothers, who were engaged in supplying the army with provisions; but in 1783 the news of the coming peace revived his hopes of again visiting England, and of once more taking up his studies. His father did not approve his choice of a profession, but as he saw that his son's mind was set upon being an artist he made no further objection—which indeed would have been unreasonable, seeing that his son was then twenty-seven—and in 1783 Trumbull sailed for England, where he was again kindly received by Mr. West, and at once resumed his studies under his old teacher. In 1784, Dunlap, on his arrival in London, found Trumbull in West's studio, where he was established as the successor of Gilbert Stuart, who had now set up for himself in London as a portrait-painter. West had employed Trumbull to make a copy of his "Battle of La Hogue," one of the series of historical pictures in which West celebrated the victories of the English. and of which the "Death of Wolfe" is the best

known, and in the intervals of his work upon this copy Trumbull painted his first original composition—"Priam Bringing back to his Palace the Body of Hector." This picture was no more than a school-work in the manner of West, and is chiefly interesting as showing him in

"FOX-GRAPES AND PEACHES."

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAEL PEALE IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. COPIED BY PERMISSION.

the very beginning of his career adopting the style to which later he owed all his distinction; the figures painted in miniature in oil, the heads finished with great spirit and with a touch at once delicate and free. Had Trumbull never attempted large works, but contented himself with the small canvases on which the originals of his "Bunker Hill," the "Death of Mont-

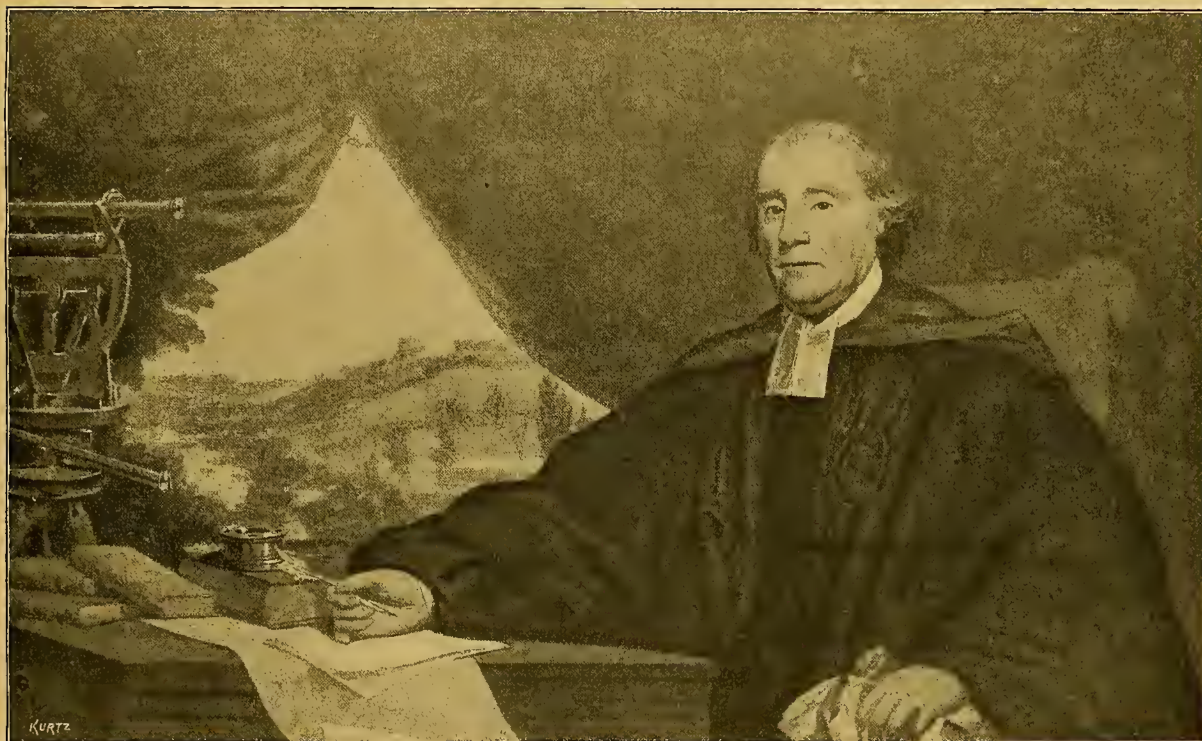
gomery," and "The Sortie from Gibraltar" are painted, or had he left nothing more behind him than the oil-studies in miniature for the paintings in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, his reputation would have been much greater than it is to-day; for, unfortunately, while these smaller works still remain to us, and while those of them that are in the gallery at New Haven are well cared for, they are seen there by few persons, and little valued by the public, while the larger pictures in the Capitol are seen yearly by thousands of people, and by them Trumbull is unhappily judged. It is fortunate for us, and shows a native good judgment on Trumbull's part, that he should have made only one attempt in what, in the artistic jargon of the day, was called the Grand Style, and that he should have been drawn by West's example and success to the realistic treatment of subjects taken from the history of his own time and interesting to his contemporaries. While Trumbull was in London in West's studio he finished his picture, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," from sketches he had made in America. It is no doubt true, as Dunlap says, that Trumbull was moved to this attempt by the success that had attended West's "Death of Wolfe" and Copley's "Death of Major Pierson," but there is surely no discredit in this; it rather strengthens Trumbull's reputation, showing that he recognized the right path, and that he proved he had the strength to walk in it independently. The success of these pictures with the general public, and no less with amateurs, may be said to have settled definitely the question of the proper treatment of historical subjects by the painter, a question that had, of course, presented no difficulties until it came up in reference to the awkwardness or ugliness of modern costume. So long as the battles of the Greeks and Romans were to be painted, there was not only no difficulty, but everything lent itself gladly to the painter's art. The early Italians had as rich a material at their disposal in the picturesque and varied costumes of their time; and even the civilian dress of the eighteenth century had elements available for the artist which made the task of our American innovators easier than it would be to-day, while the military costume, then as now, gave ample opportunity for pictorial treatment. In fact, the artists of to-day, and among these not a few Americans, find some of their most enjoyable subjects in the illustration of eighteenth-century life and manners. The true crucial difficulty presents itself when we have to deal with our late nineteenth-century coats, trousers, and hats, yet even here the modern artist shows his mettle in the easy way in which he tames this rebellious material to his sway. Yet it must also be conceded that art has made its influence felt in the modification of our contemporary male costume, at least of our in-

"THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

formal every-day wear, to such an extent that an artist must indeed be a poor craftsman who cannot make it agreeable in the rendering.

Trumbull's "Battle of Bunker Hill" represents the moment when the British troops, by the failure of the American ammunition, had become the masters of the field. General Warren has just been killed, and he forms the central point of interest of the picture. He is supported by a soldier, who strikes aside the arm of a British grenadier who would bayonet



"WILLIAM SMITH, D.D., FIRST PROVOST OF THE COLLEGE AND ACADEMY OF PHILADELPHIA."
FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART. BY PERMISSION OF DR. JOHN H. BRINTON.

him to avenge the death of Colonel Abercrombie, a favorite officer of his company, who lies dead at Warren's feet. Colonel Small, an intimate friend of General Warren, is rushing to his relief, but comes too late. At the left of the picture we see the face of General Putnam, who is ordering the retreat of the Americans, while a part of the troops fire a parting volley at the enemy. Behind Colonel Small is Colonel Pitcairn, of the British marines, who has just been mortally wounded and is supported in the arms of his son. General Howe, who commanded the British forces, is seen behind the principal group, and still further in

the distance the enemy ascends the hill, bearing the British colors, while in the background are the royal man-of-war Somerset, a portion of the town of Boston, and the smoke that rises from the burning village of Charlestown. Trumbull was reproached even in his own time for choosing as the subject of his picture the moment of his countrymen's defeat. Dunlap thinks he should have depicted the heroic resistance of the Americans that preceded the arrival of British reinforcements that turned the victory well-nigh won into a defeat. But if the subject were to be painted at all, we do not see how it could have been properly painted otherwise than we have it from the hand of Trumbull. Dunlap, writing in 1834, says that "the story of Bunker Hill, as told by Mr. Trumbull, was, and is, particularly objected to by many of the inhabitants of Boston and its neighborhood." But it is not unlikely that something, at least, of this disfavor was due to personal jealousies; the artist had not distributed the honors of the day with sufficient impartiality. All this acrimonious discussion has now grown so pale with years that we need not consider it. The popularity of the picture even at the time it was painted far outweighed all objections, and whoever sees the original as it now hangs in the gallery at New Haven will agree that the picture deserves its reputation, whether as a composition or as a piece of painting. Up to the time when it was produced, we had had no artist capable of such spirited and delicate work. The *facsimile* which we publish of the pencil-drawing made by Trumbull for the head of Putnam in his "Battle of Bunker Hill" is the only portrait of him taken from life that is known to exist. It has been obligingly communicated to the author by Benjamin D. Silliman, Esq.

The "Bunker Hill" was followed by two works that greatly increased Trumbull's reputation in England and on the Continent: "The Death of Montgomery before Quebec" and "The Sortie from Gibraltar." We are told that a copy of the latter picture, twenty by thirty inches, carefully made for the purpose of engraving, was purchased by Sir Francis Baring for five hundred guineas, and that the same gentleman made an agreement with Trumbull for a series of pictures on American subjects, to be paid for at the same rate. Why such an agreement should have been made subject to approval by the governing powers does not plainly appear; but Trumbull says it was, and that in consequence of the disapproval of the project "in a high quarter," the proposition was withdrawn. The "Sortie" was engraved by William Sharpe, still considered one of the best engravers of his time, and Trumbull, not satisfied with the copy originally made for engraving, and which had been bought by Sir Francis Baring, made another larger one, six feet by nine, which was exhibited when finished

in 1789, in Spring Gardens, and was much admired. It was afterward bought by the Boston Athenæum, and is still, we believe, in the possession of that society.

"PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON."

FROM THE PICTURE PAINTED BY HIMSELF. BY PERMISSION OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

Trumbull had conceived the idea, as we have seen, of painting a series of pictures of subjects drawn from the War of Independence, and he devoted himself to collecting for the purpose portraits of all the principal persons who had been connected with that important

event. The talent of Trumbull showed best in painting in oil on a small scale, and on this account it is to be regretted that the scheme in which Sir Francis Baring was interested, of a series of pictures on American subjects, to be painted of the same size as "The Sortie from Gibraltar," could not have been carried out. As it is, this was never done, and the only works by which Trumbull's skill as an artist can be known are, as we have said, the smaller works, chiefly preserved in the gallery at New Haven. It was at first his intention only to paint the series of pictures he had in mind in small size for the use of the engraver; the sale of the prints being the first consideration, and the public exhibition a secondary matter. Hogarth was perhaps the first one to whom, in England, this notion of publishing engravings by subscription had occurred, but the very novelty of the thing interfered with its success in his hands, and he was, besides, pestered with dishonest people who, not believing, or pretending not to believe in "property in ideas," copied his plates and cheated him in so many ingenious ways, after the manner of their tribe, that he was forced to appeal to the government for protection. But the immense popularity of his prints paved the way for the success of those who came after him, and when Trumbull arrived, he found the whole machinery for supplying the public taste for engraved copies of the works of favorite artists, in full and easy operation. West and Copley were much indebted to the engravers, and Trumbull was, before long, to owe them no less. He issued his prospectuses inviting subscribers for engravings from his "Bunker Hill" and the "Death of Montgomery:" half the money to be paid down at the time of subscription. He obtained nearly three hundred subscribers in America, at six guineas for the two prints, and the engravings proved to be extremely popular. The "Bunker Hill" was at one time to be found, along with the "Declaration of Independence," in the parlor of almost every well-to-do family in New England. "The Declaration of Independence" and "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis" were Trumbull's next important pictures, and he took great pains in procuring the portraits for them. In 1787 he had visited Paris, where Jefferson was then living as minister to France, and here Trumbull painted his portrait. At the same time he had sittings from the French officers who had been present at the surrender of Cornwallis. In 1789 he returned to America and busied himself with collecting the portraits of all the persons who were assembled at the signing of the Declaration of Independence. John Adams he had already painted in London, and Jefferson and Franklin in Paris. The result of all these studies forms for Americans an invaluable treasury of portraits of the men to whom we are indebted for the establishment of our government; por-

traits, so beautifully painted as to make them a delightful possession apart from their accuracy as likenesses and their faithfulness in all details of dress, civil and military. As

"ROSALIE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON. BY PERMISSION OF NATHAN APPLETON, ESQ.

we have said already, Trumbull might well be content to rest his claim to be remembered on these miniatures alone.

In the course of the year 1790 Washington sat to Trumbull no less than seven times. Mr. Tuckerman, in his "Character and Portraits of Washington," says that no artist enjoyed the opportunities of Colonel Trumbull as the portrayer of Washington, and he proceeds to show how long continued and intimate were his relations with his great countryman. This makes us the more regret that he should have left behind him pictures of Washington so unsatisfactory, whether we consider them as portraits or as paintings. In 1790 he made the portrait of Washington which now hangs in the Mayor's room in the City Hall, New York, and in 1792 he painted the one that is in the gallery at New Haven, where it is surrounded by the collection of pictures, miniatures, and sketches bequeathed by him to Yale College. This latter portrait formerly belonged to the Connecticut State Society of the Cincinnati, but when that association was dissolved, a few of the members bought the picture and presented it to Yale College. It is a lamentable fact that with a half-dozen painters all moderately skilled, to say the least, in their art, living at the same time with Washington, and with the wide-spread desire to secure a good picture of the man, we should be left to comfort ourselves as we best can with the wooden effigies painted by Wright, Peale, Trumbull, and Stuart. Trumbull's portrait in the New York City Hall is perhaps the worst of the lot, yet we find it written about in terms that seem to betray a strange perversity of taste when we read these eulogies with the picture before us. These portraits confirm in a melancholy manner the opinion that Trumbull had not the skill necessary to paint life-size figures well. His strength lay exclusively in miniature. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that to the younger contemporaries of Washington who outlived him, Trumbull's portraits would seem to have recalled him vividly to memory. When Lafayette saw a copy of this picture at the time of his second visit to this country, ten years before his death, he expressed his delight at the resemblance. But this might easily have happened, for a very slight likeness will recall the memory of a dead friend, and Lafayette was not likely to be disturbed by the bad painting. It is hardly worth while to say more about pictures so well known as these, and that have had their day of wide popularity through the engravings of them that have been multiplied beyond counting. From 1789 to 1794 Trumbull was occupied with the labor of collecting likenesses of the historic persons whom he wished to introduce into his pictures. In 1794 he returned to England, this time in an official capacity as secretary to Mr. Jay, appointed in that year minister to England. In 1796 he was appointed agent for the protection of impressed seamen, but he accepted in preference the position of fifth commissioner to

carry out one of the provisions of the treaty concluded by Mr. Jay with the British government in 1794. Trumbull's duties as secretary to the minister were merely nominal, and he occupied his time chiefly in painting, but he accomplished nothing of importance; he made a few portraits and some copies of old pictures. The business of the treaty lagged along, and in one of the frequent adjournments in which, as Trumbull says, the commissioners indulged themselves when wearied with debating, he slipped over to the Continent to look after the copper-plates of his two pictures, "The Battle of Bunker Hill" and "The Death of Montgomery." The third picture, "The Sortie from Gibraltar," was engraved in London by Sharpe. "The Battle of Bunker Hill" had been given to Johann Gotthard von Müller, an engraver of Stuttgart, the father of Christian Friedrich von Müller, to whom we owe the engraving of the Sistine Madonna, which is generally conceded to be the best reproduction of the picture. The elder Müller, from whom the son had his training, was himself an engraver of acknowledged merit, and the plate of "The Battle of Bunker Hill" was reckoned by him his best work. It is certainly an excellent example of engraving in pure line, and it was a piece of good fortune for his countrymen, as well as for Trumbull, that so important a work should have fallen into such skilful hands. "The Death of Montgomery" had likewise been entrusted to an engraver highly esteemed in his profession, J. F. Clemens, of Copenhagen, who produced an excellent plate which he himself considered his chief work. At the time of the adjournment of the commission Trumbull received word that Müller had completed the plate of the "Bunker Hill," and determined to go himself to Stuttgart to receive the finished plate, and to bring back the original picture from which the engraving had been made.

He reached Stuttgart with some difficulty. There was a delay in Paris in getting a passport. Some one whispered in Trumbull's ear that the police had an eye upon him, and he left Paris for Amsterdam, where he had better luck, obtaining a passport without trouble or delay from the French consul. On his return from Stuttgart to Paris with his picture and the finished plate, he found a fresh delay in getting a passport for England. This was now a serious matter, as the commissioners were to meet again, and if he were not in London when they met, his place would have to be filled. In this emergency he went directly to Talleyrand, who received him cordially and invited him to dine with him. Finding, however, that with all Talleyrand's formal civility he was no nearer to a passport than before, he took the step of calling upon David, the painter, who gave him a warm welcome both as a painter and as a citizen of the American Republic. David took Trumbull and his picture with him

in his carriage, and called at once upon the minister of police, who upon David's representation at once issued the necessary papers and sent Trumbull on his way rejoicing.

In 1801 Trumbull married, in England, an English lady, and in 1804 the treaty which had been so long negotiating was signed, and Trumbull, freed from the official duties which had been so light and yet so binding, returned to America. He brought with him a number of pictures by the old masters which he had bought in Paris for little money, from persons whose means had been reduced by the revolution and by the subsequent disorders of the state. These pictures were exhibited in New York, in a room in the old Park Theatre building. It was the first public exhibition of pictures by the old masters that was made in America, and although we are told that many of the pictures were good examples of their painters, they did not attract visitors enough to pay the expenses of the exhibition, even though the manager of the theatre made no charge for rent. After a sufficient trial of the public taste, and finding it indifferent to the merit of his collection, whatever that merit may have been, Trumbull packed up his old masters and stored them until he should have an opportunity of taking them to England and there disposing of them in a better market. Dunlap says that Trumbull added to the exhibition his own fine picture, "The Sortie from Gibraltar," but even this was not sufficient to save the enterprise from failure.

Trumbull lived in New York in a good neighborhood, in a large house at Pine Street and Broadway, and here he established himself as a portrait-painter. Dunlap says that at this time he had the field to himself in the Northern and Eastern States, but he would not seem to have been able to profit by his opportunity, for in 1809 he returned to England and did not come back to America until 1816. In London, where he lived in Argyll Street in handsome style, he painted a few portaits, but he had not the skill to take up the mantle let fall only a little while before his arrival by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. In fact, Trumbull's life-size portraits are "among the indifferent children of the earth" when they are not positively bad, and there would seem to have been little taste for the miniatures in oil that he painted so well—supposing that he made it a part of his business to paint them. Nearly all those that we have were made, it will be remembered, as sketches to serve in the painting of his historical pictures, but we have seen a few of them, painted apparently for their sitters, as was evidently the case with the fine miniature of Ceracchi the sculptor, found by Mr. S. P. Avery in a shop at The Hague. No name was attached to the picture, but Mr. Avery immediately recognized the hand of the artist, and it was later identified as the por-

trait of Ceracchi by comparing it with the known portrait at New Haven, of which it is an exact copy, if indeed it be not the original. Painting like this ought to have made for Trum-

"UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES R. LESLIE.

bull a name in England had he chosen to practise it, but he took the ordinary way, and failed, as we have said. He then attempted figure-painting in illustration of Scripture or of

popular poetry; painted two large pictures with subjects from the Bible: "The Woman Taken in Adultery" and "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me"—pictures for which nobody at that time or at any time could find a use, and which were as inferior to the worst of West's performances of the same sort as they were to the best of Trumbull's own. It is indeed difficult to believe that the same hand painted these empty, pretentious pictures, devoid of any art beyond the reach of a clever house-painter, and the "Battle of Bunker Hill." "Besides these pictures he seized," says Dunlap, "a moment of Russian popularity, and displayed 'Peter the Great at Narva.' When Scott's poems occupied public attention, he painted Ellen Douglas, with her father, lover, and the old harper, and also the knighting of De Wilton." But the public cared no more for these pictures than for the Bible subjects, and in 1816 Trumbull returned to New York, discouraged with his want of success, and yet buoyed up by the hope of retrieving his fortunes by a new scheme he had in his head. In 1814, in the War of 1812, the Capitol at Washington had been barbarously destroyed by the English, and at the time of Trumbull's return to America in 1816 it was rebuilding in a style much more imposing and ornate than that of the former edifice. Trumbull thought this a good opening for his art. He proposed to Congress that he should be employed to fill the eight panels of the rotunda of the Capitol with pictures illustrating the War of Independence, and he brought with him to Washington, as proof of his ability, his "Battle of Bunker Hill" and his "Death of Montgomery," together with the miniature-portraits he had so laboriously and conscientiously collected for the subjects "The Declaration of Independence" and the "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown." It was impossible not to be struck with the excellence of these works, and Congress had little hesitation in giving Trumbull the commission he desired. But, of the four subjects represented in the pictures and sketches he had brought with him, the government accepted only two: the "Declaration of Independence" and the "Surrender at Yorktown." For the other two they substituted "The Surrender of Burgoyne" and "The Resignation of Washington of the Command of the Army." The reason for the rejection of the "Battle of Bunker Hill" was plain—it represented an American defeat; while the "Death of Montgomery" was a subject that had but little interest for Americans and did not in any way concern their history. Trumbull accepted the commission, the terms of which, it must be allowed, were very liberal when the condition of the country at the time is considered. Trumbull was to fill four of the eight panels provided by the architect with pictures, each eighteen by twelve feet, and was to be

paid eight thousand dollars for each picture, or thirty-two thousand dollars in all. A part of the money was paid in advance. As the "Declaration of Independence" and the "Surrender of Cornwallis" were already composed, Trumbull began with the former, and when it was finished, instead of putting it in place, he exhibited it in New York and then in all the principal cities of the Union, and thus enabled many more people to see the picture than would ever visit the Capitol. Dunlap, ever ill-disposed to Trumbull, declares that the picture proved a great disappointment, and indeed it is certain that the artist has succeeded no better here than elsewhere in enlarging to nearly life-size the figures that had been found so attractive in miniature. Nor was there less fault-finding on the historical than on the artistic side. The question was asked: "What is the point of time?" "It is not the signing of the Declaration—no, it is the bringing in of the Declaration by the committee." It was then found that men who were present at the scene had been omitted from the picture; that men not present, and some who had not even yet taken a seat in Congress, were represented as actors in this important scene. Trumbull, in an attempt at justifying this tampering with the facts of history, published in 1832, says that Adams and Jefferson advised him to introduce the portraits of the men who signed the Declaration at a later date, as if they were present at the time of the placing of the first signatures. Strictly speaking, such violations of historic truth are indefensible, but they are as old as painting itself, and were certainly not remarkable in the case of Trumbull, who had never troubled himself much about historical accuracy either in his pictures or in his writing. A person who would assert in print, as Trumbull does, that he saw the action at Bunker (or Breed's) Hill from his station at Roxbury would not be likely to stick at showing us people in Independence Hall, on the occasion of signing the Declaration, who at the time were not perhaps so much as in Philadelphia. Trumbull exhibited his picture with much success in spite of these criticisms, and returned to Washington richer in pocket by several thousand dollars. In the second picture of the series, "The Surrender of Cornwallis," he again violated historical truth by introducing the figure of Cornwallis himself, who, as is well known, was not present at the surrender. This was so strenuously objected to by the public that Trumbull gave the figure another name, and in the printed description of the picture alludes only generally to the British officers who are represented. As each of the four pictures was finished, it was sent about the country on exhibition, and Trumbull's profits were considerable. He was not only paid by Congress the full sum agreed upon, but after the rotunda was finished he was invited to come to

Washington to assist in putting his pictures in place, and to repair the damages they had suffered during their storage in the lower rooms of the building while the rotunda and cupola were constructing.

It is a pity for Trumbull's fame that he painted the two remaining pictures, "The Surrender of Burgoyne" and "The Resignation of Washington at Annapolis." They are intrinsically poor pictures and are unworthy of comparison with the others, which again are admitted to be far beneath in merit what had been enthusiastically hoped for, from the great excellence of the sketches and the beauty of the miniature heads painted to be used in the pictures themselves. Considering how unfortunate the artist was in the two later works, it is well for his memory that he was unsuccessful in his repeated requests to Congress to be allowed to fill the remaining four panels.

The picture of the "Declaration of Independence" was engraved by Ashur B. Durand, and this plate is as much a monument of the state of the arts in America at the time as the picture which it commemorates. Trumbull's natural wish was that his picture should be engraved by Heath, the English engraver, then considered at the head of his profession, but Heath's price was too high, and the work was given to Durand, who as a young man with a name to win was willing to take three thousand dollars as against the six thousand asked by Heath. The engraving of the plate occupied Durand for three years, but its popularity was so great that the young artist must have felt himself well rewarded. Fortunately for us he worked from the small original picture, so that the portraits are much more satisfactory than if they had been copied from the enlarged painting.

From this time on, Trumbull produced nothing of value, and indeed it will have been seen that all his best work was the fruit of his early years. He continued, however, to amuse himself by painting, and found in this occupation not only a solace for his disappointments and a refuge in the isolation he suffered from after the death of his wife, but also a moderate addition to his means of living. Congress had declined to purchase the original sketches and miniatures made for the pictures in the rotunda, and a few years before his death he was glad to accept from Yale College a pension of a thousand dollars, to be paid during his lifetime, in exchange for the collection. The fifty-seven pieces that formed it were at first deposited, with Smybert's picture of "Dean Berkeley and his Family," in a small building erected in the campus, called the Trumbull Gallery, but they have since been removed to the Street School of Fine Arts, where they are hung together at the end of one of the large galleries.

Trumbull died in New York, where, with the exception of a brief stay in New Haven, he passed the last twenty-seven years of his life, on November 10th, 1843, at the age of eighty-eight. He was the first American painter who won a reputation at home and abroad by works directly connected with his country's history. He lived for the greater part of his life in his own land and worked for the applause of his own people, and in view of all the circumstances, not forgetting West and Copley, we may call him the first American painter.

III.

GILBERT CHARLES STUART, the best portrait-painter this country has as yet produced, was born at Narraganset, in Rhode Island, in 1754. His father, Gilbert Stuart, was a Scotchman who came to America on the invitation of one Dr. Moffat, another Scotchman, a physician who, meeting with little success in his profession—his dress and manners, so Dunlap tells us, not suiting the sober taste of the Quakers of the colony—and looking about him for some other means of making a living, bethought him of attempting to supply the demand for snuff—which at that time was obtained chiefly from Glasgow—by manufacturing it here in his new home. As no one could be found in the colony who knew how to build a snuff-mill, Dr. Moffat wrote to Scotland for a man, and Gilbert Stuart was sent over, recommended to him as a person fit for the work. The mill was built, and for a time the manufacture prospered in Narraganset. Stuart built him a comfortable house and took a wife, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of the neighborhood named Anthony, by whom he had three children: James, who died young; Ann, who was the mother of the artist Gilbert Stuart Newton, and Gilbert Charles Stuart. Dunlap says, on the authority of Stuart's early friend and schoolmate, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, that the middle name, "Charles," was given to the future artist in baptism in sign of his father's devotion to the family of Stuart, and we may suppose that the names of the other children, James and Ann, were chosen for the same reason. Later in life the artist dropped

GILBERT STUART.

the "Charles;" and his own portrait, painted in 1778 for his friend Dr. Waterhouse, is signed "G. Stuart, Pictor, se ipso pinxit, A.D. 1778, ætatis suæ 24." This inscription, we are told, furnishes the only authority we have for fixing the year of Stuart's birth. Dr. Waterhouse told Dunlap in a letter written in 1833, the year of Stuart's death, that he had some doubt whether his widow and children ever knew that he had the middle name of "Charles." Dunlap adds that his name was frequently written and printed "Stewart," and Heath, the English engraver, on the pirated engraving from the artist's portrait of Washington calls him "Gabriel." On seeing this, Stuart always ready with a jest, said, "Men will make an angel of me in spite of myself."

The story of the artist's life, no more eventful than the lives of artists in general, had to be pieced together by Dunlap, partly from the written recollections of Dr. Waterhouse, partly from the scanty communications of Stuart himself, and partly from his—Dunlap's—own knowledge, and such hints and anecdotes as his industry could gather. While our artist was still a child, Dr. Moffat transferred the business of manufacturing snuff from Narraganset to Newport, and Gilbert Stuart and his family followed. At Newport young Gilbert was put to school, and here he met his life-long friend Waterhouse, who in after-years described the artist as he was when he first knew him. The two boys were about the same age, and Dr. Waterhouse says in his memoir that Stuart was a very capable, self-willed, handsome lad, who perhaps on that account was indulged in everything, being an only son, and subjected to little control from the easy, good-natured father. When he was about thirteen years old, in 1767, he began to copy pictures, and even attempted likenesses in pencil with considerable success. He was in his eighteenth year when a Scotch gentleman named Cosmo Alexander came to Newport, where there was already a considerable colony of Scotchmen—adherents in many cases, it is probable, of the defeated Stuart cause in their native land. Dr. Waterhouse calls Mr. Alexander "a gentleman," and says that "he associated almost exclusively with the gentlemen from Scotland, and was said by them to paint for his amusement." However, he opened a painting-room, where the Hunters, the Keiths, the Fergusons, the Grants, and the Hamiltons sat to him for their portraits, and here young Stuart, who had been brought to his notice as a promising boy, received from the kind-hearted Scotchman his initiation into the mysteries of light and shade, perspective, the laying-in of grounds, and setting a palette. Mr. Alexander was so taken with his *protégé*, that on leaving Newport for South Carolina he invited young Stuart to accompany him, and on his return

to Scotland, Stuart was easily persuaded to make the voyage in his company. This looked like a fortunate opening for the youth, but whatever hopes he may have had were disappointed by the death of Mr. Alexander soon after their arrival in Edinburgh. Stuart was

"MRS. PATIENCE WRIGHT."
FROM THE ENGRAVING IN THE LONDON MAGAZINE FOR 1775.

commended to the care of Mr. Alexander's friend, Sir George Chambers, but he too died, and Stuart was left alone and friendless in a country that was none the less strange for being the land of his ancestors. It would appear that he found no one to befriend him in his trouble, but he made his way back to America as well as he could, shipping on a collier bound to

Nova Scotia, working for his passage, and reaching home in a very forlorn condition, but probably not seriously the worse for his experience. He had acquired the rudiments of his profession, and in Edinburgh he must have seen enough good pictures to have stimulated and formed his taste. To an artist coming from a land so poor in works of art as America was in those early days this opportunity was invaluable, and would have been cheaply earned at the cost of even more inconvenience than Stuart had been obliged to put up with on his homeward voyage. Once more in Newport with his parents and sisters, Stuart took up portrait-painting in earnest. Good luck again befriended him; his maternal uncle, Mr. Joseph Anthony, once a sea-captain, now a well-to-do shipping-merchant in Philadelphia, came to Newport on a visit to his sister and her family, and was much struck with a life-like portrait which his nephew had painted of his grandmother, the mother of Mr. Anthony, who died when young Stuart was ten or twelve years of age. As Dunlap says, this was certainly a proof of a remarkably strong faculty of observation, and it had a corresponding effect upon the young painter's uncle, who at once employed him to make portraits of himself, his wife, and their two children. Mr. Charles Henry Hart, one of the best living authorities on the subject of our early American art, says that Stuart painted Mr. Anthony three times: one of the three portraits, a half-length, showing Mr. Anthony seated and writing, was in the Loan Exhibition of Historical Portraits held in Philadelphia in 1887–88. Dunlap gives several striking anecdotes illustrating Stuart's memory for faces, the result of that close observation and keen perception that make his portraits so valuable as likenesses. The commissions given by Mr. Anthony brought in more orders, and it was not long before Stuart had as much work as he wanted, and had he been as industrious as he was skilful, all would have gone well with his fortunes. But he was indolent and whimsical, and he had an idling love of music that stole away much of the time he should have given to painting. When the troubles between the colonies and the mother-country began to thicken, Stuart found his occupation as a portrait-painter, if not actually gone, so much reduced that when his friend Waterhouse went to England in 1775, Stuart looked about for means to follow him. Dunlap thinks he must have found friends to help him with sufficient money to make the voyage; but, however it was accomplished, Stuart, who had gone to Boston to take passage to Norfolk, in Virginia, from whence he was to sail for England, was detained in Boston by the events that led to the skirmish at Lexington, April 19th, 1775, and by the subsequent disorders, and did not get away until the 7th of June, escaping just ten days before the battle of Bunker

Hill. Trumbull records a characteristic anecdote of Stuart. The wife of a British officer told him that the night before Stuart left Newport he spent most of the night playing the flute under the window of a friend of hers. All through his life he seems to have been divided between his love of music and his love of painting, in this respect reminding us of Gainsborough. Stuart had no instructor in music, but he seems to have had a natural faculty for it, not only learning to play on various instruments, but even venturing on composition; and if his own story may be believed—for he was fond of narrative embroidery!—his talent for music once stood him in good stead. When he reached London, his friend Waterhouse, the

"MRS. WALTER BOWNE."

FROM THE MINIATURE BY MALBONE. BY PERMISSION OF WALTER BOWNE LAWRENCE, ESQ.

only person he knew in the big city, had left it for a visit to Edinburgh, and Stuart, without money or friends, was in a rather sorry plight. As he was strolling about the streets wondering how he was to get the means to pay for board and lodging, he heard the sound of an organ coming from an open-church door, and asking a person whom he saw entering the building whether anything particular was going on, he was told that the vestry were listening to the playing of candidates for the place of the organist, who had lately died. Stuart, who had been kept outside the church from fear of the pew-opener, not having a penny in his pocket to pay her, now ventured in, and his knowledge of human faces helping him, he picked out the right man from the vestry board, and ventured to ask him whether a stranger might

be allowed a chance to compete for the place. Consent was cheerfully given; he seated himself at the organ, and played so much to the satisfaction of the judges that they gave him the place of organist at thirty pounds a year. How long he held this place does not appear, but judging from his general character, which was much averse to regular or continuous employment—easy, irresponsible, self-indulgent—it could not have been for long. In fact, between Stuart's own indifference to facts in general and to the facts of his own life in particular, and the looseness of statement and want of literary skill in his biographers, we have but little to go upon in an attempt to evolve an orderly narrative of his career. Thus in regard to the connection of Stuart with West as his pupil and assistant, we are obliged to piece statements together as we can to make a consistent story. However it was brought about, Stuart became a pupil of West, and it was in the president's studio that Trumbull found him in 1780, and, doubtless mistaking appearances, described him as "dressed in an old black coat with one half torn off the hip and pinned up, and looking more like a poor beggar than a painter." This translated into fact probably means simply that Stuart had on a shabby coat while he was working in the studio, for Mr. Wharton, who gives the account of Stuart's visit to West, says that when Stuart called upon West, introducing himself without credentials as a stranger from America, West asked Mr. Wharton to go out and see what he could make of him. "I went out," says Wharton, "and saw a handsome youth in a fashionable green coat," etc., etc. The truth would seem to be that Stuart had much of Goldsmith's Bohemianism, and that his dress and appearance varied with his varying fortunes, while his inability to save what he earned or to spend it wisely kept him always poor, and in his earlier years he was often in serious want. But his great talent, his cheerful flow of spirits even under depressing circumstances, and his lively powers of talk and story-telling kept him all his life on good terms not only with his sitters, but with the world.

While still a pupil and assistant of West, a Scotch gentleman, Mr. W. Grant, of Congalton, called upon him and expressed a wish to sit to him for a full-length portrait. Stuart, diffident of his ability to undertake as yet so important a task, at first demurred. Already before he left home for England, he had declined a commission to paint for the Redwood Library, in Newport, a full-length portrait of its founder, Abraham Redwood; but now, encouraged, perhaps, by his kind friend West, he plucked up heart and consented to the appointment. When the day came, however, it was so cold that Mr. Grant declared it was a

better day for skating than for sitting for a portrait, and Stuart agreeing, they both went off to the Serpentine to join the crowd of skaters. On their return, it occurred to Stuart to paint Mr. Grant in skating costume, and to put in a winter-landscape for a background. While the picture was in progress, says Dunlap, Baretti, the compiler of the well-known Italian-English dictionary, called one day upon Mr. West, and passing through the room where Stuart was working, he exclaimed, "What a charming picture! Who but that great artist West could have painted such a one!" Stuart said nothing, and as Mr. West was not

"MRS. RICHARD DERBY."
FROM THE MINIATURE BY MALBONE. BY PERMISSION.

at home, Baretti called again, and coming into the same room, found Stuart at work upon the very portrait. "What! young man," said Baretti, "does Mr. West permit you to touch his pictures?" Stuart told him that the painting was altogether his own. "Why," said Baretti, forgetting his former observation, "it is almost as good as Mr. West can paint!" The picture, when finished, was sent to the exhibition at Somerset House, and became at once the talk of the town. Mr. Grant visiting the exhibition and wearing the same coat in which he was painted, was recognized by the crowd, who followed him so closely, exclaiming, "That is he! There is the gentleman!" that he was obliged to retreat. Stuart himself could not bear the excitement of the day, and hurried away. Passing Sir Joshua's house, he went in to look at

the pictures, and while there the Duke of Rutland came in, and passing through the outer room where Stuart was, entered Sir Joshua's painting-room, leaving the door open. As Sir Joshua was very deaf the duke had to speak loudly, and Stuart heard him say, "I wish, Sir Joshua, you would go to the exhibition with me, for there is a portrait there which you must see. Everybody is enchanted with it." "Who painted it?" said Sir Joshua. "A young man by the name of Stuart——" Stuart waited to hear no more. This picture is now at Moor Court, Stroud, in the possession of Lord Charles Pelham Clinton. From that time Stuart did not lack employment. Stuart had entered West's studio as a pupil in 1778, when he was twenty-four. He remained there until 1782, when by the advice of West he took a house in Berners Street at a rent of £150, and set up for himself. The house he chose was in a neighborhood much affected by artists. Fuseli lived in the same street, though he and Stuart were not acquainted; Flaxman was in Poland Street, Northcote in Argyll Street, Benjamin West and Thomas Stothard in Newman Street, Copley in Hanover Square, James Barry in Castle Street East, and Nollekens in Mortimer Street; but the greater lights—Sir Joshua and Gainsborough—were farther off, in Leicester Square and Pall Mall.

Stuart, however, does not appear to have sought the society of artists: no mention is made in his biographies of any of his professional contemporaries in connection with him, except a trivial anecdote of Fuseli, and the fact that he once painted Sir Joshua's portrait, of which Sir Joshua said that if the picture were like him, then he did not know how he looked. West he knew, of course, having been his pupil so long, but of Copley we hear nothing, unless it be an expression of Stuart's dislike of his flesh painting—"like tanned leather." Dunlap says that from the time of his setting up an independent establishment success attended him; but he was a stranger to prudence. "He lived in splendor," says Dunlap, "and was the gayest of the gay. He said of himself that he was a great beau." Still we fancy that with his temperament he would care as little for the society of the fashionable world as for the world of artists with its quarrels, its jealousies, its intrigues. He was fond of the company of his few friends; he was happy with his flute, his bottle of wine, and his snuff-box, or rather his two snuff-boxes, for he carried two, each as big as the crown of his hat; one, as he said, "filled with common snuff and one with superior—the first for common, every-day acquaintances, the second for particular friends." His manners, we take it, were too brusque and downright for a polished society; his nature too uncomplying, for all his good-nature, to make friends for him in the drawing-rooms of London. He could give and

take with the best. One day while he was studying with West, Dr. Johnson called on the president, to converse with him on American affairs. Mr. West said he had an American living with him from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. As they talked together, the doctor remarked to West that the young man spoke very good English, and turning to Stuart, rudely asked him where he had learned it. "Sir," said Stuart, "I can better tell you where I did not learn it. It was not from your dictionary."

"MRS. GULIAN VERPLANCK."
FROM THE MINIATURE BY MALBONE. BY PERMISSION.

While in London Stuart had his full share of work, and commanded prices equal to any artist except Sir Joshua, and perhaps Gainsborough. He was befriended by people in the first rank, but his spendthrift ways and his lack of conscience in money matters kept him forever in hot water. An invitation from the Duke of Rutland to visit him in Dublin was gladly accepted, Dunlap thinks in order to escape from his creditors, but he arrived only in time to see the duke buried. His creditors followed him, and he was shut up for a time; but as sitters were equally importunate, he set up his easel in his prison and began the portraits of a number of noblemen and men of wealth and fashion, demanding of each one-half

pay in advance, and when he had by this means accumulated enough money to open the prison-door, he left his sitters to wait for their pictures until he was ready to finish them. Unfortunately, this is not the only instance of Stuart's want of conscience, but we may believe that he did right far oftener than he did wrong, and there is nothing to show that in the case of his Irish sitters he did not finally give them all the worth of their money.

Before leaving England for Ireland, Stuart had married a Miss Coates, the daughter of Dr. Coates. This was in 1786. Seven years later, in 1793, he returned to America. His sole motive, as his daughter Jane Stuart told Dunlap, was his desire to paint the portrait of General Washington. On reaching America he took up his temporary residence in New York, opening a studio in Stone Street, near William, and it was not long before he had as much to do here as he had had in London. After a few months spent in New York he went to Philadelphia, where Congress was then sitting, and furnished with a letter from the Honorable John Jay, whose portrait he had painted in New York, he called upon the President, and left Mr. Jay's letter and his own card. An invitation from the President, through his secretary, Mr. Dandridge, came in due time. Stuart was kindly received, and on making his wishes known, Washington acceded to his request that he should sit for his portrait.

When Stuart met Washington for the first time, he was so overcome with diffidence at finding himself face to face with the man for whom he felt such reverence that he lost his self-possession, and it was only by Washington's tact that he was able to recover himself. He had been in the habit of relying upon his own powers of conversation to put his sitters at their ease, and by talking with each one on subjects likely to interest him, to bring out his best expression. But when he came to the task of painting Washington, it was he, and not his sitter, who felt the embarrassment of the situation and himself needed to be drawn out. During the first sitting he tried many subjects, hoping to engage Washington in talk, but without success, and according to his own statement he was so dissatisfied with the result of his labor that he rubbed out what he had done. In 1796, at the request of Mrs. Bingham, Washington sat to Stuart for a full-length portrait which Mr. Bingham wished to present to Lord Lansdowne. This is one story. Another, told by Stuart to John Neagle, the portrait-painter, is that Lord Lansdowne himself gave the commission to Stuart, and that when it was done, Mr. Bingham, a rich man of Philadelphia, waited upon Mr. Stuart and begged as a favor that he might be allowed the honor of paying for the picture and presenting it to Lord

Lansdowne. Stuart after some deliberation consented, but he asked Mr. Bingham to have it copyrighted. This Mr. Bingham forgot to do, and when it arrived in London it was seen by

"MRS. THOMAS SULLY."

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

Heath, one of the best engravers of the day, who with Lord Lansdowne's consent made that very unsatisfactory engraving which was at one time spread broadcast over this country and

over Europe and which is lettered: "Painted by Gabriel Stuart, 1797." The Lansdowne portrait has been ridiculed as "the tea-pot picture," without much reason for the fancy that sees in the extended right arm a resemblance to the nose of a tea-pot. Washington is standing by a table with books, etc., his right hand is stretched out as if he were speaking, his left hand rests on the hilt of a dress-sword at his side. He wears the familiar full-dress costume of gentlemen of the time, a coat and vest of velvet, with breeches and silk stockings, and lace ruffles at neck and hands, and has powdered hair. Stuart made several copies of this picture, which are in this country; the original, bought at the sale of Lord Lansdowne's effects for a thousand guineas by Mr. Samuel Williams, of London, was lately in the possession of an American by the name of Lewis, living in London. The third portrait, the one now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, deposited there by the Athenæum, to which institution it belongs, was painted at the express desire of Mrs. Washington, whose portrait Stuart also painted to accompany it. It required some persuasion to induce Washington to sit a third time, but to please his wife he consented. Yet, oddly enough, if we may believe Mr. Neagle, the artist's, account, of what Stuart told him, Washington, who had agreed to sit to Stuart only at his wife's solicitation, would not second her wishes to become the owner of the portrait, but formally presented it to Stuart, who made from it and the Lansdowne portrait no less than twenty-six copies. He says himself that he wearied of the work, and came to paint these heads in a merely mechanical fashion. There has been so much controversy over the portraits of Washington by Stuart, that it may be well to record the fact that the artist himself declared he had never painted but three portraits of Washington from life, one of which he rubbed out. The other two are the "Lansdowne" and the "Athenæum" pictures. Mr. Charles Henry Hart, whose opinions in all matters that relate to our early art are to be greatly respected, thinks that this is a mistake, and that Stuart's memory failed him in recalling so late as 1823 what had happened in 1795. Mr. Hart agrees with the opinion of those who consider the "Vaughan" portrait to be the one that Stuart first painted. It was engraved by Holloway and published in November, 1796, in Lavater's "Physiognomy." It was at that time in the possession of Mr. Samuel Vaughan, of London, a friend of Franklin and admirer of Washington, and is called the Vaughan portrait for him. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia. The portrait is in profile and the head is turned to the right. Mr. Hart thinks that as a likeness it is more correct than the accepted "Lansdowne" and "Athenæum" heads.

When Congress removed from Philadelphia to Washington, Stuart followed and set up his easel in the newly-founded city. Here he remained until 1805, when he went to Boston. While living in Washington he was kept constantly employed. Almost all the distinguished men of the day wished to be painted by him, and while he produced a great deal of work and made much money, it is not to be denied that too many of his portraits painted at this time were but of indifferent execution. His hand had not yet lost all its cunning, but the infirmities of age and his too convivial habits were beginning to tell upon him; but his talent had always been unequal. He depended much upon his sitter, and even in his later days could be roused to do his best by a genial and sympathetic subject. Dunlap speaks of the portrait of John Quincy Adams, the last head he painted, as equal in all respects to work of his best time, showing that his powers of mind were undiminished to the last and his eye still clear. The picture was begun as a full-length, but Stuart died just after completing the head; the body and the accessories were finished by Thomas Sully. Another fine portrait by Stuart was that of John Adams, painted when the ex-President was close upon ninety and had to be fed with a spoon. Of this fine picture Dunlap says: "The portrait of the late President John Adams, whose bodily tenement then seemed rather to present the image of some dilapidated castle than that of the habitation of the 'unbroken mind,' but not such is the picture; called forth as from its crumbling recesses the living tenant is there, still ennobling the ruin, and upholding it, as it were, by the strength of his own life." Even as painting, Stuart never surpassed this picture, and if the layman be content to study the portrait it gives of the sturdy patriot, the benevolent man, the wise counsellor, with wisdom not unmixed with shrewdness, as his benevolence was sometimes put to flight by passion and prejudice—in short, if the layman be content to see John Adams, one of the strongest pillars of the new Republic, brought before him as he was in life, no less is the artist pleased with the beautiful firm painting of the flesh, the lurking brilliancy in the small, blue, weeping eye, and the hand that still strongly grasps the head of his cane. Another fine picture is his portrait of Mrs. John Adams, painted to accompany a picture of her husband when he was about fifty. Both these pictures were exhibited in New York at the Washington Centennial, and were considered the finest of the Stuarts shown there, and far surpassing any work of his American contemporaries in spirit and life, as well as in good painting. Although Stuart painted not a few excellent portraits of women, he was not generally considered to be so successful with them as with men. The portrait of Mrs. Adams is one of his best, and no doubt the spirited,

high-minded, and witty lady was as much pleased with her painter as he, no doubt, was with his sitter. Equally happy, but in a different way, is the portrait of Mrs. Gatliff, afterward Mrs. Campbell Stuart, and daughter, now in the possession of a descendant, who has deposited it in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and to whom we are indebted for the permission to copy it.

By the favor of Dr. John H. Brinton, of Philadelphia, we are enabled to publish (p. 181) a reproduction from the original painting by Stuart, the portrait of William Smith, D.D., the first provost of the College and Academy of Philadelphia, now the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Smith was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. He was interested in mathematical and astronomical subjects, and prepared for the American Philosophical Society a report on the transit of Venus, June 3d, 1769, which he had observed with David Rittenhouse, at Norriton. He has a strong claim upon our regard on account of his kindness shown to young Benjamin West. Galt tells us that when the boy's picture, "The Death of Socrates," his first serious attempt at painting, was shown to Dr. Smith, the provost sent for the lad, and after some talk with him offered to make him acquainted with the rudiments of classical literature, and to direct his attention to such incidents of history as would furnish him with subjects for painting. When this liberal proposal was made known to old Mr. West, he readily agreed that Benjamin should go for a time to Philadelphia, in order to take advantage of the provost's instructions, and this acquaintance proved every way profitable to the young artist. Stuart's portrait shows Dr. Smith sitting at his table in his study, where he has been engaged in writing. He wears the official gown and bands, and looks nearly full-face at the spectator. The background is the conventional curtain looped up to show a bit of landscape. On the table are books, an inkstand, and an astronomical instrument—Mr. Hart suggests a theodolite or a transit instrument; it may be one of those made by David Rittenhouse, Dr. Smith's acquaintance, a clockmaker of Norriton, who by his own efforts acquired a considerable reputation as an astronomer and as a maker of mathematical and astronomical instruments. C. W. Peale painted the portrait of Rittenhouse now in the possession of the American Philosophical Society. Stuart's portrait of Provost Smith was painted in 1800, three years before the death of the doctor, who was born in 1727 and died in 1803.

Stuart died in Boston in July, 1828, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He had by his wife, the daughter of Dr. Coates, of London, thirteen children, two of whom were born in England. Two of these children were sons, but they both died young. The elder had given

"MRS. SAMUEL GATLIFF AND DAUGHTER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GILBERT STUART. BY PERMISSION OF HER SON, DR. F. CAMPBELL STEWART.

evidences of considerable talent. Several of the daughters were living at the time Dunlap wrote his account of Stuart, and one of them, Miss Jane Stuart, had been so well taught by her father that she came to be of great assistance to him in painting the backgrounds, accessories, and even the hands of his portraits. Stuart himself was a most prolific painter. In the catalogue of his works issued by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, at the time of the Stuart Exhibition, in 1880, there are seven hundred and forty-six portraits recorded, including

"FANNY KEMBLE."

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY CHENEY, AFTER THE PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY.

sixty-one portraits of Washington. Since then eleven more have been discovered, seven in Philadelphia and four in England.

A few minor names may be inserted here, not so much for the intrinsic merit of their work, which, indeed, was but slight, as for the influence they had, one way or another, in keeping alive in the minds of their countrymen a certain amount of interest in matters connected with art.

The name of Mrs. Paitence Wright, an ingenious modeller in wax, and perhaps the first person in this country to attempt the art of sculpture, may be mentioned, rather, it must be confessed, by title of curiosity and for her singular personality than for what she accomplished in her profession. Her maiden name was Lovell, and she was born in Bordentown,

New Jersey, in 1725, ten years earlier than Benjamin West. Like West, she was of Quaker parents, and her opportunities were even less than his for acquiring any knowledge of art. Her talent would seem to have been purely instinctive, and it is difficult to imagine what could have awakened it, since she could not have seen a statue or a bust, or even so much as a cast of any piece of sculpture, before she went to England. So far as we have been able to learn, there was not a statue or a cast to be found at that time in the part of the country where Mrs. Wright lived. As an amusing indication of our poverty in such matters in these early days, we read in a letter from the Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, written to Dunlap in 1833, and giving, at Dunlap's request, certain reminiscences of an English artist, Robert Edge Pine, that when Pine came to this country in 1784, "he brought with him a plaster cast of the Venus de' Medicis, which was kept shut up in a case, and only shown to persons who particularly wished to see it; as the manners of our country at that time would not tolerate a public exhibition of such a figure." When Pine arrived, Mrs. Wright had been established in England for several years, and she had become one of the celebrities of London. She had earned for herself a name at home by her likenesses of her friends and neighbors, made at first out of whatever material she found suitable for working with the fingers—putty, clay, dough, or bread fresh from the oven, and, at last, wax. In 1748 she had married Joseph Wright, of Bordentown, and when he left her a widow with three children to support she determined to visit England, where she saw a more profitable field for the employment of her talent than her own country could give her. Her talent was quickly recognized, and she would seem to have found plenty of employment, although she must have had to contend with many competitors. But she was a woman of strong character and fertile in resources, cheerfully confident of her talent, and not overburdened with modesty in asserting herself, as may be seen from the following amusing account of a visit to her "wax-works" made by Mrs. John Adams in 1785. Mrs. Adams had only been a week in London, when she went to Copley's studio to see his portrait of her husband—the one that now hangs in the Commons Hall of Harvard College—and from thence to see his "Death of Lord Chatham," "Death of Major Pierson," and other pictures that made what was called, she tells us, "Mr. Copley's Exhibition." "From thence," she writes, "I went to see the celebrated Mrs. Wright, Messrs. Storer and Smith accompanying us. Upon my entrance (my name being sent up) she ran to the door and caught me by the hand. 'Why, is it really and in truth Mrs. Adams? and that your daughter? Why, you dear soul you, how young you look. Well, I am glad to see you.

All of you Americans? Well, I must kiss you all.' Having passed the ceremony upon me and Abby, she runs to the gentlemen. 'I make no distinction,' says she, and gave them a hearty buss; from which we would all rather have been excused, for her appearance is quite the slattern. 'I love everybody that comes from America,' says she. 'Here,' running to her desk, 'is a card I had from Mr. Adams; I am quite proud of it; he came to see me and made me a noble present. Dear creature, I design to have his head. There,' says she, pointing to an old man and woman who were sitting in one corner of the room, 'are my old father and mother; don't be ashamed of them because they look so. They were good folks' (these were their figures in wax-work). 'They turned Quakers and never would let their children eat meat, and that is the reason we are all so ingenious. You had heard of the ingenious Mrs. Wright in America, I suppose?' In this manner she ran on for half an hour. Her person and countenance resemble an old maiden in your neighbourhood, Nelly Penniman, except that one is neat, the other the queen of sluts, and her tongue runs like Unity Bedlam's. There was an old clergyman sitting reading a paper in the middle of the room, and though I went prepared to see strong representations of real life, I was effectually deceived in this figure for ten minutes, and was finally told that it was only wax." In the *London Magazine* for 1775 there is a curious engraving showing Mrs. Wright sitting in a chair and holding the bust of a man which she has apparently just modelled. The head has a certain resemblance to that of Washington, but if it were intended for him it must have been suggested from some engraving, since Mrs. Wright never returned to America and consequently never saw Washington. The writer of a notice in the *London Magazine* accompanying her portrait says: "Her likenesses of the king, queen, Lords Chatham and Temple, Messrs. Barré, Wilkes, and others, attracted universal admiration. Her natural abilities are surpassing, and had a liberal and extensive education been added to her innate qualities, she had been a prodigy. She has an eye of that quick and brilliant water that it penetrates and darts through the person it looks on, and practice has made her so capable of distinguishing the character and dispositions of her visitors that she is very rarely mistaken, even in the minute point of manners; much more so in the general cast of character." "Nine years after the above was written," says Dunlap, "I was introduced to Mrs. Wright, but too young and careless to observe her character minutely. The expression of her eye is remembered, and an energetic wildness in her manner. While conversing, she was busily employed modelling, both hands being under her apron." By "modelling," we must suppose Dunlap to mean "kneading," since model-

ling from a sitter without looking at the clay or wax would, we must think, be a feat impossible for the most skilful artist to perform.

As we have read above, Mrs. Wright made the likenesses in wax of many of the most celebrated men of the time in England, but what has become of these we have not been able to learn. Dunlap tells us that the only work of Mrs. Wright's he distinctly remembered was a full-length of Lord Chatham as it stood in Westminster Abbey, in 1784, in a glass case. This was probably one of those images which it was long the custom to display in England at the funerals of distinguished persons—a custom descended perhaps from the times of the Roman occupation—and a number of such effigies are still preserved in one of the lumber-rooms of Westminster Abbey, where they may be seen by the curious.

Mrs. Wright had three children—two daughters and a son. One of the daughters, a Mrs. Platt, tried to continue her mother's profession; but she had not her mother's talent. The other daughter married John Hoppner (1768–1816), an English portrait-painter who at one time in his career enjoyed a great popularity, dividing the favor of the aristocratic world of London with Stuart and Lawrence. Mrs. Wright was much in Mr. West's family, and the beautiful face of her daughter, Mrs. Hoppner, is often to be seen in West's historical compositions.

Mrs. Wright had acquired by her undoubted talent a very good position in England, her oddities and eccentricities of manner doing her no harm in a society where great freedoms were allowed and plenty of sea-room given to talent. She was much at home in the American colony in London, and the marriage of her daughter with Hoppner gave her access to the court, where Hoppner had always been a favorite. Dunlap says that at one time Mrs. Wright was on very good terms with the king, who enjoyed her republican simplicity of manners and allowed her great liberty in her talk, but at last she lost his favor by scolding him for sanctioning the war. Mrs. Wright afterward went to Paris for a short time, and assisted by the good offices of Franklin, then minister at the French court, she was received with considerable favor, but she soon returned to London, where the exhibition of her wax-work figures and the practice of her profession as modeller made her presence necessary. All the biographers of Mrs. Wright speak of the part she played as a political spy. Dunlap quotes the editor of Franklin's letters, who says that her residence in England "enabled her to procure much intelligence of importance which she communicated to Dr. Franklin and others, with whom she corresponded during the whole war. As soon as a general was appointed or a

squadron began to be fitted out, the old lady found means of access to some family where she could gain information, and thus, without being at all suspected, she contrived to transmit an

"THE SISTERS."
FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM PAGE.

account of the number of the troops and the place of their destination to her political friends abroad." While this is doubtless an exaggerated statement, it is certain that Mrs. Wright

was an ardent patriot, and that she was on very intimate terms with Franklin, Adams, and other Americans of high standing, and though it may be questioned whether she would descend to the arts of the spy, she would think herself justified in doing all that lay in her power to help her own side. Mrs. Wright died in London in 1785 at the age of sixty. She retained her faculties to the last, and Dunlap gives a characteristic letter, written in the year of her death to Jefferson, then in Paris, in which, after speaking of the success of her son's portrait of Washington, she expresses a strong desire to make "a likeness of Washington—a bust in wax to be placed in the State-house or some public building that may be erected by Congress." She also says that "to shame the English king I would go to any trouble and expense to add my mite in the stock of honor due to Adams, Jefferson, and others to send to America; and I will, if it is thought proper to pay my expenses of travelling to Paris, come myself and model the likeness of Mr. Jefferson, and at the same time see the picture [her son's portrait of Washington], and if possible by this painting, which is said to be so like him, make a likeness of the general. I wish also to consult with you how best we may honor our country by holding up the likenesses of her eminent men, either in painting or wax-work. A statue in marble is already ordered, and an artist gone to Philadelphia to begin the work. This is as I wished and hoped." The artist alluded to by Mrs. Wright was Houdon, who, as is well known, came to this country in 1785 by the invitation of Mr. Jefferson, acting for the State of Virginia, and made after his return to France that bust which we prize as the noblest portrait of Washington.

IV.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, Mrs. Wright's only son, was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1756. He was taken to England by his mother after his father's death, about 1772, as she was persuaded that she would find there the means of supporting her family by her talent better than she could do at home. She put her son with Mr. West to study—Mr. West, the hospitable friend of all young artists, especially of those who came from America, and, later, when Hoppner married his sister, Joseph Wright was assisted in his art by his brother-in-law. He became, in time, a reasonably good portrait-painter; but it was perhaps rather to his mother's influence than to his own merit, that he owed the opportunity of painting the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Fourth.

In 1782 he went to Paris with letters from his mother to Dr. Franklin, whom she had seen there the year before. She recommended her son to Franklin's assistance, and no doubt Franklin would have been able, as he was willing, to be of assistance to the young man, who was then in his twenty-sixth year, and familiar with his profession. We have a letter from William Temple Franklin to Wright, giving him a letter of introduction to two French ladies of quality, who were willing to sit for their portraits, but we do not hear of any other commissions, nor do we learn what use he made of his opportunities. One of these two ladies who sat to him would seem to have objected to his price, but his mother replied to his complaint with: "My dear son, *silence*, *patience*, *prudence*, *industry*, will put you above all those mean and little minds, and teach you how to act when *you* become great." From letters of his sister, Mrs. Hoppner, to her mother, when Mrs. Wright was in Paris with her wax-work, we may guess that Joseph was something of a ne'er-do-weel, or perhaps only a little spoiled by his warm-hearted, impulsive mother. At any rate he did not stay long in France; he probably found himself not strong enough to compete with the talent of Paris. He took ship at Nantes for America in the autumn of 1783, but the vessel was unlucky; she was driven upon the coast of Spain, and it was ten weeks before Boston was reached. Wright landed, out of money and discouraged, but he had good letters, and was soon safe in his native village of Bordentown. Congress was then sitting at Princeton, and Washington with his wife and military-family had his headquarters at Rocky Hill, near that town. Wright's hope was, that he might be allowed to paint Washington's portrait, and armed with a letter to the general from Franklin, he called upon him and obtained the desired permission. Washington, as it happened, had been asked by the Count de Solms for his portrait, and Wright's application was opportune. He gave him a sitting, and Wright also drew a profile-likeness of Washington as he sat in church, and afterward made an etching of it. Dunlap records meeting him at headquarters at Rocky Hill in October, 1783. He tells us that Mr. Wright painted both the General and Mrs. Washington, as he himself attempted to do, and he praises both the portrait by Wright in oils and also the etching he made from it, for their resemblance to the originals. Wright's portrait of Washington was exhibited at the Washington Centennial Loan Exhibition in New York, in 1888. In the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts at Philadelphia, there is a family-piece painted by Wright, representing himself, his wife, and three children, all in small full-lengths. Wright was a modeller in clay and a practiced die-sinker, and shortly before his death in 1793, he was appointed by

the government die-sinker to the mint. The so-called "Manly" medal of Washington is attributed to him.

While the Congress was sitting at Princeton, Wright was employed by that body to make a mould of Washington's face to be sent to Europe as a guide for some sculptor, who should make a statue of the general for the government. When Wright was removing the

"BUST OF WASHINGTON."

DRAWN BY KENYON COX. FROM THE ORIGINAL BY CERACCHI.

hardened plaster from Washington's face, he awkwardly let it fall, and it was broken to pieces. The process is an extremely disagreeable one, and Washington refused to submit to it again, so that the project of a statue had to be deferred until Houdon came over to America with Franklin.

Mr. Wright married a Miss Vandervoort. They were both carried off by the yellow fever in 1793, dying in the prime of life within a few days of each other.

Our account would be incomplete without a mention of C. W. Peale and his sons, Raphael and Rembrandt, because they were among the most active agencies in keeping up an interest in the arts at a time when it would seem that nothing could have been less likely to interest such a society as then existed in America. These earlier men, even the best of them, did little more than to stimulate, and to keep dimly alive, a taste for something that was at least accepted for the ideal, and though what they accomplished rightly seems to us tame, or awkward, or commonplace, yet to the student of such matters it ought to be interesting. There is something pathetic in the struggle of these men to rise above their dull and discouraging surroundings. They planted a seed of what they believed to be poetry in that barren soil, and watched its growth, and greeted its stunted flowers with heartfelt enthusiasm.

Charles Willson Peale was born of English parents in Maryland, April 15th, 1741, three years later than West and Copley, who were born in 1738. He was apprenticed as a boy to a saddler, and when he had become his own master, pursued his trade for a while with discursive attempts in a dozen other fields, trying his hand at coach-making, clock and watch-making, at working in silver; the strong mechanic instinct in him stimulated by the needs or desires of a poor but ambitious community. Visiting Norfolk, Virginia, for the purpose of buying leather for his saddles, he happened to see some pictures by an artist named Frazier then painting in that town. They would appear to have been the first pictures he had seen, although this was merely owing to the accident of his social position, since even in Annapolis there was a portrait-painter living at the time, J. Hesselius, an English artist, of the school of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who after painting for several years in Philadelphia had married and settled in Annapolis. However, it was the pictures of Frazier that Peale happened to see, and not those of Hesselius, and they excited his ambition. He thought he could do as well if he were to try. On his return home, he at once made an attempt to paint his own portrait, and he succeeded so well in getting a likeness, that he determined to become an artist. In Philadelphia he found painting-materials and a book of instructions for beginners, and worked away for some time by himself, until he learned that Hesselius was living in the same town, when he applied to him for help in his difficulties. Hesselius was no more than a respectable painter, as may be seen by his portraits to-day—many of them still existing in Philadelphia and in old houses in Maryland. Eight portraits by him were exhibited in the Loan Exhibition of Historical Portraits held in Philadelphia in 1887–88.

While Peale was plodding away at Annapolis, his brother-in-law, who had a schooner that plied between that town and Boston, offered him a passage to Boston free, and he gladly seized the opportunity. In Boston he found Copley painting; and the sight of his worldly prosperity had the same stimulating effect upon Peale's ambition that, as we have seen, it had a few years later upon Trumbull. On his return to Annapolis, Peale had determined that the way for advancement in his art led through London. Like West before him, he found generous persons ready to help him in his plans, and was able to borrow money enough for his proposed enterprise on the promise to repay the loan with pictures. He sailed for England in 1768, twelve years before Trumbull, and on arriving in London went at once to West with his letters, and was received with the usual kindness, and became for a time an inmate of West's house. Peale remained in England two years, and while there tried his hand at modelling in wax, at moulding and casting in plaster, at painting in miniature and at engraving in mezzotint. In 1770 he returned to Annapolis, bringing with him all these minor arts, which he continued to practise in the intervals of his work as a portrait-painter. Dunlap thinks that he was now the only portrait-painter in that region. Hesselius, it may be presumed, had been gathered to his fathers, and certainly no other name is recorded. But as it was a characteristic trait of Peale all his life, when a thing was wanted, to go the nearest way to supply it, he met the public need for portrait-painters by making them out of his own brothers and sisters, and later out of his own children. In other words, this was an artistic family, where, if the actual amount of talent was not great, enthusiasm and industry made up for it. Peale was so in love with art—as he understood it!—that with the zeal of a convert he would make every one he could influence an artist. He won over two of his brothers to his faith, and one of them, James, gave up his trade of cabinet-making, and took to painting miniatures, while two of his daughters and a granddaughter followed the same profession. Charles Willson Peale was married three times. His first wife was Rachel Brewer, and by her he had eleven children, of whom the first four died in infancy. The remaining seven were named in order: Titian, Raphael, Angelica (after Angelica Kaufmann?), Rembrandt, Sophonisba (perhaps with a thought of Hogarth and his famous picture!), Vandyke, and Rubens. These names given to his children show his enthusiasm for art and artists, and not content with giving them the names, he did all he could to make artists of them as well. His second wife was Elizabeth De Peyster, of New York. By her he had five children, Charles Linnæus, Franklin, Sybilla, Titian, and Elizabeth. By his third wife,

Hannah Moore, he had no children. Of his eight sons, only three, in spite of the provocation of their names, became artists: Titian, Raphael, and Rembrandt.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

FROM THE ORIGINAL STATUE BY DAVID D'ANGERS IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

We have obtained from the New York Historical Society permission to copy the picture in their possession painted by Peale, and representing himself and a portion of his family. This interesting work has never before been copied, and we are further indebted to the efforts

of Mr. Charles Henry Hart, of Philadelphia, who in our behalf has procured from surviving descendants of Mr. Peale the identification of the various persons represented in it. To Mr. Hart we also owe the rectification of certain dates in Peale's life which have been heretofore wrongly given by all of the artist's biographers, and which are here correctly printed from letters in Mr. Hart's possession. The "Portrait Group" (see page 175) was painted in 1773, and in the following letter, written by John Adams to his wife, we have an interesting notice of it and of the artist:

"PHILADELPHIA, August 21st, 1776.

"Yesterday morning, I took a walk into Arch St. to see Mr. Peale's Painter's room. Peale is from Maryland, a tender, soft, affectionate creature. He showed me a large picture, containing a group of figures, which upon inquiry I found were his family; his mother and his wife's mother, himself and his wife, his brothers and sisters, and his children, sons and daughters, all young. There was a pleasant, a happy cheerfulness in their countenances, and a familiarity in their air toward each other.

"He showed me one moving picture. His wife, all bathed in tears, with a child about six months old laid out upon her lap. This picture struck me prodigiously. He has a variety of portraits, very well done, but not so well as Copley's portraits. Copley is the greatest master that ever was in America. His portraits far exceed West's. Peale has taken General Washington, Dr. Franklin, Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Rush, Mrs. Hopkinson, Mr. Blair McClenachan and his little daughter in one picture, his lady and her little son in another. Peale showed me some books upon the art of painting. Among the rest, one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the president of the English Academy of painters, by whom the pictures of General Conway and Colonel Barré, in Faneuil Hall, were taken. He showed me, too, a great number of miniature pictures. Among the rest, Mr. Hancock and his lady, Mr. Smith, of South Carolina, whom you saw the other day in Boston, Mr. Custis, and many others.

"He showed me, likewise, draughts, or rather sketches, of gentlemen's seats in Virginia, where he has been—Mr. Corbin's, Mr. Page's, General Washington's, etc. Also a variety of rough drawings made by great masters in Italy, which he keeps as models. He showed me several imitations of heads, which he has made in clay, as large as the life, with his hands only. Among the rest, one of his own head and face, which was a great likeness. He is ingenious. He has vanity, loves finery, wears a sword, gold lace, speaks French, is capable of friendship, and strong family attachments, and natural affections."

Our readers will certainly agree with John Adams in his judgment of this work. The personages forming the group are distinctly characterized even to the children, and there is as

ALLEGORICAL FIGURE. "ANAHITA, PERSIAN GODDESS OF THE MOON AND NIGHT."
SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, BY WILLIAM M. HUNT. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. HUNT.

much ease and naturalness in the attitudes and in the general arrangement as is usually found in such family-pieces. We are reminded of some of the Dutch portrait-groups; the

dog's head appearing in front of the table, and the dish of fruit, recall pictures by Snyders, and it is possible that Peale may have had some such model in his mind. At the end of the table, at the left hand, Mr. St. George Peale, a brother of Charles Willson Peale, is engaged in drawing with a pencil the portrait of his mother, who was Margaret Triggs, and a grandchild whom she holds in her lap, and in front of whom is a tray with apples. Next to St. George Peale is a person whom the late Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman in his "American Artists" calls Major Ramsay, the historian, but who, Mr. Hart assures us, is James Peale, the brother of Charles Willson Peale, who was chiefly known as a miniature-painter, but who also attempted some historical compositions. He is represented with a pencil in his hand pointing to the child whom his brother St. George is drawing, and making some playful remark about it. Charles Willson Peale is himself leaning over his two brothers, having turned away for a moment from the canvas on which he has been painting; he holds his palette and brushes in his hand, and seems much interested in his brother's work. His wife, Rachel Brewer, leans upon his shoulder. She has a sweet, intelligent face, and holds in one hand a piece of embroidery, and rests the other upon the shoulder of her sister-in-law, Margaret Jane Peale, the wife of Col. Nathaniel Ramsay, who supports one of her brother Charles's children as it sits upon the table and with a gesture asks her uncle St. George to "draw me, too!" The somewhat formal elderly lady who stands in the background is the mother of Mrs. Charles W. Peale, and the lady who is talking to the artist's mother is her daughter, Elizabeth Digby Peale, who married Capt. W. Polk. The children are supposed to be two who died young, and who cannot now be identified. It is possible that one of them may be the first Titian Peale, who died in New York of yellow fever, at the age of eighteen.

In 1772 Charles Willson Peale was invited to Mount Vernon to paint a portrait of Washington. This is the earliest authentic picture of Washington and is highly valued, both on that account and because it represents him at a time of life when, owing to the scarcity of artists in the country, and the fact that he was not yet greatly distinguished, it was hardly to be expected that a portrait of him would have been painted. It represents him in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel, and up to the time of the late war it hung in Arlington House. We give a copy of this portrait taken from an excellent engraving (see page 177).

In 1776 Peale established himself at Philadelphia, and here he joined the army, and as a captain of volunteers was present at the battles of Germantown and Trenton. While in camp he kept his pencil busy, and made likenesses of many of the officers. It is, perhaps, to this

time that we must refer an anecdote told by Rembrandt Peale which Dunlap credits, although he thinks the names and dates as given by Rembrandt Peale are wrong. The story is that Charles W. Peale was employed at the time he was a captain of volunteers in painting a miniature of Washington at a farm-house somewhere in New Jersey. Mr. Peale had his table and chair near the window, and Washington was sitting on the side of a bed, the room being too small for another chair. His aide-de-camp, Colonel Tilghman, was present. While they were thus engaged, a letter was brought in to Washington announcing the surrender of Cornwallis. For a moment, all was excitement; but Washington requested that the sitting might continue, as the miniature was intended for Mrs. Washington. One wishes that the story may be true, but as Dunlap shows, if it be so in the main, it must refer to some other military event than the surrender of Cornwallis, since on that occasion Washington was at Yorktown.

In 1778 Congress ordered another portrait of Washington to be painted; and Peale made the one which is now in the possession of Mr. H. Pratt McKean, of Philadelphia, bought by him at the sale of the effects of Peale's Museum. Of this picture, Tuckerman says that its progress marks the vicissitudes of the Revolutionary struggle; commenced in the gloomy winter and half-famished encampment at Valley Forge in 1778, the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth intervened before its completion. The picture was never paid for by Congress, and it remained in the artist's hands.

From 1779 to 1785 Peale was occupied with his painting, but his active mind was never content to remain long employed in one pursuit. In 1782, while the army was encamped at Newburgh, the first discovery in that locality of the bones of the mastodon was made on a farm in the neighborhood. General Washington and some of his officers visited the spot, and a description of the bones and of the circumstances of the discovery was published by the Rev. Robert Annan, on whose farm they had been found. This pamphlet came to the notice of Peale and he obtained possession of some of the bones. The idea occurred to him that it would be a useful and probably a profitable venture to form a museum of natural history, with the bones of the mammoth for a nucleus, and no sooner was the idea conceived than he threw himself into the plan with his accustomed ardor. In 1805-6 he visited Orange County, New York, where more bones of the mammoth had been discovered from time to time, and here he engaged in digging on his own account, succeeding in getting together a sufficient number of bones to complete, with the aid of those he had already, the entire

skeleton. When it was finished it was sent to London in charge of the painter's two sons, Raphael and Rembrandt, and was there placed on exhibition.

Mr. Peale now gave up the greater part of his time to lecturing on natural history, for which he certainly had but little qualification, but he probably attempted little more than a descriptive account of the heterogeneous contents of his "museum." In the beginning, Peale's Museum, which afterward became so notable a feature in Philadelphia, was little more than a collection of portraits of men and women distinguished in public and private life, painted by the artist himself and shown to visitors in his own house. This was in 1784; but when his interest in objects of natural history, so called, had been stimulated by his coming into possession of the bones of the mammoth, he began to add to his collection of pictures all the natural curiosities he could get hold of, and his enthusiasm proved so contagious that any one who had anything, no matter what, that could rightly be called a curiosity, was only too glad to have it accepted for Mr. Peale's Museum. In 1794 the collection had become too unwieldy to be conveniently or advantageously shown at Mr. Peale's house, and it was accordingly removed to the rooms of the American Philosophical Society. In 1802 it was again removed, and in 1844 it was broken up and its varied contents disposed of at public sale. As a resort at once amusing and instructive, the place had a great vogue, and we believe we are not mistaken in saying that it was the model for other collections of a like nature: for the "American Museum" in Boston, and perhaps for Barnum's Museum in New York, either one of which, had it fallen into the right hands, might easily have developed into an institution of great public utility. As it was, they were for a good many years of considerable service to the public, particularly to the young.

In the gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts there is a picture painted by Mr. Peale representing the artist standing in his museum and in the act of inviting the spectator to enter and examine its contents. "In the foreground on the left, a dead wild turkey lies across a case of taxidermist's tools; on the right, bones of the mammoth are grouped around a table on which are a palette and brushes; the artist-naturalist stands between, raising the bottom edge of a heavy half-curtain and inviting the spectator's attention to a long perspective of specimen-cases in the rear surmounted by rows of portraits." In the Loan Exhibition of Historical Portraits made in Philadelphia in 1887–88, several of the portraits contained in this picture were shown, together with the picture itself.

In the year 1791 Mr. Peale attempted to form an association of artists and laymen, to be

called the "Academy of the Fine Arts," and intended to fill a similar place in America to that occupied by the Royal Academy in England. The only artists whose names appeared in connection with the scheme were Giuseppe Ceracchi and William Rush, though Dunlap thinks there were others, natives and foreigners, and that probably Joseph Wright was among them.

The plan for an academy fell through for lack of support, and the scheme was dropped for the time being. Three years later Peale made another attempt. He collected some plaster-casts, and even attempted a life-school. As hired models were not to be had, Dunlap says that Peale himself posed for the pupils. Then he made an exhibition of pictures in Independence Hall, and induced his fellow-citizens to send such paintings as they had. But this enterprise failed like the rest. Finally, in 1805, he succeeded in rousing so much interest in his schemes for an academy, that an association of leading citizens was formed who took the matter up, and the foundations of the present institution, "The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts," were laid. Mr. Peale was a director of the academy from the beginning until 1810, and during the greater part of this time the board met in his Museum.

Peale died in 1826 in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was a most ingenious, capable, and energetic man, and so skilled in many different directions that it is likely, had his early advantages been better, or had he lived in a richer and more cultivated country, he would have accomplished something that would have given him a larger place in the world's memory. Dunlap has amusingly summed up his different "trades, employments, and professions." "He was a saddler, harness-maker, clock and watch-maker, silversmith, painter in oil, crayons, and miniature, modeller in clay, wax, and plaster; he sawed his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glasses to protect them, and made the shagreen cases; he was a soldier, legislator, and lecturer; a preserver of animals, whose deficiencies he supplied with glass eyes and artificial limbs; when he found that his efficiency as a lecturer was lessened by the loss of his front teeth, he supplied their place first by teeth made of ivory, and later by porcelain, and so great was his skill that he was employed to do the same good turn for others. Finally, as his son Rembrandt says of him, he was a mild, benevolent, and good man."

His sons, Raphael, Titian, and Rembrandt, may be mentioned in passing. Dunlap says that "Raphael Peale was a painter of portraits in oil and of miniatures, but excelled more in compositions of still-life. He may, perhaps, be considered the first, in point of time, who

adopted this branch of painting in America, and many of his pictures are in the collections of men of taste, and are highly esteemed. He died early in life, perhaps at the age of forty."

ALLEGORICAL FIGURE.
FROM THE "COLUMBUS." SKETCH FOR THE PAINTING IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, BY WILLIAM M. HUNT.
BY PERMISSION OF MRS. HUNT.

Two of his pictures are in the Pennsylvania Academy, and they are very well painted. The coloring is excellent, the execution a little hard. We reproduce one of these paintings: the

"Fox-grapes and Peaches" (see page 179). The subject of the other is "Fox-grapes and Apples." Another son, Titian, applied his talent as a draughtsman to animal subjects. Dunlap says he made the drawings for the first volume of Charles Lucien Bonaparte's "American Ornithology," and a part of those in the fourth volume.

The best known of Charles Willson Peale's sons, Rembrandt Peale, was born, says Dunlap, on the 22d of February, 1778, at a farm-house in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, whither his mother had fled from Philadelphia at the approach of the British army. His father was with the forces under Washington, serving as captain of a company of volunteers which had been raised by his own efforts. Considering how closely his name is connected as an artist with that of Washington, it may be allowed a happy coincidence that he had the same birthday as his hero. He inherited his father's energy and enthusiasm, with his bodily strength and endurance. When he was eighty he proposed marriage to a lady fifty years his junior, and on her making some demur on account of his age, he declared that to be no objection, as he had ten or fifteen good years of life in him still. And so, perhaps, it might have proved, had not his animal-spirits tempted him shortly after to run up a ladder with such lively impetuosity that he fell, and was so seriously injured that he did not recover. He died at Philadelphia in 1860, at the age of eighty-two. Tuckerman says that at the time of his death he had long been the only artist living who had seen Washington. He is known almost entirely from his portrait of Washington painted in mature life, from a sitting given him by Washington out of good-will to his father, when he was but a lad of eighteen. As a child, he showed a strong love of painting as early as eight years, and his first impression of Washington was gained when, sitting by his father's side at Mount Vernon in 1772, he eagerly watched him as he painted the portrait we have already spoken of. In his life of his father he tells us that when, later on, he was himself admitted to the same privilege. he was too much agitated to take proper advantage of it, and secured only a sketch from which, by the aid of his father's portrait and of the bust by Houdon, which he always had before him when he worked, he made his own well-known picture. The portrait is admittedly a made-up picture, but it has acquired a certain popularity from which it is impossible to dislodge it, the more as we have nothing that can take its place. Later in life Rembrandt Peale, who inherited a great deal of his father's ingenuity, took up lithography, an art just then coming into fashion in France and England, and by means of this process, which he was one of the first in this country to employ, he multiplied copies of his medallion head of Washington,

and reaped an ample harvest from the immediate popularity of the engraving. In 1807 he went to Paris, sent by his father for the purpose of collecting portraits of distinguished

"BROTHER AND SISTER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ABBOTT H. THAYER. BY PERMSSION OF THE ARTIST.

Frenchmen for his father's museum, and, as he says himself, to feast his eyes on the treasures Napoleon had assembled in the Louvre. Like many an American artist since his time, he

found it hard to escape the fascinations of Paris—that city of the heart—and in 1809, soon after his return to America, he went back again to France, taking with him his wife and his five children. Yet, like the lover in the song, he sighed as he stood between Paris and his native land:

> "How happy could I be with either
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

But love of country prevailed, and after an absence of fifteen months, he returned to America and again began painting in Philadelphia. He could not be content away from home, "notwithstanding an offer from Denon to give him employment from the government." He brought back with him a number of portraits of distinguished Frenchmen—Cuvier, Gay-Lussac, Delambre, Michaux, David, Denon, Houdon, and others. The last three portraits are in the Pennsylvania Academy; the others belong to learned societies in Philadelphia. This was the era of show-pictures, and Rembrandt Peale entered the lists with his "Roman Daughter"—the old story of the daughter who, taking a hint from the pelican, nourished her starving father in prison from her own breast. But Peale's great performance—in his own eyes and, it must be confessed, in the eyes of his countrymen at large—was "The Court of Death," which was exhibited in the principal cities of the country, and was for a long time a source of no little pecuniary profit to the artist. Its triumphs recall the success of the popular wonders of our own day: "The Christ before Pilate" and "The Crucifixion" of Munkacsy. Like these, it made its appeal to the religious world. In New York it was recommended from the pulpits, and the corporation of the city went in a body to see it.

V.

WE have mentioned the name of WILLIAM RUSH as an associate of Charles Willson Peale in his attempt to found an Academy of the Fine Arts in America, and a few words may be allotted to a man who did his part in the development of the arts among us at this early period.

We learn from Dunlap, who describes him at the time he knew him as "this intelligent and very pleasant old gentleman," that Rush was born in Philadelphia in the year 1757, and that he died in the same city in 1833. He was apprenticed to a wood-carver, and in the third year of his term he made a figure-head for a ship—or was it a wooden Indian for a

tobacconist's shop?—which surpassed the work of his master. He never attempted to work in marble, and for this there were several good reasons. There were no models for him to follow; there was no one to teach him the method of working in marble; and marble itself was hard to find in this country at that time, if, indeed, it were to be had at all. Rush confined himself, therefore, to working in wood, and it was not until late in life that he attempted to model in clay. In this art he was instructed by Joseph Wright, and his first essay was a bust of Wright himself. Dunlap tells us that Rush used to say "it was immaterial what the substance was in which the sculptor worked, he must see distinctly the figure in the block; removing the surface was merely mechanical. When he was in a hurry, he used to hire a wood-chopper, and stand by and give directions where to cut; by this means he facilitated work with little labor to himself." There is a psychological interest in this fact of an untaught man who, if he had ever heard of Michelangelo, knew no more of him than his name, repeating, three hundred years later, the great sculptor's famous saying, and following, in theory at least, his own practice, for Michelangelo did his own marble-cutting. These coincidences, often met with in the study of our primitive art, are raised above the meanness that perhaps pertains to them as isolated facts, by their relation to universal laws. They show us for the thousandth time how nature sows the seeds of thought as careless of results as when she sows the seeds of grain—bringing one to fruition where she lets myriads die. The work that Rush left behind him is, no doubt, of small account considered as art. He made the crucifixes in the churches of St. Augustine and St. Mary in Philadelphia—that in the church of St. Augustine destroyed in the burning of the building in the riots of 1844; the figures that in Dunlap's time were in front of the Chestnut Street Theatre and which are now, we believe, at the Forrest Home; and the statue of Washington in the State-house, with a number of busts preserved in the Gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. The work that shows him in the most pleasing light is the statue of the Naiad made for the water-works at Fairmount, and still to be seen in the place for which Rush designed it. We saw it lately where it stands, at the foot of a rocky cliff in the small rustic garden-inclosure near the reservoir, the graceful bending figure gleaming softly from its covert, half hid in shrubbery and overhung with trees. It was at the close of a late autumn day. The place—busy enough, we were told, in the summer-time with pleasure-seekers who come there to eat ice-cream and enjoy the prospect of the river—was now deserted, and only a few sounds were heard, relieved against the dull background of the city's roar: the quick

step of a laboring-man or shop-girl hurrying home after the day's work done; the rustle of a squirrel in the falling leaves; the quick splash of a water-rat in the pool; the chirp of

"A TALK ON THE TERRACE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIHU VEDDER. WITH THE PERMISSION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE, ESQ.

sparrows choosing their perches for the night. We confess we looked with an interest out of all proportion to its artistic value on this statue, the first attempt, so far as we

know, on the part of any American to embody in sculpture his ideal of womanly grace and beauty.

Some of the names we have thus far selected are not among those that commend themselves to the good opinion of artists. But if we were to be restrained by this consideration, we should have to be silent as to more than one famous name. What do artists anywhere to-day care for West, or Copley, or Stuart, or Trumbull, or Allston, or Leslie—in short, for any of the names that at one time were the glories of American art? A few here and there, out of patriotic feeling, or out of professional respect, may refrain from expressing an opinion, and a few more may admit a modicum of merit; may confess, with Ben Jonson's laughing lady:

> "Nor do we doubt but that we can,
> If we would search with care and pain,
> Find some one good, in some one man."

But that is the utmost concession we should expect. Yet, to our thinking, the debt we owe these earlier men is considerable, and in some respects we feel that we are under a greater obligation to these lesser-known men than we are to most of the celebrities of the present day. In art as in money-making, the interest that attaches to the struggle is in proportion to the difficulties overcome. The millionaires tell us that the hard thing is to heap up the first hundred thousand dollars; that done, the rest comes almost easily. These men of whom we write were our pioneers. They laid with labor and pain the foundation of a love of art among the mass of their countrymen; as we have said elsewhere, the service they rendered us was in daring to be artists in that time of poverty and struggle. They "hitched their wagon to a star," to quote our Emerson's homely phrase, and though the wagon were but a child's go-cart, and the star an asteroid, or in some cases, we fear, no more than a Jack-o'-lantern, still, for them, too, the charitable plea of the heart remains: "They did what they could."

There is another point to be remembered in sketching the history of the Arts in America; it is, that in proportion to their means, the people of the United States, sometimes as individuals, sometimes as separate communities, did as much for culture as was doing at the time either in England or in France. We say, in proportion to our means; for it is certain that we were very poor, and that the standard of living at the time, even for those Americans who were best off in this world's goods, was a very humble one compared with the frantic luxury of to-day. For the State of Virginia to invite a sculptor of the rank of Houdon to come over

to this country and make a statue of Washington, was far more than for his own Paris to invite him to make a statue of Voltaire. When the site had been chosen for the city of Washington, Major L'Enfant, a Frenchman, was invited to lay it out, and the plan of the city, at once beautiful and convenient, is due entirely to his skill and taste. Had the planning of New York been intrusted to a man equally clever, millions of value would have been added to real estate in this city. Like Washington, the city of Charleston, South Carolina, was laid out by a French architect, with the beautiful result we all know. When the Capitol at Washington was designed, several foreign sculptors were employed for the carving with which it was ornamented. A bas-relief in the rotunda is signed "N. Gevelot, 1827." The subject is "Penn making his treaty with the Indians." Another tablet in the rotunda, "Pocahontas saving Captain Smith," is signed "A. Capellano, 1827." The same sculptor carved the bas-relief in the pediment of the Capitol—a bust of Washington between Peace and Victory; and Dunlap ascribes to him the statue on the column of the battle-monument at Baltimore, and the bas-relief on the pedestal. Two other bas-reliefs in the rotunda of the Capitol are signed "Enrico Causici of Verona," but without the date. Causici called himself a pupil of Canova: he was probably, if we may judge by what he has left us, no more than a workman in Canova's studio. A more distinguished name is that of Giuseppe Ceracchi, already spoken of in our sketch of the life of Trumbull, who made his portrait. To Ceracchi we owe the busts of Washington (see page 214), Hamilton, George Clinton, the Governor of New York, Paul Jones, and John Jay, to mention those of most importance among the many that he executed while in this country. A French sculptor by the name of Binon came to this country in 1818, and applied to John Adams, then an old man of eighty-three, for permission to take his portrait in marble. John Adams wrote in reply: "The age of sculpture and painting has not yet arrived in this country, and I hope it will be long before it does so. I would not give a sixpence for a picture by Raphael, or a statue by Phidias." These were the old man's words, but his acts were different. He invited Binon hospitably to his house at Quincy, sat to him for his bust, and showed real kindness by consenting, at his advanced age, to have a mould taken of his face in plaster—a most disagreeable experience. Binon's bust of John Adams, a very characteristic head, is now in Faneuil Hall, Boston. In tracing the influences that have led to the development of art in this country, it is interesting to learn that it was Horatio Greenough's youthful attempt to carve in chalk a copy of this bust by Binon that led to the discovery of his talent, and that he afterward profited by the

direct teaching of Binon himself, going daily to his rooms and modelling in his company. Lastly we may mention, in connection with this subject, the employment by Lieutenant Levy,

"THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT P. RYDER. WITH THE PERMISSION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE, ESQ.

of the United States Navy, of a French sculptor, David d'Angers, to make the statue of Jefferson which is now in the Capitol at Washington (see page 217). David d'Angers did not

come to this country, nor did he ever see Jefferson, as he was not born until 1788, a year before Jefferson left France, after his five years' residence there as commissioner. But David, a child of the Revolution, had long shared with his countrymen an enthusiasm for America and for everything and everybody connected with the American Constitution. He had long counted the author of the Declaration of Independence among the great ones of the earth, and he had already introduced his portrait into one of the bas-reliefs on the monument erected to Gutenberg at Strasbourg. The Italian sculptors we have mentioned, Ceracchi chief among them, and Binon the Frenchman also, came to this country inflamed with enthusiasm for the land of liberty, the refuge of the oppressed, the latest haven of hope for the human race. This wide-spread enthusiasm, felt all over Europe, and in England no less than elsewhere, is one of the most interesting signs of the times, and gave rise to many singular and many romantic incidents.

Among a cloud of miniature-painters who found steady occupation in this country in the early times of our history, some of them of foreign birth, but many of them American born, the name of Malbone shines out brightly as an artist of most delicate and individual talent, well worthy to stand among the first of those who have confined themselves to this particular branch of art, wherever they may have been born.

Edward Greene Malbone was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1777. An ancestor, Godfrey Malbone, lived in a fine house, long since destroyed by fire, situated near the outlet of Narragansett Bay. He had made a fortune in privateering, and he was well known in the neighborhood for his wealth and for the free, generous use he made of it, keeping open house and dispensing a large hospitality. At the time Tuckerman wrote, some twenty-five years ago, nothing was left of the provincial splendors of the place but a few straggling borders of box, a few cedar trees, a fish-pond, and a subterranean passage to the water, while faint memories of the reckless, enterprising, generous spirit of the former owner still survived in anecdote and legend. The fortunes of the family declined after the death of its founder; but the race preserved its vitality and, later, in the subject of this sketch, put forth a flower of such sweetness as must keep the name alive in our hearts for many a year to come.

Young Malbone early showed a strong inclination to art, and in his case, as in that of West, he displayed a mechanical ingenuity in supplying what was necessary in the way of implements, not so easily procured then as now. He made his own brushes, and searched the beaches for paint-stones, as he called them, to grind up for such colors as he needed. He

would color the cheap prints that came into his hands, or drew on bits of ivory or bone, with India ink, figures of gods and goddesses, set them in frames of twisted wire, and won smiles of favor from the girls at school to whom he offered the pretty gifts. His sister tells of his delight, as a child, in soap-bubbles, enchanted with their prismatic hues, and she recounts his young ingenuities, his taking toys to pieces to find out how they were made, and imitating them with the neatest perfection; or, making little moulds of the figures of animals and men, running lead into them and then painting them in lively colors, to the wonder and delight of his small mates. Sometimes of an evening he would raise kites with long tails of fireworks of his own invention, which exploded when at the right height; and in various ways he manifested that mechanical ability so common with artists, only, with him, this showed itself oftener in works of fancy or imaginative play than in matters merely useful.

Curiously enough, Malbone's first public appearance as an artist was as a scene-painter He made the acquaintance of some actors in what passed for a theatre in Newport, and after many a visit behind the curtain, he persuaded the scene-painter to let him try his hand with the brush. Dunlap says that the success of his effort gained for him not only a general ticket of admission, but what was still more acceptable to the artist, the opportunity of hearing in secret the commendation of his own work. At sixteen, Malbone painted upon paper a miniature copy of the handsome face of Sir Thomas Lawrence, using an engraving as his model, and it seemed so excellent to his father and his friends that it was decided he must be allowed to follow his bent and become an artist. As there was no artist nor drawing-master in Newport who could give the boy lessons, his father sent the picture by a friend to Philadelphia to a French miniature-painter there, who recognized the boy's talent, but made such hard terms for his instruction that his father could not comply with them. The boy, however, was not to be turned from his purpose, and telling no one but his sister of his plans, he boldly set out for Providence, and, arrived there, offered himself to the public as a miniature-painter in earnest. He was so well received that he determined to remain there for a time, and wrote to his father telling him of his success and throwing himself upon his kindness and affection for forgiveness of his rash step. No doubt he was forgiven, but he was not destined to see his father again. He had been in Providence a little more than a year when news came of his father's serious illness, and before he could reach home his father had died. Shortly after this event Malbone returned to Providence and remained there until the next year, 1796, when, by the advice of friends, he went to Boston, where he

met with the same success that he had enjoyed in Providence. In Boston he met Allston again, whom he had known slightly at Newport, where Allston had been sent from his native

"CHILD'S PORTRAIT."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WYATT EATON. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST.

State of South Carolina for the benefit of his health. The acquaintance of the two artists soon ripened into friendship, and from this time they were as much in one another's company

as circumstances permitted. The nature of Malbone's art, with the small amount of apparatus required, allowed of his moving about from place to place at his pleasure, and accordingly we hear of him at New York in 1797, then in Philadelphia, visiting the two cities alternately until the summer of 1800, which he passed with his friend Allston at Newport, and in a society where both had many dear friends in common. In the autumn of the same year, Malbone went with Allston to Charleston, South Carolina; here he met Mr. Charles Fraser, an artist by persuasion, whose friends had made a lawyer of him against his will, but who finally succeeded in giving himself up to painting, and gained a considerable reputation for his miniatures. We shall have occasion to speak of Mr. Fraser later as the first instructor of Thomas Sully.

In 1801 Malbone accompanied Allston to London, where he was received with flattering kindness by West, who assured him, on seeing his miniatures, that no one in England could compete with him in his own field, and he said some years afterward, when in conversation with Mr. Monroe, afterward President of the United States: "I have seen a picture painted by a young man of the name of Malbone which no man in England could excel." While in London, Malbone, who, as we have seen, had never been regularly trained in his profession, and who was always anxious for improvement, took a term of lessons in drawing at the Royal Academy, and Dunlap says that "after his return to America his work showed the good effects of this discipline." This is possible, but it is more likely that the opportunity of studying art of a much higher kind than he had ever been able to see at home had as much to do with whatever improvement was discoverable as a few weeks' academic study at Somerset House. No doubt Malbone might have remained in London had circumstances permitted, and pursued his art there with a success as great as he had met with in his own country, but his private affairs at home called for his attention, and he returned to America in December, 1801. He was soon as actively employed as ever, but he hoped so to arrange his affairs as to make it possible to return to England, where not only had he left his friend Allston, but where it was natural that, as an artist, he should look for many pleasures denied him in his own country—the sight of pictures by master-hands; the society of other artists, with the interchange of professional opinion and criticism that is in itself an education and an inspiration; and the feeling that his work would appeal to a public better trained to appreciation, and more in sympathy with an artist's aspirations than he had found at home. But his hopes were not destined to be fulfilled. In December, 1805, he sailed for Charleston,

intending to return to London in the following spring. But in March he took a violent cold which settled upon his lungs, never very strong and still further enfeebled by his sedentary habits, and he returned to Newport, where he hoped by abundant exercise in the open air to ward off the danger that threatened his life. He laid aside his pencil for a season and indulged in riding and exercise of various kinds. He was very fond of field-sports, and one day in shooting he ran to pick up his bird: the effort at stooping brought on a hemorrhage, and from that time there was but little hope of saving his life. His physicians sent him to Jamaica, but the voyage did him no good, and wishing to die at home, "he took passage for Savannah, hoping to be able to reach Newport as soon as the spring opened, but he died in that city in May, 1807."

The best work of Malbone, the work by which his name is destined to live, is his miniature-painting. This naturally varies in quality, owing to his want of training in his early years and to the tentative character of much of it even after he was fairly afloat in his profession. But when he was at his best, it would be difficult to name any miniature-painter who has excelled him in delicacy of coloring, in grace of treatment, or in the power to sympathize with the most delicate and poetic traits of character in his sitter. It is often said that Malbone is only remarkable as a painter of women, and that he paints best those women whose beauty is the most elusive and piquant, so that, in fact, he is to be judged by only a few fortunate pictures, since such beauty is only too rare, and few painters have had the good fortune to meet with it. Yet when Hawthorne would describe the miniature of a young man, he makes Malbone the painter of it. Our readers may recall the passage in "The House of the Seven Gables," in which he describes the portrait of Phœbe's brother, Clifford. It is in the chapter that describes Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon's preparations for opening a shop:

"Now she is almost ready. Let us pardon her one other pause; for it is given to the sole sentiment, or, we might better say—heightened and rendered intense as it has been by sorrow and seclusion—to the strong passion of her life. We heard the turning of a key in a small lock; she has opened a secret drawer of an escritoire, and is probably looking at a certain miniature, done in Malbone's most perfect style, and representing a face worthy of no less delicate a pencil. It was once our good fortune to see this picture. It is a likeness of a young man in a silken dressing-gown of an old fashion, the soft richness of which is well adapted to the countenance of reverie, with its full, tender lips and beautiful eyes that seem to indicate not so much capacity of thought as gentle and voluptuous emotion. Of the pos-

sessor of such features we shall have a right to ask nothing, except that he would take the rude world easily, and make himself happy in it." But we perceive that this was a miniature, if indeed there ever existed such an one outside the moonlit chamber of Hawthorne's fancy, that might have been painted by the same hand that drew the face of Mrs. Eliza Southgate Bowne, that lady who has unconsciously revealed to us so many traits of her beautiful character in the letters preserved by her daughter, and published by the filial hands of her grandson, in "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago." Malbone's only work of importance not strictly a miniature is the group called "The Hours," now the property of the Providence Athenæum. It is, in fact, none the less a miniature, from being somewhat larger in size than is common and containing three figures instead of one. It is painted in water-colors on a single sheet of ivory, six inches wide and seven in height, and is inscribed on the back, in Malbone's hand—"Eunomia, Dice, and Irene, the Past, the Present, and the Coming Hour." It is a very lovely piece of work as a painting, and has a certain pensive charm of expression and airy grace of movement that are characteristic of the artist, and that make the picture his own, although we recognize the antiquity of the sources from which the composition has been derived. It has been charged that Malbone borrowed the idea of the composition from a print after a picture called "The Hours" painted by Shelly, an English miniature-painter. But the original idea of thus grouping three female figures is so old, and so many changes have been rung upon it, that no artist can be said to have an exclusive claim to it, nor do we quarrel with Raphael for making use of the antique marble of the "Three Graces" in Sienna as his model for a picture of the same subject—a subject that appears to have taken the fancy of more than one artist—that appears on a medal of the Renaissance, in the "Spring" of Botticelli, and that descended to Malbone, filtered perhaps through the fancy of Shelly, but made his own by the charm of his peculiar art. Still it must be admitted that Malbone had no remarkable gift for painting ideal subjects; his talent lay in the subtle interpretation of character in real human beings, rather than in giving form and substance to abstractions.

We are fortunate in being able to present our readers with three excellent examples of the art of Malbone: the miniatures of Mrs. Eliza Southgate Bowne (page 197), Mrs. Richard Derby (page 199), and Mrs. Gulian Verplanck (page 201). In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts there is a portrait of Mrs. Richard Derby painted by Copley in 1806. It is in his later manner, and represents the lady as Saint Cecilia, though dressed in a white muslin gown

of her own day, and playing upon a harp of modern make. It is no doubt a very pleasing picture, but we prefer the simple naturalness of Malbone's pencil.

"ARIADNE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WYATT EATON. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, the friend of Malbone, was two years younger. He was born in 1779, on his father's plantation, which lay in the district of Waccamaw, described by Mr.

Sweetser in his "Life of Allston" as "a long strip of land between the Waccamaw River and the ocean, from three to six miles wide, and separated by Winyah Bay on the south from the Santee. On this sequestered and sea-fronting peninsula, a century ago, several patrician families lived under an almost baronial *régime*, with their broad plantations, their many vassals, and their generous hospitalities. Prominent among these were the Allstons." The climate did not agree with young Allston, and he was sent to Newport when he was a child of six or seven, and put to school. At Newport he made the acquaintance of William Ellery Channing, a friendship that endured and strengthened through the lives of both, and he was also much in the society of his cousin, the poet Richard H. Dana. With Malbone at this time he had but slight acquaintance, and, as has been already said, it was not until they met in Boston that their friendship began in earnest. When he arrived at the proper age, Allston was sent to Harvard College, and here he first felt the clear impulsion to the art in which his after-life was to be so bound up. Allston's was distinctly a literary genius, and he has recorded in an interesting way his first approaches to the art of painting. "My leisure hours at college," he writes, "were chiefly devoted to the pencil, to the composition equally of figures and landscapes. I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape at the house of a friend in Cambridge (whether Italian or Spanish I know not), that gave me my first hints in color in that branch; it was of a rich and deep tone, though not by the hand of a master; the work, perhaps, of a moderate artist, but of one who lived in a *good age* where he could not help catching some of the good that was abroad. In the coloring of figures, the pictures of Pine, in the Columbian Museum, in Boston, were my first masters. Pine had certainly, as far as I can recollect, considerable merit in color. But I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Van Dyck, in the college library, which I obtained leave to copy one winter vacation. This copy from Van Dyck was by Smybert, an English painter who came to this country with Dean, afterward Bishop, Berkeley. At that time it seemed to me perfection; but when I saw the original some years afterward, I found I had to alter my notions of perfection. However, I am grateful to Smybert for the instruction he gave me—his work rather. Deliver me from kicking down even the weakest step of an early ladder."

When he left college, graduating in 1800, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Allston returned to his father's home in South Carolina. In Charleston he met Malbone again, and here too was Charles Fraser, while Sully, who had studied with Fraser when a lad, had now

established himself in Richmond. There were also a few mediocre painters: Coram, an English artist, a relative, Dunlap thinks, of the Coram made famous by Hogarth's portrait and by the Foundling Hospital in London, which he created; Earle, another Englishman, a portrait-painter; De Veaux, mentioned by Tuckerman and Sweetser, was also painting portraits, and Waldo, of Connecticut, had been invited by the Hon. John Rutledge, of Charleston, to settle in that city, and had accepted the offer. This material for an "art atmosphere" was but slight, yet it was sufficient to keep the flame alive in youthful hearts, and Allston, Malbone, and Fraser were happy in their friendship and in their common ambition. The estate of the Allstons at Waccamaw was in the hands of the executors of Allston's father, and Allston, who had no desire to waste his time in the settlement of intricate business-transactions, disposed of his share in the property at a ruinous rate, and applied the money to his long-cherished purpose of a visit to Europe. His character and the promise that he had given, not so much by his painting as by certain youthful verses, had attracted the attention of some friends of his family, and they did what they could to make things easier for him, but Allston refused all help, determined to live on what he had, and to increase it by his own labors rather than depend upon the generosity of others, and he set off to England in 1801 in company with his friend Malbone. In London they were received by West with his usual kindness, and soon installed in the world of art and artists—a world the like of which London has not seen since that glorious day. Allston remained three years in England, and then went over to France with the rest of the world to see the pictures and statues of which Napoleon had robbed Italy and Germany, to enrich his new-made Louvre. Malbone had gone home after a short stay in London, and Allston was to see him no more. He was accompanied on his visit to Paris by John Vanderlyn, an American painter, then poor and unfriended, but shortly to become distinguished by the honors paid him by Napoleon for his picture of "Marius," painted in 1808 and awarded the gold medal by Napoleon himself when it was exhibited in the Louvre. Another picture by Vanderlyn, the "Ariadne Sleeping," was at one time greatly admired, made popular, here at home, by the engraving of Durand. From Paris Allston went to Rome, which he reached in March, 1805. He had left London in November, 1803, and we do not know where he spent the intervening time, since his stay in Paris was but short. It is like enough, as Mr. Sweetser suggests, that he visited Florence and Venice, and that in Florence he painted a picture which was formerly in the Boston Athenæum. When Allston and Vanderlyn arrived in Rome they were the only American

students in the city. Failing their own countrymen, they joined a group of young artists hailing from Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, and although dependent on their own means for support, they held their own in the company of these students, who were aided in their studies by their respective governments. He was the centre of a circle of admiring friends, won not so much by his painting as by his beautiful nature, his enthusiasm for his art and the

"MENDING NETS."

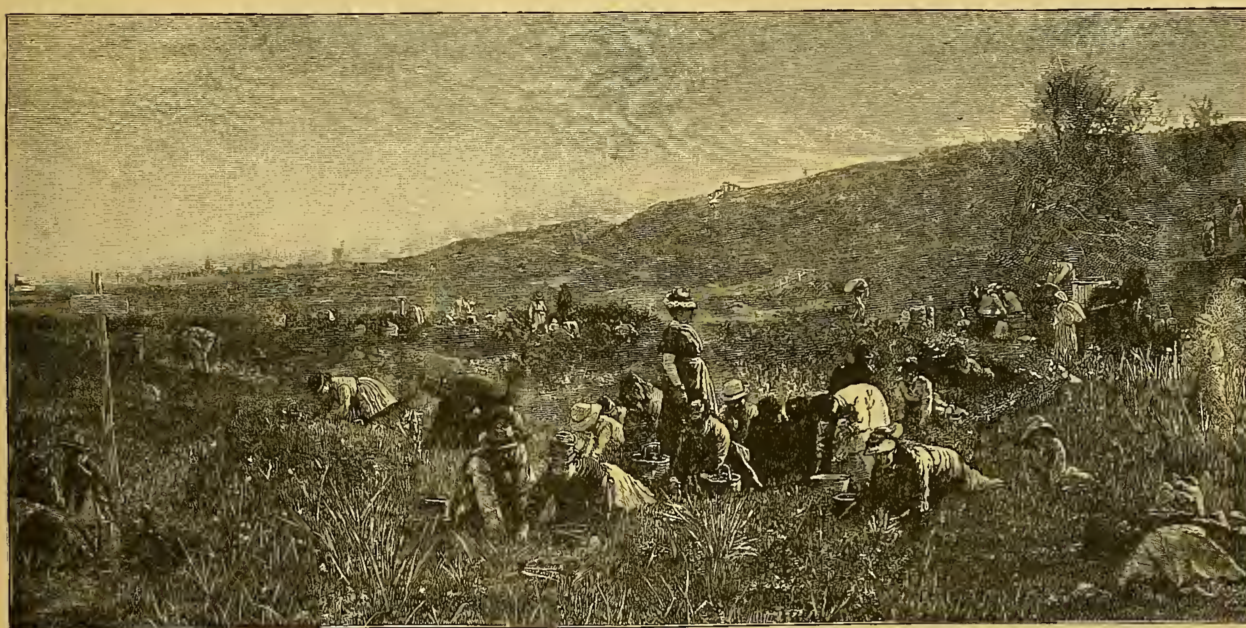
FROM THE ETCHING BY WINSLOW HOMER OF HIS OWN PICTURE. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER.

inspiring character of his thinking. It was in Rome that he met Washington Irving, and the foundations of a life-long friendship were laid between the two young men who were only four years apart in age. Irving writes: "There was something to me inexpressibly fascinating in the appearance and manners of Allston. He was of a light and graceful form, with large blue eyes and black silken hair waving and curling round a pale expressive countenance. Everything about him spoke the man of intellect and refinement." Here, too, he became acquainted

with Coleridge, and the friendship that began in "the silent city," as the author of Christabel used to call it, was continued later when Allston was in England, where Coleridge showed him every attention, and was constant in his devotion to him, when recovering from a long and dangerous illness. It was while he was in Rome that Allston painted the portrait of himself, which we publish (see p. 183). In 1809, Allston returned to America, and took a studio in Boston—the room that had been occupied by Smybert eighty years before, and also, later, by Trumbull. He remained in Boston two years, and while there was married to Miss Ann Channing, a sister of the distinguished William Ellery Channing, the Unitarian preacher. He painted but little of importance, finding himself out of his element in the busy, prosaic Boston of the period and longing for Rome and London and the friends he had left there, "the choice and master-spirits of the age." In 1811 Allston sailed for London with his wife, and with a young man destined at a later day to be famous, but in a field different from the one he had then chosen. This was Samuel Finley Breese Morse, whose early reputation as an artist is now swallowed up in his fame as an inventor. He had shown, as a boy, a strong inclination for art, and had been encouraged in its pursuit by Allston, who became acquainted with him soon after his return from Europe, when Morse had just graduated from Yale College, and had returned to his father's home in Charlestown, near Boston. When Allston arrived in London, Morse was introduced by him to Benjamin West and was indebted to that excellent man, as so many artists before him had been, for advice and instruction. Morse, however, although he entered upon his career with every encouragement, did not hold to his determination to be an artist, but in time drifted away from it, and gave himself up to scientific pursuits. While Allston was in London at this time, Charles Robert Leslie, of whom we shall speak later, came over from America to study art, and joined young Morse as a pupil of Allston and West, putting himself more directly under Allston's guidance. Allston had made a sketch for the picture afterward painted by him, and purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, "The Dead Man revived by Elisha's Bones." This sketch was seen by Sir George Beaumont, a distinguished connoisseur of that day, and so much admired by him that he commissioned a painting to be placed in the church of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and Allston produced "The Angel Delivering St. Peter from Prison." This picture was at first placed in the church over the altar, then replaced by a stained-glass window, and removed to the house of Sir George Beaumont, where after many years it was discovered by Dr. Hooper, of Boston, who bought it and brought it home. It now hangs in the chapel of the Insane Asylum at Worcester,

Mass. It is one of Allston's best works. The head of the angel is a portrait of Mrs. Allston. During Allston's stay in England which lasted for seven years, he painted a number of pictures, some of which have unaccountably disappeared. The most important of those that remain are the "Uriel sitting in the Sun"—a subject inspired by Milton; "Jacob's Dream," a large composition with many figures, and the sketch for the never completed "Belshazzar's Feast." The "Uriel" received a prize from the British Institution, and was afterward bought by the Marquis of Stafford and now hangs in Stafford House. The "Jacob's Dream" was bought by Lord Egremont, and is at Petworth Castle. In 1818 Allston returned to America, where he continued to live until his death in 1843. He resided for the first twelve years in Boston, and afterward removed to Cambridgeport. While in Boston he painted a number of smaller pictures, and several imaginative heads: "The Valentine," "Rosalie," "Beatrice," "The Roman Lady," and "The Vision of Spalatro." We copy the "Rosalie" (see p. 181) —a subject drawn from one of Allston's own poems: it is perhaps the most favorable example that can be given of his ideal heads. The "Spalatro" was for a time in the possession of John Taylor Johnston, of New York, but was sold with his collection, and afterward burned. Allston's "Jeremiah" was bought by Morse, from its owner, and presented by him to Yale College, where it is now in the same room with Trumbull's pictures. In any lengthened notice of Allston's pictures, an account would have to be given of his unfinished picture—"Belshazzar's Feast"—a work to which he devoted, in a desultory way, many years of his life, and which may be called the tragedy of his existence, since it represented so much unsatisfied ambition and so many disappointed hopes. There is no doubt a certain grandeur in the conception, and enough remains of the execution to hint at what it might have been. But it was so rubbed down, and repainted, and changed in plan during the time it was in the artist's studio, that it remains as only the ghost of a baffled endeavor. Allston had a considerable literary gift, and not a few of his utterances upon art have a permanent value for artists, while some of his criticisms and descriptions of pictures and of natural scenery will long continue to be quoted for their imaginative penetration. His "Poems" were admired by Coleridge, by Southey, and by Wordsworth, and his tale "Monaldi" is not unworthy of a place on the shelf that holds the works of Hawthorne. In truth his literary and artistic inclinations fought with one another for the control of his life, and neither had, it would seem, sufficient force to obtain the complete mastery. Add to this a native indolence, a complete absence of skill in practical life, and we have the secret of the failure of his career, as failure is estimated by

the world. But if success be measured by a man's influence upon the spirit, the aims, and the ideals of those who come in contact with him, we may well envy Allston, for no artist ever lived in America, and few have lived anywhere, who have enjoyed nobler friendships, or have deserved them better. "He strove for excellence," says Mr. Sweetser, in his excellent brief biography, "and loved it for its own sake, without thought of temporal considerations and emoluments, save as beautifully expressed in his own words, 'Fame is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated.'"



"CRANBERRY-PICKING."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EASTMAN JOHNSON. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS CASSELL & CO.

Long after his return to America Allston married, in 1830, Miss Dana, a cousin of his first wife and a sister of Richard H. Dana, the poet. Allston died at Cambridgeport in 1843. His wife survived him until 1862.

THOMAS SULLY, an artist whose name is bound up with those of the ablest of his professional contemporaries in America, was born in England, in Lincolnshire, in 1783. His parents were actors, who came to America in 1792, and settled in Charleston, South Carolina, where a Mr. West, the brother-in-law of the elder Sully, was manager of the theatre. One of Thomas Sully's sisters married a French miniature-painter by the name of Belzons, and it was from him that Thomas had his first lessons in painting. The same artist also taught Dunlap his

rudiments. He was an ill-tempered man, and his treatment of his young pupil soon drove the boy away. In looking about for the means of living, he went through many hardshisp and rude adventures, but finally settled down in Richmond, where he had a moderate success as a portrait-painter. He lived with his brother Lawrence, who was a painter of miniatures and of decorative devices, but who had led a struggling life of it, with a family dependent upon his abilities, which were but slim; and the younger brother was obliged, though he did it gladly, to throw his small talent into the common fund for their support. He felt, however, that it was necessary for his improvement that he should visit London, not only for purposes of study, but for the sake of seeing pictures, but while he was industriously working to lay up money for the purpose, his brother Lawrence died, and the support of the whole family was thrown upon his shoulders. He worked on unselfishly in the new path that duty had marked out, until the situation resolved itself by his marriage with his brother's widow and the adoption of his children. The visit to London was postponed, and he continued to work on at Baltimore as a portrait-painter. Fortune befriended him; Cooper the actor and manager had sat to him in Richmond; and when he went to New York to take charge of the theatre there, he invited Sully to follow him with his family, assured him of a thousand dollar's worth of orders, authorized him to draw on him for that amount, gave him a room in his theatre to paint in, and launched him on the highway of success. Sully, says Dunlap, who knew him well and esteemed him, was young, and inexperienced in his art, but he had will and industry, and a knowledge of his deficiencies. The two leading portrait-painters in New York at that time were Jarvis and Trumbull. Jarvis willingly taught Sully all that he himself knew; Trumbull was less accessible. Sully took one hundred dollars, a tenth of his capital, and asked Trumbull to paint Mrs. Sully's portrait, that he might see his way of working, and have by him a picture that might serve as a guide. In like pursuance of instruction, he went to Boston to see Stuart, who allowed him to stand by his chair during a sitting—a privilege which, he said, he enjoyed more at the moment than he ever enjoyed any station on earth. In 1809 Sully entered into an agreement that shows both his eagerness for instruction in his art and his ignorance of the world. In order to enable him to get to London, a subscription was started by one of his friends, the object being to secure as many names as possible at two hundred dollars each, to be repaid by copies of pictures made by Sully in London. "Seven subscribers were obtained, and with fourteen hundred dollars Sully undertook to support a large family in America, while he

himself should go to England, remain there long enough to paint the seven pictures required, and bring them back with himself to Philadelphia." The lesson of Sully's experiment: the honorable and conscientious way in which he performed the task agreed upon; the privations cheerfully undergone; with the sacrifice of all youthful pleasures to the one object of perfecting himself in his art—all this, as told by our Dunlap, makes a story well worth reading, and a cheerful one withal, seeing that Sully's character and energy evoked no little kindness and generosity on the part of Englishmen as well as Americans, very honorable to all concerned. Sully returned to America in 1810, after his nine months' absence, and took up his residence in Philadelphia. Here he continued to live and to paint until his death in 1872. His work was confined almost exclusively to portraiture, and he had many distinguished sitters. Born of a family of actors, and himself a lover of the theatre and of music, it was natural that he should paint as many of the celebrities of the stage as he could persuade to sit for him. His portraits of Cooke as "Richard the Third," of Charles Kemble, of Fanny Kemble, and of Mrs. Wood are among his best works. The "Cooke" is in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where are also the portrait of Fanny Kemble, which we give (see page 207), not from the original but from Cheney's fine engraving, and also his heads of Bishop White, Mrs. Leslie the writer, and others. He painted Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, for West Point, Lafayette for Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and Decatur for the Governor's Room in the City Hall, New York. Lastly, we may mention the portrait of Queen Victoria, which he painted in 1838, a year after her accession to the throne, for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia. Although slightly flattered, the picture is no doubt an excellent likeness. It has been finely engraved. The Queen is ascending the steps of the throne and turns slightly toward the spectator.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE.
From the picture by himself.

The parents of CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE were Americans, but he was born in London in 1794. His father and mother returned to America before he was five years old, and we may, therefore, rightly claim this charming artist as our countryman, although he did return to England to live, and died there, leaving behind him an English wife and a son: the son himself an artist of no small distinction. Leslie's father was a watch-maker by profession, but he

was fond of drawing, and had attained to a considerable skill in the art. He had himself received so much pleasure from it that when he sent his boy to school he stipulated that he should be permitted to amuse himself with drawing on his slate when not engaged in saying his lessons. Leslie was sent to the University of Pennsylvania, where he received a moderate education, and was then apprenticed to Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, booksellers in Philadelphia, as his father was dead and his mother had not the means to educate him as an artist. All his spare time was given to drawing, and at the end of three years Mr. Bradford, who had discerned his talent, offered to release him from his indentures and to raise a fund for sending him to England. This was done in the most generous manner; and Leslie himself tells us that when the fund was exhausted Mr. Bradford continued to supply him with money until he could support himself. Mr. Sully did his part by instructing young Leslie in the method of painting in oil; painted a picture in his presence, and lent him his memorandum-books filled with notes of his own experience. Arrived in England, West, to whom he carried a letter, received him with the old kindness, and as he pursued his studies, assisted him with advice and encouragement, and on at least one occasion gave him substantial aid by selling for him a picture which by a misunderstanding had been rejected at an exhibition. Leslie painted the portraits of John Quincy Adams and of Mrs. Adams, when Adams was Minister to England, and he painted numerous other portraits of Americans, among them one of Mrs. N. G. Carnes, and that of William Dillwyn in the Pennsylvania Academy. But portrait-painting was not specially his strong point, he leaned decidedly to the painting of incident and anecdote, and showed a delightful skill in subjects drawn from Shakespeare, Don Quixote, Sterne, Addison, and Irving. It is nevertheless true that Leslie is one of the painters who owe a great deal to the engravers; his manner of painting, though learned and competent, was not agreeable, and his eye for color was very defective, so that when we have been delighted, as every one must be, in looking at the engravings of his pictures, with his design, with his composition, his inimitable skill in telling his story, his refinement, and his subtle humor, we receive almost a shock in coming upon the pictures themselves. He tells us that the first original composition that made him known was the "Sir Roger de Coverly Going to Church," a scene from the "Spectator," which we copy. Another excellent example is the "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman" from Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." The picture, (page 189), is sometimes called "The Sentry-Box," from the scene of the anecdote: "'I am half distracted, Captain Shandy,' said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to

"SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY COMING FROM CHURCH."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES R. LESLIE.

her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; 'a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine; do look into it; it is not in the white.' . . . I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous on his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun. . . . 'I protest, madam,' said my uncle Toby, 'I can see nothing whatever in your eye.'—'It is not in the white,' said Mrs. Wadman. My Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil." "Inimitable Jack Bannister," says Tom Taylor, "one of the pleasantest of actors, most genial of companions and kindest of men, and a genuine lover of art into the bargain, sat for the Uncle Toby, and it would be hard to find a better model for him." Other pictures of Leslie's in which the same delicate humor appears are "The Duke and the Duchess Reading Don Quixote," and "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," and "Anne Page, Slender, and Shallow." In the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts there is a spirited "Gypsy Belle—a portrait of Charlotte Cooper," and the original sketch for "Olivia and Viola—Twelfth Night." With the exception of a few months spent at West Point, where he went with his family with the expectation of establishing himself as a Professor of Drawing, Leslie passed all his life in London, where he was as much beloved as admired, and where he died in 1859.

William Page was born at Albany, New York, in 1811. In 1820 his family went to live in New York City, and after going through the regular course of instruction at the once famous school of Joseph Hoxie, he was put to study law with Frederic De Peyster, who soon discovered by the usual signs that his pupil was better fitted for the study of art than for that of law, and introduced him to Trumbull. The veteran artist did not encourage the boy's aspirations, but Page's mind was fixed on becoming an artist, and taking the nearest way to his purpose, he applied for work to a sign-painter and decorator, named Herring, who gave him employment, and initiated him in the practice of the trade of painting. He spent a year in this useful drudgery and then entered the studio of Morse, and at the same time joined the classes at the Academy, where he gained the silver medal for his drawings from the antique. Next to his passion for his art, or rather perhaps as a vital part of it, Page had a passion for religion, and for a time he was so immersed in these deep speculations that he neglected the study of his profession, but at length he resumed it, and went to Albany, where he took up portrait-painting in earnest. He longed for Europe, but an imprudent marriage entered into before he was of age hindered his plans. For a time he worked on; then came

domestic trouble, a divorce, a new marriage, and a removal to Boston, where he became very popular as a portrait-painter—the "Portraits of Two Children," which we publish (see page 211), belong to this period—and where he remained until he left America for Europe. As, at home, Page, by virtue of the high character of his mind, by his poetic nature, and by his social qualities, had been welcomed as a friend and helper by all that was best among us in those golden days of plain living and high thinking, so, in Rome, he was naturally drawn to the circle of those who, to use Arnold's phrase, were the friends of the Spirit. After his return to America he painted industriously, but his portraits were more sought for than his ideal pictures, owing to his fondness for experiment. To him, as to many another, the search for the secret of Titian's color was the *ignis fatuus* that led to much waste of time, and ruined many a picture fair begun; but those that escaped the danger, or were painted in saner moments, have a charm not to be denied. His "Venus" painted in Rome in 1859, and which excited an animated discussion when exhibited in New York in 1867, his "Shakespeare" founded on the German Death-mask, and his "Head of Christ," are the chief works outside of portraiture by which his name became widely known at home. Among his portraits, those of J. R. Lowell, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, Charlotte Cushman, Robert Browning, and Farragut are the ones for which our time is most indebted to him. Mr. Page, who was a man of distinguished presence, with a noble, poetic head, was long a familiar figure in New York, where he had a studio for many years. Later in life he retired to Staten Island, where he died in 1885.

Another notable name in the record of our art is that of WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, who was born at Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1824, and died there in 1879. He began his career as an artist at Düsseldorf in 1846, where at that time many of our young Americans thought they had found their Mecca, and at first he was inclined to be a sculptor, but in Paris he was attracted to the work of Couture, and for a while worked in his studio. He found, however, a more powerful charm in the pictures of Millet, and became so much interested in the school of painters who are associated with the little village of Barbizon, near Fontainebleau—though, in reality, of the four famous names, Millet and Rousseau, Corot and Diaz, only the first two lived at Barbizon—that he devoted himself for a long time to a propaganda of their cult, and to him, more than to any one other person, is due the spread of their reputation in this country. When he came back to America he brought pictures and sketches by Millet, thus introduced for the first time to Hunt's countrymen at home, and then began in his studio in

"MARGUÉRITE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY WILLIAM M. HUNT. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. HUNT.

Boston to teach the doctrines he had learned in Paris, touching the lips of his pupils with the fire he had caught from the altar of Romanticism, then burning with its liveliest flames. To his studio in Boston flocked all that was earnest, ambitious, aspiring, among the youth of

"THE PAINTER'S TRIUMPH."

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. S. MOUNT. BY PERMISSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

the more fortunate circles, eager to escape by those charmed portals into a world more hospitable to beauty and to art than the dryasdust one into which they had been born. Eager as his youngest pupil, in the search for beauty, alert, untiring, Hunt's life was given to his teaching, and it was in this wide-spread animating influence thus exerted that we are to look for the best result of his life. His pictures are of far less importance than his life, as a

teacher, and even of his pictures, it is the simpler and less pretending ones that have made the most impression. Several of them, "The Girl at the Fountain," "The Violet-Seller," the "Street-Musician," and the "Marguerite," which we reproduce, were published, and though now seldom seen, once enjoyed a great popularity. In 1880, Hunt was employed by the Legislature of the State of New York to paint two pictures on the walls of the Assembly Room, the subjects to be left to his own choosing. Unfortunately for the effect on the popular mind, Mr. Hunt chose allegory in preference to history, and allegory of a kind so abstruse that it was not possible it should be understood outside the circle of the elect. Difficulty was added to difficulty by the position of the pictures, placed at the very highest point of the wall of a lofty room, in the pediment of an arch, and with a range of windows below, making it next to impossible to get a clear view of them. Mr. Hunt put his best work into these pictures, and his hopes and ambitions were closely bound up in their success. When first seen they were received by the artist's friends with enthusiasm, and by the general public with the respect due to the reputation and services of the artist, but it was impossible that pictures that could neither be clearly seen nor thoroughly understood should long continue to please; and for some time before the taking down of Mr. Eidlitz's noble vaulted ceiling, that scandalous piece of greedy jobbery, which made the destruction of Mr. Hunt's pictures necessary, the pictures themselves had almost been forgotten. We give copies of the sketches in crayon made for two of the figures in these allegorical pictures. The figure of the Pilot Angel in the "Columbus" strongly recalls the Venus of Milo. The horses in the other fresco were modelled in clay by Mr. Hunt at the time he made his original design for the picture; the theme had long lain in his mind, and its treatment was well matured, before he was called on to carry it out on a large scale.

George Fuller, born at Deerfield, Mass., in 1822, was originally drawn, like Hunt, to sculpture, and he studied drawing from the cast with the late Henry Kirke Brown in Albany, where he also modelled a few heads. Brown was himself an excellent painter, and his advice and assistance were no doubt of great service to his pupil. After painting portraits here and there in country towns, says Mrs. Clement, he settled in Boston and studied the pictures of Stuart, Copley, and Allston. He was no doubt much influenced by the works of Allston, but his own nature was too marked and individual to be controlled by the practice of any other artist. He lived and worked in New York for twelve years, and in 1859 passed a few months in Europe. On his return, he retired to his home in the country, and produced nothing for

"THE PURITAN GIRL."

COPIED BY PERMISSION FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER BELONGING TO THOS. B. CLARKE, ESQ.

the public until 1876; when he exhibited some of his landscapes and ideal heads in Boston. He long had a studio in Boston, and occasionally exhibited, but he produced few pictures and worked slowly, and as, owing to the demand for his pictures, he was not allowed to keep anything long that he painted, his opportunities for appealing to the public were few. Among his best-known pictures are the "Turkey Pasture in Kentucky," "And She was a Witch," "Winifred Dysart," and the "Romany Girl," which last were produce from the original picture belonging to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. Fuller's "Arethusa" is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, for which it was purchased by the students in the Museum Drawing-Classes. Mr. Fuller died in 1884.

Abbot H. Thayer was born in Boston in 1849. He is a grandson of one of Boston's most distinguished school-teachers, and he enjoyed the best advantages of education. He was happy in that he was brought up in the country on a farm; and his love of animals first inspired his love of art, which manifested itself in a marked degree when he was but a child of eight. After studying under various teachers here at home, he went to Paris, working in the Beaux-Arts and in the studio of Lehmann, and afterward becoming a pupil of Gérôme. His earliest pictures—all those by which he made himself known—were of animal-subjects; but of late he has earned fresh laurels by his portraits and ideal heads. He has also painted flowers, particularly roses, with a sensitive appreciation of their poetic beauty that, unless we except some of Alden Weir's earlier work, places him far above all modern competitors. Shelley, had he seen these roses of Thayer, would have taken a leaf from his laurels and given it to his brother-poet of the brush. We copy one of Thayer's latest pictures, the "Brother and Sister," a centre of attraction at one of the recent exhibitions of the Society of American Artists.

George Inness was born at Newburgh, New York, in 1825. Soon after his birth his parents went to live in New York, and thence removed to Newark, New Jersey, where as a child Inness showed a love of drawing; and such teaching as could be obtained was given him, but ill-health obliged him to quit his studies for a time. He then attempted engraving, but his health again failed him, and he abandoned all attempt at continuous study according to the usual methods. He passed a month under the tuition of Regis Gignoux, and then began to paint landscapes without further instruction from others, and in simple reliance upon his own observation. He has several times visited Europe, but his pictures bear no trace of foreign influence. They are of unequal merit, as might have been expected

in a man of his poetic temperament and uncertain health, but at his best his work has not been surpassed in imaginative quality by that of any American. It has been said that he is a follower, an imitator even, of Rousseau, but his work is of so various a quality, and deals with so many phases of nature, that it can be only now and then that such a resemblance is apparent, and then it must be judged purely superficial. The picture that we copy has certainly no kinship to Rousseau, and yet it is very characteristic of Inness.

"MAKING GAME OF THE HUNTER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM H. BEARD. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Elihu Vedder was born in New York in 1836. He showed the artist-bent from early childhood, and after studying for several years in Italy he returned for a while to New York, but again went to Italy, and has since taken up what we may suppose his permanent residence in Rome. Vedder is fond of grotesque subjects, which easily pass with the public, as with himself, for imagination, but which continually baulk us by the intrusion of commonplace, and a matter-of-fact desire to reduce all mystery to plain statement. The titles of his pictures have an alluring sound; "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent," "Arab Listening to the

"A WINTER MORNING: ENVIRONS OF MONTCLAIR."

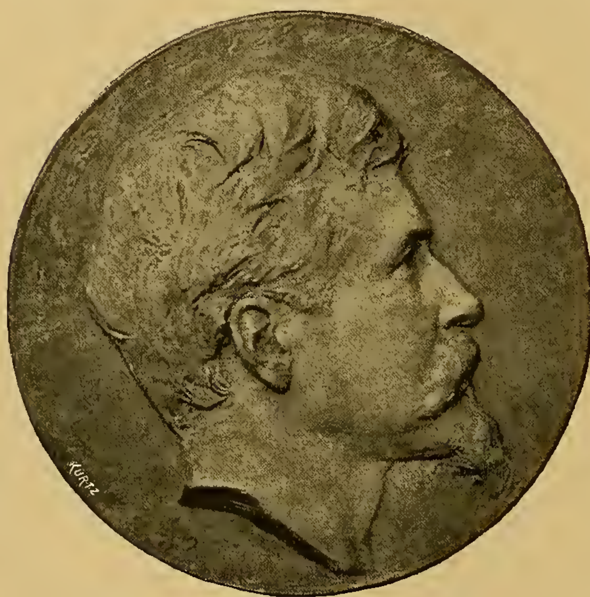
FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE H. INNESS. BY PERMISSION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE, ESQ.

Great Sphinx," "The Lost Mind," etc., etc., but nothing in the pictures themselves bears out the promise implied. Vedder is best, if he would but believe it, when he is dealing with simple themes, but he is rarely content with these. The work by which he is best known is his series of drawings in illustration of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. In these he showed his great skill in drawing, and a decided talent for decorative treatment, but the task was an impossible one: since the poem, purely subjective and meditative as it is, in no wise lends itself to Vedder's confirmed objectiveness. The drawings themselves were exhibited in the various cities of this country, and in London, and were warmly received. They were afterward published in a reduced form, which did them injustice, so far as the drawing was concerned. The picture we copy (see page 229) is an early one, and shows the artist in a more playful mood than is his wont.

Albert Pinkham Ryder is another artist who, like Allston, Thayer, and Fuller, has surrendered himself to the pursuit of the ideal and has found his reward in the affectionate appreciation of those who love poetry for its own sake. His life has been uneventful, and so far as we can learn he has had no teachers but nature, the pictures of other men, and the words of the poets, among whom he himself might well be reckoned one, albeit the songs he sings are rarely allowed to reach the ears of the public. Ryder's fancies dwell wholly in the realm of the ideal, and it must be confessed that he often struggles in vain, however manfully, to express his thought completely. At the same time it must also be acknowledged that he sometimes takes a theme impossible to be adequately treated. But when he is on ground that may fairly be called his own, as in the picture we copy, "The Temple of the Mind"—a fantastic title with no justification that we can find in the treatment, and that we prefer to think of as, "Moonlight," simply—we have no artist among us who can deal so subtly as Ryder with the glamour of fairy-land. Except that there is nothing morbid in his disposition, we should say no other American artist is so well fitted as Ryder to illustrate the romances of Hawthorne.

Wyatt Eaton has lived so long among us, and has become so associated with American art and its successes, that we must always think of him as a fellow-countryman, even though the truth-telling dictionaries make him a native of Canada. He learned his art in Paris under Gérôme, but there is no trace in his painting of the hard and unsympathetic academies of his master. On the contrary, his first exhibited picture, "Reverie"—a lady whose head seen in profile was reflected in a mirror—had the distinction, remarkable in the work of a

young man, of not recalling the design or execution of any artist. His next picture, "The Harvesters at Rest," shown first at the Paris Salon in 1876, and the next year in New York, at the Academy, undoubtedly recalled J.-F. Millet, in its subject, but the treatment was distinctly individual. The peasants were the French peasants whom Millet has taught us to know so well, but they were not looked at with Millet's eyes. They were of a less suffering type, yet they were by no means idealized, nor had the artist taken refuge in the prettinesses of Breton and Lerolle. The noble dignity of the peasant-nature, as seen in not a few examples, has never been more sympathetically treated than in the woman in this painting. For a long time Mr. Eaton has been known chiefly as a portrait-painter. His portraits of Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, and of Mr. Timotheus Cole, the wood engraver, with several others of persons whose identity is concealed under the conventional "Gentleman" and "Lady" of the Exhibition Catalogues, have given him a reputation second to none among our American painters. He has also been happy in his pictures of children, as the example we give will show (see page 235). Of late, he has produced several poetic subjects in which the nude is treated in connection with landscape, as in the picture we copy (see page 239). These pictures, mostly of small size, and quite independent of their catalogue-titles, have been eagerly welcomed by amateurs and have excited the liveliest interest among the artists.



WYATT EATON.
From the medallion by Olin L. Warner.

Winslow Homer was born in Boston in 1836, and was an artist predestined in childhood. At nineteen he entered the employ of a lithographer, and remained with him until he was of age. In 1859 he came to New York and pursued his studies, attending the classes of the Academy, and working also under F. Rondel. He soon found abundant employment as a designer and illustrator for the New York publishers, and when the war broke out he went to Washington, and sent drawings to *Harper's Weekly*. The spirit and truthfulness of these drawings were delightful to the public, and Homer gained a name that became a household word all over the North. His first paintings too were equally inspiring. No picture

"LIGHT AND SHADE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WINSLOW HOMER. BY PERMISSION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE, ESQ.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.
FROM THE PAINTING BY WM. M. CHASE.

has been painted in America in our day that made so deep an appeal to the feelings of the people as his "Prisoners to the Front"—a young Northern officer examining a squad of Confederate prisoners. Though painted in the heat of the war, and when the bitterest feelings were aroused on both sides, the influence of this picture was strong on the side of brotherly feeling, and of a broad humanity in the way of regarding the great struggle. The scene was intensely dramatic without a touch of exaggeration, and the sympathy it excited had no sentimental flavor. When this picture was shown in France it was universally recognized, apart from its great merit as a work of art, as a distinctively American picture, one of the very few that could be considered worthy of the name. The picture we copy, "The Sunny Side," was painted at the same time as the one just mentioned, and enjoyed an almost equal popu-

larity, though not touching so tender a spot in the nation's heart. It came at a time when there was much feeling as to the employment of negro troops; and its punning title, with the good-natured presentation of the subject, played its part in putting the question in the right light. After the war was over, Homer employed his talent for a long time almost exclusively in genre-painting; then he disappeared for a time, living in the country, fishing and hunting, and painting very little, or at any rate showing few pictures. Of late years he has come to the front again. A collection of fishing-subjects exhibited last winter excited wide admiration by the beauty of their coloring, and the poetic treatment of subjects that in other hands would be the mere common-place of "sport." Yet these were the work of a sportsman to the manner born, and were so true to "the facts of the case" that the "sports" and the "poets" for once shook hands. For some years Homer has lived a rather recluse life on the coast of Maine near Scarborough, and the pictures he has painted there of sailor-life and incidents aboard ship, with the landscape of sea and shore, have been warmly welcomed by the public. Homer has made of late a great many etchings, and has given us permission to copy one of them which he himself thinks representative of his art in that direction. (See page 242.)

James Abbott McNeill Whistler was born in Lowell, Massachussetts, in 1834. When a child he was taken to Russia by his father, who was an engineer in the employ of that government. When he was twelve years old he was sent back to America, and at the proper age he was entered at West Point and made his terms at the academy. Coming of age he went to England; later, he studied two years under Gleyre, and then returned to London and settled there definitely, although making frequent visits to the continent—to Paris, to Holland, and to Venice. We do not know that he has ever revisited his native country, but if he have, it has not been for any long time, nor has he exerted any personal influence on our home-art by his presence. We have heard often of late of his expressed intention to come to America to read his much-talked-of lecture on art, called "Ten O'clock," from the eccentric hour of the day on which it was delivered; for as it was said of a manœuvring lady that she could not take a cup of tea without stratagem, so Mr. Whistler cannot do anything without a strong dash of eccentricity. This independence of rule in social as well as in artistic matters is reflected in Whistler's art, which is distinguished by its personal note more distinctly than that of any other artist of our time, when personality is so much sought for and prized. It is not always possible to discover the seed from which a talent springs, but in the case of Whistler, it would seem that Turner's later work must have had a strong influence in his

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

development; but no doubt the atmosphere of the art-world in England as he found it on his first coming there in 1855, when the so-called pre-Raphaelite revolution was in full career, stimulated and encouraged his native vein of individualism. Though he was not really one of the group, yet he was of their kin, and was given a place with them in the public mind rather on the credit of his eccentricities in choice of subject and in execution than from any

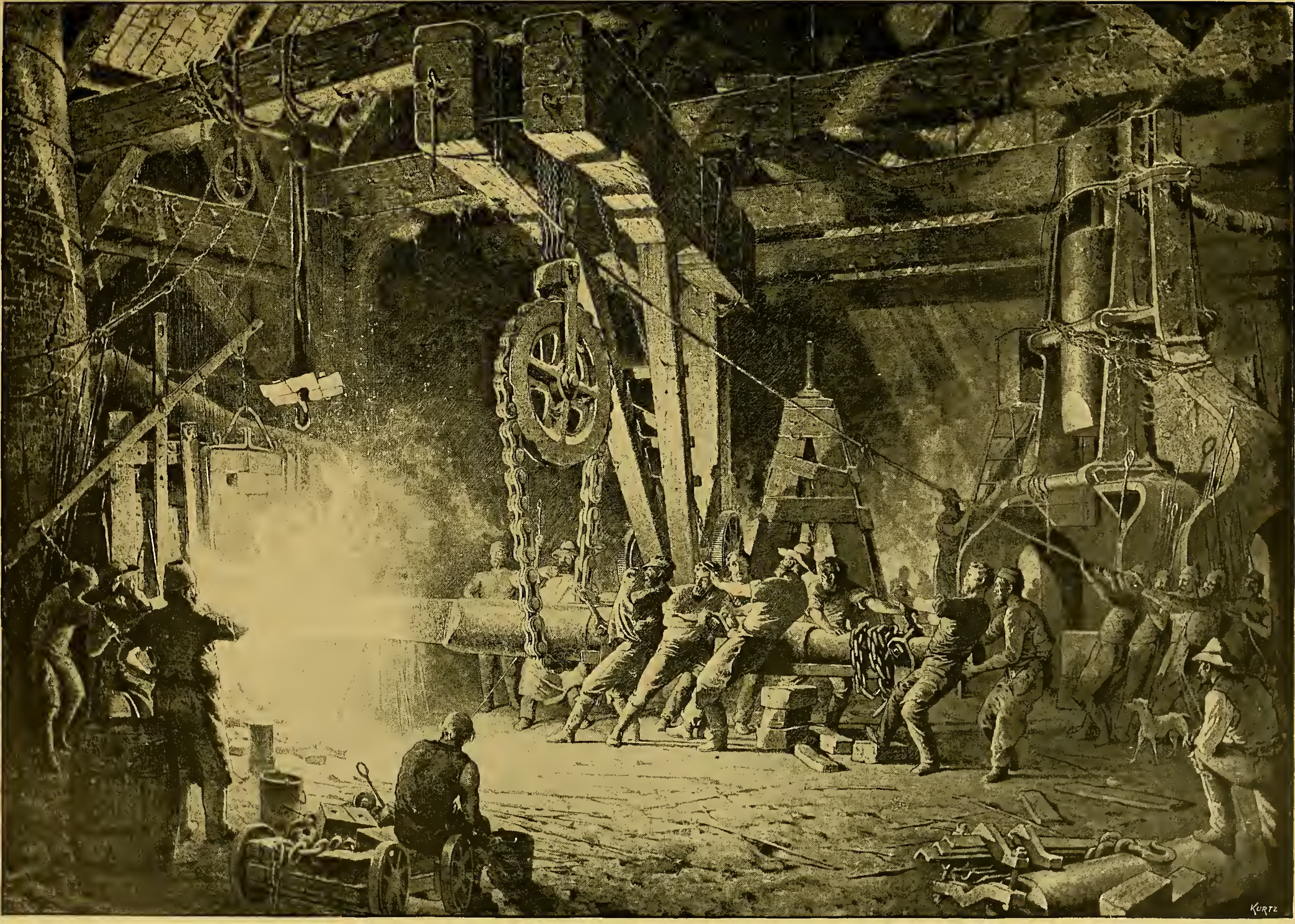
"A HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

FROM THE ORIGNAL PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST.

deeper relation of thought and feeling. His earliest exhibited pictures, "The Last of Old Westminster" and "Westminster Bridge," in the Academy of 1863, "The Golden Screen" and "The Little White Girl," with "Old Battersea Bridge," in that of 1865, were received with astonished and even angry protest on the one side, and with a storm of enthusiastic welcome on the other. Up to that time no one in England had attempted to express on canvas the purely sensuous charm of color independent of subject, while the very tones in which Whistler delighted, and the pleasure he found in suggestion over so-called completeness

were as opposed to English tradition as was the intangible nature of his themes. Self-willed and self-contained, with an in-born indifference to the opinions of others, Whistler kept on developing his own ideas in his own way, and with a healthy disposition to give his critics blow for blow. Thus when Mr. Ruskin, who, to parody Bacon, "has the spirit of a schoolboy and the malice of a woman," sputtered out some incoherent phrases about "cockney impudence," and "coxcombs," and "pots of paint at two hundred guineas thrown in the public's face." he was promptly called into court by Mr. Whistler and sued for libel, and since that time the artist has used his pen upon his adversaries in a way to keep the public amused, if not to win adherents. His "symphonies," "nocturnes," and "harmonies," in white, in blue and silver, in amber and black, his arrangements in black, in brown, have no doubt had a great influence on the younger artists in England, in France, and notably here at home; and indeed the debt due to Whistler as one of the strongest fighters in the war of poetry in art against Philistinism is confessed alike by the admiration felt for him, not only in England and America by the strongest among the younger men, but by the angry protests of others. Only strong men excite such strong feeling. To the general public, Mr. Whistler is best known by his etchings of subjects found in Venice, in Holland, and in London. These works, among the most beautiful and notable works of the kind, are Mr. Whistler's strong tower of defence against adverse criticism. They are the delight of artists, especially of the younger sort, and they are always warmly welcomed by the world of amateurs and connoisseurs whenever they are collected and shown. Mr. Whistler has painted a few portraits, of which those of Carlyle and of the artist's mother, Mrs. Whistler, are the best known. We copy that of Carlyle exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. This picture has lately been purchased by the City of Glasgow.

Julian Alden Weir, known as Alden Weir, is a younger son of the late Robert W. Weir, an artist of the older school known by a number of *genre* pictures very popular in their day, and by his "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Alden Weir was born in 1852 at West Point, where his father was for many years Professor of Drawing in the Military Academy. The son has achieved an important position among the younger artists of his time. He was taught the rudiments of his art by his father, and afterward studied in France at the Beaux-Arts, returning to his own country to live and work, with occasional flying visits abroad such as in the present state of the art-world here at home every artist needs for encouragement and sympathetic support. Mr. Weir has per-



"THE FORGING OF THE SHAFT."
FROM THE PICTURE BY PROFESSOR JOHN F. WEIR.

force painted a number of portraits, among them those of his father and of Olin L. Warner, the sculptor, both capital works, but his chosen field is *genre* of the more poetic kind, and landscape. He has painted several female heads, and in the Metropolitan Museum is a painting of a "Mother and Child" which won the prize offered by the American Art Association in 1888, and was presented to the Museum. The picture which we copy, "The Muse of Music," is one of Weir's most successful achievements in the ideal field. Black-and-white makes a poor medium by which to translate the tenderness and the inward glow of a picture like this. Mr. Weir has of late worked much in pastels, and so far as the tone in which he paints is considered, a marked change is noticeable in his pictures, which are now as light as they used to be dark. But to us this seems not a fundamental change, but a development. The succinct way of looking at nature that marked his work from the first is as much a characteristic as ever. The thing sought for is life, and this means an insistance upon essentials, to the neglect of details. But the schools have always hampered him, and certain masters have domineered over him, as he thinks, to his hurt, and now he is bent on seeing nature as she absolutely is. Of late Alden Weir has taken up etching and has produced some striking plates.

PROFESSOR JOHN H. WEIR, a half-brother of Alden Weir, and whose title is due to his position as head of the Yale School of Fine Arts, was born in 1841 at West Point, where his father was employed as teacher of drawing in the Military Academy. He received his education at the academy and learned painting in his father's studio. At twenty he came to New York and established himself as an artist, and in 1866 was made an academician. He made a visit to Europe in 1868, and in 1869 was appointed by the trustees of Yale College to fill the post of Director of the Yale School of Fine Arts, endowed by Mr. A. R. Street in 1864. In 1876 Mr. Weir received the important commission to act as judge of the Fine Arts section at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. This was a position requiring knowledge and discernment, with no small quantity of tact, and Mr. Weir's report was considered a model work of its kind. Since his appointment to his professorship Mr. Weir has painted but little, though he still continues to send yearly to the Academy Exhibition, and is also occasionally seen in other places. The picture we copy, the "Forging the Shaft," is not only his best work, but it is an important contribution to the art of the country. The original picture was burned some years ago, and our plate is taken from a *replica* painted in 1868 and exhibited at Paris in 1878. It had given the artist a great reputation at home, and in Paris it

was also much admired, and was welcomed by the French critics, who are always complain-

"THE WAYWARD DAUGHTER."
FROM THE PAINTING BY HOWARD HELMICK. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

ing that they get nothing from America but French art "warmed over." They recognized in

"THE MUSE OF MUSIC."
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. ALDEN WEIR BY PERMISSION OF I. T WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Mr. Weir's robust art a native growth, and praised the picture for its originality and faithfulness, as well as for the technical skill shown in lighting the picture entirely by the molten mass of metal as it is poured from the caldron into the mould.

Eastman Johnson was born in Maine, in 1824, in the village of Lovell, Oxford County, not far from the New Hampshire line, and in the neighborhood of the White Mountains. His father was long employed in the United States Treasury, and the boy had the usual advantages of education. His love of art showed itself early, and he won a considerable local reputation by drawing portrait-heads in crayon, by which he earned enough money to take him to Europe, where he joined a number of American students who had been attracted to the school in Düsseldorf. He remained there for two years, but he would seem to have felt that this was but a preparatory school for higher teaching. He left Düsseldorf for Italy, taking Holland and Paris on the way, and wherever he went, visiting all the principal galleries and industriously making the best use of his opportunities. Returning to Holland with the intention of staying but a few weeks, for the purpose of copying a picture at The Hague, he ended by remaining there four years. Here he painted several of his best *genre* pictures and sent them home, where they were received with cordial pleasure, and great hopes were excited as to the young artist's future. Meanwhile, at The Hague, Johnson found full employment in portrait-painting, encouraged by the court and by the leading families, the Court of Holland having been for many years well disposed to Americans. On his return to America, Johnson produced in succession a series of pictures with subjects drawn from contemporary home-life, which were at once taken to the hearts of his countrymen and gave the artist a place in their affections—from which he has never been dislodged : the "Old Kentucky Home," one of the most popular pictures of its kind ever painted by an American, the "Drummer Boy," "The Pension Claim Agent," "Sunday Morning," with a number of pictures containing single figures, or groups of two or three, such as "A Drop on the Sly," "The Chimney Sweep," "The Culprit," a little boy "kept in" after school and set on a stool in a corner, the "Young Letter-writer," and a dozen others recalling Edouard Frère in their sentiment, but not at all in their execution. Mr. Johnson has also painted several subjects drawn from rural life in his native Maine and at Nantucket, where for several years past he has had a summer home. His "Sugar Camp—Boiling-day" and "The Husking-bee" were subjects found in Maine, while "The Cranberry-pickers" (see page 245), is a page of life at Nantucket. Eastman Johnson is among the most esteemed of our portrait-painters, although his style is particu-

larly suited to men; and in the list of his sitters are found many of the foremost business-men and politicians in New York. In painting women, Johnson has not been so successful, nor does he often attempt a task to which his style is not suited.

Of the two brothers, H. S. SHEPARD MOUNT and WILLIAM S. MOUNT, both painters and members of the Academy, William is the one likeliest to be remembered, though the pictures

"NO UNWELCOME GUEST."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK D. MILLET. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

by which he gained the public approbation are few in number and of small size. The two brothers were the sons of a well-to-do Long Island farmer living at Setauket. Shepard was born in 1804 and William in 1806, but they both died in the same year, 1868. Shepard painted game and fish-pieces and still-life, with flowers, and occasional portraits. He was made an Academician in 1831, his brother William in 1832. William Mount began with pictures of some pretension—full-length portraits, and religious subjects such as the "Daughter of Jairus," but

"A GIRL CHURNING."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EASTMAN JOHNSON. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

a picture called "Husking Corn" revealed a talent for homelier themes, and he was encouraged to pursue this vein by Allston, who called his attention to Ostade and Teniers as models, though he could make their acquaintance only through engravings, thus missing the charm of their painting. The seed of Allston's advice fell upon good ground, and Mount followed up his first success with a number of rural subjects found in his native place: "Farmers Nooning," "Ringing the Pigs," "Turning the Grindstone," "Boys Pitching Pennies in a Barn," "Bargaining for a Horse," "Raffling for a Goose," and others. Many of these subjects have been engraved, and long held their popularity until driven out by a swarm of foreign competitors. The picture we engrave (see page 251) is in the gallery of the Academy at Philadelphia. It tells its story so completely and with such spirit as, remembering the other equally clever pieces by the same hand, makes us regret the want of opportunity for study and comparison that dwarfed a talent every way equal to that of Wilkie or Leslie. But this is a regret that continuously recurs as we trace the simple annals of the earlier American artists.

William H. Beard and James H. Beard are two brothers who have made a distinct mark in the history of American art, though even those who take most pleasure in their pictures would certainly admit, if competent to judge, that the actual merit of their painting, as painting, is not very great. They have shown original talent: James, in the painting of wild animals; William, a still more original and striking gift for story-telling with caricature and satire. James, born in Buffalo, New York, in 1815, was taken, as a child, to Ohio, where William was born about 1824. James settled in Cincinnati, where he began as a portrait-painter, and had many of the political celebrities of the day for sitters: Henry Clay and Presidents John Quincy Adams, Taylor, and Harrison. In his later years he has painted animals almost exclusively, and following, but with far less refinement, the lead of Landseer, attempts to mirror human attributes and characteristics in our brute relations. His younger brother William, whose picture, "Making Game of the Hunter" (page 254), is a good illustration of his manner, has succeeded far better in this direction, and indeed no living artist can be named who has shown half the sense of humor that William Beard has displayed in his caricatures. Although extravagant, they are not forced, and they tell their story in so clear and logical a style that anybody and everybody can read and understand them. There is no pretension to high art in them, and the painting is of a commonplace type enough: properly speaking, it is not "painting" at all; but all that Beard pretends to do he does to perfection. The present picture, though not one of his very best, is yet fully characteristic of his treat-

ment of his subjects. The wretched hunter, caught by the bears, is about to get a dose of his own medicine, unless, happily for him, the rifle in the hands of the mother of the family should hit her spouse, for whom, at this present moment, the fates evidently design the shot. The anxious look of the hunter, who grasps the logic of the situation more easily than he does the humor of it; the agonies of the dog, disgusted by the liberties taken with him by one

"'TWIXT DAY AND NIGHT."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM J. HENNESSY. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

of the cubs, and his frantic appeals to his master for help; the indifference of the other and younger cub, who amuses himself with the hunter's hat, and the business-like discussion of the affair by the two friends of the family who stand at one side like seconds in a duel, all this is told with a rude skill that would not be easy to surpass in its way.

Edward L. Henry was born in South Carolina in 1841, and showing an early leaning

toward art was sent to New York to study, and to Philadelphia, finding his way later to Paris, where he studied for two years under different masters, Courbet among them, but escaping without the slightest trace of any foreign influence on his style of painting. For aught that appears on his canvases, he need never have left his native State. He has found his own subjects and has treated them in his own way. Mr. Henry's first picture to attract public attention was "The Railway Station of a New England Road," which was formerly in the collection of John Taylor Johnston, where it was always a great favorite with visitors. His pictures of old colonial life are the best products of his later time; his war-pictures were somewhat too ambitious for his talent. But in depicting scenes from the quiet, domestic life of a hundred years ago, here at home, he is entirely in his element, and no one can be more familiar than he with all the details of the furniture, dress, and architecture of that time. In all these pictures, as in the one we copy by his permission from the original painting, everything is as carefully studied from the actual object as Meissonier himself could have done, and if he have not Meissonier's skill, he has far more invention and variety, and works much more to the purpose. Merely as record, Mr. Henry's pictures will be worth far more in another hundred years than Meissonier's, which, in truth, being of subjects that no way concern him or anybody, will not be worth anything as record and very little as painting. Mr. Henry has a house which is a museum of antiquarian curiosities in the field of relics of colonial life. He has been an industrious collector of the furniture, costume, and general belongings of our forefathers, and he uses these things as models in his pictures. In "A Hundred Years Ago" (see page 259), the house and its surroundings, the distant belfry, the old *calèche*, or "calash," as our grandfathers called it, the very harness of the horses, and the dress of the people, are faithfully copied from the actual things, but, as will be seen, this is done in such a way as not to interfere with the life-like character of the scene.

Howard Helmick is an artist of whom we learn nothing in the dictionaries. We made his acquaintance twenty-odd years ago in Paris, when he was just fairly started in his profession and was allied with Henry Bacon and Frank B. Meyer, all in the enjoyment of their first successes. Later we heard of him in Ireland painting pictures of peasant-life. One of these we give — "The Wayward Daughter." (See page 262.) It shows as well as any we could select, Helmick's skill in telling a story and his quiet sense of humor. The picture really needs no title. The room in the old priest's house reminds us of Goldsmith's descriptions in his "Deserted Village:" the spare simplicity of the furnishing—the sanded floor,

with its slim oasis of a single sheepskin rug; the cupboard with such of the good man's books as are not scattered about the room resting against chair and table-legs, serving as supports for tea and coffee-pots, and for the tea-cup just now in use; the Pembroke table and the carved chairs, gifts from the Hall, no doubt, to eke out the pastor's slender housekeeping;

"HARD TIMES."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HUBERT HERKOMER. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

the clock ticking on the wall, the crucifix and cup of holy-water, the picture of the Virgin, the mantel-shelf crowded with a miscellany-lot of lamps, candlesticks, inkstands, books again, snuff-jars, sugar-bowls, and looking-glasses, and below, the comfortable kettle singing on the trivet—these are the "properties" of the small drama that is enacting in the modest mansion of the village preacher. The hard-featured old mother in petticoat, shawl, and cap has

brought her pretty daughter to the priest to urge his interference in the case of Bridget and Phelim, who are bound to keep company in spite of all she and her old man can say. Bridget, with head aside and a half-smile on her mutinous lips, listens to her mother's argument and to the good father's interjected secondings, but 'tis plain that Phelim's side is the winning one and arguing will do no good.

Frank Davis Millet was born in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, in 1846. We do not learn much from the dictionaries as to his earliest studies. We first hear of him at Antwerp, working there in the Academy under Van Lerius and De Keyser, and carrying off the honors of the school in 1872 and 1873. Mr. Millet's life has had more than the usual share of adventure that falls to the artist's lot. He has travelled much in Europe, and has set up his easel in England, Belgium, Italy, France, and Austria, besides being well known here at home, where he keeps well alive his interest in all that is doing in the art-world. He was employed for a considerable time as war-correspondent in Eastern Europe for a London newspaper, and earned for himself a brilliant reputation not only as a keen observer and an adventurous collector of news, but as a descriptive writer. Later here at home he delivered lectures on Greek and Roman costume, illustrated by draped living models, which were not only of solid value as instruction, but were highly artistic in character—a feast to the eye as well as to the mind. A keen, alert, ingenious man, Millet occupies an important place in the art-world here at home; and in England, where he lives much of his time, and where he is at home in a small colony of Americans who are as fond of England as himself, he is much esteemed both as man and artist. Millet has painted portraits, landscapes, and *genre* subjects and won distinction in all branches. Following the lead of Alma Tadema, he has painted a number of subjects drawn from Greek and Roman life, never attempting anything beyond simple idylls of the garden and the terrace, with here a lovely maiden fastening her girdle, or looking at her face in the mirror, or tying her sandal. His pictures in this sort far surpass those of Alma Tadema in grace and beauty, while he is certainly not behind Tadema in technical skill. "No Unwelcome Guest" (page 264) illustrates another phase of Millet's art—the subjects drawn from English country-life of a purely domestic character. The room here depicted is in an old tavern in an English rural village where Millet has a house and where he loves to work. In these low-studded rooms, with their roughly-chamfered exposed beams, their long row of casement windows with small panes looking out upon some "careless-ordered garden," he groups his *dramatis personæ*, now of the olden time, now of to-day, making pictures that by their nat-

uralness and simplicity, with not seldom grace and beauty in the shape of English maidenhood plying unconsciously its pretty household tasks, have made his name a welcome one in our exhibitions and in those of Paris and London as well. He has great skill in lighting his pictures and in arranging his groups, and knows well the secret of "making a picture." The one we copy is a simple subject enough—one that would have contented a Dutchman of the olden time. A well-known guest has arrived at the old inn, and Audrey is bringing him the

"IN OCTOBER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY D. RIDGWAY KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

jug of ale that is to wash down the cold chicken and bread-and-cheese of his noonday "bite." The sun streams in soft English radiance in at the window veiled below with the old drawn-work curtains with their rustic pattern of cocks-and-hens, and, above, allowing a glimpse of the tree-tops in the garden, and of the sky. Audrey is a sturdy young person who might "carry herself more seemly." 'Tis not for her that our young gentleman leans on his elbow, with a sentimental reminiscence in his air. His visit to the village has a fairer face in view.

WILLIAM J. HENNESSY is another American who has found England a pleasant place for sojourning, and only rarely now sends home tidings of his doings. He was born in Thomastown, Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1839, and brought to America by his parents, who came here to live ten years later. He studied his art in the Academy, and continued to work in New York until 1870, when he went to London, where he has since continued to live. His reputation, however, is most closely connected with America, where it was won, and he has been but little heard of since he transferred his studio to England. His subjects are mostly of a *genre* type, with a quiet vein of sentiment. In the picture we copy (see page 266), he has painted the landscape less for its own sake than for its harmony with the group of youth and age and infancy that moves through its gathering twilight, and translates its pathos into a strain of human experience.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER finds a place among American artists by virtue of a few years' residence in this country, to which we believe he is still loosely bound by some ties of family. He was born at Waal, in Bavaria, in 1849, and was brought to America when he was two years old by his father, who was a wood-carver by trade. In 1857 the elder Herkomer removed to England, hoping to better his fortunes, and remained there until his death, which took place recently. His son has returned to this country occasionally for a brief visit, but he has lived so long in England, and been so prosperous there that he will probably continue to remain in London for the rest of his life. He is best known by his portraits and by his picture, "The Chelsea Pensioners," the original title of which, "The Last Muster," so failed to tell the story that it has at last been dropped. It represents the Chelsea pensioners sitting in chapel and listening to the call of the roll. One of the old men has suddenly died, and as he does not answer to his name, his companion turns and lays an inquiring hand upon his arm. The picture is painted in a robust and rather crude way, but probably no one who has looked at it without knowing its meaning could have guessed that meaning. The picture we give (see page 268) represents the artist in a more reasonable mood, though Herkomer can never, it would seem, avoid the melodramatic touch that vitiates so much modern work of this sort and which strongly marks everything he does in art and in life.

We sometimes wonder whether any other country can show so many runaways as America. Among the artists they count by scores, and indeed, to tell the truth, we believe there wouldn't be a baker's dozen of them left here at home if they were in every case free to choose their dwelling-place. The next name upon our list is that of MR. DANIEL RIDGWAY

Knight, who was born at Philadelphia somewhere in the early fifties and went abroad to study in 1872. He worked in the Beaux-Arts and with Gleyre, and was in the studio of Meissonier in 1876. He has never returned to America to live. He has married a French wife, and is, like many another American in this wandering cosmopolite age of ours, "a man with-

"THE INVENTOR."

FROM THE PAINTING BY D. RIDGWAY KNIGHT. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

out a country." His subjects are drawn almost exclusively from French peasant-life, which he treats in a vein more allied to that of Jules Breton than to that of Millet, though free from the rather mawkish vein of sentimentalism that Breton so often indulges in. Knight lives in the country and knows his peasant-neighbors well, and from the long series of his subjects we get a reasonably vivid picture of the rural year with all its varied occupations. In the pic-

ture we copy, "In October" (see page 270), we see the potato-gatherers just at the time when the noonday-meal is ready; the soup cooking, and the potatoes roasting in the ashes. Jacques

"THE WATER-CARRIER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE. BY PERMISSION. OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

and Marie are filling the last sack; young Jean picks up a few more sticks to feed the pot, and while the old mother stirs the savory mess, the elder sister calls the still busy ones to their

meal. Mr. Knight is clever at his grouping, and tells us plainly what he has to tell, but it must be confessed this generation is like to be somewhat overdosed with French peasants. In the other picture, "The Inventor" (see page 272), we find Mr. Knight in a less accustomed field. The drama of a household brought nigh to ruin—to sordid want, at least—by this modern Palissy, always in search and always in hopes to find, is well told and needs no comment. Let us hope that before doors and windows go to feed the fire and boil the pot, good luck will steal in at the key-hole, and crown the old man's days with a little sunshine.

Charles Sprague Pearce is a native of Boston, were he was born in 1851. He lives much in France, though, we believe, not so constantly as some of the tribe, but comes and goes, and on the whole has a better right to the name of American than to that of Frenchman. He studied under Bonnat, and for a time spent his winters at Nice, with occasional visits to Algiers. He has painted portraits, but he is best known by his *genre* subjects drawn from French peasant-life and well enough represented by the picture here given. (See page 273.) He has, however, frequently essayed a higher flight, as in his "Pet of the Harem" and "The Lamentation over the Firstborn of Egypt."

William T. Dannat, the painter of "The Quartet" (see page 275), now in the Metropolitan Museum, was born in New York in 1853. He too has passed the greater part of his life abroad, though returning now and then to America, as in 1877, when he passed the winter in New York. He was educated in his art at Munich, and later studied in Florence; has travelled also in Spain, where he found the material for the present picture. "The Quartet" is a large canvas containing four life-size figures, two of them seen in full. These four people, three men and a woman, are singing in a room, presumably of a Spanish tavern, for the amusement of the public. Three of the personages are seated upon a plain bench without a back, running across the picture; two of them face the spectator; the third turns his back to us, playing on the guitar in accord with the remaining figure, who stands leaning against the wall close to the window, thrumming on his mandolin and apparently droning out his part in the song between his half-shut teeth. At the spectator's left sits the principal singer, a strongly-built man, dressed in a white woolen coat, turned over at the breast and showing a black lining, with black cuffs and pieces of black cloth sewed on to the backs of the sleeves below the elbow. He has a handkerchief knotted about his head, a broad sash of some dark stuff about his waist, dark breeches, stockings, and leathern sandals. He sits on his cloak and supports his left hand by a stout stick held upright between his legs. His right arm a-kimbo has the

hand turned back and resting on his thigh. He "bears a stiff burdoun" to the thrumming and snapping of the guitars and the click of the castanets, by the aid of a stout chest and a strong pair of lungs. Next him sits Pepita, young and meant to be handsome, who rattles the castanets with vigor, and though her voice is quiet now, no doubt it comes lilting and

"THE QUARTET."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WM. T. DANNAT IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

caracoling out at the right time. She gives the piquant accent to the picture with her well-painted dress of black silk, lighted up, just enough, by two small bows of scarlet ribbon, with a little mantle of loosely-knotted chenille over her bare shoulders coming down to her elbow. Her abundant hair is piled up in a pretty tempest over her head, and with a big comb, such

as no one but a Spanish woman would dare, stuck most provokingly sideways in the rich coil that crowns the mass.

Of the two remaining figures of the quartet, the one seated with his back to us is the more successful; he leans well to one side as he strums away on his guitar, held on his left knee, and if he take any part in the song, it must be at the sacrifice of the cigarette whose lazy puff of smoke curls up over his shoulder. The man at the window, wrapped in his mantle, has rather a do-nothing air, and at the best is only taking a part mechanically in the performance. This work of our countryman certainly bears witness to serious study and to great aptitude on his part, and it is pleasant to learn that besides the compliment paid it by the French Government of an expressed wish to buy it, a medal would certainly have been awarded to the artist had it not been for the feeling aroused by the action of our Congress in imposing a prohibitory tariff on foreign works of art. Shortly after its exhibition in New York, the picture was presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. William Schaus.

Walter Gay is a native, we believe, of Massachusetts, and we first hear of him as painting flowers in Boston. In 1876 he went to Paris and there studied with Bonnat, and in the same year a flower-piece of his was shown in Philadelphia at the Centennial Exhibition. Since then he has painted chiefly *genre* pictures, and for the most part with foreign subjects such as the one we here present. (See page 277.) Like Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder," this one has no story to tell, but Mr. Gay has contrived to say all that is to be said with considerable skill. He has come across his man in Brittany, we fancy. This is not a Paris "Remoulleur," and something in his dress: the breeches and stockings, the sober-gay kerchief tied about his head. and the rude picturesqueness of his lumbering wheel, took the artist's eye, and he must make him into a picture. Of course he might have found as good a man for the purpose here at home, as the immortal Dutchmen found at home their own topers and old women, their market folk, and all their high-priced persons-of-the-drama. But times are changed, and now if we want an apple-woman or a fisherman to paint, we must "put our foot on the good ship-board and sail away from our own countrie" to find it. It is even possible to find at home the very things we are at such pains to travel for. A few weeks ago the writer and a friend were walking, about sunset-time, along the icy roads on the outskirts of the town of Salem, in Massachusetts, when we met laboring along toward us an old woman, slightly bent with age, and carrying on her back a huge fagot such as we are so familiar with in the pictures of Millet and Breton and their American disciples. All was there except the

wooden shoes—the thick petticoat, the strong bodice, the kerchiefed head, and, seeing it, we burst out into a fine declamation: "Why, look at that! Think of our boys and girls travel-

"THE KNIFE-GRINDER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER GAY. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS CASSELL & CO.

ling to Barbizon and Brittany to paint French peasants carrying fagots, when here at home are Salem peasants doing the same thing without a pennyworth of difference!" "You are all

wrong," says my companion: "the neighborhood of Salem is full of French settlers, and this is one of them, as good a pathetic French peasant as ever Millet painted!" By-and-by our

"THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ELIZABETH J. GARDNER. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

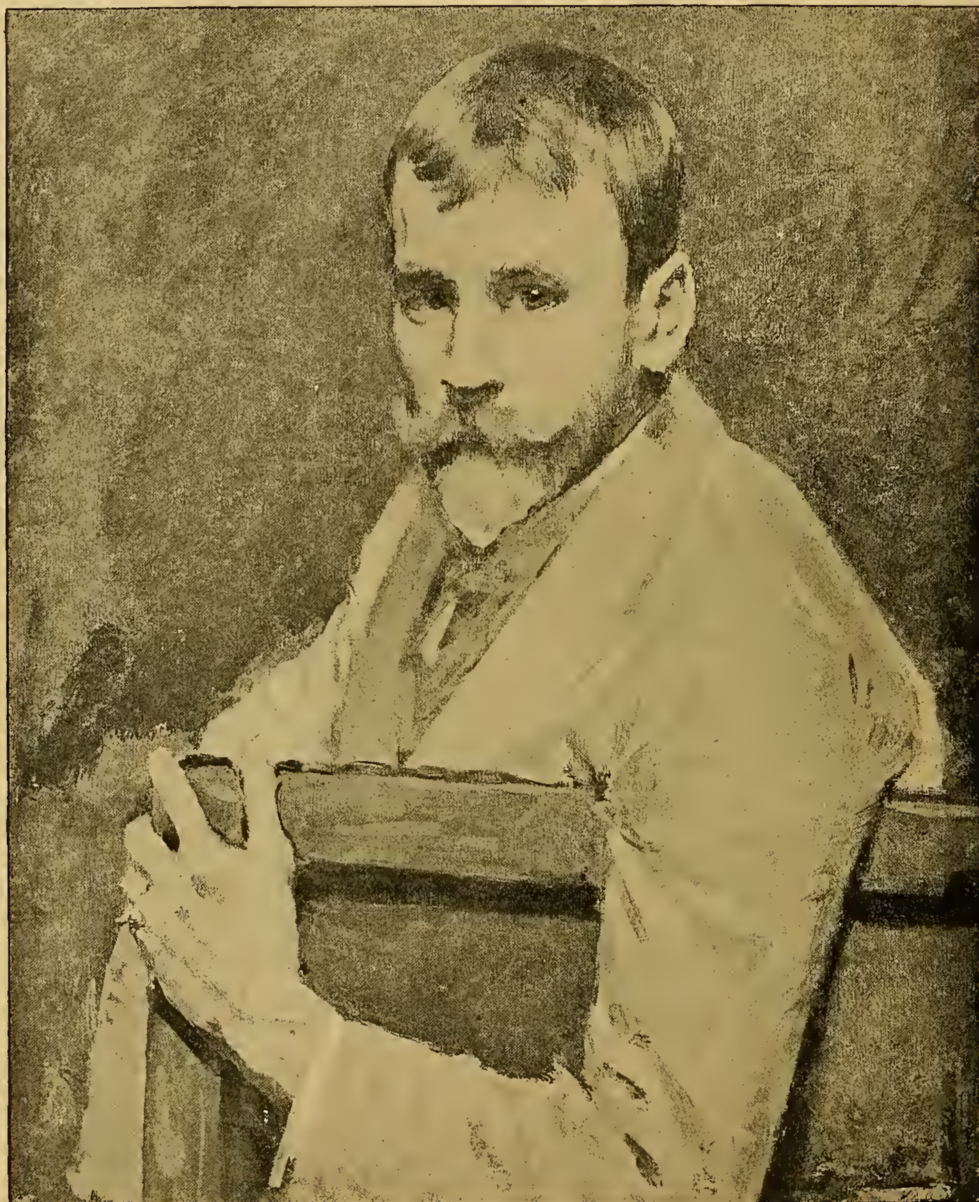
young artists will find out for themselves that we have everything in America, and that if they don't see what they want, they have only to ask for it!

ELIZABETH JANE GARDNER was born in New Hampshire, but she went early to Paris, where she studied under Hugues Merle, Lefèbvre, and Bouguereau, and has ended by taking

up her residence permanently in the French capital. Her subjects are what Polonius would have called the pastoral-sentimental or sentimental-pastoral, and her manner is so near akin to that of her latest master, Bouguereau, that it was at first maliciously hinted that he must have had a hand in the work. The suspicion, however justified by appearances, was unfounded. Miss Gardner's painting is all her own; only she sees everything through her master's eyes, and her hand sees no better guide than his hand. As she thinks Bouguereau, so she paints Bouguereau; and it may be taken as a compliment or not, that she often paints so well that her work might easily be mistaken for her master's. She is a very finished draughtsman, and if she have no originality in her design or in her method, she deserves the credit of being a most faithful disciple, and as worthy of a place in the fashionable drawing-room as her more famous double. (See page 278).

Robert Frederick Blum was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1857. His parents were Germans, well-to-do members of the German colony in that city, who gave their boy all the advantages for education that were to be had in the public schools, and his natural aptitude was such that he made satisfactory progress in his studies with but little effort, though in his case, as with artist-natures everywhere, his interest in things was greater than his interest in books. When he had done with school he was put with a lithographer to learn his trade since that was at the time the only practical opening for a boy who wished to become an artist. There were a number of young men at that time in Cincinnati of about the same age as Blum and, like him, of German parentage, who are now successfully making their way as artists, and who, like him, had no other training than what was to be got in the workshops of the lithographers. There was indeed a night-school kept by a Mr. McMicken for the study of the model, and this school Blum attended with a few others of his sort, the more thoughtful and ambitious among his mates; but these opportunities did not satisfy the boy, and he longed for something more, without exactly knowing what it was that stirred his desires. His father, an intelligent man, but fully convinced of the importance of academic training, and believing that what had made artists like Kaulbach and Piloty was good enough for anybody, would have been content to have his boy plod on in the good old way, but he relented so far as to allow him to go to Philadelphia in 1876, to visit the Exhibition, and this proved the turning-point in young Blum's life. The Spanish-French artists, Fortuny, Madrazo, and Boldini, seen in Cincinnati in photograph, had already opened for him a door upon a world very different from that inhabited by the Munich magnates, and now, in Phila-

delphia, he was to get his first glimpse of the art of Japan which was henceforth to exercise so strong an influence upon his life. On his return to Cincinnati a temporary studio was



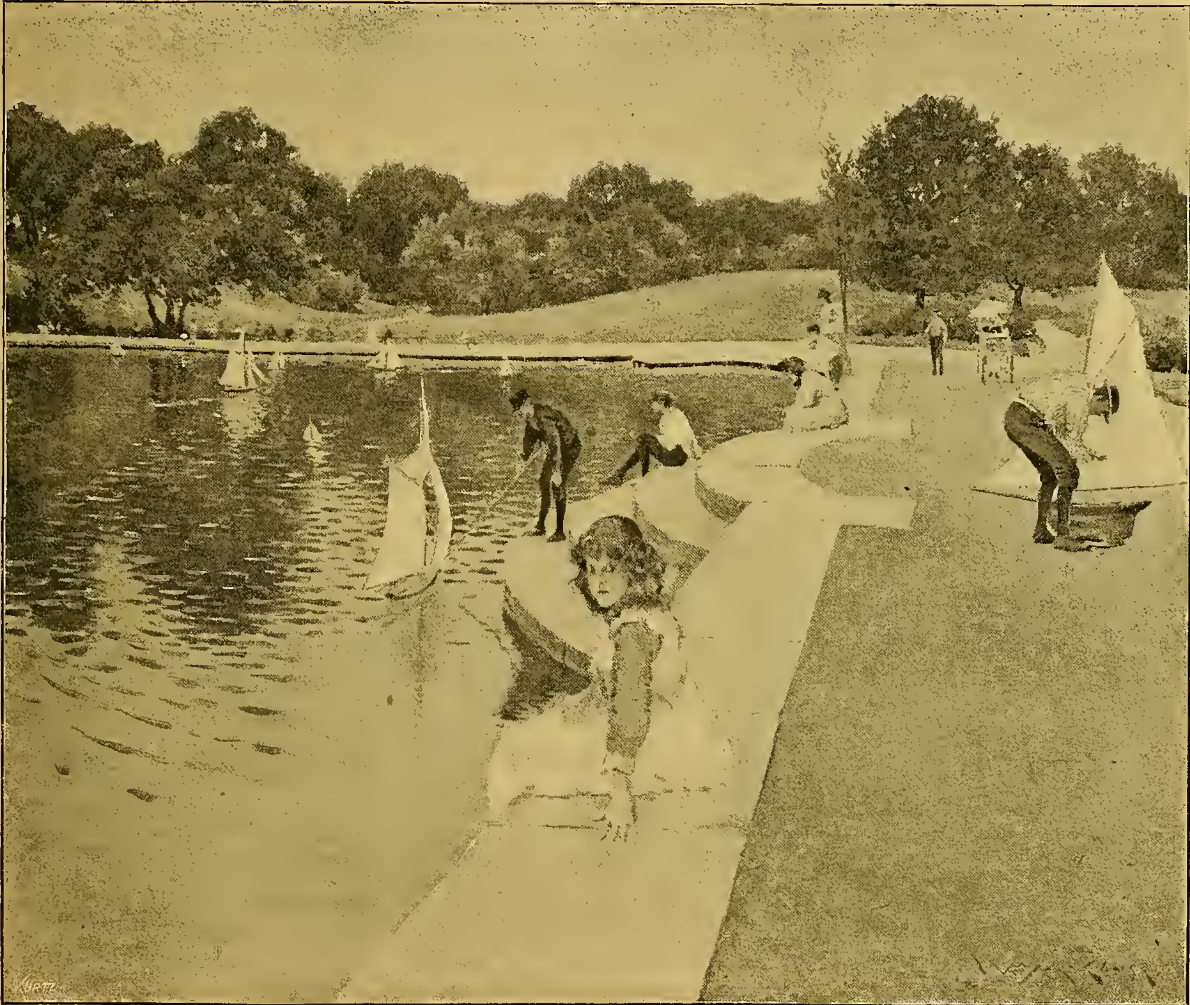
"ROBERT F. BLUM."
FROM THE PAINTING BY WM. M. CHASE.

fitted up for him in his father's house, and he continued to work there for some time in a rather aimless way, wanting direction, and hungering for the stimulus that comes not only

"TOLEDO WATER-CARRIER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT F. BLUM. BY PERMISSION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE, ESQ.

from artist-companionship, but from the presence of pictures. There was at that time no public gallery in the town, and such pictures as may have been in private possession were not accessible to students. Moved by his discontent, his father gave his consent to a visit to New York. Blum took with him a portfolio of drawings and sketches, which he showed to



"TOY-BOATS IN THE CENTRAL PARK."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WM. M. CHASE. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO.

Mr. A. W. Drake, well known among artists as the manager of the art-department of the then "Scribner's Magazine," now the "Century," a man quick to perceive merit, and sympathetic and generous in his encouragement of rising talent. He warmly welcomed Blum's work, and gave him commissions in plenty for more drawings. The interest excited by the

appearance of Blum's first work in the magazine for 1879 and 1880 is still fresh in the minds of its readers. In 1880 Mr. Blum visited Europe for the first time, making an extended tour in England and on the continent in company with Mr. Drake, and sending home a great many sketches, chiefly of scenes in Venice. In the years that intervened between his first and second visits to Europe, Blum occupied himself with working up the sketches he had accumulated in Venice, and in Madrid, Toledo, and Seville. To this period belongs the Toledo Water-Carrier," which we have copied from the original picture. In 1882 he made his first pastels for the opening exhibition of the newly-founded Society of Painters in Pastel. In 1884 he went again to Europe, visiting on this occasion Holland, where he passed a year, and then went for the second time to Venice, not returning home until 1885. Since that time he has been but little in his own country, partly because his health here was never good, and partly because his artistic tastes find in foreign countries more and ampler food than is to be had in the life of plain prose at home. In 1889 Mr. Blum was invited by the Messrs. Scribner to visit Japan and make there a series of sketches to accompany and illustrate articles on Japan to be written for their magazine by Sir Edwin Arnold. To see Japan had long been the strongest desire in Blum's mind, and it has been fulfilled in a way to gratify at once his tastes and his ambition. Visiting the country of his youthful dreams in the pursuit of his art and in the service of a generous and sympathetic client, he has sent home by far the most artistic and interesting pictures of Japan that have been made by any American artist. This, however, is but a small part of Mr. Blum's artistic production. His slender health has not allowed him to do all he would, but he has produced, besides his illustrations for the magazine, paintings in oil, water-colors, and pastels, and not a few etchings of a quality much esteemed by artists. In all that he has done the same qualities are shown: nice observation, poetic refinement of sentiment, a feeling for color at once delicate and strong, and drawing delightful in its swift and unerring decision.

William Merritt Chase was born in Franklin Township, Indiana, in 1849. A portrait-painter in Indianapolis by the name of Hayes gave him his first lessons in art, but after studying a year with his teacher, the civil war breaking out, he was seized with the war fever, and a natural love of adventure led him to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Here he was placed in the school-ship, and hoped to be made a sailor, but his ambition was not proof against the rough treatment he received, and his enthusiasm for the sea soon left him. He went back to Indianapolis, and after a year came to New York and took up the study of

painting seriously, entering the studio of J. O. Eaton and also joining the classes at the Academy of Design. In 1871 he went to St. Louis and opened a studio there, painting fruit and flower-pieces in a highly-finished and laborious style, but with a distinct artistic feeling. In 1872 he left America to study in Munich, where he passed three years in the Academy, winning all the medals and honored by the particular favor of his master, Piloty, who commissioned him to paint the portraits of his five children. After his return to New York his energy and industry found occupation not only in painting, but in teaching. He opened his studio to classes of young women; he became one of the most active workers among the instructors of the Art Students' League, and was foremost in the organization of the Society of American Artists, the Society of Painters in Pastel, and, in short, in every movement looking to the advancement of art education. He has spent many of his summers in Europe, continuing his own education and practice, visiting Holland, Italy, and Spain, studying the works of the masters, and bringing home copies of important pictures — all the time himself producing, producing, showing an activity and a facility unusual with our artists. Although still a young man, just turned of forty, no artist who can be named among our Americans exercises so wide-spread an influence among the younger men as Chase. Unselfish, generous, and broad-minded, full of enthusiasm for his art, he is ever ready to help those who ask his professional advice; he encourages the down-hearted by his own buoyancy of spirits, and by his example of hard work and fidelity to his own convictions does as much as any three men to aid and cheer the band of earnest workers who, under infinite discouragements, are trying to raise a little seed of art in an uncongenial soil. Mr. Chase has painted many portraits, figure-subjects, *genre* pieces, and still-life subjects. As a portrait-painter he is in great

WILLIAM M. CHASE.
From the drawing by Rajon.

request, and of late he has opened a new vein in pictures combining landscape and figure where the scene is laid in the Central Park in New York and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. We copy one of these pictures by permission of Mr. Knoedler. It represents a daily scene in Central Park in the summer-time—children amusing themselves with their boats by one of the smaller lakes. (See page 281.) An early picture by Mr. Chase, a lady in a riding-habit, "Ready for a Ride," is in the possession of the Union League Club of New York City. But the list of his pictures is too long even for selection; on a former page will be found his very characteristic portrait of Mr. Whistler. (See page 257.) A portrait of the late Peter Cooper, by far the best that was ever taken of him, and a striking example of Mr. Chase's art, was destroyed by fire some years ago.

Edwin H. Blashfield was born in New York in 1848, and studied under Bonnat in Paris. His earliest pictures sent home from Paris showed the influence of Gérôme as well. "The Emperor Commodus Leaving the Amphitheatre at the Head of the Gladiators," "The Dance of Swords," and other scenes drawn from classical antiquity attracted the attention of the public strongly, especially here at home, where much interest had already been excited by the similar subjects treated by Gérôme and by Alma Tadema. Mr. Blashfield has never wholly withdrawn from this attempt to infuse life into the old Greek and Roman days, and though he has not of late produced any subjects of the same pretension as those that introduced him to our public, yet as his more playful pieces, such as the one we copy, are drawn from the same source, it might be said that Mr. Blashfield has attempted to try a match in painting with the creators of the idyls of Tanagra and Myrina in the lovely terra-cotta groups. But even this task did not please him long, and he has since given himself up to decorative work in the houses of rich amateurs, painting their walls with allegories and graceful creations of fancy nymphs and muses and all the old-time denizens of the world of poetry.

Frederick A. Bridgman was born in Alabama in 1847. When he was a child his parents removed to New York, and in the course of time, as the boy showed a desire to be an artist, he was placed with the American Bank-Note Company, where he remained four years, studying in his leisure hours in the art-schools of Brooklyn. As soon as he could free himself from an engagement that must have been from the first uncongenial—since the engraving of the Bank-Note Company is purely mechanical, and alien to the spirit of art—young Bridgman left America for France, and arriving in Paris in 1866, hastened to place himself under the care of Gérôme. His vacations were spent in Brittany, and in 1870 he went to the South

"MUSIC."

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD. BY PERMISSION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE, ESQ.

of France and remained in the Pyrenees for two years, studying and painting. In that year he had exhibited at the Salon his "A Circus in the Country" (*Un cirque en province*), which was warmly received by the public and the critics, and was rightly considered a

"THE SEA-NYMPH'S HORSE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

remarkable performance for a young man who was still a student. From the Pyrenees he passed over to Algiers, and thence to Egypt and Nubia, remaining a year in the East and industriously amassing studies and sketches. He then returned to Paris, where he has since continued to live, occasionally visiting America, where his pictures have several times been

collected and exhibited. The first occasion of this sort was one of unusual enjoyment for the public; it is rare that any American painter creates such a wide-spread interest or receives so generous an ovation. In 1884 his picture, "The Bath at Home," which we engrave, was shown at Knoedler's Gallery, and we quote here in part the description which we wrote of it at the time: "The Cairene mother sits on the marble floor of the bath-room; one leg is under her; the other, with its bare, strongly fore-shortened foot, is thrust out toward the spectator. Her head is bound about with a handkerchief of grass-green silk embroidered with gold; her rose-oleander mantle has slipped freely down, and leaves shoulders, neck, and bosom bare as she leans, laughing, toward her little naked monkey in his tub of copper, and tries to tempt him out to dry himself on the thick, finely-ribbed towel that she rolls out on the floor. The little chap is, however, not ready yet. He enjoys too much his dabbling in the water and playing with his pink toes. This unwillingness on his part gives us a chance to study at our leisure his delightfully-painted back, the best thing in a picture where everything is good. Mr. Bridgman has played with difficulties in this subject, and conquered them all. There is no living artist who could surpass the painting of this child's back nor better express the way in which he sits at his ease in the copper basin, which is just big enough to hold him, and in which he suggests, as much as anything, the neat way in which nature fits a chick into an egg-shell." In the rich, abundant, and flowing style of this picture it was not easy to recognize the painter of some of the artist's early pictures—his "Funeral of a Mummy," for instance—in which the hard and dry precision learned from his master Gérôme was the most characteristic trait. But it must also be admitted that since his earlier time Mr. Bridgman has produced but few pictures rightly to be so called. He has been lavish of sketches and studies, and has carried us with him as a guide on many an interesting journey, but after so much study, and so much experience gained, the public thinks itself entitled to more solid results. It would seem as if in time we must receive such at the hands of so accomplished a craftsman as Mr. Bridgman.

Thomas W. Dewing was born in Boston and studied his art in Paris with Lefèbvre and Boulanger. He has exhibited chiefly at the Society of American Artists, although he has sent some of his best work to the National Academy of Design, where a few years ago his small picture of a lady in a yellow dress was received by all the younger artists with great enthusiasm. His work as a rule is of a decorative character, and his themes are, perhaps, not intended to be very strictly analyzed. In the picture here copied, Mr. Dewing would seem

"ALGERIAN WOMEN."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

to have been moved by Alma Tadema's art, as Mr. Blashfield has been in the one we gave of his, but both Mr. Dewing and Mr. Blashfield are more in love with beauty than Alma Tadema is, and are far less in love than he with archæology. Just what Mr. Dewing means by this composition it would be hard to say. Probably he meant nothing more than to express a summer-feeling of out-of-door warmth and ease in an idling world, where melons and poppies grow together, and white peacocks keep step to the flutings of long-limbed maidens reclining on such marble benches as never were, save in an architect's dream.

HENRY INMAN.

Frederick S. Church paints fancies of another sort, and the public seems never weary of the coinage of his fertile brain. Here are sea-horses dashing through the breakers; here a dark-skinned Nubian beauty holds a rose at the nose of a mummy, and bids her "laugh at that"; here a demure Quaker damsel sits between two bears—not of the Wall-street variety—and listens as each presents his suit. All sorts of queer fancies flit through the artist's head, and they are as free of logical responsibility and as wanting in head or tail as any that bother our wits in Alice's Wonderland. Indeed, Mr. Church and Mr. Carroll would make a first-rate team, and we wonder they have never been hitched to one another by some enterprising publisher. Mr. Church is a clever draughtsman, with a not too formal pencil, and he enjoys using a palette set with pale and delicate hues. His pictures are often pleasant to look at, even if one does not care to spend time in interpreting their meaning. (See page 285.)

It is a long leap from the older portrait-painters, with their formal devotion to the one duty of getting a likeness, to the younger brood of to-day, who think, or seem to think, that the first thing they have to look after is the making of a striking picture. As for the likeness, "it shall be as God pleases." After Stuart's day came John Wesley Jarvis, Chester Harding, Henry Inman, Francis Alexander, and those two Dromios of portrait-painting,

Samuel Waldo and William Jewitt, partners in many and many a portrait preserving the likenesses of grandfathers and grandmothers in the homes and hearts of their descendants, where a "Waldo and Jewitt," if not as artistic a seal of respectable ancestry as a Copley, a Malbone, or a Stuart, is at least a good material guarantee. Could the portraits of the six men we have mentioned be collected, the Americans of to-day would look upon the faces of almost all the men and women distinguished in the society of America fifty or sixty years ago; but it is not pleasant to reflect to how different a body of spectators such a collection would appeal; how little is known of the men and women of the old stock in this day, when an American, born of American parents and grandparents, is lost in the mob of foreign-born citizens.

To-day, the art of portrait-painting has changed its character—let us trust for the time being only. People who want likenesses of themselves or their friends now go to the photographer—whose business has become one of the most extensive and materially valuable of all the occupations connected with the arts—while the few who desire to have a picture as well as a likeness, with perhaps a preponderating interest in the picture, go to the Sargents, the Weirs, the Wyatt-Eatons, or some other of the younger men, to whom art is all in all and portraiture only a secondary consideration. The older men made, literally, a business of portrait-painting. They had mastered the details of their profession to the sole end of making as good a likeness of their sitter as they could, and making it as lively a presentment as possible. It is no dispraise of the later men to say that mere portrait-painting is distasteful to them; and that if they must, for any reason, engage in it, the art-side is to them the sole compensation for the distastefulness of the work. In fact, there is no one of these younger men—we speak under correction—who would care to be known as a portrait-painter only. They have all of them done as excellent work in other fields—in landscape, in *genre*, in still-life, in the ideal.

Mr. John S. Sargent is one of the group who is perhaps best known by his portraits, but he has done much interesting work in other directions, and not a few of his portraits will be valued as painting long after the names of their originals shall have been forgotten. He is one of the most uncertain and disappointing of the younger men whose unquestioned talent has given them a commanding place in the public appreciation. Whatever he exhibits becomes at once a centre of interest, and is discussed with energy, often with heat, alike by artists and laymen: the former, in most cases, carried away by enthusiasm

"THE BATH AT HOME."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

for the dash, the spontaneity, the sparkling life of the painter's handling; the latter amused. vexed, indignant, at the ugliness, the awkwardness, the fantastic defiance of convention. shown by the treatment of the subject. Whatever may be the final verdict on Mr. Sargent's merit as an artist, the possession of certain high qualities will never be denied him. He is

"JOHN S. SARGENT."

FROM THE PAINTING BY HIMSELF. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

undoubtedly a painter born, and yet, for an artist so strong in his technics, his pictures show a singular lack of individuality. At one time he was continually reminding us of Carolus Duran; but of late his admirers are insisting on his relationship to Velasquez. We wish we knew what Mr. Sargent really is, as a painter. He wears so many masks, and plays, with ill-concealed delight, so many tricks that it is impossible to guess what sort of pictures he

would paint if he were working on a desolate island with no one to astonish, no one to confound, and no one to assure him that he was born to make Titian and Velasquez forgotten.

JULES L. STEWART, although the son of American parents, has lived so long in Paris that he is hardly known at home except by a few pictures which, in spite of their rather trivial subjects, or perhaps by reason of their triviality, have enjoyed a considerable social popularity. Of these "The Hunt Ball" is the best and the best known. It deals with a subject drawn directly from the actual life of the present day, and though the hint may have been given by a Béraud, the outcome in no way resembles the model. For one thing, the key in which Stewart paints is far lighter and more cheerful than that in which the clever Frenchman describes the scenes of contemporary life in his capital: the streets, the *cafés*, and the *salons*. But Stewart's people, little as we may admire or even care for them, are as much alive as Béraud's, and his characters show as much variety in the choice, and recall the model as little. "The Hunt Ball" and our picture, the "Five O'clock Tea," look like collections of portraits, and like enough they are such—perhaps from the artistic side this is one of their faults. Béraud gives us "types" rather than persons; and another criticism would touch the want of tone in Stewart's pictures as contrasted with the older men and with some of the moderns, notably the modern Dutchmen. But, taken for what he is, this artist has won for himself a definite place, and has shown a healthy reliance on directness in dealing with such facts as he thinks it worth his while to paint and worth our while to look at. The picture we engrave is a large canvas, containing about ten figures, and it introduces the spectator to a Paris drawing-room, where a group of American ladies and gentlemen belonging to what our French friends call "hig-lif" are engaged in the ceremony styled "a five o'clock tea." The composition includes three groups. At the left, a lively lady is talking to two other ladies and to a gentleman who has reached the period which Victor Hugo so prettily calls the old age of youth. On a sofa before the large window are seated a young lady and a young man, the girl at one end and the youth at the other. The right-hand corner is occupied by a large table set out with the usual apparatus for tea-drinking; and here, facing us, are seated two children who are being served with tea by one of the ladies, while on this side of the table a lady is seated, with her back to us, contemplating the children, and wondering perhaps how long it will be before these little bubbles of fashionable life and indulgence will reach the last point of attenuation and be blown quite away. So much for the elements of the composition, and the result of Mr. Stewart's dealing with them is a picture not without

"A GARDEN."

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS W. DEWING. BY PERMISSION OF THOMAS B. CLARKE, ESQ.

pleasing qualities. There is air in the room, and the groups are well relieved, the one from the other. There is some pretty painting of objects here and there—the muslin skirt of the

"THE RUDE IMPERIOUS SURGE."
FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM T. RICHARDS.

lady's dress at the left, the carpet and the table apparatus, and the dishes with their contents. This picture and "The Hunt Ball" are the most elaborate of Mr. Stewart's pictures—at least

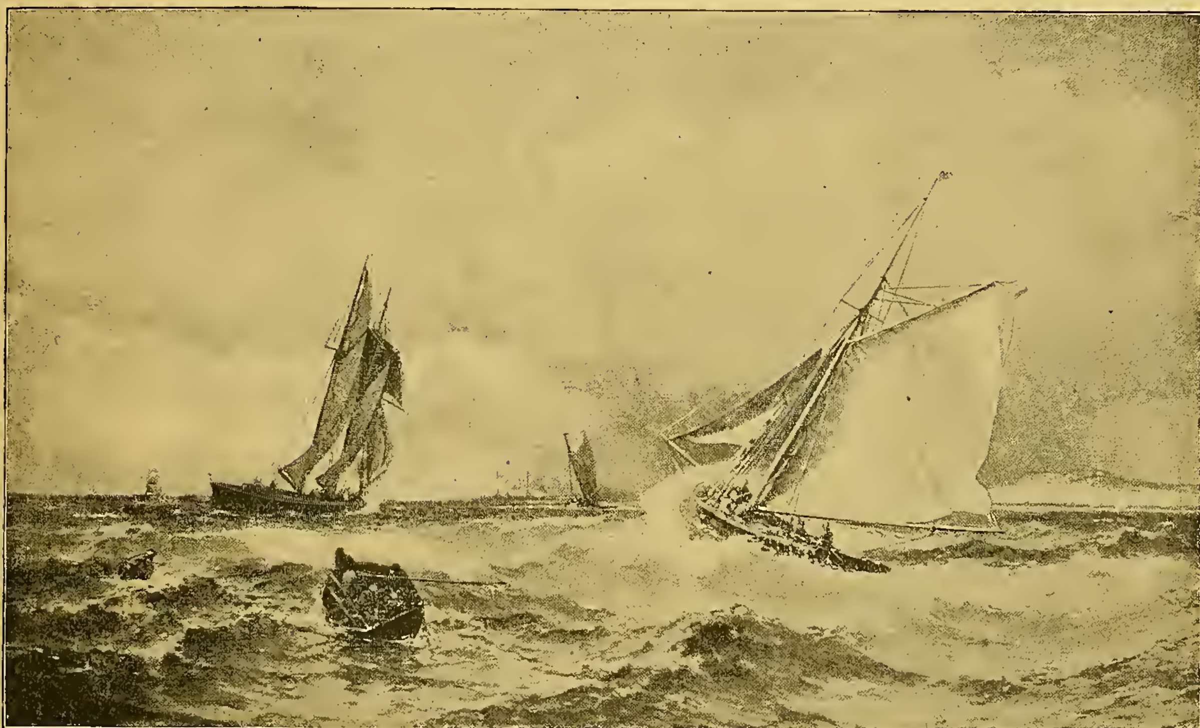
of those that have been exhibited in this country—but he is known by a number of smaller subjects, all drawn from the same sphere of fashionable life, with which the artist seems to be familiar at all points, and which he paints, not as a critic nor in a satiric mood, but as one who enjoys to the full, all that there is in it to enjoy.

The names of our landscape and marine-painters are legion, and it would seem invidious to make a selection where so many excellent artists call for notice. Among the elder men two are to be particularly distinguished: Ashur Brown Durand, 1796–1886, Thomas Cole, 1801–1848, who laid the foundations of an American landscape art which were speedily built upon by a whole school of disciples filled with enthusiasm for these teachers, and who showed that they were worth teaching by striking out new paths for themselves. Durand began life as an engraver. After studying with his father, who was a watchmaker, he was apprenticed in 1812 to Peter Maverick, the engraver, and five years later became his partner. When we compare the productions of the engravers who represented the art at that time in America with the early plates of Durand—the "Declaration of Independence," after Trumbull's painting in the Capitol at Washington; the "Musidora," after his own composition—the subject drawn from Thompson's "Seasons;" and the "Ariadne," from Vanderlyn's picture, now in the Pennsylvania Academy—we must give great credit to one who could so creditably acquit himself with no better models to follow than the English annuals and keepsakes of the day, which it was a part of his employment as an apprentice to copy for republication here. The few engravings that made their way to this country, particularly the skilful plates by Müller and Clements after Trumbull's pictures, no doubt had much to do with the formation of his style; and though to-day we find his plates hard and unsympathetic, yet the same may be said of much of the steel-engraving of that time that was produced by the hands of famous men. Later in life Mr. Durand gave up engraving for painting. His work in this field was patient, minute, and founded on an affectionate study of nature, but unfortunately subjected in his finished pictures to rules purely conventional, so that he is most enjoyable in his finished studies. He gave a great impetus to this minute and scientific study of natural forms, and influenced many of the younger men of his time in this direction. Thomas Cole was born in England, but was brought to this country when a child, and became an artist with little instruction from any teacher but nature herself. His parents had settled in Ohio, but the boy made his way to New York, and there came under the influence of Durand and Trumbull, and interested the public in his pictures of the scenery about the Hudson River. He visited

"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. L. STEWART   BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Europe on several occasions, and painted landscapes in the classical style borrowed from Claude and the imitators of Claude, and even after his return to America this tendency to an imaginative treatment of the more prosaic home-landscape characterized all his work. He had also great pleasure in cultivating an allegorizing vein, and painted many pictures intended to convey moral teaching in a would-be poetical symbolism. Such were his "Voyage of Life," "The Course of Empire," "The Cross and the World," pictures which, even had they been



"THE ENGLISH CHANNEL."
FROM THE PAINTING BY M. F. H. DE HAAS. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST.

more indifferently painted than they were, would still have been sure of an immense popularity. But whatever we may think of Cole's work to-day, it no doubt rendered an important service at the time in keeping alive an interest in the imaginative, the poetically suggestive side of landscape-painting. His pictures served very well, beside, as an accompaniment to the poetry most in vogue in his day. Durand and Cole were followed by a rapidly-growing crowd of younger painters who were destined to leave their masters far behind them in popular esteem, as they themselves were to be left behind by others in their turn.

Frederick Edwin Church, born in 1826 at Hartford, Connecticut, was a pupil of Cole,

and made himself a national reputation by a succession of pictures that are rather to be praised as records of famous places than as works of art in the higher sense. His "Niagara," "Chimborazo," and others, all studied from nature, were received with the warmest welcome.

JOHN F. KENSETT, 1818–1873, was born in Cheshire, Connecticut, and like Durand began life as an engraver, but went to England for better opportunities of studying painting than at that time could be had at home, and after the success that greeted his first picture shown at the Royal Academy, found it profitable to remain abroad for a much longer time than he had intended. After an absence of seven years he returned to America with a reputation established by the pictures of European scenery he had sent home during his stay, and as he now proceeded to apply his talent to painting American scenery, his reputation was still further increased. He was an industrious, painstaking artist, and he pleased by a combination of poetic feeling with accuracy of portraiture not found up to that time in any landscape-painter of his mark. A small group of men whose names are associated with his appeared at that time and kept alive a public interest in landscape-painting by an art that was marked rather by sweetness and delicacy than by strength either of execution or conception: Sandford Gifford, 1823–1880, Richard W. Hubbard, John W. Casilear, Samuel Colman, Jervis McEntee, 1828–1891, and William T. Richards, to name only a few, where we should rightly name many. Some of these men, like McEntee and William T. Richards, contributed elements of substantial value to the art of their time. McEntee was the first of our artists to do justice to the expression of our autumnal scenery, and Richards has a skill all his own in painting the rocky coast scenery of our Northern States and that of England. "The Rude Imperious Surge," on page 291, is an excellent example of his skill in this direction.

Another excellent marine painter of a sturdier type than Richards is M. F. H. DE HAAS, a native of Holland, born at Rotterdam in 1832, who settled in America in 1859 and has since made it his home. His picture "The English Channel" (p. 293), which by his permission we copy from the original canvas, is a good example of his spirited and faithful transcripts from nature.

ARTHUR QUARTLEY, born in Paris in 1839, of American parents, we believe, but whose professional life was passed in this country, in Baltimore and in New York, is highly esteemed as a marine-painter, and REHN, a later comer, has made himself an excellent reputation by his coast-scenes.

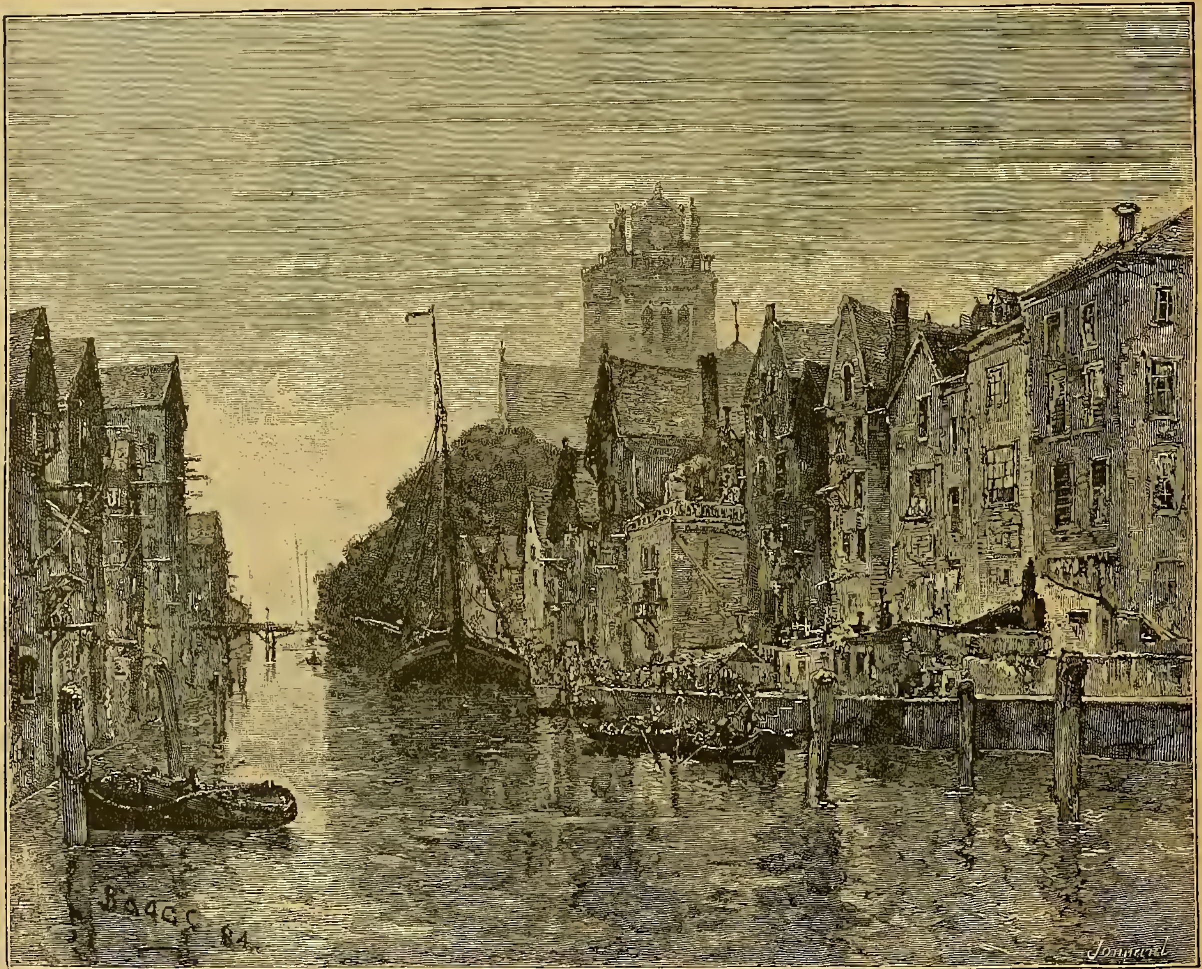
JAMES HART, the painter of "Rain is Over," with his elder brother, WILLIAM HART, natives of Scotland, but brought to this country when children, have long enjoyed popular

"RAIN IS OVER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAMES M. HART. BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

favor as cattle-painters, and among the later comers CARLETON WIGGINS and WILLIAM HOWE have greatly distinguished themselves in the same field.

Frank Meyer Boggs must not be forgotten in calling the roll of our marine-painters, since he is one of the most individual of the younger men in the field, and the most varied in his subjects. Although, as we read in the catalogues, Mr. Boggs was a pupil of Gérôme, the first pictures sent by him to this country showed no traces of that master's style, but on the



"THE OLD CANAL: DORDRECHT."

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. M. BOGGS. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

contrary betrayed a strong Dutch influence, and particularly that of Mesdag. But this was not for long. He soon found his own way and has walked in it independently. For a time his pictures carry us to Holland; sometimes to her canals and polders, as in the "Old Canal at Dordrecht," sent to the Salon of 1884 and given here; sometimes to the open sea that washes her shores, and where the luggers and fishermen's boats enliven the scene. The "At-

"A MARINE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK M. BOGGS. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO

Sea," here reproduced, is a good example of his spirited treatment of these subjects. Later we meet him in France, at "Harfleur," or in the basin at Havre, watching the departure of

"HOMEWARD-BOUND."

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. E. SIMMONS. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO.

the steamer "La Champagne"—both these pictures sent to the Salon of 1888. Mr. Boggs has found a fruitful field for such subjects as he likes in the Thames below London; one of

his best pictures is the "On the Thames," exhibited in the Salon of 1884. The crowded shipping, barges, tow-boats, and masted vessels, with the houses huddling about the shore half-veiled in mist, make a striking composition. The artist has also painted several subjects found in the streets and squares of Paris. Among these the most notable are the view of

"THE TWILIGHT-HOUR."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES H. DAVIS. BY PERMISSION OF THOS. B. CLARKE, ESQ.

"St. Germain-des-Prês" and the "Place de la Bastille." Both these pictures, with our "View of Dordrecht," were shown at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

Edward Emerson Simmons, born at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1852, has come to the front of late as an artist full of promise both in figure-subjects and in what, for lack of a better name, we may call marine landscape. He has lived much abroad, in France, and lately in the South of England with the artist-colony of French and English painters encamped at St. Ives, in Cornwall. The picture we borrow from him for reproduction is, we believe, one of his Brittany

subjects: other figure-pieces by him represent with honest pathos incidents in the life of the Cornish peasants; here Mr. Simmons has struck a rôle peculiar to himself, and we wish it had been possible to procure one of his pictures of this character for copying. But the one we have secured (p. 297), by the permission of Mr. Knoedler, is marked by the artist's habitual sincerity and dependence on nature, free from posing or affectation, and yet with a clear-eyed perception of the grace that is often found growing in humble places. Mr. Simmons's pictures of the Bay of St. Ives are among the most beautiful and poetic works of the kind that we owe to any modern artist. The marines of Alexander Harrison are exquisite of their kind, but they are paint and canvas alongside the ethereal transcripts of Simmons, where, as we seem to gaze upon a light that never was on sea or shore, we yet feel that, somewhere, it is real, and that were we blessed with the artist's power of vision, we too might see it as he has seen it. And allied to this beautiful art of Mr. Simmons is that of Mr. Charles H. Davis, whose "Twilight Hour" (p. 298) is but one out of a score of landscapes that unite in themselves every charm that we look for in pictures of this sort: the loveliness of earth and sky, brooded over by the tenderest sentiment and haunting the mind like the cadences of remembered verse. Simmons, Davis, Harrison, Wyant, and Twachtman are names among the younger artists who at least prefigure, if they do not actually bring before us, a landscape-art that, while it grows out of a long and affectionate study of the facts of nature, breathes through them the spirit of poetry and transfigures them to her image. We welcome this poetic interpretation wherever we meet it among our artists, here feebly expressed, there more sturdily, or again with deeper feeling and a riper music, for this has been from the first the one thing most lacking in the art of our Americans.

BELGIAN ART.

I.

THE art of Belgium is in no way related to the old art of Flanders. That older art had died out and disappeared with the decay of commercial prosperity under the Spanish tyranny and the succeeding wars, ending with the ruin brought not only upon Antwerp, but upon the whole country by the closing of the Scheldt in 1648. England, France, and Italy had already drawn away from Holland and Belgium many of their best artists, and of those whose names belong to the eighteenth century, few, even in an extended notice of the art of the country, would deserve more than a passing notice.

In 1815, LOUIS DAVID, banished from France by the Restoration for the part he had taken in the Revolution, came to live in Brussels. He was accompanied by several of his pupils, and during the ten remaining years of his life he continued the propaganda of the revived classicism which he had taught in France. But the times were changed, and the life had gone out of that teaching with the men and the beliefs that had inspired it; nor was there any leaven apparent in the nation itself—if the forced and ill-assorted union of Holland and Belgium could rightly be said to make a nation—from which a renewal of life might be hoped for. The leading painter in Brussels at the time was François Navez, or Navetz, a late pupil of David and an enthusiastic follower of his teachings. Navez and François Rude, the sculptor, were among the pall-bearers at David's funeral, and after the death of the master, Navez continued the tradition of his school. He was a brilliant man of many gifts as a painter, and he had learned from David a large way of looking at his art, that made him, like his master, very helpful as a teacher. Born in 1787, he was younger than David by nearly forty years. He died in 1869, and during this long life of eighty-two years, besides producing a great number of pictures that belong to the school of David, he taught in his studio a whole generation of artists; but his teaching was of so catholic a nature that among his pupils romantics and realists worked in freedom and harmony, since Navez had never insisted that his disciples should look at nature through spectacles of his providing.

But something more was wanted to give life to a dying school, and liberal as was the

spirit of Navez as a teacher, he still represented in himself a system that had had its day, and that, in reality, had never known a life of its own. The change came in 1830, with the great political uprising by which Belgium was separated from Holland, and a new national life animated all the elements of society. The war between the classic and romantic schools that was waging in France, and that had invaded not only the realm of painting but those of sculpture, architecture, the drama, and literature in general, made itself felt in Belgium as well, although the field was narrower, and the talents engaged were by no means so remarkable, whether for force or for originality, as those in France.

Egide-Charles-Gustave Wappers, born in Antwerp in 1803, Louis Gallait, born at Tournay in 1810, and Henri Leys, born in Antwerp in 1815, were the principal men of the new movement that was to bring back the dying art of Belgium to new life, if it were only for a season. It could only be for a season, since, owing to her political position, it is impossible that Belgium should ever be more than a reflection of her more powerful neighbors, France and Germany, each of whom seems to be but biding her time until she shall devour the little kingdom "like stolen fruit." But in 1830 the excitement of the political revolution that had made Belgium an independent kingdom, and the excitement in her intellectual world caused by the spread of the romantic movement among her youth, had resulted in such a quickening of the national life that, for a time at least, it seemed as if a new school of art of vital quality were about to appear. Wappers, who after failing to secure the great Roman prize of the Antwerp Academy—modelled on that of the Paris Beaux-Arts—had devoted himself to the study of the Flemish and Dutch masters, Rubens, Rembrandt, and their contemporaries and followers; had gone to Paris, where he saturated his mind with the Italian pictures in the Louvre, and threw himself with ardor into the romantic movement then drawing after it the third part of heaven. Returning to Antwerp, he produced his first important picture: "Van der Werff, the Burgomaster of Leyden in 1576, Resisting the Entreaties of his starving Townspeople that he would surrender the City to the Spaniards." This picture made an impression out of all proportion to its actual merit—an impression due to two causes: by its vivid narrative of an event in the national history that appealed powerfully to patriotic feeling the sympathies of his fellow-citizens were warmly enlisted; and the artistic treatment of his subject, diametrically opposed to the classic formality and coldness of the school of David—as full of life and movement and color as he could contrive—at once allied him to the rising army of the romantics. The younger artists rushed to the banner of

Wappers with enthusiasm. He was hailed as the deliverer of art, as the founder of a new school, and his studio was besieged with pupils, to the mortification of Navez and those who still clung to the "grand art" of David. A few years later, in 1835, Wappers painted the "Episode in the Belgian Revolution of 1830," at which we wonder to-day in the Museum at Brussels, seeing its exaggerated action, its theatric sentiment, and its crude coloring, and listening to the reports of the furor of enthusiasm that greeted its first appearance.

As was natural, the pupils of Wappers carried the teachings of their master to excess; and by the side of the pictures that, for ten years or more after the production of the works we have mentioned, continued to appeal to the public, "The Siege of Leyden" looks almost tame, and the extravagances of the "Episode of the Belgian Revolution" have a look of commonplace. The bombast of DE KEYSER, SLINGENEYER, DE CAISNE, ALEXANDRE THOMAS, culminated in the madness of ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ, who out-Heroded Herod, both in his choice of subjects and in his realistic way of treating them. In the wild enthusiasm excited by the pictures of Wiertz, it seemed, for a while, as if art in Belgium would, if we may risk the figure of speech, disappear under the table! But great as was the popularity of these pictures for a time in all classes of society, it was inevitable that a reaction should take place against their insane mingling of ghastly horror and maudlin sentimentality. It seems a pity that these pictures should not have been subjected to the ordinary action of time, by which ugliness and deformity are gradually withdrawn from sight—in which case Wiertz's name would be all that would be left of him. But while alive he would never sell any of his pictures, and after his death they were bought by the State, and continue to this day to be exhibited in the house once occupied by the painter, and where they were shown by him in his lifetime—a true Chamber of Horrors. Here we may still see the "Thoughts and Visions of a Head cut off by the Guillotine," "Hunger, Madness, and Crime," "Buried Alive," "The Suicide," "A Scene in Hell"—Napoleon in hell surrounded by the hosts slain in his wars! —these, together with the big canvases: "Combat of the Greeks and Trojans over the Body of Patroclus," "The Revolt of Hell against Heaven," "Polyphemus Devouring the Companions of Ulysses," and "The Triumph of Christ," and it must be admitted that even to-day the Musée Wiertz is considered by visitors an attraction not to be despised, even in competition with the rich stores of the Museum of Painting.

The reaction that was inevitable against the extravagances of the time came with the appearance of LOUIS GALLAIT, although even with him it was rather in his way of painting and

"THE LAST HONORS PAID TO COUNTS EGMONT AND HORN."

FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS GALLAIT.

in the sobriety of his design, than in his choice of subject that the contrast was felt. Gallait at first gave himself to the study of law, but finding himself drawn more strongly to art, he entered the academy of his native Tournay, at that time under the direction of Hennequin, a pupil and follower of David, but who recognized the talent of his pupil, and when on the appearance of his first picture—a purely academic rendering of "The Tribute Money"—which took the prize of the year, certain envious persons whispered that Gallait had been assisted by his master, Hennequin advised his pupil to leave Tournay for Antwerp. Here Gallait entered the Academy, and while pursuing his studies gave all the time he could spare to the works of Rubens and his school. He made such progress that in 1833 he produced his "Christ Healing the Blind," which was at once bought by the city of Tournay and placed in the Cathedral, where it now hangs. With the money obtained from this picture he was enabled to carry out his long-cherished desire to visit Paris for the study of his art. He arrived there in 1834, and worked with such industry that he had soon painted his first historical subject, "Duke Alva in the Netherlands," but his means were so small that he was obliged to sell for the ridiculous sum of fifty dollars a picture that later brought a hundred times that amount. In Paris, Gallait lived on terms of friendship with Paul Delaroche, whose work he greatly admired, and who no doubt influenced his own style to no inconsiderable degree. From this time forward Gallait produced one important picture after another, with as much rapidity as was consistent with his careful and conscientious way of working. But, for a time, he seems to have painted without any particular aim in the choice of his theme. He had begun with a subject drawn from the history of his own country, but though he was afterward to connect his fame with other works in the same field, he did not follow up his "Alva in the Netherlands" with other national themes, but amused himself with painting what we may call religious and historical *genre*: "Job and his Friends," "Michel Montaigne visiting Tasso in Prison," "The Battle of Montcassel: Time of Louis XIV.," and the "Siege of Antioch by Godfrey de Bouillon"—subjects which, it is surely unnecessary to say, no living mortal in these days is called upon to paint, and which Gallait painted to no better purpose than any one of his contemporaries. The illustration of the history of a man's own country is another matter, and Gallait first struck the note that was to make him known to his generation in his "Abdication of Charles V.," now in the Museum of Brussels. This picture was exhibited in 1843 in all the principal cities of Belgium and Germany, in company with a painting by a promising but now forgotten Belgian artist, Edouard de Bièfve, "The

Union of the Nobles of the Low Countries to protest against the Introduction of the Inquisition." Both pictures now hang in the Museum of Modern Painting in Brussels. Gallait had the advantage over Bièfve in a subject that appealed to a wider circle of interests: the abdication of Charles affected the politics of every state of Europe: The protest of the Nobles, besides that it was ineffectual, concerned the fortunes of only one small country, and was but one among a thousand contemporary symptoms of revolt against spiritual tyranny. But more important was the fact that while the subject of neither picture could be understood without some preliminary explanation—a remark that applies to nine out of every ten "historical" pictures—Gallait's was naturally the better fitted of the two to attract and hold the interest of the public. The ceremonial of the abdication of Charles V. was made as magnificent as the importance of the occasion demanded, and Gallait's picture was a spectacular performance, skilfully composed for the display of splendid costumes and accessories, while the coloring, in its rich sobriety, grew so naturally out of the subject that it was not thought of as a thing apart. There is, therefore, a certain unity and sincerity that makes itself felt in Gallait's picture; whereas, in that of Bièfve, the coloring has an extraneous effect, as if it were added to make the subject appear more important than it really was. Yet at first it seemed as if Bièfve's chances for the leadership were greater than those of Gallait. He received the gold medal of the Academy, and Brussels presented him with a golden cup inscribed in his honor. His succeeding work, however, did not fulfil what was thought to be the promise of his prime, and his name is at present obscured by those of Gallait and Leys. Gallait rested for a while after painting the abdication before attempting the production of any important work, and busied himself in Brussels with portraits and *genre*-painting. In 1848 he exhibited "The Last Hours of Count Egmont," and in 1853 painted the picture by which he is, perhaps, best known, the one we engrave: "The Last Honors Paid to the Bodies of Counts Egmont and Horn." After this picture Gallait painted nothing that added essentially to his fame, but some of his later pictures enjoyed for a long time a considerable amount of popularity. His "Forgotten Sorrow"—a gypsy mother resting with her child—is in the Ravinê Picture-Gallery at Berlin; "The Prisoner's Voice," "Delilah," "Art and Liberty," and "Crazy Jane"—the mad queen Joana, mother of Charles V., with the dead body of her husband Philip—these pictures, frequently reproduced by engraving and photography, are those by which, in later years, Gallait was best known. But they did not have in them the seeds of a permanent popularity. All of them have a morbid, or at the best a sentimental

H. LEYS. PINXT — J. GODFREY. SCULPT

THE ARMOURER

[illegible], PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

vein, and the "Crazy Jane" is needlessly disgusting. If Gallait is to live in memory it must be by virtue of his historical pictures, and it cannot be denied that they have a distinct merit in their kind. They are well composed, carefully studied on the archæological side, but without pedantry, and they tell their story in a simple, natural way that is agreeably contrasted with the extravagant and bombastic methods of the German painters. "The Last Hours of Egmont" represents the count in prison on the morning of his death, looking out upon the great square of Brussels, where the scaffold is erecting for his execution. He is attended by his confessor, and on the table before him lie his letters to the king and to his wife, Sabina, Duchess of Bavaria. "The Last Honors Paid to Counts Egmont and Horn" shows us the end of the dismal tragedy. The incident is historical. Philip, probably with a view to terrify the people by this proof of his determination, caused the bodies of the two noblemen with their dissevered heads to be laid upon trestles before the altar of the Franciscan Chapel of the Order of the Recollets and covered with a velvet pall upon which was laid the crucifix, while the burghers of the city and the chiefs of the different guilds passed by in solemn procession. To secure the look of nature in the coloring of the severed heads, they were painted by Gallait from those of two guillotined malefactors. The hand of Egmont rests uncovered upon the edge of the trestle, and beneath it the artist has signed and dated the picture. A priest lights the candles upon the altar, and two soldiers, one in full armor, stand on guard at the side of the bier. The officers of the guilds with their banners and insignia are beginning to file past; it is now the turn of the guild of archers; their chief advances with bared head, wearing the chain and scarf of office and carrying in his hand the symbolic arrow of his society. A small replica of this picture, painted by Gallait as a study for the original, was lately sold in New York. It was in the collection of Mr. Aaron Healy. The original is in the Museum of Tournay and belongs to the city. It was exhibited in London at the great exhibition of 1862, together with eight other pictures by the artist: the "Crazy Jane," "The Abdication of Charles V.," "The Last Hours of Count Egmont," "The Taking of Antioch," "Montaigne visiting Tasso," "The Prisoner," "Portrait of Pius IX.," and "Delilah." In the course of the exhibition the English artists gave a reception in Gallait's honor, and he received many tokens of appreciation. He died but lately, and during the last ten or fifteen years of his life had ceased to produce anything that had any interest for artists or for the public.

A greater name than that of Gallait, and one that, although its lustre be somewhat dimin-

ished, seems likely to enjoy a surer lease of fame, is that of Jean-Auguste-Henri Leys, made baron in 1862. He was born at Antwerp in 1815 and died in that city in 1869. He was

"REMBRANDT'S STUDIO."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI LEYS. BY PERMISSION OF C. L. HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

intended by his parents for the Church; but he was so strongly drawn to the pursuit of art, both by his natural taste and by the example of his brother-in-law, Ferdinand De Brakeleer

PORTAELS, PINX^T J. DEMANNEZ, SCULP^T

A DAUGHTER OF THE EAST

SELMAR HESS, PUBLISHER, NEW

the artist, that in 1830 he entered De Brakeleer's studio, and soon showed that his decision had been well taken. His early pictures like "The Studio of Rembrandt" and "The Armorer," which we copy, were founded, in style, upon the teachings of the school that was in the ascendant in the first quarter of our century; but to the careful training in the technique of his profession he brought a strong love of the picturesque, toned down, however, and tempered by the study of the older painters of his native country—Peter de Hooghe, Rembrandt, Terburg. He began with subjects suggested by these masters, but by no means imitating their manner. "The Studio of Rembrandt"—if that were indeed its original title, and not simply "The Studio"—slightly recalls the compositions of Terburg, but it is essentially modern in its treatment of the types, and in this recalls rather Meissonier than the older artist. The picture, when we first knew it, belonged to Mr. Hermann Schaus, of New York, who obligingly permitted us to copy it, but it has since been sold, though we are pleased to think it still remains in this country. The handsome woman who is sitting for her portrait to the artist wears the dress of Rembrandt's time, but she has a nineteenth-century face; the artist and the little girl are of an earlier time. The room, too, is studied from an old model, so that the picture has something the look of a *pastiche*, as the French call it—it has a little the air of being made up. But the painting itself is of very fine quality, the room we are looking into is softly bathed in light, the expression of the faces is delicately caught, and the stuffs and objects are painted with taste and learning. In short, it is a solid little piece of work, and without the least pretension is sure to please for many a year to come. "The Armorer" is a more elaborate picture and has not the charm of "The Studio." The various accessories have the air of being arranged for effect. They are difficulties to be overcome, not things to be painted for the pleasure of painting them, and we must remark that, judged by the armorer himself, who is a reasonable specimen of humanity, the pieces of armor scattered about the floor and hanging on the wall are much too large for real employment. But this is offset by the sense of air and light in the big smithy, the gradation of tones, and the variety the artist has contrived to introduce into the composition. Besides the armorer in the front, with all the objects about him—and Leys always painted the "things" in his pictures in a way to make them interesting; a secret he learned from his countrymen of the old time—we see in the background a woman with a child on her arm, who has brought a knife to be sharpened, and talks to the man who is doing it for her. Leys painted a number of pictures with simple every-day subjects like this, but he gradually turned his attention to the

history of his own country, and found in the events of the sixteenth century an abundance of picturesque material up to that time not made use of by any modern artist. In 1852 he made a visit to Germany and visited the old cities of Cologne, Nuremberg, Prague, Frankfort, Leipzig, and other places stored with mediæval memories and legend, and when he returned to Antwerp a complete change had been wrought in his ideas. In 1853 an exhibition of pictures was made in the old city of Ghent, and here Baron Leys surprised the artists and the general public by pictures painted in a manner which, although evidently founded upon old models, had yet an air of striking novelty. His subjects were partly historical and partly invented. They were not, except in a few cases, like those of Wappers, Gallait, and the rest of his immediate predecessors, commemorative of particular events in the history of Flanders or Germany: they were rather what we may call imaginary episodes intended to characterize certain events. Thus, he imagined an episode in the history of the introduction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands by Charles V. We see a square, in Antwerp it may be, or in some other town of Flanders, and the burghers and townspeople sitting, standing, listening to the reading of the edict from one of the public pulpits. All is studied, as it were, from the life, the houses, their appurtenances, the dresses of the people, and even their faces, so different from the faces of to-day; for who can doubt that each epoch has its characteristic physiognomy? The sense of life, of reality, in these pictures was amazing, and until the key was obtained that partially accounted for the mystery, it is no wonder that the work of Leys was somewhat overrated. The truth was, that, from having lived all his life in intimate relation with the life and manners of the past, and in a country that had not felt the movement of the main current of modern transformation, but was still mediæval, while England, France, and even Germany were trying to shake off everything that bound them to their past, Leys was saturated with the aspect of that earlier time almost without consciousness. The stained-glass, the tapestries, the illuminated missals of the churches and museums, were as familiar to him as the clothes he wore, but it was not until he became vividly interested—passionately interested, we may say—in certain movements of that time that he suddenly found them pictured to his imagination in their very habit as they lived, and in his new-found subjects the men and women of the stained-glass and the tapestries and the missals once more walked the earth. The modern Flemish and Dutch painters have inherited from their forefathers the perception and the love of color. They are the only artists of modern Europe who can rightly claim the name of colorists, and Leys was not only the chief colorist among the Belgians—he was not

THE ARQUEBUSIER.

SELMAR HESS, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK

excelled as a colorist by any artist in Europe. He was not, however, a mannerist in his color.

A FIGURE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRI LEYS,

"LUTHER SINGING HYMNS IN THE STREETS OF EISENACH."

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY LEYS.

In a picture like "The Institution of the Golden Fleece," or in "Margaret of Austria receiving the Oaths of the Archers of Antwerp," we seem to be looking at some magnificent window of stained-glass, glowing with rich, transparent color, and then in the picture of "Young Luther Singing Hymns in the Streets of Eisenach," from which we take a single figure, copied from the original drawing by Leys, we find a quiet, sober scheme of color suited to the character of the subject. It is not to be denied that in bringing so much from the old art of the glass-stainer, the illuminator, and the tapestry-weaver, Leys, while he enriched his time with beautiful color and sumptuous design, perpetuated much that was stiff and awkward as well. The quaintness may sometimes be thought excessive, but it is redeemed in general by the sincerity of the artist and by his own thorough enjoyment in his work. Baron Leys was greatly honored and esteemed in his native city, and the town-hall is adorned with a series of frescoes painted by him and illustrating important events in the history of Antwerp. One of the principal streets is named after the painter, and a statue in his honor was erected in 1873. His house, occupied by his family, still stands, with his studio exactly as he left it, and where the visitor familiar with his work may recognize some of the pieces of furniture introduced into his pictures. In the dining-room is a charming series of frescoes, painted by Leys, representing successive scenes in an entertainment supposed to be given at Antwerp in the sixteenth century. We see the guests leaving the city and walking along the ramparts toward the house of their host; then, the arrival, the reception, and, finally, the banquet itself, the whole forming a most stately and beautiful decoration, and one of the artist's most successful works in conception, composition, and color.

A painter who has had no little influence in forming some of the younger talents of Belgium is Jean-François Portaels, the painter of "A Daughter of the East," of which we give a steel engraving. He was born in 1820, at Vilvorde, a small town between Brussels and Malines. He studied in the Academy at Antwerp, with Navez at Brussels, and afterward with Delaroche in Paris. He was thus steeped in classicism, and he has never emerged from it, but this did not prevent him from becoming a successful and useful teacher. He was made director of the Academy at Ghent, and, later, professor at Brussels, where his instruction was much sought for. He has travelled all over Europe and in the East, and his pictures are often drawn from scenes observed by him in his various journeyings. Among his pupils one of the best is Emile-Charles Wauters, the painter of the "Mary of Burgundy sworn to respect the Privileges of the Commons of the City of Brussels, 1477," one of two large pic-

"THE PETITION."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSSELIN DE JONGHE. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO

tures decorating the staircase of the Hôtel de Ville in that city; the other, by the same artist, "Duke Jean III. of Brabant ceding to the Guilds of Brussels the right to elect their Burgomasters, 1421." The picture we engrave, "Mary of Burgundy before the Sheriffs of Ghent," has no little character in the attitudes and faces of the men, but the dress and head of Mary are altogether modern, and by this fault the value of the picture as a historical

"MARY OF BURGUNDY BEFORE THE SHERIFFS OF GHENT."
FROM THE PAINTING BY EMILE WAUTERS. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

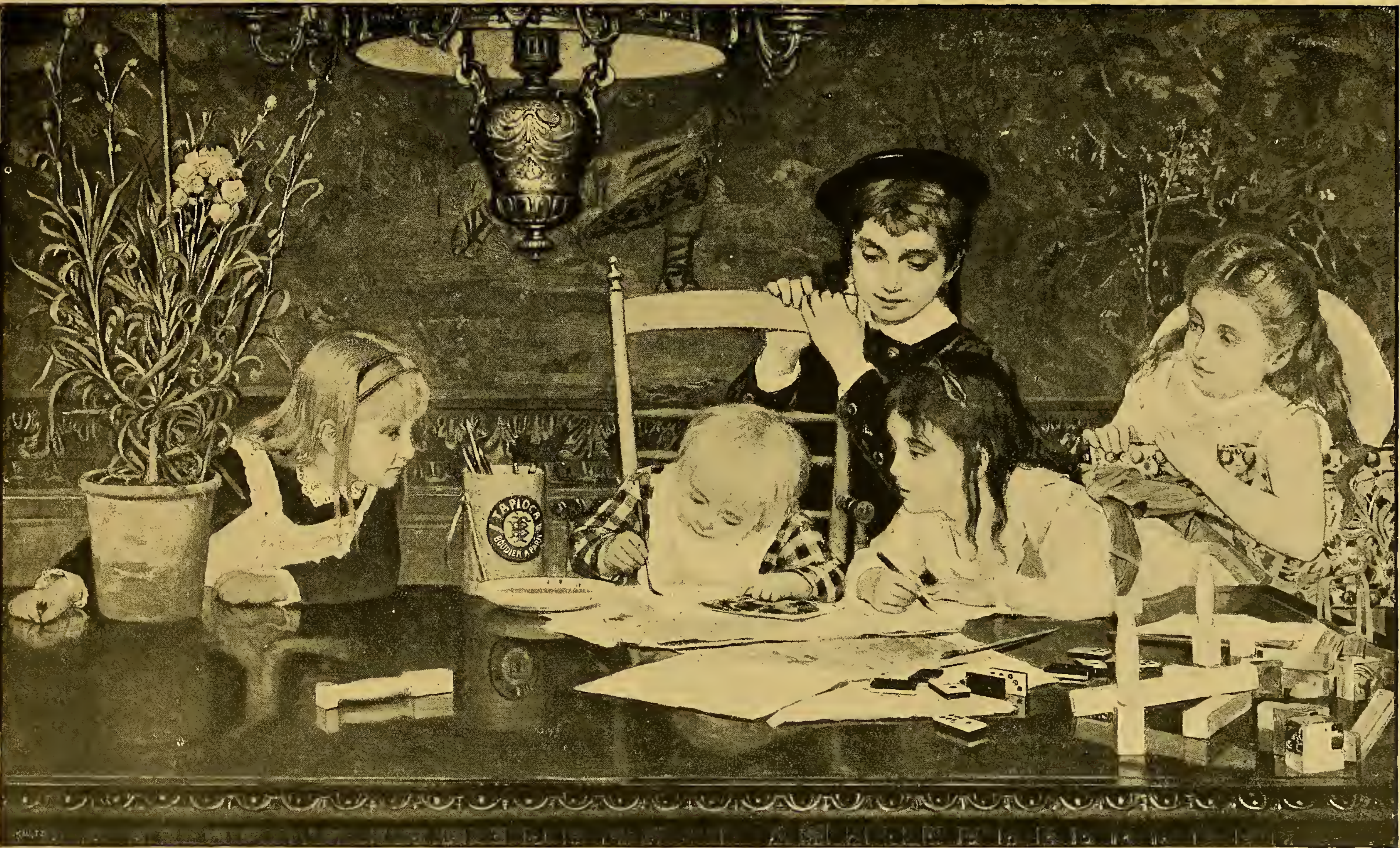
record is almost destroyed. Nor is it to be believed that, under any circumstances, Mary of Burgundy would ever have assumed such an attitude of abject submission toward her subjects, as is seen in this picture. In general, however, given his subject—and Wauters, no more than the rest of the historical painters, seems to be governed by any fixed purpose in the choice of a subject—this is a capable and well-equipped artist. Some of his portraits are excellent; one of the best is that of the young son of Mr. Somgée, of Brussels, the owner of a gallery of modern pictures in that city. The boy has been riding on the beach accompanied

by his dog, and has stopped his cantering for a moment, to look our way. Another well-known picture by Wauters, "The Madness of Hugo van der Goes," is in the Brussels Museum.

EDOUARD-JEAN-CONRAD HAMMAN, the painter of the "Andrea Vesalius," was born at Ostend in 1819. He studied under De Keyser at Antwerp, but afterward went to Paris, where he has since continued to live and work. He is principally known as a painter of historical

"ANDREA VESALIUS."
FROM THE PICTURE BY EDOUARD HAMMAN.

anecdotes, but he has also painted portraits and *genre* subjects. His "Adrien Willaert accompanying the Performance of a Mass of his own Composition before the Doge of Venice," is his most important picture: it is in the museum at Brussels. The "Andrea Vesalius" represents the famous Belgian anatomist prefacing a dissection of the cadaver which he is about to undertake, by an act of devotion. The treatment of the subject is, as always with Ham-



"THE MASTER-PAINTER."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAN VERHAS.

man, purely dramatic, but the composition is skilful enough, and the artist has made a picturesque work out of slender material. Hamman has lived so long in Paris that he has been awarded the honors of a place in the Luxembourg, where may be seen his picture of the boy Charles V. listening to Erasmus, who is reading to him. Although this work has the common defect of nearly all so-called historical pictures, that it is made up as a show-piece, yet the subject explains itself rather more easily than is generally the case, and the presence of Erasmus, a face and figure skilfully adapted from the portraits of Dürer and Holbein, serves to identify the scene.

Jean-Baptiste Madou was born at Brussels in 1796, and died in his native city in 1877. He was a pupil of François and of the Brussels Academy, but his circumstances obliged him to go into business, and later he was employed by the Belgian government in making maps. On the revival of lithography, he took up that art and produced series after series of plates: "Scenes in the Life of Napoleon," "Picturesque Views in Belgium," "Military Costume," "Scenes of Society," and a crowd of others, by which he gained an immense popularity. He painted but few pictures, and they are not equal in value. The one we engrave, "The Arquebusier," is a study of the manners of a time with which he was not familiar. It reminds us of the subjects that Meissonier is so fond of, and on which he wasted so much good labor. Madou is best in his studies of the lower classes—the beggars and drunkards in the streets and taverns—but even here he impresses us rather as a manager of puppets than as a portrayer of living human beings. His large compositions, such as his "Intruders," two Incroyables of the year 1795 who are disturbing a rustic festival with their impertinences, would be more effective if it were not so evidently got up for stage-effect. And this fault runs through all the artist's works. It has been well said of him by M. Camille Lemonnier: "The grand comedy of human life, where tears and laughter are so bitterly mingled, was beyond the powers of Madou. He held the human mask in his hand and pinched it to grimaces that he had learned by rote. His theatre was made up of a number of little figures all alike. When we saw them pass, rosy and smiling, we were glad to think we saw them for the first time, so ingeniously were they got up, but we soon discovered it was not the figures that changed—it was only their dress. He had in his boxes a whole wardrobe of suits, borrowed in turn from the fashions of 1790 and 1815, rarely belonging to his own time, and with these he dressed out the little world that he brought out upon the stage. The general public was delighted with what seemed to it the inexhaustible invention of the artist, his infinite variety, a procession that

had no end; only a few discovered, in this bustle of coming-and-going, the secret of making a great deal of noise with a few instruments and—why should we not say it?—the poverty of the artist's thought and the shallowness of his observation."

"The Petition," by JOSSELYN DE JONG, must be allowed to explain itself. As we read it, a wife is trying to soften the heart of an extremely obdurate official in behalf of her husband, but the ghostly adviser of that personage is plying him so hard with remonstrances to the contrary that it promises to go hard with the victim of power. The lady's only hope, outside of whatever justice there may be in her plea, or whatever influence may be due to the person from whom her letter comes, lies, it seems to us, in the good-will of the young nobleman who stands behind the provost's chair, and is letting his affair wait for hers. He appears to be interested in her fate, and he looks like a person who is accustomed to be listened to when he speaks. As for the historic verity of the scene, the artist is probably indifferent to such matters, and so long as we applaud his tableau, will leave us free to place the scene, when and where we may choose.

How much more real, and more to the purpose, is the picture by JAN VERHAS, "The Master Painter," which we reproduce, than these insincere and carelessly-studied attempts at high-art which make up so large a part of the baggage of our modern exhibitions. How natural are the actions and attitudes of this group of children, watching the latest comer into their world as he struggles with the first difficulties in the way of his genius! How well the children are individualized: each one making his own mental comment, doubtless not unmixed with considerable audible comment as well, upon the result of this absorbing study. It would be impossible to tell a story more clearly or more cheerfully, or to place us more unerringly in realities of time and locality. We are in a Belgian parlor—not a French, nor an English, nor a German, nor a Dutch, but in a Belgian parlor, with Belgian children, in the nineteenth century, and there can be no mistake about this, nor about the fact that these are not professional models, nor lay-figures dressed up, but living, laughing children, enjoying their young lives, and, most of all, enjoying the possession of this miraculous baby-brother. Verhas ought by this time to have got a good place in the dictionaries, but we find small mention of him there. We know him best by his works, of which several were shown at Philadelphia in 1876, and rewarded with a medal. From time to time, examples of his art appear on this side the water, but we fancy his own countrymen, to whom his types and incidents are familiar, as reflecting their daily life, absorb his production and leave but little for the outside world.

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II.

GUSTAVE DE JONGHE, the painter of "The Orphans," was born in 1828 at Courtrai, a considerable manufacturing town between Ghent and Lille. His father, Jean Baptiste De Jonghe, who died in 1844, was a landscape-painter, a pupil of Ommeganck, much esteemed in Brussels, where he was at the head of a painting-school. He is represented in the Museum of Modern Painting at Brussels by a "View of Tournai," which was thought worthy of a place among the two hundred and twenty-three Belgian pictures sent to the great exhibition of London in 1862, and there is also an example of his art in the museum at Courtrai. His son Gustave early showed a strong taste for music as well as a love of painting, and for a while he wavered between the two, not able to make up his mind as to which he should choose for a profession. At last, however, he decided to become a painter, and after the death of his father went to Brussels to pursue his studies at the Academy. At that time, as we have seen, Navez, the pupil and follower of David, was the director of the Academy, but his influence was waning before the rising schools of Wappers at Antwerp and Gallait at Brussels, who were dividing between them the suffrages of the rising talent of the country, and the young De Jonghe came under the influence of Gallait, who received him into his studio and showed a great interest in his progress. It was through the good offices of Gallait that De Jonghe obtained from the authorities of Courtrai a grant of money that enabled him to continue his studies in Paris. He made his first appearance as a portrait-painter, and went through a mild form of that religious-painting which so commonly attacks young artists, especially those who are exposed to academic influences. His first picture of this sort, "Our Lady of Good-Help," served to bring him prominently before the public, and prepared the way for a more pronounced success in 1863, when his "Orphan Children with their Grandmother" obtained for him a medal of the third class for *genre* painting. Already in his "*Abécédaire du Salon de* 1861" Théophile Gauthier had written pleasantly of his work. He had exhibited that year "The Interrupted Reading," "Morning," and "The Young Mother," and Gauthier said of them: "These pictures of M. De Jonghe are pretty episodes of home-life reproduced with tender sentiment, fresh coloring, and a delicate pencil. Women stop of their own will before De Jonghe's pictures: 'Charming,' they cry—their favorite word!" In the Salons of 1867 and 1868, two Spanish subjects, "A Chapel in the Mosque of Cordova" and "The Lovers' Walk at Gibraltar," seem to point to a trip taken by De Jonghe to Spain; but in

general his subjects are all of one character—the "tender domestic" incidents of family-life such as were then in fashion in German and English art, as well as in that of France—the lovely pictures of Edouard Frère being the best of the sort, but dealing with peasant-life, while De Jonghe paints for us scenes from the life of the well-to-do classes. The picture we copy, "The Orphans," dated 1863, is an excellent example of his style of painting, and of his

"THE ORPHANS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY GUSTAV DE JONGHE.

nice observation of character. Two children, an elder and a younger daughter, are seated in a large arm-chair before their mother's picture. The room is richly but soberly furnished after a fashion distinctly Belgian—neither German nor French. The portrait, handsomely framed, rests upon an easel draped in the folds of a silken curtain; near it is a folding-screen of Spanish leather, and a table covered with an Eastern rug supports a cast of Michelangelo's

"Night" and some books. The walls are hung with tapestry, and the polished parquetted floor reflects in soft lights and shadows this luxurious comfort. All these details are, however, subordinated to the portrayal of the two children, whose characters are skilfully discriminated. They have been carefully trained and watched over by the mother who has gone; but while the elder still vividly remembers her parent, the year that has elapsed has dimmed her image in the mind of the younger child, and she only half shares in her sister's sorrow. While her sister's eyes are fixed tearfully upon the picture, she turns her head away, half lost in childish reverie, thinking of to-day, and innocently happy in the nestling lap and bosom of the elder sister who fills her mother's place. Apart from the truth of sentiment in this picture, there is a completeness in the telling of the story and a solidity in the painting that gave De Jonghe a deserved place among the minor painters of Belgium.

Another phase of childish sorrow is seen in "The Dead Lamb" of HENRI CAMPOTOSTO, a painter of Brussels whose name is often found in the Salon catalogues and in those of his own country's exhibitions, but which does not appear in the dictionaries. Théophile Gauthier thought his pictures in the Salon of 1861 worth noticing. He says of him: "In spite of his Spanish and torrid name, M. Campotosto is a Belgian, born in Brussels, as the catalogue of the Salon assures us, and not in Madrid—but a Castilian name is by no means rare in Belgium. Yet the character of M. Campotosto's painting bears out this supposition of a Southern origin. It is glowing, deeply-colored, burned a little as by the heat of the sun or the oven, and it is executed with a vigorous hand. "The Happy Age," "A Little Corner for Crying-in," "The Fisherman's Children," his pictures in this year's Salon, are a mixture of Murillo and Léopold Robert served up with a sauce of the artist's own making. The whole forms a repast agreeable enough to the eye, and with a look of its own. The Art Union has secured one of these pictures of M Campotosto for its lottery, and it will not be the least desirable of its chances."

"The Dead Lamb" is owned in England, where several of this artist's pictures are to be found in private collections. The connection between the reigning families of England and Belgium brought about by the marriage of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert had no doubt much to do with the welcome given to Belgian painters by English amateurs. Yet it was not until 1862, on the occasion of the great exhibition held that year at London, that the world outside the little kingdom wedged in between Holland, Germany, and France was made acquainted with what her artists were doing; and it is not strange that, next to the English

department—where all the glories of English painting for the preceding hundred years were displayed in illustrious examples gathered from her palaces, castles, and mansions—the Belgian exhibit, made especially interesting by the works of Gallait and Leys, should have been the most attractive. Not only had special pains been taken by the Belgian government to make the best display possible, but everything was done by the English authorities to show to advantage the pictures and sculptures that were sent, and the result of these efforts was to introduce the works of Belgian painters into England under the most favorable auspices. In 1880 "The Dead Lamb" of Campotosto was shown along with several other pictures by him in the Historic Exhibition of Belgian Art held in Brussels. Among these were "The Fisherman's Family During a Storm" and "Autumn in the Ardennes." In both pictures there is the same light touch of pathos that we find in "The Dead Lamb." In the one, the fisherman's wife, with her little ones, a baby on her lap and a sturdy boy of six or seven at her side, is watching anxiously from the shore the movements of the boat in which they have such a stake. In the second picture, another mother and her children look over the autumn fields, waiting the return of husband and father from labor. The children have made a fire of dried leaves and twigs, and the light smoke creeps up, mingling its veil with the mists of evening. Our picture shows us two peasant-children who have come out to the shed where they have been nursing their sick lamb, and find it lying dead. Childlike, they show their grief in different ways. One of them hides her face and sheds a few tears, the other looks sadly down on their lost pet, and perhaps feels as much as her more demonstrative companion.

Edgard Farazyn, the painter of "Naughty Pussy!" was born at Antwerp in 1859, and studied at the Academy in that city. He showed remarkable precocity, for this picture was painted, we are told, when he was nineteen, and it was thought so well of that it was bought by the Art Union of Antwerp for their subscription lottery in 1878. It is certainly a vigorous, life-like study. This sturdy youngster, with her splendid legs, her fine arms, and her well-built body, is a tonic for the eyes, and she and her cat seem cast in similar moulds! The child is not much hurt, though she enjoys thinking she is, and the cat knows that her friend bears her no ill-will for the slight scratch she has inflicted. The good terms the two are on is shown by her not running away and hiding under the sofa for fear of a whipping. We find but few traces of Farazyn in the books. In the Historic Exhibition at Brussels in 1880 he had a picture of a child playing with a dog, and called "Happier than a King." The child appears to be of the same breed with the handsome one in our picture, and though exhibited

E. FARASYN, PINXT. A. DANSE, SCULPT.

"NAUGHTY PUSSY."

so much later, was probably painted at about the same time. In an exhibition of contemporary Belgian art, shown in New York, in 1882, there was a picture by Farazyn.

THEODORE GÉRARD, whose name seems to point to a French extraction, was born at Ghent in 1829, and studied his art at the Academy of his native town. When he had graduated from the Academy, he remained in his native city and occupied himself with decorative painting until he was twenty-nine, when he went to Brussels and opened a studio there as a painter of easel-pictures. He has been a prolific producer, and has received medals at various exhibitions, at Philadelphia in 1876, among others, where he had eight pictures. Almost all the pictures by this artist that we have seen are of home-scenes in the life of the common-people, somewhat ideally treated, after a fashion more German than French, as in "The Triumphal Procession." At one time, however, Gérard would seem to have been moved by a desire to enter the field with his countryman Coomans, painting familiar subjects from every-day life in Rome, as in two of the pictures sent to Philadelphia in 1876—"A Roman Pottery-seller" and "A Roman Triclinium"—but he did not long pursue this path, for which, indeed, he was not fitted, either by sympathy or education. The picture we have selected to represent him, shows him at his best. A peasant-woman is returning with her children from the fields, where she has been working all day. The wheelbarrow, drawn by one of those big dogs that are so much employed in Brussels for such purposes, is filled with pea-vines, grass, and other litter collected in the day's work of weeding and clearing, and which will be made useful at home for bedding in the stable. Over this tangled mass the sack in which it was gathered is laid, and on it the baby, the youngest of the flock, is placed as on a triumphal chariot, crowned with a garland of field-flowers by his little sister and preceded by his brother, blowing a martial strain upon the cow's-horn that summons the laborers to their dinner. The mother, pleased no doubt with her children's play, follows at the wagon's side, but she is rather too tired with her day's work to give them more than a weary smile. The small house-dog, the baby's plaything, shows a more boisterous joy, and leaps about the wagon with barking approval of the performance. To an American used to the humdrum ways of life in a country where pure utilitarianism rules rich and poor alike, a picture like this has a made-up look as if it were a scene on a stage-play. But until every pretty custom and way of working shall have been driven out of the world of Europe, by machinery and the "demands of labor," as they have been on this side the water, there will still remain a few odds and ends of picturesque manners for the eyes of the few "unpractical" people who still survive, and the fewer

still who are not ashamed that they are able to find pleasure in little things. This boy sounding his horn before the homeward-bound procession recalls an incident of the writer's last visit to Brussels. Walking about the streets early of a summer's morning, we heard a piping sound, and saw, coming along, a young boy of about fourteen wearing a blue blouse and followed by three or four goats, and playing a simple air on a small pan-pipe suspended by a cord about his neck. He had the beauty of youth and rude health, a clear-cut face, a bright eye, and no cap needed for his shock of black hair, though there was one perched upon it for custom's sake. As he passed along, playing on his pipe, first one and then another woman or child came to the house-door, tin cup in hand, and waited while this young Belgian Corydon or Thyrsis filled it with milk from one of his goats, took his penny, pursed it up, and passed on piping to his next customer. As we watched the pretty picture and thought of Tanagra figurines and eclogues of Theocritus, Virgil, and our own Spenser, we heard a visionary yell, and saw, in our mind's eye, another picture, of a New York milkman, who just at that time at home was rattling over the ill-paved streets in his cart and grating the ears of a whole neighborhood with his cries! But who that had any reason in him, or any practical nineteenth-century common-sense, but would laugh at the notion of a poetical milkman!

It is one of the characteristics of art of our day and generation that it loves to deal with by-gone men and manners, and the painters of Belgium are in this respect not behind their neighbors of France and Germany. The best of the Belgians have found their subjects not in ancient Greece and Rome, but in the history of their own country, and it is not their fault if most of their laurels have been reaped in the field of tragedy, since the bloody wars with Spain, and religious persecutions have furnished more romantic and pathetic incidents than all her peaceful years. A few of her artists have indeed made their reputation by pictures dealing with Greek and Roman times. Of these, the best known outside of Belgium are Alma Tadema and Joseph Coomans, though others, like Van Biesbroeck, Stallaert, and Van Brée, have done work in this field which is more than respectable. The most famous of the number, Laurens Alma Tadema, is not, as we have seen (Vol. III., p. 103), of Belgian birth, and indeed one might be puzzled where to place him, for he was born and schooled in Friesland, had his art education in Antwerp, and has lived these many years as an Englishman in England. But as an artist he really belongs to Belgium, and his painting, as painting, is inspired by the teaching and practice of his master, Henri Leys. The very homeliness of his types, and the frequent awkwardness of his attitudes are survivals, as it were, of his early teaching. But

while, from the beginning, Leys was content to find his subjects in the domestic life and history of his own country—albeit always in the life and history of a former age—his pupil has never, we believe, painted a single important picture with a Dutch or Belgian subject; the nearest he has come to it being one with a fancied episode in the history of the Franks: "The Education of the Children of Queen Clothilde, the wife of Clovis." All his other pictures are attemps to familiarize us with the private life of the antique world, chiefly with that of Rome.

JOSEPH COOMANS, in dealing with the life of the Greeks and Romans, has chosen a somewhat different field. He may be said to be a sort of Meyer von Bremen for the antique world, with the domestic episodes of the German—his cradles, nurses, toys, and lullabies—translated into their Roman and Athenian equivalents. Coomans painted far too much, and even in his best pictures the workmanship is too slovenly to deserve respect, but he had a happy, natural vein, and a sympathy with children and mothers that made him many friends; he did a service, too, in familiarizing us with the fact too often clouded over by the learning of books and the conventions of antique art, that human nature in the Old World was the same as human nature in the New, and that a few peplums and togas, more or less, with learned names to boot, cannot hide mothers and babies from the poet's eye.

FLORENT WILLEMS, the painter of "The Betrothal Ring," was born at Liège in 1824. He studied his art at the Academy of Malines or Mechlin, the picturesque old Flemish town equally famous for its beautiful lace and for its cathedral with its grand but unfinished tower. It was fortunate for Willems that he had no master, but was left free to develop his natural taste from the study of nature, and from such works of the older masters as the town afforded—among others: the Van Dyck, "A Crucifixion," in the cathedral, and the Rubens in the church of St. Jean, one of the best works of the master. He had been apprenticed when quite young to a picture-cleaner in Malines, and no doubt many a good old pictûre passed through his hands and gave him a better opportunity for studying its beauties than if it had been hung up in a museum. Small as were his advantages, Willems knew how to improve them; he worked with diligence, and already in 1840, when only seventeen, he had painted pictures that attracted the attention of the public, and had secured from an English gentleman, Sir Hamilton Seymour, a commission to paint portraits of his wife and children. In 1842 he sent to the exhibition at Brussels two pictures, "The Guard-room" and "The Music-lesson," for which he received a medal, and the latter picture was purchased by the king. Considering how few his opportunities had been and how little he owed to anything but his

own zeal and industry, his early career is interesting. He carried off medals from one exhibition after another. In 1855 he sent to the Paris Exposition "The Interior of a Silk-mercer's Shop in the Seventeenth Century" and "Coquetry;" Napoleon III. bought one of these pic-

"THE ENGAGEMENT-RING."
FROM THE PICTURE BY FLORENT WILLEMS.

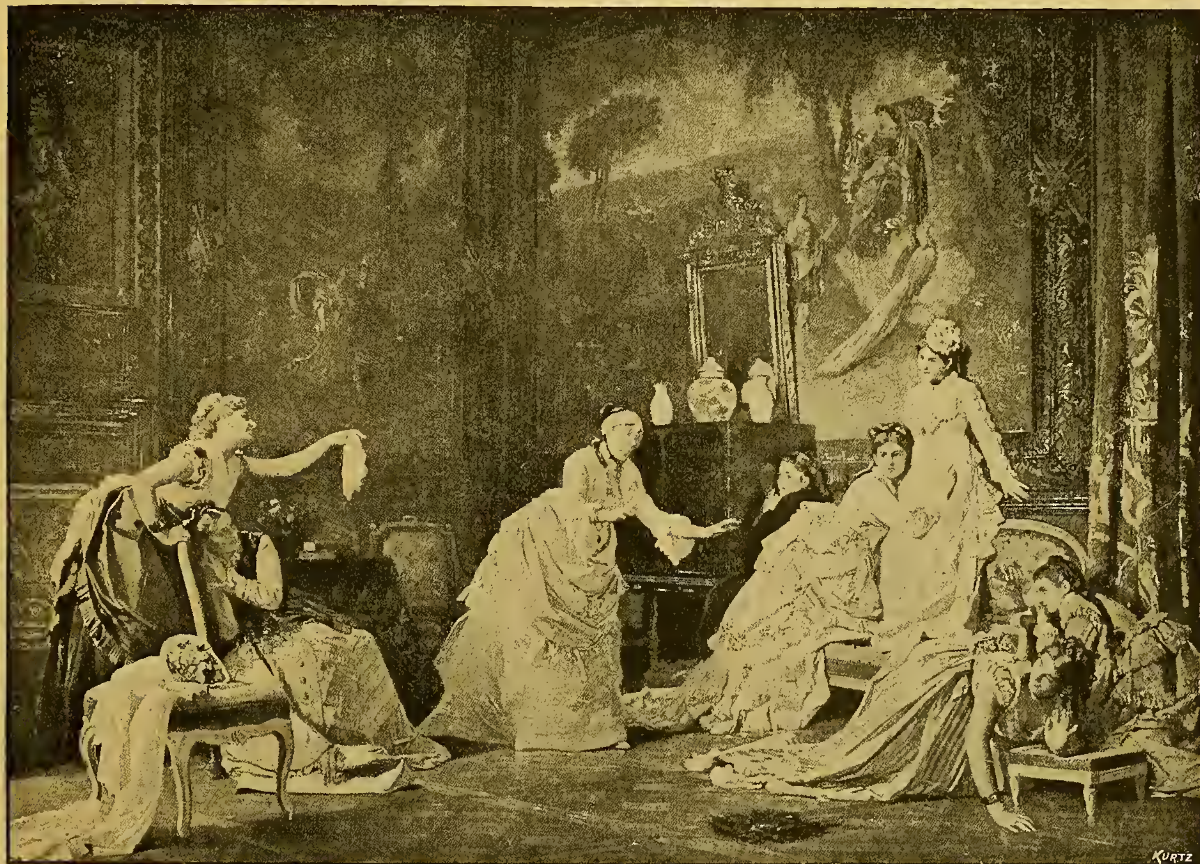
tures and Eugénie the other. In 1864 he sent to the Salon "The Visit to the First-born" and "Going for a Walk," and while both pictures were warmly welcomed by the public, the

"Going for a Walk" excited a genuine enthusiasm. Edmond About in his "Review of the Salon" for that year, expressed both his regret for the mannerism into which he and others had felt that Willems was in danger of falling, and his pleasure that the artist had escaped the threatened danger. In reality, if it were a danger, it cannot be said—or so we think—that Willems did escape it. All his life he painted but one subject, however varied in the details; his scenes were always drawn from the social life of the rich burghers of Flanders in the seventeenth century, when the fashions that prevailed in dress, in furniture, and in manners were those of the France of Louis XIII. His models were, no doubt, the "interiors" and the people, of Terburg, Mieris, and Netscher, but his pictures are in no sense imitations; he struck out a new path and looked at things with his own eyes. The furniture of his interiors, the dresses of his women and his men, have a certain stately elegance that is distinctly rather Flemish than French, but the people themselves are French and all of one time. The two pictures exhibited in the Salon of 1864, and praised so highly by About, were brought to this country the next year by Mr. Knoedler—to whom we owe the sight of so many interesting pictures—and though we have not seen them since, we believe they are owned by some one of our fortunate amateurs. These pictures were so much admired here that many more followed in their train; and Willems's satin dresses, soberly handsome tables and cabinets, his leather-covered chairs—certainly not designed for a self-indulgent owner!—a certain mirror in a black frame set easel-fashion on my lady's table, with her velvet pincushion in its mounting of filigree silver: all this externality, evidently studied from the real, and beautifully painted—"He has a *faire miraculeux*," says About,—gave a new sense of pleasure to many of us who were not above taking pleasure in these mundane elegancies. They even set a fashion, and as our furniture at that time was in a bad way æsthetically, and good models not to be had, the things Willems painted were, in several cases, taken as models. It may be noted, too, as one of the freaks of fashion, that even the costumes he painted, in part at least, are just now seen again, and it might happen to-day that the owner of "The Music-lesson," "The Bride," "The Toilet," or "Going for a Walk" might see his wife or daughter standing before it, and reflected in it as in a small mirror! In saying, that Willems paints always the same subject, we mean no derogation. He is no more to be criticised for confining himself to one period, than Meissonier, or Gérôme, or Alma Tadema, who seldom stray beyond the very narrow bounds which they have set themselves. Willems does not attempt a high flight. The sentiment that he mingles with his subjects is not deep, nor is its flavor of the romantic

sort; it is distinctly worldly and aristocratic—never, perhaps, reaching a higher flight than in "The Betrothal-Ring," but naturally expressed, and sincere as far as it goes.

Charles Baugniet was born in Brussels in 1814. He became widely known by his lithographic portraits, which he was in the habit of drawing from his sitter, directly upon the stone; and he was in such favor that, we are told, he made more than three thousand of these drawings in Belgium alone, where he was appointed designer to the king. He afterward went to England, where he was established for eighteen years as a portrait-painter, and where he made some fifteen hundred likenesses upon stone. It will be remembered that at this time there was no process, at once cheap and good, for reproducing drawings in *fac-simile*. The nearest approach to such a process was etching, and besides that etching, if well done, is not cheap, it was at this time gone out of use, so that when lithography was introduced, it at once became the rage, and many of the best artists were delighted with an invention that enabled them to multiply their designs without the intervention of another hand. Since the invention of Daguerre, and all the light-printing processes that have been, so to speak, derived from it, lithography has gone out of fashion, but in its time it served as the medium for much that was delightful as design from the hands of painters of distinction, or valuable as reproduction of important works. Of late it has been revived, and in France a society of painters has been formed for the practice of lithography, following close upon the revival of pastel painting, an art which had also been for some years neglected. A society has even been formed in New York for lithographic drawing, but it has not made much headway. In this, as in all the arts, France is the leader. It is much to be regretted that the art of lithography has been so neglected. It has distinct artistic value of its own, and the effects produced by it are not within the power of any other process. It has been injured, partly by its cheapness, which allowed of its being employed for the most common uses, and partly by the competition with photography and the processes that have resulted from it. After working at his lithographic portraits for a good many years Baugniet went to Paris, where he took up *genre* painting, and very soon gained a second reputation which made his older successes forgotten. The rich and fashionable society into which he had been introduced by the portraits he had made, had so familiarized him with its manners, dress, and surroundings that he naturally looked for the subjects of his pictures in the same world of luxury, idleness, and ease. Accordingly we have from his facile hand a succession of little scenes, representing all the phases of "hig-lif" from the cradle to the grave: "The Visit to the new-born Child and its Mother," "The God-mother's

Visit," "The Eldest Daughter," "The Billet-doux," "The Confidante," "Improving the Eyelids," "The Bride's Toilet," "The Visit to the Widow," etc., etc. In "Blindman's Buff" we look upon one of the devices of this elegant society for "making the tedious hours believe they think not of them." Here, as in all Baugniet's pictures, we find him faithfully painting his own time, and with him, as with Willems and Stevens, we are conscious that the characteristics



"BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF."
FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES BAUGNIET.

of his personages are distinctly Belgian, and not Parisian, although he has lived so long in Paris that his own country knows very little about him. He loved to paint the houses of the rich bourgeois of his time, with their furniture of all periods and valued chiefly for its costliness. His women are always dressed in the richest materials and in the extreme of the fashion. Baugniet's pictures will probably have, in fifty years or so, a revival of favor as accurate and painstaking pictures of a particular period. There is, however, in this picture

no little skill displayed, both in the composition and in facial expression and gesture. Leaving out of sight the frivolity of such an amusement for grown women, and looking merely at the way in which they are frivolling, the work is certainly to be praised. Even under the adverse circumstances of such surroundings, differences of character have been developed, and no two of these women are alike. It is true that no one of them forgets herself for a moment; but though they are all posing as before their mirrors, yet their simulated terrors are well acted, and there is even a touch of humor in the blinded lady's pretence that she cannot see what she is about. Our process-print, necessarily much reduced from the original, does all the justice possible in so small a space to the expression in this lady's face. There is also a very pretty piece of painting in the young girl's head reflected in the polished surface of the Japanese cabinet by which she is hiding. No doubt our fair readers will be amused with the dresses of the women in this picture, true as a fashion-plate to the time, and will, perhaps, wonder if they really ever lived in such a wilderness of drapery! And yet who can assure us that the weather will not change even while we are wondering, and a new avalanche of flounces and furbelows, basques, polonaises, ruches, and rufflings sweep down upon a world of demurely deprecating women, and foolishly protesting men?

ALFRED STEVENS, born at Brussels in 1828, is perhaps the only Belgian artist who is accepted as a painter by artists! Even a layman can understand why this should be so to a certain extent, but it may be suspected that in great part it is to be accounted for by the fact that Stevens is not really a Belgian painter! He left Brussels for Paris when still a boy, and entered the École des Beaux-Arts; returning to Brussels he studied for a time under Navez, whom we remember as the pupil and successor of David, and then went back to Paris, completing his training in the studio of Roqueplan. Since that time he has remained in Paris, painting and teaching. His studio is one of the most frequented, and is particularly affected by American women who are in Paris for the purpose of studying art. As was done in the case of the late William M. Hunt by one of his pupils, one of the ladies in Mr. Stevens's class has noted down the remarks that have fallen from his lips from time to time —criticisms, opinions, sentiments, objections, appreciations—and these, with the approval of the artist himself, have been collected in a small book to which he has affixed his name, and has dedicated it to the memory of Corot, "the most modern of the painters of the nineteenth century." While no one will dispute the truth of this characterization, we might wonder at such admiration, expressed by so confirmed a lover of artificial and conventional life

as Stevens, for so simple-hearted and idyllic a poet-painter as Corot, did we not recognize the

"DOUBTFUL WEATHER.".
FROM THE PICTURE BY ALFRED STEVENS.

fact that in his own field Stevens has shown the same love of truth and the same dependence upon nature. He is often spoken of as if, like Baugniet, he were a mere faithful recorder of

the fashions in dress prevailing in his time, but, to our thinking, this is a superficial estimate

"MARINE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY PIERRE-JEAN CLAYS.

of his position as an artist. In Baugniet's pictures the dresses of his women and their surroundings are the things we look and think about. As for the people themselves, it is impos-

sible to care a rush for them. But in all the best pictures of Stevens—and he is not always at his best—it is the people we think of, and not seldom they are women—like Baugniet, he rarely, we may well say he never, paints men—whose characters are well worth studying. In Mr. Albert Spencer's "The Eve of the Election" a lady going home from the flower-market with an armful of lilacs (her husband's party-flower?), and in a picture of "A Lady standing by a Harp" which first brought us acquainted with Stevens, but which long since passed out of our ken, not to mention a half-dozen others that have appeared here from time to time, we recognize a close observer of human-nature even if his observations have been limited to one class of society. The "Uncertain Weather," the example of Stevens here given, will serve as an illustration of what we find to like in him. It is possible to care, who this lady may be, and where she is going. We are sure that whoever is to receive her visit will gladly welcome her. She brings with her some savor of life, and even the nothings of her social world will not sound as frivolous on her lips as they would on those of Baugniet's women. Stevens loves an India shawl as well as Ingres or Leslie—in his hand it has always an air of distinction—and how true is the divided action of putting on the glove and looking out at the window. The little dog, too, is delightfully touched off. What does he care about the weather, so that he may go with his mistress!

Pierre Jean Clays, the most distinguished marine-painter that Belgium has produced, was born at Bruges in 1819. He studied at Paris under Gudin, but returned to Brussels, where he still lives and paints. His subjects are drawn, not from the ocean, but from "the lazy Scheldt" where it widens as it leaves Antwerp for the open sea, or the calm waters that spread about Rotterdam and the mouths of the Meuse. His coloring is warm and rich, without exaggeration; he finds his material in plenty in the dark browns and grays of the stained and weather-beaten scows and barges, in the red and yellow sails, the rainy skies, and the water that reflects all these rich and mottled hues in its mirror, sometimes opaque and sometimes beautifully clear. The picture we have borrowed for our book shows him at his best in richness of color and play of light, but it is such effects as these that the process-printing of our day is puzzled to report. Clays is much admired in this country, and we have many excellent examples of him in our private collections.

Eugène Joseph Verboeckhoven, an animal-painter who once enjoyed a wide reputation, and who still, as recent sales have shown, holds his own in certain quarters, was born at Warneton, a small town near Ypres, in 1799, and died in 1880. He was a prolific painter, and

yet a careful one, never slighting his work, to which he brought a methodical mind and a

"TOO MUCH ZEAL."

FROM THE PICTURE BY EUGÈNE VERBOECKHOVEN

mechanical method, that in its microscopic finish and nicety of detail was well suited to the

comprehension of the public at large. For a long time he stood with the world of picture-buyers as the leading animal-painter, and even after the appearance of Rosa Bonheur, Jacque,

"ART AND LIBERTY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY LOUIS GALLAIT. (See p. 304.)

and Troyon, he continued to hold his place until pushed out of it like a last year's leaf by the swelling buds of a new spring, the growth of a finer observation of nature, and a more poetic sympathy with her phenomena. Verboeckhoven's earlier work is naturally his best,

but even his best looks cold and dead before the lively and varied treatment of animal life in our later day. Landseer has been reproached for not drawing the line clearly enough between animals and human beings, but Verboeckhoven's sheep and cows are scarcely endowed with so much human affinity as in our more liberal moments we sometimes think they prove. As it was, starting with a very matter-of-fact way of looking at his subject, he grew more and more perfunctory, both in execution and design, and left little more behind him than the reputation of an honest workman who gave in full measure the article his customers called for

The picture we re-produce, "Too much Zeal," is a good example of Verboeckhoven's way of treating his subjects. His master, Ommegauck, painted sheep and cows in a style of such classical perfection and yet so wanting in life, that he has been called "The Racine of Sheep." Verboeckhoven comes a step nearer to modern requirements both in the freedom of his painting and in the expression of life; but as will be seen by the present picture, his success is but moderate in either field. Compared with the work of Millet, Jacque, Tryon, these sheep are but wooden things, and might have been drawn from stuffed specimens. The dog makes but a languid effort to scare the sheep, and the sheep and goats seem to more than half suspect that he means no harm; the lamb's innocent questioning of its mother as to what Fido is up to, is met by a re-assuring glance and the little creature does not take the trouble to run away. The expression of the picture as a whole is one of pure vapidity, a striking contrast to what we find in the pictures of even the minor painters of such subjects in our own day.

"AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. VON KLEVER.

RUSSIA, POLAND, SPAIN, ITALY.

THE few pages that are left us—must suffice for a notice of the modern art of Russia and Poland, Spain and Italy.

The modern art of Russia, that which has any claim to a national character, is the creation of the last quarter of the present century.

Catherine II. founded the academy; stimulated by the example of France, then, as now, the dominating intellectual force in Europe, she determined that Russia also should have painters and a school. It was not until 1812 that the reaction took place by which Russia was wakened to a sense of national life. A new literature sprang up in which the old models of style and treatment were abandoned, and Russian life was described and analyzed by men of talent, the precursors of the new day. But while the poet, the novelist, the romance-writer has wings, the artist has only feet, and in this as in every era-making time, painting made slower progress than literature. The long reign of Nicolas produced not a few notable writers, but art woke slowly to life, and of the few painters of the time who lifted their heads above the crowd, only a few are remembered. With the great changes in the political life of Russia brought about by the liberation of the serfs, art could not escape her share in the general movement, and for the first time we now begin to feel that a Russian art is possible which shall reflect the national life and its characteristics and not be merely a pale reflex of the academies of France, Munich, and Rome.

The work of the most striking of the artists of the new régime, VASILI VERESTSCHAGUINE, is so well known in America that we do not need to do more than mention it. By his side, painters like KONSTANTIN MAKOVSKI, known to Americans by his "Russian Wedding Feast" and "Choosing the Bride," must be content with the praise of cleverness. Another painter with the same family name VLADIMIR MAKOVSKI, has produced a number of *genre* pictures of modern Russian life full of character, and enjoyable as pages of Tourgueneff or Tolstoï. A more serious painter is RÉPINE, the author of moving pictures from the life of the Russian *proletariat* like the "Boat Towers of the Volga." Then, there are SAVITSKI, whose "Peasants Saluting a Sacred Picture," and other subjects from peasant-life recall the work of Riefstahl; PRIANISCHNIKOFF with his "Bazaar at Moscow," KORZOUKHINE, whose best picture, "Guests at the Monastery," reveals a curious trait of manners, and PÉROFF with his

pathetic "Village Funeral"—these and many another deserve to be better known outside their own country than they are.

The landscape-painters of Russia are perhaps better known in Western Europe than her painters of history and *genre.* The best known of these outside their own country are KLEVER the painter of "An Autumn Landscape," AÏVAZOVSKI, a painter of marines who has attracted

"FUN AND FRIGHT."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GAETANO CHIERICI IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

much attention in Paris, MESTSCHERSKI and ORLOVSKI: the former excelling in winter scenes, the latter preferring the more smiling aspects of the Russian summer. Other names are those of VASSILIEFF, VOLKOFF, and M. C. KLODT, all of whom represent faithfully, though with varying technical skill, the characteristic features of Russian scenery: its dense forests, its wide marshes, its alleys of silver-birch; its sunny meadows divided by slow streams and pastured by sheep and cows; its desolate wintry coasts overhung by laboring clouds.

"A POLISH VILLAGE—NOVEMBER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. WIERUSZ-KOWALSKI. BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Almost every department of Russia: Finland, Siberia, the Crimea, Caucasus, Poland, has produced its artist. Several names of Polish artists have come to the front: KOWALSKI VON WIERUTZ, residing in Paris, the painter of "On the Road—Poland," and many subjects of a similar character. His pictures are often seen in our American galleries. A more widely-known Polish artist is SIEMERADSKI, whose subjects are of a highly sensational order. His "The Living Torches of Nero" has been frequently engraved.

The contribution of Italy to modern painting has not been of great value. A few names have made an American as well as a European reputation. Perhaps the most distinguished among these names is that of ALBERTO PASINI who is not to be confounded with LUDWIG PASSINI (see Vol. II., p. 166). MICHETTI is the painter of Italian peasant-children who are presented from a rather fantastic point of view: little Bacchanals knee-deep in the grass and loaded with fruits and flowers, or, wearied out with play, asleep in one another's arms in the cool shade of the woods. BOLDINI takes the gay world of the Courts of Louis XIV. and XV. for his domain. ROSSI is another artist of the same family. "Fun and Fright," the picture by GAETANO CHIERICI which we copy from the original in the Corcoran Gallery, is a good example of an artist who excels in the humorous presentation of Italian peasant-life; SEGANTINI paints the shepherd's life with a skill equal to that of Charles Jacque, but with a pathetic sympathy that reminds us of Millet.

At the International Exposition, held at Munich in 1883, the public curiosity and interest seemed to be excited by the display of modern Spanish Art more than by that of any other nation. Only living artists were represented, and consequently the works of Fortuny and Zamacois were not to be seen.

Zamacois received his first lessons in painting in the academy at Madrid, but he went early to Paris, where he studied under Meissonier. In his "The Return to the Convent" the reader will find the satirist at his worst, laughing good-naturedly with the monks themselves at the plight of their brother. Zamacois made his fame at a single stroke at the Salon of 1870, where he exhibited his "Education of a Prince." As we have said, however, it was not by well-known names such as those of Fortuny and Zamacois that modern Spanish art was represented at the Munich Exhibition, but by painters of whom little had been hitherto known outside of Spain. Here was Pradilla with his "Surrender of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella," Casado's "Vengeance of King Ramurez," Vera's "Taking of Numantia by the Romans"—all of them large canvases filled with figures and stirring with incident.

These are only a few names out of the list of artists who do Spain honor, albeit they owe little more than their elementary training to their native country. Almost without exception they have begun their studies in the Academy San Fernando at Madrid, and have either gained the grand Prix de Rome, or have been assisted by friends to enter the Spanish Academy at Rome, founded by Emilio Castelar. Once planted in Rome, they have

"THE RETURN TO THE CONVENT."
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY EDOUARD ZAMACOIS.

continued to live and work there, and although this first generation, the artistic offspring, so to speak, of the movement begun by Fortuny, still keeps alive something of the authentic fire of its origin, it remains to be seen whether the native genius will be strong enough to surmount the double obstacle to originality, of academic training and of expatriation. The experiment has never been a successful one, wherever tried, and there is no reason to expect a better result in the case of Spain.

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