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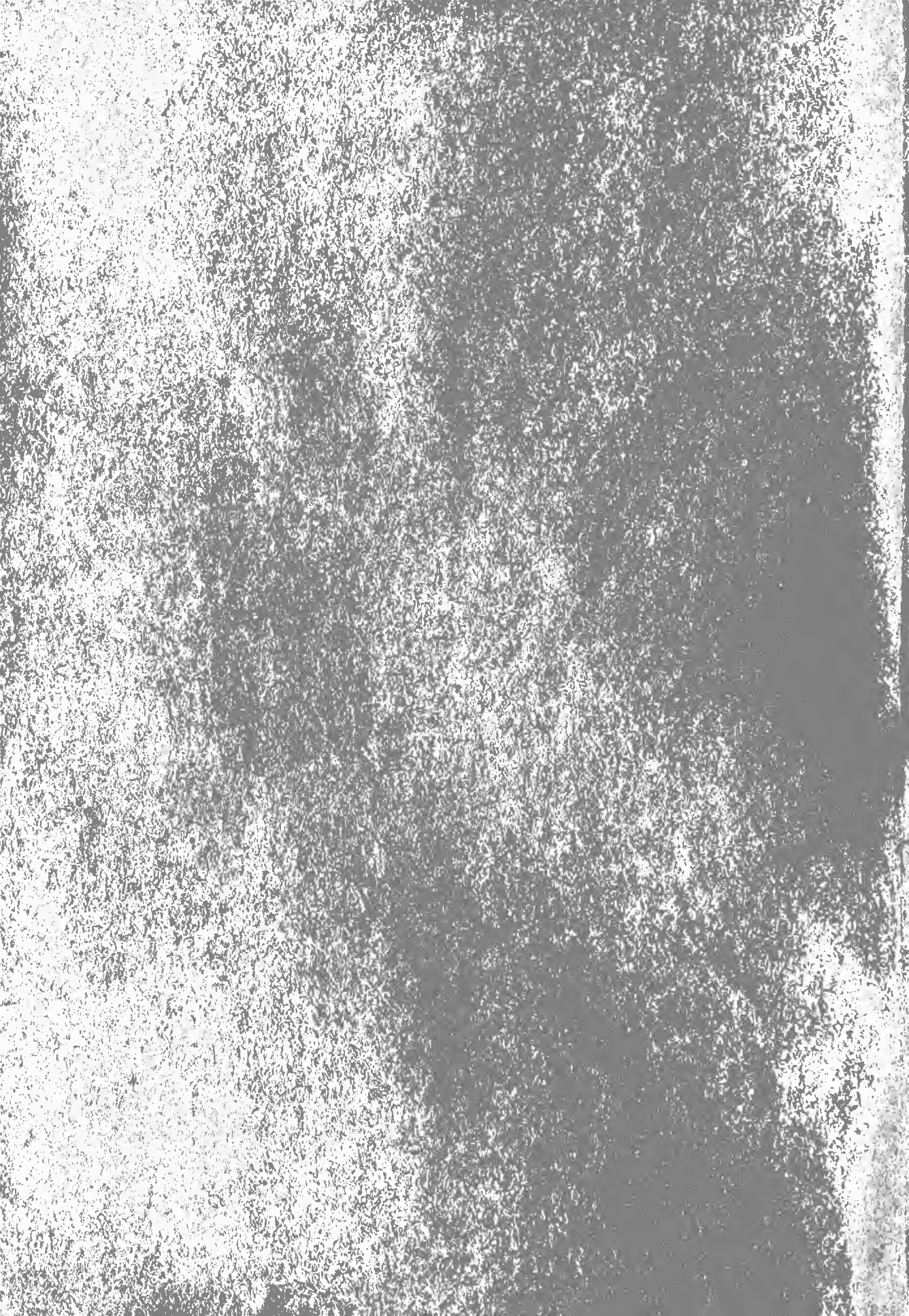
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BRUSH AND PENCIL

VOL. XII

AUGUST, 1903

No. 5

FREDERICK W. MORTON, Editor

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VOL. XII

AUGUST, 1903

No. 5



THAMES WAREHOUSES
By J. McNeill Whistler
Thames Series of Etchings

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER, THE ETCHER

The recent death of James McNeill Whistler has removed from the present-day world of art one of its most conspicuous, and his admirers would not hesitate to say one of its most important, figures. Throughout the whole of his long career—it is over a quarter of a century since Ruskin dubbed him a coxcomb and a charlatan, and was sued for his pains—he was before the public eye a militant genius, the supercilious, scathing preacher of reform, the apostle of a peculiar form of modernity in which one cannot fail to detect alike the influence of Velasquez and of the Japanese—a man unique in his personality, aggressive in his methods, heartless in his ridicule of other artists and of other art than his own, contemptuous in his denunciation of current vogues, forcing admiration by his abilities, and at the same time loading himself with reproach and contumely. From the days when he first claimed public attention to the time of his death, no artist was more thoroughly abused or more given to abuse. His manners, his methods, his ideals, all excited antagonism, and on his critics and detractors he trained with merciless force the battery of his unrivaled wit, irony, and sarcasm.

And now that the master is gone—for master he certainly was—how shall one estimate his contribution to his century's art, or where shall one place him in rank among his contemporaries? It might be a hazardous undertaking for any one at this time to venture an estimate

of his achievement, or to assign him a place in fame. His reputation in life was due not less to his pugnacity than to his painting, not less to the scars he etched on his associates with gall distilled into bitter words than to the lines he etched on his copper plates with acid. Whistler, it is true, outlived the period of his greatest notoriety, and of late years was comparatively obscure. But the man dominates everything he did, and it is to be feared that his unique personality



THE POOL
By J. McNeill Whistler
Thames Series of Etchings

may long have the effect of warping the judgment of both friends and enemies, making the one more indulgent and the other more censorious.

This much, however, may safely be said: His place as a painter is yet to be determined, but his rank as an etcher is fixed—assured for all time. The worth of his canvases is and doubtless will long be a matter of cavil and question; his etchings are supreme among modern achievements with the needle.

Whistler in a broad sense was a natural-born heretic, whose protests both in speech, teaching, and practice—unless we make an exception of his etching—ran to extravagance. And any review of his life and work cannot ignore the idiosyncrasies of the man and their direct connection with his art.

As a critic, at once appreciative of his genius and condemnatory of his habits, pointed out in a public utterance, from the outset his

career was perverse and paradoxical. He began by sniffing at the past and gazing upon the present with incomparable freshness and vivacity. Though in painting he vaguely harked back to Velasquez, and in etching to Rembrandt—I am using the modified words of another—assiduous self-cultivation kept him Whistlerian, Whistlerish, in its most acute implication. He was the apostle of the personal pronoun, first person, singular, the incarnation of egomania.



UNSAFE TENEMENT
By J. McNeill Whistler
Paris Series of Etchings

Whistler the social mountebank and Whistler the artist may seem dissimilar, but in essentials they were inseparable, identical. The Whistler of the infantile straw hat, long cloak, and hair dyed black—save a chance curl in the center, and that snow white, and tied about with a ribbon—the Whistler who forestalled caricature and parodied parody was the Whistler who gave us such luminous nocturnes, such captivating etchings and lithographs, fragmentary and inconsequent, but immortal in their negligence, which was always just the negligence of nature.

The artist's selection of subjects, his insistence on peculiar color schemes, his emphasis of the inconsequential, is just what one might expect from the character of the man. From the outset of his career he was a law unto himself. He studied, he taught, he worked in his

own way, and by methods determined by his own taste and judgment. He renounced all academic traditions, set himself up as a rebel in Paris, and consistently followed his theories to the end. In the matter of portraiture Velasquez was his ideal, and it must be admitted he might have had a worse mentor; in color schemes he



THE DOORWAY
By J. McNeill Whistler
Venice Series of Etchings

was captivated by the subdued tones and the flat stretches of the Japanese, whose influence was just beginning to be felt in Occidental art circles; and in etching he recognized the beauty and approximated more closely than any modern artist the principles of the great Dutch master whose work with the needle and copper plate is by common assent the very apogee of etching.

Candor compels one to admit that there was reason in all of Whistler's protests. How successfully he stemmed the tide he felt needed stemming is another matter. Certainly portraiture as he found it current among the studios needed the influence

he sought to impart; as regards color schemes, glare, luridness were the acute accents of the school with which he was brought in contact; and etching had lapsed from the simplicity, directness, and strength that make the plates of Rembrandt such marvels of beauty. Speaking broadly of his work, Whistler's impulse was good, his influence was in the right direction, and few of his efforts were abortive. Doubtless if he had been less flagrantly abusive, less bitterly condemnatory of the art in vogue, less acidulous and erratic in his methods, less

given to the poses of vanity and pretension, his power as a reformer would have been greater. As it was, personality too often overshadowed performance, and the fame of his invectives, his cynicism, his quarrels, in a sense took the place of the fame of his brush and needle work. Legitimate reputation paid tribute to mere notoriety.

Whistler's lien on fame, for the present at least, will doubtless rest upon his etchings, though many there be who subordinate these magnificent examples of line work to his canvases; and it is of his etchings that I wish here to speak and to give some opinions culled from the literature of criticism. In this work, as in his teaching and painting, he met strenuous opposition from those who could not or would not understand him, and consequently were unwilling to accord to him the credit that was his due. Henry Labouchere, the champion of Truth—with a capital T—was wont to speak slightly of "another crop of Mr. Whistler's little



THE DYER
By J. McNeill Whistler
Venice Series of Etchings

jokes." Frederick Wedmore, Harry Quilter, and many another critic used to indulge in their ill-natured flings. P. G. Hamerton was out of sympathy with the master's art, and systematically damned it with faint praise. In his book, which has become a sort of classic on etching, he says that Whistler's art is often admirable, but rarely affecting; that he was very observant but not poetically sensitive; that a figure to him was useful mainly because it could wear clothes; that he was a master of line but not of chiaroscuro; that the lighting of his subjects was bad and that the eye sought in vain for a



ANNIE SEATED
By J. McNeill Whistler

space of tranquil light or quiet shade; and other such criticisms.

But these manifestations of faulty judgment or of personal unkindness in no way disturbed or influenced the doughty Whistler. In fact, opposition, even condemnation, served as a tonic. He used to say he loved his enemies because their adverse criticism kept him busy, either fighting them or proving them idiots. As a matter of fact, Whistler was greater than the critics and connoisseurs who carped at him. He knew the resources and the limitations of the etcher's art better than they, and the master can well afford to leave his plates to refute the strictures that have been made upon them.

Apart from any considerations of technique, the fascinating power of Whistler's etchings is not far to seek. As has frequently been pointed out, the peculiar charm of his plates lies in their sprightly, casual veritism, their wholesome indifference to academic beauty. Nowhere, as a close student of his work has said, is there the least attempt to prettify nature, to provoke sentiments other than æsthetic. His plates exalt the incidental, the indifferent; they surprise beauty in a dog straying across the street, in the shabby shop fronts of Chelsea, the wharves and warehouses of the Pool, the bridges and barges along the Thames. While subsisting precariously in Venice on polenta and macaroni, Whistler seems purposely to have ignored the Venice of tradition, of Turner, and of Canale, and gone about ferreting out old bridges and archways, bits full of tattered individuality.

His viewpoint was always personal and whimsical, never literary or pictorial. An absolute master of line, a subtle, rapid workman, he has recorded these scattered impressions with, as the same critic affirms, a freedom and precision quite beyond precedent. The Thames etchings are clearly the best, but they are all enchanting in their nonchalance, their unpoetical poetry.

Whistler was an impressionist after his own peculiar pattern. It was not facts, but his impression of facts that he sought to record; and be it in painting or in etching, he was always "faithful to the

coloring of his own spirit." Charles H. Caffin, in a study of Whistler, rightly emphasizes this peculiar phase of the master's work. Said he:

"To one who seeks to render, not the facts, but his sense of the facts, etching offers greater freedom than painting. It is the art of all others which permits an artist to be recognized by what he *omits*, the one in which the means employed may be most pregnant of suggestion, and in closest accord with the personal idiosyncrasy of the man. To Whistler, therefore, with his intense individuality, his discerning search for the significance of beauty, and his instinct for simplicity and economy of means, which will yet yield a full complexity of meaning, etching early became a cherished form of expression. In the 'Little French Series' (1858), 'The Thames Series' (1871), the 'First Venice Series' (1880), and the 'Second Venice Series' (1887), as well as in other plates etched in France, Holland, and Belgium, he has proved himself the greatest master of the needle since Rembrandt. Indeed, the eminent painter-etcher and connoisseur Sir Francis Seymour Haden is credited with the assertion that if he had to dispose of either his Rembrandts or his Whistlers, it would be the former that he would relinquish." A noble tribute, if report be true.

"There is a great difference," continues Mr. Caffin, and his distinction is worth quoting, "even in the point of view between the Dutch master and his modern rival. Both approach their subject, if one may say so, in a reverential way. But the former with an absorption in the scene and a desire to reproduce it faithfully. Whistler, on the other hand, with more aloofness of feeling, selecting the mood or phase of it on which he chooses to dwell that he may inform it with his own personal sense of significance. The Rembrandt print—to borrow De Quincey's distinction—is rather a triumph of knowledge; the Whistler a triumph of power. While the method of both represents the highest degree of pregnant succinctness, Rembrandt drew



PORTRAIT OF BECQUET
By J. McNeill Whistler

the landscape while Whistler transposes from it. The visible means in his later etchings become less and less, their significance continually fuller; and in his study of phases of nature he has carried the interpretation of light and atmosphere beyond the limits of Rembrandt."

In a catalogue of Whistler's etchings published in 1899, no less than three hundred and seventy-two plates are listed and described. This long list attests the deep interest of the artist in the needle and copper plate; and the variety of his subjects is ample witness to the breadth of his sympathies. To describe individual plates would scarcely be germane to my purpose, which is to give a general survey of the character and quality of the artist's achievement, rather than to follow him in the details of his work and discuss the means by which he produced his inimitable results.

As naturally might be expected in view of Whistler's productivity, his plates are uneven in their excellence, and they differ no less markedly in their intrinsic beauty and interest. They are all small—a large plate was to Whistler an abomination—and they include portraits, ramshackles, landscapes, wharf scenes, doorways, shop fronts, interiors, nudes, still-life, figure studies, bridges, nocturnes, palaces, street scenes, and in fact everything that appealed to him as possessing the qualities, however commonplace, that were worthy of pictorial art. It mattered not to Whistler whether others could see beauty in the scenes that claimed his rapt attention; indeed, his rebel spirit seems often to have prompted him to the selection of the most unpromising of subjects, as if he wished by perpetuating trifles in artistic guise to show the public what beauty genius could evolve out

of nothing. The etchings here-with reproduced are thoroughly characteristic and may serve to give an idea of the master's art.

A citation of opinions is at least cumulative in its effect, and perhaps



EAGLE WHARF
By J. McNeill Whistler

no more satisfactory witness to the supreme excellence of Whistler as an etcher could be adduced than the views of people competent to pass judgment. I have given Mr. Caffin's, and perhaps I cannot better enforce my own views than by quoting the words of two or three other students of his work.

"Mr. Whistler's name is, of course, the first that should be mentioned in the list of American etchers," said Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, shortly after the first Venice series had been published. "Though most of his art education was obtained in Paris, and though his long residence in England has caused him to be identified with the

younger English school, Whistler is an American by birth and breeding; and—what is of more importance, in deciding his artistic nationality—he is, it seems to me, quite peculiarly American in his temperament. He is one of the very first few among living etchers, and his plates assisted those of Mr. Haden in the good work of bringing the etcher's art once more into wide popularity.

"Mr. Whistler does not often try for even approximate tonality, but in individuality, in sentiment, and in free, frank, artistic, and telling use of the line he has no superior among the moderns, and few equals in any age. His work is at times extremely strong and always supremely delicate and wonderfully vital and original. His strength is nervous, brilliant, and incisive, not massive like that of Mr. Haden's; but his utmost delicacy has never a hint of commonplace or weakness. Every stroke has meaning, and each is set with beautiful skill and rare artistic feeling.

"His earliest plates—a series representing the Thames in and about London—had at the time of their publication, some twelve years back, a quite noteworthy influence in showing what may be done with materials essentially modern and supposedly unpicturesque. His figure and portrait etchings are to me the finest that have come from any living hand. Mr. Whistler has stood, by fact of his foreign



THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP—LITHOGRAPH
By J. McNeill Whistler

residence, outside of the main current of the art as developed in America; but he has had a strong direct influence upon some few of our men, as well as a stronger indirect influence upon the art in general."

"I have told Mr. Whistler with much plainness if levity of speech," says Frederick Wedmore, who later grew to see the folly of his ways in criticising the artist's plates, "that when in the Realm of the Blest he desired, on meeting Velasquez and Rembrandt, not to disappoint them, he must be provided with his Thames etchings in their first states. Certainly it would be a potent introduction. But I am not sure but the best of the Venetian prints would serve Mr. Whistler in as good stead. . . . The Venetian etchings—'Venice' and the 'Twenty-Six'—some people thought were not satisfactory because they did not record that Venice which the cultivated tourist, with his guide-books and his volumes of Ruskin, goes out from London to see. But I doubt if Mr. Whistler troubled himself with the guide-books, or read his Ruskin with religious attention. Mr. Ruskin, of course, had seen Venice nobly; Mr. Fergusson and a score of admirable architects had seen it learnedly; but Mr. Whistler would see it for himself; that is to say, he would see in his own way the Present and would see it quite as certainly as the Past.

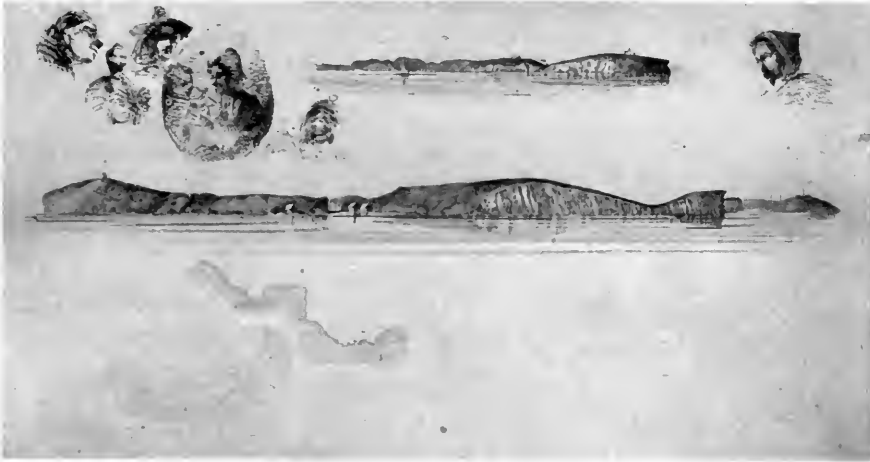
"The architecture of Venice had impressed men so profoundly that it was not easy in a moment to realize that here was a great artist whose work it had not been permitted to dominate. The Past and its record were not Whistler's principal affair. For him the lines of the steamboat, the lines of the fishing tackle, the shadow under the squalid archway, the wayward vine of the garden, had been as fascinating, as engaging, as worthy of chronicle, as the dome of St. Mark's.

"Yet we have not properly understood Mr. Whistler's work in England if we suppose it could be otherwise. From associations of Literature and History this artist from the first had cut himself adrift. His subject was what he saw, or what he decided to see, and not something that he had heard about it. He had dispensed from the beginning with those aids to the provocation of interest which appeal most strongly to the world—to the person of sentiment, to the literary lady, to the man in the street. We were to be interested—if we were interested at all—in the happy accidents of line and light he had perceived, in his dextrous record, in his scientific adaptation."

"In the Thames plates" says Joseph Pennell, always one of Whistler's most ardent admirers and staunchest supporters, "it was Mr. Whistler's aim to show the river as it was in 1859, and each one of them is a little portrait of a place, a perfect work of art. For the rendering, as Mr. Whistler has rendered them, of these old houses, in which every brick and every tile has been studied, every window-frame rightly drawn, every bit of color truly suggested, is as much portraiture and as difficult to accomplish as to give the portrait of the

old lighterman sitting in his barge. [A phase of Whistler's work that doubtless rarely commands the consideration of the general public.]

"So difficult is it, indeed, that but two men in the whole history of the world have done such a thing. The one a Dutchman of the seventeenth century; the other an American, happily living and working today (this was written in 1895). The one, Rembrandt, died virtually uncared for and ignored by his contemporaries; if the other lives and still works it is only because he has the courage of a great artist, which has enabled him during a whole lifetime to fight through the insults and abuse that have been hurled at him unceasingly, from



COAST SURVEY
By J. McNeill Whistler
Artist's First Etching

the highest critical authority in England—as John Ruskin was considered at one time—to the veriest halfpenny-a-liner; none was too high or too low to revile this artist, the man who certainly—we all know it now—will carry on the traditions of art to future generations.

"Now everything he has produced is perfect, he is told; but as he himself has said, if it has been found good to-day, why was it not also good at the time it was brought forth? As I have said, these etchings are perfect portraits of the London that we of the younger generation have never seen, but Mr. Whistler has made it so real for us that it will live forever. We may talk of Hollar, of Canaletto, of Piranesi, of Hogarth, but not even that master makes us feel the reality as Mr. Whistler does."

"That Whistler has a passport to fame, few will deny," says W. G. Bowdoin, "but it is more than likely that his fame will be secured because of his etchings rather than his paintings. If Whistler

has a serious fault where his etchings are concerned, it lies in his having etched too much. . . . Two things, it will be easily seen, have largely occupied Mr. Whistler as an artist, and these two things are the arrangement of colors in harmonious masses, and the group-



RIAULT, THE ENGRAVER
By J. McNeill Whistler

ing of light and shade. This has served in an accented way as his life inspiration, and the best results he has been able to secure are to be found in decorative art, in work not dominated by a subject. Some of Whistler's finest achievements in the study of light and shade are to be found in some half-dozen of his etchings that belong to that series in which the artist portrays for our curious pleasure the common sights and commonplace features of the shores and banks of the Thames. Quaintness of form stands out boldly in this series and lends a most pleasing charm to the lines of wharf and warehouse, that present, theoretically at least, most unpromising art subjects. With originality and enthusiasm has he seized and fixed upon his etched plate the delightful outline oddities arising from roof, window, building, and their appurtenances in the light changes that come and go.

"That Whistler has serious limitations is seen in his defective figure drawing, and again in his narrow power, when compared with



JOE
By J. McNeill Whistler



the great marine-painters, of drawing the forms of water, whether a river like the Thames is chosen, or the restless sea, with its smooth surface or its curling billows. Some of the best of Whistler's work in etching that preserves studies of quaint places that either have, or soon will have, disappeared, and but for these etchings would be forgotten, are 'The London Bridge,' 'The Little Limehouse,' 'Billingsgate,' 'Hungerford Bridge,' 'Thames Police,' and 'Black Lion Wharf.' In these, at least, his art has shown qualities that compel admiration."

I have given this budget of opinions that the reader may not merely have my own views, but that he may enjoy the benefit of different judgments and of different viewpoints. Other witnesses to Whistler's pre-eminence as an etcher might be cited, but those adduced will suffice. Whatever be the ultimate judgment as to Whistler the man and as to Whistler the painter, lithographer, and teacher, it is scarcely to be entertained that the decision of future generations as to his pre-eminence as an etcher will differ materially from that of to-day. In the same breath the work of no other modern etcher is to be mentioned with Whistler's save only that of Seymour Haden, and the etchings of these two artists are so unlike as scarcely to make comparison permissible. The name of Whistler as an etcher has been linked with that of Rembrandt. It is a compliment merited by achievement, and if everything else Whistler has done save his etchings be forgotten, it is safe enough to say his fame will be secure for all time.

FREDERICK W. MORTON.



JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER, THE PAINTER

The death of James McNeill Whistler recalls a prophecy by Sheridan Ford, which I remember seeing some years ago in the *Galvani Messenger of Paris*. Said that clever versifier, who was more appreciative of Whistler's genius than many of the critics:

"For many years the prints of London Town
 Have treated 'Jimmie' Whistler as a clown,
 While Yankee journals tailed the cockney van
 And showed him as a snobbish, vain old man.
 He's all of that; but he is something more,
 And years to be his prestige shall restore.
 When 'Jimmie' sleeps beneath the daisied sod—
 In peace at last with man if not with God—
 Then we'll forget the 'Jimmie' whom we know,
 The vulgar 'Jimmie' posed for public show,
 Who proves in ways at war with wit and art
 That workers and their work are things apart."

There is certainly much in Whistler's career that his best friends and most ardent admirers would wish to forget; but, as Ford prophesies,

there is much that his bitterest enemies and most zealous detractors will be forced to remember. We may forget the man, but not his work.

Whistler's life was really part and parcel of his art, for to him art was everything—country, religion, his very existence—and if from



FUMETTE STANDING
By J. McNeill Whistler
Showing Whistler's Figure-Drawing

want of dignity, lack of practical judgment, or touch of madness, he in the opinion of others, did not deport himself in a way to conform with the majesty of the art he worshiped, it is after all a matter which we should all be willing to excuse, in view of the reforms he inaugurated and the new light he cast on studio practices.

Of his fame there can be no doubt. We will likely forget, as Ford says, the "Jimmie" whom we know," we may even forget his "symphonies" and "arrangements," but we can never forget his art, since, as the forerunner in a movement which is bound to spread and perpetuate itself, his influence will continue to be man-

ifest in salon and salesroom in a type of pictures superior in refinement and poetic interest to the class of work that obtained before he threw down the gauntlet before the artistic world and won the battle he precipitated.

Like many another gifted worker in a good cause Whistler had his rise and fall, his day of glory and his day of partial obscurity. No



FUNERAL PROCESSION—FROM LIFE
By Bertrand Shadwell, Jessica Farnham, Laura Kratz, Frederick C. Hibbard, Charles F. Shober
Nellie V. Walker, Clara Leonard, Bessie Bandle, and Aug. W. Hoffman



artist of our time achieved greater celebrity; yet he outlived his notoriety. It is true, as was stated a few days after his death, that his fights with the critics, his lawsuits, his quarrels, his debts, at one time the talk of Paris and the scandal of London, had ceased to amuse the world; his witticisms at the last were received with a patient smile, his elaborately composed letters with a weary tolerance. His popular reputation, in short, was subject to the changes that all reputations endure through flux of opinion, and his fame as an artist was affected in like measure. Received at first with indifference, his work was afterwards exalted to the skies, his slightest productions spoken of with awe and reverence by the crew of art-students and amateurs, hero-worshippers whose estimates were based on the greatness of a name. Then the reaction came, and of late there has been a tendency to under-rate, to belittle, and make light of one of the last century's truest artists, one who should not be depreciated.



FOSCO
By J. McNeill Whistler
Showing Whistler's Figure-Drawing

Perhaps it would be a kindness to attribute the artist's vagaries of speech and action, as some have done, to a touch of madness. Guérin long ago said that genius was "a disease of the nerves," and certainly the eccentricities of art point frequently to neurotic degenerations, to aberrations from the normal, and to symptoms that



SYMPHONY IN WHITE, No. III
By J. McNeill Whistler

are "conceived in spleen and born in madness." Whistler is a case in point. His career, as Joseph Smith asserted a decade ago, marked him distinctly as standing among the eccentrics of genius; and which in his splenetic vagaries showed him to be hovering on the borderland of madness.

"While his affections in art, his 'harmonies,' 'symphonies,' and 'arrangements' in blue and gray and gold and green and so on *ad nauseam*," said Smith, "might seem to set him down among the Barnums of art, with the *poseurs* of the æsthetic, Whistler's work shows him to be a man of undoubted genius, a most uncomfortable and irritating genius, perhaps, but still a genius whose brilliancy is flawed by his aggressive egomania. When we have discounted all the theatrical 'isms' in which he frames his art, we are compelled to recognize the fact that he is an artist whose work will live. No ordinary man, no merely artistic charlatan, could make the impression on the age that Whistler has done."

And yet this substratum of worth is what the highest critical authorities in matters of art failed to recognize, and the more the wonder. In London Whistler's work was bitterly attacked and the onslaught was led by Ruskin himself. In "Fors Clavigera," published in 1877, Ruskin said in a venomous manner of a work of his:

"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of

the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

For this Whistler sued Ruskin for libel. After a trial, which became almost a farce, the artist obtained judgment for one farthing damages, which farthing he at once hung upon his watch-chain. The costs of the action, amounting to nineteen hundred dollars, which fell upon Ruskin, were raised by public subscription.

The fact is that from the outset Whistler's artistic career was dominated by certain convictions which he seriously and earnestly offered to the world—which, it is to be feared, he often gratuitously flouted in the world's face—and which the leading spirits in the world of art at that time were not prepared to accept. Impressionism has been termed the century's most important contribution to art, and in a very vital sense Whistler antedated by six or seven years Manet, Monet, Sisley, Renoir, and the other men who broke away from tradition and sought to paint, not facts, but impressions.



CAPRICE IN PURPLE AND GOLD
By J. McNeill Whistler

A word of biography may here be interjected. Whistler was born in Lowell, Mass. He was the son of Major George W. Whistler, a distinguished United States army officer and civil engineer, and one of the founders of Lowell. The date of his birth is disputed, but is usually placed at 1834. He was the child of his father's second marriage, and the eldest of five sons, but one of whom survives him. This is Dr. William Gibbs McNeill Whistler, a London physician.

Since early childhood Whistler never visited his native city, and at various times when he was having honors bestowed upon him there has been considerable dispute over his birthplace, which is sometimes stated to be St. Petersburg. In St. Anne's Episcopal Church, in Lowell, however, the record of his baptism appears. His early life included a trip to Russia, which accounts for the St. Petersburg fiction, and several years in the West Point Military Academy, from which he was finally dropped.

One of several gifted students at the atelier of Gleyre, in Paris, he was like Claude Monet, August Renoir, and Alfred Sisley, whom, as stated above, he preceded there by six or seven years, in showing no trace whatever of the influence of that academic master. What-



SYMPHONY IN GRAY AND GREEN

By J. McNeill Whistler



CHELSEA IN ICE
By J. McNeill Whistler

ever Gleyre did not do for his pupils, he at least awoke in the freer spirits that mood of rebellion and of self-discovery so essential to individual development.

Whistler's most famous paintings are: "White Girl" (1862); "Coast of Brittany," "Last of Old Westminster," and "Westminster Bridge" (1863); "Princesse des Pays de la Porcelaine" (1865); "At the Piano" (1867); "Portrait of My Mother" (an "Arrangement in Gray and Black"), and portrait of Thomas Carlyle (1872); "Gold Girl," "Nocturne in Blue and Gold," and "Nocturne in Blue and Green" (1878); "Harmony in Gray and Green" (1881); "Nocturne in Blue and Silver," "Blue Girl," and "Entrance to Southampton Water" (1882); "Great Fire Wheel" (1883); "Harmony in Brown and Black" (1884); and "Arrangement in Black" (Lady Archibald Campbell) and "Arrangement in Gray and Green" (Miss Alexander), (1888). One should also remember his portrait of Sarasate.

In 1883 Whistler received his first medal in Paris. In 1889 he was honored by the Paris Association of Fine Arts, in 1895 he obtained the Temple gold medal P. A. F. A., and other medals of honor were bestowed upon him at the Paris exposition in 1900 for painting and engraving. He was also an officer of the Legion of

Honor and honorary member of the Academy of St. Luke, Rome, and likewise an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Bavaria.

So much by way of record of the man's achievement. But what of the achievement itself, what of the lesson he taught to the world of art into which he found himself thrown, what of his ideals, his principles, his struggles, his victories? All these he certainly had, and the motives behind them are more important to the student of art than the facts themselves.

The worth of Whistler's etchings is now a matter of common recognition, and his love and adoption of Japanese art is no less well known. What is the connection between the two and his paintings? His sketchy, suggestive etchings, were accepted because men had grown into the habit of accepting spirited statements in that form, which they were not prepared to do in the form of oil-paintings. But, as a critic aptly put it: First the Japanese, then Whistler, then a multitude of artists; and the world learned the lesson.

Whistler never imitated the Japanese; only learned his lesson from them—witty enough to apply the lesson to oil-paintings, which were Japanese only as regards the basic principle. Nothing could have been more opposed to the English art-doctrines of the time. American art-doctrines? We had, as has been frequently asserted, none then. It was for this reason that Whistler lived in England, it being the only place for such a man, excepting Paris. The American loved his mother tongue too much to make a home in Paris, though he did spend much time there. He never admitted that we had any art love in America. Had he become less enamored of the old country with its hoary picturesqueness and mature ways, this opinion might have been much modified. His love of country was swallowed by his love of art

From the Japanese he learned brevity of statement, the abandonment of tiresome realism, the decorative element rather than realism, the virtues of abstract line, simply for the line's sake, a new sense of color and the virtues of harmony in subduing colors so that the whole picture should be one note, however varied the reds or greens, or what not. And did the artists of other schools not give attention to these great truths? Look at the paintings of Gérôme or Gleyre, his master, or Ingres, the father of them all, a recent reviewer suggests, for an answer. The Barbizon school was working at this problem in its own way, but Whistler struck a new note.

His lesson to colorists was remarkable—color for its own sake. Here again we have the consistent following out of a theory—irrespective of where it brought him, and to the utter confusion of the critics who could not understand him. Candor, it has been urged, should have inspired Whistler to seek admission to exhibitions as æsthetically Japanese. The influence of Japanese art was just beginning to be felt to the full in the western world when Whistler quitted

academic traditions at Paris. Up to that hour strident promiscuity had been the color vogue in reigning teaching. Glare, luridity were the accents of the schools, but Whistler soon introduced a new régime.

Long unobserved, he finally compelled attention by applying to



HARMONY IN FLESH COLOR AND GREEN
By J. McNeill Whistler

painting the principle of musical composition which elaborates its theme in a single key with briefer contemplation in closely related keys, the modulation being almost imperceptibly accomplished, the result a melodious accord with the main theme. It is true that the vocabulary of one art serves but imperfectly for elucidation of another

art. But all who have seen Whistler's "Symphonies" and who understand music feel that he was conscious of the kinship of his brush-work to music, and that he arose to celebrity on a ladder corresponding to the diatonic scale.

The submission of his color sense to Japanese technique was not less obvious. Glare and luridity were banished from his canvas. Low tones delicately organized into fluent and superb association



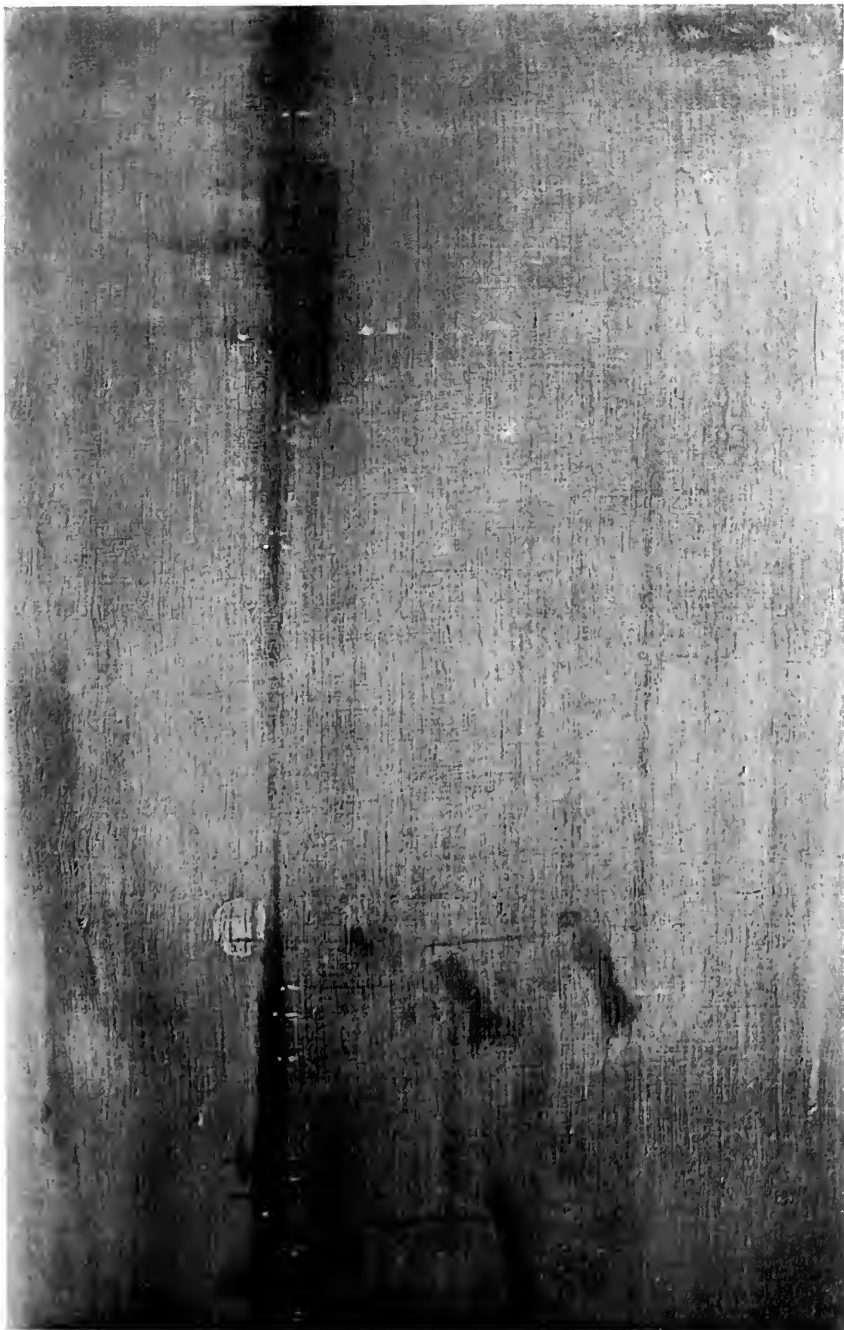
LITTLE ROSE
By J. McNeill Whistler

became habitual with a genius whose brilliant errancy in art proved to be the most austere Asiatic orthodoxy and whose disdain of western etiquette forced him to deride a continental jury with a letter expressive of his "second-class thanks for a second medal." Whistler was too earnest, too petulant, too conscious of the worth of his own discovery to brook minor honors.

To many this application of the tonic scale of music to painting seemed fanciful, forced, if not unnatural. The public was not prepared for such an innovation. When he gave his compositions such exactly appropriate names as "Nocturne in Green and Carmine," "Symphony in Rose and Gray," and the like, many people thought him affected and merely a clever self-advertiser. But after a time there grew up a realization of what the painter sought to do. For his own ideas, which were almost in-

variably distinguished by a patrician quality of thought, no matter what the subject, this sensitive vehicle of expression was the only possible one—the only form that could convey the artist's precise meaning.

That Whistler could be robust as well as exquisite was proven by an early figure picture, "The Music Room," while the portrait of Thomas Carlyle, now owned by the corporation of Glasgow, and painted in 1872, when the venerable Scotch fighter was eighty-two years old, represents the most splendidly masculine side of Whistler's art. Even here, however, and with all the roughness and latent energy of Carlyle's temperament fully conveyed, Whistler has gone at the task after his own fashion. Instead of trying to set the man



BATTERSEA
By J. McNeill Whistler

forth by sheer brutality of contrasts—to quote the phrase of a recent reviewer—as a modern Frans Hals might have done, the artist relied upon precisely chosen effects to help voice his impression of the subject.

More sensitive, because the theme required it, is his famous "Portrait of My Mother," one of the glories of the Luxembourg. Painted about twenty-five years ago, it has been ever since regarded as the most poetic and lovable of filial tributes. The picture is too familiar for detailed description; who does not recall that calm, elderly figure seated in profile, with white cap on head and hands folded in lap, embodying the very essence of feminine poise and ripe experience?

Radical as was the step taken by Whistler one is not to regard it as dissociated from his day. An acute student of his work has rightly said that his art "is logically related to realism, to the poetry of the men of 1830, and to the motives of the impressionists, and represents the wider influence of his times in its keen analysis of phenomena and the independently personal bias he has given it; in search for new sensations of the most subtle kind and in a tendency at times to exalt good manners, that is to say style, above the qualities of intrinsic merit." It is to be doubted, however, if Whistler ever took the trouble to trace a connection between his own art and the art against which he splenored. It suited him better to regard his work as the result of a special revelation to himself, to put his theories into practice and let the multitude think what it choose. Never for an instant was there the shadow of turning from the purity of his devotion to his art. He felt within him the sense of originality in his conceptions of what art should be, and in no moment of weakness did he swerve a hair's breadth from the straight and narrow way. If this be not "character," asks an appreciative writer, how will you exemplify it?

"Through poverty, neglect, abuse, contempt, insult, and war he never varied in his demand that mankind should learn the lesson the god of art had set him apart to teach. Did the world learn the lesson? Strange to say, it did. Let him who will scoff at Whistler; it remains true that he revolutionized the point of view of the world. Probably it would be more just to say that he largely did so; because we may not omit to unite with him those others, Manet, Monet, and Degas, all revolutionists. Faith! Art needed it! Things were pretty well crusted over when these men fought the good fight to break through.

"The immensity of the revolution can only be comprehended by those who have given their lives to the study of art movements. Even those who refuse to admit Whistler's genius are living examples of this change of point of view. They deny Whistler's while admitting other men's talent who have built on Whistler's foundation—though keeping more in the easily understood mannerisms which are not so hard to comprehend."

WILLIAM F. LOSEE.

WHISTLER, THE MAN, AS TOLD IN ANECDOTE

It would seem that, despite Whistler's devotion to pictorial art, as painter, etcher, and lithographer, he was throughout his life no less devoted to the gentle art of making enemies. It is not true, as some have said, that his hand—or tongue—was against everybody, and everybody's against him; but it is true that he delighted in controversy, in sallies with a malicious sting, in bitter wit, and more bitter sarcasm. This habit of mind was due probably not less to his earnestness than to his intense egotism. Innumerable are the stories that have been told of his wit and whims; and as many of these incidents are as eloquent of the man as his canvases and prints are of his art, a number of characteristic anecdotes are herewith given, which will give an insight into the artist's manner and character.



PORTRAIT OF J. MCNEILL WHISTLER
By Rajon

A commissioner representing the American Art Section of a recent exposition was billed to arrive in Paris to arrange with the American painters and sculptors there for their contributions. He wished to be brisk and business-like, and

so wrote ahead to several artists, stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day, at a certain hotel, and naming the hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day was the name of Whistler, and the hour was "4:30 precisely." The note elicited from the artist the following reply: "Dear Sir, I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the —th. I congratulate you. I have never been able, and shall never be able, to be anywhere at '4:30 precisely.' Yours most faithfully, J. McN. Whistler."

A prominent American art dealer, whose specialty is fine engravings and etchings, once called on Whistler at his studio and purchased quite a large invoice of his etchings. In order to bring the etchings

SKETCH OF WHISTLER AS PRINTED IN THE FIRST EDITION OF "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA"

Whistler, James Abbott McNeill, portrait painter; b. Lowell, Mass., 1834; ed. West Point; studied in Paris under Gleyre, 1857. Began to exhibit at Royal Acad., 1859; held exhibitions of his own in London, 1874 and 1892; chevalier, 1889, and officer, 1891, Legion of Honor of France; has been pres. Soc. of British Artists; mem. Munich Acad.; sued Ruskin and secured verdict against him for attack on him and his art in "Fors Clavigera." Has painted many noted portraits. Noted as etcher and dry-painter. Author: Ten O'clock; The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. Address: 110 Rue de Bac, Paris, France.

FOREGOING AMENDED BY WHISTLER FOR SECOND EDITION OF "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA"

WHISTLER, James ~~McNeill~~ McNeill, of Baltimore - Painter. Son of Major George Washington Whistler.
 (West Point, ~~studied in Paris under Gleyre, 1857, and~~ ^{Washington Whistler, Mother's family, 110, Neills of S. Carolina.}
~~exhibited at Royal Acad., 1859; held exhibitions of his own in London, 1874 and 1892; chevalier, 1889, and officer, 1891, Legion of Honor of France; has been pres. Soc. of British Artists; mem. Munich Acad.; sued Ruskin and secured verdict against him for attack on him and his art in "Fors Clavigera." Has painted many noted portraits. Noted as etcher and dry-painter. Author: Ten O'clock; The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. Address: 110 Rue de Bac, Paris, France.~~
 Pupil of Gleyre
 Office of the C/imp. / O
 The Butterfly & the Baronet
 Knight of the Order of St. Michael Bavaria.
 Hon. Member Royal Academy of Bavaria, Rome.
 Member Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts.
 France -
 President International Society Sculptors Painters
 & Gravers. - England.
 Grand Prix. Exposition Universelle. 1900.

Paintings:
 Portrait of his Mother, Luxembourg Gallery.
 Carlyle - Glasgow Gallery and other
 Etchings - British Museum - Venice Academia
 Dresden Galleries
 Bibliographie Nationale. etc.

SKETCH OF WHISTLER AS PRINTED IN THE SECOND EDITION OF "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA"

Whistler, James McNeill, of Baltimore, painter; s. Maj. George Washington W.; mother's family, McNeills of S. C.; ed. West Point; pupil of Gleyre, Paris; Chevalier (1889) and Officer (1891) of the Legion of Honor of France; Knight Order of St. Michael, Bavaria; Hon. Mem. Royal Acad. of St. Luke, Rome; Hon. Mem. Royal Acad. of Bavaria, Munich; Mem. Societe Nationale des Beaux Arts, France; Pres. Internat. Soc. Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, England; Grand Prix, Exposition Universelle, 1900. Paintings: Portrait of his mother, Luxembourg Gallery; Carlyle, Glasgow Gallery; and others. Etchings: British Museum, Venice Academia, National, etc. Author: Ten O'clock; The Gentle Art of Making Enemies; The Butterfly and the Baronet. Address: 110 Rue de Bac, Paris, France.

into this country duty free, the dealer asked Whistler to go with him to the proper office and sign the consular certificate as an American citizen. This at first Whistler cheerfully agreed to do. When the time came, however, for him to go and put his signature on the document, he positively refused to accompany the dealer. Turning upon him haughtily, Whistler said, "My signature, sir, has value, and I positively refuse to put it on any such document." And he did not. The dealer had to pay the duty, and never afterwards bought a print from the artist.

A lady visited Whistler's studio, and on looking over the Thames series of etchings, with the evident intention of complimenting the artist, said: "Mr. Whistler, your pictures do so remind me of nature." The artist replied: "Indeed, madam! Then nature is looking up."

A Colorado millionaire went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced in an interested way at the pictures on the walls—symphonies in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green. "How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines. "Four millions," said Whistler. "What!" "My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "good morning."

A newspaper man once called on Whistler to get some of the painter's ideas on art in general, and his own in particular. "As you are probably aware," said he, "there are still a lot of people who are at a loss to understand either your paintings or your etchings. I should like to help the world to appreciate your revelations." "Revelations! I like that; that's good," said Whistler. "But, my dear sir," he continued, in quite a different tone, "that is impossible. They would never understand. It's much too high, too great. Why, I myself am compelled to stand on tiptoe to reach my own height, metaphorically speaking. To begin with, you, my dear sir, are nobody; nothing from my point of view—just a conglomeration of bad colors. Why on earth, man, do you wear a brown jacket with blue trousers? That's like B flat in G major."

One of the best stories told of Whistler is related by William M. Chase. One day while the two men were painting together in Whistler's studio in London a rap was heard at the door and was answered by Whistler. Chase overheard the protesting voice of a lady, who affirmed that she had come on an errand she had frequently attempted to execute. Her picture had been borrowed by Whistler two years previously, had been several times exhibited, and though she had frequently tried to induce the artist to return the picture, he still kept it in his possession. Now she absolutely refused to let it remain longer out of her possession. Presently the suave voice of Whistler was heard in argument, and not long after the voice became more indistinct as the lady was being escorted to her carriage. When Whistler returned he was heard to mutter something about the absurdity of people believing because they had paid two pounds or

three pounds for a picture that they thereby owned it. The ridiculous element of this speech never seemed to occur to the doughty artist.

Not long after Whistler had become recognized as one of the world's great painters, a picture painted by him in his early days in Venice was put on sale in London. It attracted a good deal of attention, and Whistler, having forgotten all about it, determined to go and see it. When he arrived at the gallery he found some one on the point of buying it, and two of his friends were standing before the discovery and proclaiming its merits in enthusiastic terms. "Did you ever see such color?" asked one. "What an exquisite composition!" exclaimed the other. "And the beauty of outline and marvelous tone!" "And what quality!" "It's his greatest work!" They paused for a moment as Whistler stepped nearer the picture, and looking it over quietly, said: "Umph! It doesn't seem to be so very clever. I can't say that I think so much of it. Why"—and all the contempt he was master of he put into the next line—"it isn't half finished."

Whistler once heard a group of American and English artists discussing the manifold perfections of the late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy. "Exquisite musician. Played the violin like a professional," said one. "One of the best-dressed men in London," said another. "Danced divinely," remarked the third. "Ever read his essays?" asked a fourth. "In my opinion, they're the best thing of the kind ever written." Whistler, who had remained silent, tapped the last speaker on the shoulder. "Painted a little, too, didn't he?" he said.

Whistler's Paris pupils planned to call on him on New-Year's morning. A friendly student, not at all sure that the artist would like it, gave him a little tip as to the surprise party. "Tell them that I never receive callers," he exclaimed, excitedly. The pupil explained that Whistler wasn't supposed to know anything about it. "Are you sure they mean well?" he inquired, anxiously, and on being reassured: "Well, tell them I never receive visitors in the morning." The pupils called in the afternoon and found awaiting them a most genial and delightful host. He told stories, and showed them his palettes to prove that he practiced what he preached, and pictures and sketches were exhibited to them never seen by the public—among the surprising ones being some allegorical studies. He served them with champagne and fruits and cakes, and was most solicitous as to their enjoyment. One of the pupils asked him how he arranged his subjects so as to produce the low tone noted in his pictures. He posed a visitor, pulled over the shades so as to shut out all light, save from one window, and there before them was a living Whistler "arrangement" ready to recede behind a frame, as he says all portraits should do. This anecdote is characteristic of the artist.

Receiving the award of a medal of the second class, Whistler once

thanked a jury for their second-class compliment. Fretted by a man whose room he was decorating, he finished the decoration—the famous “peacock room”—by painting two peacocks, one with a long lock over its brow to represent himself, pecking at the other peacock.



NOCTURNE—BLUE AND GOLD
By J. McNeill Whistler

Whistler's clever work was a delight to Professor Robert Weir, instructor in drawing and painting, and a well-known American painter. This aroused the envy of the Professor's assistant, and he watched for opportunities to “call down” Whistler. On one occasion, when he was criticising the work of the students, he paused at the side of Whistler, who was copying in water-color a picture of an interior of a cathedral, in which were a number of monks. “What principles of light and shade are you working by, sir?” he said, loud enough for everybody in the room to hear. “There you have painted a shadow behind the head of that monk, and there is nothing to cast it. What do you mean by that?” Instead of replying, Whistler lifted his brush, and with almost one stroke, put a cowl over the head of the monk. The assistant professor had seen the picture a moment too soon for his own good, Whistler having painted the shadow before he painted the object itself. This was not an uncommon practice with the artist.

On one occasion, when a young artist in London, his furniture

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AN ARAB CHIEF. ETCHING
By John Charles Vondrous
First Prize (Baldwin) N. A. of D., 1901



was seized for debt. So completely did the bailiffs loot his studio that nothing was left with the exception of a few of his pictures, the beauties of which were unintelligible to the artist's unwelcome visitors. The absence of furniture did not in the least disconcert the young American, who promptly proceeded to paint a beautiful set about the walls of his room. A short time later, on receiving a call from several distinguished Londoners, he invited one of them to be seated, an attempt which proved a signal failure, much to the embarrassment of the one made a victim and to Whistler's supreme delight.

Whistler was an American, but at one time his aversion for Ameri-



THE HOUSE IN WHICH WHISTLER WAS BORN, LOWELL, MASS.
From a photograph.

cans was so strong that, for instance, at the Centennial Exposition he did not want his pictures hung with those of American artists, but demanded that they be hung in the British section. At another time he turned against the English. It was when he failed of re-election to the Royal Society of British Artists. They refused to acknowledge that he was an artist. He and his friends then resigned. "It is very simple," he said, in explanation; "the artists retired; the British remained."

"Allow my masterpiece to go to such a place as Chicago? Never! And my reputation and the dignity of the artistic profession? Never!" Whistler is credited with having made this vehement remark when Mrs. Harold Peck asked him in 1896 to ship to Chicago a painting of



LADY EDEN
By J. McNeill Whistler

Miss Marion Peck, executed by the artist in Paris and London under romantic circumstances. The fact that Miss Peck gave him more than ninety sittings for the picture, and that the artist's price for it was paid promptly upon its completion, adds a flavor to the story which makes it worthy of preservation as a real Whistler masterpiece. The picture was begun at the Paris studio of Whistler shortly after Mrs. Peck and her daughter went abroad. When they were in London the last exactions were complied with, and the portrait was finished beyond even the author's cavil. It delighted

the patrons as much as it did the artist. Then being about to return home, Mrs. Peck spoke of sending it to Chicago. "Send it to Chicago!" the painter gasped. Separation from his creation probably entered the Whistler mind for the first time and with a pang. He forgot possibly that he had months ago accepted a generous price for it. "Allow my masterpiece to go to such a place as Chicago? Never! And my reputation and the dignity of the artistic profession? Never!"

Chase once urged him to stop work and get off to a dinner party where he was pledged. It did not move the man to be told that the dinner was growing cold and the guests were waiting for the lion. He uttered inarticulate grunts and painted on while Chase scolded. Finally Whistler turned around and said: "Chase, what a nuisance

you are! The idea of leaving a beautiful thing like this to go eat with people!" Showing Whistler's love of art and contempt of people.

The story is told of Whistler's being sent out on one occasion to make a drawing for the United States coast survey. The set task being done, he amused himself with sketches on the margin of the plate. The sketches were unnoticed until the printing of the coast drawing, when an indignant officer called the young artist up for reprimand. As the sketches were so much better than the mechanical exercise, Whistler decided on an artistic career and shortly afterward went abroad.

Once Whistler paid a visit to Sir Alma Tadema, the artist. On the night of his arrival Whistler's host announced that he intended to give a breakfast next morning. "There will be a number of ladies present, Whistler," he said, "and I want you to pull yourself together and look your best." "All right," said Whistler. Early the next morning Whistler's voice was heard ringing through the magnificent halls of the Tadema mansion. "Tadema! Tadema! I want you, Tadema!" Thinking nothing less than fire, Sir Alma rushed to the room of his guest. "For heaven's sake, Whistler, what's the matter? You've waked up every one in the house. What is it?" "Oh, don't get so excited, Tadema," drawled Whistler; "I only wanted to know where you kept the scissors to trim the fringe off cuffs with. Thought you wanted me to pull myself together for the ladies."

On one occasion Whistler submitted an article at the request of an editor. The editor returned it to him to revise. The next day



THE LANGE LEIZEN
By J. McNeill Whistler

the article came back unchanged, but appended was the note, "Who am I, that I should tamper with a masterpiece?" Egotism prevailed.

Like many jokers, he could not take a joke when it was on himself. This Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby," found out when the story was running serially. In the third installment of the story Du Maurier had introduced a lifelike caricature of Whistler under the name of Joe Sibley. In the text that accompanied the sketch Du Maurier described Sibley as a young man with "beautiful white hair like an albino's, as soft and bright as floss silk," and as "tall and slim and graceful, and like most of the other personages concerned in this light story, nice to look at, with pretty manners (and an unimpeachable moral tone)." Sibley had, said Du Maurier, "but one god," whose praises he perpetually was singing, and who was that god? "Sibley was the god of Joe's worship, and none other, and he would hear of no other genius in the world."

Whistler took great umbrage at this description of Joe Sibley, and published a wrathful letter denouncing his old friend as an ingrate. The passages had to be eliminated by the publishers.

One day when Whistler was wearing the cap and bells, he turned suddenly upon Chase and declared his intention of going back to London and having made for him a white hansom with canary-colored wheels and canary satin linings. He would petition the city authorities for the privilege of attaching one lamp to this vehicle, and of surmounting the lamp with a white plume. In triumph



HARMONY IN GREEN AND ROSE
By J. McNeill Whistler

he cried, "I shall then be the only and supreme one."

When Whistler won in his libel suit against Ruskin the farthing which he promptly hung upon his watch chain, and the British public subscribed the nineteen hundred dollars costs which fell upon Ruskin, one of the subscribers exclaimed that ten times the amount would not have been too much for the public to pay for the entertainment the suit afforded them, and he expressed the feelings of many people in those words.

In the course of this celebrated lawsuit, the lawyer asked Whistler how long it took him to "knock off" a nocturne, and when the lawyer condescendingly explained that he was using words that applied to his own work, Whistler replied: "I am very much flattered to think you apply to a work of mine any term that you are in the habit of using when referring to your own. As I remember, it took me about a day to 'knock off' that nocturne." "And you ask two hundred guineas for a day's work?" "No," replied Whistler, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

Chase once urged Whistler to keep an important engagement with an American traveling in England and limited for time. The engagement involved important financial business for the artist; but he could scarcely be torn from the easel. When work was suspended, much time was expended on the usual elaborate toilet, and the two finally set forth, Whistler carrying the slender wand made famous by Du Maurier's caricature. This time it was used to prod the horse that dragged their hansom. After traveling long stretches of London streets and nearly reaching the end of the journey, Whistler suddenly



JAPANESE LADY
By J. McNeill Whistler

ordered the cabman to turn about and retrace many steps, then to thread in and out odd streets, Chase sulkily protesting, until he ordered the driver to draw up before a green-grocer's. "There!" said the enthusiastic artist, "there is a bit of color for you! That's fine! Only I shall have that box of oranges placed on the opposite side of the doorway. I shall come and do that some time." Then when the mood had passed the journey was resumed.

On one occasion Whistler was commissioned by Sir William Eden to paint a portrait of Lady Eden, and this portrait, when finished, was exhibited in the Champ de Mars salon in Paris. Sir William sent to Whistler one hundred guineas, which was duly acknowledged, but instead of sending on the portrait Whistler painted out the face in the portrait and announced himself insulted by the paltry amount sent him. Sir William then instituted a suit against him, which resulted in a judgment directing the artist to restore the picture, return the one hundred guineas with five per cent interest, and pay seven hundred dollars damages and costs. The picture, when completed for a second time, was one of the artist's masterpieces.

A pupil of feeble powers, but limitless patience and confidence, having worked indefatigably at a study one day, felt that she had accomplished something sure to win the master's approval. She looked up smilingly and trustfully as he approached. He paused behind her chair. "Scrape it out, madam, scrape it out!" he ejaculated, brusquely, and passed on.

When the gravest bulletins were being issued concerning the health of Whistler, the Morning Post printed some reminiscent criticisms which suggested a biography. That morning the Post also printed a letter from Whistler, at The Hague, written in a most characteristic vein, thanking the paper for "the flattering attention paid me by your gentlemen of ready wit and quick biography. It is almost with sorrow that I beg you to put it back into the pigeonhole." He added that this would give the critic time to correct some of the errors. Whistler meanwhile apologized for "continuing to wear my own hair and eyebrows after my distinguished confrères and eminent persons have long ceased the habit. It is even found inconsiderate and unseemly in me, as hinting at affectation." Finally he asked that the premature tablet be withdrawn, because "I have lurking in London still a friend, though for the life of me I cannot remember his name."

In the early student days of the Latin quarter, Whistler, bereft of all but his one suit of clothes, got a commission to copy a picture in the Louvre. Accordingly he went early, and when the door was opened to the room where the painters' supplies were stored, he selected a suitable canvas and palette, never inquiring as to ownership, posted himself before the picture he was to do, and studied it carefully while the other artists were setting up their easels. Then he

sauntered jauntily up to a neighbor and fell into conversation with him, meanwhile helping himself to what colors he needed from the palette of the man before him. The bull had been taken so boldly by the horns that the despoiled artist only grinned and said nothing.

Whistler's methods of teaching were original. He laid little stress



PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

By J. McNeill Whistler

In the Luxembourg

on drawing. He hated and despised academic treatment. He wanted the pupil to paint. A few careful charcoal strokes on the canvas as a guide, the rest to be drawn on with brush and color. And he preached simplicity—as few tones as possible, as low as possible. But it is painful to record that the endeavors of a certain proportion of the class to attempt the achievements of the master in this respect resulted in a unique crop of posters. The constant theme of his discourse was “mixtures.” He advised a pupil to get first on his palette a correct and sufficient mixture of each tone required for his picture.

Often he would give a long criticism without so much as glancing at the canvas—a criticism on the mixtures he found on the pupil's palette; and he himself would work indefinitely at the colors, using up great "gobs" of paint, and all the while talking, till it appeared to him to be satisfactory. Color, color, color was the great point emphasized.



ROTHERHITHE
By J. McNeill Whistler
Thames Series of Etchings

On a Holland trip some canvases, that had been expressed to a point where sketching had been planned, failed to arrive at the expected time. The fame of the artist was well established there, and the honor of his visit appreciated. The official of the express company offered his apology for the inconvenience caused by the delay, and begged to know if the canvases were valuable. Whistler, magnificently responsive to the man's solicitude, said: "Not yet; not yet!"

Allied with these anecdotes is the less known or perhaps unknown reply Whistler made to a lady who met him

at the Royal Academy and expressed her surprise at seeing him in a place he was reported never to enter. "Well," retorted Whistler, "one must do something to add interest to the show; so here I am."

A certain inflated and ornamental colonel of volunteers, and unknown to the Beefsteak Club, was airing his importance one evening at the Grosvenor Gallery reception. The company were waiting for the Prince of Wales. The colonel, standing behind Whistler, suddenly expanded his chest, and in a manner calculated to be impress-



LA VIEILLE AUX LOQUES
By J. McNeill Whistler
French Series of Etchings



ive, and to call the guests to "attention," exclaimed: "The prince, ladies and gentlemen, the prince!" Whistler turned, and said with his inimitable chuckle, "Couldn't help it, friend, could you?" The bystanders smiled, the colonel looked uneasy. "Sir," said he, "I saw over your head." "Sir," retorted the ready McNeill "over my head there is nothing."

Whistler was once requested to leave the boarding-house of a lady who took great pride in a portrait she had of her son, who had been killed. After he had been dismissed the artist spent one afternoon in the parlor. He stood up before the picture, clasping his hands and showing all the signs of amazed admiration, just as one of the landlady's daughters entered. Appearing very much embarrassed at being thus discovered, he stammered: "You will excuse me, Miss Amelia, won't you, for my forwardness in thus intruding, but I could not help it. You know how I love art, and a great work like this makes me almost speechless. How noble that face is! and how exquisite is the color! What a splendid eye! What a magnetic countenance! I hope you won't think my admiration of it an impertinence!" He did not leave the house, it is needless to say.

One day on entering his class-room he discovered that a red background had been arranged behind the model. He was horrified, and directed the students to put up something duller in tone. Then he scraped out the red paint on a pupil's canvas and proceeded to mix and lay on a new background. Somehow the red would show through, and he found it difficult to satisfy himself with the effect he produced. He mixed and studied and scraped, working laboriously, surrounded by a group of admiring students. Finally he remarked: "I suppose you know what I'm trying to do?" "Oh, yes, sir," they chorused. "Well, it's more than I know myself," he grimly replied.

In regard to the use of the flat tones and the preparation of correct mixtures in large quantities Whistler often remarked: "House-painters have the right idea about painting, God bless them!"

Whistler once said in conversation: "Yes, I have many friends and I am grateful to them; but those whom most I love are my enemies—not in a biblical sense; oh, no! But because they keep one always busy, always up to the mark, either fighting them or proving them to be idiots."

Once in a criticism he took the brush from a pupil's hand, and with one careful stroke painted in an upper lip; so true was the modeling, so skillful the brush-work, that all the hardness and rounding of the teeth beneath, the indentation of the center of the lip, and the subtle connection at the nostril were faithfully reproduced; with a touch of his thumb he joined lip and cheek. The students stood around breathless with admiration. No man other than Velasquez and Whistler could have equaled the performance, and they knew it

—and Whistler knew it, as he smilingly passed on, appearing unfeignedly proud of his achievement. He loved such exhibitions.

On one occasion he had been asked to a reception, given by Sir



ARRANGEMENT IN BLACK AND BROWN
By J. McNeill Whistler

Henry Irving, and the actor, on seeing the artist enter the house, greeted him effusively, and remarked that among his choicest possessions was one of Mr. Whistler's paintings. On being taken to it, Whistler studied it carefully, and turning to his host, remarked: "Very good, indeed; but you may not have noticed that you've hung it upside down."

On another occasion at a dinner a critic said in Whistler's hearing, meaning to be sarcastic, that the two greatest masters of art in the world were Velasquez and Whistler. "Why," drawled Whistler, across the table—"why drag in Velasquez?"

Whistler used to tell this story about one of his paintings on exhibition at the Art Building at the World's Fair: "The painting had for its subject presumably a young woman, also presumably possessed of all the attributes which make young women impress us as they do," Whistler said. "Two people were standing before the picture one day. One was instructing the other. 'But what is it?' says the first, 'is it a woman?' 'Oh, no,' answers the other, 'it is only

Whistler's idea of a woman.'"

Whistler thought the incident rich. One time in Paris a beautiful model who had managed to hold her peace while she was posing, suddenly asked: "Where were you born?" "I never was born, my child; I came from on high." This was once when Whistler got back the change. The model retorted

instantly: "Now, that just shows how easily we deceive ourselves in this world. I should much sooner have said that you came up from below." The turn was so cleverly made that it amazed the artist.

As is well known, Whistler's professional, as well as legal signature, was a butterfly. It appeared on his paintings and was the only signature recognized at his bank. Autograph fiends schemed in vain, and would have paid handsomely for Whistler's autograph in script. One day the painter was visited in his studio by a Jew, who appeared to be very angry. He had received Whistler's check for five dollars, and wrathfully demanded a proper signature, that would draw the money at the bank. Whistler, genuinely enraged at the thought that there could be any one so ignorant as not to know about the famous butterfly, wrote his name on the check, knowing that the bank would refuse it. The next day the painter was furious on learning that within an hour the Jew had sold the rare signature for two hundred and fifty dollars—a clear gain of two hundred and forty-five dollars.

Oscar Wilde and Whistler were once bosom friends—united by their common eccentricities. It is known that W. S. Gilbert modeled his fleshly Bunthorne upon these two, adding a dash of Algernon Charles Swinbourne to give zest. Once the apostle of the lily and sunflower wrote to his brother æsthetic: "When you and I are together we never talk about anything except



HARMONY IN PINK AND GRAY
By J. McNeill Whistler

ourselves." To which Whistler did not neglect to reply: "No, no, Oscar, you forget. When you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

The art critic ever touched the spring of Whistler's deepest bitterness. Of Ruskin's "high-sounding, empty things," he wrote that "they would give Titian the same shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion."

Frederick Wedmore, a critic, complained that Whistler had treated him unfairly in a quotation from his writings. Whistler had substituted, he said, "understand" for "understate." "My carelessness is culpable," wrote Whistler; "the misprint is without excuse. I have all along known that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brethren, it is always a matter of understating and not at all of understanding." When Taylor the critic died, "I have hardly a warm personal enemy left," sorrowed Whistler.

Rossetti once showed Whistler a sketch. Whistler praised it and bade Rossetti go on with it. Later Rossetti went into ecstasies over his painting himself and brought it to Whistler to show him how beautiful it had become. Whistler said that apparently nothing had been done upon it further, and Rossetti acknowledged that that was so, but he had written a sonnet upon it, which he proceeded to read to Whistler, according to one of the stories which Sheridan Ford tells in his personally conducted edition of "The Gentle Art." When the reading ceased: "Rossetti," said Whistler, "take the picture out and put the sonnet in the frame."

Yet this strange genius could be a courtier. He had, as president of the Royal Society, obtained for it a royal charter, which the society had never before had. When the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, paid his first visit to the society's galleries after this, Whistler, as president, was there to receive him, and the prince said that he had never before heard of that society and asked its history. "It has none, your highness," said Whistler; "its history dates from to-day."

Whistler, a short time before his death, showed his Scotch artist-neighbor, E. A. Walton, over his bronze-domed house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. "Beautiful," said Walton. "But rather Bunthorney," said Whistler, "and it has involved me in another lawsuit. Builders are working on the adjoining plot and the noise of the hammers, etc., prevents me from working. I am an old man and have no time to lose, so I wrote a protest to the landlord. He laid the blame on the woman who was building the house. I wrote to the lady and she blamed the landlord. I am now taking proceedings against the landlord. You see, art is my pastime and litigation my serious pursuit. It works for good. It pays my lawyers, it advertises my landlord, and it amuses me."

In a report of a certain public sale the statement was printed that when one of Whistler's nocturnes was put up it was promptly hissed.

Whistler sat down and wrote the editor of the paper acknowledging the compliment, "the distinguished though unconscious compliment, so publicly paid. It is rare that recognition so complete is made during the lifetime of the painter." Another time he exclaimed, characteristically: "There are those, they tell me, who have the approval of the public—and live."

When Oscar Wilde commended one of his epigrams by remarking, "I wish I had said that," Whistler retorted: "You will, Oscar." To another artist who stammered Whistler congratulated him, and said, if he were not so old he would cultivate a stammer like it, because it would enable him to say some amazingly funny things.

When he failed of re-election to the presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists, Whistler remarked: "No longer can it be said that the right man is in the wrong place." When the trouble in this society was brewing and his cause was sinking, one of his supporters resigned. "Ah," said Whistler, "the early rat."

"It is easier to laugh at a man than to appreciate him," Whistler once said, and when Harry Quilter, who succeeded Taylor as the Times's critic, took the house in Tite Street which Whistler had vacated and began to tear down a part of it, he asked, quizzically: "Shall the birthplace of art become the tomb of its parasite?"

There is a bailiff story which Whistler was very fond of relating. Some one had told him that a mixture of snuff and beer had the property of sending people off to sleep. So he purchased a large parcel of snuff, and put the greater part of it into a gigantic tankard full of beer, which he sent out to his bailiff in the garden. It was a very hot summer afternoon, and the man eagerly welcomed his refreshment. Next morning Whistler got up very late and went out into the garden, where he was astounded to see the bailiff sitting in precisely the same position as the day before. The empty tankard was on the table beside him. "Hello, my sleeping beauty," said Whistler, "have you been there all this while?" But the man made no answer. Late in the afternoon the bailiff awoke in the most natural way in the world, exclaiming that it was dreadfully hot weather. Meanwhile Whistler had got some money together, and was able to pay him off. Some hours later the man rushed unceremoniously in and began by asking Whistler what day of the month it was. "Well, sir," the man said, "I can't make it out at all. Here you've paid me three days' possession money, and I could have sworn it was the 16th, but somehow or other everybody tells me it's the 17th, and I see the evening papers are dated the 17th." Whistler was not to be led into discussion. He gave him some more money, but he told him that, now his demands had been satisfied, the sooner he cleared out the better.

Whistler painted a portrait of Carlyle because of his love for the man. After Carlyle's death a popular subscription to buy it for

Glasgow was started, and Whistler put a very modest price on it, four hundred guineas, because he approved of the project; but when he discovered that the subscription specially disclaimed any approval of himself or his art, he raised the price to one thousand guineas—and kept the portrait till the money was raised by the committee.



THE LIME BURNER
By J. McNeill Whistler
Thames Series of Etchings

Most artists are so anxious to see their names in print that the audacity of his reply to the famous *Gazette des Beaux Arts*—probably the leading art journal of the world—takes the breath away. It was a question of some etchings by Whistler which they desired to publish to accompany a laudatory article and naturally expected to have the use of them gratis. The artist demanded the full price; which the august editor refused to pay, with words of polite indignation. The artist replied: "Dear Sir: (I translate) I regret infinitely that my means will not permit me to be born in your journal. The article that

you propose me, as a cradle, will cost me too dear. I must, indeed, take back my plates and remain unknown until the end of time, because I cannot be invented by the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*." What a clever advertisement. Of course the incident got into the newspapers.

I have gathered these Whistler anecdotes together from many sources, and I offer them to the readers of *BRUSH AND PENCIL* for



CHARCOAL FROM LIFE
By Frank Ashford



the reason that they tell more of the man than the bald chronology of his life. Everybody is born somewhere and at some time, everybody grows up, accomplishes something or nothing, wins fame or is irretrievably lost in the ruck of mankind; but it is not everybody who has etched his personality on a generation or two with acid of his own distillation. This is what Whistler has done, and I leave his marks to speak for themselves.

FRANK A. HADLEY.



GLEANINGS FROM AMERICAN ART CENTERS

✦ Carl Rohl-Smith's equestrian statue of General Sherman, the design for which was accepted several years ago, will soon be erected in Washington upon a plat south of the treasury building. When Rohl-Smith died, leaving the work on the statue about half done, his widow engaged Stephen Sinding to complete it. About a year ago Mr. Sinding, who completed his models in Europe, prepared to come to this country with them, when he was prevented by illness, and Mr. Asbjorsen of Chicago was invited to undertake the final work. Upon examination of the models and designs furnished, it was found that there had been misunderstandings as to the size and position of the pedestal, so much of the work had to be done over again. It was a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. Now, however, the whole is ready for casting. On the four sides of the monolithic pedestal are to be bronze bas-reliefs, picturing respectively the battle of Atlanta, the battle of Missionary Ridge, the march through Georgia, and Sherman alone by the camp-fire. Below the pedestal are to be groups typifying Peace and War.

✦ The McClellan monument commission of Washington, composed of the Secretary of War, Senator Wetmore, and General Ruggles, after more than a year's deliberation, has rejected all the models and has decided to give the commission to some American sculptor who has not been identified with the project. It is said that this action was taken through the suggestion of the advisory committee, composed of Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, and Charles F. McKim. The competition opened May, 1902. The first decision was in favor of four competing sculptors—C. H. Niehaus, Austin Hays, A. Piccirilli, and Waldo Story, who were requested to submit enlarged models. These enlarged models were placed on view with the originals, since when the question of award has been pending. Recently the advisory committee was called upon for a second opinion, with the result stated. The advisory committee is to be congratulated upon its decision. Its honesty and fairmindedness cannot be questioned, and through its efforts the country has doubtless been

saved a commonplace monument of which it already possesses far too many. Discrimination in public works is to be heartily praised.

✿ The plans of the new Herron Art Institute have been formally accepted by the Indianapolis Art Association. The proposed building in its entirety will cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but for the immediate future only two-fifths of it will be erected.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 1
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching

This will be the front of the building looking upon East Sixteenth Street. The style of the building will be the Italian renaissance and will be of Italian oölitic limestone. Places have been left in the façade for portrait medallions of great artists.

✿ There is a movement on foot among the Boston artists to form an art workers' club for women similar to the New York society of that name. Meetings of the artists have been held, a committee has been appointed to further the cause, and it is quite probable that the early fall will see the culmination of the plans. The club

will be conducted along the same lines as the New York society. The New York club was organized six years ago by a few women painters and sculptors for the purpose of mutual support and interest among women artists and models. The club is working to dignify the profession of posing, to assist artists in obtaining suitable models, to find employment for those unsuited for posing or who show special talent in any other direction, and to give aid in case of need. The membership consists at present of one hundred and thirty-five artists and over

one hundred and fifty models. The club is not a charity, by any means; it is co-operative and makes no distinction in its privileges between artists and models. It aims to be of use to both classes.

✿ The annual current exhibition at the Worcester Art Museum is said to be well up to the standard and uncommonly interesting. A jury, composed of John J. Enneking, H. W. Ranger, and Miss Cecelia Beaux, awarded the first prize of three hundred dollars to Charles H. Woodbury of Boston for his painting of the "North Atlantic," the second prize of two hundred dollars to W. L. Lathrop of New York for his painting entitled "The Old Quarry," and the third prize of one hundred dollars to Gifford Beale of Pennsylvania for his painting called "Returning Home."

✿ The great scheme of decoration which John S. Sargent designed for the special library floors of the Boston Public Library is now in the second series of the work. The whole scheme, when completed,

will represent the development of the Christian faith. The first part was finished several years ago, and pictures the foundation of Christianity on the growth of Judaism. The second part, on which Mr. Sargent is now at work, is intended to depict the dogma of the redemption. The third part will be a continuation of the second. The work is strikingly bold and unlike any previous aspect of Mr. Sargent's art. One forcible part of the frieze shows the figures of Adam and Eve bound closely to the body of Christ on the cross.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 2
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 3
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching

This represents the symbolism of the central theme—that man and woman are one in nature with the Savior.

✿ Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, who, through his long residence in this country, may be included among American artists, has been honored by having one of his bronze statuettes, "A Girl," placed in a permanent collection in Venice. It was purchased by the Provincial Council of Venice from a recent exhibition held there, and is to be placed in the city's International Gallery of Modern Art.

✿ The directors of the Cincinnati Museum of Fine Arts have purchased for

the permanent collection of the museum John W. Alexander's portrait of Rodin, the French sculptor. The painting is one of this artist's most important canvases. It received a gold medal in the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

✿ Sir Moses Ezekiel, the famous Cincinnati sculptor, now a resident of Rome, has given to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington an effective and artistic monument. It is called "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," has been erected on the institute grounds, and commemorates the heroism of the cadets who fell at the battle of Newmarket, Virginia, May 15, 1864. The sculptor was himself among these Confederate cadets, and his room-mate, Thomas Jefferson, a great-grandson of the author of the Declaration of Independence, fell in that battle.

✿ Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston's bequest of paintings by famous masters to the Corcoran Gallery will not be accepted by the trustees

of that institution. She stipulated that another wing be added for it, and it was decided that it would cost more to erect the wing than the collection is worth. Although the gift includes a number of excellent paintings by well-known masters, the whole is valued at not more than fifty thousand dollars.

✿ The New York Fine Arts Federation contemplates the erection of a building suitable for the exhibition of works of art, something after the model of the Paris Salon. It is stated that funds have been promised already by an anonymous donor, and that the sum is large enough to insure the success of the scheme.

✿ Additions to the Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, presented by Frederick Layton, are "In Brittany," a shore and surf view by Henry Davis of the Royal Academy, containing white and brown cattle, sea-gulls, etc.; and "Seeing Them Off," by the late Thomas Faed, whose *genre* pictures of Scottish peasant life and ideal figures of sentiment have been favorites for reproduction during the past fifty years. "Seeing Them Off" is a young Scotch lassie in red under-skirt and dress of different dark colors, who leans against an oak with a black kitten in her arms.

✿ Over \$1,825,000 has already been produced by the sale of the late Mme. C. Lelong's art collection in Paris, and the final offerings next October are expected to bring the grand total to more than \$1,900,000. This would break the record. The largest total ever brought in this country was the \$1,205,000 for the Mary J. Morgan collection.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 4
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching

PATHOS OF THE CAREER OF JOHN DONOGHUE, SCULPTOR

The tragic death of John Donoghue, the sculptor, adds another name to the long list of men of high talents who, for some reason or other, failing to achieve the recognition that would give them success, have been driven to melancholy endings. Donoghue was long well known in Chicago, New York, and Boston, and was heartily liked for the genuine nature of his art and his lovable personal qualities. He lacked, however, the stamina to bear up against and overcome adversity, and finally misfortune drove him to a suicide's grave.

Donoghue was "discovered" in Chicago by Oscar Wilde, on his

first visit to this country, more than twenty years ago. Wilde saw the promise of rare plastic talent in the youth that Donoghue then was, and the attention thus drawn to him enabled him to pursue his studies abroad. Returning to this country, he was active in Boston for some time. The exhibition of his work in Horticultural Hall in that city was a notable affair. His "Young Sophocles" was an uncommonly beautiful piece of work. While in Boston he modeled his statue, "The Boxer," studied from John L. Sullivan, but much idealized. Going abroad again,



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 5
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching

he there modeled a colossal statue. "The Spirit," or something of that sort, for the World's Fair at Chicago. It was said to be a most impressive work. But by some mistake it was forwarded too late, no arrangements had been made to receive it, and it was left on the dock at Brooklyn, a huge bill for transshipment confronting the artist. It was too big to do anything with, and it was probably broken up to get it out of the way.

The keen disappointment that resulted from this disastrous outcome of a really unselfish and patriotic endeavor to honor his country and his native city, was perhaps the thing that determined his decline. He went to Boston for a while, and modeled the bust of John Boyle O'Reilly that marks the poet's grave in Holyrood cemetery. O'Reilly had been a warm friend of the sculptor. Donoghue then went to New York, and little was heard of him until his suicide at New Haven.

Chicago art students, when they learned of his death, placed a white wreath on Donoghue's statue of "Young Sophocles" in the Art Institute, thus silently paying tribute to the genius of a Chicago sculptor whose career was at once curious, fantastic, and tragic. At the age of forty-two, but in appearance a man much older, Donoghue closed a career that had begun with great promise, but that practically ended when the great achievement of his life, as above stated, was shattered into fragments in a Brooklyn stoneyard to get rid of it.

This was really the death of a wonderful idea, since nothing of



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 6
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching

the statue remains to-day but in the memory of a very few who had seen it under construction in Rome. There was no miniature of it, nor had it ever been photographed. And only a part of it was shipped to this country. It is simply a masterpiece forever lost.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 7
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching

The story of this tragedy in artistic endeavor is worthy telling, and I tell it largely in the words of a recently published account. It was Donoghue's dream to be represented in his native city by a great work of art. When the arrangements for the World's Fair were going forward, he conceived the idea for an immense statue to be known as "The Spirit," representing the spirit of the world hovering over chaos. Milton is said to have been the inspiration. When assured that such a statue would be acceptable to the fair commissioners, Donoghue, then in Rome, set to work with great enthu-

siasm. The work was of heroic proportions, and some idea of its magnitude may be imagined from the length of the wings of the figure, which measured thirty feet from tip to tip. The statue was to have been brought to this country by the government and on board the Constellation. About the time the work was nearing completion the Constellation arrived in Rome.

The artist asked for a month's time, but it was impossible for the vessel to remain. It was ordered home. When the statue was finally ready the government did not find it convenient to transport it. But Donoghue had friends in his native country, and it was determined to

bring it here by private subscription. After considerable effort on the part of friends the necessary money was at last secured.

Part of the statue was finally sent, but it got no nearer Chicago than Brooklyn, where it was placed in storage. In the succeeding arrangements for the opening of the World's Fair Donoghue's work was lost sight of.

The exact nature of the artistic catastrophe has never been made known, but for over a year half of the statue remained in Rome and half in Brooklyn. When Donoghue came to this country to personally look after his interests, it was too late to do anything. He made numerous appeals, but they apparently came to nothing. He was poor, and his former patrons had done all that was possible for him. Finally that part of the statue in Brooklyn was broken up to pay storage charges. The half of the statue left in Rome

has never been accounted for. It likewise was probably broken up.

The failure to show his work to the public caused Donoghue grievous disappointment. He lost enthusiasm and ambition. Although he had produced a number of works that had taken rank while he was abroad he could not again settle to work after "The Spirit" had been shattered. For a time he worked for New York architects, and several large office buildings there are ornamented with specimens of his artistic skill. Recently he began to give serious study to psychical subjects, and was at work, when he killed himself, on a book to be



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 8
By Mortimer Menpes
From an Etching

called "The New Religion." Within the past two years he had been lost sight of by his Chicago acquaintances and former patrons.

A closing word of biography. Donoghue was born in Chicago, and it was here that the greatest encouragement was given him during his early and promising career. He studied in a local atelier and then went to Paris, where he was a pupil of Falguière. It is said that this move was made possible by the great confidence accorded him by Chicago patronesses to whose notice he was brought. Memories of young Donoghue are of a handsome, witty person, with an irresistibly appealing manner. He walked into the affections of people. His time was much occupied socially, but for all this he had a serious purpose in view, and if he worked only when the mood of the artist came upon him, it must be said that he by no means lacked industry.

Up to one point in his career his manner was simple and unaffected. There was a deviation when he gained the friendship of Oscar Wilde, above referred to. The English apostle of æstheticism was on a lecturing tour of the United States. He visited Chicago and flattered young Donoghue with his attention. When he departed he left in the young sculptor an enthusiastic disciple of his cult, and this was shortly shown in marked eccentricities.

Donoghue progressed rapidly under Falguière in Paris. His talent showed itself at once, and in 1884 he exhibited in the Salon a "Phædra" which was striking enough to find a ready purchaser. He then went to Rome, and there produced the "Young Sophocles," which won great praise from critics. The owner of this statue is said to be a wealthy American, that now on exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute being a copy. Indeed, so popular was this work that many replicas were made. His claim to fame rests principally on the "Young Sophocles," which is here reproduced, and it was this success that inspired him to take up the work of "The Spirit" as his masterpiece.

From the time he conceived the idea until "The Spirit" was finished Donoghue worked with great seriousness of purpose and with intense enthusiasm. The series of disappointments that followed the completion of the statue and the end of his dream to give to his native city a great work completely shattered the sculptor. After the last hope was gone and the statue destroyed, he experienced a fatalistic lack of confidence. "My career ended with 'The Spirit,'" Donoghue is credited with saying a short time before his death, to a friend who had urged him again to endeavor. "For so, too, has my spirit been shattered. I feel that my work is done

J. C. McCORD.

ART NEWS FROM THE OLD WORLD

♣ According to *Le Temps* the City of Paris has bought from the Old and New Salons the following: At the Société des Artistes Français—Paintings: “Bal Blanc,” M. Avy; “Prière du Soir,” M. Bellan; “Marchand de Chansons,” M. Gilbert; “Etang,” M. Buffet; “La Goutte de Lait,” M. Geoffroy; “A la Nuit Tombante,” M. Cachoud; “Paysage,” M. Carl Rosa; “Baigneuses,” M. Legrand and “Barques Échauées,” M. Ravanne. Sculpture: “Épisode du Siège de Paris,” M. Lefevvre; “Feuilles d’Automne,” M. Colle; “Un Rapt,” M. Suchetet; “Enfant en Masque,” M. Champigny; and “Danois au Soleil,” M. Perrault. At the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts—Paintings: “La Source,” M. Dumoulin; “Ma Patronne,” Mr. Hawkins; “Une Jeune Femme,” Mme. Le Roy d’Etoilles; “En Haut de la Dune,” M. P. Carrier-Belleuse; “Falaises à Dieppe,” M. Gabriel; “Les Tricoteuses,” M. Le Gout-Gerard; and “Le Carrefour Drouot” and “Le Boulevard des Italiens,” M. Haubron.

♣ The French government has recently opened a retail shop. It is an ordinary shop, like any other, rather handsome, and on the south side of the Boulevard, below the building of the Crédit Lyonnais. In the windows you see exposed for sale all kinds of beautiful art objects, in particular Sèvres vases, dinner services, tea and coffee cups and saucers, and delicate figurines in porcelain. Behind them are exhibited steel and wood engraving masterpieces, photogravures, and all kinds of the best process work in picture reproduction, not excluding direct photographs. And standing here and there you see small plaster-of-paris casts of sculptors’ masterpieces, modern and ancient. Inside are larger casts, and in glass-covered cabinets are exposed for sale all kinds of medals. The porcelain objects are from the French government manufactory at Sèvres. The casts are taken from the statuary of the great museums. The medals are from the mint. And the photographs and engravings are the work of the celebrated Louvre staff, work that until now has been so difficult to be procured.

♣ The Paris authorities, at the request of the society of art-lovers, *Les Amis de Louvre*, have agreed to take either into the Louvre or the Luxembourg the famous marble group, “La Danse,” which for thirty years has been the chief ornament at the entrance of the Paris Opera House. This exquisite group of dancing nymphs by the lamented Carpeaux was subjected to bitter criticism when first shown, and desecrated as highly improper. It was found one morning in 1869 covered with ink. During the last few years it has been noticed that the marble was being injured by the frost. A copy of the group will replace the original when it is removed.

✿ At the Bernheim Galleries in Paris an exhibition has just been held of the palettes of one hundred modern French artists with the colors arranged as they were used. That of Duere shows a solid paste of pigments; Fantin-Latour's palette is as brilliant as any impressionist could wish; Corot's is full of pearl-grays, while that of Ziem resembles a rainbow. One of the Paris critics remarks that the exhibition is as sadly suggestive of past glories as dusty old armor in the windows of a cheap bric-à-brac shop.

✿ The Imperial Academy of Arts of St. Petersburg is planning for the erection of "a palace of the arts." This building is intended to contain within its walls a home for the widows and orphans of artists, an asylum for aged painters, an industrial-commercial school, with thirty workshops for competitors from the higher art schools, and an enormous hall for the permanent exhibition of Russian works of art. The total cost of this magnificent building, which will be decorated with sculptures and paintings by the best artists in Russia, will be about five hundred thousand dollars. This large outlay will be defrayed by the Russian art societies.

✿ The Czar of Russia is endeavoring to encourage the painters of his land by setting aside six hundred thousand dollars in the imperial budget. Commissions have already been given Simoksj, Norozoff, and Chimoff. So far the subjects deal chiefly with hunting scenes, the object being to preserve accurate portraits of the native animals, which, like our buffalo, are becoming extinct.

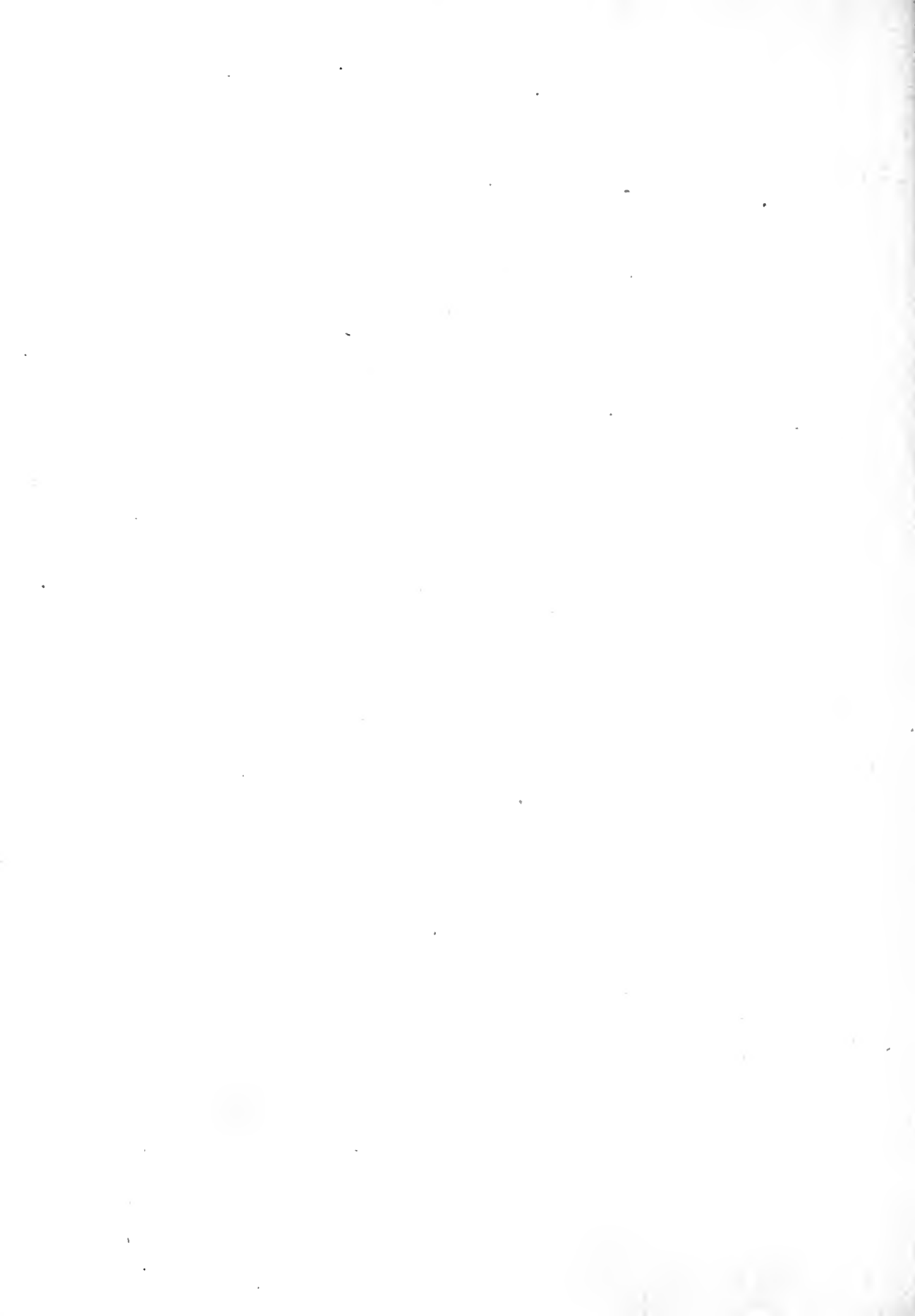
✿ The Stadtische Historische Museum, of Frankfort, has unexpectedly secured a valuable collection of silver articles of great importance for the history of the local silversmith's art. They were discovered in an old alms-chest, which was regarded as lumber, according to a London writer. When the chest was broken open, it was found to contain a great number of beautifully ornamented silver mugs, buckles, silver spoons, and similar objects, which bore for the most part the hall-mark of the town, and the private mark of distinguished silversmiths of the early eighteenth century. The origin of the treasure is not yet known, but it has been suggested that it may consist of unredeemed pledges.

✿ Ghent has been having an exhibition of the paintings of Gustave Vanaise, who was born in Ghent, and died in 1902, after painting large historical pictures like "Louise XI. and Oliver le Dain," "The Duke of Alva Sitting to His Portrait by Guillaume de Kay," "Jacques van Artevelde" (now in the Museum at Ghent), and "Saint Lieven—Dicu le Veut." Vanaise had great facility with the brush, and studied Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Jordaens, and Velasquez. His nudes, "Eve" and "Après le Bain," are much admired. Toward the close of his life his portraits made him even more famous in Belgium than his historical pictures.



YOUNG SOPHOCLES
By John Donoghue
See Article on Donoghue





✱ That the United States has not the monopoly of unsatisfactory competitions is shown by the plaint which comes from England, to the effect that the result of the Liverpool Cathedral competition is "a setback to all faith and trust in competitions, committees, and assessors." It seems that the committee in question awarded the commission to the architect who did not comply with the one condition which had been made—that the plan should permit the seating of three thousand persons near the pulpit without the intervention of a pier—and discarded the work of the four who did.

✱ The collection of pictures and water-colors of the late George Guerne was sold at Christie's. The sale was poorly attended and the bidding was listless. Fifty-one lots of water-colors and drawings were sold for £3,000. The best price realized was £630 for a small Turner. A pair of drawings by Landseer brought only thirty shillings. Among the pictures sold was Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Portrait of the Marquis of Tavistock," which brought £1,207; a Gainsbrough portrait, which sold for £1,029; Millais's "Diana Vernon," which went for £651; and Raeburn's excellent portrait of James Byers, which was taken at £526. Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Portrait of Lady Stanhope" was sold, after many had left the rooms, for £157 10s.

✱ At a sale in Christie's in London recently six small canvases by Meissonier brought prices that seem extraordinary, in view of the dimensions of the pictures. "A Troop of Cavalry," $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, brought \$4,750; "Two Cavaliers Riding," $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, \$3,000; "Advance Guard," $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches, \$2,050; "Meissonier Riding Near Auteuil," $5\frac{1}{4}$ by $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, \$4,100; "Un Florentin," 9 by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, \$1,250; and "Two Horsemen," the same dimensions as the last named, \$1,000. Two canvases by Corot, at the same sale, brought \$9,500 and \$3,900 respectively, while a Turner went for \$5,500, a Sir Joshua Reynolds for \$600, and Lord Leighton's "Nausicaa" was sold for \$5,050.

✱ A two days' sale of old mezzotint portraits collected by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at Christie's, was quite the best since the Blythe sale a few years ago. The competition for some of the lots was very keen, especially for the portraits of Mrs. Davenport and Mrs. Carwardine, both very fine impressions after Romney. The first was the work of J. Jones and the other that of J. R. Smith. Messrs. Agnew's representative outbid the opposition for the former, which fetched \$3,255, and Mr. Noseda, who was the under bidder for the first, secured the print by Smith for \$2,255. Another Smith portrait—also after Romney—of the Countess Gower and family brought \$1,312, the buyer being Mr. Colnaghi, who also secured the first published state of the whole length portrait of Lady Bampfylde, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, for \$1,207.

✱ The prices brought at a recent sale at Christie's in London of the Vaile collection of paintings broke all records. For a portrait

of Mme. du Barry by Boucher, \$11,000; a Diana by the same artist, \$15,750; a portrait of De Noirmont by Sagillière, \$13,000; and a picture of the Countess of Neuburg and her children by the same artist, \$21,750; a "Mars and Venus" by Paul Veronese, \$49,000; a portrait of Mrs. Blair by Romney, \$11,000; a portrait of Giorgio Cornaro by Titian, \$23,000. The sensation of the sale was the purchase by Wertheimer, the dealer, of a small, battered portrait of a lady in a white muslin dress by Gainsborough, for \$47,000. It was a canvas twenty-five by thirty inches, the picture buried beneath many coats of varnish. Some years ago the former owner tried in vain to sell it for \$25.

✿ The death is announced at Seville of José Jimenez of Aranda, whose paintings of court scenes under the directory are well known in this country. He was sixty-five years old, and had been for many years a professor at the Art Academy of Seville. Besides painting innumerable pictures he was an illustrator of note. At the Paris exhibition of 1900 he received a first-class medal for his illustrations for "Don Quixote." He was also the illustrator of Daudet's "Tartarin sur les Alpes."

✿ Luc-Olivier Merson, Roybet, Rochegrosse, Grasset, Besnard, and Raffaelli have made the mural decorations of the new Musée Victor Hugo. The house is the one at the Place des Vosges, where the great poet lived. The woodwork on the walls was by his own hand. There is also a table inlaid by him, with inkstands and manuscripts of Lamartine, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, and Hugo.

✿ The German emperor has conferred upon John S. Sargent, the American painter, a large gold medal for art in connection with the Berlin art exhibition. A small gold medal was conferred upon Edwin A. Abbey, the American artist.

✿ The city authorities of Venice announce that the new Campanile, as perfect a copy of the old one as can be built, will be finished in 1908. The corner-stone was laid last month with appropriate ceremonies, and the work is now well under way.



BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Old China Book," by N. Hudson Moore. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.00 net.

"The Law of Mental Medicine," by Thomson Jay Hudson. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.20 net.

"Representative Art of Our Time," Part VIII. Edited by Charles Holme. John Lane. \$1.00.

"Masters of English Landscape Painting," J. S. Cotman, David Cox, and Peter DeWint. Edited by Charles Holme. John Lane. \$2.00 net.

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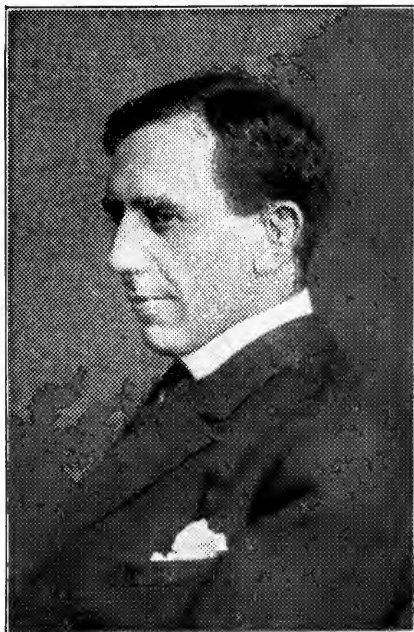
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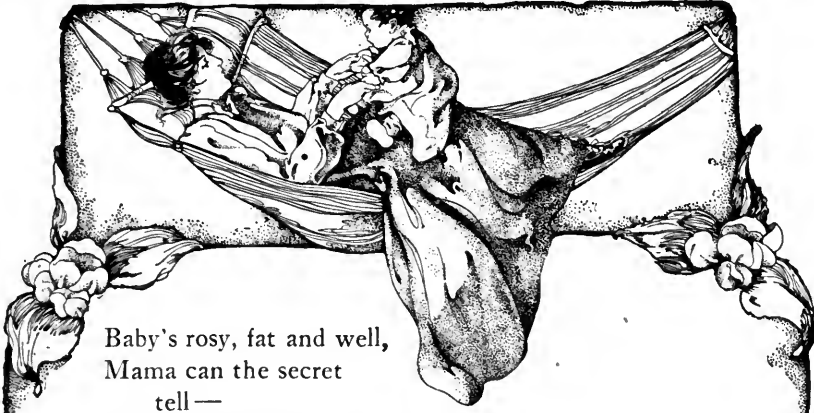


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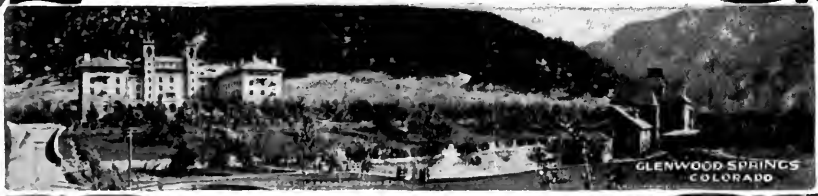


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