LIFE OF
GEORGE P. A. HEALY

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By His Daughter

MARY

(MADAME CHARLES BIGOT)

FOLLOWED BY A SELECTION OF HIS LETTERS

Edited in Loving Memory By

HIS SON AND DAUGHTERS

GEORGE P. A. HEALY

My father, George P. A. Healy, was born in Boston, July 15, 1813. He was of Irish descent on the paternal side; his father, a naturalized American, was a captain in the merchant service. The vessel he commanded happened to be in Moroccan waters in 1812, at the time of the troubles caused by pirates. As my grandfather was surrounded and capture seemed imminent, he caused his sailors to disembark, blew up his ship and barely escaped with his life.

When he returned to Boston, the captain married an American girl. He soon found that the qualities which made of him an able seaman and a fearless fighter were not such as were likely to make a successful landsman of him. Yet, at one time he must have been in pretty good circumstances, for he sat to Stuart. This was one of his eldest son's earliest recollections. Once, when the child was playing in the street with other urchins, one of these exclaimed: "There goes old Stuart!" My father looked up, but only caught a glimpse of "old Stuart's" back.

Nothing seemed to predestine the Boston boy to an artistic career. He was soon old enough to realize that his pretty young mother had much difficulty in making both ends meet. His one aim was to find some means of helping her. He despised no job that came

in his way, from holding a gentleman's horse, to the sweeping of snow off door steps. Meanwhile he attended the public school. His only artistic achievement was the drawing of maps, in which he surpassed all the other pupils. The revelation of his talent came in quite an unexpected way. He was spending the afternoon, a rainy one, with some friends who were amusing themselves with coloring prints. One of the little girls of the party said:

"You could not do as much, could you, George?"

"I cannot know until I have tried."

So he took up a brush and went to work. The others accused him of having already painted. But he had not. Only then and there he determined that paint he would, in the future.

In those far-off days there were no art schools in America, no drawing classes, no collections of fine plaster casts and very few pictures on exhibition. But the boy never wavered, never hesitated. He drew everything he saw. When he had no money to buy paper and pencils, he drew with charcoal on walls, on the floor, everywhere. But he drew perpetually. He received small encouragement from his family. Artists seemed a queer, foreign growth, unfit for American soil. In spite of opposition he went his way, quietly and cheerfully.

It is probable that the Stuart family had remained on good terms with the Healys. Miss Stuart followed the boy's crude attempts with interest. She lent him a print from Guido Reni's *Ecce Homo.* This the

young student copied on a canvas and, for lack of another model, studied the flesh tints of his own face. Then with the presumption of extreme youth he induced a friendly bookseller to exhibit it in his shop window.

It so happened that a Catholic priest from the country passed that way and was attracted by the picture. He inquired whether it was for sale. The bookseller thought that perhaps the artist might be induced to part with it.

"But," said the priest, "I am poor. I could only offer ten dollars for it."

Ten dollars—a fortune!

Many years afterwards my father, then in Washington, was accosted by a friend who called him by name. An old man, wearing a Roman collar, stopped and said:

"I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. Healy, the artist?"

"I am."

"Then, Mr. Healy, I think I must have been the first, or one of the first, of your patrons. Do you remember an *Ecce Homo* you exhibited in Boston when you were a mere boy? That picture still hangs in my village church."

This chance meeting was a great joy to the artist.

About that same time the youth painted a portrait which ought to have softened the family opposition: that of the butcher, to whom doubtless many chops and steaks were owing. Besides the butcher, he pressed

every one he could into his service as models—his mother, his little brothers and sister—all who were willing to sit. But, especially, he painted his own portrait. Even late in life he continued to do so, saying that he never had a better sitter than himself, which was certainly true. When he was about eighteen years old he painted himself wearing a jaunty student cap a little on one side. As far as painting went, it was perhaps a little sketchy, but so living, so full of spirit! The beardless face was very fresh, the eyes bright, the hair much lighter than it became in later years. When, in my turn, I was eighteen, my father gave me this portrait because I was so very like it. I prized this picture very highly. It was, with many other valuable things, burned when our house was destroyed in the great Chicago fire in 1871.

The boy painter soon attracted some attention. Miss Stuart spoke to that charming artist, Sully, about "little Healy," as he was generally called. Sully sent word that if the youth would make him some sketches from nature he would be glad to criticize them. When, timidly, the sketches were taken to him, Sully examined them carefully and said: "I greatly advise you to make painting your profession."

My father was always very grateful for this encouragement. Later he never went to Philadelphia without calling on the old portrait painter. Once Sully said to him: "You have no reason to regret having followed my advice." Sully was the most courtly of men, gentle and affable. After having been the favor-

ite painter of his day, fashion changed—as it is always sure to change—and at each visit the younger painter found his old friend's studio more and more deserted. Sully never complained or by a bitter word or look let his visitor guess that his success was a thing of the past. He showed a quiet dignity, a serenity which, when in his turn he was old, my father surely remembered.

Encouraged not only by Sully, but by some kind friends, the young artist boldly took a studio, or a room that might pass for one; he hung out a sign, according to the fashion of the day, and waited for sitters—in vain. When the time came for paying his rent he was dismayed. He went to his landlord and explained that surely, later on, sitters would make their appearance, but that, so far, somehow, they had not found their way to his studio. The landlord happened to be a gentleman. He smiled, said that his own son and his son-in-law should sit for their portraits. May all struggling artists meet with such a landlord! These portraits were successful, attracted some attention, and other sitters followed. But they were all men. The novice aspired to paint a woman, a beautiful woman.

In those early days the queen of society was Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, a dashing, beautiful, admired, critcised, much talked about woman. A friend gave my father a letter of introduction to this fascinating beauty, But, in spite of his courage and energy, the artist was a very shy youth of eighteen. Once he went

up to the door of the lady's imposing mansion on Beacon Street, looked at the bell—and took to his heels. Another day, however, he forced himself not only to look at the bell, but to ring it and to send word that "a gentleman wanted to see Mrs. Otis on business." Mrs. Otis came down, took the note of introduction, then said with her peculiarly sweet smile:

"What can I do to serve you, Mr. Healy?"

"Sit for me, Madam. I so want to paint a beautiful woman."

Mrs. Otis laughed, showed her pretty teeth—and consented.

With the audacity of a beginner "little Healy" painted her laughing, just as he saw her laugh on that memorable day.

In spite of his extraordinary facility, of his success also, my father understood perfectly that his artistic education was very insufficient. He determined to go to Paris and to study hard. He did not know a word of French; he had no idea what sort of difficulties he might encounter in a strange land; moreover, he had to provide for his mother and the younger children—his father had died—and take with him a little money for his own immediate wants. All this was rather staggering; but nothing ever staggered him. In 1834, before he was twenty-one years old, he took passage on a sailing vessel for Hâvre.

On his way through New York, he called on Samuel F. Morse, who had been a portrait painter before he turned his attention to science. When Mr. Morse

heard of the young man's foolhardy undertaking, he shook his head and murmured:

"You won't make salt to your porridge."

"Then, sir, I must eat my porridge without salt."

How this Yankee youth managed, alone in a country where he was unable to make himself understood, with very little money in his pocket, is more than I can understand. But manage he did. Somehow or other he was admitted into the studio of Baron Gros, only a few months before that celebrated painter of the Napoleonic period drowned himself.

It was in this atelier that my father made the acquaintance of a man who remained his steadfast friend, Thomas Couture. The acquaintance began oddly enough. The model was resting and had unconsciously taken an excellent attitude. A short, thick-set young man unceremoniously pushed the new pupil aside, with these words: "Donne-moi ta place, petit." Then, turning over the sheet of paper, in a few vigorous strokes, he sketched in the relaxed figure. The new pupil never had a better lesson. Then the thick-set young man carelessly sauntered away.

After the death of Gros the two fellow-students did not meet for several years. Then my father was commissioned by a friend to purchase a picture by Couture. In the already famous painter he recognized his free and easy comrade.

Thomas Couture, who was toward the middle of the last century regarded as one of the best French painters, is now scarcely known by the rising generation.

This is singularly unjust, for he had something of genius. He belonged to no school and remained absolutely indifferent to the quarrel between the classicists and the romanticists. His only theory was to look at nature and to be influenced by no one in his way of rendering it. He painted frankly, a little brutally sometimes, but always with intense life and great spirit. He was no courtier. Napoleon III did not like his talent, but he rendered sufficient justice to it to order from the young painter a large composition representing the baptism of the Prince Imperial. The picture was already well advanced and promised a great work when, exasperated by the imperial remarks and criticisms, Couture exclaimed: "Who is painting this picture, Your Majesty or I?" And alas! no one painted it. Couture was so cruelly hurt that he turned his back on all noble patrons and obstinately refused to exhibit at the Salon. Before long he was, if not forgotten, at least much neglected. People would say: "Couture? . . . Ah! yes, Couture of the *Décadence romaine*. But he is dead, or if he is not, he ought to be." In reality, when Couture died in 1879, he was only sixty-four. I am glad to say that if French courts, both that of Louis Philippe and that of Napoleon III, did not know how to appreciate this truly great man, his works were eagerly bought by Americans—just as Millet, when he was still violently criticised in France, was already appreciated in the United States.

The friendship so characteristically begun in Gros'

atelier between Couture and my father remained unchanged to the end. We possess many letters of the great painter as full of spirit as his best sketches. On one occasion he sent my father a study of feet which he had made in view of one of his large pictures. I cannot refrain from translating the note which accompanied the gift:

"My Dear Healy:

"I am happy to put my feet in your hands, which might seem a rather impertinent proceeding on my part did I not hasten to say that these are young feet painted by the old hand of your friend.

"Go, pretty feet, you are swift, you are quivering with youth; for you, at the threshold of life, all is happiness, all is hope. You will have the good luck to be welcomed by one who was ever indulgent to your painter—and so you will receive a hearty welcome and be at peace!

"If you could only speak (unfortunately feet are dumb) you would say to him to whom you now belong: 'We are not beautiful, but as frank and true' as, my dear Healy,

"Your old friend,

"Thomas Couture."

Villiers-le-Bel, September 28, 1878.

In my father's very intermittent diary, he thus speaks of his old comrade's death:

"March 31, 1879.

"Yesterday I went to Ecouen to see Mr. C————, a member of the Stanley Club. A friend came in and

announced that Couture had died on the previous night. I was extraordinarily moved. I hastened to the house so as to see his wife and daughters. What a heartrending spectacle I witnessed as I entered the room, where so often I had seen my friend at work! I looked about me at the familiar drawings of Béranger, of George Sand, at the studies for the *Petit Fauconnier* and the *Décadence romaine.* His two daughters came in, convulsed with grief, the dear children! They took me to their mother, who is much changed by fatigue and sorrow. And there, on the bed, lay all that remained of the friend I had loved for more than forty years. He seemed to be in a peaceful sleep. . . . The family thought of burying him at Montmartre, but both M. Barbedienne and I strongly urged that this man, who was one of the glories of France, should rest in Père La Chaise."

But we must return to Healy's early life.

Wherever the young American artist chanced to be, he carefully studied and copied the works of the old masters, and his copies are so absolutely perfect, they so give the spirit of the original, that those who are lucky enough to possess some of them prize them highly.

One day, at the Louvre, as he was copying Correggio's beautiful *Marriage of Saint Catherine,* two English people, husband and wife, stopped and with some courteous words of appreciation, passed on.

Some months later, when my father had undertaken a journey to Italy, principally on foot, for economical reasons, he met this English couple at the inn of the Mont-Cenis Pass. Sir Arthur and Lady Faulkner recognized the young American student, invited him to sit at their table and finally offered him a seat in their traveling carriage. This was the beginning of a warm friendship.

During this period of his student days, Healy, though he traveled somewhat and mixed at times in the Anglo-Saxon society of Paris, was to all intents and purposes a French painter, seeing things from a French point of view. He lived like his comrades, whom he greatly liked, sharing their labor, their hopes, their fears and their pleasures. It was often a hard life, but a singularly interesting and varied one also. In the summer time he and his friends often journeyed together, on foot, stopping here and there, sketching whatever struck their fancy, laughing, chatting, finding brown bread and fresh milk food for the gods, and often sleeping in barns.

Once, however, these young men had a windfall. As they were hard at work a gentleman strolled by, stopped, spoke, became interested and finally, saying that he had not many opportunities of meeting artists, invited them to dinner. They were warmly welcomed to the stranger's château and the fact that he possessed a remarkable cook and a rare cellar was highly appreciated by these wanderers.

Then, in 1836, came a summons from his kind Eng-

lish fellow travelers, Sir Arthur and Lady Faulkner, and the American painter went to London. Through their patronage, through that also of Joseph Hume, the radical Member of Parliament, whose portrait he had most successfully painted, he was fairly launched in London society, which contrasted greatly with his bohemian life in Paris. At this moment he seemed destined to become, like several of his countrymen, an English artist. Sir Arthur Faulkner obtained for him sittings from the Duke of Sussex, uncle of Queen Victoria.

The Duke of Sussex, then a middle-aged man, usually wore a velvet cap on his bald head. He was the most amiable and simple of men. He had contracted a morganatic marriage with a lady who bore the title of Duchess of Inverness. She was a tiny woman, barely five feet in height, whereas he was a man of superb stature. He was a very soft hearted and romantic lover, in spite of his bald head and velvet cap, and would sing ditties to his lady love, accompanying himself on the guitar.

Lady Agnes Buller, sister of the Duke of Northumberland, was one of my father's most charming sitters. Lord and Lady Waldegrave also ordered their portraits. Lady Waldegrave was the daughter of the celebrated singer, Braham, whose real name was Abraham. For his Christian audiences he changed it to A. Braham.

Yet another sitter excited the interest and curiosity

of the Yankee painter. This was a Scotchman called the Master of Grant, the head of his clan. The portrait was a small whole-length and represented this superb looking man in his Highland costume. Shortly after the portrait was finished, the Master of Grant died very suddenly. Two ladies, evidently of high rank, ordered a copy of the portrait and had it sent to them secretly, under lock and key. This sentimental mystery has never been explained.

It was during one of his stays in England that my father met the young lady whom he afterwards married. He had made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Hanley and invited her to visit his studio. This she did, taking with her a young sister, Miss Louisa Phipps. As the ladies were ascending the stairs, he, late for an appointment, was running down. All he saw of the young girl was a pair of very sweet eyes looking up at him. He gave Mrs. Hanley the key of the studio, saying that a friend of his, who was his neighbor, would do the honors in his stead. This friend was a miniature painter of talent, named Dubourjal, a typical Frenchman, a few years Healy's senior. This gentleman, struck by the freshness and coy grace of the English girl, asked her to sit to him. This she consented to do, but somehow was oftener in the adjoining painting-room than in poor Dubourjal's, much to that worthy man's discomfiture. The portrait proved to be a very pretty one. Miss Phipps wore her hair massed in a bow on the top of her head, while soft

ringlets fell on either side of her sweet face. The dress, cut low, had large puffed sleeves. This dainty portrait now belongs to my youngest sister, Mrs. Besly.

The face of this old and faithful friend was familiar to me from my earliest infancy. He was one of the family and, though he always remained poor, no "Jour de l'An" passed without bringing the small, natty, bright-eyed Frenchman to our door laden with dolls and books. It is so universal to jeer at such friendships among the French and to disbelieve in their disinterestedness that I must stop a moment to speak of this life-long attachment.

Dubourjal and my father had been intimate several years before the marriage of my parents. It is possible, nay, probable, that, while he was making the pretty water-color sketch, Dubourjal fell in love with his model. But no one rejoiced more loyally than he did over his friend's absolute happiness. In that friend's absence he watched over us all with admirable devotion. He was initiated into all the struggles of the young couple and was happier over his comrade's final success than if it had been his own. When he could be of use he was radiant. In the early days when my parents' stock of plate was, to say the least, modest—and yet they gave dinners, the imprudent young people—Dubourjal would arrive before the other guests and mysteriously draw from his pocket a paper parcel containing his own silver spoons and

forks. On one occasion of unusual ceremony, he provided two bottles of fine wine carefully sealed. The guests tasted it with reverence, looked at its deep color and found it excellent. The next day the sealed bottles were discovered in a corner. The maid by mistake had served the ordinary wine in the small glasses. But it did just as well.

In 1845 Dubourjal accompanied my father in one of his numerous visits to America and made a little money. This his friend took and invested—or pretended to—so advantageously that for the rest of his life Dubourjal's simple wants were provided for. During the War of Secession, when exchange went up to two hundred or more per cent, and when it was no easy task to provide for his own family, my father never failed to send over the little income. By this time poor Dubourjal was bed-ridden with acute rheumatism and, but for this godsend, would have been penniless. His gratitude was very touching, as may be seen by the following letter:

"Neuilly, October 19, 1861.

"My dear and very good friend:

"Through your ever watchful solicitude I have received from Messrs. Munroe notification that they have put the sum sent by you to my credit.

"I have been suffering greatly and have been exhausted by the fatigue of moving. But I am enchanted with my new country quarters. My bedroom is bright and gay and your portrait is hung in

the best possible place. I look at it morning and evening and indeed all day long with the greatest pleasure and in doing so forget that I am alone. . . .

"I often reproach myself for not answering your letters more regularly. They are my great consolation. I ought to overwhelm you with my thanks and gratitude. I think of you all perpetually. You are my good angels and when my courage fails me it is your constant affection which revives it.

"Poor dear grandmother! She is freed from her long sufferings. I must confess to a feeling of envy, and yet I should wish to prolong my life so as to prolong also my gratitude. . . . I can write no more, the suffering is too acute.

"Your sincere friend—until the end,

"DUBOURJAL."

Does not a friendship like this, so true, so absolutely free from all taint, give another idea of French society than that drawn from bad novels and travelers' tales?

While I am speaking of my father's native generosity, which prompted him at a time when he was himself a struggling artist, to help his less fortunate brethren, I must not omit the case of a poor young artist, Cook by name, who was slowly dying in a Paris hospital. In those days hospitals were not the model institutions they are now. Cook was a consumptive. He was quite penniless, almost without friends, and was in mortal terror of the medical staff who, as he thought, experimented upon him. "If you cannot get

me out of this hell, I shall die of fright!" he exclaimed. Immediately my father knocked at friendly doors. He collected a sum which, unaided, he would have been incapable of providing. The purse most liberally opened to him on this occasion was that of Thackeray, whom my father knew but slightly. The young man was taken into the country. He had a cheerful room in a farm-house and a kind nurse tended him. He died, in spite of every care, but at least his end was not made ghastly with fear. He would repeat in his gratitude: "I am happy, I am so happy!"

In 1839 my father, after his London seasons, was called back to France. Our minister, General Cass, had obtained for him sittings from the king, Louis Philippe. He asked Miss Phipps to accompany him. For all fortune this imprudent young man possessed five hundred francs. Most of his earnings went toward the support of his younger brothers and sister. Both his parents had died. As to the young girl herself, she had not a penny. On the other hand, my father was already well known and had a fair chance of success. If, from a worldly point of view, the marriage was unwise, it proved to be an ideally happy one. My parents were lovers, even in old age. They were married very quietly at the Saint Pancras Church. The clergyman cast a pitying glance on the bride and one of disfavor on the foreign looking bridegroom, who wore a moustache! In those days such an orna-

ment was the appanage only of soldiers or Frenchmen.

In Paris the young couple found a painting-room with a single adjoining room. They went out for their meals and kept no servant. It must have all been very bewildering to the bride, who had never before left England. She did not know one word of French; but she managed somehow and soon caught up enough of the language to make herself understood. Her first initiation was reading Alexandre Dumas' novels aloud, without having the faintest idea of what the author was talking about.

This early life of my parents was one of great contrasts. They were poor and some of their friends were very rich. General Cass, American minister to France, who had early taken great interest in his young countryman, when he heard of the marriage, had a dinner invitation sent to "Mr. and Mrs. Healy." My mother was painfully shy. Then there was the troublesome question of dress. Altogether, the thought of this dinner filled her with terror rather than with pleasure. But there could be no thought of refusing it. My father and she went, arm in arm, to the *Trois Quartiers,* the fashionable shop of the day, and they chose white satin to be covered with white crêpe. The salesman, pitying their inexperience, recommended a dressmaker. The dainty dress proved to be most becoming, but the dinner was an ordeal. A tall footman stood behind the little bride's chair—she was just five feet in height—and frightened her half out of her senses. But the general, Mrs. Cass and Miss Isabella

Cass, a tall, commanding person, were all very kind to the young stranger.

If the white satin dress represented one side of life, the primitive domestic arrangements represented the other. My parents had removed to a rather better studio, but still there was no kitchen in their establishment. Restaurant food began to pall upon them and my mother with her housewifely instincts thought that the studio stove, which possessed a sort of oven, might be utilized for culinary purposes. So, one day, she bought a goose and stowed it away in the oven. The bell rang and a gentleman entered. Visitors, who might perchance be sitters, were always warmly welcomed. This one proved to be a good talker, and, like most good talkers, dearly loved the sound of his own voice. Presently an unexpected sound mingled in the conversation. The goose insisted upon being heard; soon, on being smelt also. The visitor looked a little surprised; concluded probably that the kitchen was inconveniently near—and continued. The goose, disheartened, gradually gave up the contest. When the visitor at last left, the unfortunate fowl was reduced to a cinder.

Meanwhile the sittings from the King began. It was just after the execution of Fieschi, and His Majesty was not tender on the subject of King-killers. Before beginning the portrait, the artist advanced, holding in his hand a compass with which to take the measures of the royal face. One of the courtiers, seeing the gleam of steel, roughly pushed my father

aside, at which Louis Philippe said with a smile: "Mr. Healy is a republican, it is true, but he is an American. I am quite safe with him."

The King spoke English admirably and by no means disdained colloquialisms. He greatly liked to talk about his experiences in America. He and his brother had seen Stuart paint the portrait of Washington, ordered by Mrs. Bingham. His Majesty said: "I want you to copy that portrait for me." The great difficulty was to discover where it was. When inquiries had been made concerning it, the King exclaimed: "Mr. Healy, we are dished! The portrait is in Russia and just now I can ask nothing of the Russian government. What are we to do?" The artist proposed the whole-length portrait which hangs in Faneuil Hall. "No, no, that is in his military uniform. I want him as President of the United States, in his black velvet suit." As it turned out, the portrait was really in London, where my father copied it.

At this time Louis Philippe was contemplating a collection of copies, for Versailles, from known portraits of celebrated men. He had obtained permission from the young Queen of England for his American artist to copy several of the masterpieces that hang in Windsor Castle. My mother went with my father and they became very intimate with the lady who acted as housekeeper to the castle. For two months they wandered freely through the empty rooms.

One day, while my father was copying Lawrence's portrait of Lord Bathurst, Her Majesty, accompanied

by Prince Albert, stopped to look at the work. The King of France had always shown himself most affable, even companionable, like a veritable citizen-King. Queen Victoria was far more ceremonious. Approving of the copy, she bade her husband tell the painter of her satisfaction. The Prince repeated the words of praise as though those words had fallen upon deaf ears. The Queen of England could not speak directly to a mere artist.

While at Windsor my father copied some of the Van Dyck portraits. The group of the children of Charles I, which is a wonderful reproduction of the original, now hangs in the house of my sister, Mrs. Hill.

It must have been during this visit to England that took place an excursion of which we young ones never wearied of hearing. Lord Waldegrave, who had sat to the American artist some years earlier, said: "Mr. Healy, you ought to see Strawberry Hill (which he owned). It is historic ground." So he wrote to the housekeeper, on his card: "Give Mr. and Mrs. Healy and their party a good luncheon." They, with some artist friends, started one beautiful summer morning, taking boat at Twickenham. Strawberry Hill had once belonged to Horace Walpole, who, from that lovely spot, dated many a letter to the Marquise du Deffand—that blind, yet astoundingly clear-sighted, old woman. These merry young people thought but little about the peculiar friendship which existed between Horace Walpole and the witty Marquise; they only knew that the day was sunny, that they were all young, that the

grounds were enchanting and the house full of wonders. When the luncheon was served, they were ravenous. The liveried servants must have looked with contempt on these "Yankee painter folk" who devoured everything put before them. There was in particular a formidable dish of lamb chops, of which not one remained.

After this sojourn in England our parents lived chiefly in Paris or Versailles.

In the spring of 1845 Louis Philippe said to his painter:

"Mr. Healy, I hear that General Jackson is very ill. You must start at once for the Hermitage, to paint his portrait."

The King was then creating a gallery in the Palace of Versailles for portraits of the political celebrities of the age. Among these he wished to include American statesmen.

When my father reached the Hermitage, General Jackson was dying of moving dropsy, which kept him from lying down. He flatly refused to sit. "No, sir; not for all the crowned heads in Europe." My father greatly disconcerted, would have left at once but for the general's adopted daughter. The old man adored her and she persuaded him to give a few sittings. The portrait was so successful that the general asked the artist to remain so as to execute a portrait of "his dear child." It was during those sittings that General Jackson died. My father was awakened one morn-

ing by the wailing of the plantation slaves: "Ole massa's dead! Oh Lord! ole massa's dead!"

Healy then painted Clay and many other celebrities, among them John Quincy Adams, then seventy-eight years of age. From his childhood Adams had known many famous people at home and abroad. It was a curious sensation to speak to a man whose father had known Voltaire, Buffon, the Encyclopedists, and who, himself, had been at school with Franklin's grandson at Passy, somewhere about 1775.

In 1884, when Healy was commissioned to paint President Arthur, he makes this entry in his Diary:

"April 7th. I went to pay a visit to President Arthur, whom I was to paint. His secretary told me that the President was very busy and begged me to wait a few minutes. I was shown into the room which forty-two years earlier had been given to me as painting room by President Tyler. In it hung the portraits of Presidents John Quincy Adams and Martin Van Buren, the first of which I had painted in 1845. I studied these old portraits as though they had been by another. It was a singular and very pleasant experience."

My father painted Webster several times. Then it was that the idea of a great historical picture came to him. In his *Webster Replying to Hayne,* which now hangs in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, he grouped about the great orator his friends and his foes. These, like Webster himself, were painted from life, as well as the

pretty women in the ladies' gallery. They wore funny poke bonnets, which doubtless seemed as becoming as the "picture hats" of our day. Webster was a superb model with his deep-set eyes, his strong features and his commanding presence.

It will not be swerving from my subject here to insert a most earnest and scholar-like article on this picture. It was written by Mr. Darius Cobb, and appeared in the Boston Advertiser of August 31, 1912. This appreciation of their father's great work has been a source of joy to his children:

"I often wonder if our Bostonians fully realize the value of Healy's masterpiece that hangs in Faneuil Hall. The discussion regarding the suggestion of its being 'trimmed' to the architecture of the hall has awakened new interest.

"No art commission of æsthetic judgment would for a moment think of committing such an act of vandalism; and so I would find it difficult to credit the report that the Boston commission entertained even a passing suggestion of such an act.

"This painting first impresses one with its intellectual and artistic power. Not alone is the Webster presented as an oratorical Hercules, but the various members of the Senate, as they listen to the immortal oration, or argument, are each rendered in his individual character, especially Calhoun and Judge Burnet.

"So natural are these poses and the expressions of absorbed attention, that one loses sight of the artistic

genius that produced them. There is no parade of technique here, but like the great masters, Mr. Healy makes you forget the manner of his painting by broad and sustaining power of effect. The general color and chiaroscuro give the picture a tone of great richness. Like Rembrandt he gives us broad shadows in which the figures seem to move, and concentrates his light to bring out in strong relief the central character, who stands grandly forth in the fulmination of his thunder for the annihilation of the secession phalanx, and preservation of the Union. This unobtrusive concentration of light upon the chief motive of the painting is the work of a master.

"In the lower portion of the picture the artist found no difficulty in his composition, the figures and accessories being easily composed; but the upper portion was not so easy. The line of the gallery alone makes the composition difficult, which the reframing by the art commission tends to accentuate; and then the spectators are not expected to assume the picturesque positions of the listening and pondering senators below. Mr. Healy has greatly relieved this difficulty by the skilful disposition of his shadows. He has given us a fine scale of color without obtrusion. From the highest lights to the deepest shadows we have a richness of harmony which imparts to the painting a lasting quality.

"This is not a picture to be glanced at and passed by with a comment on its striking technique, but one is inclined to look upon it with increasing interest in the

subject and the manner of its rendering. In proportion to the æsthetic culture of the people so will this production of mental power and aesthetic culture be appreciated."

During a prolonged stay in America, my parents visited Cambridge. My father, before he went to France, therefore probably at nineteen or twenty years of age, painted a charming portrait of Miss Appleton, soon to become Mrs. Longfellow. I recently saw this portrait in the fine old Longfellow mansion and found it singularly fresh in color and sweet in expression. The poet, Healy painted several times. The finest of these portraits is the one ordered by his publishers, Ticknor and Field.

My mother was a little awed at being received by so many celebrated people. Once there came an invitation to tea—that nice old-fashioned American meal—at the house of Mr. Felton, the Greek professor. When her host spoke to her about Dickens, instead of describing Greek antiquities, and in terms of enthusiasm such as to satisfy even her adoration of the great novelist, she forgot that he was a very learned professor and only saw in him the most delightful of Dickens' intimate American friends. She always considered life, in that tree-shaded village, as an ideal one. There, no one was rich, or wished to be so; money never seemed to be thought of or mentioned.

It was during that period of hard and successful work that the news of Louis Philippe's downfall in

1848 reached his painter. With it all hopes of royal patronage came to an end. The artist could scarcely expect that the republic, and later the empire, would pay the King's debts or accept the portraits he had ordered. The studies for the great picture of Webster replying to Hayne were already far advanced and no amount of accumulated difficulties could deter the artist from accomplishing a cherished plan. He returned to Paris and for years worked at his Webster. About this time he also painted another historical picture representing Franklin before Louis XVI, which, at the Universal Exhibition of 1855 obtained for its author a gold medal, the highest reward which, in those days, had been awarded to an American painter. It gave him the right to send pictures to the Salon without the sanction of the Jury.

The days when my mother roasted a goose in the studio stove were well nigh forgotten. My father was known and successful; but the future seemed uncertain. Children had come, many of them. Two boys among the first-born had died in childhood; but there always seemed to be a baby in our midst. A large family is an expensive luxury when a palette and some brushes represent the only fortune.

In 1855 my father made the acquaintance of one of the most genial, charming, hearty of Westerners, Mr. William B. Ogden, who really deserved his name of "The father of Chicago." He was never tired of telling how that struggling, ragged, rough, overgrown village was destined to become a great city. He

warmly urged my father to visit him in Chicago and promised him a rich harvest of commissions. So, before the end of the year, the Yankee painter once more trod American soil, leaving us behind him. When they were thus separated, my parents wrote to each other every day, sending off the bulky package once a week. This formed a veritable journal and we, the elder children, listened open-mouthed to the descriptions of this singular American life, where one was always either frozen or melted. Of course, we mispronounced the queer name of the new town.

My father was most enthusiastically received. The number of portraits he painted in that first year is something fabulous. He was the guest of Mr. Ogden, who was a bachelor; his house was kept by his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sheldon. After the large full-length portrait of Mr. Ogden himself, one of the artist's most popular works was a group of Mr. Sheldon and his two children. Another sister of his host was on her wedding trip with Mr. Ezra B. McCagg; later, these also became close friends of our family. To mention all who were kind to the stranger at that time would be to speak of all the prominent members of the early Chicago society: beside the Ogdens, Sheldons, McCaggs, there were the Newberrys, the Arnolds, the Skinners, the Drummonds, the Blatchfords, the Blairs, the Kinzies —a little later, the Bryans—and how many others! One of my father's most attractive portraits at that time was that of Miss Nellie Kinzie, the liveliest of

Chicago belles, and who, as Mrs. Gordon, is now the most vivacious and interesting of old ladies. She is, if not the first white child that came to life within the shadow of Fort Dearborn, at least one of the first.

When a year had elapsed, my father called us to him. He had taken a frame house which terrified my mother by its frail walls and roaring furnace. It was predestined to the flames; but they only destroyed it after we had left. In this shell of a house an entirely new and strange life began for us.

This was a period of prosperity and wild activity. Stories were afloat of men who had bought a tract of land and sold it again, almost immediately, at an enormous profit. Of those who lost everything instead of making a fortune, less was said. Even an artist, so ill-fitted by nature and education to understand anything about business, cannot always escape the fever of speculation. The painter from over the seas caught it pretty badly. In that first year he had been so very successful that probably he felt justified in risking some of his hard-earned dollars—and he bought right and left, trusting to any and every adviser, accepting land, which he never seems to have even seen—had he time for such details?—in payment for his portraits. Some of these purchases, advised by his real friends, proved to be good investments. Others, thrust upon him by pretended well-wishers, were disastrous. One lot was discovered to be covered by the lake. And, so, much of his gains of that first hard year were literally washed away. One venture however proved, after

about half a century of tax paying, without a penny of profit, an excellent speculation. He had bought, at a venture, a tract of waste sand by the lake, on the North Side, a most desolate region at that time, but which has become lovely and most fashionable. But, as he used to say, "How that sand was thrown in my eyes!"

The era of prosperity came to an abrupt end with the financial crisis of 1857. Even rich people shrank from sitting for their portraits. Then, before very long, the War of Secession burst forth. It was a disastrous period for all, for artists perhaps more than for others. Much of the property my father had acquired was sacrificed to supply the wants of his growing family.

At the time of Fort Sumter Healy was in Charleston. One of the newspapers warned the "Yankee painter" that if he had not left the city before sun-down he should be tarred and feathered. This only made the Yankee painter laugh. He did not know what fear was. But his host said: "The carriage is to be at the door in an hour, and you must go."

During these terrible years many of our generals sat to my father: Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Admiral Porter, Sheridan, and many others. His admirable portrait of Lincoln is in the Newberry Library of Chicago. After the war, the artist painted a picture which he called *The Peacemakers*. It represented Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Porter on board the "River Queen," discussing the possibilities of peace. This pic-

ture was burned in 1892 when the Calumet Club was destroyed by fire.

Meanwhile, life had gone on. My elder sister and I were grown up. We lived in a roomy, old-fashioned house on Wabash Avenue and our parents were happy to receive their friends after the simple and hospitable fashion of the day. But my mother was anxious. My father had worked so unceasingly that his nervous system was entirely unstrung and he suffered much from insomnia. So it was determined once more to put the ocean between him and his many sitters. The holiday was to last a year or two; it lasted many more. It was only in 1892 that the family returned definitely to Chicago. Meanwhile the painter had paid many visits to America.

At the end of 1867, after a stay in Paris, we found ourselves in Rome, where my elder sister had preceded us with her husband. Here, an entirely different life awaited us. Indeed no greater contrast could be found than that which exists between Chicago and Rome.

Still, even in Rome, we found an American element which gave us a home feeling. A colony of artists from the United States had gathered in the Eternal City, and in their pleasant society we were soon admitted. Mr. Story and his family occupied the second floor of the Barberini palace. The widow of the sculptor Crawford, then Mrs. Terry, lived in the upper part of the Odescalchi palace; her son, Marion Crawford, and her two daughters became our friends. The Ved-

ders, the Haseltines, the Freemans, Miss Hosmer, and many others received us most hospitably. Close to us, Via Gregoriana, near the Pincio, lived Miss Cushman, whom our father had known when they were both young. She was the most original and witty of women. One evening, returning with us on foot from some entertainment, as we were climbing the five hundred steps which lead from the Piazza di Spagna, she suddenly assumed the aspect of a witch and declaimed in a weird voice: "When shall we three meet again?" The effect, under the light of the waning moon, with the great sleeping city at our feet, was startling.

But if we saw many Americans, residents and travelers, during the years of Rome, it was especially the Villa Médicis which attracted us.

As is well known, this "School of Rome" receives each year a certain number of artists: painters, sculptors, engravers, architects, musicians, who have obtained the coveted "Prix de Rome." They are grown men and enjoy perfect liberty; but they live under the supervision of a Director, who, in our day, was M. Ernest Hebert, the celebrated painter. He and my father became friends and we often assisted at the Sunday evening receptions in the big, solemn, square salon of the Academy, whose walls were decorated with fine Gobelin tapestries representing the story of Esther.

The Villa Médicis, built in 1540 by Cardinal Ricci, who sold it to Alessandro dei Medici, became French property in 1803. Its beautiful façade (not the one which looks down upon the street, but the one facing

the gardens) was designed, it is said, by Michael Angelo. It boasts of a lovely *loggia,* which leads to a formal parterre of flower beds and to a wide terrace from which the view over Rome is a marvel. Beyond extends a small, very old park, mostly of yew trees, solemn and silent; this park joins the gardens of the Pincio, from which it is separated by high iron gratings. The palace has two high towers. Quite at the top of one of these is a quaint little lodging formed of two rooms, decorated with Oriental rugs, inlaid tables and bright colored draperies. During our stay, this high perched solitude, so propitious to meditation and work, was occupied by Gounod. He happened to be in one of his mystic moods and here composed some of his most beautiful religious music. Gounod and Hebert had been comrades at the Villa under the sway of Ingres many years before, and had remained close friends. To the young men of the Villa Gounod was a sort of god. Among them he seemed as young as they were, companionable, frank, charming. Unlike most musicians he could talk, and talk delightfully, with fire, with pathos, with emotion—for he was the most emotional of men—on any topic, poetry, painting, antiquity; of life, too, of which he had seen many and varied aspects.

Gounod's favorite among all these young artists was a painter, whose light and piercing eyes shone under very dark brows. His curiously strong face, his thick, curly black hair and beard, his athletic and supple frame, made him the "observed of all observers." To

Gounod, his great charm was an exquisite tenor voice, sweet, true, flexible, and which he used like a consummate singer. No one ever rendered the master's heart-stirring melodies as did this young man. Those who now admire the great equestrian portrait of Prim in the Louvre, only see one side of the extraordinary nature of Henri Regnault, the most universally gifted man I ever knew. And it seems singularly pitiful to think that this gifted son of France should have fallen under Prussian balls, at Montretout, during the war of 1870-71. He was just twenty-seven years of age.

One of the most interesting visitors of the Villa at that time was Liszt. He rarely consented to sit down at the piano himself, but he was an appreciative listener and a great favorite with the "pensionnaires." He sat for my father, who caused a grand piano to be placed in his studio; Liszt's mode of sitting was to play for hours, to the great joy of his painter. At this time, the poet Longfellow, with his family, was visiting Rome, and Healy, who had already painted him several times, now undertook a group of the white-haired poet with his golden-haired daughter, Edith, now Mrs. Richard Dana. During the sittings, Longfellow expressed the desire to meet Liszt. So, one afternoon, rather late, the two friends knocked at the door of the Monastery of Santa Francesca, overlooking the Forum, where the musician, in a fit of mysticism, had sought a refuge. He himself opened the door, holding above his head a lighted candle. He thus formed so startling an apparition with his strongly marked face, his eagle

eyes, his long iron-grey hair and his thin, gaunt figure in its semi-clerical garb, that Longfellow exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Healy, you must paint that picture for me!"

The little picture is still at Craigie House, where I saw it quite recently.

In 1871, my father painted the young Princess of Oldenburg. Her cousin, the reigning Princess of Roumania—she became queen ten years later—came to see the portrait and liked it so much that she ordered a whole-length of herself in the national costume, as a surprise for her husband. The sittings proved to be charming. The Princess, not yet known as Carmen Sylva, had a passion for art and poetry, for all that was pure and beautiful. Her conversation was most fascinating. She spoke both English and French with perfect fluency, and without the slightest accent. As she took a lively interest in those who pleased her, she encouraged her Yankee painter—and he needed but little encouragement in that respect—to tell her all about his home life. She expressed the desire to become acquainted with his "wonderful wife," and even with his daughters. So, rather timidly, he suggested that she should dine at his house. "I should like it of all things, Mr. Healy, and how I shall enjoy my chamberlain's horror!" That evening has remained in all our minds as a very wonderful one. It would be impossible to imagine a sweeter guest or a simpler one. Everything pleased her. One of our Villa Médicis friends, Charles Lefebvre, a composer of great talent

and a young man of particular charm, played the Moonlight Sonata. The Princess held my hand during the music and I still seem to feel the pressure of hers, according to her passing emotions.

The next year, and still again in 1881, my father was called to Roumania to paint a number of portraits. Some of his letters which speak of his two sojourns at the court are printed in this volume.

Pope Pius IX consented to give the American artist a few sittings. He was a little restless under the ordeal and also very curious. Once he looked at the work and my father exclaimed: "I beg your Holiness to sit down." At which His Holiness laughed, saying: "I am more accustomed to give orders than to receive them. But you see, Mr. Healy, that I also know how to obey." And he sat down.

Then came another change. Toward the end of 1873 we settled in Paris. My father, who had preceded us, had found an old XVIIIth century house, rue de la Rochefoucauld, which boasted of a lovely garden. In the adjoining building he took a fine studio which had once been that of Winterhalter. He caused a door to be cut in the garden wall so as to be able to come and go at will. He was a very early riser and was often in his painting room before the dawn broke.

This was an ideal home and many Americans remember the cordial hospitality which there awaited them. Here nearly nineteen happy years were spent. The pretty garden was the favorite playground of the grandchildren. My husband and I occupied the top

apartment in the old house. We were all close together, yet quite independent. Five o'clock tea usually found us assembled in the garden or in my mother's boudoir.

In this new Paris life, very different from that led by the young couple, so happy in their studio, with its one room attached, there were many elements of interest. Though the home atmosphere remained essentially American, many French friends were made welcome by "the Healys." There were music and dancing and occasional private theatricals, as befitted a house where there were plenty of young people. But the center of attraction was ever the studio, where the busy painter had many distinguished sitters. He was often called back to America, to Chicago especially, but always returned joyfully to the Paris studio. Here my father painted a number of celebrated Frenchmen. The American ambassador of the day, Mr. Washburne, a great friend of his, had been a very important personage during the Franco-Prussian war. As he represented an independent and friendly nation, he was constantly called upon as negotiator and mediator. He thus became well acquainted with the political men of that terrible time and conceived the idea of forming an historical gallery. For this collection Healy painted a number of portraits. Thiers, Gambetta and Jules Simon sat to him. He even went to Berlin to paint the redoubtable Bismarck, staying at his house, eating at his table, most courteously received by the Prince and his family. Naturally, of all these portraits the artist

kept a duplicate. These duplicates now belong to the Newberry Library of Chicago.

Thiers was the first who sat for this collection. It was in 1875. He was then an old man with white hair. The caricaturists always represented him with a sort of cockscomb on the top of his head. In reality, this tuft of hair, if a little odd, was in no way ridiculous. Thiers was a great talker and his eyes sparkled behind his spectacles when he told some spicy anecdote. When he was not talking, he almost instantly fell asleep. He, like his painter, was an extraordinarily early riser, and did not hesitate to make appointments at five or six o'clock in the morning. My father was soon on friendly terms with his sitter.

On one occasion they happened to speak of Sardou and his play of *l'Oncle Sam,* then being given with much success at the Vaudeville.

"We came near having a quarrel, Sardou and I," said the ex-President. "As long as I was in power, I absolutely refused to allow this libel leveled at a country which has every right to our sympathies, to be played on a French stage."

Some one remarked that this libel was at least a great money success. Thiers turned toward his painter with charming courtesy and said:

"C'est payer très cher des portraits bien peu ressemblants."

Thiers was in the habit of receiving every evening and my father would sometimes mingle with his guests. If he went a little too early, he was apt to find Mme

Thiers peacefully slumbering on one side of the fireplace and her sister, Mlle Dosne, on the other, while the master of the house, half hidden in a big armchair by the table, was doubtless dreaming of some new oratorical triumph. The intimidated visitor would then tiptoe out of the room.

But as soon as his salon filled with friends, nearly all men, the little great man would be wide awake and buttonhole one listener after another. He had a method of his own for the preparation of his great speeches. He would try the effect of them on his friends until he was perfectly sure of what he wanted to say. If some malicious saying missed fire, he would immediately abandon it and try another. In this way, after having made his speech half a dozen times at least, he feared no interruption, no storm disturbed his self-command.

Many years earlier, when my father was quite a young man, he had painted a remarkable portrait of Thiers' great rival, Guizot. This portrait now belongs to the Smithsonian Institute. As a sitter, Guizot had shown himself most courteous. He spoke English admirably and always wrote to his painter in that language. Thiers was ten years younger than Guizot, who used to say: "As long as I am still of this world, Thiers will always think that he has ten good years before him."

In 1877 my father painted Gambetta. If Thiers, after his fall from the Presidency, was called the "Occult leader of France," Gambetta was dubbed the

"Dauphin." There have been few examples of so prodigious and rapid a political fortune as his. Born at Cahors, of modest tradespeople, he had become even before the war and while he was still a very young lawyer, a leader among his contemporaries. His sonorous voice, heard in many a café or club room, stirred universal enthusiasm. The slight Southern accent which he never lost lent a curious ring to his rolling periods. In that, as in some other characteristics, he seemed a descendant of Mirabeau. Beside his many gifts, the young orator possessed that singular and inexplicable thing called charm. He was at times somewhat rollicking and always fond of his ease. But if circumstances required urbanity and politeness, no one could be more courteous, more courtly than he.

While he was sitting, General Grant, then in Paris with his family, expressed a wish to meet the "Dictator," as he was sometimes called. They became acquainted at my mother's table—and on that occasion her cook outdid herself. The good things were lost on our great general, who confided to his hostess that he would give "All those complicated messes" for a good dish of pork and beans. I doubt whether Gambetta had ever heard of pork and beans, but he certainly did ample justice to the "complicated messes." Both men wished to be most amiable one to the other, but as one spoke no French and the other no English, I was so placed as to serve as interpreter, but conversation under such circumstances soon languishes. So, to my secret joy, I had Gambetta all to myself. He was a

delightful dinner guest and spoke on many subjects. We touched upon politics and he said to me: "Do you know whence all our political immorality sprang from? That saying of Henry IV: *Paris vaut bien une messe!*"

In my father's diary I find this mention of Gambetta, which shows the great debater in another light:

July 15th, 1879.

"I accompanied Charles to the Palais Bourbon where Gambetta, President of the Chamber, gave a grand reception to five thousand people. Everything was so well organized that there was no confusion. Our names were called out most distinctly and M. Gambetta found a pleasant word for each guest. We determined to push on toward the concert hall, but the way was barred until after the arrival of the President, M. Grévy. The crush was such that I did not see him as he passed—but how the people did rush after him! By dint of being pushed I got within ten feet of the door. I was so jammed in between two fat men that I was, for two mortal hours, almost smothered and in a state of violent perspiration. I had lost sight of my son-in-law. I could see nothing, but was able to hear pretty well. Faure sang admirably and so did the other artists. Toward midnight I struggled out and was lucky enough to find a chair. This was a great rest to me and I saw a regular procession of celebrated men, among them many artists such as Carolus Duran, Bonnat, Manet, Detaille, and numerous political men. M. Grévy passed by and he struck me as very much of a gentleman. Charles had been looking for me and

at last discovered me in the crowd. We made a rush for the supper room, where with the utmost difficulty we found a little much needed refreshment. It was two o'clock before we got home. It is something to see once—but what hard work!"

About this time my father painted a spirited portrait of Stanley, then at the zenith of his fame. Admirers of his, among whom was numbered the painter, belonged to the Stanley Club. Healy was very constant in his attendance and greatly enjoyed these men's dinners. Stanley himself was not a member of his own club until 1878, when he crossed from London to assist at one of the banquets. He was naturally enough received with acclamations by the President, Mr. Ryan, and by the different members. Here is a paragraph on the subject taken from my father's Diary:

"Stanley's speech was most interesting. My friend May and several other artists were present and the assembly was much larger than usual. Stanley was in high spirits and charmed every one. General Reed, ex-minister from the United States to Greece, spoke most brilliantly. He said that, thanks to our celebrated friend, the English language had been enriched by a word. When one said that a man had "stanleyed" something, it meant that unheard-of difficulties had been overcome. This was received with great enthusiasm. Then I was called upon to get up. But in-

stead of attempting to make a speech, I showed the guests the excellent engraving made from my portrait of Stanley by my son-in-law, Tiburce de Mare. And that did better than anything I could have said."

When one has followed a life step by step, through a long vista of years, an image remains stamped on the mind. It differs a little from the familiar personality as seen in home life. Great intimacy is not always conducive to clear-sightedness: one perceives detail and one sometimes loses the sense of proportion.

Perhaps the reading of letters helps, better than anything else, to judge the real man. As I have already said, during their frequent separations my parents wrote to each other constantly. In his busy days, the painter still found time to tell of his incessant toil, of the meeting with friends, of the many trifles which make up the sum of human life. Unfortunately most of this immense correspondence has been destroyed, partly through the Chicago fire, partly during our numerous journeys. At the end of this volume a small collection of my father's letters will be found. They may help his friends to become better acquainted with him.

The first trait which stands out is the extraordinary power of work which in his case lasted from early youth to old age. As a boy, without a master, he taught himself to paint, simply by painting from morning to night. Still very young, he had to provide for

his family—and he did it. All through life, care of others was an incentive to labor; but he really needed no incentive. Work was his life, his joy, his pride. He always rose with the dawn and generally long before. During the silent hours he wrote his letters; he "cleared the decks for action," as he himself said. Then he made use of every moment of daylight to paint, with or without a model. His wonderful facility, his buoyant delight in his task, enabled him to accomplish a stupendous amount of work. We have no record of the number of portraits painted during his first year in Chicago. But from his diary, which he only kept quite late in life, we learn that from November, 1880, to May, 1881, he produced forty-six portraits. On the other hand, no man was ever more unhappy during enforced holidays. He liked to travel occasionally, but only where he could find picture galleries; and in these he would single out one or two masterpieces and remain in contemplation before them for hours. The visit of the rest he did by proxy, and we would tell him of all he had missed. But this left him quite indifferent. The next day he would return to his Rembrandt or his Titian.

I have elsewhere spoken of my father's kindness and generosity, of his happiness when he could help others. But when, as too often happened, he found that his confidence had been ill-placed—and no one was more easily deceived—he changed in an instant; nothing could then soften him. He did not believe in attenuating circumstances. As he himself was truth and

honesty in person, he could not conceive treachery or untruthfulness in others—or forgive the offenders.

He was, from the first to the last, the most devoted and loving of husbands. The mutual tenderness of my parents, their absolute confidence in each other, was a subject of admiration—sometimes of wonder—to others. When the old painter at last let drop his brushes, he was content if our mother sat by his side; restless if she left him. And when he died she wandered about like a lost soul, longing for the end.

There was another phase of my father's character of which I must say just one word. He was mystically, sincerely, but most discreetly religious. Born of a Catholic father and a Protestant mother, he had been brought up in no particular form of worship. His art seemed to him religion enough. Then, through the influence of his friend, Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, he became a most ardent Catholic. Once convinced, he quietly conformed his life to his creed, never speaking on the subject, never obtruding his belief on others. Only, almost invariably, he began his day of hard work by assisting at mass. When, by chance, he could not find one at half past five o'clock, he was highly indignant. Quite at the end of his life, in spite of our mother's entreaties, he continued this practice. One morning, in a fearful storm, he fell in a deep snowdrift, and was rescued by a kindly laborer—just in time.

With all his religious fervor he was the most tolerant of men. At one time he had sittings from a cardinal,

from an Episcopalian minister and from a Jew broker —often on the same day. With all three he was on the most friendly terms.

In the midst of his incessant labor he was often so overcome with fatigue as to be unable to sleep. From his youth upward he had suffered with his eyes, which yet must have been remarkably strong to have withstood the strain he put upon them. At one time he endured perfect tortures from his teeth—and his dentists. But neither fatigue nor pain kept him from his painting-room, any more than storms would prevent him from undertaking a journey. Pitiless to himself, he—the kindest of fathers and husbands—was equally pitiless to those about him, simply because he could not understand that outward circumstances, whatever they might be, should influence one's conduct.

As to his personal charm, all those who approached G. P. A. Healy, either as sitter or friend, are unanimous in speaking of his courtesy, his old-time politeness, his absolute kindliness. He had seen much of life and in its most varied forms. He had a keen appreciation of character and much native humor. His memory was excellent—except for names, which he rarely remembered. The different scenes which he had witnessed remained like pictures in his own mind, so that he was able to make others see them as he himself saw them. All this rendered his conversation living and interesting and shortened many a long sitting.

Little by little, the pleasant life in Paris became less

pleasant. The painter, so young in spirit, had aged without being really aware of it. A newer kind of art was asserting itself, often after no very modest fashion. His studio, our mother's drawing-room, were still much frequented, but somehow, the spirit was no longer quite the same. My father, who had always been pleased to help his younger brethren, still made them cordially welcome at his home, and went to see their works and, in all sincerity, praised them. He used to say to us, "You little know how much talent it takes to paint even a poor picture." His kindness was not always met in the same spirit in which it was proffered. It became the fashion among the younger artists to disparage his work. This is so general a rule; it is so impossible for one generation to appreciate the generation from which it sprang, that the case is a very ordinary one. But the genial artist was also a very sensitive one, and he was hurt to the heart, though no one ever heard him complain.

This, perhaps, had much to do with his sudden resolution to return to America. But he also felt, and very keenly, the curious longing of the aged to visit home once more and to die there. So he quietly said to my mother, one day: "We sail next month." This was in January, 1892. She was aghast. To make such a move in so short a time. To leave her married daughters, her grandchildren, with so little preparation! * * * But, as I have said, our father, the easiest man to deal with in the ordinary things of life, was

inflexible when he had once taken a grave resolution. And so he and his left Paris for Chicago in February, never to return.

The move proved to be a wise one. He was received by his old and his new friends with such enthusiasm that he was much pleased and greatly touched. Home life in his own house was peacefully resumed. Once more he worked daily; once more he received his friends with the cordial simplicity peculiar to himself. He thus had two happy years among those who loved and appreciated him. Then, very quietly, he passed away June 24th, 1894. To his eldest daughter, Mme de Mare, who stood at his bedside and who asked him whether he was comfortable, he answered: "Yes, and happy—so happy!"

My father's talent was an unequal one. His best portraits are admirable for intensity of life, for fresh and natural color, for strong drawing. The large historical picture of Webster replying to Hayne, in Faneuil Hall; the portrait of Brownson, which belongs to the Boston Art Museum; the group of Armenian bishops which he gave to the Art Institute of Chicago; several portraits of himself; an adorable series of children's heads—these would be enough to consecrate him as a great artist. Unfortunately, at times, he worked too rapidly, carried away by his extraordinary facility. Many paintings thus hastily produced are unworthy of him. Moreover, toward the end of his life, his clear, keen vision was marred. He no longer saw colors as

they were. This he never suspected, and he continued to paint until his brush fell from his weakened hand.

It has been the fashion for the last twenty years or more, to pick out these inferior works as representative of his style. This is eminently unfair. Those who loved him can afford to wait. The time will come when all will agree that one of America's best portrait painters was George P. A. Healy.

LETTERS

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

BOSTON, September 3, 1845.

Dearest,—I shall try to give you some idea of the remarks of John Quincy Adams while he sat to me for the bust portrait ordered by King Louis Philippe. I observed that we were in the same room (Harding's Building, School Street) where he had sat to Page. He answered: "Yes, for the half length which is now in Faneuil Hall, and which has been pretty severely criticized. He was a very unequal artist." I replied that I had seen only fine portraits by him. After I had made a sketch, I asked permission to measure the head with my compass. He said: "Do you know, Mr. Healy, that of all the artists I have sat to, only you and Copley used the compass? I saw Copley paint my father's whole-length portrait and then he measured every part of the face with care, and also the length and thickness of the arms and legs and the body generally"—"How interesting!" I exclaimed. "What sort of a man was Copley? I look upon him as the great portrait painter of the last century." "Quite right, sir. I remember speaking to Mr. West about him. He said that Reynolds, though a man of

greater genius, was inferior in one sense: he could not let *well alone;* and he was always experimenting with his paints; that is doubtless why in so many of his portraits the color has faded. I saw Reynolds once, but I was then a small boy. * * * You are sure to like the portrait Copley painted of me. He took great pains with it and sent it as a present to my mother in acknowledgment of some service I had been able to render him. Stuart, when he, in his turn, painted my portrait, said that Copley's head was still very like me." I told Mr. Adams that one of my first studies was a copy of that head. I asked him whether it had not been a little hard on him to sit to so many artists, and whether he was like Webster, who looked upon us as so many horseflies; brush them off on one side and they return on the other. "No, sir; whether it be the result of a patient nature or for a more flattering reason, I must say that some of my pleasantest hours have been spent in sitting to artists. There are of course some dull men in your profession, but among my most agreeable acquaintances I count several painters."—And from painters we turned naturally to paintings. He said: "I saw the Louvre in its glory when Napoleon had robbed so many galleries of their finest pictures to place them there. But it was a surfeit of sweets. I was more bewildered than delighted. On the contrary, I well remember my joy in the Dresden gallery. I spent a week studying it—doing nothing else, in fact. Napoleon had spared it as he was on good terms with the King of Saxony. Raphael's

wonderful Virgin and Child, as a picture, is to my mind very superior to the *Transfiguration,* though the boy possessed of the devils is a wonderful bit of painting. West stole it to put in his *Death on a pale horse.* This always reminded me of what Peter Pindar said of an animal painter of his day who had stolen something from Snyder: 'If you had taken the tail, a hind or fore foot, I should not have protested, but Zounds! man, you must not steal the whole dog!' " A little later, as he was looking at the two busts of Voltaire and Franklin, he exlaimed in his impressive manner: "These two men, sir, are truly representative of their respective countries. In Voltaire there is something very keen, satirical and energetic and devilishly intellectual, too, which seems to foreshadow the Revolution! By his side Franklin's head appears a little heavy, but it is a good, strong English head—for he was an Englishman forty years of his life—; there is something about that countenance that is very fine, great and good, especially when you contrast it with that cruel mocker beside him. * * * But yet, I love France and the French. I grew up there, played as a boy with French children, and—do not betray me —my first love was a Frenchwoman. * * * I saw Louis XVIII and was presented to all the family of Charles X. I knew the Duc d'Orléans, now King Louis Philippe. * * * I also met the Duchesse de Berri, but had no conversation with her. She seemed a charming little person. * * * I was in Paris during the *Cent Jours.* I was not presented to Napoleon,

but I saw him in public many times, especially at the theatre. His favorite tragedian, Talma, was very fine as Orestes, but I think Larive, whom I saw in the same part many years before was even finer, especially in the mad scene. In voice and figure he was Talma's superior." I asked him whether he had seen the great English actors. "Oh! yes; all of them: Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Kean; * * * I also knew Fanny Kemble before she became Mrs. Butler. She did not remember having seen her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, on the stage. We differed on many points as to plays and acting, and she put all I said in her book!"

Then the clock of the Old South struck two and he sprang up like a young man. I thanked him for having made this first sitting so interesting to me. He replied that he considered it an honor to sit to me at the request of King Louis Philippe.

September 14th.

Mrs. F. E. Field gave me her first sitting this morning and I worked so hard that I forgot to eat anything. Dubourjal kindly went out and bought me a couple of peaches and some crackers. In the evening, he asked me if I was not exhausted, but I assured him that, on the contrary, I felt a pleasant excitement as though I had taken some generous wine. "Those are the symptoms," he said, solemnly, "of madness brought on by starvation." I could not help laughing.

At his second sitting, Mr. Adams spoke of that school at Passy where he and Franklin's grandson went and

where they received the visit of Lafayette and his beautiful young wife: "That was more than seventy years ago and I was a very small boy, but the visit of that lovely woman made such an impression on me that I remember it as though it had been yesterday. * * * I was fortunate enough to be of use to Mme de Lafayette during the French Revolution and probably I saved her life. She wanted to join her husband who was a prisoner in Austria and she was penniless. I advanced the necessary money and she started—just in time. Shortly afterwards, at Robespierre's death, a list of future victims was found among his papers and the first name on it was that of Mme de Lafayette. I next met Lafayette in 1824, when I was Secretary of State and when a banquet was offered to him in Alexandria. We were already at table when we heard of Louis XVIII's death. The Mayor did not dare to announce the sad tidings to the Nation's guest. I took the task upon myself, all the more readily as I knew there was no love lost between him and the King. * * * Lafayette was obliged to put his hand before his mouth to conceal an unseemly smile." * * * At this moment, the clock struck three, and I said: "Mr. Adams, I have so enjoyed your description of the Alexandrian dinner, that it has made me lose mine." He answered, "And I must run, or I shall lose mine!"

September 23rd.

Today Mr. Adams came early. Dr. Parkman accompanied him. He spoke of West, of Kentucky, who had painted the last portrait of Byron, of which the

poet's friends greatly approved. West sold it to one of Lord Byron's executors. I observed that I had first met West in London in 1837. Dr. Parkman said: "I made the return trip with him. West then executed some very clever chalk drawings, among others one of young Baring, Lord Ashburton's youngest son. The boy died soon after and the family asked West to paint a portrait from the drawing; instead, he sent the chalk sketch itself and it was gratefully received." * * * Dr. Parkman then spoke of his old master, Dr. Playfair, who, eager to make himself conspicuous so as to obtain a good practice, got a Frenchman out of a London debtor's prison. This man was Blanchard, the inventor of a balloon. Playfair and the inventor crossed the channel in the machine and alighted in the forest of Ardennes. Dr. Playfair succeeded in making himself the talk of the two countries and was presented to Louis XVI. When he went to take his leave, the King said to his minister: "Give the doctor his passport, for he can come and go without it." Mr. Adams said that was cleverly put and that he only knew of one other bright saying of Louis XVI, and that was when an old minister of his insisted on giving in his resignation: "Well—go, if you must—would that I could do as much!"

Here, something was said of Beau Brummel. My sitter observed that when he was minister at Berlin, Brummel and his friend, a young nobleman, brought letters to him. They were not young men of any particular reputation, but were received in the best society

and proved to be very witty and charming companions. * * * "When I remember the many pleasant hours I have passed with these agreeable young men, I feel real sorrow when I think that one committed suicide and that the other, after having rivalled the Prince of Wales in the fashionable world, died miserably in a poor Boulogne inn." I asked whether he had found Brummel remarkably intelligent. "He was a man of wit and spirit, but above all a most delightful companion."

Mr. Adams referred again to his admiration of the Dresden gallery and then spoke at some length of Rubens. I remarked that, to my mind, Rubens was one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived, in spite of a certain coarseness which sometimes marred his pictures. "Yes," said Mr. Adams, "that is quite true, but how one forgets it as one studies the *Descent from the cross.* * * * The other day, as I looked at your portraits of Jackson and of Clay, I said that it seemed more like seeing the real men than their counterfeit * * * and that is eminently the case with Rubens. Call to mind the figure of the man at the top of the cross letting down the body—how he bends forward so as to seem projecting from the canvas—and what a tension of the muscles! I saw this picture more than sixty years ago and again, under Napoleon, in the Louvre, and as time wore on my admiration grew."

When the sitting was over, I placed the portrait in its frame, for Mr. Adams to see. I told him that I

trusted he might not see in it * * * a tiger. According to Mr. Frothingham, I had made of Jackson an old lion, of Clay a fox, and of himself a tiger! He looked at the portrait with evident satisfaction. I congratulated him that this was his last sitting. He most courteously assured me that it was no subject for congratulation, as he had greatly enjoyed his intercourse with me.

MADRID, September 12th, 1871.

Dearest:—I am more pleased than ever to be here. The guardians are very attentive and allow me to work until the last moment. The one who warned me that it was time to stop looked at what I had done and said that "my worship" worked fast and well. I thanked him. A compliment from such a man is felt. * * * On my arrival here my good old landlady was much disturbed because she had by mistake opened one of my letters. I assured her the harm was not great * * * especially as she could not read a word of it! Tomorrow I hope to get in the rest of the Rubens figure. Now, Darling, I shall read a little Spanish before going to bed. What a comfort—no going out, no visits!

Sep. 13th.

This morning I found that the head and figure are a little too high. I had the courage to repaint the whole. I am very glad I did so, as I feel that this copy will be of use to me. I have noticed a man of about my age who has looked at my work from time to time. Today he told me that he liked the size I had chosen for my copy. He speaks good French. If I had time, I should like to make his acquaintance; but I have not. This copy I shall make more impor-

tant than I had at first intended. Of the other pictures, I shall make only small studies.

Sep. 17th.

I have just had a little bread, fruit and a glass of water. I could not eat anything else, for what I saw of the bull fight this afternoon quite upset me. At least twelve horses were killed; one of them fell upon his rider, who was in great danger; luckily the others saved his life by diverting the infuriated bull's attention with their red draperies. At this, there was great applause. The immense amphitheatre was crowded, and that was to my mind the finest part of the show. I was a little late, and when I took my seat I was shocked to see that there had already been three horses killed. I saw six bulls fall; all but the last were noble animals that fought well. My sympathy was entirely with the poor horses, who stood no chance against those furious strong beasts that dashed at them and plunged their sharp horns into them. It was a fine sight when the animal was first let in the arena. Within a minute it had generally gored two or three horses. It was horrible to me to see the poor wounded creatures left to their agony instead of being mercifully killed. Sometimes their riders would even remount. The exciting part to me was when the picadors came on the scene. One at a time went directly to the bull, tormenting him with darts. The poor brute would pause, try to shake off these little arrows, then make a dash at his tormentor. The picador would lightly escape. Then the toreador would plunge his sword

near the shoulder after having blinded the bull with his long red cloak. He has to be very agile and quick in his movements; even so he does not always escape injury. When the last bull was introduced he was very much inclined to turn tail. At this a deafening shout went up from that mass of humanity—the men screamed; the women were quite as excited. In the crowd I was amazed to see children. Two Englishmen sat near me. One of them said: "When you get used to it, you will like it as much as we do." I said that this was the first bull fight I had ever seen and that it should certainly be the last. The Roman arena could not have been more abominable. I thought it all most disgusting * * * and they looked upon me as unmanly.

September 19th.

At about one o'clock my friend the guardian came to me saying that the Empress of the French was in the gallery. All rushed off to see her. I went on with my work until about two, when I ate my bread and grapes. I had just resumed my work when I was informed that her Majesty was coming. I continued peacefully until I saw the Director showing her the different master pieces. Then I approached her and, bowing, I said: "Your Majesty remembers Mr. Healy?" She smiled and inclined her head very kindly, saying: "You have settled here, Mr. Healy?" I answered that I was settled in Rome, where I hoped to end my days. She exclaimed: "It is difficult, in these troubled times, to say where one will end one's days!" I expressed

my deep sympathy for her and for France. She thanked me, bowed and passed on. It was very interesting to me to see this lady whom I had received at my studio in Paris, before she had any idea that she was destined to occupy a throne. I also met her at the Maberlys'. Then we were presented at the Tuileries when she was a young and radiant empress. Now, I met her in the city of her childhood, dethroned, a sad, middle-aged woman, dressed all in black. Her eyes are still beautiful. After she had left, I thought of all I might have said to her. But it is just as well that I said just what I did, because it was simple and natural, without being at all gushing.

LETTERS FROM ROUMANIA

FIRST SERIES

August 19th, 1872.

Dearest,

I slept well last night—the air here is so pure. I commenced a study for the head of the Princess. She sat from two until half past five; then she had to go and dress for dinner. After dinner the President of the Chamber was announced and I took some of my new friends to see the portrait of the Princess, with which they seemed well pleased. It is too bad that Mary's books sent to Her Highness should never have reached her. She wishes them to be sent under the government seals. * * * I have not been able to get really to work until now, a fortnight after leaving Paris, and now I shall be further delayed because the Prince will have to go to town to have a uniform made. I am to paint a whole length of him.

August 20th.

I worked all day on the head of the Princess from the original which I painted in Rome last Winter. The Prince told me about the difficulty his wife had to keep the secret[1] from him until the picture was in place. There was a great flood and as a river had to

[1] This portrait was painted in Rome as a surprise to the Prince.

be crossed and the bridge had been swept away, two men stripped and carried the heavy case over; but the frame was somewhat injured: "But that is nothing," said His Highness, "as the painting was all right and I shall have a sculptured frame made by a clever native artist." I have asked to have a simple luncheon served in my room as that will save time and my kind hosts said that I must do exactly as I pleased. * * * I worked steadily until three o'clock, when my sitters came in and made some valuable suggestions. I told the Prince that I requested his permission to present my study of her head to the Princess that she might give it to her mother.

August 22nd.

On the whole I had a good night's rest. I awoke very early, but did not rise until past five. * * * The Princess is delighted with the idea of giving the study of her head to her mother. The Mayor of Bucharest came to luncheon. He is very fine looking and I have promised to paint his portrait. There was shooting after luncheon and the Prince is very clever at it, putting a ball in the bull's eye eleven times running. It is so cold here that I am obliged to wear my cloak, and the Prince said that I must have a fire. It is an exceptional Summer. * * * Your delightful letter of the 11th has just reached me. Ah! yes, it is hard to be separated so much, but I feel that this visit will be a great thing for me, and nothing could be kinder than my hosts. Tomorrow I am to make a chalk drawing of the Princess' head.

August 24th, 1872.

Yesterday was an interesting day for me. The Prince sat for a chalk drawing of his head. I think he will be easier to paint than the Princess. She likes the view I have taken of his head and I shall paint a study of it before I begin the portrait. After luncheon all the court drove over to the Mayor of Bucharest, who has an immense estate six or seven miles up the valley. The country is splendid, and reminds me of my own. The Prince, in full uniform, rode a superb black horse, his aide-de-camp and groom following. Our char-à-bancs was drawn by eight horses that went like the wind. The two postilions in the costume of the country presented a gay and picturesque appearance. They wore embroidered breeches, the leggings being open at the side; their waistcoats were of a bright red; these, with their white shirt sleeves, black hats and long many-colored streamers, made a fine show.

The dear old Mayor received us most handsomely. It was charming to see this very old man greet the little Princess Marie: age and childhood both beautifully represented. We all enjoyed the preserves and deliciously cold water, which it is the custom of the country to offer every guest. The day was pleasant, and as it clouded over we were able to walk along the base of a fine mountain range. The Prince, his aide-de-camp and some of the young people clambered very high and had a splendid view of the country. As for us, we went up some pretty steep, stony places, which

did not improve my best patent leather boots. Had I not picked my way, they would have been torn to pieces.

After our return, when dinner was over, we went out on a balcony, from which the views are magnificent. If the weather continues fine I might paint the head of the Prince there. It would be my first attempt at painting a portrait out of doors. Then there was a merry dance. The pretty young girl, whom we call the spright, with her young partner, gave us a national dance with infinite spirit and grace. Two or three of the ladies asked me to waltz, but I declined. However, when came the gallop, the Princess invited me and off we went. She fancied I did not know how to dance and exclaimed: "Why, you dance very well, Mr. Healy," and the Prince called out: "Bravo, Monsieur Healy!"

Sunday, August 25th.

Yesterday I decided on the pose of the Prince for the whole-length. I made a drawing which the Princess likes very much. He is a valiant sitter. I was surprised to see that he can keep the position so long. I trust that at the Vienna exposition next year I may show a work which will be a credit to us both. After dinner, there was dancing once more. Darling, think of your old husband dancing the polka with the Princess and with her pretty maid of honor! Then the ladies went into an adjoining room and gave us delightful music, to which we did not listen as we should have done. I was greatly interested in the talk

between Mr. St. John and the Prince. This young man gave a graphic description of the struggle in China between the French and English. The Chinese cavalry always protects itself by a file of infantry, disguised as tigers, so that the advancing horses start back in mortal terror. The Prince spoke of his journey in Algeria and of their joy when they reached an oasis, after four or five days in the burning sands. The Arabs always came out to give the noble strangers a *fantasia*. The Prince on one occasion wished they had not been so hospitably inclined, as he was almost unhorsed when they fired just under his steed.

Darling, I long for another of your delightful letters.

August 27th.

This is a great national feast. A Bishop officiated and the service was very impressive. The little Princess went to Holy Communion. It is odd to see a child of two approach the Sacraments. When the priest sang, the little darling joined in. This afternoon, the Prince presented me to the Bishop, who has a fine head. He saw my work and seemed pleased. * * * I was sent for to see the peasants dance and the Princess asked me to join them in a walk; but I excused myself as I wanted to get back to my work.

August 29th.

Before luncheon, I painted on the portrait of the Prince; then the Mayor of Bucharest sat. I made the drawing and the old gentleman, who by the way is only sixty, is to sit for the head while the Princess reads to us. * * * I find the Prince as charming

as his wife. They were both with me a great part of the day, and asked me to join them in a walk, but I stretched a canvas instead. Our dinner was much more intimate than yesterday's: only the Prince, Princess and the ladies of honor, beside myself. While the ladies worked, I told my hosts all about the Coronation of Queen Victoria, which I witnessed, the sittings of Louis Philippe and anecdotes about the King and Soult, which seemed to interest them.

August 31st.

I left the luncheon table early so as to be in time for my sitter, the Mayor of Bucharest, who was to come at half past one. It was half past two when he arrived. The Prince, who came in, said with a smile: "I warned you not to be in a hurry, that your sitter would not appear before two o'clock." Then he told me of the difficulty he had at first to make people keep their appointments. He invited guests to dinner, and they were half an hour late. The next time he waited twenty minutes, then went down. When they arrived they were informed that His Highness was at table and could not be disturbed. After that, all dinner guests were to the minute. He arrived at the theatre at a quarter to eight and found it only half lighted. He went away. The manager waited upon him in full dress to know what had displeased him. He said that he had found the theatre empty a quarter of an hour after the time appointed; so he had left. The next time the curtain went up at the time announced. At a Cabinet meeting, which was to have been at eleven,

he waited until the half hour; then he left word that he would meet the ministers when they consented to be punctual.

My sitter was not well and sat badly, especially when the Princess left and one of the young ladies read in her stead. At last, I discovered that he was mortified to see how old a man I was making of him! It is true that he looks much older than he really is. I was much fatigued and depressed.

September 1st.

Joy! joy! Yours of the 21st came to hand yesterday. Thus the day began well and I had a good sitting from the Prince who stands as well as any model. I think it is the best drawing for a full-length portrait that I have ever made. I then prepared for a sitting from the Mayor. He at first seemed much displeased with what I did at the last sitting, but by degrees grew quite reconciled with the work accomplished since then. He leaves tomorrow morning for Bucharest. Today I must try and finish my study of the Prince's head as he is to be absent for ten days. He and his wife took me to see the site where their château is to be erected. It is very beautiful and at every turn of the road the view becomes more and more splendid. The park will be superb, with trees twenty-four feet in circumference.

September 4th.

The Prince sat for the upper part of the figure in the drawing, which I finished before luncheon. He very kindly wrote his name in a corner, which greatly adds to its value. As the day was fine and warm I

proposed to make one of the studies for the background of the whole-length. The Prince sent a servant to carry my things. I saw a nice effect of sky which I dashed in, and then got a view of the distant Monastery. The Prince and Princess joined me; she held my canvas while I gave the finishing touches. I remarked that I did not know of any other artist who had been so honored. Presently the rain came down violently and we took refuge under a pine. But the Prince said we had better make a dash for it, as there was no knowing how long the storm might last. And so we did. I was glad to have on my overshoes. As to the Prince, he scorns even an umbrella. * * * The Prince has given me an order to paint bust portraits of himself and his wife for his parents. The Princess said to me that if I would remain all Winter in Bucharest, I could have as many commissions as I could manage. * * * They asked me to take a walk with them and led me to a spot I had never seen before. We had to cross a lively stream on a log. The Prince gave me his hand and I crossed without any dizziness. We went through a magnificent pine forest and the smell of the pine added to the freshness of the air made it all very delightful. We got back just in time to dress for dinner. Good night, Darling, my eyes ache.

September 5th.

While I was working yesterday on the background of the Prince's portrait, his wife gave me some details of their courtship and marriage. When she was very

young, they had met in Berlin, and of all her partners she thought him the most intelligent. She corresponded with his sister, and shrewdly suspected that the young lady was not the only one who read her letters. Once Princess Elizabeth said to her friend: "Your brother seems to be having a hard time of it in Roumania." "He would go!" was the short answer. So she concluded that she had been wanting in tact and changed the subject. That evening, she and her mother were to go to a concert given by Clara Schumann, where they again met. The next day, he called on the Princess of Wied, and as the young Princess entered the room he advanced with extended hand and spoke of their meeting many years before. They all drove to the Zoological gardens, and he then walked by her side, on the plea of going to look for the monkeys. They were two hours seeking these interesting animals, which somehow they never found. On their return she noticed that the gentlemen in waiting were laughing over this very long search. But, she added: "I assure you that we did look for them. Only we never could discover where they had hidden themselves." That evening, again, they were all to go to a concert. While she was being dressed, the Prince paid her mother a long visit. Her maid said: "I have never heard your Highness speak as favorably of any young man." She protested that she had several admirers quite as nice. "But you would not marry one of them!" "Nor that one, either!" she exclaimed, with a toss of

her head. Then she said to me: "Was not that just like a girl?" As she went to look for her mother, she was quite angry because she thought they would be late for the concert. Then she noticed that her mother seemed much agitated. The Princess of Wied said: "My darling, the Prince has asked me for your hand." All she said was: "What, so soon?" This reminds me of your sweet: "Very well, dear." A few weeks later they were married.

Sep. 6th.

Before twelve this morning, as the weather was fine, I made a study of the valley, and I had a visit from their Highnesses. She told me that the minister of war, who has just arrived, very much wishes me to paint his little boy, a child of about six, with a head such as the old masters loved to paint I began the portrait at one o'clock and before dark it was well advanced. We were eighteen at table and I sat next to the minister of war's wife, who is a princess in her own right. She is no longer young, but has a very fine face. They are to remain over Sunday for the birthday of the little Princess, and all are to visit my studio tomorrow. I asked my dear hostess to allow me to retire early as I was very tired, which she graciously did. But she asked me, before I left, how Mary liked her poems. As she had received no acknowledgment of them, she concluded that her poor verses had not been appreciated. Had our daughter written to her (which I am sure she did) that letter

would have been immediately answered. She spoke very nicely of Lefebvre and wishes me to telegraph to him to pay her a visit here or at Bucharest.

Sep. 7th.

I was up early yesterday and worked pretty nearly all day on the little boy's portrait. He wears the costume of the country. At one time the little fellow sat across his chair and his attitude was so graceful that I immediately sketched it in. It does much better than the first pose. At dinner the Prince told us of a splendid scramble of two hours and a half, which he had taken with the minister of war, all through a dense forest, and which both had greatly enjoyed.

Saturday evening.

Another hard day's work. I had a sitting from the Prince, and I finished the child's portrait. The Princess was delighted with it, and told me not to touch it again. We had a pleasant, quiet dinner. The Prince explained to me how he and his wife are related to nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. But to understand all those complicated ties, one should be better up in such matters than I am. We all retired early as there are to be grand doings early tomorrow. These have been kept a secret even from the Princess. She and her husband are to be present at eight o'clock in the morning, and so am I.

September 8th.

This has been a splendid day for the little Princess' second birthday. She was lovely in the midst of her many presents. I congratulated the Prince on the occa-

sion and also on the beautiful weather with which it was favored. We went on to the veranda and as the sun was pretty hot I procured an umbrella and shaded the Princess and her little daughter. The effect of the full band and choristers, including some of the court ladies, was very fine. The musicians halted just below the princely group and a beautiful hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung. The Prince then carried the child, presenting her to the soldiers. The minister of war called out: "Three cheers for the little Princess!" And they were given with a right good will. Before long it was time to join the procession to the church, where the service was very long. The little Princess' winning and funny ways almost upset the religious gravity of the youngest maid of honor: indeed, she was, not to put too fine a point upon it, taken with a violent fit of the giggles. After church, I returned quietly to my work. In the evening, we went out and saw the fireworks and the torchlight procession. But I was glad to get out of the glare, which hurt my eyes. I forgot to tell you that, at luncheon, there was a birthday cake, which the oldest person present was supposed to break (or rather gently lay) on the child's head. The Princess Ghika said: "Oh! your Highness, who will acknowledge being the oldest person present?" Then the minister of war said he was born in 1816; the next avowed 1818. But I had to perform, as I was born in 1813. It seems that I acquitted myself honorably. The Princess told me afterwards that she was so pleased that I should have

performed the little ceremony. * * * The little boy's portrait is a decided success. I thanked the father for all the pleasure I had had in my work. He answered: "Your pleasure can be of but short duration; but mine will last as long as I live." The Princess exclaimed: "Was not that a nice answer?"

Sep. 10th.

Another splendid day. The Princess, knowing that her young ladies had had no dancing the evening before, ordered a waltz. I danced it, and also a polka with the Princess Ghika. But I was in a melting mood, and as I went out on the veranda, Philippesco exclaimed: "You are the most imprudent man I ever saw. Send for your overcoat," which I meekly did. A little later he saw that, feeling too much freshness on my head, I had put my handkerchief over it, Egyptian-fashion. He forced me to get my hat. Then he said to the Princess: "Mr. Healy ought to have some one to look after him all the time. When he was in Bucharest, I drove him out and I noticed that he held his coat over his breast with his hand. This made me nervous and I asked hm why he did not button his coat. He answered that he wished he could, but that there was no button. I reached out my hand and at once buttoned the coat for him. Mr. Healy was astonished. He had had the coat for two years and never suspected that it had a button in that place."

Half past nine, waiting for my sitter, Philippesco, who ought to have been here an hour ago! * * *

But I was consoled, for your two sweet letters were handed to me. Dear girls, how natural that they should wish to be here so as to join in the dancing! Yes, the Prince is just as charming as his lovely wife, and they are a happy pair. I doubt if there is another royal couple as united. * * * As I have already told you, the study for the large portrait is considered a success. The Prime Minister said that he did not consider the drawing like. I told His Excellency that this was merely a study for the figure. A Prince who is visiting here asked me whether such remarks did not make my blood boil. I said: "Oh! dear, no. I am accustomed to this sort of thing." This gentleman, who is an amateur painter, wishes me not to touch the portrait of the Princess which I painted in Rome. I am quite of that opinion. * * * Philippesco came at last and I shall finish his portrait in an hour. Then the Prince is to give me an hour, so as to put the finishing touches to his. He leaves next Sunday, to be gone some time. I intend to paint another head of him, which I trust may be stronger and better painted. In this one, I groped my way at first. There was a dance again in the evening and I waltzed with the Princess and with some of the other ladies. The Prince exclaimed: "Bravo, Mr. Healy; you distinguish yourself not only with your head but with your heels!"

Sep. 18th, 1872.

This morning I was preparing to work on the head of the Princess when a request came from her Highness to be ready in an hour to accompany her and her

ladies to the Hermitage. My paint box and cloak were put on one of the horses. The walk took us past the shooting-ground, through the forest and then up a very steep path to the little habitation. This was occupied by a converted brigand who for many years led the life of a hermit. He has not long been dead. After a good rest we continued until we reached one of the most magnificent views I ever beheld. I made a study which may be of use as background for the whole-length of the Prince. While I was at work, the Princess sat by me and she talked charmingly. She wishes Mary would write to her. At half past two, we began the descent and when we reached the place where we were to meet the little Princess we found tea prepared, a glorious fire and the water boiling.

September 19th.

This morning I commenced a portrait of the Princess, almost in profile, for her husband. The Metropolitan of Moldavia, who had come all this way to be present at the fête of the little Princess, dined with us. He has with him a clever and learned man, who is tall and has a fine head. He speaks English fluently, as well as German and several other languages. While the Princess was sitting to me at least ten telegrams of congratulations about the little Princess arrived. She also had one from her husband, who said that he was worked to death; that the Cabinet meeting did not break up until eleven.

There was a grand dinner in honor of the Metro-

politan and his learned secretary, after which we had some excellent music. I was so tired that I left while the Princess was still at the piano. She plays remarkably well.

Sep. 22nd.

I worked all day on the neck and dress of the Princess. At three o'clock the Prince returned, and I was very glad to see him. He found his wife's dress too low, so I scraped out what I had done. She wears a diadem and the effect is very fine. The Prince found the diamonds not brilliant enough. I think that with another day's work on the portrait I shall make a nice thing of it. * * * The Metropolitan came to take leave. The child was out for her walk; but the Princess was pleased to learn that the Metropolitan met the child who put her arms about his neck when he kissed her good-bye. The dear little girl came in "To see Mr. Healy."

Sep. 24th.

Yesterday I went up the mountain and finished my study. Their Highnesses joined me and we returned together. This morning I worked on the portrait of the Princess, which the Prince likes very much. If it is fine tomorrow, I intend to make the study of the background for the child's portrait. I think I shall indicate on the canvas itself the outline of the figure and paint the background directly from nature. I was happy when, a little later, their Highnesses and the

court came to see what I had done, to hear the parents exclaim: "That will make a charming picture!"

October 1st.

I went early and finished the background for the child's portrait. She passed by this morning while I was at work and ran up to "see Mr. Healy." The other day she came in while I was painting on her father's portrait. She exclaimed: "Oh! Mr. Healy, making Papa good!" The Princess is delighted with the background of her child's portrait. I was ready long before my two soldiers had finished their dinner, but at last they came and we started for the spot a mile and a half away, and I made one of my best sketches. It was painted under difficulties: the wind was high and blew everything about, almost including myself. I ran the blade of my knife through the canvas and then in the bark of a tree. Then I ordered one of the soldiers to stand at the side and hold the canvas while I worked. When he was tired his comrade took his place. I stood thus for nearly two hours and then was glad to sit down. Happily, the storm capped the mountains with glorious clouds and I was able to catch the effect.

October 6th.

I begin to see my way with regard to the little Princess' portrait. At three o'clock I went out to do a little to my study, as the sun was shining. The Princess told me that our journey to where the grand review is to take place is through a magnificent country. We are to meet the Prince on the way. She told

me that I must take my dress suit as there might be dinners and balls. The excursion will occupy five days. As they invited me to be present, I could not very well refuse. But five days are five days—and I still have so much to do! The Princess watches over me with ever-increasing kindness, coming in several times a day, "in the interest of Mrs. Healy," to keep me from over-working. I am to show the portraits to her mother, the Princess of Wied, and she wishes me to stay there at least three days. I replied that I could not give her mother more than one day, as I must remain at Bucharest to the very last moment if I am to finish all I have undertaken. Even so, I shall have to refuse many portraits which outsiders have asked for.

October 9th.

Every day tells on the portrait of the child. While I was painting on the background, the Princess and her ladies looked on. One of them read aloud while the others worked. My mind is greatly relieved. I told her Highness that much as I should like to accompany her and to see the grand military review, I begged to be allowed to remain behind. She very kindly said that I should do exactly as I thought best; but that they would both regret my absence.

Oct. 13th.

When the Princess sat today for the bust portrait I am to present to her mother, I slightly opened the mouth, which made me think of the portrait of my old friend, Mrs. Otis. This portrait was exhibited in the

Boston Athenæum in the Spring of 1832, and began my real career, before I was nineteen years of age. The grand review is to take place at Tirgu-Vesteï. The Princess told her ladies that all would have to sleep in one room. I suggested that they should imitate our Indians, who light a fire in the middle of the wigwam and all turn their feet toward it. The Princess thought that would be an excellent idea.

Oct. 15th.

I had my tea at six o'clock this morning as the princely party is going off on the long excursion. I thought I would be discreet and not interrupt the Princess' parting with her child. But I very nearly overdid the thing, for as I ran down stairs the Princess was about to drive off. She said: "Mr. Healy, I have your wife's interest at heart, so I beg you not to overwork yourself!" Then away they went with eight beautiful white horses and the gaily dressed postilions. I shall hope to accomplish a great deal before their return. I am glad they have so perfect a day for their journey. They are to arrive at four. After dinner there is to be a grand ball, much to the delight of the young ladies. I have not taken a walk since I went to the forest to make a sketch for my background, but that was one which counted for many as it quite lamed me. I think I shall go out alone and enjoy the glorious moonlight.

Half past eight.

I have had a charming solitary walk in the moonlight. It reminded me of what Mr. Webster said to

me when, according to appointment, I went to him at five o'clock in the morning, to begin the portrait ordered by Geo. Peabody. The great man concluded that he had not the time to sit, so I turned away. But he said: "Wait and breakfast with me at six." At last, pushing away his papers and looking at me, he said: "Mr. Healy, it is well now and then to have a good think." So, in the moonlight, I had a "good think."

October 16th.

I was at work early and have kept it up all day. I have made a careful drawing of the child's figure and indicated the background. I went into the nursery at eight and tried to get the little lady to sit, but not very successfully; in the afternoon I was more fortunate. I then went for a little walk and saw that a storm was not far off. I trust it will not overtake the court.

October 18th.

I understand that the court will return tomorrow afternoon. As soon as it was light I made some changes in the head of the child from the drawing. At half past eight I went and made a study of the feet. I think I shall paint the head tomorrow, as I am sure of a quiet day until four o'clock. I shall try to arrange with the Prince to be allowed to take my meals in my room, and so I shall save much time, and my eyes will no longer suffer from the lights on the table. I have really worked all day as hard as I possibly could, principally on the bust portrait of the Prince. As I

looked at the result, I exclaimed: "Great Scott! How I have worked on that portrait!"

October 19th.

The Prince and Princess have returned. They were very nice to me. They came in without even waiting to remove the dust of the journey. He shook hands with me twice, most heartily. He is greatly pleased with his child's portrait. He remained and talked to me after the Princess left. He asked me how long it would take me to finish the little girl's portrait. He is to remain here ten days and I think I can greatly advance it during that time beside working on the small whole-length of himself. As he will have but little time to give me in town, he is to send for his uniform. I told him I wanted to lead the life of a hermit and not to dine at his table. He said I should do exactly as I liked. "But," he added, "at least you will dine with us today." I made him notice that I was already dressed for the occasion. * * * Just returned from dinner; a large company at table. The lights so hurt my eyes that I was obliged to look down. * * * The Prince intends to send the large picture of the Princess in its frame tomorrow as the river may be so high in ten days that it might be difficult to pass.

October 20th.

The Prince told me that there was a Society of Fine Arts in Bucharest and that there was to be an exhibition at which he would like to have the child's portrait seen. I told him it should be ready. I was hard at work when there came a timid knock at the door. The

Princess begged that her ladies might see the child's portrait, and promised that the visit should be a short one. All decided that the head is better than the first one I painted and that I had worked well during their absence. Later in the day, the Prince came in and was of the same opinion. While he was talking, my tea was brought. I take my dinner in the middle of the day and nothing but a cup of tea and a little toast at six o'clock. He said: "I am sorry that you are not to dine with us; but I think you have decided very wisely."

October 23rd.

I am not satisfied with the progress of the child's portrait. I painted the feet; then the little pet became tired and restless and she said to her mother (she has an English nurse): "Come, my *buty,* let's go!" Two or three times she said that she wanted to get down and kiss Mr. Healy, which she did. After work, I took my lonely walk. I caught a glimpse of the Princess, who at first did not know me in my cloak. Then, with evident relief, she exclaimed: "Oh! it is you." Her ladies said to me: "Where do you hide yourself? We never see you and we are forbidden to go to your studio. Won't you dine with us today?" I answered that if I worked well, I should allow myself that treat the following Sunday. Her Highness then accompanied me to see how far I had advanced with the painting of the dress. As she was about to leave, I begged her only to visit me once a day as I find that talking interferes with my work, and that if I did not devote myself entirely to my task I should not be able to com-

plete it. She said that she had come in often so that I might not overwork myself. This I consider as the greatest act of moral courage of my whole life. My hermit system works admirably. Not only do I accomplish more, but my work is better. I trust to be able to continue it at Bucharest. I said that it would be out of the question there to receive visitors. I am to have the grand red drawing-room as my studio, where I can shut myself up at my will.

October 25th.

I have walked my room like a caged lion because the man has not come to pack my boxes * * * and here it is seven o'clock and my breakfast is not here! Was ever a poor old artist so treated! It is really too bad. I set my palette as I wish to paint the background as well as the shoes and stockings * * * and this beautiful daylight will pass away and no work will be done. The man at last came and I sent him to hunt up my servant, whom I soundly rated. They all look upon me as crazy because I work so hard! * * * No letter has come from you; I have been sad all day and my work has not gone well; the mountains no longer seem beautiful to me; in short, nothing will be well with me until your dear letter comes. I told their Highnesses that I should paint the rest of the background tomorrow and in one day's work at Bucharest finish the picture. On Friday I shall repaint the head in the study. On Sunday after church I shall try to finish the bust portrait of the Princess. The Baronne brought me the diamond diadem. She be-

moaned my hard work. I said that I could not afford to lose a minute if I wanted to finish all I had undertaken. As to those in Bucharest who wish to sit to me, they must wait or employ some other artist. The Princess and her ladies passed my window and cried out "Bonjour!" It was pretty to see them climbing the hill. But, as I told them, I was so deep in the water of the little Princess' background that I could not go into the forest.

October 26th.

I have painted a head of the Prince which pleases me more than any I have yet done. Although I have allowed the Princess to be in the room because she reads so well, I have not permitted her to see what I was doing. Of late, I really have worked, and I am happy to say not in vain. * * * I am to dine with the court tomorrow for the first time since my hard work. They all look upon me as a dragon of virtue because I shut myself up and allow no one to enter my den. I start for Bucharest the day after tomorrow. Both the Princess and her husband are to sit tomorrow, so you see I shall make use of the time until the very last.

Palace of Bucharest, October 28th.

The day has been perfect. I was at work before seven on the Prince's decorations. The Baronne, while I was packing, came to say that she feared we might be late; sure enough, it was past ten when we started. As we descended the mountain the Prince and Princess came out to wish us "bon voyage!" The youngest of

the ladies of honor sat on the little seat in front of us and was wild with joy at the thought of seeing her father after an absence of four months. The mountains were grand in their Autumnal tints. Our carriage was the little Princess' coupé. We reached the railway station at past three and started again at past six, reaching Bucharest at eight. I took a little dinner in my magnificent bed-room, but I was not hungry as we had had tea on the way. My cases are to be in the red drawing-room before eight tomorrow morning.

Oct. 30th.

I slept better than the night before. I suppose I am getting accustomed to my fine bed, so much softer than the one of the Monastery. Your dear letter came while the men were unpacking my cases in my superb painting-room and I had the virtue not to read it at once as I had the big canvas for the Prince's whole-length stretched and I wanted at once to draw in the figure. I got the head indicated and the legs chalked in before it was time to rush to the station. I found there Prince Ghika and his daughters, as well as most of the nobility of the place, and some very beautiful grand ladies. The Minister of War and also the Minister of Foreign Affairs asked me to remain long enough to paint their portraits. I answered that it would be impossible this time, but that His Highness had asked me to return next Summer, when I should be happy to comply with their request. I was glad to be among those to welcome their Highnesses—but how I longed to be back in the red drawing-room with my

piece of chalk in my hand! At last the train drew in and there were shouts and exclamations of welcome. I was sorry to see the Prince so fagged out. The child looked lovely and so did her mother, though she was a little flushed with the journey.

October 31st.

Yesterday we had rain which lasted all day and it was difficult to see to work. Still I got on with the head of the whole length. Then their Highnesses came in and showed me the different rooms. After my fine painting-room, there are two other grand "salons" which lead to the throne room, which is splendid. From there we went into the Princess' apartments. Her boudoir is a museum of art. She showed me where the child's portrait is to hang and where her husband's is to be placed. My only criticism of this boudoir is that there are too many fine things; it gives an impression of being a little crowded. They then showed me their bed-room which is furnished in exquisite taste. Beyond is the little Princess' play-room, then her bed-room and that of Mrs. Burr. The Prince has one of the most magnificent of the apartments for his study and reception room; it is the finest I have seen in any palace. The decorations, the art treasures, and the armor are in perfect taste. By this time, the red room was lighted and I showed them what I had done.

November 1st.

This has been a bright day both within and without. I had the happiness of receiving your dear letter from Rome. I am so much more contented now that I know

that you are quietly settled at home, where everything seems so nice to you. * * * I have had a good day painting on the large picture. The Prince is greatly interested in its progress. He works with me so well that it is a great help. They are both if possible more charming each day. I have promised to dine with them every Sunday, and he wishes me to assist at all the state dinners so as to get acquainted with the principal people here.

Nov. 4th.

This afternoon his Highness gave me a good sitting. Tomorrow the "Corps Diplomatique" is to be received in the red room so I must paint in my bedroom. I shall take up the background of the child's portrait. I have painted the military cap and the sword, so you see every hour counts for the picture, which is advancing satisfactorily. The Prince has let me off from painting the half-length this time, so that I may be able to satisfy some of the outsiders. . . . In the evening a carriage with liveried servants was put at my disposal and I started out to pay some visits. I found Philippesco in the midst of confusion as they had just returned and his wife was out. He was delighted to see me and insisted that I should accompany him to the opera, where Faust was not badly given. But I was so tired that he kindly left with me before the end. The next morning, Sunday, the same carriage came for me at six o'clock to take me to mass. But I had great difficulty in making myself understood and was

first driven to quite another part of the city. I dined with their Highnesses according to my promise. Only one of the ladies of honor was present. These ladies here have their own dining-room. It is not as it was at Sinaïa; there is much more ceremony. Both were worn out, having received many visits. Still, the Princess played the organ for me most beautifully. But I think she was glad when I retired and so allowed her to follow my example.

Nov. 5th.

I am happy to say that the work goes on well and all seem satisfied with your old husband. Are you not glad? The Marshal came in a little late and scolded me because I was finishing my day's work by the light of a lamp. But he soon became interested and seemed surprised at what I had done in a week. He said: "Vous allez vite et bien." If his engagements permit, he will accompany me on a round of visits to people I have met at Sinaïa. Before I leave I shall give a grand reception, and tell those who desire my services that they must wait until next summer. The Prince has promised to have a painting room built for me at Sinaïa.

Nov. 6th.

My friend the Marshal had a good laugh when he came for me and saw my frugal supper of a cup of tea and a little toast. He looks upon me as a curious sort of person. . . . There was some misunderstanding about the carriage, so we had to wait and could only

pay a few visits. We called on the Prince Ghika and family, and on General Floresco, the War Minister. I got back before ten.

Nov. 8th.

Your dear letter came to me just before dinner. I have changed my day with their Highnesses from Sunday, when they are so very much fatigued, to Thursday. Yesterday I worked on the uniform until the Prince gave me a short sitting for the hand. After dinner I drove to the house of the two sisters, who spent the summer at Sinaïa. The younger one ran out before I had alighted from the carriage, just as one of our girls might have done, and their father welcomed me most cordially. I next called on the Mayor, who received me very well. He showed me his portrait in its fine frame. His house is splendid, but the poor man has lost his wife and has no children. I then made a few more visits and was glad to get back and go to bed.

Nov. 9th.

Darling, it really seems to me that I am like an old horse going round in an old mill. As soon as I am dressed, I write until it is time to set my palette, often before it is daylight. I then paint until the lamp is brought and some days I continue for an hour or more. I then write until my eyes quite give out. Luckily since I have received Dr. Meurer's prescription, they are much better.

Nov. 13th.

Thank God, I have done well today. The head of the Prince in the whole-length is a success. The Prin-

cess, Philippesco and the Prince bid me touch it no more. I have much work still to do to the figure, and the decorations take a long time to do. The Prince came in with his wife to see how I was progressing. She wore a costume of the Duchess of Ferrara, truly magnificent. She had just been photographed in it. I am to have one of these pictures. Dearest, I fear that at your court I shall not be as free as I am at this one!

Nov. 16th.

I am sad to see how ill the poor Princess seems. The long walk she and the ladies took before they left Sinaïa was too much for her. She has not been well since. Her ladies of honor on their return had to go to bed. The Prince was much distrubed at such imprudence. He told me that if she would only take care of herself she would soon be quite well. . . . I worked on the child's portrait. Poor little girl! I shall have to make her sit again and she does not like it, especially when I work on her little feet. The last time she came she said to Mrs. Burr: "Etty won't take off her *toos* and *tockings* for Mr. Healy." The other day she came in with her mother and was in great distress for fear her frock should be splashed by the water painted in the picture, lest her shoes should fall into it: and she was highly offended with her mother because she did not not pick up the hat which was sure to get "dirty." She is a passionate little lady, but her tantrums never last long. She is a dear child. . . . I want to get off in a fortnight.

I can finish several of the portraits in Rome from my studies.

Nov. 18th.

The day has been so dark that I could scarcely work, and I am very sad, for the dear Princess is down with the fever. I tried to see the Baronne, but she was in the sick room and so was Melle de Maiboom. I then went to the apartments of Mrs. Burr. She told me that she doubted whether the Princess would ever be well in this climate. It seems that these attacks with their alternations of intense heat and shivering fits are dreadful to witness.

Nov. 19th.

The Prince gave me a good sitting. He said that the Princess was better and that he hoped she would be able to sit up by the end of the week. He wishes me, after my visit to the Princess of Wied, to go directly to Brussels. He will give me a letter to his sister, the Comtesse de Flandre, to whom he desires me to show the portraits and she might have them seen by the King and Queen. . . . In the course of conversation he did not hide from me that he thought I was a strange man to be so influenced by a woman! You see his wife has spoiled him too much. I had quite a talk with him about our affairs. He thinks I was wrong to sell the land on which our house stood. . . . Nothing could be kinder than the Prince's manner to me. Here is daylight at last and I must get to work again.

Nov. 20th.

At half past nine I was surprised and greatly pleased to see the Princess, who came in with the child. She is very weak. The Prince had a lounge brought in so that she might lie down and yet watch the progress of the work. She is pleased with what I have done during her illness. She made a few suggestions which were useful to me. I have just returned from dining with their Highnesses in her boudoir. The poor Princess was so tired that I left early.

Nov. 21st.

Today I have done a great deal to the figure in the large whole-length. On Monday I hope to complete it. I am to have my reception on Sunday week and shall be ready to leave on December 2nd. Vincent brought me a parcel with a queer address on it. I was about to send it away, saying it was not for me, but on looking more attentively I told him to wait. On undoing the parcel I found to my joy that it contained the long missing books from Mary. I at once sent to request the Princess to receive me. I found my pleasure cast into the shade when I saw her beaming face, as she exclaimed: "The books have come. . . . and a letter too!" She immediately read Mary's note. Later in the day she came and read it to me, saying: "I am grateful and proud of what your daughter says of my poems." The Prince told her not to remain too long, as she was becoming too much excited. She pressed my hand as she left, saying in her own sweet

way: "I thank God that he made me know you and yours." The Prince is equally kind, though not so impulsive. He told me that the Princess had translated the letter to him and he was pleased with it. This has been really a nice day.

Nov. 24th.

It is four weeks since I arrived here from Sinaïa. I believe I never worked to better purpose. I entirely covered the canvas of the small whole-length and tomorrow I hope to finish the large one, and what a comfort that will be! When my hosts came in this morning the Princess said: "I have sent your daughter's letter to my mother that she may love her as I do. Just think, she says that if she had not written sooner it was that she had such a horror of people who ran after crowned heads that for nothing in the world would she be one of them. . . . And I who feared she did not like my verses!" I am glad to say that she is much better today.

Nov. 27th.

Today I finished my portrait of the Princess wearing the crown. She likes it very much. But I could not go on with my work, as today is the opening of the Chambers and I have been invited to hear the Prince's speech. As he had read it to me in French I was able to follow the roumanian, which sounded very well. It was delivered with much dignity. You should have seen me in full dress in one of the court carriages, bowing with the others as we went along. The Marshal was resplendent with gold lace. The

Prince was much more simple. As to the servants they were so gorgeous I scarcely recognized them. The streets of Bucharest look a little provincial because the houses are all low, on account of the frequent earthquakes. But some of the shops are very fine and bright, making one think of Paris . . . or Chicago!

A year later, answering the letter of one of the Princess' ladies of honor, Healy says:

November, 1873.

". . . You rejoice my heart with the news that the dear Princess is so much better. I am greatly touched that she should have given my name to the spot in the forest where I painted the background of her child's portrait."

LETTERS FROM ROUMANIA

SECOND SERIES

In 1881 my father was once more in America, where he was engaged on many portraits, while other commissions were awaiting his leisure. A telegram from the Prince of Roumania reached him, asking if he could undertake two whole-length portraits. His Highness had been named colonel in an Austrian and also in a German regiment. It is the custom under such circumstances to give a portrait of the new colonel to each regiment. Healy did not hesitate an instant, stopped his work, promised to return so as to finish what he had undertaken, and at once sailed for Europe. He merely stopped in Paris long enough to see his family and then was off to Bucharest. As usual, he wrote a regular journal of his doings to our mother. Unfortunately many of these letters have disappeared.

* * *

PALACE OF BUCHAREST, February 16th, 1881.

Dearest:

The Baronne of Witzleben and her son were at the station to receive me. My old servant Vincent discovered me in the crowd and her Ladyship drove me to the Palace and showed me my suite. It consists of

a grand bed-room, a drawing room twice the size of ours, and an antechamber. I am to have my meals served at whatever hour I choose, and a carriage is placed at my disposal and I can order it whenever I please, day or night. If I were younger I might have my head turned. Mme. de Witzleben gave me a nice supper and we chatted, making quite a little party with her nice daughter and her son. At eleven I began to think that it was time to retire, but I was told that the carriage had just gone to fetch the Princess, who was at the theatre, and that she would soon arrive. And sure enough she did. She came forward, extending both hands. One of them encountered my lips. She asked in the kindest manner after you all. Then she spoke of Charles Lefebvre. I said how sorry he was that my short stay in Paris did not give him time to have his compositions well bound, to which she replied, "Ach Gott! if he only knew how many works come to me covered with velvet and gold . . . and nothing between the covers worth seeing! He might have sent me his works in a paper cover or with no cover at all, they would have been just as welcome. I think I have scarcely ever met so charming and sympathetic a man as your friend."

I have just finished breakfast and must see the Prince, who wants me to repaint the head of the Princess, as she no longer wears her hair as in 1871. . . . I have had a charming reception from His Highness. The Princess talked with me while he went

to a Cabinet meeting. I am to have as painting room the same grand red salon as of yore.

February 17th.

As I was finishing my work the Prince and Princess came in and seemed pleased with what I had already done to her head. She said: "Mr. Healy, allow me to hold the plate while you put in it the colors from your palette!" At which I replied, turning to her husband: "I am honored as Titian was when Francis I picked up his brush." The Princess suggested that one of the portraits I am to paint of her husband should be in profile. But he objected. I said that reminded me of the Indian chief whom Catlin painted in profile, at which a rival said: "The medicine man knows that you are but half a man." A fight ensued and half the poor wretch's face was shot away, at which the other chief exclaimed: "I told you he was but half a man!"

I succeeded well with the group of the mother and child, which I changed somewhat. Her Highness gave me a nice sitting before her Thursday afternoon musicale. Lefebvre's *Judith* was given and had great success. Her Highness begged me to say to the composer that she found his music most elevated in character. I met Philippesco at the musicale and he asked after you all. He wanted to know if Miss "Edit" played the harp as well as ever. I modestly replied: "Still better."

Feb. 19th.

I worked all day on the two groups. The Prince

asked how I had managed so to improve them. I replied that it was through his wife's advice and inspiration. . . . It seems I have been very remiss in not calling at once upon the "Maréchal du Palais" and upon the Prince's secretary, so I had to take some of my precious time to do so. Then one of the ladies of honor told me that Mr. S——— wanted to see me. A rather funny looking but most agreeable little gentleman entered. He told me that he had long admired my portrait of Mrs. Cruger (Euphemia Van Renseller). I was impatient to get to my work.

Feb. 21st.

I was so taken up yesterday by my portrait of the Prince that I had no time to write to you. Today I have worked twelve hours, not badly. I was glad to snatch a fifteen minute nap in my chair. While I painted on her "man's" coat, the Princess was good enough to read to me from her last book. By the way, she said that a woman likes to be proud of "her man." She read until she could see no more; then we talked until past six. I was a little nervous, as I know the Baronne likes to sit down to table at exactly six o'clock. But I was not scolded, and after dinner the Princess came to show herself as she had "made herself beautiful" to go to the opera. Then, as we passed along a corridor she asked the Baroness and me to see how pretty her dressing room was. And indeed, lighted with its fifty wax candles, it was worthy of being her dressing room. While the Prince was sitting, my missing canvases arrived. The Princess

looked at the portrait I had painted of her nine years ago, and said it was a pity to grow old; but I assured her that every age has its charm. He talked of the war in the most interesting way.

March 2nd.

Yesterday I worked bravely and rubbed in the background before the Prince came. As I was in the mood for work he made his ministers wait and thus enabled me almost to finish the head. There was a grand ball at the palace. I showed myself between eleven and twelve. I found the dear Princess so far from well that she could not stand. She was magnificently dressed in white satin embroidered in delicate colors; the effect was exquisite and in perfect taste. While her husband was sitting she came in. Then she was dressed in a flowing robe of very fine creamy white flannel, trimmed with a veil of the country. As she parted the red portière of my princely studio, she was a picture. She threw herself on the sofa and I was touched by his solicitude for her comfort.

March 4th.

I have worked hard all day on the decorations of the Prince, and shall have much to do to finish them in time to show the portrait Saturday afternoon; the following day it has to leave. I gave your dear letter to the Princess to read. Your style delights her because of its simplicity. I told her you were the best reader I ever heard. She thought that with your nature you must do all things well. . . . Now I must go to the Baronne, as she has invited to dinner M. Lecomte

Du Noüy, the architect, who has restored one of the most beautiful churches in Europe. The Princess has shown me photographs of that remarkable work.

March 17th.

Tomorrow I shall try to finish the portrait for Austria. The decorations take a long time to paint and fatigue me greatly. I fear I must offend many people, who think me far from sociable. But I am so worn out when evening comes that I am only fit for bed. The Prince is greatly interested with what I am doing and hopes I may return next year. The Princess makes me repeat my stories as she puts them in verse. She wants to take notes of the last days of Jackson, as she thinks it would make a fine poem. She said: "I shall miss you greatly, Mr. Healy, when you leave us." There was a funeral service today in honor of the murdered Czar of Russia. The Prince told me that his wife was much overcome, as it is the first at which she has assisted since the poor little girl's death. But she bravely came in for the end of the sitting.

March 25th.

Two of the ladies of honor came with the Princess and I showed them what I had done, saying: "Now you understand why I cannot pay visits." They thought the excuse a very good one. I have cleared my studio for my exhibition tomorrow and placed the portraits against the superb tapestry, which makes a very good background. Poor Mme. de Witzleben was so ill with a bad cold that I took her the portrait of the Princess, which greatly pleased the dear old lady.

. . . I cannot say how charming Her Highness has been to me. She told me much of the horrors and sufferings of the war, which she witnessed when she went to nurse the sick and wounded, adding: "You can see the traces of it all in my face." Indeed, as I compare my last portrait of her with the one I painted nearly nine years ago, I see the change; the last has so much more depth, feeling and intelligence. She begged me to repeat to you, Dearest, that the evening she passed at our house in Rome was the most agreeable she had ever enjoyed, without any of the stiffness of court parties. She laughed as she read in your letter that I was being spoiled at the Palace. She said very sweetly: "Mr. Healy, I think that the best use to put a Palace to is to make it agreeable to artists and men of letters."

March 26th.

In less than an hour the law will be presented to their Highnesses for their signature, and that law will make of them a king and a queen. I learn from a crowd of visitors that the flags are flying all over the city. The Chambers have proclaimed the new dignity of my kind hosts; but this you will have learned before this letter has started on its way. . . . Since writing the above my studio has been filled with the "Corps Diplomatique" and many other distinguished people. . . . I have just been to congratulate His Majesty. He told me that the law will not come from the Chambers until about six, when I shall be sent for to witness the signature. I have received many com-

pliments today from all sorts of people . . . but, Darling, in the confusion my tea has been forgotten.

The letter describing the ceremony has been lost, but in the *Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter*[1] we read:

". . . While I was at work, the chamberlain came to request my presence near my royal hosts. I found them in the throne room. The Prince was evidently much moved and so was his wife. All the members of the Chambers were introduced. They had just voted the new dignity and came in a body to proclaim the result of the vote. It was a very simple ceremony; the delegates were all in their ordinary clothes and passed in order before their sovereigns. The King's hand, which held his written address, trembled visibly."

[1]McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1894.