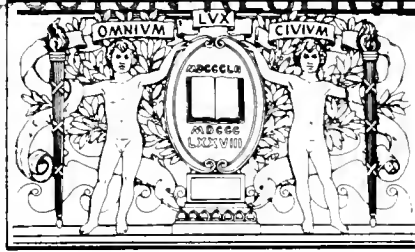


FINE ARTS DEPT.

BOSTON RESERVE



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



OUR AMERICAN ARTISTS.

BY

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

WITH

PORTRAITS, STUDIOS, AND ENGRAVINGS OF PAINTINGS.

BOSTON:

D. LOTHROP & CO., PUBLISHERS,

30 & 32 FRANKLIN STREET.

77

Copyright by
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY,
1879.



TO
MY LITTLE DAUGHTER
EDITH.

NOTE.

THE author gladly avails himself of this opportunity to thank the artists who have kindly furnished the illustrations for this volume, and have also permitted him to use incidents from their art life as a means for initiating the young into some of the mysteries and attractions of art.



CONTENTS.

I.

WILLIAM H. BEARD.

II.

ALBERT F. BELLOWS.

III.

ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD.

IV.

WILLIAM M. CHASE.

V.

SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

VI.

WALTER SHIRLAW.

VII.

JOHN J. ENNEKING.

VIII.

THOMAS W. WOOD.

IX.

SAMUEL COLMAN.

X.

WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.

XI.

GEORGE LORING BROWN.

XII.

DAVID NEAL.



MR. BEARD'S STUDIO.

WILLIAM H. BEARD.

THE painter whose name and portrait accompany this article claims our attention both as an excellent artist and as one who gives us many entertaining pictures of animal life. No branch of art requires a more earnest interest in the subject than that of animal painting, or more early displays itself in the dawning genius of the destined artist. This is one of the most recent fields of art. Sneyders, Weenix, and Wouverman, who were Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, are the first noted animal painters.

In our time there are many artists in Europe who have studied the forms and habits of animals, especially the horse and the dog. Many of the readers of this volume are doubtless familiar with the horses of Schreyer, the German painter, and Herring the Englishman, and the noble dogs and sheep and deer of Sir Edwin Landseer, who made the animals he painted seem so human that they excite our sympathy or mirth as if they were like ourselves.

In our own country our best artists have generally

been landscape painters, but we have, however, some very good artists who devote their talents to painting animals; generally they are specialists, that is, each chooses one particular class of animals. Mr. Walter Brackett, for example, has made a careful study of fish. He has a fascinating custom, which he has pursued for over twenty years, of going into the mountains with his son and camping out, fishing in the roaring brooks and painting the salmon and speckled trout as they quiver on the end of the line. Hinckley paints lifelike foxes; Robinson, James Hart, and young Inness show us the ox or the cow wading in the stream on a warm day by the green meadow-lands or drawing heavy carts with infinite patience. Bisp-ham, of Boston, paints horses, and Rogers, who is still very young, has a passion for representing retrievers and spaniels on canvass with great freshness and vigor. He has a dog which is trained to take a position when his master wishes to paint him. Tait paints game birds in a way that almost whets one's appetite for roast duck.

These are all American artists. But there is no one in the country, who has more carefully studied and painted the habits and character of a large variety of animals than Mr. Beard. He was born at Painesville, Ohio, in 1825, and comes from an artistic family. His mother was a woman of large intelligence and excellent taste, and his older brother, James H. Beard, is a skillful artist, of national reputation as a portrait painter and an admirable delineator of dogs and cats, which he paints with lifelike truth, while his three sons are also artists. William showed a love for animals from infancy, and says that he cannot remember when he first took to drawing, he began so early to wield a pencil and brush. In those days people in America cared less for art than they do now, and young Beard did not receive encouragement to take it up as a profession. It was thought by his neighbors and family that one artist in the family was enough, his brother James having already set up as a portrait painter. But the lad, urged by a strong impulse, persisted in drawing animals, determined that art should be his profession. His advantages were very small for learning, but that perhaps helped him by forcing him to depend more upon his own resources and especially to study carefully the objects he wished to paint. All the knowledge that a master can give cannot take the place of

ardent and persistent study of nature. It is from nature that our best lessons are learned, and the artist of ability who most studies nature will tell us most that is worth knowing. In the days when William Beard was young there were no art schools in the country, and although we had produced a few good painters, they had come up by dint of strong original talent and perseverance. One has a high respect for the artists like Cole, or Stuart, or Doughty, or Durand, who did so much good work while only self-taught. And to that class of artists Mr. Beard most certainly belongs, for few painters have been more self-taught than he. From such an example the boy or girl who feels desirous of drawing can take encouragement to begin at any time, the secret of art being to study nature with earnestness and enthusiasm and to draw things as they look to the observer. Of course practice of the eye and hand are like a growing fortune. Each year they add to the excellence reached in rendering nature, and one may become better able thoroughly to gain advantage from the lessons of those who have become masters in art.

Mr. Beard went to New York city after he had been painting for awhile, and took a few lessons from his brother James. He then settled in Buffalo for ten years, where he gained a solid local reputation. During that time he painted his picture of a cat with her kittens, the first work he had on the line in the exhibition of the National Academy. It is one of his best pictures. The old cat, which served as a model, was very restless, having no notion of sitting for her portrait, and Mrs. Beard had to hold her while the artist sketched the outline or laid on the color. It was during his residence in Buffalo that Mr. Beard went to Italy, where he spent two years amid the inspiring influence of Italian art.

Two years after his return Mr. Beard settled in New York, where he has remained ever since, painting many works of merit and celebrity, and becoming a member of the National Academy, which entitles him to add N. A. to his name. Some years ago he took a long tour in the South and West, spending several months among the savage Indians of Colorado, without losing his scalp.

His studio is in the old Studio Building in 10th Street, where so many noted artists are gathered in a cluster of somewhat dim apartments resembling cells in a convent. These studios are filled with

canvasses turned face to the wall, studies for paintings, plaster casts, bits of faded tapestry, ship models and artificial skeletons, easels, old armor and antique furniture, and all sorts of odds and ends of old drapery and knick-knacks picked up in auction rooms, thrown about in tangled, picturesque confusion, which a thrifty housekeeper would like to invade with ruthless broom and duster. But there is at least one place on this earth where the dominion of the ever busy and tidy housewife cannot hold sway, and that is the studio of the artist. A certain degree of studied untidiness seems essential to his dreams.

The studio of Mr. Beard is an epitome of his artistic career. It abounds in deer's horns, old armor, rusty firelocks, stuffed owls, bear's skins, Indian arrows and what not besides. And as he sits at his easel, he is thus surrounded by the mementoes of the scenes he has painted, which have given delight to so many; for each of these objects has aided him, in turn, in putting his compositions on canvass, by appearing in this or that painting. Mr. Beard is an artist of large versatility, that is, he is able to represent almost anything he chooses to paint. He is an excellent draughtsman. He generally makes careful drawings on the canvass first, so that the finished work is thus more correct and clear. There is nothing slovenly or hasty in his pictures. His color

is not laid on as heavily as in the paintings of many European artists, but it does not on that account give the impression of feebleness. He uses the primary colors chiefly, depending on the use of few pigments. He paints portraits as well as animals, and the landscape portion of his paintings is natural and effective.

But it is in the rendering of animal life that Mr. Beard is most widely known, and there his genius is seen to best advantage. In such subjects a double purpose appears in his pictures: one is to give expression to his natural love for animals; the other is to take off or satirize the oddities and moral weaknesses of his fellow-men. Thus a group of apes dressed in clothes and assembled in a lawyer's office are transformed by his skillful brush into caricatures of rustics going to law. Or, in his famous painting called "The Dance of Silenus," which represents a bear



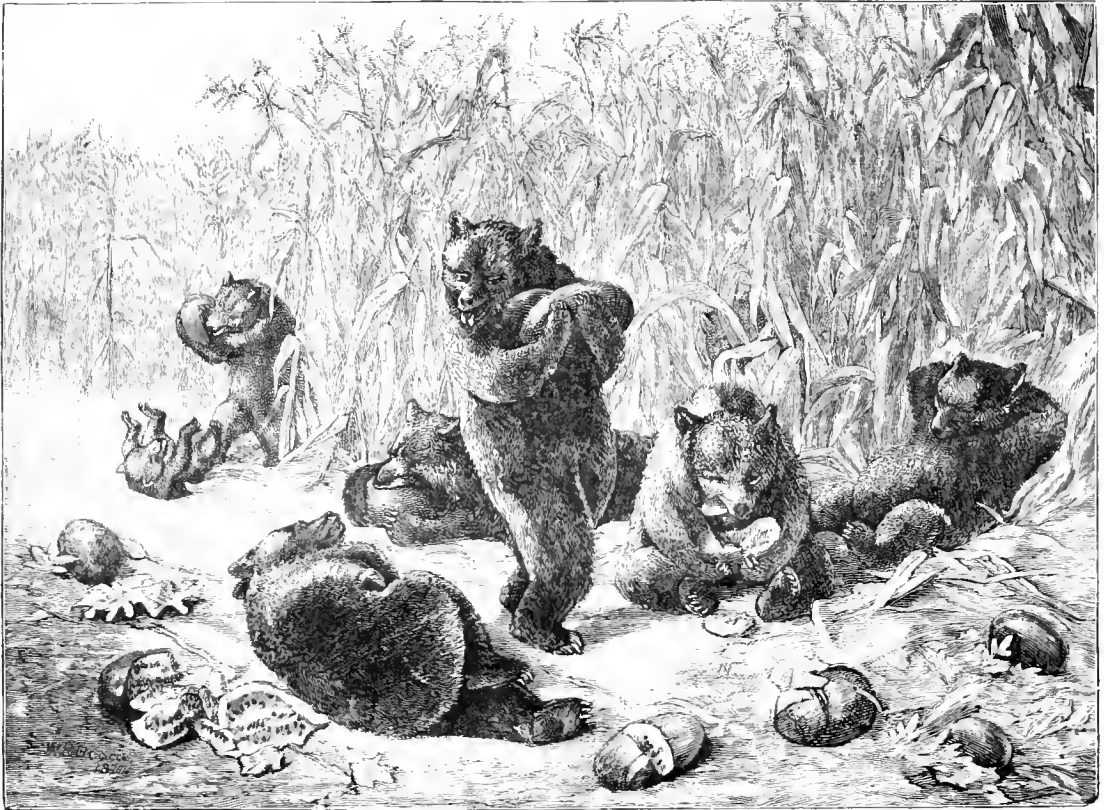
W. H. Beard.

and goats engaged in a tipsy dance, the artist gives us a most vivid idea of the supreme silliness of human beings when they so far forget the lofty character of man as to take too much whiskey or wine. It would be impossible to convey this idea more powerfully than Mr. Beard has done in this painting.

Another of his notable works is the "Dance of the Bears," which is now owned in Boston. It was, unfortunately injured in the great fire in that city. Mr

Beard has been especially successful in painting bears, in fact he might almost be styled court painter to the King of the Bears, for no artist has ever given more attention to this branch of natural history. Mr. Beard's appreciation of the comical and grotesque has placed him in sympathy with that most comical of all animals except the monkey, the brown bear. Not only is this bear amusing in his appearance and movements, but he has a great love for fun himself,

and nature seems to have aided him in this by giving him a flexible nose which he wrinkles and twists in the most entertaining manner when he is engaged in sport or in playing off a practical joke. No mischievous school-boy ever enjoyed more getting off tricks on his school-fellows. Sometimes the bear is rather rough in his jokes, but this is because of the lack in his early education rather than because he wishes to hurt those on whom he plays his tricks.



BEARS IN A MELON-PATCH. (From a painting owned by Prof. F. N. Otis.)

Mr. Beard, among many anecdotes he has to tell about bears, relates one showing the bear's love of fun. When he was travelling on the Mississippi River there was a large bear cub on the steamer which belonged to the captain, and was a great pet. He was quite tame, but loved a joke as well as a freshman. They kept him on the hurricane deck attached to a long chain, abaft of the wheel-house. When they wished to feed him a ladder was placed against the edge of the deck, up which his feeder climbed from

the lower deck with the dish of food. One day it occurred to Bruin that he might have some fun out of the man who brought him his dinner. So when he saw the ladder planted in its place, the upper ends reaching two or three feet above the deck, he stood by it in eager expectation until the head of the man appeared near the upper rounds. Then in a twinkling he raised his paw and, hitting the ladder a smart rap, threw ladder and man and dinner flat on the deck below. Having accomplished this feat Bruin scam-

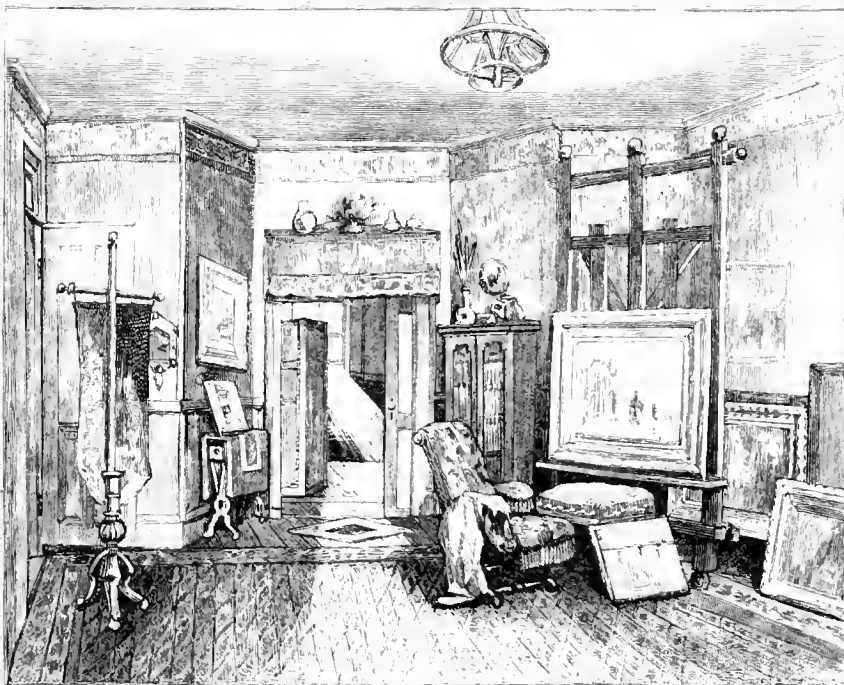
ered off with a rollicking, rolling gallop, wrinkling his nose, showing his shining teeth and shaking all over with silent laughter. But he paid dearly for this practical joke, for the captain gave him a severe drubbing which made poor Bruin sit in the corner and suck his paws with mortification and disgust.

"Bears on a Bender" is one of Mr. Beard's happiest efforts to delineate the fun in the ursine character, and the same may be said of the painting of which a copy is given in our illustration, which was kindly loaned for this purpose by Prof. F. N. Otis, the owner. It is evident that these bears are where a good many boys would like to be, in a melon patch near a cornfield, stuffing themselves with watermelons. Although watermelons are not intoxicating, they sometimes bring on a colic, and these comical poachers seem to be doing all they can to get a stomach-ache. The painting is rich in color, and the pink red of the broken melons give it a pleasing effect.

Mr. Beard has given much attention to the study of the language by which animals talk to each other.

There is no doubt that by certain mysterious signs of which, as yet, we have little knowledge, animals are able actually to tell each other stories, to give warning, advice, and instruction. One of the most interesting sights I ever saw was an old pussy cat giving her kittens a lesson in catching rats. She talked to them by purring and growling, and enforced her precepts by whipping one or two of the kittens who were afraid to follow her instructions lest the rat should bite them.

Mr. Beard has a large and interesting painting now on his easel which is full of variety and life. It is called "Bulls and Bears." It is intended to represent, in a comical way, the brokers of Wall Street, New York, who are called Bulls, or Bears, as they may happen to wish to send stocks up or down. In this painting a disorderly crowd of bulls and bears are seen bellowing and roaring, goring, tearing, plunging and tumbling over each other in the wildest turmoil and confusion. The satire it suggests is severe but just.



MR. BELLOWS' STUDIO.

ALBERT F. BELLOWS.

THE life and artistic career of Mr. Bellows is one of the most satisfactory in the history of American art. While offering no thrilling tales of adventure or startling episodes, his life is one of rounded completeness, of effort properly directed and aims successfully achieved, and always distinguished by high moral character.

This artist is of English descent, and his ancestors came in the ship Hopewell to this country in the year 1635. It was in the old town of Milford, in Massachusetts, that he was born about fifty years ago. His father was a physician who acquired reputation for several valuable works on health; but as

Milford was then, as now, a boot and shoe manufacturing place, and as young Bellows showed no inclination to study medicine, it seemed only natural that he should grow up to the business which gave employment to so many in his native town.

But nothing was less to his taste than business, although he has always been methodical and careful. At a very early age the lad showed a remarkable love for art, and tried to draw pictures almost as soon as his hand could hold a slate pencil. In those days, and even in our day by some, it was considered in this country that the art career was one to be avoided, because it offered little money, much hard-

ship and disappointment, and but scanty honor.

It was not considered that there are compensations or rewards which amply atone for many of the rough experiences which every artist must encounter, whether he is successful or no. These early struggles tend to strengthen the character, and force the artist to work harder and do better work; while the joy he receives in dwelling in the fairyland of his dreams, and expressing his passion for the beautiful, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and finds abundant reward in itself.

As a sort of compromise between art and business, it was at length decided that young Bellows should take up the profession of architecture, a pursuit which requires not only a feeling of beauty, but strong practical business common-sense and mathematical knowledge.

Although this was not altogether agreeable to him, Albert Bellows spent three years, laboriously and conscientiously, in the office of Mr. A. B. Young, of Boston, to design and build good houses. But, at the same time, his thirst for art was so intense that every spare moment, every opportunity, was seized for adding to his stock of art ideas. As we look back to those years of patient, unremitting toil, we can see that the habits formed then must have been of great value in preventing Mr. Bellows from acquiring the shiftlessness which too often adds sorrow to the artistic and literary life.

At the age of twenty the student of architecture had made such progress in his profession that he was able to enter into partnership with I. D. Toule, an architect of established reputation. A year of

steady application in this independent position was attended by more satisfaction to the patrons of the new firm than to the young architect, who was every day urged by a growing impatience and art enthusiasm to abandon all half-way measures, and boldly take up the pursuit for which he longed.

And thus it came about that, at the end of the year, being then just twenty-one, Mr. Bellows "burned his ships behind him," as the phrase goes, when one decides to cut loose from the past and begin anew with a sole regard for the future.

Fortune, fickle as she seems, still has a special liking for the daring and the bold. She cannot be successfully wooed by the timid. She seems to have been particularly pleased with the determined spirit shown by the young artist; for, no sooner had he decided to devote himself to art, than he was offered the position of principal of the New England School of Design, which he at once accepted, and held until his twenty-seventh year.

In that year Mr. Bellows decided to go to Europe, and therefore resigned his principalship. He had already matured his character

and habits of observation, and gained a grounding in the first principles of art; so that he was thus prepared better to accept or reject what he saw in the art-schools of the old world than if he had gone there at an earlier age.

Mr. Bellows arrived at Paris during the first great Exposition, and must naturally have been almost overwhelmed by the wealth of the art treasures which he saw on every hand. In the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg were many of the master-pieces



of the art of other ages, where they still are to interest and elevate the rising generations. In the Exposition, on the other hand, the glory of English, French, Belgian, German and Spanish contemporary art dazzled the gaze and kindled the rapture of the beholder.

The writer himself, a mere youth at the time, was also present at that Exposition; and as he recalls the indelible impressions, the rapturous enthusiasm which moved him when he walked through those magnificent collections of art; as the pictures which made such an impression on his boyish fancy pass, one by one, before his eyes again while he pens these lines, he can easily understand the impression that must have been made on the more matured and experienced mind of the young American artist, who, from the comparative art scarcity of his native land, had just passed to the study of such an astonishing treasure of art.

After carefully considering the different methods and schools of art, Mr. Bellows finally decided to enter a course of study at the Royal Academy of Antwerp; and there he passed several years in that grand, quaint old Flemish town, where the peaked roofs, the narrow streets, the curious costumes, the rustic, picturesque wagons, and the singular market-places and gray antique towers fill the artist's soul with joy.

There is the magnificent cathedral whose spire, the most beautiful in Europe, an arrow pointing evermore to heaven, a fairylike shaft of stone lace-work, sustains, high up in the air, the far-famed chimes whose silvery melodious jangling seems to float down from the skies.

There, too, are gathered the master-pieces of Rubens, one of the greatest artists of all the ages. There he painted, there he died, and there is his house to this day. And Van Dyke and Jordaens, and many another celebrated genius lived, and toiled, and won immortal fame in that old city. Could an artist find a more inspiring spot than Antwerp to gain enthusiasm and knowledge?

And there the art student from the New World, the only American then studying in the Netherlands, pursued his studies with such success that, in 1858, he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painters of Belgium.

After finishing his studies at Antwerp, Mr. Bellows

returned to America and settled in New York. In 1858 he was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design, and in 1861 he became an Academician. In 1867 he revisited Europe, giving at that time especial attention to the water-color art of England and France, and taking many careful studies and sketches, especially in the former country, with whose scenery his talents are singularly in harmony.

Many of these charming studies of the land of our ancestors he has since elaborated into finished paintings. Two of Mr. Bellows' works, one in oil, the other in water color, were selected for exhibition in the American department of the last French Exposition.

Among many artistic trips which he has taken may be mentioned a visit to Hot Springs, Arkansas, last year, for the health of Mrs. Bellows. While there he built a temporary studio, which was nearly destroyed by the disastrous fire which swept over that resort. At the time of the great fire in Boston, where he had been painting for a year or two, his things were stored preparatory to moving when the fire consumed the building, and with it the paintings, studies and library which had been confided to its safe keeping.

After that catastrophe Mr. Bellows returned to New York, and is now situated in the fine new Studio Building, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Fifth Street. He has two spacious studios, one leading out of the other, intended respectively for oil and water-color painting. The illustration represents the former.

These studios are elegantly and tastefully furnished; and while sufficiently artistic in their appearance, are kept in perfect order, thus reflecting the systematic mental traits and the quiet temperament of an artist who has been able to give us so many admirable works, and whose life has, at the same time, been as even, methodical, and uninterruptedly successful as that of a prosperous East India merchant. Mr. Bellows has one son who is now a practising physician.

In coming to a consideration of the art of this artist we find that his ability is marked by versatility, or a capacity to succeed in more than one branch of art. Many people suppose he is only a landscape painter. This is a mistake. His early career was devoted to figure and portrait painting, to which his

studies were largely directed at Antwerp; and he has given much attention to *genre*, that is, groups representing familiar, every-day scenes of domestic life. This skill in drawing figures has enabled Mr. Bellows to give greater interest to his landscapes. In the accompanying illustration of his work, the clever grouping of men and horses adds attractiveness to a very pleasing and well-treated subject.

Gradually his great love of nature and out-of-door life led Mr. Bellows to devote himself, more and

more, to painting the grace and freshness of the quiet, undulating meadow-lands, rustic lanes, and quaint thatched farm-houses of the Isle of Wight, and the noble, vividly-tinted landscapes of our own country. Every one, who loves the stately beauty of the avenues of elms which give such an indescribable charm to the towns and hamlets of New England, owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bellows for the interest he has shown, and the success he has achieved in painting these scenes, which are so dear to every native



STAGE-COACHING IN NEW ENGLAND. (From a Painting by A. F. Bellows.)

American heart and especially to all New Englanders.

Of all the trees which beautify this world there are two which are especially fitted to adorn the abodes of man; these are the plane tree and the elm. The former grows in America, but never reaches to such wide-spreading magnificence as in Asia. Many an ancient town of the East owes its attractiveness to its groups of plane trees, haunted by the nightingale and overshadowing silvery fountains.

But we, on this side of the Atlantic, can take es-

pecial pride in the elm. Nowhere else as in America does it throw out such long, grateful arms, such exquisite curves in the massing of its foliage, or rear its crest of green on such gracefully majestic stems. No farm-house is complete without one such venerable guardian to shield it from the storms, and to afford a grateful shade under which the children can sport in the summer days. Both in water and oil-colors Mr. Bellows has been equally successful in representing the imperial beauty of the elm.

This artist, as you may have already perceived, has painted both in oil and water-color. The former was the medium he first employed, and to which he still gives much attention. Like some artists who have great facility and know clearly what they intend to do, he often paints a picture wholly with the knife, without using a brush.

This knife, or spatula, is made of steel, very thin and flexible; and to use it in laying on color is to give greater purity to the tints; for the less colors are mixed and worked over the more clear and atmospheric is the painting. But one cannot work with the palette-knife unless he knows what he is about; for as the color is laid so it must stay, and if not skillfully done the picture is liable to look painty.

But for the last few years Mr. Bellows has given much attention to *aquarelle* or water-color painting, being one of the pioneers in this branch of art in America, and one of the most successful water-color painters of the age.

To paint with water-colors was the rule for many ages before the process of using colors mixed with oil was invented, or, at least, much employed. The paintings of the ancients, such as the wall-paintings or frescoes of Pompeii, and even the works of Michael Angelo, were done with water-colors or pigments, laid on with wax applied hot. The ancients knew something about oil-colors, but it was not until the time of John and Hubert Van Eyck of Holland, in the fifteenth century, that painting in oil-colors became general.

After that time water-colors almost fell into disuse until their use was revived early in this century by the fresco or wall-painters of Munich, and a school of very brilliant artists in England, who employed *aquarelle* in painting what are called easel or small paintings.

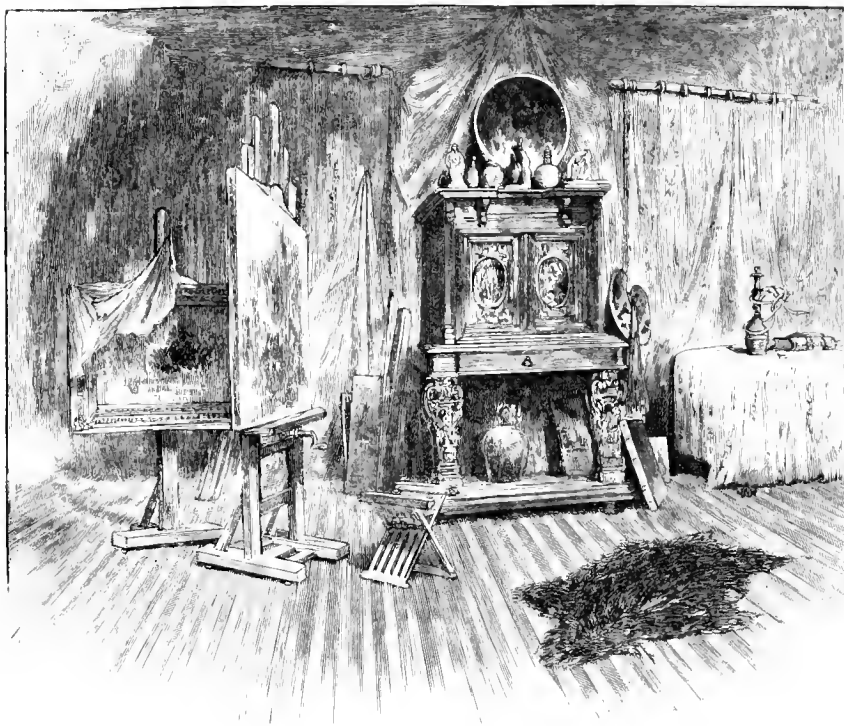
Among the most noted of these English water-color painters were Girtin, Turner, David Cox, Sam-

uel Prout and Copley Fielding. Some of the effects of nature which they succeeded in reproducing were wonderfully well done. These English artists worked entirely without opaque or body color. And this leads me to tell you that there are two kinds of water-color painting. One, or the earliest school, depends, for the whites or strong lights in the picture, entirely on the white color of the paper on which the picture is painted. This is done either by leaving certain parts untouched by color or by scratching off the color where a bright light is needed. Great skill and readiness is necessary in this kind of water-color, but the effect is to give a rich, transparent, atmospheric effect, such as it is very difficult to obtain with oil-colors.

The other and later school of water-colorists depend for their high lights on the use of white lead or Chinese white, which is the most opaque of all pigments; and, therefore, when laid over any other color it conceals it, and comes out so prominently as to represent light. This school also mixes white or body color with the other colors, in order to give the solid appearance of oil painting. But, while many pleasing pictures are painted by the latter method, the richness of oil-color is not wholly reached, while the exquisite airiness of simple water-color, unaided by the addition of opaque color, is almost entirely lost.

Mr. Bellows works almost entirely in the style of the old school, very rarely using white, and then only to give force to some small point, perhaps a distant sail, or a far-away farm-house on a hillside.

The reader should try to study the difference between oil and water-colors, and between the two methods of water-color painting, and he will be surprised to find how much he will thus learn of different art processes and of many effects in nature which, perhaps, he has never seen before.



MR GIFFORD'S STUDIO.

ROBERT SWAIN GIFFORD.

THE boy or girl who will turn to the map of New England will see on the southern coast of Massachusetts a gulf, called Buzzard's Bay. The southern or seaward side of this bay is formed by a picturesque group called the Elizabeth Islands. Tufted with wild, weather-beaten cedars, and lashed by the terrible surges of the Atlantic storms, these gray, granite isles have seen many a shipwreck since the Pilgrims first landed on the shores of old Massachusetts.

One of these islands bears the Indian name of Naushan; and there, some forty years ago, was born the landscape and marine painter, R. S. Gifford.

While he was still very young his father moved to New Bedford, famous as a whaling port; and in

those days its wharves were thronged with whalers returning from far off seas or fitting out for long cruises in arctic regions. Everything about the water-side of the old town was adapted to stimulate a love for the sea in the boy who rambled about the docks and jostled against burly tars who had strange, wild, and often incredible yarns to spin of adventures by land and sea. Young Gifford's father owned a sailboat, and the lad passed many exciting hours sailing about the bay, until he began to have a longing to express his feelings with a pencil.

About that time the marine painter Van Beest, who was a bluff, hearty, outspoken Dutchman, came to New Bedford and put up a studio. But this artist knew little about the rig and build of American

ships, and therefore sometimes employed Mr. Bradford, who has since become famous for painting icebergs, to draw the ships for him. After Mr. Bradford left, Van Beest asked young Gifford to become his ship builder, if we may so use the phrase. The youth had already found his way to the studio of the Dutch artist and taken lessons from him in drawing and painting. This was done at first in the face of much opposition from his friends, although they relented when they saw how bent he was to become an artist, and what ability he seemed to have for such a pursuit.

After a while Van Beest returned to New York and proposed to his assistant to accompany him, offering him a proportionate share of the sales from his paintings, if he would continue to work with him as before.

This arrangement lasted for several years, until the young artist, feeling that he was now able to work better alone, settled in Boston in 1864, where he soon achieved a decided success; although it must be added that, while he gained rep-

utation in Boston, he sold most of his pictures in New York and elsewhere. In 1866 Mr. Gifford returned again to New York, where he has since resided, except when abroad, and has been elected an Associate of the

National Academy, and become professor at the Art School of the Cooper Institute.

During the first half of his art life Mr. Gifford confined himself to the painting of marine and coast scenes; among others a scene from the great ocean yacht race, sailed by the famous yachts *Henrietta*, *Vesta* and *Fleetwing*.

Anxious to enlarge his field of observation and experience, he made a trip through Oregon and California in 1869, where the scenery so attracted him that he took many interesting sketches which led him, if not altogether to abandon marine art, at least to devote his attention chiefly to landscape painting.

A year or two later Mr. Gifford

went to Europe, and gave himself up to romantic wanderings through the South of Europe; and, crossing the Mediterranean, allowed his fancy to revel in the wonderfully interesting and picturesque cities and



R. Swain Gifford

wilds of Egypt and Morocco, which resulted in some very interesting works and had a very decided influence on the aims and methods of his art.

In 1874 Mr. Gifford again visited the Old World with Mrs. Gifford, who accompanied her husband through the grandly savage mountain passes of Corsica, the island where Napoleon was born. Herself a spirited artist, Mrs. Gifford was able to appreciate the romantic beauty of the bare, lion-haunted mountain crags of Algeria, where they next passed several fascinating months, studying the oriental customs and architecture of Algiers, and the swarthy Arab tribes who dwelt in goats'-hair tents on the edge of the desert, or in grim fortresses on the pinnacles of the Atlas mountains.

Although the French have been masters of Algeria ever since the long warfare which ended in the capture of the heroic Abdel Kader, who for long years so bravely resisted the invaders in vain at the head of his mounted warriors, the country is still much as it was of old. The people are allowed to follow their own customs, and so long as they do not resist the authority of the French, are left very much to themselves. They are mostly descended from the Mauritians, of whom some of you have read in Roman history. They were fierce horsemen who, under Jugurtha, gave the Roman legions much trouble before they could be conquered.

They are Mohammedans. Their women go veiled in the street, and in the cities live in houses whose windows are carefully screened with lattices to prevent anyone from looking in. The men are tall, handsome, massively built, and stern and warlike; and the laws, as with all Eastern people, are bloody.

The scenery of Algeria is half tropical, and the climate dry and hot. Camels are employed to carry merchandise, and here and there a graceful cluster of palms, outlined against the cloudless sky, indicate where wells may be found to slake the thirst of the passing caravan. Overhead the buzzard watches for his prey; or the vulture, circling a mere speck in the sky, wheels his long flight over the solitude, ever waiting to dart on a dying camel or a wounded jackal.

Amid these strangely attractive and romantic scenes Mr. and Mrs. Gifford lingered several months, enriching their portfolios with vivid pictures of the

people, the wild birds, and the wilder scenery about them.

At one time they halted for the night in the house of an Arab chieftain, where they were very hospitably entertained with pilaff, made of rice, a whole roast lamb, and tropical fruits. Around the reception-hall niches were seen in the thick wall, in which the retainers of the chief slept at night. Their long guns and spears were hung here and there on the walls. Some weeks before the travellers were there, a dozen men, who were supposed to have formed a conspiracy against the chief, had been treacherously seized and beheaded without trial in that very hall, and their heads were arranged about the room.

Some of Mr. Gifford's most interesting paintings are from scenes suggested by his travels in Algeria. One of his largest works, that was exhibited at the Centennial, is a painting of the famous Rock of Gibraltar, which looks southward towards the opposite coast of Africa and the land of the Moor.

Another result of his last trip to Europe is also evident in a gradual change in the style of this artist. His earlier art was executed in a very finished way; but his observations of French art have led him to adopt a bolder method of using colors.

The tendency of art at present, in Europe and with the younger and newer American artists, is to treat a subject broadly. This term does not refer to the size of the picture but the way in which a subject is treated. Some painters finish their work with great delicacy and very careful reproduction of every detail. The most remarkable instance of this kind of treatment is shown in the portraits painted two hundred years ago by Denner, a German artist, who actually reproduced every hair, and seemed even to represent the down and pores of the skin of the face. This is an extreme instance of painting carried to the last degree of finish.

The danger of this sort of art is, that the general effect, which is after all the chief thing in a picture, is in danger of being sacrificed to details. American landscape art has never approached such a degree of laborious finish; but it has sometimes showed too much regard for details. Another fault of which it might be accused is, that it has too often been weak because the pigments were laid on too thinly. This is not always a fault, as it is a matter which depends very much on the subject. Still, it is

perhaps better to err on the other side, after the methods followed by the old Dutch painters, and now adopted by most of the leading artists of the age; that is, to lay on the colors solidly, thus gaining more force and freshness in the representation of nature.

Now, to paint the reverse of the extremely finished style I have been describing, is called painting broadly. A landscape painting or a portrait in which many of the details are entirely omitted or merely suggested, and in which the general effect is always the prominent idea of the work, is said to have breadth.

It is the latter style that Mr. Gifford has gradually

adopted, keeping the light and shades, and the objects of a painting well massed, and thus gaining a grand effect. There is no uncertainty in the way in which he handles his brush; he knows what he wishes to do, and does it. Painting in water-colors has doubtless been of value to him in producing the desired effect in his oil paintings, for the certainty required in using water-colors leads to readiness in knowledge, and thus one is able to lay on his colors in such a way that he does not need to work over them too much. Some of the water-color paintings of Mr. Gifford are remarkably fresh, pure and luminous in their effect. He paints much out-of-doors during the season, and his most recent trips after



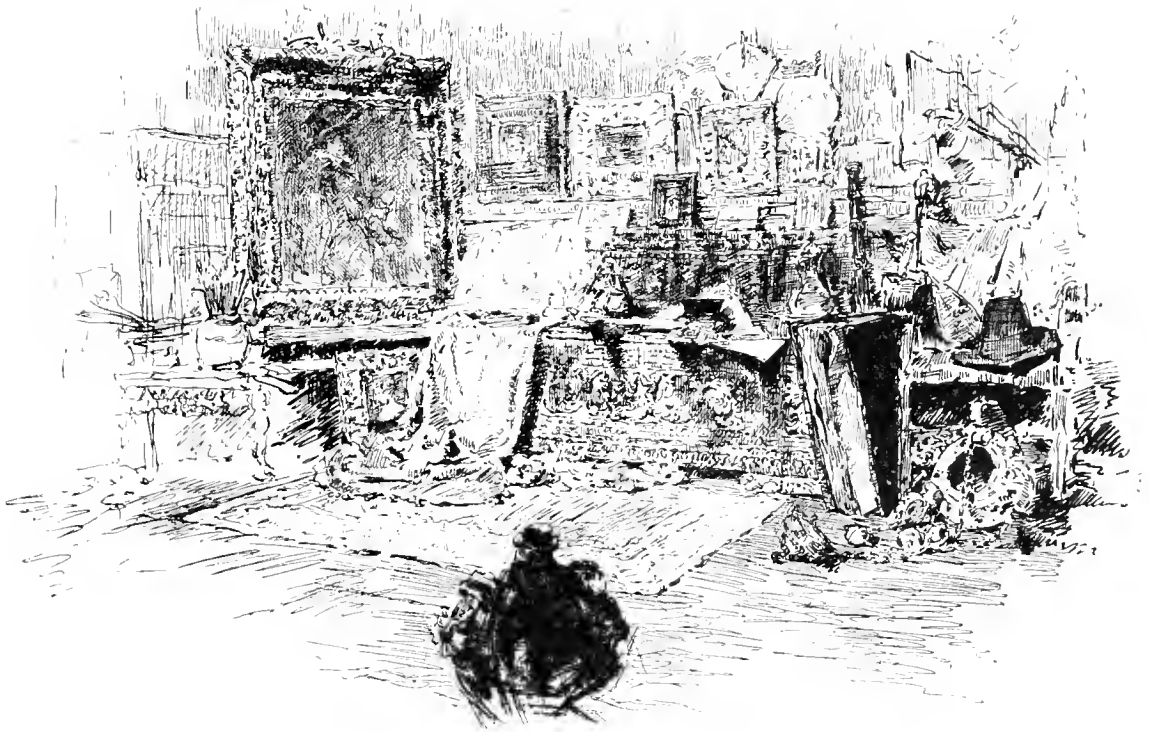
LITTLE RIVER, DARTMOUTH, MASS. (From painting by R. Swain Gifford.)

studies have been to the coast around Buzzard's Bay and to the lovely, palm-encircled shores of Fort George Island on the coast of Florida.

It is an interesting fact in the art-life of this artist, that after wandering from California to Algeria for studies, he has at last returned to the haunts of his boyhood as the field which offers him the most congenial subjects for his brush. Many of you have doubtless often seen along our New England coast brown, ragged clumps of solemn weird cedars, whose gnarled and singularly twisted branches spread like deers' antlers. Tufted with tough, spiky foliage, they sway and moan drearily in the gales which scourge the shores, as if they were ancient, age-withered

Indian sachems left there alone to wail for their long departed race. These wild cedars, these gray shores, the russet grass which sighs in the autumnal winds on the bare rocks and lonely moors, fading off into the far-off horizon, and canopied by cool gray masses of clouds through which a gleam of light steals here and there, these are what Mr. Gifford has chosen as fit subjects from which to gather inspiration for his versatile talents.

Mr. Gifford's studio is in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association in Twenty-third Street, New York, whose two upper stories are occupied exclusively by artists. The studio is adorned with many interesting objects collected in the East.



MR. CHASE'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

WILLIAM M. CHASE.

THE artist whose name is at the head of this article was born in the state of Indiana, and is still comparatively a young man. He early showed a very decided turn for art, manifesting a disposition to draw almost as soon as he could handle a slate and pencil. But, although his parents were in excellent circumstances, he met with some opposition when he first spoke of becoming a painter.

It is the most common thing in the world for boys who show an inclination to follow painting to be opposed in their wishes; but if they have a real genius for such a life no opposition can prevent them from succeeding, but will rather strengthen their character, and the opportunity comes sooner or later which they desire. And so it proved in the case of the

young Hoosier lad. His father finally permitted him to take lessons in painting, and placed him with an artist in his native place, who soon declared that William was destined to succeed in the pursuit he so ardently loved.

But, after a year with his first master, young Chase was seized by the war fever which inspired so many with a love of arms at the breaking out of our great civil war, and partly, also, from a love of adventure and an idea that he should like the sea, he entered the school-ship at the Naval Academy of Annapolis. There he had rather a severe experience, which took away whatever ambition he may have had at one time for a sea life. One of the petty officers, under whose charge he was, seemed to employ every way

he could think of to worry and abuse the boys of the school-ship, and took an especial spite to young Chase because he appeared above the position in which he was placed. It was therefore a matter of sober exultation among the young sailors when this tyrant lost his foothold one day while they were catting or getting the anchor on board and, falling into the sea, was drowned. To the boys whom he had so cruelly treated this dreadful fate seemed only a just retribution.

This rough experience soon took away from William whatever fancy he might have had for a sea life; and his desire to return to his palette and brushes again was greatly increased by seeing one of the officers, who was something of an artist, employing his leisure moments in painting on deck. The boy-artist would steal up behind the long-boat and snatch a glimpse of the artist at his easel.

After being three months under the discipline of the school-ship, William Chase gave up all idea of becoming a sailor and went back to his brush with more enthusiasm than ever.

After a year in Indianapolis he came to New York and studied awhile, and then resided two years in St. Louis, where he chiefly painted still life, that is, fruit pieces and game.

Returning again to New York, and after painting and teaching there until 1872, he decided in that year to gratify his yearning for larger opportunities for study and improvement than seemed to offer in his native land, and embarked for Europe, whose galleries,

teeming with the works of old masters, and whose studios, thronged with the students of all lands, are a perpetual fascination to the enthusiastic art-student.

It was in the old city of Munich, in the heart of Germany, that William Chase decided to settle and study art for several years. Munich is the capital of Bavaria. The name means the "City of the Little Monk." It lies by the river Iser, of which you may have read in Campbell's ode on the "Battle of Hohenlinden." The river there divides into many channels, and rushes with great speed through one of the most beautiful parks in the world, called the English Garden; it was laid out by an American scientist named Thompson, who became prime minister to the King of Bavaria, and was ennobled by him under the title of Count Rumford.

Munich is a beautiful city, laid out in broad streets and adorned with many splendid buildings—palaces, picture-galleries, triumphal arches, and churches which are very hand-

some and often highly artistic.

The late King of Bavaria was an eccentric man; but he had a great love of art and did all in his power to encourage artists to settle in Munich. It became, therefore, more a city of artists than any other place, in proportion to its population. Fine art-schools were established, and the best painters and sculptors in Germany were invited to become professors in the Royal Academy of Art.



Wm. U. Chase

(Drawn by himself.)

When the young American artist arrived in Munich he found quite a colony of his fellow-countrymen already studying art there; and the number increased from year to year while he remained at the

art progress. Meetings were held weekly, at which papers were read on art subjects and afterwards discussed in a friendly but earnest manner.

There is no question about which there is room for greater difference of opinion than art, or more opportunity for individual expression and improvement. For what art undertakes to do is to reproduce nature with such material substances as paints, crayon or marble. But as these means for doing so are at best very imperfect, the most that can often be done is to suggest nature, and in this way, also, to suggest what is called the ideal: that is, to represent scenes as they appear to the fancy or imagination.

But there are many things in nature. It would be impossible to give in any one work of art everything that may be actually seen in any particular scene, or any imaginary composition if it resembled nature. Therefore some artists, either deliberately or because their talents lie in one direction, undertake to represent one or two of the objects in nature which most interest and impress them; while others attempt to reproduce another class of objects or impressions.

Thus one artist is most interested in light and shade, and gives more attention to that than to color. Another painter, like Titian or Rubens, may be more moved by color than anything else in nature; while a third artist may care most for form, and devotes his attention to sculpture or to very careful drawing. Each artist of original ability also tries to express his thoughts in a style of his own; and as there are many truths in nature and many artists to express them, there must be many different styles.



THE APPRENTICE-BOY. (From painting by Wm. M. Chase.)

Bavarian capital. Soon these American art-students became sufficiently numerous to establish among themselves an association for the encouragement of

has a class of subjects or methods distinct from others. Some are better, others inferior; while others, which may be equal in value may not be equally liked by all.

This diversity naturally causes great variety of opinions and often very earnest talk among artists and art-lovers, each being anxious to find the best style, or thinking that the style he follows or prefers is, by far, the best.

It is by talking of a thing that we often learn how to understand it. But every one should try to be modest about his own opinions and tolerant of the opinions of others, and not be too sure that he is the only one who knows the question thoroughly. While this is true about everything, it is especially so regarding art matters.

Mr. Chase entered the government Art School at Munich, and became a pupil of Piloty, who is one of the great German historical painters of this century.

Many art-students have studied with him, some of them men of genius who have in turn worked in styles more fresh and original than that of their master. Among these able artists are Leibl, Diez, Defregger and Lembach. While studying with Piloty these painters also carefully examined the time-mellowed paintings of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Velasquez, and other great Flemish and Spanish artists, which were hung in the royal galleries at Munich—artists who, in strength, boldness and beauty of style, were among the first painters of modern times.

While studying with Piloty and having a great respect for him, Mr. Chase found his inclination leading him rather to follow the guidance of the later painters of Munich, and to prefer simple subjects, carefully and harmoniously composed, with a strong method of laying on color. He had his studio in the upper story of the royal Art School, which is a vast, ancient building that was in olden time a convent, and stands next to a church. The monks have left it and now the artists fill its cells and halls, and with the brilliant tints of their canvasses give life to the gloom of the mouldering pile. Duveneck, who is one of the most talented American artists now in Europe, had a studio in the same corridor.

Besides gaining decided success in painting some vigorous and interesting pictures, before leaving Munich, Mr. Chase also won the approval not only of his countrymen but also of the German artists themselves. His master, Piloty, paid a very high compliment to his abilities by asking him to paint the portraits of his family, which the young American artist did with much credit.

Among the later works Mr. Chase executed during his residence at Munich were two or three of marked excellence which have attracted much attention. One of them is called the "Court Jester." It represents a humpbacked clown with cap and bells, such a character as used to entertain kings and nobles in old time with comical wit. He is clad in scarlet coat and hose, and is pouring out a glass of wine. The general effect of color is superb.

Another picture called "Waiting for the Ride," is a most complete contrast to the "Jester." It is extremely simple but none the less effective. A young lady of a delicate complexion and a refined style of beauty appears before us dressed in a black riding-habit, and wearing a picturesque, broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat. She holds a whip in her hand and is in the act of drawing on her glove.

Mr. Chase uses color with freshness and vigor. He has given very careful study to the many tints of flesh, and is equally successful in giving the soft complexion of a young girl or the rough, highly-colored features of a veteran or an apprentice-boy. His handling or style is what would be called broad; because everything is sacrificed or made to contribute in his paintings to the general effect. The danger of such a style lies in the unfinished appearance to which a painting is liable if left off too soon.

In the summer of 1878 Mr. Chase accepted a position as a professor in the new art school of New York, called the Art Students' League. His studio is in that city, in the Tenth Street Studio Building. It is one of the most artistic in the country; for the artist brought home with him a great variety of curious and interesting objects which he picked up abroad, especially during a visit which he made to Venice. There he collected wonderful bits of old bronze and beautifully carved oaken chests, like the one in which Geneva hid herself on her bridal day when the lock sprung and the falling lid closed her in forever.

Faded tapestries that might tell strange stories, quaint decorated stools, damasked blades and grotesque flint-locks, and elaborately carved mugs and salvers, are picturesquely arranged around the studio with a studied carelessness, together with choice specimens of the works of several of the leading German artists of the day. It is altogether a nook rich in attractions which carry the fancy back to other climes and the romance of bygone ages.

SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

THERE are two rivers which, above all others, have become famous for the beauty of their scenery, the Rhine and the Hudson. The former has the charm of romantic castles and legends to add to the loveliness of its shores. But if the Hudson lacks these attractions, it has no less natural beauty, and, in some places, more grandeur than its rival. Each river has every element that makes it attractive to the artistic mind; and nothing seems more natural than that a boy or girl whose childhood is spent on its magical shores should be inspired with poetic fervor, and become a poet or a painter.

It was under such genial influences that Sanford R. Gifford spent his boyhood. He was born in Saratoga county, N. Y.; but went very early to live at Hudson, which is one of the delightful towns that fringe the shores of the river. Opposite are the wonderfully beautiful ranges of the Catskill Mount-

ains, pencilled with bold yet graceful outline against the sunset sky, crowned by the evening star and the crescent moon, and sweeping up from the glassy river with majestic slopes, clad in green, and studded with quiet farms.

It was among these mountains that Washington Irving laid the scene of his weird story of Rip Van Winkle; and there Thomas Cole, one of the greatest of American painters, lived, and caught the inspiration for some of his most effective works.

It is at Hudson that F. E. Church lives, who is one of our leading landscape painters; and Arthur and Ernest Parton, two well-known artists in the same line of art, are natives of Hudson. Thus, it almost seems as if this little town has



S Rifford

been truly a source of art feeling and an aid to American landscape art.

Young Gifford's father was the proprietor of some iron works, and the youth was not, therefore, in such

humble and needy circumstances as often fall to the lot of the artist in early life. When he became old enough to enter college he was sent to Brown University, where he remained until the close of his sophomore year. His father then asked him what profession he intended to follow. This was a question that had not occurred to him before. When he deliberated upon it, he began by thinking first of what occupations he did not wish to take up, and was surprised to find there was nothing that was attractive to him except being a painter.

Having come to the conclusion that there was only one pursuit that he cared to undertake, young Gifford made it known to his father, who showed him the difficulties he would have to encounter in the pursuit of success in art. But when he found his son resolute in his purpose, Mr. Gifford wisely yielded to his wish, and also aided him in a kind and judicious manner.

Leaving college and going to New York, Sandford Gifford cast about him to see how he could obtain the art instruction he needed and desired. He applied, first, at the studio of a well-known portrait-painter, whose manner was so distant that he called next at the rooms of another artist, who said :

"I would gladly give you all the instruction in my power, but you need first to become master of drawing and perspective ; and there is no man in the city more capable of teaching you those branches than Mr. John Smith."

So to Mr. Smith, who was the son of a noted steel engraver, the young art aspirant now betook himself, and found, at last, exactly the instruction he sought.

This is the only regular art education that Mr. Gifford has had. He early visited the studios of Europe, it is true, and carefully looked at the methods of the foreign masters ; but he followed none, conscious that, after one has learned certain principles and a technical knowledge of colors and drawing, he should then study nature with great love and fidelity, and try to represent it in his own way.

For an artist like Mr. Gifford, who has sufficient ability, this is the best path to follow in art. Of course, an artist who keeps his eyes about him will often gather useful hints, or correct mistakes in his style, by observing reflectively other art styles as he goes through life, without necessarily borrowing either ideas or methods.

In 1850 Mr. Gifford was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and in 1854 a full Academician. In the year 1868 he took a delightful trip to Egypt, Constantinople and Athens, all of which offered attractions of the highest sort to one of his rich fancy and exquisite feeling for light and color. Some of his most superb effects of sunset were inspired by the splendor of the oriental skies ; and few artists have entered more into the spirit of the dreamy and gorgeous East, with its waving palms and gilded domes and minarets soaring over gray, crumbling, battlemented walls, overarched by cloudless skies. The solemn majesty of the ruined temples of Egypt, the grandest antiquities in the world, brooding by the tawny waters of the Nile, made a lasting impression on the imagination of this great artist.

During the war of the Rebellion, Mr. Gifford, who was a member of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, was twice called to do duty for his country, and several of his works were suggested by the scenes of camp life. One of them represents a bastion and a tall sentinel standing by a cannon, against the glow of a ruddy sunset. It is a portrait of the artist himself. Another interesting picture represents a bivouac at morning among the hills of Maryland.

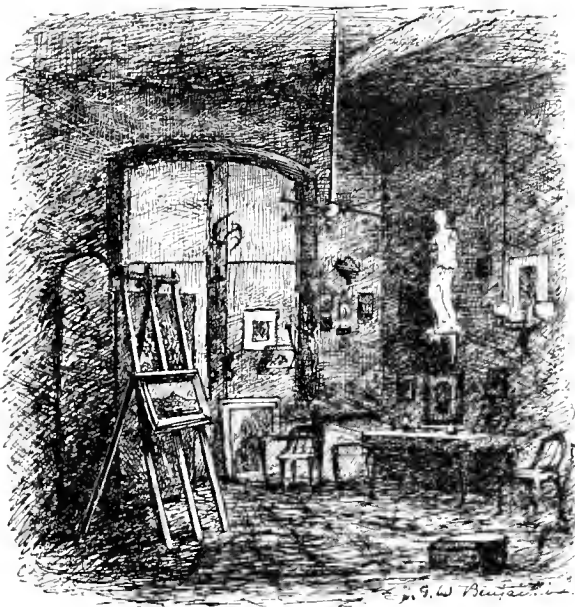
Some years later, Mr. Gifford took a tour over the plains of the great West and the stupendous ranges of the Rocky Mountains, whose bare, brilliantly-tinted precipices, and cathedral-like pinnacles of basalt gave him subjects that he has treated with much poetic feeling.

Among other art tours this artist has also visited the lakes of the Northwest, and once had a very narrow escape on Lake Michigan. He was with a party that were coasting along its rugged shores in a small half-decked sloop. At night they used to put in to some cove and make a lee until daybreak. But the craft was old and proved leaky, and they were caught out in this crazy boat in a gale of wind. The sea ran high ; and what with the water coming over, and that which came through the yawning seams, they saw little hope of living out the storm. But, late in the afternoon, they came in sight of a narrow inlet, and made for it as their last chance ; although they would have to meet a high cross sea in bringing the head of the sloop to the land, and thus run a great

risk of being swamped. To add to their danger, the man at the helm managed it clumsily just at the critical moment. The boat shipped an enormous wave and all but went over. The next instant they shot through the rollers and slid into the calm water of a sheltered cove, and, drenched and exhausted, were glad enough to find themselves in a safe place.

There is no contrast more remarkable than to glide into a peaceful haven directly after battling with a storm on the water. Many a time, in my sea life, have I experienced the wonderful relief and the restful repose that comes over one, as he passes, suddenly, from the severe labor and anxiety of fighting with the fury of the gale into safety and calm. The supper the travellers enjoyed that night in the sheltered nook amid the rocks of Lake Michigan, must have been, indeed, one of unusual delight, and well-seasoned with Spartan sauce.

As an artist, Mr. Gifford may be classed with the best landscape painters of America. Our art has



MR. S. R. GIFFORD'S STUDIO.

produced its most successful efforts in landscape and marine. We have had several excellent portrait and figure painters, and the number of such is increasing. But, up to within a few years, the distinctive feature of American art has been landscape painting.

The grandeur and variety of our scenery, the noble

mountains clothed with verdure, the lovely forest-skirted streams, the broad meadow lands and sublime solitude of endless woods, have inspired our poets and artists; while the events of our history have been generally so recent as to appeal, as yet, only feebly to the fancy. Thus we see that, among our poets, Bryant and Longfellow, Whittier and Street, and others who have achieved fame, have done much, if not all, of their best work in describing the scenery of their native land; and, by far, the largest number of our most noted artists are landscape painters.

Our school of landscape art was founded by such men as Thomas Cole and Asher B. Durand. They have been succeeded by a number of artists who have often shown much ability and originality, and have worked in a style that has been full of poetic feeling and quite distinctively American.

Of these artists, Bierstadt and Hill and Thomas Moran have given their attention to the representation of the vast cañons and sublime mountain peaks of California, Oregon and Colorado. Some of these works have been very striking for their art qualities; while they have all been valuable in giving the world an idea of the magnificent scenery of America of which we were entirely ignorant until, with great enterprise and perseverance, these artists went out there and explored the abode of the grizzly bear, the grim monarch of the West, and wrested from his jealous guard the secrets of the Rocky Mountains.

Thomas Hill's painting of the Yosemite Valley and Moran's painting of the Cañon of the Colorado River, which is now in the Capitol at Washington, are among the most remarkable landscapes yet suggested by our Western scenery.

Some of our artists, like Church and Mignot, have been to South America, and won fame by their magnificent paintings of the wild and gorgeous landscape of that, as yet, little known continent. Others, again, like the Harts, McEntee, Inness, Whittredge, Cropsey, Hubbard, Gerry, Robbins, Bristol, Bricher and Bellows, have been contented to paint the more quiet and familiar but none the less beautiful scenes about home, often with fascinating success.

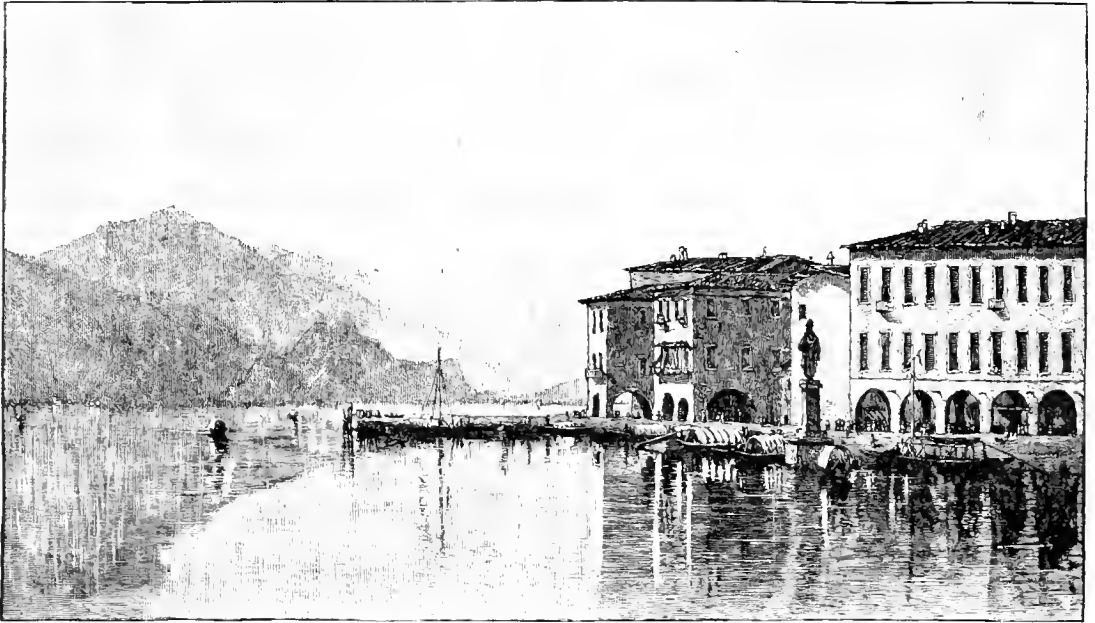
The late John F. Kensett was one who belonged to this class. He was an artist who has been equalled by very few of our landscape painters. He excelled in the refined beauty of his pictures. Quiet

and subdued in tone, they were always harmonious and full of suggestion, showing that he worked from a full mind, and was thus able to select and give us the best. Many of his scenes were studies of coast effects. Others represented a placid lake, with a cool gray sky, a woodland waterfall, or a quiet moonlight. The masterly way in which Kensett employed colors was also shown in his autumn scenes; in which the gorgeousness of our autumnal foliage is so exquisitely rendered as not to seem gaudy and unnatural, which is too often the case.

If there has been a fault in this school of Amer-

ican landscape art, it has been, perhaps, in endeavoring to get too much in a picture, in trying to be too literal; so that the great attention given to the details has excited wonder rather than stimulated the imagination, and has marred the impression of general effect which should be the chief idea in a work of art. For the materials an artist has at his command are, at best, so weak compared with nature, which is ever toned and harmonized by the atmosphere, that it is very easy to lose sight of the leading idea of the painting.

Our later artists, as I have explained in previous



PALLANZA — LAGO MAGGIORE. (From painting by S. R. Gifford.)

papers, are painting in a broader style. Mr. Kensett, although in most respects belonging to the old school of American landscape art, treated his subjects more broadly than many, and the same may be said of Mr. Sandford R. Gifford. The main effect in his works is atmospheric. None have surpassed him in rendering the splendor of sunset skies, and the tender sheen of light reflected on still water.

But Mr. Gifford has not only been successful in giving us the glowing, golden haze of a calm sunset. He has also painted, as well, the gray of the storm-cloud brooding over a lake or shrouding the mount-

ain top, or the lazy mist veiling the trees of the woodland. His painting of Echo Lake is a very successful attempt to combine cloud, water, forest and mountain scenery in a harmonious whole.

In the art of Mr. Gifford there is the highest kind of art—that which indicates sound knowledge of art principles, entire absence of slovenly, unfinished work, and, at the same time, such mastery of what he has to paint, that the art is concealed which produces such charming results.

Mr. Gifford's studio is in the Tenth Street Studio Building, described in the article about Mr. Beard.

WALTER SHIRLAW.

WALTER SHIRLAW was born at Paisley, in Scotland; but he came with his parents to America when he was three years old. As most of his life has been spent in this country, he can, therefore, be considered an American artist.

The boyhood of young Walter was passed in New York City, without being varied by any eventful incidents. After the usual amount of schooling, with more or less snow-balling, coasting, and other sports added to make up the round of a boy's life who has plenty of health to spare, Walter was placed with the American Bank Note Company, which engraves the steel plates for the United States' currency, and also for the banks of Canada and some of the States of South America.

The green color of these notes was invented by an Armenian, who was sent to this country from Turkey by the missionaries, and studied at Yale college. The chemical ingredients of this green are a great secret; because it is excessively difficult to photograph a note printed on paper tinted with this preparation of green.

The notes of the Bank Note Company have always been celebrated for the excellent quality of the engraving, but the names of the engravers are never cut on the plate. Mr. Shirlaw may be credited, however, with engraving, among other pictures on these notes, the one representing Columbus discovering America, which is on the upper left hand corner of the face of the five dollar United States' note.

After remaining nearly ten years with this company, Mr. Shirlaw was invited to join a new association situated in Chicago, and called the Western Note Engraving Company. He remained in this position for six years, when his desire to become a painter grew so strong that he no longer resisted it, but returned to New York and began the life of a professional artist.

The following year he took a trip to the Rocky

Mountains. It was attended with many interesting incidents; although nothing of a blood-curdling character occurred, such as travellers in those rugged wilds often encounter, to disturb the enjoyment of the trip.

In the year 1870 Mr. Shirlaw, feeling the want of art advantages such as he could not find here, sailed for Europe and settled in Munich, of which city I have already spoken in the remarks about Mr. Chase. There he took a studio in the old monastery which has been used for many years as a rookery for the artists of Munich; and he continued to paint in that building until the last year of his residence there, when he took a room in a rambling old house situated on a rather dilapidated but picturesque courtyard.

Mr. Shirlaw studied art successively with four of the leading contemporary artists of Germany, Rabb, Wagner, who painted the famous picture of the Chariot Race in the Coliseum, Ramberg and Lindenschmidt. One taught him form, another color, another light and shade or composition. During the summers Mr. Shirlaw often went into the neighboring villages and took studies of the rustic costumes and sun-burned features of the peasantry.

The peasants of Bavaria often appear very interesting in a painting, with their singularly quaint and richly-colored garb, their rude thatched cottages and rough wagons, or carts, and still rougher cattle bearing huge uncouth yokes. It is not unusual to see an ox and a horse yoked together; and, even in Munich, it is very common for such a curious equipage to be seen, or, still more frequently, a wagon with a tongue supported and drawn only by one horse, as if the other horse had become disabled on the road and been left behind.

One of the villages often visited by Mr. Shirlaw, and a great resort for American art students in search of the picturesque, is Pohleng. There the

olden customs are still preserved, and the sheep-shearing and the harvest are occasions of much merriment and festivity.

The people of Bavaria have not nearly so fair a complexion as those of other parts of Germany. They belong to Southern Germany like the Austrians, and, like them, often have a warm, rich brown skin, showing that they are descended from the ancient Romans, who, in the days of the Cæsars, carried the arms of Rome to those parts and planted colonies there. This fact is especially evident among the Bavarian peasants; and it is brought out with much effect in the finely-colored representations of German rustic life which Mr. Shirlaw has brought to this country.

Among his most important works is one entitled "The Sheep Shearing." It is a large painting, and has been exhibited both in this country and at the last exposition at Paris, and has attracted much favorable comment. It represents the peasants collected to rob the poor sheep of their wool.

On one side of the painting we see the cattle in their stalls, and on the other the groups of young men and maidens busily engaged in handling the wool, or love-making with many a quip and prank. Over them arches the mouldering, vaulted roof of the old barn. The effect is striking and original, and it is

broadly painted, and treated with much vigor.

Mr. Shirlaw belongs to the latest school of modern art, which handles a subject with an eye to the main effect, sacrificing all details which might disturb the central idea of the composition without mercy.



James Tully
Walter Shirlaw

Another notable work by this artist is called "Toning the Bell." It represents a new church bell just after it has been founded, and while they are putting the quality of its metal to the test.

Still another interesting painting by Mr. Shirlaw, is entitled "Morning." The sun has arisen and a ruddy, plump armed maiden has just thrown open the barn door and is scattering grain from her apron, to a flock of hurrying fluttering geese, that are hastening forth to the bright meadow land. This is a very attractive and original work, and well represents Mr. Shirlaw's pleasant fancy for painting geese, and the skill he shows in drawing fowls and animals. The difficulties with which he has had to contend in painting these noisy and uneasy birds, illustrates well the earnest perseverance and ingenuity

which artists have to employ who paint animals and ships in motion; for neither of these will stand still like a human being, and must, therefore, be literally seized on the wing.

Mr. Shirlaw sometimes gets some one to startle and chase a flock of geese for him, and, as they rush

on pell-mell, half flying, half-running, mental photographs of the action of the geese are impressed on his memory, and are then recalled at the beck of his fancy when he wishes to paint. He has also sometimes kept several geese in his studio a number of days, and watched their habits when painting them. Often the movements of animals and their habits will unexpectedly show some trait that one looks for in vain when deliberately searching for it, while everyday familiarity with a subject by one who is keenly interested in it may enable one to interpret it on canvas with ease and truth to nature. All the study in the world about ships will not make one a marine painter if he does not naturally love ships, and has not been often to sea in them and helped to sail them.

Rosa Bonheur, the great animal painter of France, engravings of whose "Horse Fair" you may have seen, has often kept a sheep in her studio for weeks and studied its habits, and thus gained that knowledge of it which has enabled her to paint sheep so well.

Mr. Shirlaw has also been quite successful in the painting of dogs, for which he seems to have a liking almost equal to that for geese. But he is even more fortunate in painting the human figure, to which he has given much study. There is a buoyancy, a glow of health, a rich, attractive beauty, a robust coloring, and a vigorous action in the manner in which he renders a young peasant boy or girl which shows that there is nothing morbid in his art, that he works with a mind stored with ideas, and that he has carefully studied the principles of art. In rendering the delicate grays of the skin, also, this painter often shows much feeling and refinement for the more delicate effects of color.

After spending nearly eight years in Munich, and taking a trip to Venice, where he collected some curious old cabi-



A CORNER OF
MR. SHIRLAW'S STUDIO,

UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

inets and other quaint relics of the past for his studio work, Mr. Shirlaw returned to the United States and once more settled in New York.

He soon received the appointment of professor at the Art Students' League. This is an art association formed in 1877 by a number of enthusiastic young artists who had studied abroad and who, on returning to this country, concluded that they could not receive justice in exhibiting their works at the National Academy, while at the same time their theories and methods in art were different from those of many members of the Academy.

The National Academy of Design was founded early in the century, and has been a very useful institution. Most of our noted artists have been members of it, or associates, for there are two degrees of membership. One is first elected an associate and adds A. N. A. to his name. As he increases in age and reputation he may be elected after a while to full membership, and then becomes an N. A.,

or National Academician. There are several art associations in the country, but the Academy of New York has up to this time been the most important. Its headquarters are in a handsome building on the corner of

Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. It is built of white and gray marble, in the Venetian or Lombard Gothic style of architecture. A general exhibition is held there every spring, and remains open for two months. It is the great art event of the year.

But for the last few years the Academicians, having had things pretty much their own way for a long time, and many of them having reached the time of life when men find it difficult to change their opinions, it has been rather difficult, sometimes, for artists practicing



YA HO! (Painting by Walter Shirlaw.)

later methods of art to gain either membership or admission for their paintings at the exhibitions. This has caused some ill-feeling, and some of those who had studied in Paris and Munich, and formed their styles on those of foreign artists finally decided

they would establish an art association of their own.

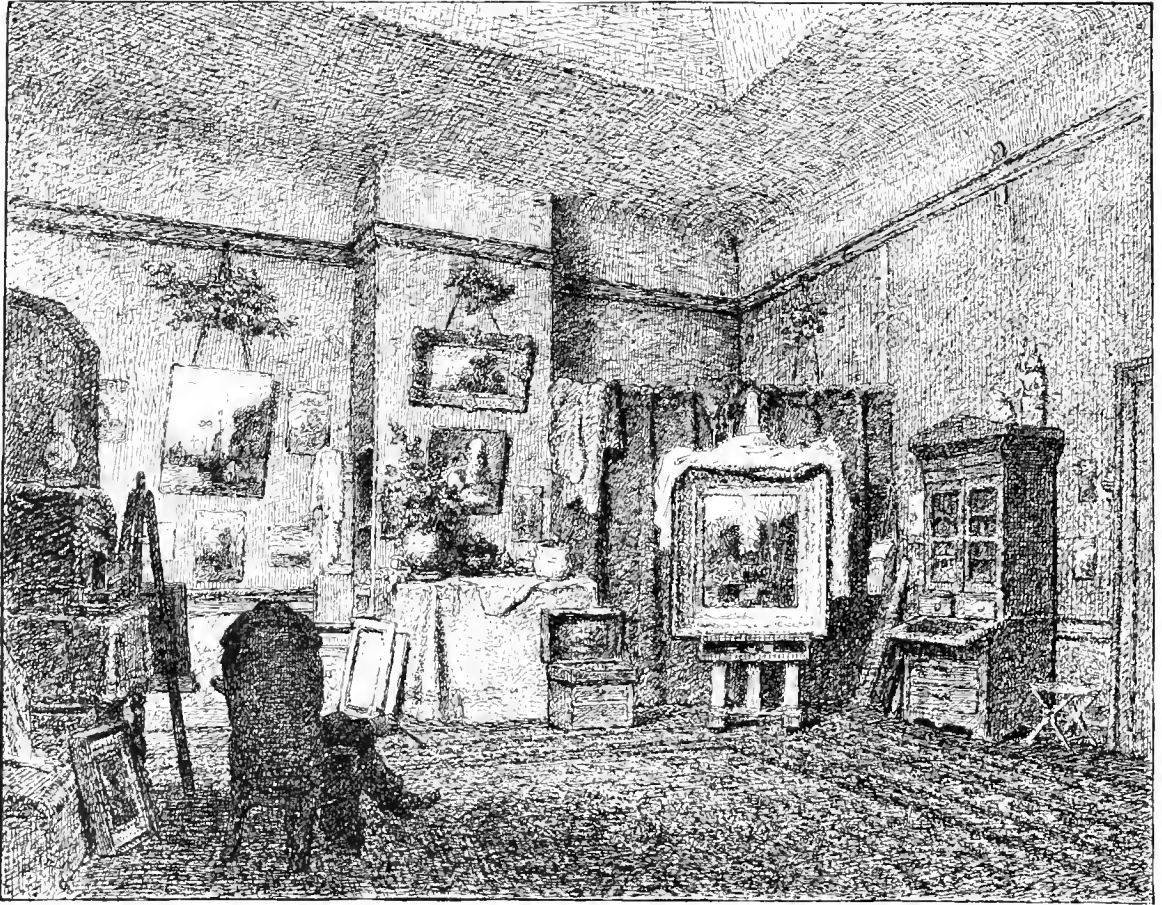
The Art Students' League was the result of this movement. It has already become very flourishing, and has held important exhibitions at the Kurz Gallery, in New York. The rooms of the Association are on Fifth Avenue. A corps of professors give instruction there in drawing, painting and modelling, and already a respectable number of students of both sexes have enrolled themselves there for instruction.

The studio which is now occupied by Mr. Shirlaw is in the University Building on Washington Square. It is a grand old structure, solidly built of granite in Gothic style with towers at each corner and battlements and lancet-shaped windows. It has a labyrinth of winding corridors and halls, and is altogether quite like some rambling historic building in the old world. As its name denotes, it is used as a college for instruction in law and science. But of late years the lodging-rooms have not been occupied by the students, and they have therefore been rented to single gentlemen for lodgings, or turned into studios.

In the centre of the building, and rising above the

main roof, was the chapel, which was one of the handsomest halls in New York; it was arched after the style of what is called the Flamboyant Gothic, with painted, heavily-mullioned windows, whose mouldings were supported by angels, and from the ceiling, frescoed with blue and gold, hung massive pendants, ornamented with grotesque lion faces.

This chapel has at last given way to the demands of a corporation that needed money, and has been cut up into rooms. But the ceiling and windows have been left untouched, and thus the upper tier of rooms is roofed by a massive and highly picturesque ceiling that carries the imagination back to mediæval times. These apartments have been recently finished, and form three attractive studios, admirably adapted for drapery, and rich in Rembrandt-like effects of light and shade which are dear to the artist. It is in one of these studios that Mr. Shirlaw is now engaged in painting compositions which shall give pleasure in years to come to those who are still boys and girls, just beginning to take an interest in the art of their native land.



MR. ENNEKING'S STUDIO, HYDE PARK, MASS. (Drawn by himself.)

JOHN J. ENNEKING.

THIS artist was born in Minster, Ohio, in 1841, and was the son of a farmer of German descent, whose tastes were naturally opposed to the early inclination shown by his boy for drawing.

One day John sketched an ambitious outline with a bit of charcoal on his father's newly painted barn, and was soundly thrashed by his indignant father, who, it must be confessed, had some reason for his wrath in this case. The village school-master also

failed to take a proper interest in the rude but vigorous scrawls with which the lad covered his slate and school-books; and, instead of seeing in them the promise of artistic beauty, often kept John in after school hours as a penalty for drawing them.

But John's mother rather encouraged his early efforts, discerning a talent which others failed to appreciate, and might have been of great assistance to him by her advice, if she had not died while he

was still a boy, and his father did not long survive her. Mrs. Enneking seems to have been naturally a woman of artistic taste, and was highly respected in the neighborhood in which she lived.

Left thus early an orphan, and also bereft of brothers and sisters, John was brought up by his relations. In his sixteenth year he first saw an oil painting of good quality. He was visiting a friend in Cincinnati, and by accident stumbled into an art exhibition. The impression made upon him was immediate and lasting. Such was the reverence for art which it aroused in his mind that he hardly dared to enter an artist's studio, although he resolved that at some time he himself would become a painter. Soon after he was sent to Mt. St. Mary's College, where he was taught the rudiments of drawing.

On the breaking out of the civil war John enlisted in a Western regiment, and served for a little over a year. He was in the thickest of the fight and had many a hair-breadth escape. But he did not always get off so easily; for he was several times wounded, and carries with him to this day the scars won in that most interesting period of his checkered life.

In the year 1864 Mr. Enneking, having done his share in preserving the nation, went to New York to take art lessons, and drifted thence to Boston where he sought instruction from Professor Richardson. By his advice he now learned to draw on stone, and followed lithography until he found it weakened his eyes. Supposing that the same result would also be caused by painting, and now quite discouraged in the prospect of making art a life profession, Mr. Enneking returned to the business he had learned before the breaking out of the war — the manufacture of tin-ware.

He did so well in this pursuit that he was soon able to become a partner in a wholesale establishment. But reverses followed, and he not only lost every cent but was also plunged deep in debt. No circumstances could seem more adverse to success in art. But now it was that, by the advice of his wife, who seemed to understand what was really his vocation, Mr. Enneking returned to the pursuit of art as a life profession; although it was only after many struggles that he at last began to see success looming ahead.

For several years he worked in pastel or colored crayons; but, finally, betook himself to oil painting. His business experience now stood him in good

stead and enabled him to find a good sale for his work, and he settled in Hyde Park near Boston, and built himself a house there.

Soon after, taking his wife and two children with him, Mr. Enneking went to Europe, travelling through France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany, and studying the art of those countries. In Munich he spent seven months in the studios of two of the leading landscape painters there, Schleich and Lier; while in Paris he not only studied landscape with the great painter Daubigny, but also became a pupil of the celebrated figure painter, Bonnât, under whose instruction Mr. Enneking gained much vigor and freshness in his art, and learned to aid his landscapes by the addition of genre and cattle.

In 1878 Mr. Enneking again went abroad, spending six months sketching in Holland and renewing his impressions of foreign art. Considering the time he has spent in painting, he has been one of our most successful painters, both in the quality of his works and the favor they have received. His style is fresh and vigorous, and he excels in producing effects of light. Some of the scenes suggested by his life in Paris are very luminous and true in color.

Mr. Enneking is also successful in drawing and painting the figure from living models, a method of which I will tell you more in another paper; while the cattle he introduces into some of his pictures add much to their interest.

It would be very natural if such a varied career as that of Mr. Enneking's were attended with incident and adventure; and such has been the case, not only in the war but also in his art experience. Among other stories we might relate what happened to him one day when he was sketching in Switzerland. Perhaps it is better to let him tell it in his own words.

"One fine morning I took my traps and ascended a steep mountain path, and followed it for some three miles, when I came to a level clearing which afforded me a splendid view of the surrounding snow-capped mountain peaks. After enjoying the glorious scene for a short time I chose my subject, and then set to work with a will to transfer it to canvas. In a few hours, when the sketch was about finished, the effect changed, clouds covering the mountains. In the hope that the clouds would soon lift again, I took my sketch book and went up a little way on a hillside, in order to take a hasty outline of another view.

"I was scarcely twenty minutes about it, and then returned to my easel and oil sketch which I had left standing below.

"But you can imagine my surprise and consternation to find my sketch completely rubbed out and, on examining it, it seemed as though a large brush had been used to accomplish the ruin. My brushes were strewn in all directions, and my palette was almost all cleaned of paint.

"I looked in all directions but could not discover any living thing. I was completely dumbfounded. It could not have been a wild animal, for I was in full sight of the place the whole time. What could it have been? Who could it have been? I puzzled my brain over the mystery for some time and was at last ready to believe there might be something in spiritualism.

"The loss of that sketch provoked me in spite of the mystery; for I had succeeded in securing such cloud effect as it had seldom been my luck to witness. I repaired the mischief as well as I could; but for the first time since my boyhood felt uneasy, as though there were unseen dangers surrounding me. I did not make a whole day of it, but by the middle of the afternoon was on my way down the valley again.

"Judge of my surprise, when, after I had descended about half a mile, I came across a flock of goats with the most brilliant whiskers, and faces well tattooed

with all the colors of the rainbow. They eyed me as innocently as though they were my best friends, and had not been up in the clearing raising Ned. I had seen them near the place when I ascended in the morning, but never suspected them, and can hardly see now how they could do so much mischief so quickly and in such a quiet way.

"The ludicrous sight they presented put me in such good spirits that, half-way down the mountain, I halted and made one of the best sketches of the season."

Mr. Enneking met with another amusing adventure when he was at Venice, where he has taken the studies for some of his most effective paintings. There is something about the dreamy atmosphere, the picturesquely decorated sails of the fishing craft lazily floating on the blue waters of the lagoons, and the superb outlines of the crumbling palaces and domes and towers of the queen city of the Adriatic, haunted with the romantic stories and the memory of the pageants of other days, which

seems to have had a congenial influence over the fancy of this Western artist, who had wandered hither from the newly-settled and unhistoric prairies of Ohio. The poetic elements of his nature have never found a more congenial theme than Venice, which has inspired the pen and the brush of many another poet and painter.



John J. Enneking

After sketching several months in the City of the Doges, Mr. Enneking took a trip down the Adriatic coast as far as Chioggia, forty miles south of Venice, now a fishing port, but celebrated in olden time for a famous strife called the War of Chioggia. There he took a fishing boat and sailed towards Aquiloja, along a bold and rugged shore. At last he came to a headland which seemed to offer a good prospect, and so, leaving the boat with the fishermen, he

sprung on land and started up a winding ravine that led him among some exceedingly barren and desolate but picturesque rocks which overhung the sea.

After climbing briskly some distance, he was suddenly surprised by a brace of rough-looking men who sprung upon him from behind a sharp ledge, rushing rapidly towards him, violently gesticulating and yelling together in a rough jargon he could not understand.



WINTER TWILIGHT NEAR HYDE PARK. (From charcoal drawing by Mr. Enneking)

When he discovered a third man springing after them, fiercely brandishing a club, Mr. Enneking naturally supposed, as a matter of course, that these men were ruffians, perhaps brigands, such as abound in some parts of Italy, and that they intended to rob or perhaps murder him. Impressed by this idea he hurled his sketching stool at one of them, who dodged it and tumbled head foremost into a bramble bush. The bewildered artist then dealt the other

man a terrible blow with his umbrella. Instead of resisting him the two men fled down the hill; but he now had the third one to deal with, for he attacked Mr. Enneking in a manner that soon brought them to close quarters. Clenching each other by the throat, the two men were in a minute struggling for life and death on the ground.

It was a very serious and critical moment. But, at that instant, the mystery was solved and the fight

checked by a fearful explosion that shook the earth, while a shower of stones fell around them. It was a blast going off close at hand, and these seeming robbers were simply honest laborers, who had been trying to keep him from rushing into a peril that might have cost him his life. Before leaving he gave the men a few pence each, to indemnify them for his

rather rough resistance to their well-meant violence.

Mr. Enneking is now settled in the village of Hyde Park near Boston, where he has both his dwelling-house and his studio. Reaping the benefits of careful observation, both in the studio and the open air, his works show a loving and reverent appreciation of the beautiful world in which we live.



T. W. Wood

THOMAS W. WOOD.

ONE realizes the size of the United States and the various character of each state, as he considers from what widely separated regions our artists have come ; now, from the sunny South, then, from the bleak shores of New England, or the vast, ocean-

like prairies of the great West. Some have been cradled by the roar of the turbulent Atlantic, others where limitless billows of waving grain carry the eye away to the setting sun ; and yet all, wherever born and under whatever influences educated, acknowl-

edge the great bond of a common love for the beautiful, and a yearning to express their thoughts in the universal language of art.

Yes, this is the one language that all can understand, however different their mother tongues, and however sundered by age and clime. The Greek, Latin, Japanese, Saxon, or East Indian may have each a different tongue, but they all understand the poetry of color. They are all alike moved by the subtle harmony of lines, and each can take pleasure in each other's methods of art expression.

In the case of the artist who heads this paper, we find ourselves taken to the Green Mountains of Vermont. He was born at Montpelier, the state capital, about fifty years ago. It is evident that some descendant of the French had something to do with naming both the state and the capital. The latter name is borrowed from a famous and beautiful city, in the south of France, celebrated for its medical university which was established by the Moors.

It is the old familiar story, that we find in the opening history of almost every artist, which greets us also in the case of Thomas Wood. He met with strong opposition from his father in following his art inclinations. This parental opposition is, however, perfectly natural; because those who have never themselves had art aspirations know not the reward it sometimes brings to such as earnestly devote themselves to it; while no profession is more liable at the outset to yield hardship and pecuniary necessity. It is natural, therefore, that a father, who thinks of the welfare of his child, should desire for him a more certain if less distinguished mode of obtaining a livelihood.

But young Wood's father allowed him to draw during his leisure hours; and this he did until he was eighteen, never having seen colors, and having, hitherto, had no instruction whatever. But, at that time, a friend of his, who had been studying in Boston, returned to Montpelier with some oil colors and imparted some of his imperfect knowledge to the would-be artist.

Soon after this Mr. Wood set up in the neighborhood as a portrait painter, and was able to seize a likeness, although, of course, but an indifferent painter as yet. Having thus scraped together a little money, he made his way to Boston in search of further instruction.

In those days, the facilities for studying art in Boston were not quite what they are to-day. Neither Normal Art School, nor Museum of Fine Arts, nor the studios of such masters in art instruction as Mr. William M. Hunt, were then open to the young art student. He had to pick up his art knowledge in a a rough and ready way, a few hints here, or a few suggestions there, or sometimes a few lessons from some kind-hearted artist who sympathized with the efforts of the young beginner. It was in this way, chiefly from being permitted to paint a short time in the studio of Chester Harding, that Mr. Wood profited by his residence in Boston.

Harding, who was noted in his day as one of the best portrait painters in the country, is another instance of the difficulties with which our artists have had to contend, before the art facilities of our time made it comparatively easy to obtain art knowledge and education. First a peddler, then a chair-maker, and after that a sign-painter, all the education he had in art when he took to painting was in watching a wandering artist paint the portrait of Mrs. Harding. Yet, with this slender stock of knowledge, Chester Harding set up as a portrait painter; and when by thrift and industry he was able to lay by a little money, he went to England and took lessons there. He became an excellent painter, and some of his portraits will long possess value for those who are interested in the progress of Art in America.

Mr. Harding was a man of kindly disposition, and cheerfully imparted some of his art-knowledge to the young student from Vermont; and before long Mr. Wood began to produce successful portraits, generally of small size. About this time he executed a portrait of the government printer of Canada, or printer to the Queen as he is called. It proved so satisfactory, that the artist received an invitation to go to Montreal and paint fifteen more portraits, including such gentleman as the premier, Sir Andrew McNab, and Lord Bury.

After a successful art tour in Canada, Mr. Wood, feeling much encouraged by the favor awarded to his art efforts, settled in Baltimore for a while, devoting himself to portraiture. It was while in that city that he attempted his first genre picture.

Genre is a word borrowed from the French, and means people. The term is applied in art to simple domestic scenes, including one or more figures, sug-

gested by every-day life, as distinguished from elaborate pictures of fashionable life or history.

We have not, until recent years, had many genre painters in our art. William H. Mount was one of the first. He was a man of great natural ability, but his advantages were few. Eastman Johnson, Richard M. Staigg, F. A. Meyer.

I. G. Brown and James M. Champney are among some of the clever genre artists we have had since the time of Mount. Among this number Mr. Wood holds an honorable position as one who forcibly represents the humble life of the poor with pathos and humor.

His success in this direction was determined by the favor with which his first genre picture was received. It represented an old negro, and was sent to the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design, where it was purchased at once. But meantime a gentleman who had seen it in Baltimore, sent on word that he had already



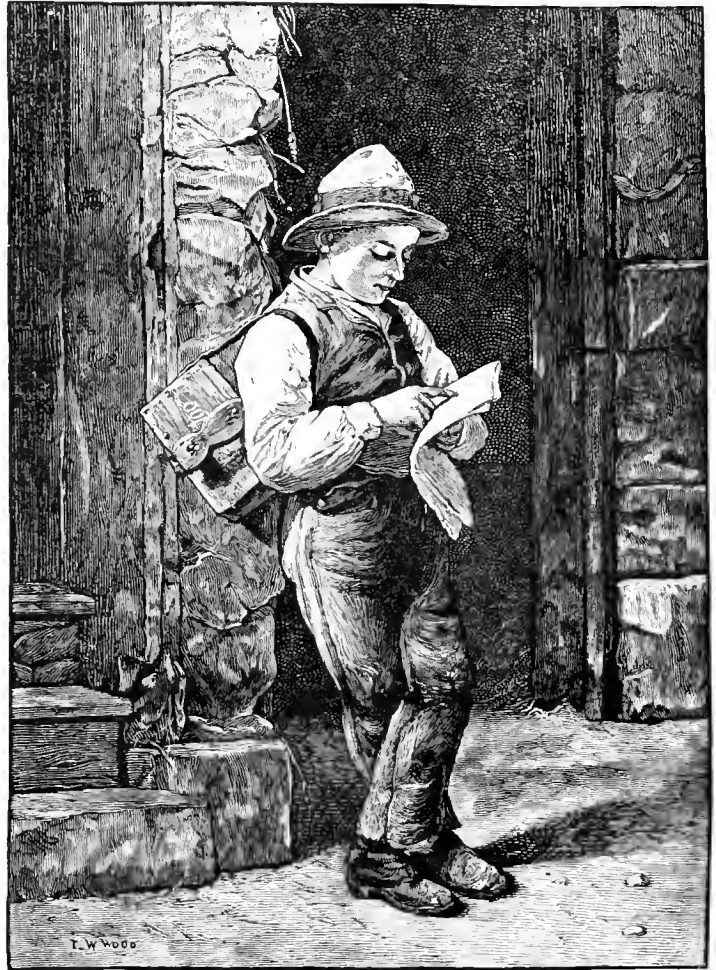
MR. WOOD'S STUDIO, TENTH ST STUDIO BUILDING, NEW YORK: WITH TWO OF HIS MODELS.

determined to buy it, and had so informed the artist. It became a rather difficult question to decide who was the owner, and a law-suit was the result, in which each claimant fought hard to maintain his own right to the picture. The Baltimore purchaser was finally decided to be the rightful owner, but meantime the New York buyer, who had previously taken the painting from the Academy at the close of the exhibition, had slyly caused a very clever copy of it to be made by another artist. Of course this lawsuit helped the reputation of Mr. Wood by attracting increased attention to his art.

From Baltimore Mr. Wood went to Europe and wandered among the studios and galleries of the continent as far as Italy, improving his mind by a faithful study of the old masters. On his return from Europe Mr. Wood went to Tennessee, where he spent several months painting portraits and gathering material for genre pictures. He was in Nashville at the opening of the war, and remained there until the fall of Fort Donaldson. Several times it was proposed to force him to enlist in the ranks of the Southern army, and as he is of large and massive stature there is no doubt he would have made a good fighter. But he was not only Northern born but also Northern in soul, and used every expedient to avoid serving against his country. In this he was aided by one of the recruiting surgeons, whose portrait he was painting, and who justly saw the absurdity and wickedness of forcing a man to serve on the side to which he was opposed. Learning secretly of the advance of the Federal army on Nashville, and knowing that this would produce a panic that would affect the banks, Mr. Wood shrewdly and quietly changed all his bank-notes into money available elsewhere, and speedily left for the North.

Since that time Mr. Wood has resided in New York, and has become an academician, as well as one of the most prominent members of the American Water Color Society. In 1878 he was elected president of the society, and the first exhibition since then has been one of the most successful they have held.

Mr. Wood's studio is in the Tenth Street Studio Building. It is a quiet, cosy apartment, always neat and attractive, the walls colored maroon and an old-fashioned clock ticking in the corner. Both in the drawing of the studio and the picture illustrating his style, you see representations of some of his models. The latter is a young Italian newsboy, who has not



SPELLING IT OUT. (From the painting in possession of Thomas Ried, Esq.)

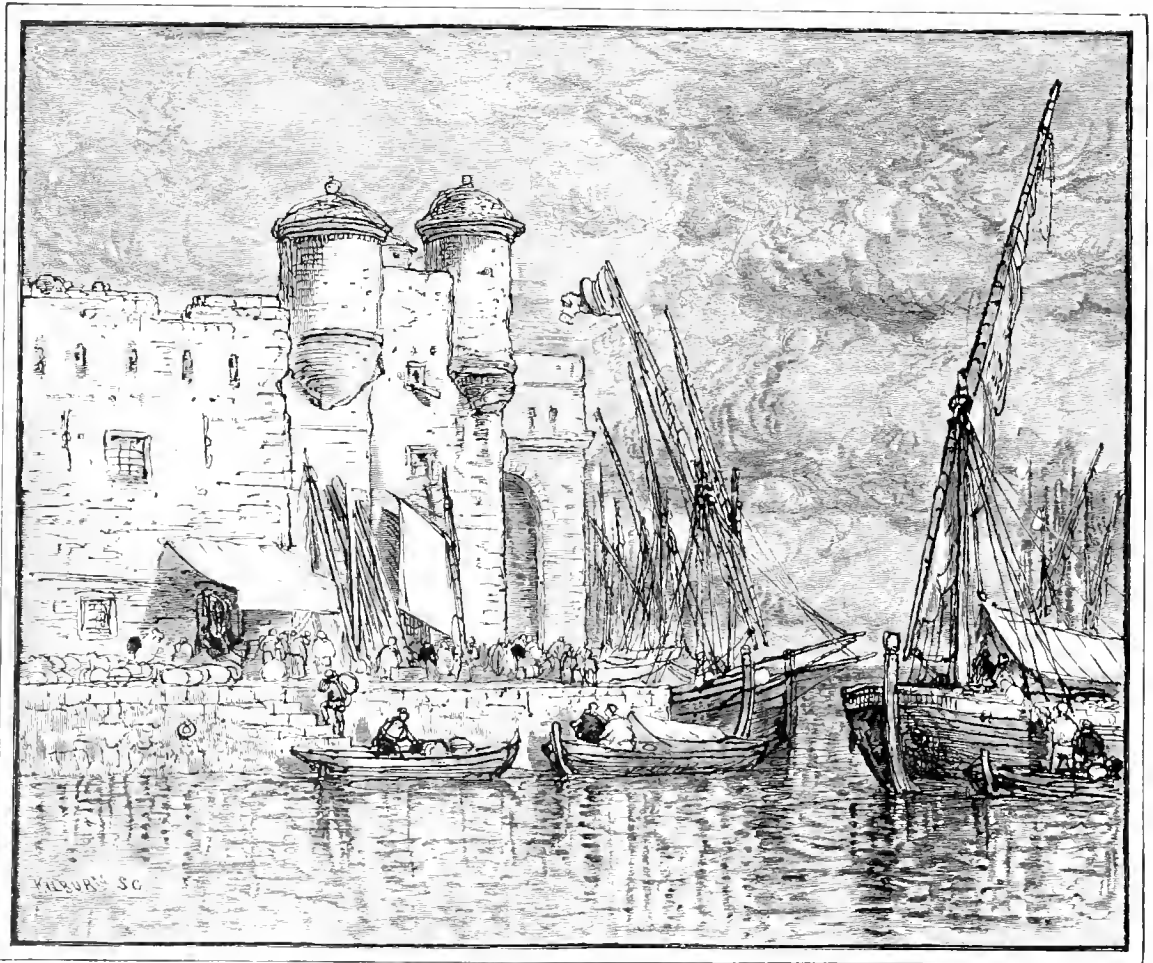
yet quite learned to read and speak the language of his adopted country. In both these pictures we notice in a striking manner the strong points of Mr. Wood's style as a painter. Although he employs both oil and water colors, he is most at home in effects of light and shade, and in this department sometimes obtains very vigorous results. He is also

a keen observer of character. Mr. Wood makes careful studies from living models, whom he often picks up in the streets and hires for his studio.

The artist who draws and paints the human figure, however talented he may be, must also draw much from the life, as it is called, in order to know how to give truth and character to his figures. Although he may be aided by a strong imagination in the composition of his pictures, yet it is only by the careful study of the delicate tints of flesh, and the graceful outlines of the body, that he can give a natural effect to his composition. For this purpose the artist must often study the human form. Sometimes he gains assistance from the use of what is called a lay figure, which is a very ingeniously constructed of wood or papier mache with all the joints that would enable the artist to give it any desirable position; but such lay figures are used chiefly to arrange drapery upon, as in portrait

painting. A lady who is having her portrait taken, may not care to sit for more than the likeness of her face, and the rich folds of her silks and laces are then painted in her absence from a lay figure on which they are arranged.

Some people, who are in poor circumstances, make a living entirely by posing for the artists, and they are then called models. They have to keep in one position sometimes for many minutes together, and must learn to pose gracefully and naturally; but their faces often appear on the canvasses of great artists, who make them a means for expressing the visions of their own imagination. Many a pretty Italian peasant girl or picturesque old goat-herd with massive gray beard, or a weather-beaten veteran, or a scarred and sinewy negro has thus wrested a living from the necessities of art, and woven his humble and perhaps prosaic existence into the poesy of an artist's dreams



THE PORT OF MARSHFIELD. (Drawing by Samuel Colman.)

SAMUEL COLMAN.

THE state of Maine has given us the artist who is the subject of this paper. Samuel Colman was born in Portland about forty-seven years ago. His father was a bookseller of that city by the sea, in comfortable circumstances. While the lad was still quite young his father moved to New York, and opened a publishing house on Broadway, where he issued the poems of Willis and Longfellow in ele-

gant style, and introduced choice engravings to the public, which had an important influence in cultivating a taste for art in America. The place became a resort of authors and, more especially, of artists, and it is not unlikely that this had some effect in directing the dawning talents of the boy, who often spent an hour out of school in his father's store.

Young Colman's turn for painting showed itself at

an early age, and he became a pupil of Asher B. Durand, one of the founders of American landscape painting, who still survives at the age of eighty-three. Under the instruction of this able artist the youth made rapid progress, and exhibited a painting at the New York Academy of Design when only eighteen, which was received with decided favor.

Lake George now became the chosen resort of the young artist. The exquisitely beautiful scenes which cluster around that enchanted sheet of water offer an endless range of attractions to the artistic and poetic mind, and the earliest successes of this artist were gained on its shores.

In the year 1860 Mr. Colman made his first visit to Europe. A trip to the old world is one of the first aspirations of the American artist. The dearth of art treasures in this country, which, happily, is growing less every year, serves as a powerful incentive to influence one to go abroad, to study the wealth of art which has been accumulating in Europe for so many ages.

Before returning home Mr. Colman went to Spain and Morocco, two of the most picturesque countries that have filled the painter's soul with rapture. The former attracts by the alternate wildness and alluring beauty of its craggy mountains and lovely valleys. Noble cathedrals adorn the narrow winding streets of its cities, and the peaks and precipices of its sierras are crowned by old Moorish watch-towers and feudal castles, where the battle cry of Christian and of Moor rang in the long past days of chivalry, or where, in times of peace, the tinkle of the Saracen maiden's guitar was heard at eventide.

The romance of Spain is woven over every citadel and plain of that fascinating land; for never was there, since history began, a more thrilling tale than the story of the long warfare between the Spainards and the Moors, which, after a conflict of a thousand years, ended in the final overthrow and expulsion of the Moor from Spain.

Many a stirring ballad, many a romantic legend, many a weird and moving chronicle has been written or sung about those immortal scenes of other days, such as we who live in this age and country can but faintly imagine. Among others who have written about that period in a very charming style is Washington Irving, whose "Conquest of Grenada" and "Tales of the Alhambra" you may have already read.

Mr. Colman found a congenial field for his talents in Spain, and took many interesting studies there, which have since been elaborated into finished paintings. He found there especially the architectural subjects which he renders with peculiar success — old battlemented towers and spires overlooking quaint market-places and squares, gay with the brilliant costumes of the southern climes.

One of Mr. Colman's most successful works is a painting of Gibraltar. This is a very lofty rock which stands out entirely alone on the southern coast of Spain, and is all but an island; for it is joined to the mainland only by a low narrow isthmus on which the city of Gibraltar is built. The side of the rock facing the sea is nearly fifteen hundred feet high, and almost as perpendicular as a wall. As a natural fortification it is the strongest in the world, and has been held by England for over a century, although several times besieged.

The interior of the rock abounds in caves, which have been used to mount cannon, their sides having been perforated with embrasures; and there are to be seen the only monkeys in Europe, except such as are kept in menageries. How they came there is a mystery that has thus far baffled the most careful search. The Straits of Gibraltar are, in this place, only sixteen miles wide, and it is supposed that there must be a submarine passage known only to these apes, by which they come and go at will between Europe and the opposite coast of Africa.

This grand and effective object Mr. Colman painted as it appears at noonday, with the broad sunlight of the southern sea flooding its majestic precipices, while at the base of the tremendous cliff the calm waters of the Mediterranean repose, beautifully blue, and reflecting the white lateen sails of the picturesque craft that give animation to the scene.

Crossing over to Tangiers, in Morocco, Mr. Colman found himself in a country whose people are Mohammedans of the most fanatical sort, who make it dangerous for Christians to penetrate far from the coast. Mystery and seclusion keep Morocco almost as remote as if it were in the heart of Africa instead of a few miles from Europe. At Tangiers, however, our artist found abundant material to occupy his pencil, and very soon became greatly fascinated with the curious and picturesque buildings and people of that city.

On his return to the United States Mr. Colman was elected an academician. In 1871 Mr. Colman made another trip across the Atlantic, directing his steps this time rather to the north of Europe. Holland, the Rhine, Normandy, Brittany and England, each has charms of its own, and has been in turn illustrated by the facile brush of this painter.

Mr. Louis C. Tiffany is another of our artists who has chosen and very happily rendered a class of subjects similar to those painted by Mr. Colman, and has shown the same love and appreciation for color. Like him, too, he has wrought with equal effect in oil and water-colors.

In the year 1866 Mr. Colman, who had previously been elected an academician at the age of thirty, was made the first president of the American Water Color Society. This important branch of art, although long practiced in Europe with great success, and by here and there a miniature painter in America, had never been much followed by our artists until some twelve years ago, when an interesting exhibition of foreign water colors which was held in New York in 1865 attracted much attention, and also led to the formation of a society devoted altogether to the encouragement of water-color painting.

Mr. Colman held the office of president of the society for five years, and it soon reached a position of dignity and importance. Many of our leading artists have taken up the practice of water-colors, and a steady improvement has been noticed every year in the quality of their work.

In the paper about Mr. Bellows, who has been one

of our principal water-colorists, I gave a few details of the peculiar qualities to this art. The new institution has held its annual exhibitions in the building of the Academy of Design, and the opening of the spring exhibition has at last become second in importance only to the annual exhibition of the academy. The one of 1879 was not only the best ever held in this country, but compared most favorably in variety of style and quality of work with the London exhibitions.

Besides Mr. Colman, some of our best known water-colorists are Mr. R. Swain Gifford, and Messrs. James and George Smillie. The former of the brothers was third president of the society. Miss Brydges and Miss Dillon have also done some admirable compositions of birds and flowers in this medium, and Mr. Muhrmann, a young artist of much promise, has shown considerable skill in so using water-colors as to give the richness of oil painting, both in figure, drapery and landscape. Among our coast-painters who have executed admirable pictures with water colors, Messrs. W. T. Richards and J. C. Nicholl have no superiors on this side of the Atlantic.



David Colman.

The style of Mr. Colman, both in oil and water-colors has been broad and effective; he has painted some very strong effects of light and shade, and his coloring has a brilliance that is so harmonious as to influence one like a strain of music. But it is in his off-hand sketches in color that he shows to best advantage, as in his more finished paintings he sometimes loses the vague, dreamy, poetic tone which seems to inspire him when he first takes hold of a subject.

The studio of Mr. Colman is in the new and elegant building erected for artists on the corner of Twenty-Fifth Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, of which his residence forms a part, and the studio can thus be entered either from his house or from

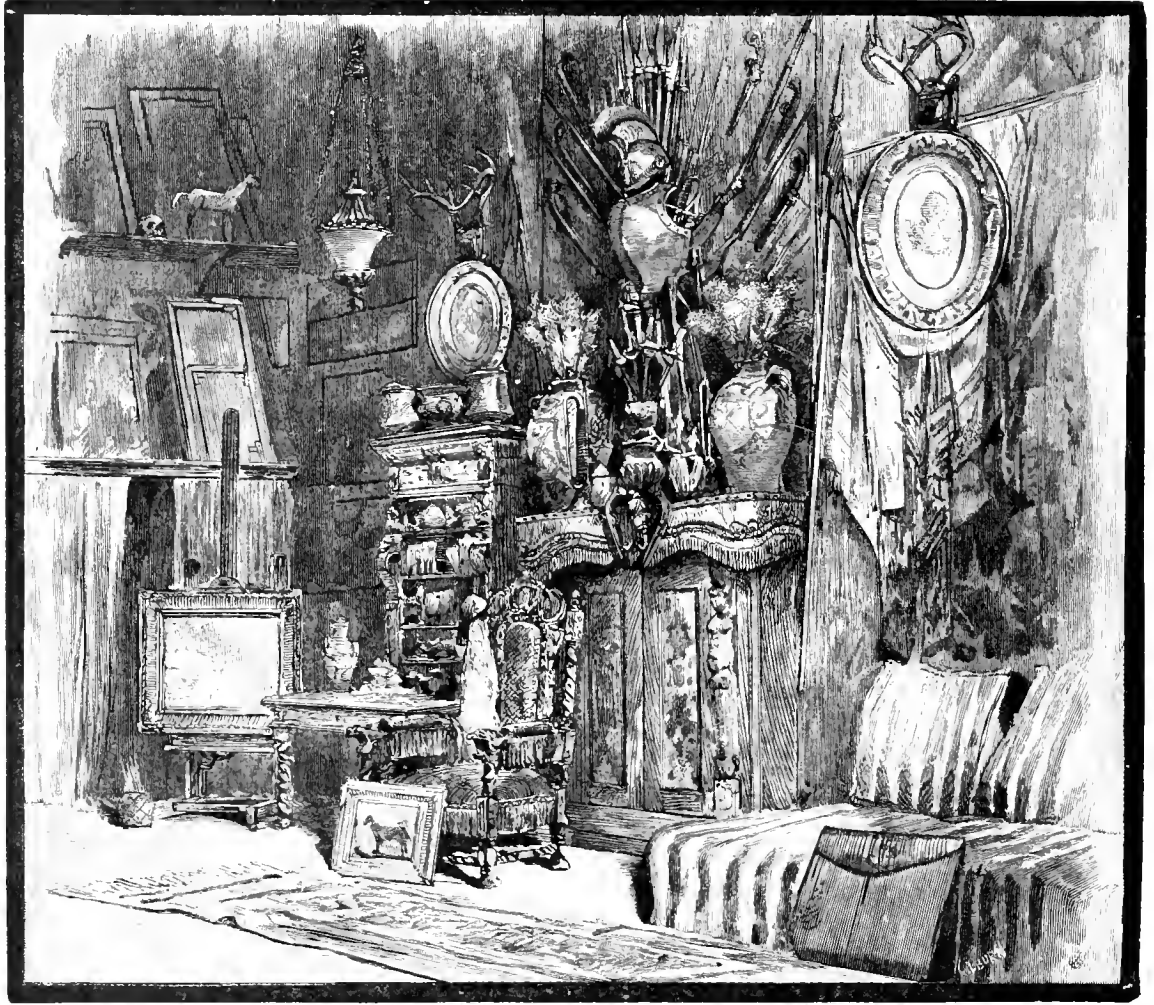
the main corridor of the building. It is richly decorated with studies, curious bits of Chinese pottery, rare tapestries and oriental stuffs, including the very elaborate and fierce-looking suit of Japanese armor which you see in the corner of the accompanying



A GLIMPSE OF MR. COLMAN'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

engraving. The various character of the objects collected in his studio fairly indicates the impartiality of Mr. Colman's art opinions, for we have no artist who is more willing than he to see the good in different

styles of art. If we had more like him, it seems as if the progress of art in this country would not only be more harmonious but also more rapid and much more instructive.



MR. THOMPSON'S STUDIO (Drawing by himself)

WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.

FEW of our artists have enjoyed a more picturesque and varied experience than the painter who is the subject of this article. He was born in Maryland, and early showed a taste for handling a pencil and brushes, which was increased when on a visit to the White Mountains, by seeing an artist painting from nature. Nothing would do after that, but to give full vent to his enthusiasm for art. But the father of young Wordsworth took quite another view of the question, and insisted in his taking up the study of law. But after two years with the dry, sheep-bound tomes

of the law, Wordsworth Thompson suddenly found an occasion for expressing his art impulses in a most unexpected way. The fall of Fort Sumter and the breaking out of the Rebellion threw everything for the time into confusion, and the march of the troops to the battlefields of the South suggested to him the opportunity of becoming an illustrator of the stirring events that were about to shake the Continent.

Mr. Thompson succeeded in obtaining engagements to draw for "Harper's Weekly" and the "London Illustrated News;" and many of the war pictures which appeared in those periodicals for the first year of the conflict were from his pencil. This naturally brought him into many adventurous scenes and added many thrilling incidents to the experience of the young artist.

But in the year 1862 he had had enough of campaigning and was anxious to gain a more thorough instruction in art. Accordingly he sailed for France, and settled in Paris for several years, enjoying the instruction of some of the ablest artists there. Gleyre, who has taught many of the best painters now living, received him into his studio, and taught him to draw the figure from the antique and the living model. Mr. Thompson also took lessons in landscape from Pasini, who has painted some very brilliant oriental scenes; he also studied the anatomy of the horse with Barrye, the greatest animal sculptor of modern times. It is evident that the young American artist had a most thorough training in the principles of his profession, at Paris; while by studying with such different artists he was less likely to become as narrow and prejudiced in his opinions as many of our art students abroad.

So successful were his efforts that in 1865 one of his paintings was admitted to the Salon. This is the name given to the great annual art exhibition of Paris, which is held under the direction of the Government. Many works are annually refused admission, and it is considered an honor when a young artist succeeds in having one of his pictures hung on its walls.

The first commission Mr. Thompson received was from an eccentric English gentleman, Sir William Ardley, whom he met at Imhof, in Switzerland. It was for a painting of the great Gauli glacier. Accompanied by three mountaineers to carry his traps and provisions for a fortnight, he climbed to the scene of

action, a desolate spot ten thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by snow and ice. The weather was fine, although the nights were very keen; but he slept comfortably at night, under the shelter of a large rock.

One thing that impressed the artist at that savage and dreary elevation and solitude was the profound stillness; the place seemed absolutely dead; not a bird nor an insect was to be seen. The silence at last became so painful that he arranged a tin plate under the edge of a rock so that a drop of water might fall upon it at intervals, making a slight noise when the midday sunshine slightly thawed the surface of the ice. Owing to the same cause, sometimes in the middle of the afternoon the stillness was rudely broken by the frightful thunder of avalanches of ice falling from the opposite cliffs; but when the echoes had died away among the distant peaks and gorges the silence became more oppressive than ever.

After this Mr. Thompson made some extensive and most enjoyable tours on foot through the Eifelwald, in Germany, and along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and through the rugged regions of the Tyrol and Bohemia, and often visiting out-of-the-way nooks little travelled by tourists. One of his most interesting trips was a six months' walk with a knapsack on his back, and with a single companion. It extended from Heidelberg to Calabria in the extreme south of Italy.

In the wild land of the Abruzzi, south of Naples, he met with some exciting adventures, one of which is of especial interest. The country is very rugged; old castles crown the bold crags along the sea, and here and there are the mouldering columns of a ruin that reminds one of the splendor of the old Roman times. But in our day the land is occupied chiefly by rude peasants tending flocks of goats, or making shift to till the soil. Many of them are a villainous set who, if not themselves brigands, are in league with the robbers who infest the mountains prepared to plunder or murder at every favorable opportunity, and giving the Italian Government much trouble in trying to exterminate them. Like the brigands of Sicily and Greece, these picturesque ruffians have a habit of entrapping unwary travellers whenever they think they are rich, and hold them until a heavy ransom is paid; or kill them if the money does not come on the set day. I have known several gentlemen who

have been thus waylaid and captured ; and have seen and heard much about brigands myself, in wandering about Greece and Asia Minor.

Well, one night our travellers arrived footsore and weary at a wretched little inn far up among the mountains. While they were trying to snatch a little rest in an upper room, they were aroused by a disturbance in the street, and a strange gabble of voices in the lower part of the house. The landlord soon entered the apartment and earnestly begged the travellers on no account to show themselves at the window, or venture down-stairs, for the place was full of robbers, and, if their attention were attracted to the foreigners, it might lead to serious trouble.

The uproar continued, and it was evident that the desperadoes were drinking themselves merry below. Mr. Thompson's companion could not resist the desire to gratify his curiosity by the sight of real live brigands ; and in spite of all remonstrance descended to the street. He was gone so long that Mr. Thompson, fearing he had got into difficulty, felt it his duty to go down also, to look after him. He found himself at once among a motley and boisterous gang of vagabonds armed to the teeth, and drinking hard and spending money freely. His fellow-traveller, who spoke Italian fluently, had meantime been conversing with one of the most desperate of their number. Evidently the brigands did not suspect the travellers of being anything else than impoverished tramps,

whom it was useless to seize. But had a suspicion crossed the minds of the robbers of the real character of these gentlemen, our travellers would have paid dearly for their temerity.

The brigands left as suddenly as they had arrived ; but Mr. Thompson and his friend were not allowed to leave until it could be ascertained what road they had taken. The day was wet and dreary, and at nightfall the excitement of the previous evening was renewed ; but this time it was a detachment of soldiers that arrived, bringing with them, as prisoners, twelve of the very brigands who had caroused there the night before. Several were badly wounded, and soon after one of them was shot dead while trying to escape.

After this adventure Mr. Thompson walked through the island of Sicily, and ascended to the top of Mt. Etna, the famous volcano. His wanderings for the time then terminated by his return to the United States, and settling in New York, which has been his home ever since. But he has made several visits since then to Europe, and quite lately took a delight-



Woodworth Thompson

ful tour through Corsica and Sardinia, islands celebrated for the beauty and grandeur of their scenery. The former you may remember as the birth-place of Napoleon I. Mr. Thompson travelled over the island on a mule which he purchased at the port of Bastia, and stayed nights at the wayside houses of the generous and hospitable inhabitants.

Naturally, Mr. Thompson has collected many inter-

esting studies of the numerous attractive scenes he has visited. The vivid tints of sea and sky, or of vineyards and mountains, the picturesque villages and fishing-boats and motley groups of peasants, he has painted with charming effect. His style is poetic, broad, without being slovenly, and finished, without losing its spirit. But since his return to America, Mr. Thompson has found subjects in his native land that are congenial to his talents. He has effectively rendered scenes of country-life, such as a steamboat

landing in Chesapeake Bay, with its groups of carriages and horses, mules, cattle, negroes, babies, planters and dogs, in picturesque confusion.

But the paintings in which Mr. Thompson has shown the most originality and strength have been historical compositions suggested partly by the late civil war, but more especial by scenes of the Revolution. Up to this time the two pictures of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," and the "Death of General Montgomery," painted by Colonel Trumbull, in the last

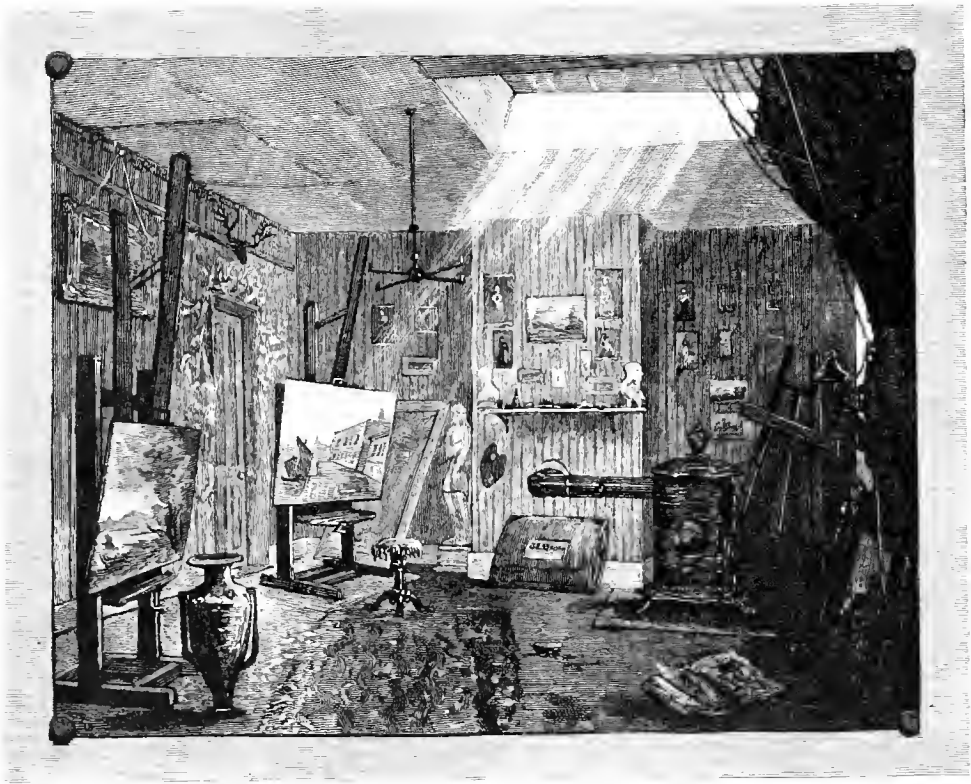


GEN. WASHINGTON REVIEWING THE CONTINENTAL ARMY. (Painting by Wordsworth Thompson.)

century, have been the most effective works painted by an American artist from subjects suggested by our national history. You have doubtless seen engravings of those admirable compositions, of which the originals are in the Academy of Design at New Haven. But in carefully executed paintings like that of the accompanying engraving, Mr. Thompson has fairly earned a place by Trumbull. The picture, which represents Washington and his Staff reviewing the Continental army at Philadelphia, before the battle of Germantown, is one that gives satisfaction alike to the artist

and the patriot, and ranks with the best works of the sort produced on this side of the Atlantic. The painting is not a large one, the figures being what is called cabinet size; but observe how carefully and correctly the group of horses in the foreground is drawn. Few of our painters have equalled this artist in the drawing of the horse.

Mr. Thompson is an academician. His studio is on the north side of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is decorated with many picturesque trophies he has picked up in his travels.



MR. BROWN'S STUDIO. (*Drawn by himself.*)

GEORGE LORING BROWN.

WHEN we consider the career of this artist, we are carried back to the early days of American landscape painting, when Thomas Cole, A. B. Durand and Thomas Dougherty were introducing our people to the study of nature. Cole was one of the greatest artists we have had in this country. His opportunities for learning how to paint were few, and he was forced to struggle with many difficulties, but he was a man of great talents and excellent aims and character. Some of you have probably seen engravings of his "Voyage of Life," a series of allegorical paintings, which are not so good, however, as his

"Course of Empire." Mr. Durand is still living, although well past eighty. He has been a good engraver and portrait painter, but has been better known for admirable paintings of our forest scenery.

Beginning to paint nearly fifty years ago, Mr. Brown was associated with the founders of American landscape art, and few have contributed more than he to make it what it is, a school which has done much to please and educate the people and gratify the patriotic interest we should take in the growth of our national art.

While we find in the life of Mr. Brown less of the

adventure that some of our artists have met, it does not yield in thrilling interest to that of any, for his early efforts in art were attended with severe hardships. At the same time he overcame them by great energy and perseverance and boundless enthusiasm for the chosen pursuit of his life, thus offering a noble example to others who encounter disappointment or adversity in youth. Fortune, however grim at first, smiles at last on those who modestly believe in their ability to succeed, and having made a choice of a profession diligently pursue it to the end.

George Loring Brown was born in Boston in the year 1814. He was the son of a carpenter who opposed the turn for art which the lad displayed while yet scarcely eight years of age. But the boy's mother was on his side and encouraged the first feeble efforts to express his fancies with the pencil.

George went to the Franklin School, and won the silver medal, and at twelve he was apprenticed to Mr. Hartwell, the artist and engraver, in order to learn engraving on wood. So far his father had relented when he saw how earnest his son was to pursue art. The boy's first attempts at colors were in painting scenes for a dramatic club where the famous Charlotte Cushman first appeared as an amateur actress.

The experience George acquired in engraving, and also in drawing designs of reptiles and flowers in his fifteenth year for Peter Parley's natural history books, was doubtless of great value in teaching him accuracy in drawing. About this time an incident occurred which proved a turning point in his life, and, like such crises generally, came suddenly and unforeseen.

The young engraver received permission to copy some old paintings by way of practice. One day Mr. Healy, the well-known portrait painter, came in and praised one of the landscapes; but young Brown, conscious of his powers, said he thought he could paint a better one. Scarcely had he sketched it when a Mr. Davis came into his studio and liked the composition so well that he at once paid the youth the sum he asked for it — fifty dollars.

As soon as he felt the money in his pocket Brown exclaimed that he must go to Europe to study. Sympathizing with the enthusiasm of the young painter, Mr. Davis mentioned him to Mr. Cushing, a merchant of large wealth, and procured him an introduction.

"Are you not rather young to go to Europe?" asked the kindly old gentleman.

"No, sir; for I want to be an artist," the youth replied without hesitation.

"Well," said Mr. Cushing, smiling blandly, "how much do you need?"

"One hundred dollars," George answered promptly, this moderate estimate showing how small experience he had as yet with the world.

Immediately on receiving the promise that he should have the money, Brown bounded home and shouted excitedly through the house that he was going to Europe. The undertaking at that time was so much more rare and difficult than it is now, that all the family laughed as if it was a good joke, except his father, who thought him out of his mind and threatened to put him under lock-and-key.

"But I *am* going to Europe!" cried the youth, with a simple, hearty enthusiasm that makes one even at this late day share with him the joy he felt.

"Going to grass!" answered his stern old father. "George, if you don't behave yourself, I'll shut you up in prison."

Undaunted by such cold sympathy, the warm-hearted boy, as soon as he had received the one hundred dollars from his benefactor, sped to the harbor-side and found that the brig "Hebe" was to sail in a few hours for Antwerp. He paid seventy-five dollars for his passage, and had only twenty-five left. Then returning home, he took a mattress, a blanket and a pair of sheets on his back down to the ship. The crew hoisted the topsails, the brig sailed out of Boston Bay, and was soon heaving on the long swell of the vast Atlantic.

Bound to Europe, to a land of strangers, thousands of miles away, to learn how to paint, to aspire after that great and arduous profession which takes so many years to acquire, and which so few ever master and with only twenty-five dollars in his pocket! Well might his father almost think his son insane. And it would, indeed, have gone hard with the ardent but improvident youth if a kind Providence had not aided his fidelity to art, and come to his assistance when the horizon seemed the most dark and forbidding.

After a voyage of twenty-five days, the brig at last sighted the low sand dunes and dykes of the Netherlands; and gliding by the quaint old town of Flushing, and up the tawny waters of the Scheldt, moored by the wharves of Antwerp, under the shadow of that matchless spire that seemed to me as I climbed to its

topmost pinnacle and gazed over the historical cities and meadow-lands of the Low Countries, or listened to the magical music of its silvery chimes, to be the most beautiful and inspiring monument which the glorious Middle Ages bequeathed to our time.

Fired with enthusiasm, young Brown stepped ashore and wandered friendless and alone among the winding lanes of a city hallowed by the memory of Rubens and Vandyke. But he was a stranger among strangers, who spoke a tongue he could not understand; and worse still, it was not many days before the twenty-five dollars he brought with him had dwindled down to nothing.

The "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, one of the greatest paintings of all ages, which is in the Cathedral of Antwerp, at once impressed the young American with an interest that he has never forgotten, and so inspired him that for a few days he almost forgot the utterly forlorn condition in which he was placed. But the brig "Hebe" was about to return, and then, at last, realizing his situation, his heart failed him, and as the brig was weighing anchor, he sat down and wept on the wharf. Then the kindly captain of the "Hebe" came to him and forced him to accept fifteen dollars.

This money, so opportunely granted, just sufficed to carry young Brown across the English Channel to London, where he found himself again with a people who spoke his language, and here kind fortune once more smiled upon him; for although he found himself without a cent in that vast city, he also found a friend. He remembered in his extremity that John

Cheney, the American engraver, was then living in London. Finding out where he lived, Mr. Brown called on him, and was most kindly received, although a stranger, and Mr. Cheney offered to lend him money sufficient to support him until he could hear from Mr. Cushing. But through some mischance, nearly ten months passed before letters arrived from Mr. Cushing with money.

During all this time Mr. Cheney not only generously supplied the wants of young Brown, but also took him to Paris, where he made a copy of one of the sunset compositions of Claude Lorraine, the famous landscape painter. On this copy Mr. Brown bestowed such great care, that he learned from it many of the secrets of his great profession; Allston, the painter, declared it to be the best copy of Claude he had seen, and when Mr. Brown afterwards showed it in Boston it was the means of procuring him several important commissions, although he was so dissatisfied with it himself that he had impatiently slashed it into three pieces with a razor.



Geo L Brown

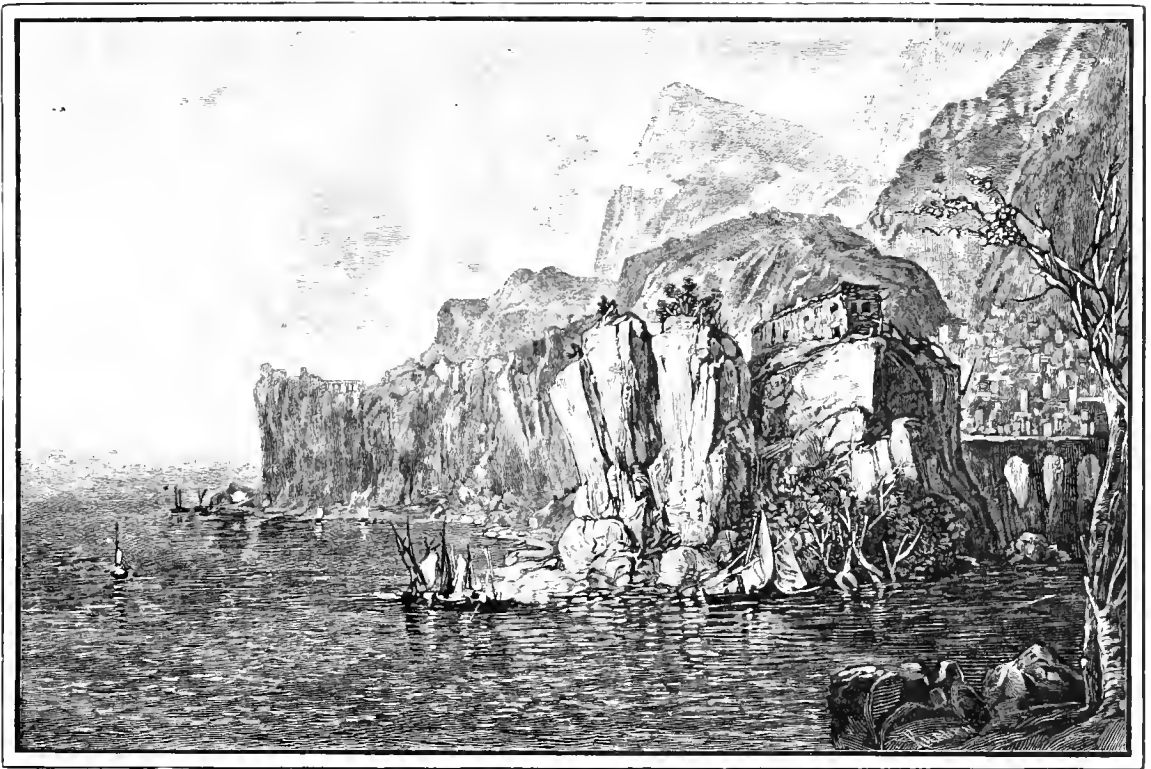
After two years of the closest application to self-improvement in his cherished art, Mr. Brown returned in 1834 to Boston, and opened a studio there. But a few years in the United States convinced him that he needed more foreign study, and he sailed for Italy, and took up his residence in Rome, at that time the great art centre of the world. The magical clime, the noble scenery, the picturesque antiquities, the innumerable associations of Italy at once inspired the buoyant, ardent spirit of the young American painter,

and he threw himself into his art with redoubled energy.

He found himself surrounded by the delightful companionships of well-known artists at the celebrated Café Greco and other noted resorts of artists and literary men in the Eternal City, and made frequent excursions into the neighborhood after studies. The ruins and scenery of Italy were entirely congenial to his nature, although born and bred on the bleak shores of New England.

In one of his rambles over the vast solitudes of the

grass-grown desert of the Campagna outside of Rome, Mr. Brown met with an entertaining but ticklish adventure which we will allow him to tell in his own words. Having found the solitary tower he was to paint, he says: "I at once commenced planting my artist's sun umbrella, which covered my back, to keep the rays and reflection of the sun from my picture. After working an hour, drawing the tower very carefully, I fancied I heard a rumbling noise behind me. I looked under my white umbrella, and lo and behold! some dozen of those long-horned Roman cattle



"TERESA'S HOUSE," AMALFI, ITALY (From a painting by Mr. Brown.)

were gradually approaching me, grazing, and every now and then looking up at the strange white object and shaking their heads and stamping their hoofs. As I looked back a second time the leader — a great bull with magnificent horns as sharp as needles, each above five feet long, began with flaming eyes to look at me, sniff, paw the ground and put himself in a fighting attitude. As he was evidently preparing to make a plunge at me, I hastily gathered up my camp-stool, canvas and paint-box, and made tracks for a

stone wall a few rods distant. As soon as I started, the bull was after me, and I had barely time to climb over before he reached it and stamped the ground defiantly."

After a long residence abroad, Mr. Brown returned to the United States in 1860, and since then his studio has been for the most part in South Boston. His long life in Italy has given him a reputation in Europe as well as in his native land.

The subjects Mr. Brown has chosen have generally

been Italian, but some of his most successful paintings have also been taken from American scenes. He excels in brilliant effects of light, and in the rendering of the delicate Italian skies. His pictures are thoroughly poetical, inspired by a fine feeling for nature and a tender, dreamy fancy, and his coloring is characterized by softness and splendor. In reaching these effects this artist has made large use of ultramarine, which is the most expensive of all pigments and the most beautiful of blues, and of all colors the most atmospheric and permanent. It is made of powdered *lapis lazuli*, and is so costly that few artists use it except in the most sparing manner ;

while its permanence is such that it is the only color as yet known which does not grow darker or lighter with time. Thus in the paintings of past ages, the works of such colorists as Titian or Rubens, we find the blues are often as rich as when laid on centuries ago, for they were chiefly done with ultramarine.

One of Mr. Brown's most noted paintings is the "Crown of New England" representing Mt. Washington. Another is of the Bay of New York, which was presented to the Prince of Wales when he was in this country, by a number of gentlemen. The former was purchased by him, and he also gave the artist a diamond pin in token of his admiration of his works.

DAVID NEAL.

THE art career of this painter has been passed in Europe; but he is an American by birth, most of his paintings are owned in this country, and he may justly be included among the leading artists America has produced.

David Neal was born in the manufacturing city of Lowell, in the year 1838. His boyhood was unattended by any striking incidents, and there was nothing in the influences of the place to arouse in him a turn for art. The dull routine of a factory town would seem to be rather against the awakening of art feeling in the boys and girls who played about its streets. But contrary to what one might expect, David showed a talent for drawing at an early age, and earned the admiration of his school-fellows by amusing them with sketches illustrating whatever happened to strike his childish fancy. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and a boy's eyes often see far beyond the hills which surround his native town, catching faint visions of his after-life in the dim distance fading away into the mists of the future.

This was the case with young Neal, who was equipped with a good fund of energy and resolution. Thus furnished with two of the most essential qualities for winning a way in life, he determined, when only fifteen, to go out into the world and seek his fortune. He went first to New Orleans, where he found a situation which gave him support, but at the same time prevented him from devoting himself to the study of art for which he longed. All he could do was to give his few spare hours to imperfect attempts at improving himself; but scarcely any assistance could he get in his studies, for there were no art schools or museums in the city from which he could obtain hints in the pursuit which he had determined to follow.

At length David Neal decided to go to San Francisco and see if he could improve his advantages there. He went by way of Central America and was

greatly impressed by the grandeur and luxuriant splendor of the tropical scenery through which he passed on his way to the Pacific. In San Francisco he soon found employment in making drawings on wood, constantly keeping before him, however, the purpose of going sometime to Europe to study art.

In the city of the Golden Gate young Neal passed several years, not only designing on wood but also painting an occasional portrait, and endeavoring to save up enough to carry out his cherished plan. His patience and perseverance found their reward at last.

In the year 1862 he made the acquaintance of a generous-minded gentleman, S. P. Dewey, Esq., who became interested in the success of the young engraver, and volunteered to aid him to obtain the art education he so much desired. Mr. Dewey furnished him with the funds necessary to take him to Europe and support him there for several years.

Mr. Neal proceeded at once to Munich, the great centre of German art at the present day. Although ignorant of the language he did not lose a moment, but began at once to take his first study from antique models at the Royal Academy.

In the following year occurred an event of great importance in his career. He married the daughter of the Chevalier Aimmüller, an artist of note who was also superintendent of the Royal Manufactory of stained glass of Bavaria. As there was no school of painting at that time in Munich which was exactly to his taste, Mr. Neal entered the studio of his father-in-law and there began his first regular lessons in oil-painting.

With the advice of the Chevalier, Mr. Neal applied himself first to the painting of interiors, chiefly of ecclesiastical architecture. The thoroughness he had given to learning how to draw correctly was now of great use to him, for while he employed color in these paintings with success, the perspective and drawing, in which many painters are very weak, and the light

and shade, were rendered with excellent effect. These works met with ready sale and soon established the reputation of this rising artist.

One of the most effective of Mr. Neal's architectural

and many of her great soldiers and poets are buried there. The chapel of Henry VII., which is attached to this noble structure, is one of the most exquisite specimens of the Gothic style of architecture which remain in existence.

It is in one of the aisles leading to this chapel, with tombs on either hand, surmounted by marble effigies of the great departed, that Mr. Neal has laid the scene of what is really a very fine piece of painting. He has reproduced the details with remarkable truth, but at the same time without sacrificing the grandeur of the general effect; and such a sublime solemnity pervades the painting that one gazes on it almost with the awe that impresses him when he is actually under the roof of the building itself. This painting was purchased by the Art School of Chicago.

But during all this time, while he was studying and composing these works, Mr. Neal kept steadily in view his original purpose of devoting himself to the painting of the figure. The occasion at length occurred when he made the acquaintance of Professor Carl Piloty, in 1869, who advised him to delay no longer study from the life, but to begin at once with portrait painting.

Mr. Neal now entered the school of Professor Wagner, who is celebrated for the great painting of a Roman Chariot Race, and the following year he became a pupil of Piloty himself, and was associated in his studies with Defregger, Grützner and others who have since become widely known as artists of genius.

Piloty is one of the most celebrated German painters of this century. He studied with the famous Paul Delaroche at Paris, and after his return to Munich was made Professor of painting in the Royal Academy in that city. He is a fine colorist, and his subjects are drawn

paintings was a study of part of Westminster Abbey in London, which is among the most celebrated buildings of Europe. The kings and queens of England,

from historical scenes. One of his best works is the "Death of Wallenstein" the celebrated imperial general of the Thirty Years' War.



David Neal

No better master could have been found for one of Mr. Neal's talents and turn for historical painting. In the studio of Piloty the American artist now made rapid progress, and soon completed his first elaborate figure composition. It represented James Watt, the modern inventor of the power of steam — I say the modern inventor, for the Romans knew something about it, but never put their knowledge to practical use. Watt is sitting by the fireside when a boy, and getting his first ideas on the subject while watching the steam hissing out of his mother's teakettle. This painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and was purchased by Sir B. Phillips, the Lord Mayor.

The most important painting by Mr. Neal, and the one by which he is best known is entitled "The First Meeting of Mary Stuart and Rizzio," of which an engraving accompanies these pages. It has established his reputation in Europe as well as in this country; and even the leading critics of Germany have pronounced it to be in its general qualities equal to the best work of his master Piloty, and perhaps superior in color. It received even yet greater honor, for when it was first exhibited it received the large silver medal, the highest reward in the gift of the Royal Academy of Munich.

The painting was commenced in 1875, and represents the abilities of this artist at his best. Mr. Neal is not a rapid worker, but his art shows careful drawing, harmonious composition and superb color. His style is broad without being slovenly and unfinished, and the pigments are laid on with a solidity and firmness that gives the massiveness and effect

of reality; in other words his colors are applied with a good idea of textures, as artists say, and all that he does shows earnest and thoughtful study of art methods.

The subject of this admirable work is taken from this history of the celebrated and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. You have all heard about her; how extraordinary was her beauty, how romantic and tragical her career; how she was driven from her throne by her subjects and forced to fly for refuge to

England and ask the hospitality of Queen Elizabeth. But for reasons of State the English queen was obliged to treat her royal guest as a prisoner and shut her up in a castle. After nineteen years of imprisonment, during which she made several useless attempts and plots to escape, the beautiful Mary of Scotland was at last executed as one whom it was dangerous either to release or to keep imprisoned; and ever since the world has rung with the story of her beauty and her doom.

Well, it is one of the most critical moments in the life of Queen Mary which the artist has chosen to represent in this beautiful painting. The meeting of Mary with



ALSATIAN PEASANT GIRL. (From painting by David Neal.)

Rizzio was the turning-point in her career. A strolling Italian musician, he arrived dusty and worn at the castle of Holyrood at Edinburgh. Being very weary he besought the porter to let him have a bed on which to rest. This the surly warden refused, but he said: "There is yonder chest; lie there if thou wilt."

The tired minstrel threw himself on the chest and was soon lost in a heavy sleep. As he lay there unconscious of what was passing around him, the

queen, accompanied by her maids of honor, came down the marble stairway and saw the sleeping wanderer resting there.

Interested by his attractive appearance, she gladly permitted him at times to play his guitar and sing to her, and thus he remained for a time at Holyrood. Her enemies, for she had many, including probably her young husband, Lord Darnley, made her liking for the playing of the Italian musician an excuse for plotting against her royal power.

They began by assassinating Rizzio one evening when he was at supper with the queen at Holyrood. Without heeding her commands, her entreaties or her frantic screams, they pierced him with their daggers while he was clinging to her skirts for safety; and when they dragged away his corpse tradition says it

was laid in its last slumber on the very oaken chest on which he was sleeping when the Queen first saw him. From that day misfortune never ceased to pursue her until she ended her life on the scaffold.

In his painting Mr. Neal has represented the Queen raising her hand with a slight graceful gesture as if showing surprise perhaps at so suddenly discovering the handsome young Italian; but the movement also seems to indicate that she was touched in that fateful moment by a presentiment of some unknown coming misfortune, a foreboding of the sad years that even then began to cast a shadow over her lovely brow.

Mr. Neal now resides at Munich with his family, and his studio is at No. 6 in the street called the Maximilian Strasse, one of the leading thoroughfares of that magnificent art capital.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 05692 7500

