JOHN NELSON ARNOLD.

Photo. by G. L. Hurd.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RHODE ISLAND CITIZENS'
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Art and Artists

In Rhode Island

BY

JOHN NELSON ARNOLD

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ART AND ARTISTS IN RHODE ISLAND

Rhode Island has the honor of being the first community, on this continent, to initiate some of the most important of the forces that govern and control the world spiritual, mechanical and artistic.

Our beloved "Little Rhody," through Roger Williams, was the first to break the shackles that fettered religious thought; through Samuel Slater, to manufacture cotton cloth by machinery, and also the first to introduce the fine arts through John Smybert, the first artist of note to practice his profession in this country.

Smybert came to Newport in 1728 with his friend, the good Bishop Berkeley, who was so thoroughly spiritual in his nature that he did not seem to know that matter existed, and his elaborate treatise to prove it only a mental hallucination, a fiction of the mind, has rattled the metaphysicians and psychologists ever since. Smybert probably did not share his friend's opinion; for an artist who had passed his life in transferring human features to canvas must have felt that matter was more in evidence than mind or spirit.

Smybert was not a great artist, but we owe him a debt of gratitude for handing down to us the features of some of the eminent men of his time, notably, his friend Berkeley, and Jonathan Edwards, and his work was undoubtedly a stimulus to the artists who came after him: John Copley, Gilbert

Stuart, John Trumbull and Washington Allston. Smybert must have obtained some reputation in England, as Horace Walpole mentions him in his Anecdotes of English Painters and Sculptors, and while he was in Italy he received a commission from one of the Russian Grand Dukes. His most important work, and the one best known, is Bishop Berkeley and his family, now in the Yale University gallery. The painting represents the good Dean surrounded by his family, and the figures are full length, the artist standing in the background. The individuality expressed in the faces would indicate that the likenesses were good, but the tone of the picture is cold, the technique is labored and hard. Yet Smybert's portraits are highly prized by the families that own them, and their possessors feel, as do the owners of a Copley or Stuart, that it almost entitles them to become Colonial Dames, Sons or Daughters of the Revolution.

Among other portraits painted by him are those of John Lowell, Edmund Quincy, John Endicott, Peter Fanueil, Rev. James McSparran and his wife. The portrait of Gov. Joseph Wanton's wife, in the R. I. Historical Society's gallery, has been attributed to Smybert. Smybert was born in Edinburgh, 1684; died in Boston, 1751.

Robert Feke was one of the best of the colonial portrait painters, and one of the least known. Dunlap devotes but two lines to him, saying that he painted a portrait of Mrs. Willing in 1746. Professor Poland, in the interesting paper about Feke, read before the R. I. Historical Society, has, by his

GILBERT STUART.

By courtesy of the Providence Journal Co.

patient research, shed more light upon that artist and his work than any other writer. The professor had called my attention to the artist some years ago, but at that time I had seen only the portrait of Rev. John Callender, belonging to the Historical Society. Since then I have seen work by this artist, and I fully agree with the professor, that he is freer from provincialism than any painter of his period. A fine specimen of his work is in the Redwood Library, the wife of Gov. Wanton, and Bowdoin College has a number of his best paintings. Miss Sarah Durfee owns an ideal painting of a young girl which is the best example I have seen of this artist's work.

Feke was the first native American artist. He was born in the early part of the eighteenth century, and died in Bermuda, 1750.

In the record of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett, there is the following entry: "April 11th, 1756, being Palm Sunday, Doctor McSparran read prayers, preached and baptized a child named Gilbert Stuart, son of Gilbert Stuart, the snuff grinder. Sureties: The doctor, Mr. Benjamin Mumford and Mrs. Hannah Mumford."

Stuart

This son of a Narrangsett snuff grinder had, in later years, the unique distinction of painting from life the portraits of two men, each of whom, in turn, was the father of this country: King George, the third, who was pater, prior to '76, by the grace of God and divine right, and George Washington, who was the father of his country by the acclamation of a grateful people.

Stuart, while in London, painted the portrait of George the Third from sittings, also that of his son who was afterwards George the Fourth. In addition to this he painted the portrait of that distinguished artist, the first president of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of Stuart's master, Benjamin West, who was the second president of the Academy..

Stuart, when 17 years old, received his first lessons in painting from Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch artist in Newport. (Alexander painted the portrait of the first president of Brown University, Manning, and also one of Mrs. Manning; both are now in Sayles Memorial Hall.) The teacher soon recognized the genius of his young pupil, and took him to his home in Edinburgh, where Alexander died. Stuart returned home after a few months' stay in England and Scotland.

In 1775 he again went to London and entered the studio of West, with his friend John Trumbull. Stuart's improvement was so rapid that he was soon enabled to open a studio of his own, and commissions were plenty at prices second only to Reynolds and Gainsborough, but in spite of his success he was in continual trouble on account of his convivial habits and lack of business methods. Yet he was popular with the nobility, who were pleased with his portraits, probably from the fact that his tendency was to accentuate the good features of the face and to touch lightly the faulty ones, also because he was an unusually fine conversationalist and would keep his sitter interested by his fund of anecdotes and general information. He had an intuition as to what would be interesting

to his sitter and the hour would pass quickly for both. The result was plenty of work, and good prices, but he had an ambition to paint the portrait of Washington and the prominent men of the Revolution. He, therefore, returned to this country in 1793. Stuart painted a better portrait than West, and it has been said that when the court painter was crowded with commissions he put his pupils at work upon his canvases; and I remember seeing in the South Kensington gallery, London, one of West's large scriptural pieces in which I am sure two of the heads were painted by Stuart.

Of the original Stuart's Washington, the study from life was never finished; the head alone was completed, leaving the canvas bare around it, (the same) as in its companion piece, Martha Washington. Both belong to the Boston Athenæum, but were loaned to the Art Museum. Stuart explained to Washington that he wanted his portrait to make copies from. How many duplicates were painted is not known.

Stuart was a thorough Bohemian and had the artistic disrelish of anything that savored of business methods, and so kept no records or accounts. Mr. George C. Mason, in his admirable life of the artist, has traced several of them, but others crop out occasionally.

In February, 1800, the Rhode Island General Assembly voted to have Stuart paint two full length portraits of Washington, one for each of the capitols, the price to be $1,200 for the pair. The one in the State House at Providence is a stately, dignified portrait, and one that is the envy of all the great collectors of the country.

Two separate offers have been made for it of $40,000 each. The copy he made for his friend, Gov. Gibbs of Newport, was considered by many to be superior as a likeness to the original in the Art Museum, the face being longer, more like the Houdon mask. It belonged to Dr. William F. Channing, a nephew of the governor, and was sold by him to Samuel Avery, the art dealer of New York.

Mr. Marsden J. Perry owns a fine Stuart's Washington, bust size, which once belonged to President Madison.

Two portraits by Stuart—those of John Carlisle and Thomas Smith Webb—were destroyed by fire when the Masonic Temple in Providence was burned.

Stuart died in Boston in 1828, poor and neglected, though he was somewhat to blame, for his convivial habits seriously interfered with his painting, and the last ten years of his life were passed in obscurity. Chester Harding, the popular portrait painter of that time in Boston, relates in his autobiography, a singular fact about himself and Stuart. He tells us that with all the celebrity which Stuart had obtained in the old world and the new, he (Harding) had his studio crowded with patrons eager to be placed on canvas, while Stuart's was comparatively deserted. Harding related this in no vainglorious spirit, but rather to illustrate the vicissitudes and uncertainty of an artist's life.

The world's great masters of portraiture are Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Van Dyck and Reynolds. The more enthu-

GILBERT STUART'S BIRTHPLACE.

By courtesy of the Providence Journal Co.

siastic admirers of Stuart have tried to rank him with these great geniuses. Washington Allston, especially, considered him the equal of these great masters; but time settles such questions; he will never rank with these great names, but so close to them that the state that claims his birthplace may well feel proud of the distinction. If a like honor had been the good fortune of any European nation, the artist's features would long ago have been moulded in imperishable bronze and the old snuff mill, where he first saw light, would have been protected and cared for by loving and reverent hands.

Stuart and Malbone, though natives of Rhode Island, did comparatively little of their work here. Malbone's miniatures have a charm which has stood the test of time; subtle, delicate and refined, his work embodied the characteristics of his inner nature. The "Hours" in the Providence Athenæum is his finest work, and that by which he is best known. The Athenæum also owns his miniature of Nicholas Power, Sarah Helen Whitman's father. Neither the English Cosway, nor the French Isabey ever produced a finer miniature. It impresses me with the same feeling that is produced by a Van Dyck or Velasquez. Dignity, character and expression are portrayed upon that small piece of ivory, and I feel the truth of the remark that West made to James Monroe: "I have seen a picture by a young man of the name of Malbone which no man in England could excel." Edward G. Malbone was born in 1777 in Newport, twenty years after Stuart was born in Narragansett. He was a self-taught artist, and Dunlap, who

Malbone

is authority upon American artists previous to 1834, makes no mention of his having even a primitive drawing teacher, but speaks of his coming to Providence when he was 17 years old, and painting miniatures here for two years. He then went to Boston and practiced his art for a while, and became acquainted with Washington Allston, who was graduated from Harvard at that time. They both sailed for London in May, 1801.

In the summer of 1802 he returned to Newport and practiced his art, having plenty of commissions, but failing in health he sought a warmer climate, and sailed for Jamaica in 1806. The voyage not proving of any advantage, he took passage for Savannah, where he died in 1807.

It is a studio aphorism that an artist's character is shown in his painting. Of Malbone, this is eminently true. The same delicate, sensitive, poetic feeling pervaded his life that is characteristic of his work. He was regular in his habits, temperate, yet not stiffly ascetic, caring little for what the world calls the good things of life. His chief happiness was in his studio, where he produced works of beauty, taking pleasure in fixing his fantasies and dreams in form and color. His gentle, courteous demeanor, as well as his genius, made many friends whom he always retained.

His brief life of thirty years makes one wonder what he would have accomplished had he lived the allotted time.

Charles B. King was born in Newport, 1785. He studied in London with West and painted portraits in Philadelphia,

but not succeeding there, established his studio in Washington, where he became very popular and built a house and gallery.

The portraits by him which I have seen indicate ability of a certain order. They are accurate, with marked individuality, and evidently are good likenesses, but they lacked that indefinable quality which we call genius.

Some of his best work belongs to the Redwood Library.

There was another artist in Newport, named King, whose claim to distinction lies in the fact that he gave Washington Allston his first lessons in drawing. Allston was then a young man attending school, where he remained till he was transferred to Harvard in 1796.

Among the artists who practiced their art in this state in the early part of the last century will be found the names of Bass Otis, William G. Wall, C. L. Hinckley, Augustus Earle, Francis Alexander, Henry C. Pratt, Thomas Young, Cephas Giovanni Thompson, Chester Harding, G. P. A. Healy and Charles Hitchcock, father of George Hitchcock, who is celebrated in both the old and new worlds.

Thomas Young, a native of Providence, painted portraits about this time. Very little is known of him, though he painted many heads in this city. The Historical Society owns two: Capt. Thomas Cole and Dr. John M. Eddy.

Wall was born in Dublin and came to this country in 1828. He was among the earliest of the landscape painters, exhibiting

in the National Academy of Design, where he shared with Doughty and Cole in the honors accorded to that department of art. Thomas Jefferson offered him a position as teacher of drawing and painting at the University of Virginia, but as it was not made a professorship, he declined. Wall made his studies out-of-doors and his motto was "to copy nature truly."

One of his large landscapes, now before me, called "The Passing Storm," will be remembered by Sarah Helen Whitman's old friends as hanging over the lounge in the cosy little sitting-room where the dim religious light which always pervaded her rooms mellowed and enhanced the beauty of the painting, seeming to partake of the charm of everything which surrounded the personality of this brilliant and lovable woman. Mrs. Whitman presented me the picture a few weeks before she passed out of our physical sight, and I prize it highly, for the remembrances it recalls of the many happy hours passed in her society, as well as the intrinsic merit of the painting.

C. T. Hinckley was Mr. Lincoln's old master. He painted portraits in Providence in the early part of the last century, and after two years' stay here, departed for Washington. I have seen only one of his paintings, a bust head of Col. Barton, which is well modelled and shows a good eye for color. Mr. Lincoln always spoke highly of him, both as a man and as an artist.

Henry C. Pratt was born in Oxford, New Hampshire, 1803,

and was instructed in painting by Samuel F. B. Morse, first president of the National Academy, who afterwards caused much amusement throughout the country by saying he could send a message from Washington to Baltimore on a wire. The amusement soon changed to amazement when he actually did it. Pratt painted portraits and landscapes in New Haven in 1823. He and his friend, Thomas Cole, spent much time in the White Mountains, sketching the scenery. The only painting I know of his, is the copy of Stuart's full-length of Washington, now in the Providence Athenæum.

Francis Alexander was born in Killingly, Conn., 1800. He was a self-taught artist. The first encouragement he received was from the widow of Gen. James B. Mason, of Providence, who employed him to paint her family, and also assisted him in getting more orders. He remained two years in this city. His portrait of Samuel Eddy belongs to the Historical Society and a head of Percival, the poet, is in the Athenæum. Other portraits of his are Gen. Carpenter and wife, Gen. Charles T. James and his wife, and Judge Pitman.

He soon removed to Boston where he improved rapidly under the influence of Stuart, who thought highly of his work. He succeeded so well that in 1831 he sailed for Italy, the dream at that time of all artists. He visited Rome, Florence and Venice, painting seven months in the latter city. Returning to Boston, where he was for a while the popular portrait painter, he married a wealthy lady and went to Rome, where

he lived many years, and died there at the advanced age of eighty.

Charles Durfee, portrait painter, was born in Tiverton, near Stone Bridge, Feb. 26, 1793, died Oct. 7, 1849.

This information I obtained from Mr. Arthur L. Almy, the architect, who showed me a photograph from a painting of his grandfather, Clark Chase, by Durfee, the original belonging to his cousin, Mrs. William H. Jennings of Fall River.

As I had never heard of this artist, I had the curiosity to know more about him and his work.

A letter from Mr. Almy to Mrs. Jennings gave me the opportunity to see the Clark Chase portrait, and was kindly shown several other family portraits by the same artist.

I then went to Tiverton and called upon Durfee's daughter, Mrs. Charles Seabury, and his granddaughter, Miss Manchester, who were pleased to show me his paintings.

He was a self-taught artist, with decided genius, but undeveloped, a promise rather than a fulfillment.

His portraits of men showed ability to seize the salient points of character, but like most of the painting of that period his was weak in technique.

He lived on the "Heights," at the old Durfee homestead, and was town clerk of Tiverton at the time of his death, a position held at one time by his father, Thomas Durfee, who was also chief justice of the court of common pleas of Newport county.

The æsthetic and refined quality of mind indicated by the artist, showed itself in the more successful brother Job, and nephew, (son of Job) Thomas, both of whom produced poetry of recognized merit, but who will be known in history as having served with distinguished honor in the highest position accorded to the judiciary by the state, each having been chief justice of Rhode Island.

One of the best of Durfee's portraits is that of his brother Job, owned by the family. It is said to be a good likeness, and hope has been expressed that sometime it may find a resting place in the gallery of the R. I. Historical Society, not only on account of the historical prominence of the subject, but also to preserve an example of the artist's work.

C. G. Thompson had a studio in the Arcade in 1832, where he painted many of the prominent people of that time. His father was a portrait painter, but is disposed of by Dunlap in a flippant and somewhat irrelevant manner, by saying, "a person by the name of Thompson painted poor portraits in Norfolk, but managed to procure employment, and make money enough to buy a farm in his native village down east."

This village the writer refers to is Middleboro, Mass., where Thompson owned a farm and wielded the hoe in the summer and the brush in the winter. He had three children, all artists, Cephas Giovanni, Jerome and Marietta Tintoretta; the latter painted miniatures, while Jerome was popular as a genre painter, having a studio in New York.

Among the portraits by Giovanni that I have seen are those of Senator H. B. Anthony, Mrs. Whitman, and Mrs. Dr. Chapin. I have copied all of these. The senator's was painted when he was in college. It was a small half-length, 16x20, and it depicted a slender youth with a waist as delicate as a woman's, and when my eye glanced from the picture to the then stalwart form of the portly senator, he answered my look of surprise by smilingly saying that he was built that way in those days.

Thompson had a fine perception of character and a skilful way of handling color. His work showed genius, and he was kept well employed and soon was able to sail for Italy. He settled in Rome, where he remained for a number of years. He then returned to New York and had plenty of orders at good prices.

His son, Hubert O. Thompson, was a power in New York politics. He died before his father, who lived to be a very old man. Both Giovanni and Jerome were members of the National Academy.

I have often heard Mr. Lincoln speak of Charles Hitchcock, son of Judge Hitchcock of New York. He came to this city and painted portraits somewhere about the forties, and married Judge Benjamin Cowell's (author of "Spirit of '76 in Rhode Island") daughter Olivia.

His work shows rare ability, but as his health was not good he painted but few pictures. One of his best is a full-length of Charles Lippitt in hunting costume, now owned by Lippitt's

grandson, Frank Glezen. The artist and the merchant were fond of fishing and hunting together.

The believers in Galton's theory of hereditary genius would have a notable object lesson in Hitchcock's son George.

About the same time, George P. A. Healy painted many portraits in this city, after his return from Paris, fresh with the laurels he had gained in the French capital. Healy went to France and was the protege of Lewis Cass, who was our minister to that country. Cass introduced him to the king, Louis Philippe, whose portrait Healy painted. It was so satisfactory to the king that he had him paint the whole royal family. When he returned to this country, he was kept busy with commissions. Among the eminent men he painted were Dr. Francis Wayland, full-length, and Dr. Henry Wheaton (author of "Elements of International Law"), half-length, both in Sayles Memorial Hall.

Another fine full-length portrait in the same gallery, directly opposite the painting of Wayland, is of Nicholas Brown, by Chester Harding. His work always impressed me by its sincerity and honest rendering of the sitter's individuality. He was a chair painter in an obscure town out west, until he was forty years old, when he met an itinerent artist, whose heads were the first portraits he had ever seen; and in time he succeeded so well in copying them that he dropped the chairs and took up painting heads from life. His success was rapid, and going to England he was soon a favored painter of the nobility. He returned to this country and settled in Boston.

Staigg

Richard M. Staigg painted miniatures in Newport half a century ago, and was the best in the country at that time. He was the last of the old school miniaturists. The demand for that kind of portraiture having died out, he dropped the ivory and took up canvas, painting life-size portraits successfully, although I think that his reputation will rest upon his miniatures.

Mason
Paine
Gladding
Peckham

Sanford Mason, Susannah Paine, Kingsley C. Gladding, Edward L. Peckham and George Harris are represented in the R. I. Historical Society's gallery, the first two by portraits and the last three by views in and around Providence. Mason painted the portrait of Commodore Perry, after Jarvis, and Miss Paine that of Catherine Williams, the authoress. Harris painted the old Town House, a marvel of Meissonier-like finish and accuracy.

Lincoln

James S. Lincoln, the first president of the Art Club, whose bronze bust, and portrait by himself, belong to the club, will undoubtedly be considered in the future the father of art in this state, from the fact that the most of his work of over sixty years was confined to this city and vicinity, and also because his paintings were uniformly good and many, showing original genius, such as his portrait of Zachariah Allen in the Historical Society's gallery, and of Charles Lippitt, grandfather of Gov. Henry Lippitt. I had an opportunity to study this portrait while making a copy for one of Lippitt's descendants, and in color, modeling and expression it is one of the finest heads I ever saw painted, showing what he might have done

JAMES SULLIVAN LINCOLN.

Photo. by G. L. Hurd.

had his life-work been in a more congenial art atmosphere. He often regretted missing the opportunity of establishing a studio in New York, when in the prime of life. A wealthy patron—Horace Clark—who married one of Commodore Vanderbilt's daughters, and was prominent in New York politics, being a member of congress, gave Mr. Lincoln a commission to paint himself and family, and gave him a studio in the mansion, extending to him the hospitalities of a home.

Mr. Clark was so well pleased with the paintings that he urged him to open a studio in New York, and put his trust in Providence no longer, saying that it was only a way station between New York and Boston, and setting forth the brilliant career an artist of his ability could have, surrounded by the congenial atmosphere of art, literature and music, and the society of the brightest men and women in the country; but Mr. Lincoln, after giving the matter serious consideration, concluded not to settle in the metropolis.

Mr. Lincoln was born in Taunton, May 13, 1811. At the age of ten his parents removed to Providence, where his father died four years after, when he entered the employment of John Horton, engraver, and soon after worked for John Terry. He then found his way to the studio of C. T. Hinckley, a portrait painter, who had a room near Turk's Head.

He received from him instructions in the rudiments of his art. Hinckley went to Washington in a year or two, and from that time till his death, Lincoln stood at the head of his profession in the state, covering a period of sixty years, and painting

nearly 4,000 portraits, including several hundred painted photographs, a style of portraiture much in vogue at one time.

Mr. Lincoln was seriously handicapped by being isolated from art influences in early life, being thrown on his own resources; and this may account for the reserve and reticence he manifested in after life, but every condition in life has its lights as well as shadows; and if he had studied art in the academies of Europe, the provincialism of his early work would not have been apparent, but he would have lost somewhat of that freshness and originality which is distinctively his own.

My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln was in 1854, when his studio was on the corner of Hopkins and South Main streets, over Major Balch's drug store. A mutual friend introduced me and explained my ambition to be a painter, and asked if he would take me as a pupil. He said he didn't take pupils, and gave me some good advice, saying that as I had a good trade (jewelry engraving) I had better stick to it unless I had money enough to support myself for a number of years. His dignity somewhat discomposed me, and it was a year or two after I had entered the profession before I dared to call upon him, but when I was fairly launched as an artist, we became intimate friends and continued such until his death.

The advice he gave me I have given to many since. It was wise, kind and judicious. No one knew better than he, the struggles and heartaches a young artist has to endure, who wrestles with poverty and the difficulties of his profession. He

had the courtly dignity of the old school gentleman. He was not easily approached by strangers, but when one was once in his confidence he was a most delightful companion. He was an excellent judge of character, but inclined to accentuate the kindly side of everyone rather than the evil. He was witty, but not sarcastic. Malice and bitterness had no resting place in his bosom. Envy and hatred had no abiding place in his gentle spirit.

Mr. Lincoln's work is found not only in the homes throughout the state, but the public buildings contain some of his best paintings. The state house has eleven governors from his brush—that of his old friend, Gen. Burnside, is one of the best. The city hall has six of the mayors, beginning with Mayor Bridgham, who was the first to officiate in that capacity when Providence became a city.

The R. I. Historical Society and Brown University own many of his best paintings. Harvard University has his portrait of Col. Shaw, who raised the first colored regiment in the Civil War. An appreciative letter to Mr. Lincoln from the soldier's mother indicates its success.

His nephew, Dr. Franklin C. Clark, in an excellent and valuable sketch of his uncle's life, truly says, "he measured success in painting, not so much by its money standard, as by the nearest approach to the perfection of the art which he aimed to reach."

Mr. Lincoln died Jan. 18, 1888, at his residence on Barnes street, where his widow and daughter Ellen still reside.

Among the contemporaries of Lincoln were Thomas F. Hoppin, and his brother Augustus, Ebenezer White, Mrs. Dr. Chapin, Charles Foster, William G. Boardman, Martin J. Heade and Johannes Oertel.

When the history of art in Rhode Island is written the name of Hoppin will occupy a prominent position in the art annals of the state, especially the names of Thomas and Augustus. Dr. Cortland Hoppin, the youngest brother, was more than an amateur, though he was not a professional artist. Their art instincts and feeling were expressed through form rather than color. They saw the picturesque and graphic, in line rather than pigment, as the exhibition of their works a few years ago in the School of Design would indicate. They were all natives of Providence and one of the best known families in the state.

Thomas F. Hoppin studied art in Paris under Paul Delaroche, and was considered one of the best draughtsmen in that master's atelier. Upon his return to this country in 1837 he opened a studio in New York, where he designed the four evangelists, composing the great chancel window of Trinity church; and after practicing his art awhile in that city he returned to Providence, married Miss Anna Jenkins, and had his studio in their mansion at the corner of Benefit and John streets, on the grounds of which stood his colossal dog, an excellent example of his ability in sculpture. It is said that it was the first piece of bronze cast in this country.

His feeling was divided between sculpture and painting, leaning towards that which pertained to form rather than color. He was fond of illustrating scenes from American history. I remember an admirable etching of his in the Art Union Bulletin, "Putnam Relating His Adventure with the Wolf."

His most ambitious painting is "A Battery Going Into Action," a work replete with splendid movement, and spirited drawing of men and horses.

Augustus Hoppin, a younger brother of Thomas, was a graduate of Brown University, class of 1848. He studied law and practiced it for a few years, but feeling the art instincts within him, obeyed their mandate, and went to Europe, studying in the best art schools in the Old World. Upon his return he began his life work of illustrating. He became a favorite with the publishers of that time. The illustrations of Albert G. Greene's "Old Grimes," published in 1867 by Sidney S. Rider, must have retained their old time popularity, for today, (April, 1905.), in passing the bookstore of Preston & Rounds, I saw a window full of them for sale.

He was an author as well as an artist. Among his books are "Carrot Pomade," "On the Nile," "Ups and Downs on Land and Water," "European Tour," and "Crossing the Atlantic." The "Recollections of Auton House" are reminiscences of his old homestead, corner of Westminster and Walnut streets. "Hay Fever," "A Fashionable Sufferer" and "Two Compton

Boys'' were among his best known works; his last book was an anonymous romance, ''Married for Fun.'' All of these books were profusely illustrated, some of them nearly all pictures.

He was fond of putting himself into his humorous sketches, and was keenly alive to the comical side of life.

His pencil had no bitterness. The caricatures were witty and bubbling over with fun, but left no sting—just rollicking fun. He was a rapid worker and a glance at any subject that interested him was sufficient. A few decided touches and the sketch was complete.

His knowledge of the human figure and skill in drawing gave him a facile precision that made the work fascinating.

The last few years of his life were passed with relatives in Pomfret, Ct. He died in 1896 at Flushing, L. I., while on the way to Florida.

William J. Hoppin, the oldest brother, was well known in diplomatic and literary circles. He was one of the founders of the Century Club, and a judicious art critic whose writings were to be found in the best periodicals in Europe and America.

The Hoppins were notably kind and courteous to young artists, always ready with timely suggestions to aid them in perfecting their work.

Jane Stuart, the only one of Stuart's thirteen children that followed painting as a profession, made her home in Newport

for a number of years, copying many of her father's pictures. A portrait of him from her brush is in Sayles Memorial Hall. It is a half-length, standing with palette in his hand, and painted in a vigorous and forceful manner. She painted portraits from life, but showed little of her distinguished father's genius. She was a careful and painstaking copyist, and was kept fairly well employed.

She died in Newport seventeen years ago, aged 75.

Ebenezer White was one of the old school portrait painters. He was skilful in obtaining a likeness, but judged by modern standards his work would be considered weak in technique and lacking in color, especially by those critics who consider the likeness in a portrait, a small matter compared with brilliant brush work.

Mr. White painted many portraits of the Masonic fraternity, of which body he was a member, being Grand Tyler for many years. Some of his best work, portraits of Past Grand Masters, was destroyed by fire in the burning of the Masonic Temple in Providence. He was a genial, unassuming man, doing careful, conscientious work, and was highly respected by all who knew him.

Mrs. Dr. Chapin was a successful teacher of drawing and painting, and was, by her kindly and genial nature, a stimulus to the young artists of her time. They all looked to her for encouragement, and none appealed in vain. She was skilful in drawing crayon portraits from life; her women's and

children's heads were handled with a charming and delicate grace.

Her photographs, painted in oil and water color, were very popular. She was the first to introduce that style of work. Her daughter, Marie Louise, showed marked ability in portraiture. The portrait of Gov. Samuel G. Arnold, belonging to the Historical Society, and of Judge Carpenter, are as good examples of her painting as any I can recall, and they show rare skill in color, form and character.

Charles Foster was a pupil of Alexander, at the time Healy was receiving instructions in the same studio. He came to Providence in 1850, and painted portraits and animals, but his success was in the latter class of work. His best known work is Col. Amasa Sprague's string team of six gray stallions.

William G. Boardman was born in Casenovia, N. Y., in the early part of the last century, and painted landscapes in New York. He was a friend of George Innes. Both painted in the Hudson River school manner, out of which Innes soon grew, but Boardman continued to paint in the old style till his death. He painted many pictures for the American Art Union. He came to Providence in the sixties, painted landscapes and portraits. Though always in feeble health, living almost entirely upon crackers and milk, he showed wonderful energy and industry. His work was pleasing and is highly prized by those who possess it. He lived to be nearly eighty years old, dying at the home of his niece, in this city.

Martin J. Heade had a studio in the Waterman Building fifty years ago. He was a versatile painter, being equally at home with portraits, landscapes or flower pieces. His head of Cromwell, in the Sayles Memorial gallery, taken from two miniatures while in England, is a strong piece of work, and his portrait of Bishop Clark in the Historical Society's gallery is a good representation of the Bishop at that time.

Heade went to Brazil to study the brilliant plumage of the birds and the gorgeous flowers of that country. He remained a bachelor till he was over sixty years old, and then met with a change of heart, married a Southern lady, and passed the winters with his wife, in St. Augustine, Fla., where he died in the summer of 1904.

Johannes Oertel, who painted portraits and scriptural subjects in Providence for a few years, was born in Bavaria, in 1823, and came to this country in 1848. He had a studio in this city somewhere about the sixties, and was successful, especially with his figure subjects. His portraits were somewhat lacking in vitality, although well drawn.

He was of a religious turn of mind, and his whole heart was wrapt up in portraying scenes from the Bible. His "Walk to Emmaus," on exhibition at the School of Design a few years ago, was painted here, and also his "Rock of Ages," owned by Miss Bullock, depicting a female figure clinging to a cross on a rock in mid-ocean. It is popular to this day, and can be seen in various forms of reproduction in all the picture stores.

Oertel enjoyed this kind of work more than he did portraiture. Mrs. Whitman said of him, that he was happier at painting saints than in painting sinners. The last I heard of him, he had turned preacher, and had a devoted congregation in Belair, Maryland.

About the year 1855, a group of young art enthusiasts started painting in this city. They were Thomas Robinson, Marcus Waterman, John N. Arnold, James M. Lewin and Frederic S. Batcheler. The first three were of the same age—born in 1834; the latter a year or two younger. Robinson had served his time as apprentice to Philip Allen, learning calico designing. His early effort at painting was encouraged by Mrs. Chapin and Thomas Hoppin, and he was enabled through Philip Allen, to enter the Cummins Art School in New York. When he returned to Providence, after a three months' sojourn, laden with an anatomical figure and the information gained in that time, both figure and information were quickly utilized by the rest of us who hadn't the advantages of a metropolitan art education.

He was an energetic worker, and soon was known as a painter of dogs and horses, succeeding so well that he went to Europe, copying and sketching in all the art centers. In Paris, he became acquainted with August Bonheur, brother of Rosa, gaining much knowledge from him, and securing in him a life-long friend. After three years, spent in London, Paris, Rome and Venice, he returned home, bringing with him a copy of Rosa Bonheur's Hayfield, which he sold to Stephen T. Olney. He spent much of his time in painting portraits of dogs and horses—(with Lewin and myself). We had a studio in the Halsey Building, opposite to Lincoln's; and blocking in his pictures at the stables, he would finish them at the studio.

The earnestness and ability shown by the artist soon attracted the attention of prominent men who were art lovers, and he received substantial encouragement and patronage from Philip Allen, Nicholas Brown, Gov. James Y. Smith, Jesse Metcalf, and other influential men of the city.

Some of his strongest work was done at Kettle Point, at his summer home, where he entertained William M. Hunt and other artist friends. He visited Europe a number of times, and became acquainted with the prominent artists, especially those of the Barbizon school. In the last fifteen years of his life he was associated with Seth M. Vose, in picture dealing.

Robinson, by his knowledge of human nature, friendship with the artists, and judgment of art, made a good buyer, while, as he used to say, "Seth is a genius at selling." His ambition in latter days was to earn money enough so that he could devote all his time to painting—a favorite dream of the artists—but in this case never to be realized.

He called on me a few days before his death in 1888, and spent the forenoon in reminiscences of the old days. There was something sad and pathetic about him as he recalled the past. After his death, there was a sale of his paintings in

Boston, and friends bought the "Oxen Ploughing" and presented it to the Museum of Fine Arts.

Dr. Edward S. Allen, a life-long friend of Robinson's, has written an admirable and appreciative memoir of him.

The work was printed for the A. E. Club, and has a fine etching of the artist, by Stetson.

He was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, August 23, 1834, and died in Providence, March 1, 1888.

James M. Lewin, who was born in Swansea, Mass., in 1836, was one of my most intimate artist friends. My acquaintance with him began when he was an apprentice at the Gorham Company's works, then on the corner of Steeple and North Main streets, I being apprenticed to Stone & Weaver, just across the alleyway, learning jewelry engraving. Our mutual artistic tastes brought us in close relation, and continued until his death. At the close of his apprenticeship, he learned from Mrs. Chapin to paint photographs, and was engaged by Manchester & Chapin, the most prominent photographers of that time, to do their work.

In his leisure moments he practised landscape painting, till he felt confidence enough in himself to open a studio of his own. His paintings were popular, both with the public and with the artists.

There was a poetic element in them, a subtle, romantic quality that appealed to everyone. This was before the days of fads in art, when the artist went humbly to nature and made a conscientious transcript of the woods and meadows,

skies and streams. The Seekonk river, Hunt's Mills, Neutakonkanut Hill, Pocasset Brook and other picturesque spots were made by the magic touch of his brush, to render up their beauties, as distilled through the alembic of his poetic mind.

After his marriage with Miss Mary Eldridge he removed his studio to Boston in 1864, where I was associated with him for a year or more.

His delicate and exquisite creations, both in landscape and still life, were eagerly sought for by art lovers, and he was kept busy until his death in 1877, at his home in Milton, Mass., where his widow and daughter still reside.

Our mutual friend, Sarah Helen Whitman, in an appreciative article, "In Memoriam," in the Providence Journal of Sept. 18, 1877, says of him, "His intellectual gifts and his fine social qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends, to whom his presence was an inspiration and a delight, even when his erratic moods seemed to hold him aloof, as they sometimes did, from any conscious participation in their pleasure. His character was one of marked originality, his moods variable and capricious, but always generous, affectionate and exquisitely sensitive. He was not only a reader of choicest literature, but a writer who had published anonymously in several of the leading periodicals, articles of acknowledged value, the credit of which he cared not to receive. One of his poems published anonymously in the Providence Journal, went all over the country. His slightest and most unstudied sketches

had in them a charm not easily analyzed, a subtle, ineffable beauty wholly characteristic, and singularly ideal. One hears much in this eminently practical age of what is simply technical in art, much of "clever manipulation" and "good work," qualities worthy of all commendation, but having to do rather with the body than the soul of art. It is refreshing, now and then, to find that genius is not altogether superseded by talent and "good work."

James Morgan Lewin was indisputably a genius and Providence will be proud to claim him as one of her most gifted artists."

Benjamin Champney, the veteran landscape painter of Boston, in his book entitled "Sixty Years' Memories of Art and Artists," mentions his first meeting with Lewin. He says: "One day, many summers ago, there alighted at my cottage door in North Conway, from the Centre Harbor stage coach, a young man of bright, intelligent face, who told me that his name was James M. Lewin, and that he had come from Providence to study the scenery of the Saco Valley, in the vicinity of my home. I took him to my studio and showed him some of the points of view I had painted. He seemed pleased and next day started out to find something for himself, but returned, saying he could find nothing to paint. He wished I would allow him to paint near. I agreed. He selected a subject by my side. He made a muddy mess of it. I gave him a few hints, and the next day he made a charming little sketch of it. I was amazed, and thought he had been shamming. But no, his eyes had only been opened to see as if by magic what was beautiful about him. Then we sketched all the summer and he produced many charming dainty bits. Other summers he came to work, and was constantly improving. I found he had great imaginative faculties and delicate, deft execution. He went to Boston, opened a studio and painted landscape and still life with rare skill and ease. His pictures were highly esteemed, but unfortunately, death ended his brilliant career."

Frederic S. Batcheller's first attempt at still life was in the studio which Lewin and I had in the Halsey building, on South Main street. He had just finished his apprenticeship with Tingley, as carver in marble, and wanted to try his hand in color. His first model was a large cabbage, which he patiently and faithfully copied, and when the leaves withered, he wired them up, and the completed still life was the admiration of us all.

He had found his forte and followed it through life. This cabbage, his first work, was, with 107 other canvases, in the Batcheller Memorial Exhibition, held at the Art Club, a display showing the varied talents of the artist, the variety of which somewhat handicapped him, as it takes a lifetime to make a success in any one department of art.

This exhibition, which I remember well, with Hugo Breul's fine oil sketch of the artist, over the palette draped in mourning, was typical of Batcheller's work from first to last, for over a quarter of a century. Fruit, flowers, landscapes, marines, portraits, game figures and animals hung side by side, and while there was good work in all of these, epecially

in drawing, it was evident at a glance that his strongest point was still life. The surface texture of his melons, peaches, strawberries and other fruit, was perfect, the color rich, but with all the tone and repose of nature.

Honesty and simplicity were the keynotes of his work, as they were of himself. His mother was anxious to make a musician of him, and was disappointed when he turned his attention to color and form. But his early training on the piano was of use to him in after life, in giving pleasure to his friends. The violin was his favorite instrument and when he was in a melancholy mood—which was frequent—he would lock the studio door, and solace himself with the harmony and sweetness of Mozart and Beethoven.

His landscapes have a certain merit to them. He painted out of doors, and put on to canvas nature as it seemed to him, accentuating rocks and trees in the foreground as a still life painter naturally would, interfering somewhat with the atmospheric effect, but there is an honesty and sincerity about them which will always command respect.

He was the son of Warren Batcheller, the old-time highway commissioner, and was born in the picturesque old Batcheller homestead (now owned by his brother George, the well-known theatrical manager) on North Main street, 1836.

Mathuren Arthur Andrieu, or Professor Andrieu, as he was always called—was born in Bordeaux, France. He came to New Orleans while a young man, painting portraits and landscapes in many Southern cities. In 1855 he went to Macon,

Ga., where he married Martha Walling. They both came to Providence in 1862.

Andrieu's work was not of a high order, his best painting being panoramas and scenic work, and yet I have seen portraits of his which had a great deal of merit, although they were very uneven. He was a prolific painter and at one time was considered successful in a money way, but in his old age he became impoverished and sank into obscurity.

Among his panoramas were "Sugar Plantation," "Narragansett Bay," "Penobscot River," "City of Chicago," "City of Providence," and many others.

He passed away in this city in 1896.

Eimrich Rein, whose landscapes were so popular twenty-five years ago, was born in Bergen, Norway. He came to this country early in life, eventually settling in Providence. He married Gen. Carpenter's daughter Alice.

He was a lover of nature and worked with enthusiasm upon his out-of-doors sketches. His work was realistic, and he rigidly insisted upon painting nature as it appealed to him, and not as the critics decided it should be done. Self-centred—and firm in his convictions—he had but little patience with those artists who evolved pictures from their inner consciousness in the studio, instead of confronting nature in the woods and by the sea shore.

An excellent example of Rein's realistic painting is in my studio. It is of Squantum, painted twenty-five years ago,

which belongs to his neice, Mrs. William G. Nightingale. He studied in Paris a few years, and his paintings were exhibited in the Salon. Returning to this city, he was successfully employed till the death of his wife, when he returned to his old home in Bergen, in 1880, where he married a Norwegian lady, by whom he had a daughter. Both survive his death, which occurred August 5, 1900.

Robert E. Hallworth was a decorative painter, who entered the artistic profession and showed signs of genius which would undoubtedly have brought him success had he not been cut off in the prime of life by an accident. His attempt to extinguish a fire in the kitchen caused his death, after many weeks of suffering.

His marine sketches showed rare ability, and his feeling for genre subjects is shown in "The Fiddler," belonging to the Art Club of which organization he was one of the originators, being vice-president of the Club at the time of his death in 1882.

Of the many sad instances of genius shackled by poverty that I have known in the past half-century, his is the saddest. After a long, brave struggle to reach a point where his genius was recognized, a painful, lingering death came and removed him from our sight.

He loved art, for art's sake; he subordinated himself for the sake of the true, the beautiful and the good; he had the highest ideals, and lived up to them.

After the group of painters that started here in 1855 came

successively, George Owen, Edward C. Leavitt, George W. Whitaker, Edward M. Bannister and Elijah Baxter. None of these men ever received a regular academic training in art, such as is now considered necessary to success. They were practically self-taught, taking a few lessons occasionally from the older artists, drawing from casts and nature, copying borrowed paintings and reading text books on art, but with no regular drilling for three or four years, which now can be easily obtained; for in those days there was no friendly and helpful School of Design to smooth the way, and make the road easy to the young aspirant, nor an Art Club to throw its doors open generously for the purpose of elevating the taste in everything pertaining to the æsthetic.

George Owen received his first instructions in landscape painting from "Tom" Robinson, and accompanied him to Paris, where I saw them in 1861. Tom was copying a painting in the Luxembourg, and George had a hired picture, making a careful copy in his room. After his return from Europe, he painted landscapes in this city for a while, and then opened a studio in Boston.

His work was realistic, and like himself honest and conscientious, and was much admired by the connoisseurs of that city; but as he had an opportunity to go into business with his brother Charles of the Atlantic Mills he gave up his studio and returned to Providence.

Edward M. Bannister, like Thomas Robinson, was a native of Nova Scotia, having been born there in November, 1828.

He came to Boston early in life, and learned to make solar prints, prospering so well that it gave him leisure to sketch and paint scenes around the city, which he succeeded in selling at moderate prices. He was soon installed as a full-fledged artist, having a studio of his own in the Studio Building. After a few years of success, he married Madame Carteaux, and came to Providence in 1870, taking a room next to Leavitt's in the Merchants Bank building, remaining there a year or two. He then removed to the Woods Building, where he painted for more than a quarter of a century.

In 1875 he painted a landscape called "Under the Oaks," which gained a medal at the Centennial exhibition in 1876. The reputation he gained by this honor kept him employed for many years, obtaining good prices for his work, but the reaction came, and his patronage fell off, leaving him discouraged and disheartened. With a mind clouded and bewildered, a hand that had lost its cunning, mentally and physically a wreck, he passed away in his beloved church, 1901.

I first became acquainted with him forty years ago in Boston, through a mutual friend, who wished me to see his work, saying he felt there was a quality in his painting which indicated rare ability, although hampered somewhat by lack of experience and a hesitating technique.

Our visit to the artist's room in the Studio Building, Tremont street, is among my most pleasant memories, and upon leaving I assured my friend he had made no mistake in his estimate of Bannister's work, for it bore the undoubted hall-

mark of genius, an opinion which in all these years I have seen no reason to change.

A few weeks after this interview, I met Bannister at the evening drawing school of the Lowell Institute, where a dozen or more young artists met to draw from the living model. We had prevailed upon the directors of that institution to allow us a room apart from the regular school and have a nude male model.

In that group there were several who have made their mark in the art world—Martin Milmore, the sculptor; William E. Norton, the marine painter, and Edwin Lord Weeks, the famous painter of East Indian figure subjects, who at one time had a studio with Bannister. All were friends of his; he had the same genial, kindly, courteous nature which followed him through life. Bannister from the first followed no master nor any school—nothing but his own instincts.

He went to nature with a poet's feeling. Skies, rocks, trees and distances, were all absorbed and distilled through his soul and projected upon canvas with a virile force and a poetic beauty, which in time will place him in the front rank of American artists.

The delicate, pearly clouds, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind," the purple distances, the sedgy pool, and lichen-covered rocks of the rugged pastures, never had a more loving, humble or reverent interpreter than he.

He was his own severest critic. He felt his limitations which were purely technical, and when the fervor of inspiration was at its height, the uncertain command of his material through

which he strove to embody his ideal, frequently annoyed and hampered him, and I have known him to obliterate in an hour the labor of weeks.

For a quarter of a century our studios were adjoining on the artists' floor of the Wood's Building, and most of the paintings in his Memorial Exhibition at the Art Club a few years ago, I have seen begun and finished.

There were at least a dozen paintings in that collection which would be given the line of honor in any gallery in Europe.

It is too late to speculate upon what he might have done, had he accepted the generous offer of a few of his admirers, to give him an opportunity to study abroad. Undoubtedly he would have gained power in the handling of his material, and his originality was too pronounced to be affected by any school or master.

He was one of the original founders of the Art Club, and it was practically started in his studio, twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Lincoln was made its president. The artists had obtained permission of Mrs. Bannister to place a stone over his grave, and in the labor incident to this work I was constantly reminded of the remark attributed to the mother of Robert Burns upon being shown the splendid monument erected to the memory of her gifted son: "He asked for bread and they gave him a stone."

Edward Bannister died as he had lived; his soul in the attitude of prayer, his hands reverently raised to his Maker, he passed from our physical sight with a spirit that was at peace

with all mankind, and leaving to the world a legacy of superb art, as an inspiration for generations to come.

Leavitt

Edward C. Leavitt, whose recent death has removed one of the most popular and widely known artists of Providence, was realistic in his feeling, original in his art methods, and painted fruit, flowers, game and bronzes, as they appeared to him, imitating no one. He was practically self-taught. His only teacher was Lewin, who despaired of his pupil's amounting to anything, seeing nature as he did from the ideal and poetic side, while Leavitt saw it from that of the realistic and material, and this quality was the secret of his success, for the few see the ideal and the many see the real.

In his chosen line of art he will rank among the foremost in his profession in this country, and at his best his work will stand close to the European masters, Vollon and Robie.

I have seen bronzes, bric-a-brac and silverware painted by him, which had all the careful manipulation and detailed finish of the old Dutch masters.

Leavitt was born in this city, March 9, 1842. His father was Rev. Jonathan Leavitt, pastor of the Richmond Street Congregational Church.

I remember his father very well. Tall and of slight build, he was the opposite to his son in figure. He was a man who always carried sunshine with him, and a countenance always beaming with benevolence and Christian charity.

Edward, when he was twenty years old, entered the navy and served a year under Admiral Rodgers. At the close of the Civil War he resumed his painting, and soon had a studio in

the Merchants Bank Building, which was the favorite haunt of the artists in those days, as the Woods Building has been since. I remember the first canvas that showed signs of anything more than ordinary ability. It was a quail painted with such remarkable delicacy of touch and firm, decided handling, that some of us wondered if the master had been round in the final finish, but his subsequent work showed plainly that he was his own master, as he ever after continued to be. He was self-poised, independent and decided. He saw his way clearly from the first and followed it unswervingly to the end. He knew his limitations, which never deceived him, and his strength which he never over-estimated. These self-centred qualities were so dominant, that upon a slight acquaintance they had the appearance of an over-weening confidence, but that was simply on the surface, at heart he was modest and unassuming.

Just how many pictures he painted in his forty years' practice, probably he himself never knew, but they must have been among the thousands, for he was an untiring worker, and even in his vacations, at Seaconnet, and on the banks of the Grand Manan, his brush was busy depicting the finny denizens of the deep, or the briny ocean dashing its spray upon the rock-bound coast.

For many years his paintings were in demand, and sold as soon as they were conceived and executed. They are to found all over New England. Many were sold in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Baltimore.

One characteristic trait was the interest he took in the

younger artists' work. He had many pupils and also many proteges, who were not able to pay for lessons, but if they showed signs of genius he was always ready with suggestions and advice, to encourage them, making no distinction between rich and poor, and many of both classes remember him with gratitude for the patient and courteous manner with which he imparted to them the rudiments of his art.

He was a member of the Boston and Providence Art clubs, though he seldom attended any of their functions . He was also a member of the Grand Army.

He died Nov. 20, 1904, aged 62. One sister, Mrs. Edward E. Slocum, of East Providence, survives him.

He was twice married, first in 1877, to Miss Ellen M. Fuller, and second, in 1880, to Mrs. Elizabeth S. Chase, now his widow.

There were two sculptors who were in close relations with the painters many years ago—George O. Annable and Charles Hemenway. Both, like Batcheller, learned the trade of marble carving from Tingley on South Main street.

Annable in the fifties, made a success in portrait cameo cutting, and soon began to model busts, succeeding so well that he had orders for some in marble, those of Gen. Greene and Judge Pitman in the Athenæum being good examples of his work, also the plaster bust of Dr. Wayland, belonging to the Historical Society, which was modeled from life. For a few years he was kept fully employed.

He had a wonderful talent for getting a likeness, having an accurate eye for form, and he easily seized the characteristic expression of his patrons. But his ambition was to be-

come a painter, and disregarding the remonstrances of his friends, he dropped clay, modeling tool and chisel, which he had shown signal ability to handle, for the brush, color and canvas, for which he was wholly unfitted, and complete failure was the result. It was one of the most deplorable cases of misapplied ambition I ever knew. With the money he earned, he passed four years in Europe, studying earnestly and industriously in the best schools of the day—was with Rothermal, the Philadelphia artist, who had a studio in Paris, and later was in Rome with William Page, who was at one time president of the National Academy, yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, after his return, I can recall nothing of his work, of any special interest, in all the years preceding his death which occurred at his father's home on Smith's Hill, April 22, 1887.

Charles Hemenway was another sculptor of ability who modeled busts of many prominent men in Providence.

Upon taking up the Providence Sunday Journal, today (Easter, 1905) I find the following article, of which I extract a paragraph:

BUST OF BISHOP CLARK,

Unveiled at Vesper Service in St. Stephen's Church Yesterday.

A large number of people gathered in St. Stephen's Church at the regular 5 o'clock service yesterday afternoon to pay a tribute to the memory of Rt. Rev. Thomas March Clark, D. D., late Bishop of the diocese of Rhode Island, and Presiding

Bishop of the American Church. The occasion was the unveiling of a bust of Bishop Clark.

——

This bust, which was on exhibition a few weeks ago at Tilden, Thurber Co.'s Art Gallery, was considered by the artists, at the time it was modeled, one of the most successful of Hemenway's portrait busts, and my impression is that it was made when he had his studio in the old Water Witch engine house on Benefit street, where the Court House now stands, and I am sure he would have been pleased could he have known that the work upon which he had spent so many anxious days, would at last find such a congenial resting place, after remaining thirty years in obscurity. Among other busts modeled by Hemenway were those of Chief Justice Charles H. Bradley, E. L. Davenport and his daughter Fanny. A medallion head of the Rev. Dr. Edward Brooks Hall is another one of this sculptor's production. It has been in the possession of Miss Mary A. Keach over a quarter of a century and has been recently presented by her to the First Congregational Church, Providence, of which Rev. Dr. Hall was for many years the beloved and efficient pastor.

The figures which he occasionally modeled, such as the Light Infantry soldier, were not equal in merit to his busts, lacking in ease and flexibility.

He did good monumental work, the two children of Byron Sprague, in Swan Point Cemetery, being among his best.

Unlike Annable—who was of a religious temperament and observed the conventionalities—Hemenway was a thorough Bohemian, and spent his money freely, taking no thought of the morrow, the result being that he spent his last days in the Dexter Asylum, where he died August 30, 1887.

This completes the roll of those artists I have known or heard about, or read of, who have contributed in any way to Rhode Island art, up to 1870, who have "'gone over to the great majority."

The only ones left of my old associates are Marcus Waterman, George W. Whitaker, Robert Dunning and Elijah Baxter. These brief and desultory sketches are not intended for history, critical or biographical, although there is a little of each in them, but simply jottings down of a half century's accumulation of studio gossip, readings and reminiscences, which have been floating through my brain all of these years.

Many of these I have mentioned were humble workers, whose art would not stand the fire of modern criticism. A few, like Stuart and Healy, have produced work that will live, but I respect them all, those who have given us masterpieces and those whose efforts are but little above the decorative. The motives were the same, differing only in degree—a love for the beautiful and a desire to perpetuate the truths of nature on canvas or in marble. The humble worker and the masterful genius, all have the same aim, differing only in the ability to reach it.

All the names recorded in this paper have added something to the æsthetic wealth of the State, and Rhode Island would be poor, indeed, if all of their artistic efforts, in painting and sculpture, found in galleries and households, were blotted out of existence. Many homes would be bereft of their choicest and most valued treasures and some upon whose walls hang the "counterfeit presentment," the beloved features of the loved and lost, would be desolate. One incentive to the writing of these sketches is the hope that they may inspire someone who has the ability, the leisure, and the love of the subject, to write a history of Rhode Island art. Almost every other side of the State's growth has been exploited by able and scholarly writers; the religious, commercial, mechanical, agricultural and political history, has been well threshed out; but the æsthetic side of the State has had but little notice, and my work may not be in vain, if these sketches serve to awaken an interest in, and call attention to, Rhode Island Art and Artists.

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