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Leaflets
of
Artists

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J. P. Hardy.

Simpson, Correll C

W

Leaflets of Artists

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— Art is wondrous long;
Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,
And patience smiles, tho' genius may despair.
O. W. Holmes.

DANGOR:
JOHN H. BACON, PRINTER,
1893.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Separating into one small volume, that which more strictly pertains to Bangor, is a departure from the original intention in compiling this work; nevertheless, it is offered without apology, but with a reverent feeling of justice in commemoration of what has been accomplished in regard to some of the works of fine art in our beautiful city,—mine only by adoption. It may be said, with truth, that Art, with us, is but in its infancy. Copyists so out-number those who produce by working from nature, what are termed original paintings; that few, comparatively speaking, are able to walk alone. Whatever is elevating should be encouraged. A beautiful picture once *seen* cannot be wholly effaced from the mind. When the least effort is made to portray the beautiful, the result, however imperfect, should not be despised. In the broad field these gathered 'Leaflets' are as one sheaf, the reaping of which, has been a pleasant pastime.

C. C. W. S.

Jeremiah Pearson Hardy,
AND
Anna E. Hardy.

The story is told of a stranger entering a studio in Bangor many years ago, and recognizing one of the paintings on the wall, "There is the picture," she exclaimed, "and you are the artist!" The picture was "The Poor Man's Fireside," and the artist was Mr. Hardy. She had seen it in his Boston studio, but he had soon after returned to his native State, and she had searched for the young painter in vain. If he had remained, her patronage would have introduced him to a larger constituency and a wider fame than was ever possible to him in his quieter life in Maine. Bangor was the richer, and he the poorer, for his love of his early home.

Pelham, N. H. was the family residence, and there he was born, October 22, 1800. But his parents so soon removed to Hampden, on the banks of the Penobscot, that nearly all his boyish memories were

located there. His was an active mind, quick at his studies, alert in his sports, energetic and industrious in his work. His inventive ingenuity and mechanical skill developed early. Whether it was a steel trap, a silver watch-chain, a new pattern for oil-cloth, or a toy, he did them one and all with equal dexterity. While still a boy of fourteen, he discovered at the house of a friend a set of engraver's tools, and mastered them at once. The war of 1812 had but just closed, and during the battle of Hampden, the U. S. Ship *Adams* had been burned by her commander to avoid falling into the hands of the British. The sunken wreck lay not far from shore, and young Hardy being an expert diver, easily obtained from it all the copper sheathing he needed for his copper-plate experiments. His grandfather had fought at Bunker Hill. How little did the old patriot dream that the next war with the mother country would furnish his grandson with the materials of his art! So proficient did he become that

a Boston publishing house, foregoing the usual seven years apprenticeship, offered to employ him at once on a stipend, but his love of color drew him away from engraving. Before he was sixteen he was sketching in water colors, with paints which he had manufactured for himself. Indeed he was an artist from childhood, as his copy-books at school bore amusing and eloquent witness. The genius was in the blood, for his sister also came to handle the brush with like ability. For a time he studied with Brown, a pupil of Moreland, and a few years later with S. F. B. Morse in New York. His first studio was opened in Boston, but he soon tired of the city. The old familiar haunts drew him with an irresistible longing. Returning to Maine he established his home in Hampden, and his studio in Bangor. They were six miles apart; and for several years, in storm or shine, he took the daily tramp to and fro. In 1827 he married Miss Catherine Sears Wheeler, of Hampden, 'a beautiful young lady whose

sweet face he was never weary of painting.' Later he removed his family to Bangor, and located his studio on what is now Barker Street, not far from the Bangor House. In this well-remembered spot he did the greater part of the work of his life. In course of time he erected the house on Hampden Road, which for half a century was his home, and in which he died.

His speciality was portraiture. He was fond of landscape, and when not pressed for time with other orders, would amuse his leisure with natural scenery, but his forte was portrait and genre. How many homes and institutions are adorned with the work of his pencil it would be difficult now to compute; but his family portraits and the portraits of public and professional men, are widely scattered through the state, and in other states as well. He never allowed himself in hasty or shabby execution. His conscience ruled his easel, as it did his life. He could paint with great rapidity, and sometimes did, under

the stress of inspiration ; but his custom was to labor slowly and with deliberate care. "Diligent in business, and fervent in spirit," he would spend the whole day with brush in hand, especially in the early and vigorous part of his life. But like other artists he had his moods, and in later life it was sometimes afternoon before the fit was on for work. When he devoted his morning hours to other uses however, the time was more than regained in the evening, for he found a special fascination in lamp light studies ; and those who are familiar with his work will remember some charming examples in that style. Whatever his subject, he had the artistic sense. With a quick eye for form and proportion, and a dexterous hand, he was an accurate draughts-man. He entered upon any new conception with keen relish, only equalled by the patient industry with which he materialized his fancies on canvas. His character as an artist might be described as made up of fidelity and enthusiasm. During his long life he

had many pupils, and doubtless they would one and all testify to the ardor and precision of his instructions. To appreciate the sunny character of the man, one should have known Mr. Hardy in his home. In his relations with the world outside, there was a straight forward integrity, a sincere benevolence, and a pure simplicity of heart, which were recognized by all, and won the esteem of all. But by his own fireside, in the circle of those nearest and dearest to him, his native kindness, his affectionate disposition, his perseverance under difficulties, his merry enjoyment of wit, his large intelligence and wide reading, his grateful appreciation of everything done for him, his peaceful submission in times of sorrow, his high moral sense and devout religious life—such personal traits as these shone undimmed in the privacy of home, and constituted a character both loveable and strong. His heart went out to nature with a genuine affection. The river on whose banks he lived, the woods and

mountains and lakes within easy reach of his home, were objects of almost personal attachment. He loved his garden. The morning and evening hours he got for working in it were a perpetual delight. The cedars and firs that bordered its walks he brought from the forest and set out with his own hands. It was not a palace of luxury, the little homestead which he thus built up with his own brush and brain. There were doubtless times when the income was slender and uncertain, and when it took skillful engineering to make the ends meet. But the same cheery patience, the same hearty love for his home, kept an atmosphere of sunshine within, and surmounted the obstacles without. It was an idyllic life of frugal pleasures, of high tastes, of mutual affection and honest endeavor, of serene and abiding peace. He could never feel himself a poor man, with heart and home so full of the best resources of a happy life. One can well imagine how such a father would wish to devote one or more of his children to the

art he loved. As they grew up into mature companionship he longed to have them bound to him still closer in the sympathies of a common pursuit. Two of his children died in childhood. Two survived, of whom one graduated at Yale and entered another profession. The other is the well known painter of flowers, Miss Annie E. Hardy. So long as his strength held out, father and daughter wrought side by side in the same studio. But as old age came on, the brush was more frequently laid aside, the intervals of rest were longer, and finally, though the eye was undimmed and the intellectual force unabated, the weakened hand ceased to labor and the daughter worked on alone.

Miss Hardy's line, like her father's, has been the portraits of her friends; but her friends are the flowers. And so instead of putting on her canvas the human face, her subjects are roses and carnations, may-flowers, chrysanthemums and violets, and whatever else is most lovely and picturesque in the flora of the fields and gardens

around her. No one can look upon her portrait of her father, painted a short time before his death, without seeing that she could have won success in that branch of art, had she chosen to follow it. But her pathway lies fortunately among the flowers. It is amusing to think that she was nearly out of her teens before the divine afflatus ever reached her. And when she first took a palette in hand it was only to please her father, who promised her one of his landscapes on condition that she would copy it, as King Alfred was hired by his mother to learn to read by the promise of a book. Endowed as she was even in childhood with an almost passionate love of nature, it is remarkable that she felt no desire to sketch the beautiful objects she so greatly enjoyed. It seemed as though there were no hereditary instinct of art within her clamoring to be gratified. Yet it was there, and when once awakened it developed rapidly. The usual instruction in technique was received at the hands of her father, and Miss Hardy

stepped at once into her niche in life. With the exception of a recent year or two abroad, during which for a short time she painted in Paris with Jeannin, her art training has been that of her father's studio at home. But beyond all rules of art the flowers themselves have been her teachers, as all know who know her paintings. Her life-long study of every variety of blossom within reach has given her both a botanical and an artistic knowledge of her subjects. Absolute fidelity to nature is the conscientious motto of her work and accordingly her flowers seem almost the originals rather than their "counterfeit presentment." The morning-glories are as translucent, the rose-petals as velvety, the violets as dainty and shy, as in life. Her pictures have gone generally to New York and Boston, some as far as San Francisco. Some of the finest have never appeared in the markets of the world at large. They are cherished in Bangor homes and their owners prize them as among their choicest art treasures.

Miss Hardy still occupies the homestead her father built so long ago, and there pursues her favorite vocation. There her gentle mother died in 1876, and there on the ninth of February 1887, her father, cheerful to the last, happy in the consciousness of a virtuous life, happy in his own and his daughter's well-earned place in the world of art, above all happy in the faith of the Gospel and the hopes of a world to come, peacefully closed his labors and his life at the venerable age of eighty-seven.

“On the earth the broken arcs;
In the heaven, a perfect round.”
—*Robert Browning.*

J. S. S.

Mary Ann Hardy.

The only sister of J. P. Hardy, Mary Ann, was born nine years later than himself. As she grew to girlhood she became his favorite companion; and, in love with his art, he taught her drawing and encouraged her in her practice. With him as her teacher she began early to give her attention to water-color drawing. It was in the days of painting on ivory: miniatures were in fashion, and the years of her young womanhood were devoted to this branch of art. She was very successful and fortunate in obtaining a likeness, and at the same time making a pleasing and often beautiful picture; and this notwithstanding her extreme shyness which made it difficult for her to face her sitter. In after years, speaking of her experience in portraiture, she said that oftentimes she could only toy with her brush, glancing up at her sitter whom she had drawn into conversation, bearing as small part in it herself as possible, and afterward when

alone, working rapidly from memory. Perhaps because of this diffidence she was especially happy in her heads of children with whom she was always on terms of good comradeship. This work was real work, nerve-trying and wearing, but it was in the line of her tastes and also remunerative, giving her the opportunity of self-support at a time when there was little variety in the occupations of women, and few openings for them to earn money independently. Miss Hardy had, like most artists, a deep love and appreciation of natural beauty, and delighted in painting bits of landscape. Almost the only recreation she ever allowed herself, was an occasional day of sketching, either in the woods or on the river banks, days no less a pleasure to others of the family who kept her company, with their sewing and books. This sensitive sympathy with nature was shown in her reading. She especially enjoyed the descriptive poetry of Scott, and with no knowledge of Scottish scenery, except from his works, she

painted a series of pictures illustrating scenes from "The Lady of the Lake," which were as true to the character of the locality as if she had studied the place in person. So said a Scotch gentleman, who had long been familiar with the lakes. She had a keen appreciation of the humorous; indeed her chief gift was a lively imagination, a playful fancy which showed itself in droll little sketches, bits thrown off in haste and with no painstaking, but always telling the story unmistakably, and her favorite diversion was to surprise some one of the family on birthdays or holidays with some little picture of this kind, usually a happy hit at a peculiar whim or the ruling passion of the fortunate receiver of the gift. With such a sense of humor and such ability in expressing it, she would have been a shining light among illustrators and caricaturists had she been favored with opportunities for the severe training and thorough drill of modern Art schools; but with the exception of a few lessons from a Boston teacher in water-

colors, she had no other instruction than that of her brother, and confined very closely to her own home by family and and domestic duties she saw but little of the best work of other artists.

Better than all she did, was what she was. Of her personal character, her strong common sense, keen wit, patient endurance of partial blindness for many years, her ready sympathy and life-long habit of self-sacrifice, her tender loyalties, this brief sketch is not the place to speak. They were known to few outside her own household.

“A woman mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was.”

—*George Eliot.*

A. E. H.

Mary Hammatt.

The birthplace of Mary Hammatt was the famous ship-building City of Bath, Maine, but she has spent nearly all her life in Bangor. Her first instruction in art was a year at the New England School of Design, in Boston. Later,—also in Boston,—she became a pupil of Mr. Vantin, for whom she will ever feel infinite gratitude and respect. All who know her, would wish to read here a pen-sketch, as true to her gentle and lovely nature, as are her own beautiful sketches to sky, mountain, sea, and foliage, which she so faithfully and successfully portrays with her brush. The hindrance is a retiring modesty, so sensitive, that when even mention of merit, as to her paintings, is made in her presence, she is wont to say, “You cannot mean any art-work of mine, for really I have done nothing at all.” A painting is a picture of the inner soul of the artist who works from nature. One must first *see* before one can *paint*. It

was almost impossible to draw her dainty landscapes from her reluctant fingers for an exhibition in our own city, but, of a few of them, we have read the following: "Four water-colors, shrinking almost out of sight, are at the extreme right of the gallery. One represents the waves washing against the curved shore. Beside it the cool sea and sky carry one away,—off into the misty distance:—A water-fall, as it must have fallen when the artist sat before it in New Hampshire:—Some old birches executed with that true sketchy touch, which leaves the work at the right instant for life-affect:—These four were painted by Miss Mary Hammatt of Bangor." Her brush-sketches, the darlings of the comparatively few leisure hours of her life, have been put aside for the past three or four years, to welcome and foster her one darling, an infant nephew, mirrored in whose sweet face, she finds a life of comfort and of joy.

C. C. W. S.

Sarah J. Prentiss.

Miss Sarah J. Prentiss was born in Paris, Maine, November 29, 1823. She attended the High School in Bangor, then taught by Mr. Wakefield, after which she resided at intervals with the family of her brother, the late Henry E. Prentiss, and this was her home during the last year of her life. She died at his mansion, Elm-bank, October 21, 1877.

That part of the extensive town of Paris which was her early home, was a wide, rich valley, offering her a continual feast, in views of pleasant mountains, woods and fields. Being susceptible to the beauties of Nature and facile with her pen, her artistic fancies found their earliest expression in poetry. Like most dwellers in those mountain regions, her means were limited, and her time fully occupied with everyday duties, leaving little leisure for the cultivation of art. It was the dream of her life to sit out of doors with palette and brush, and study the wonderful form

and coloring of the hills about her; but that dream was not realized all at once. She took advantage of such opportunities as presented themselves, however, and in 1859 she studied under Mr. Tuckerman, in the School of Design in Boston, chiefly in drawing from casts. She worked somewhat in water-color.

Early in the Rebellion, she went South and engaged as a nurse in Union hospitals. While in that service, she delighted us deeply, on one occasion, with a water-color drawing of a wild pansy which she had herself plucked in Virginia. We had not known there were such:—Wild pansies! Magnified violets! This one was something less than two inches in measurement; its top petals were of a dark purple velvet hue, the lower ones delicately lined in paler violet. We have it yet,—almost more beautiful than at first; its green leaves, too, are fine, in lace like clefts.

Later in life she practiced oil-painting, copying little or nothing, but rather originating, after suggestions from Nature,

reproducing the individual charms of her environment. These studies were pursued in America, and afterward, for two years in Europe, both in Munich and in Alpine Bavaria, as well as among the Italian Alps.

Her works were neither manifold, nor widely known. That her talent was versatile is illustrated by the fact that one friend alone inherits from among her paintings, one grand scene from the "Bavarian Alps;" one "Figure kneeling at Devotions" (painted from living model); the "Portrait of her pet dog Hector;" a heap of "Platter of Apples," which are themselves the portraits of every sort that grows at Paris; as well as a "Cluster of Leaves," of divers kinds.

She loved to paint a branch of apple-blossoms as, from her own window, she saw it hanging against the blue sky. Were a light cloud on the sky, it was caught and kept in the picture. In Autumn red apples hung on just such boughs. These, too, were painted to form a com-

panion-picture to the blossoms. Miss Prentiss' ready poetry furnished titles to this pair. They were called "Promise" and "Fruition."

Whittier dies and yet lives, because his long life and published work make him illustrious.

It is a tribute to the exceptional character of Miss Prentiss, that one should have written of her as follows:—years having intervened since they had last met, and one year after the death of Miss Prentiss.

[As the poem is long but half is given here.]

Dear Friend, the days of mellow tone and tint,
The ripe, rare days that thou so well did'st love,
Have laid once more their glorious imprint
On field and wood, and even the blue above.
Whatever bends with its soft, mantling haze,
In these charmed hours, Oh friend! or so I dream,
The veil 'twixt me and thee doth thinner seem;
I feel thy presence in this tender calm,
And in these airs, still rife with summer balm,
The touch that smoothed my hair in other days;
Ah! were mine eyes not holden I might see
Perhaps, thy radiant face lean close to me;
And looking in thy deep, true eyes, should know
Death had not touched with frost the love of long ago.

The Poets' soul shone clear upon thy brow ;
Thine, too, the Artists' loving touch, the skill
To bid the canvas blossom at thy will ;
For, priestess at the shrine of Beauty, thou
O friend beloved, to duller ears and eyes
Interpreted her choicest mysteries.

* * * * *

Yet 'twas not given thee to win and wear
The crown Fame held aloft. A coronet
Of brighter luster on thy brow was set ;
The glory of a womanhood most rare,
And rich and rounded into full completeness,
In whose calm strength was inter-blent all sweetness,
As on thy native hills, the rock's scarred face
Is beautiful with mosses and the harebell's grace.

Pleasanton, Mich., Oct. 18, 1878.

—*Rose Sanborn.*

Portland Transcript.

A. P. G.

George Edward Dale.

George Edward Dale was born in Bangor, Maine, March 22, 1840. Orphaned in infancy, he was adopted by Samuel H. Dale and wife of Bangor, who were friends of the family.

Frail from his birth, unusual care was required to rear him to manhood. His loving affection for his adopted parents was rewarded by their tenderest sympathy; and he was so loyal and sincere in his devotion to them, that he was at once taken to their hearts as their own son. His love for music, and for the beautiful in every form, was remarkable. He studied music for a time but his heart turned to painting as an expression of color, for which he had a decided taste.

He was intending to enter Harvard College, but a few weeks before examination he was stricken down, and obliged to relinquish the plan, by the advice of his physician, and returned home, after two

years at school in Massachusetts, to recover from an illness lasting a year or more.

George, in his boyhood, took lessons in drawing and crayon, later, studying with Mr. J. P. Hardy and other artists in oil-color painting, as Bangor afforded him opportunity. He was in the studio of Thomas Hicks of New York, two years or more. After making himself acquainted with this artists' style of work, and for a change, he became a pupil of Mr. Edwin White of New York. With him young Dale often spent his summer vacation on sketching tours, he visited him while in Europe in later years, and in this way, became strongly attached to him. Conversing frequently of what Mr. White hoped to do in going to Europe, Dale felt a strong desire to possess some of the advantages of a long stay there. "I have painted some original pictures from life," he writes home, "but I do not feel well grounded in the first principles of the Art." Obtaining the consent of his parents, he made his preparations for a protracted stay.

In his letters home, after settling down in the quaint old city of Antwerp, he had much to say. "It is marvellous what good work even little children accomplish; they waste no time and have the best instruction from the best masters. I find I have much to *unlearn*, but if hard work will help me I mean to do my best."

A brother artist,* of Boston, in one of his letters wrote, "I went to Antwerp in 1869. George had been there one or two years, and was much esteemed there by all who knew him. I have often heard Prof. Van Leries compliment him on his feeling for color. He would say, "*Mon Dieu! Comme vous voyez couleur!*" I remember an excellent study of a Monk which he sent home to his father in 1870.

The Head of the Old Man wearing the red silk Neapolitan fisherman's cap, was painted at this time, and I have one of the same, that I did with him. The copies that he made from paintings, or parts of paintings by Van Dyck, the Head of St.

*Harold Fletcher.

John, and by Rembrandt, of Rembrandt's daughter, and from one by Otto Venius, are well worthy of mention.

During our stay in Bavaria, we went down to Ober-Ammergau and saw the wonderful Passion Play! We greatly enjoyed the trip together, and George was specially pleased with the choice of colors, and arrangement of the grouping of the tableaux. The descent from the Cross was a remarkably, faithful re-production of Ruben's grand painting, of the 'Descent from the Cross,' with which we had so long been familiar in Antwerp.

Did George ever tell you of the Englishman who sat next to us, and who got so worked up and angry with Judas, that when the curtain was lowered, just as Judas had thrown his mantle over the limb of a tree, and was about to take the fatal leap, he could not contain himself, but fairly shouted his indignation and disappointment at being deprived of seeing the last of Judas?

In the spring of 1871, we both went to

Munich, feeling that we wished to see something of other schools before returning home. George went to Italy, and after his return, we worked together from the antique, and from life." When his friend left for America, George intended to stay a year longer, but I fancy that a sudden fit of home-sickness sent him home in the next steamer, much to the surprise of his friends at home. "I would gladly have waited for him," writes, this friend, "for I was truly attached to him, and shall never forget his pleasant comradeship."

He brought home numerous studies for future work. He took a studio in one of the best locations in the city, and was much interested in his work. The death of his father soon after his return, saddened his buoyant enthusiasm. He refused all invitations, saying, "My place now, is by my mother's side."

While in Antwerp he wrote, "I have had such a hard day's work, that I can scarcely drag myself up to my room; but, *I feel so happy!*" In the ardor of his

labors he over-estimated his strength; his faithful work had to be laid aside, his plans for the future brought to a close, and yet, through all this bitter experience, his loving heart was patient and thoughtful for others. One day, being lifted up by a strong arm, he looked up, saying, "How good it must be to feel well and strong." No word of complaint came from his lips, yet, he had been a sufferer, physically, all his life. He felt that life was still beautiful, although it was fast slipping away, and those who ministered to his needs, seemed, to him, to be transfigured or imbued with his own loving spirit. June 25th, 1873, he passed on to the Silent Land.

* * * * *

No crown he wore, but round his peaceful brow
An aureole shone, from whence unnumbered rays
Floated away to crown less worthy heads.

—*Frances Laughton Mace.*

Isabel Graham Eaton.

Isabel Graham Eaton is a native of Bangor, beginning her artistic career as lithographic artist in the city of Boston. She wrought for several years at the desk, reproducing upon stone with lithographic crayons, all the incongruous variety of subjects which the great advertising world of to-day has use for, from bishops and clergy, to race-horses of fashion and the latest "fin de siecle" variety actress. Her eyes gave out at last under the strain of excessive application required, and returning to Bangor, she took up crayon portraiture in free hand.

Her work in this, was from the first, well received ; and, not limiting herself to living models, she soon produced in quick succession, a number of ideal heads—graceful, girlish faces—which were photographed and widely sold.

But the attractions of color were more potent than simple black and white, and she became a pupil of Mr. Hardy, the

Bangor artist, afterwards painting from life in the studio of John Paul Selinger of Boston. When in her own studio at Newton, Mass., she painted many successful portraits. Miss Eaton spent an entire winter in the study of design and mechanical drawing, with a view to teaching, but was forced by ill health to forego all plans which required active exertion. Untiring in her efforts, during the past three years she has painted a large number of portraits, both in Boston and Bangor, and ideal compositions, some of which have been copied by a photogravure company which makes a specialty of re-producing artists' original paintings for sale, with fanciful titles attached. She has also painted fruit and still life successfully.

In addition to art, Miss Eaton has essayed literature, writing stories and poems for various publications. One of her stories has recently been published in book form, and is entitled, "Via Crucis, Via Lucis."

Miss Eaton has been a valued and use-

ful member of local art societies, and was recently chosen by the Athena Club to paint for the Columbian Exposition, a portrait of the poetess whose fine genius has been the pride of her native city,— Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace.

At present, Miss Eaton may be found in a cosy home studio centrally located in Bangor, where she lives with her sister, and fills many commissions for portraits. She is a conscientious worker and faithful student, always counting herself as not having already attained, and striving to make each piece of work superior to the one preceding.

M. C.

Nellie M. Lincoln.

Few things in the history of our country are more remarkable than the sudden change, which has taken place among us in all matters of taste and art, within the last thirty or forty years. Artistically, we are living in a new world. From being the rudest of all civilized nations, with the least conception of art and the least enjoyment of it, we have suddenly become a people, among whom a sense of the beautiful is fast becoming more widely diffused, than perhaps among any other, and with whom artistic pursuits are being more generally cultivated. We have, as yet, certainly produced no high art, but the signs are full of promise.

Among those who have felt a new impulse, is the subject of this brief sketch, Miss Nellie M. Lincoln. She was born in Biddeford, but her parents moved to Bangor when she was six years old, and that city has been her home during altogether the larger part of her life. A well

nigh fatal blow upon the head, which her father received during the civil war, and which left him greatly disabled, both in body and mind, imposed upon his children, the hard, but blessed necessity, (because, perhaps, the first condition of success in life,) the necessity of mainly providing for themselves. Circumstances led Miss Lincoln to choose painting for her work in life. Her first teacher was Miss Anna Hardy of Bangor, and though she had many other excellent teachers, yet to her, more than to any one else, she feels indebted for whatever success she has achieved in her art. Gradually, as her talent has developed, and she has advanced in skill, the work which she undertook as a livelihood and a necessity, has become a pleasure and a delight. Whatever we do well, we love to do. "If she lives *by* her art, she also lives *in* her art."

In 1887 she moved to Boston, where she has found a wider field for her art. She began originally, with painting in water-color, but she has confined herself

very much of late, to painting on china, as being, to her, the most available and lucrative department of art. She excels especially in originality of design. Her skill has become so generally recognized, that she has had, now for many years, more orders than she can fill. Very many families in the city of her longest residence, (Bangor,) have specimens of her art, which they prize, not only for their beauty, but also as memorials of one whose sweetness of character, has endeared her to them, even more than the works of her hands.

While circumstances have led her to give a large share of her attention to china-painting, her first passion was for water-color, and this is still her strong preference. She is eager and happy in devoting what time she can command to this favorite department. She has done most excellent work in it, and has acquired so good a reputation that many young students have put themselves under her tuition, and availed themselves of her skill

and experience for their benefit. Her friends are confident, that if she has health and time, she will achieve a still wider reputation. In the pressure of work, and in her ambition for excellence, she has overtaxed her strength seriously, and is now seeking, in one of the Southern States, the rest and the health which she so much needs. It is the earnest prayer of her friends, that the search may not be in vain.

G. W. F.

NOTE:—Oh! Those never-to-be-forgotten, sketching tours! Now with Mary Hammatt,—now with Nellie Lincoln,—and again with both;—the wonder, mystery, and delight of the open air above, and the warmth, depth, and richness of color around us, with sunlight through it all! Let us trust that in the higher life which we all hope to reach, we may be nearer still to “the great Artist under whose touch the fair world breaks into such a marvel of form and color, as well may make all human effort to seem of no avail.”

“But summer days are come; will she return
Whose step a thousand blossoms yearn to greet?”

C. C. W. S.

Marion Mitchell.

Marion Mitchell was born in Bangor, in the year 1840, and died there, in 1885.

Of Pilgrim ancestry, she inherited mental and moral strength; and her character, moulded by love of the beautiful, was yet not wanting in those practical qualities which help to round a useful life.

A happy, uneventful childhood passed; and after years of conscientious study,—in the freshness of a thorough education acquired in the schools of her native city, she gathered the children of friends about her, and formed a private school, in which she ever found infinite pleasure and pride.

Then a twelve-month spent abroad, opened before her other avenues of labor: and she returned to her home, full of enthusiasm for literary and artistic work. At the same time she took up pen, needle and pencil, and touching nothing that she did not beautify, she made the simplest materials minister to her. The birch-stick was snatched from the fire, that its

many-shaded bark might live in finished pictures on the wall. The pine of her native woods, willingly gave itself that she might bring its sweetness to decorate drawing-rooms of other cities, or to the sick-bed of the suffering in her own; and its graceful branches and varied cones,—as traced and wrought by her skilled hand,—one wishes time might never fade, nor use deface.

In pen and ink she sketched exquisitely, whether on wood or linen, and her figures upon damask were always dainty and artistic. She painted tiles to decorate the hearth; and with rarest delicacy touched in color, photographs.

A lover of beauty, she found it everywhere; and in the variety of her work, in the choice of her subjects, one reads her little story. *Lovingly* she worked. Her day on earth was done.

When frail Nature can no more,
Then the spirit strikes the hour:
My servant Death, with solving rite,
Pours finite into infinite.—*R. W. Emerson.*

A. F. H.

Mary Ella Merrill.

The daughter of a well known merchant of Bangor, Miss Mary Ella Merrill is contributing a goodly share to the artistic achievement and reputation of her native city. Her education, apart from her special training in art, was obtained in the schools of Bangor and in Miss Ireland's Boarding School in Boston. She first studied drawing at the drawing-school of Miss Mary Call, an institution to which many of the children who are now the young men and women of Bangor were sent, either because they were thought to have some artistic bent, or in order to impart some semblance of study and improvement to their semi-weekly half holiday. That the seed there sown did not always fall on stony ground, the subject of this sketch has done her part in demonstrating.

After her early training in this school, this branch of study was dropped for several years, and not resumed again, until in later young girlhood, Miss Merrill

studied with Mrs. G. W. Stevens in water-color painting. To this teacher she feels great indebtedness for the encouragement given to persevere in her art studies ; and feeling the need of more thorough training and practice in drawing, she took lessons in that subject with Mrs. W. F. Shaw. At about this time Mr. Edward R. Kingsbury came to Bangor, and opened the Bangor Art School. Miss Merrill became a pupil at this school, continuing such during the four years of its existence ; and she looks back upon the skillful instruction and thorough training which she obtained there as a decisive point in her life as an artist. At the suggestion and encouragement of Mr. Kingsbury, upon his leaving the city, she consented to undertake the instruction of a few pupils in drawing ; and since that time has continued to teach with constant and ever increasing popularity and success.

Besides the teachers already named, Miss Merrill has studied in china-painting with Mr. Lycett of New York and Miss

Marcia Bradford of Boston ; and in crayon work with Miss I. G. Eaton of Bangor. She has also, in oil-painting, been the pupil of Miss Annie Hardy ; and thus has felt the inspiration of the gentle enthusiasm and refining spirit of that rare and true artist. For such influence she cherishes towards Miss Hardy the deepest gratitude.

Beside her native talent, Miss Merrill has an element of certain success in her conscientious energy and perseverance. She is an indefatigable worker, uniting with her work in art, musical labors, including the very successful management and training of a church choir. She is also ever ready to respond to the many calls for the exercise of her skill and energy in social duties and for charitable purposes, besides participating in constant social engagements and assuming many home duties. With all her gifts she has a characteristic self-depreciation and distrust of her powers of success. In her own words, she is unwilling to attempt

anything "unless she is sure she can do it." In spite of this shrinking, Miss Merrill's friends know that when once she has entered on an undertaking she will not lay it aside till she has carried it to the successful completion which her capabilities insure. For this reason they are assured that they will have continually increasing cause for their pride and satisfaction in her, and her work. The success she has already achieved, especially in crayon portraits and flower painting, marks her as one who has made herself a place among the contributors to a high standard of work among the artists of Maine.

J. McG. F.

Walter F. Lansil.

Walter F. Lansil, the marine artist, a native of Bangor, began his studies with Mr. J. P. Hardy, who perceived the unusual talent of his pupil. Later the family of Mr. Lansil removed to Dorchester, Mass., and Walter attended an art school in Boston; imbibing, however, the greater portion of his knowledge from incessant study and observation. To paint became his sole ambition and desire—Art, his only mistress; leading him across the ocean to study her varied phases under the bluer skies of Venice, and among the picturesque scenes of Holland. In Dordrecht and Venice he spent nearly two years, returning with his port-folios filled to overflowing with exquisite studies of sky and sea and all manner of sailing craft, which gave him the key note to his future career. Many a beautiful, finished picture has been evolved from those sketches to grace art exhibitions in Boston and New York and farther west. A

vivid imagination has also assisted his trained eye to produce effects of wondrous color and varied sentiment. A picture called "Abandoned," representing a battered hulk floating aimlessly in a desert of waters, tells its own story with the mute eloquence of consummate art.

Several years ago a fire in his studio destroyed many canvases which were awaiting a public exhibition of Mr. Lansil's pictures in Boston. Nothing daunted however, he worked on, attaining still greater distinction in his chosen branch of art. "Doth not the sea love its lovers?" To Mr. Lansil's loving brush it has yielded many of its secrets, the charms of color, of motion, of grandeur, and of mystery.

A large canvas, and one of his best, entitled "A Venetian Fete," is a superb picture of a naval festival in the harbor of Venice, and has been often exhibited. Mr. Lansil stands among the first of American marine painters, and Art is the first, last, and only mistress of his soul.

I. G. E.

Phebe A. Wood.

“—— Oh, never star
Was lost here, but it rose afar!”

—*Robert Browning.*

Phebe A. Wood, the late wife of Frank P. Wood of Bangor, was born at Ellsworth, Me., in Sept., 1845, but her married life was spent in Bangor. She studied water-color painting in New York under Mr. Lycett; then devoted herself to decorative art with an enthusiasm which resulted in the coming of Mr. Lycett to Bangor for a summer of teaching. At a reception given by Mrs. Wood on his arrival, there was an exhibit of his work, illustrating the modern style of decorative and china painting, then new and but little known. Large classes were formed at once, Mrs. Wood giving up her drawing-room for the use of Mr. Lycett and his pupils. Devoting her time and influence to the encouragement of this branch of art, she herself attained to no mean proficiency in it. She was also a pupil of Miss Hardy in oil-painting; but her especial talent lay

in water-color, in which medium the apple-blossoms and sweet peas she was so fond of painting, always directly from nature, were caught and represented with a spontaneity, grace and freshness of color that charmed every one who saw them.

Mrs. Wood was also most active in the formation of the 'Decorative Art Society,' a club consisting originally of nine members. She was untiring in her efforts to make the organization a success. For several years it flourished, exhibiting and selling the work of both members and non-members for a small commission, doing much to increase public interest in all branches of decorative art.

Always ready to encourage and assist the struggling worker, Mrs. Wood's presence was itself a sunbeam; her winning smile and cheerful words a perpetual inspiration. A sweet, generous spirit, an ardent and enthusiastic lover of all that is true and beautiful in nature and art, left this earthly life, after a short illness, on April 29, 1887.

I. G. E.

Florence E. Buzzell.

Mrs. Florence E. Buzzell, the subject of this sketch, was born in Bangor, Me., where she has always resided. Very early she manifested a taste and capacity for art. Her love of the beautiful was an inheritance from her father, the Hon. Isaac M. Bragg, whose exquisite taste and skill produced many things of beauty with which he adorned his home and remembered his friends. Sympathizing with the aspiration of his daughter for art culture, every opportunity was granted her in prosecuting her studies. It is a matter of congratulation that natural ability should have been aided and developed by specially fine advantages. To art-culture she devoted herself, passing through the various stages of thorough preparation under the direction of well known artists, till we find her revealing her native force in the productions of pencil and brush. This training was the simple development of her love of art with no reference to making it a profession.

Beginning at the foundation of all true sketching and painting, the study of nature and the human form, she gained a skill and knowledge which gave to her work the impression of truth to nature, with the play of the idealizing faculty, a union of which is the condition of all true artistic results.

She pursued her studies with Mr. Edward E. Simmons in free hand-drawing, as well as oil-painting. Under his direction she sketched from nature, giving attention to perspective and pencil-work. Later we find her at the 'Boston Museum of Fine Arts' under the instruction of Mr. Otto Grundmann, Mr. Frederic Crowninshield and others. Here she gave her time to charcoal and crayon drawing from casts and life. This she supplemented by attendance on lectures by Dr. Rimmer on anatomical drawing with sketching from life models. Incidentally she attended the lectures of Mr. Ware on Architecture. For a short time she studied with Mr. George Wasson the Marine painter. At

Mr. Cowles' Art School in Boston and since, water-color painting became and has remained her favorite.

These special studies were prosecuted further under Mr. Kingsbury's direction, who ranked her among the first of his pupils. China decoration with other decorative work in oil and pastel, has engaged much of her time. The results of her studies bear witness to accuracy in drawing, truthfulness to nature, as well as strength in expression. Space does not allow a description or enumeration of what she has produced, but many of her productions have been exhibited at different times, and their study will reward those who shall be favored by an opportunity. Charcoal drawings from nature, fruits and flowers in oil-color, copies and sketches in water-color, and many original studies from nature are found in her studio. Of special excellence may be noted the copy of the Psyche.

It is to be hoped that her leisure may be devoted to the ministry of art and we may be sure that the results will justify the expectations of her warmest admirers.

H. L. G.

• Wilbur Lansil.

Mr. Wilbur Lansil, a younger brother of Walter F. Lansil, is also a native of Bangor, and followed his boyish love for domestic animals by becoming a cattle painter. At his studio in Dorchester, Mass., he studies his horned favorites from a small herd of his own cows, and paints them *con amore*, the characteristics and individuality of each animal being delineated upon the canvas with more than the ordinary charm inherent in the species which Mr. W. H. Murray styles "stiff agricultural fixtures." The writer had the pleasure of seeing one of Mr. Lansil's most successful pictures, a group of cows looking at the spectator from the foreground of a charming spring landscape. The coloring was soft, rich, and full of the balmy breath of springtime. It was a masterpiece of its kind, and was sold before it left the studio. Mr. Lansil is devoted to his art, and has many appreciative friends and patrons.

I. G. E.

George Savary Wasson.

George Savary Wasson, Marine Artist, Kittery Point, Me., was born in Groveland, Mass., but his father, David A. Wasson, the well known writer and lecturer, was a native of West Brooksville, of which place his ancestors were among the first settlers. Mr. Wasson's early studies were pursued in the Art School at Stuttgart, Germany, where he spent three years. After his return to this country, however, he painted for some time in the studio of the well-known landscape artist, J. Foxcroft Cole, whose influence had a marked effect upon his work, so that Mr. Wasson may be considered now, as belonging rather to the French than the German School. While living in the vicinity of Boston, he was a member of the 'St. Botolph Club' and also of the 'Paint and Clay,' in both of which he maintained a high rank. He particularly distinguished himself in the latter by his talent as a caricaturist and a series of

sketches burlesquing the various peculiarities of the different members of the club, (not omitting himself) was one of the noteworthy features of their exhibition of '86.

Inheriting from a family of sailors and ship-builders an intense love of the sea, Mr. Wasson has devoted himself especially to marine painting, and of late years has made himself familiar with the coast of Maine, for which he has an enthusiastic admiration, and where his beautiful yacht, modeled and adorned by himself, is the envy of yachtsmen. His pictures have found a place in the galleries of the most discriminating connoisseurs of Boston, and of late years much of his best work has gone to some of the large western cities, where it has attracted much attention.

D. S. T.

Helena Wood Smith.

When the present century was still hale and hearty, though possibly a little past its prime, Helena Wood, daughter of Ruel and Maria Smith, of Bangor, made her advent into this world of palettes, paint, brushes and other things of minor importance.

Evidences of Miss Smith's talent appeared at an early age, as the margins of her youthful text-books bear evidence. There seems to be no authentic reason for believing that her teachers and parents were in any way startled by these productions, interesting as such a theory might be. On the contrary it is said that her figures, human and otherwise, were not dissimilar to those produced by other artists of the same tender age. But unlike the most of us, she was not content that her ships should sail down inclined planes, and that her trees should rear their trunks without any visible means of support. She per-

sisted until her seas grew level, and her trees suggested the proper development of root under ground.

There is a tradition that at a considerably later date, she was once constrained to leave her easel and stroll to the nearest pasture to ascertain whether cows were accustomed to wear their ears in front of their horns or vice versa.

She has devoted much time and study to water-color, and in landscape painting lies her peculiar talent. She has received the best instruction Bangor and Boston offer ; and that it has not been merely in the art of copying, her delightful sketches of bits of New England coast amply show. Her coloring is pure and harmonious, her handling delicate without being weak. A fellow-artist has said of her, "She is peculiarly happy in recognizing that which is worthy of perpetuation." Added to this, the talent of expression, which she undoubtedly possesses, will one day make her far more widely known than can any words of ours.

L. E. B.

Marian Hammatt Rideout.

Miss Marian Hammatt Rideout was born at Howland, Maine, where her early years were spent, and where she commenced her artistic career, as existing fashions decree through the medium of charcoal! The expressive, if not always artistically or anatomically correct figures, which, for many years were left undisturbed in the general "spring whitewashing," or "cleaning of paint," showed her capacity to communicate a desired fact, even before her somewhat tardily given powers of speech served her purpose.

In the winters of 1883 and 1884, she was fortunate in being under the tuition of Mr. Kingsbury, working at free hand-drawing; also then, and for some time subsequent, receiving instruction from the popular and successful teacher, Miss Nellie Lincoln. Since that time, she has studied winters in New York, working in the Art League at drawing, while landscape, still life, and figure painting were pursued in

studios of artists ; the summer and autumn months being employed in sketching from nature. Miss Rideout pursues the art, not merely as a pleasant accomplishment, but with the intention of following it as a profession ; and knowing the great number of those, whose course is in the same path, realizes how untiring the labor and unflagging the attention necessary for success. For two years she received pupils in her own studio, and for the present year holds the position of 'Teacher of Art', in the Conservatory at Hutchinson, Kansas.

In the line of illustration, she has supplied several cartoons to the *Boston Beacon*, and some illustrated articles on current topics, to the *Boston Globe*.

While fully appreciating the distance remaining between the road yet traveled and the desired goal, Miss Rideout's friends are confident, that should health and length of life be granted, she will not disappoint their hopes, nor leave her own aspirations utterly unattained.

E. P. H. E.

Frederick A. Shaw.

This talented artist, born in Maine, in 1857, is the son of Oren M., and Mira Shaw, formerly of Bangor; and at Bangor F. A. Shaw received his early education. He went to Europe for the first time in 1880, and has worked there, at sculpture, every winter since, until his celebrity as an artist is unquestioned. He is the inventor of "translucent sculpture." He models in marble and for this new invention has taken out patents in both Europe and the United States. "Hypatia",—a beautiful masterpiece,—graces one of the loveliest drawing-rooms of our Bangor homes. He has represented water on polished marble, in which the shadow of "Sylvia," a wood nymph, standing above, is exquisitely shown; this window and his subject, "Christ Walking on the Water," by refraction of light through the marble, show wonderful perspective effects. He has exhibited in the "Paris Salon" for the past four years, and this, (1893) at the World's Fair in Chicago. C. C. W. S.

