



BEST KNOWN PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

## Famous and Authentic Portraits of Washington.

THE impression conveyed by the remark of no less a personage than the late Justice Field of the United States supreme court that there was no correct bust or portrait of Washington in America is undoubtedly erroneous. Although General Washington passed away many years before photography was discovered and perfected, the features of few men living in the age of portraiture by means of painting were so often delineated. It is a fact which can be authenticated by reference to history that the Father of His Country sat for his portrait to no less than 21 artists of some degree of eminence and to half as many more of whom the world at large never heard. It may be true in essence that, as Robert Ingersoll has said, "nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities or nothing but their peculiarities." Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man, who lived and loved and hated and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct. But if that be true it is surely not the fault of his contemporaries, for both pen and pencil as well as painter's brush have been often and skillfully employed in depicting not

are widely separated and overhung by heavy brows. His face is long rather than broad, with high, round cheek bones, and terminates in a good, firm chin. He has a clear though rather colorless, pale skin which burns in the sun, a pleasing, benevolent though commanding countenance and dark brown hair, which he wears in a cue. His mouth is large and generally firmly closed, but from time to time discloses some defective teeth. His features are regular and placid, with all the muscles of his face under perfect control. Incidentally, on one occasion Washington outlined his own figure, when, in 1763, he wrote to his London tailor for a "gentle suit of cloaths made of superfine broadcloth handsomely chosen" and directed him to "take measure of a gentleman who wears well made cloaths of the following size, to wit: Six feet high and proportionately made, if anything rather slender than thick for a person of that height, with pretty long arms and thighs."

William Hazlitt, the English author, said of him: "Washington was grave in manner, but perfectly easy. There was a commanding air in his presence in which compelled respect and forbade too great a freedom toward him independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the influence of a great character. In every movement, too, there was a polite gracefulness equal to any met with in the most polished individuals in Europe, and his smile was extraordinarily attractive. It was observed to me that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking." In confirmation of this statement the artist Sharpless, who painted a pastel portrait of Washington in 1796, declared:

"It is not in the grasp of any painter to hold the dignity and mightiness of the great subject. There is a concealed, though not unconquered, passion working within him which rendered him a somewhat painful subject." "His face is handsome, noble and mild," wrote a distinguished Frenchman, and Rochambeau's aide-de-camp said: "His handsome and majestic, while at the same time open, countenance perfectly reflects his moral qualities; he looks the hero. A shade of sadness overspreads his countenance which is not unbecoming and gives him an interesting air." Abigail Adams wrote in 1775: "Dignity with ease and complacency, the gentleman and soldier looked agreeably blended in him. Majesty marks every line and feature of his face."

The first authentic portrait of Washington was undoubtedly painted in the year 1772 by Charles Wilson Peale, who secured at different times no less than 14 sittings from his distinguished subject. Colonel Washington wrote to a friend at that time, "Inclination having yielded to importunity, I am now, contrary to all expectations, under the hands of Mr. Peale, but in so grave, so solemn a mood, and now and then under the influence of Morpheus when some critical strokes are making, that I fancy the skill of this gentleman's pencil will be put to it in describing to the world what manner of man I am." Peale also painted the portraits of Mrs. Washington and her daughter, Martha Parke Custis, while at Mount Vernon. That of Washington represents him in the costume of a Virginia colonel—a dark blue coat faced with red and dark red waistcoat and breeches.

After this scarcely a year passed that the distinguished gentleman was not made the victim of some artist or other anxious to attach his name to a picture of one who would send it booming down to posterity. Probably the most persistent of those who made his life at times so miserable were the Peales—

first Charles Wilson, then James, who executed several portraits of him—and finally the former's son, Rembrandt, who had three exclusive sittings, the first when he was only 17 years old. One day in September, 1785, when Washington was in his second term, the artist Stuart, who was probably a little jealous of his rivals' favors, remarked to Mrs. Washington, whom he casually met, that she had better hasten to her husband's protection, as Charles Wilson, James Rembrandt and Raphael were "peeling him on the right side and on the left, behind and before."

It is undoubtedly true that the great lion of the Revolution was frequently baited almost beyond the limit of patience by the knights of the brush, who were well aware of the value of exploiting him to the utmost. He was indulgent to the Peales on account of the services and comradeship of Charles and James in the war, but that he was finally extremely weary by their importunities is amply shown in his diary and some of his letters. Wherever he went—at Valley Forge and amid the snows of winter in camp in New York or in Philadelphia—he found a detachment of vagrant artists ready to attack him front, flank and rear.

Among those who secured Washington's portrait were Pierre Eugene Similtiere, a Frenchman of some note as an artist; William Dunlap and Joseph Wright. The last named had studied in Paris under the care of Benjamin Franklin. In the autumn of 1783 he painted a three-quarter portrait of Washington and afterward two others. He was appointed by President Washington chief draftsman and die sinker to the United States mint, and the first coins and medals issued by the national government were his handiwork. Washington once wrote of Similtiere's portrait that it was the best for which he had then sat, but Wright secured what is generally acknowledged to be a better profile in 1790 from a sketch as he saw Washington in church, wholly unconscious of being drawn.

There are probably 40 authentic portraits of Washington, and about 20 more that do not bear the stamp of authenticity; so it may be supposed that he was a frequent though not always a willing victim. In 1778, at the request of his friend, John Jay, he sat to Similtiere while in Philadelphia, and the artist wrote, "The general condescension with great good nature to sit about three-quarters of an hour for this likeness, having but little time to spend, this being the last day of his stay in town." In January of the same year, while in Philadelphia to attend a banquet given him by congress, he had sat to Captain C. W. Peale for a portrait which when finished was hung in the council chamber. Two years afterward it was destroyed by a mob.

To show how the great man was pestered it is only necessary to refer to his own writings after the close of the war, when he had retired to Mount Vernon, where he had fondly but vainly hoped to enjoy the rest that had so long been denied him. Among the hosts that invaded his retreat were artists and sculptors in droves, all of whom, however, he accommodated so far as he was able. In his diary some time in 1785 he wrote: "To dinner, Mr. Pine, a pretty eminent portrait and historical painter; arrived in order to take my picture from life and place it in the historical pieces he is about to draw. This gentleman stands in good estimation as a painter in England and comes recommended to me from Colonel Fairfax, Mr. Morris, Governor Dickinson, Mr. Hopkinson and others."

It was of Artist Pine, a former pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was domiciled for three weeks at Mount Vernon,

that Washington wrote quaintly to a friend: "In for a penny, in for a pound, is an old adage. I am so harrassed by the touches of painters' pencils that I am now altogether at their beck and sit, 'like Patience on a monument,' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof amongst many others of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first I was as impatient of the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray horse moves more readily to the thill than I go to the painter's chair."

The great man wrote lightly of his sufferings, but at the same time he had a vivid recollection of the tortures he had endured two years previously at the hands of Artist Wright, who attempted what was probably the first life cast in plaster of his features. The operation was performed at Rocky Hill, Washington's last Revolutionary headquarters. The young artist, who had taken a letter from Benjamin Franklin, was anxious to terminate the sufferings of his patient as soon as possible and hastily removed the plaster before it had sufficiently hardened, and in his nervousness dropped and smashed it. Not all the importunities of the members of congress, who wanted the cast for a magnificent bronze statue of the general (which, by the way, was never erected), could induce the victim to re-

submit himself to the artist. He had suffered enough and absolutely refused to suffer further.

It was probably with some trepidation that, two years later, in October, 1785, he consented to have a life cast taken by the celebrated French portrait sculptor, Jean Antoine Houdon, described by a contemporary as "the first statuary of the age." He arrived at Mount Vernon with a commission from the commonwealth of Virginia to make a life size statue of the general in appropriate costume. He resided at Mount Vernon two weeks, and, coming right on the heels of the diminutive but irascible and exasperating Pine, his visit could not have been very acceptable. However, he took a plaster cast which was modeled in clay and from which resulted the famous statue of Italian marble now in Richmond, which has been pronounced the best likeness of the great hero in face, person and costume ever obtained.

The head obtained by Houdon, says an authority, "is a national possession, and as such should be jealously cherished, since it was chosen by our government for one of our letter stamps and thus introduced to the world as the veritable Washington." The statue, bearing the sculptor's legend, "Fait par Houdon, citoyen Francois, 1788" (the date of completion), has long passed as the best representation of Washington ever made, according to the testimony of Lafayette and other personal friends

of the general. Houdon had passed ten years at Rome after gaining the first prize for sculpture in the Royal academy at Paris. During the next ten years he executed busts of Rousseau, Mirabeau and Franklin, and in 1785 accompanied the last named to the United States for the purpose, which he achieved, of receiving a compensation of 1,000 guineas, or the equivalent, to be reimbursed for all expenses incurred and (something unusual at that time) to have his life insured during the time he was absent from France.

In his diary, under date of Nov. 3, 1788, Washington wrote, "Sat to Madame Marchioness de Brehan for a miniature." Oct. 3, 1789, "Sat to Mr. Ramage near two hours today, who was drawing a miniature of me for Mrs. Washington." Oct. 27, same year (1789), in replying to an address of the president of Harvard college, he said, "Your request presented by the artist Edward Savage to have my portrait for your great university was granted, and he is now engaged in painting it."

In the records of Harvard university is the following: "Resolution—That the thanks of this corporation be given to Mr. Edward Savage for his polite and generous attention to this university in painting a portrait of the president of the United States, taken by him from the life." This portrait now hangs in Memorial hall, Harvard university, and represents Washington as he appeared at the age of 58. Savage was born in Princeton, Mass., was originally a goldsmith and then a portrait painter. There are diverse opinions as to the excellence of his work.

During the winter of 1790-1 Washington gave several sittings to his former aide-de-camp, Colonel John Trumbull, who had suffered in the Revolutionary cause, had studied under Benjamin West in London, like several others who painted portraits of the great general, and who is perhaps best known by his great paintings in the rotunda of the Washington capitol.

Another of West's pupils was Gilbert Stuart, whose full length portrait of Washington was painted at Philadelphia in 1794. He made many replicas of this great painting, and a report has been for some time current that what has been generally considered as the original, hung in the White House at Washington, is only a spurious imitation by another artist, while the painting by Stuart was in some mysterious manner conveyed to the Isle of Man, where it was discovered a few years ago and brought to public notice. An authority says of Stuart's portraits, "The household Washington of the world is his, but why it is so is difficult to say." Trumbull's portraits are also favorites and possess the advantage of having been painted by one intimately acquainted with Washington in the camp and in the field.

What is popularly credited as the last portrait of Washington ever painted

from life is that of Charles de Saint Memin, a Frenchman who came to America in 1793. While Washington was attending the second session of the fifth congress at Philadelphia—his last visit to the city in which his name is interesting not only on account of its own merits, but in connection with the circumstances under which it was made.

The list of artists who were honored by our "pater patrie" with sittings during life is a long one, and the chief names, arranged chronologically, are as follows: C. W. Peale, Similtiere, Dunlap, Wright, Pine, Houdon, J. Peale, Ramage, Mme. de Brehan, Galtier, Saller, Stuart, R. Peale, Sharpless and Saint Memin.

These painted him from life, and there were several others, besides many more who drew upon their imaginations for their material or worked at second hand. At all events, it cannot be said that the great Washington was by any means neglected by the artists of his time. On the contrary, he was one of the best painted personages of the eighteenth century.

CHANNING A. BARTOW.

### WHEN NAPOLEON SLAPPED JOSEPHINE.

Lately in one of the saloons at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, the comeliness of famous face—and, curious to say, there were almost as many men as women—had a treat in handling some beautiful specimens which had been loaned to the Empress Josephine. They were the property of a Mlle. Penant, the daughter of a favorite maid of the tightly empress. One of the most interesting pieces of the collection was a portrait of Napoleon I. in the uniform of a general, which had been painted by a French artist.

It was a large square of the finest old oil paint, and the artist, as was the case with all the other portraits, had been paid for his work. The portrait of Napoleon I. was a masterpiece, and the artist, as was the case with all the other portraits, had been paid for his work. The portrait of Napoleon I. was a masterpiece, and the artist, as was the case with all the other portraits, had been paid for his work. The portrait of Napoleon I. was a masterpiece, and the artist, as was the case with all the other portraits, had been paid for his work.

answered Duplan, "The piece is large, and we could not arrange it gracefully." "Well, cut it, then. Cut a treasure such as that! Oh, madam, I could not do such a thing!" "Sense!" cried Josephine. The face was draped on her shoulders. She knew how she wanted it, so she calmly took a pair of scissors and in a second had it set right, while long, narrow pieces of the priceless stuff fell round her.

At this moment the emperor entered the room, "Cenitabile!" he cried, and he gave her a sounding slap on the cheek, which she received with a look of indignation. Duplan, who was standing by, withdrew, and the face was thrown into a chest of drawers. Josephine could not bear the sight of it after that and at last gave it to Mme. Perusse. The odd bits of it have now been sold for \$2,000.

The collection was a superb one. The passion of Josephine for lace was a frequent scene between her and Napoleon. She would have lace, and the emperor let anything stand in the way of acquiring it. It is even said that this frivolous fancy helped to bring about her disgrace, for Napoleon was to begin with, would not hear of forsaking her, one day said to the Prince de Wagram: "The cup is full now, prince. What do you think Josephine did last night? 'Nobbed!' one of my young generals and made him pass lace for her in his top boots through my own frontier! Her soul is made of lace, prince, and that is too fragile a stuff for an empress' soul!"

### KING LEOPOLD'S BOOTS.

His majesty of Belgium, King Leopold, has one special weakness—his old boots. "There is one advantage in being a king," jocularly said his majesty to the Prince of Wales, "and that advantage is in being able to wear old boots without being 'looked down upon.' When people see a king wearing some what seedy looking boots, they simply say: 'Really! How Bohemian! And yet how becoming!' I don't mind the 'purple and fine linen' business generally put down to kings."

"I have a pair for you to work in the year," novels, but I do object to 'kingly' boots. His majesty was once staying for a few days at the residence of one of his richest subjects, a multimillionaire who had more money than manners or delicacy. "Your majesty, I hear, is rather economical about boots," pompously said the millionaire without the slightest hint of diplomacy. "Now, your majesty, I have very particular about my boots. I have a pair for every week in the year—42 pairs of boots, your majesty." "And very quietly answered King Leopold, 'I knew you were a rich man, Monsieur S., but I never knew before that you had made your money in the boot trade!'"

### A RETOLD JOKE.

He was a poor but honest working man on his way home in a street car. As the car proceeded down the street it was filled with passengers, and the aisle was crowded, some waiting for the car to stop, others for the car to start. The man, who was sitting in the seat, touched his hat and motioned to a well dressed lady to take it. "Don't let me deprive you of your seat, my poor man," she said. He touched his hat and again replied, "Oh, take it; that's all right. No depravity at all, woman, no depravity at all." And he wondered why everybody smiled.

## THE WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE

By Joseph Crosby.

Here, in the shadow that this mighty tree throws,  
The Father of Our Country drew his sword,  
Fronting his little band of homespun heroes,  
Ready for battle, trusting in the Lord.

Ah, grand old elm, full 'o' we've heard the story,  
And though your sides are scarred with seam and break  
We, on the day when millions tell his glory,  
Salute your tattered branches for his sake.



only the counterfeit presentment of Washington the man, but of Washington the soldier, lover, statesman, chief executive and gentleman farmer.

Tradition has it that the first portrait of Washington was made during a visit to Boston by the celebrated artist, John Singleton Copley, but this has not been verified. One of the first delineations of him after he reached his majority is a pen portrait in 1759 by a friend: "He may be described as being straight as an Indian, measuring 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, and weighing 175 pounds. His frame is padded with well developed muscle, indicating great strength. His bones and joints are large, as are his hands and feet. He is wide shouldered, but has not a deep or round chest; is neat dressed, but is broad across the hips and has rather long legs and arms. His head is well shaped, though not large, but is gracefully poised on a superb neck. He has a large and straight, rather prominent nose, blue gray, penetrating eyes, which

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Astronomers now agree that the markings on the surface of Mars form a complete network of narrow, straight lines crossing the entire face of the planet in all directions and are always visible. The narrowest are 30 to 40 miles wide. Two hundred of the so called canals have been charted.

Arkansas legislators could not decide whether the state flower should be an

apple blossom, cotton blossom or passion flower and referred the matter to the committee on education.

Frank Rockefeller's cattle ranch in Texas is about eight miles long and from two to four miles in width. Here Mr. Rockefeller spends nearly all of his leisure time, and he is then, to all appearances, a typical cowboy.

North Carolina can still count three

surviving Confederate brigadier generals.

The six professors engaged by the University of California to fill the places made vacant by the recent resignations are James E. Russell, dean of the Teachers' college, Columbia university; James W. Bright, professor of English philosophy in Johns Hopkins; L. H. Bailey, professor of agriculture at Cornell; John Dewey, professor of history, University of Chicago; H. M.

Stephens, professor of history, Cornell, and A. S. Cook, professor of English at Yale.

Since his recent injury in an automobile accident Senator Foraker refuses to have anything to do with the machine. "A wheelbarrow," he said the other day, "is the only kind of horseless carriage I will ride in." Isaac Kahn, the new Persian minister to Washington, is very fond of outdoor sports, and in his own country

bears quite a reputation as a Nimrod, particularly in the matter of tigers. He is said to have slain more of those beasts than any other man in Persia.

The foundation for several new skyscrapers on Wall street, New York, has been carried by shafts to a depth of 150 feet, and the compressed air used in digging is so trying on the workmen that they get full day's pay for 90 minutes' actual duty.

The German emperor has often

proved that he is not in the least afraid of ridicule and surely never more so than when he allowed himself, as he did the other day, to be photographed in full hunting costume, holding in one hand a cigar, while the other is enfolded in a handsome, furry muff. In his 52 years of life the young Marquis of Queensberry has served in the militia, has been sailor, explorer and mining expert, and the fortune he has

made unaided testifies to his ability as a financier.

Naturalists say the lobster will follow the buffalo and diamond terrapin. These innards on the American menu are growing serious. Lord Salisbury is a collector of historic relics, and his house at Richmond is full of the results of his travels. He owns among these the crown in which Queen Elizabeth was robed at her coronation.