

hall and a bleaching green in Westport, building comfortable cottages for the workmen and subsidizing the linen trade of Westport to the extent of £4,000 a year. More than a century passes, and so does the act of union with its corruption and its absenteeism, and its curses on the lads who went and on the people who stayed. The head of the house who sold their seats in the Irish Parliament for Castleknock's pieces of silver is now an unknown stranger in a London back street. The only experiments he carried on upon his estate are in the extent to which human misery can be pushed without slaying the rent makers outright. The £100 or £500 a year of tolls and market dues which, if municipalized, might build habitable houses for the half fed and not half-occupied laborers of Westport, go with the rest of his £20,000 per annum to the Marquis of Sligo's bankers by the Thames. The only visible monument left by the century since the union is a lofty column in the octagon of Westport to the glory, not even of a dead marquis, but of one of their ruthless agents, where it stands like a sort of Gessler's cap to receive the homage of succeeding generations of slaves. Westport House, which might easily enough be the noble seat of a great proprietor imparting and receiving happiness from a simple, gracious and worshipping peasantry, is furnitureless and occupied only by a caretaker. And for the £1,000 a year spent by Arthur Young's anti-union lord in

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of Westport the only mention of a large sum that has passed for many a year between Westport and its lord might be taken for one of those sardonic jokes with which Irish landlordism not unfrequently seasons its barbarities.

The river which drains the little town was, in its passage through Lord Sligo's park, obstructed by artificial barriers for the purpose of forming an ornamental lake and waterfalls. Lord Sligo, who has not, I believe, laid eyes on Westport House for the past fifteen years, has suddenly discovered that the obstructed town sewage offends his nostrils 400 or 500 miles away, and has threatened to take legal proceedings to compel the unfortunate Westport rate payers—already distracted with their financial burdens—to spend £8000 or £10,000 to relieve his lordship's ornamental ground of its unpleasantness by building a subterranean sewer under Lord Sligo's park down to deep water! And while Englishmen will, perhaps, open their eyes wide to read that, after twenty years' English pottering at Irish land legislation, such pranks can be still played under due legal warrant upon crimeless, patient and laborious lived men, I am afraid the feeling of Irish readers will rather be one of impatience that it is only possible to pillory one transgressor when they could so easily supply us with a rival oppressor, if not a grosser one, from their own sombre experience far and near.

An extraordinary concert and ball took place on in the Hungarian town of Teinevar. The audience listened by means of telephones distributed around the room to a military orchestra playing in the town of Arad, duets and songs in Szegedin, a chorus by a glee club at Szabodka, and popular songs by celebrated artists in three theatres in Buda-Pesth. A quartette at Arad was as distinctly heard as the Rakoczy march telephoned from Szegedin. Finally, the young people present danced for hours to music alternately played in all three towns.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

AN ARTIST'S LIFE STORY.

G. P. A. Healy's Interesting Career.

The art life of Paris has for the uninitiated something of the charm of Paradise for the wearied Peri gazing wistfully at the gate. This charm Du Maurier gave us in that gay bit of writing, *Trilby*, especially in those exuberant first chapters, buoyant and aglow with the joy of life ere the shadow of life's problems had been cast across the lintel and darkened little Billie's youthful brow. The charm, to go farther back, Marie Bashkirtseff pictured in her naive pages, albeit Marie Bashkirtseff was too much of an aristocrat, too prone to the adoring attitude of Narcissus, of egotistical memory, to catch its true spirit. The charm is evident too, though in quite a different degree in Mr. Healy's delightful *Reminiscences*.

Dante longed to paint an angel, Raphael yearned to write a sonnet, so our friend Browning says, and Browning is an authority on all such occult matter as the longings and yearnings, often unexpressed, of the world's great men, so it is perhaps not so singular that two of the best known of our modern artists should in later life diverge into the realm where the pen, not the brush, is king.

So to be the man and leave the art, or gain the man's joy, miss the artist's bliss.

The name Du Maurier inevitably suggests a comparison. Healy, like Du Maurier, was a Catholic, like him a painter. But here the likeness ends. In Du Maurier's water color in words there is no trace of Catholicity, indeed there are many evidences that faith has been eclipsed by skepticism, as in Little Billie's cogitations on the Christmas sermon; in Mr. Healy's equally delightful *Reminiscences*, faith like a silver thread runs through every page.

There is an ideal way of reading every book, and the dainty white and gold colored volume lettered "*Reminiscences of a Portrait Painter*" seems to plead for a great arm chair by the fireside, when the shadows are lengthening in the west, where one can dream of studios and salons, of courts and pageants and almost fancy those dreams are real as one listens to the familiar recollections of that courtliest of gentlemen whom the world so lately mourns, Mr. George P. A. Healy. Alas! that figure familiar and dear to many of us is gone, the world has but those few scattered reminiscences, a few immortal canvasses that the brush of genius has touched and to those who knew him, a memory fragrant as the breath of lavender in some old English wood.

Mr. Healy's pictures show forth the artist; his book, as is fitting, reveals the man. It is thoroughly human, fresh, naive, a fund of Celtic humor in those descriptions of the make-shifts of his early days. George P. A. Healy, the eldest of five children, was born in Boston in 1813. Evidently the government and support of his family depended mostly on his mother, and comical are the stories young Healy tells of those early days. From his parents he inherited his many Celtic traits of character, doubtless the ardent faith that animated his life, but of worldly goods his inheritance was small.

At the age of 18 he ventured to hire a painting room in Boston. He was the happy possessor of an easel, paint brushes and canvasses, and he nailed outside his door a board with his name and profession printed in very big letters. All he needed was sitters, but the sitters were few and far between. No wonder the modest family mourned over a son and brother who had embraced such a profession.

However, the young man's novitiate was not long. Through one of his patrons he received an introduction to that beautiful woman, Mrs. Harrison Grey Otis, and his portrait of that lady

in the act of laughing at once attracted attention. By April, 1834, he had scraped together enough money to provide for the support of his mother for a year or two and to pay his own passage to France, where he established himself in that Mecca of artists, Paris, and in the atelier of Gross.

The atmosphere of a Paris studio seemed to be then as now a mingling of hard study, gay bohemianism and glorious camaraderie. Perhaps it was Mr. Healy's faith that kept him in a measure apart from the bohemianism of Paris, for in all bohemianism it is to be feared there is some trail of the serpent. This faith and also, almost as potent, the beginning of life's romance. The story of how he met his wife is told very simply, reminding one of the quaint recital of Jules Breton painting the girl he loved. The young American was in London doing some portraits, among them a Mrs. Hanley. One day the lady brought her young sister with her to the sitting. "I met them on the stairs as I was running to keep some engagement. I gave them the key of the room and excused myself. But the glimpse on the stairs was enough to fix my future destiny. A miniature painter named Dubourzal, my dearest and best friend, had accompanied me to London. He asked permission to make a water color drawing of this young girl. I still have the portrait. The costume of the day, with the high comb, the soft ringlets on either side of the face, the old dress, low necked and with big puffed sleeves, all this seemed to me then, and seems to me still, perfectly charming. I followed the progress of the work with great interest, and somehow the young sitter was almost as often in my painting room as in my friend's to that friend's great annoyance."

The romance ripened and culminated, as romances should, in marriage. "We had no time to make wedding preparations, and we were both too poor to think of anything but our happiness; which, perhaps after all, was not a bad way of beginning life. A folly can sometimes prove to be wisdom itself. It was with a hundred dollars in my pocket, by way of fortune that I took my wife, who had not a penny of her own to Paris. The journey was a hard one, and my bride was a sorry traveler! In spite of it all we began life in perfect faith in each other and confidence in the future. When I see young people, in our practical age," Mr. Healy goes on to say, "hesitate to marry because their means will not allow them to have a fine house and every comfort from the first, I cannot help thinking of our modest beginning in the Rue de l'ouest, near the Luxembourg gardens."

Delightful are the stories of the little suppers on gala nights when, their own stock and silverware being limited, Dubourzal mysteriously brought his dozen forks and spoons concealed in his coat pocket. And the episode of the goose that the young couple had rashly undertaken to cook in the only stove they had, which was in the studio. "The bell rang and a gentleman entered. He was an important personage, very rich a possible sitter, one to be well received by a struggling young artist! He was a prolix talker. Soon we were launched into an interminable discussion on art—art in general, art in the past, art in America, art everywhere. In the midst of it there was a sizzle, then a veritable spluttering. But a well-trimmed talker is not to be stopped by trifles. Once or twice our visitor looked up a little startled at the strong odor; but I suppose he concluded that the kitchen was inconveniently near at hand, and the discussion went on. When at last the visitor left, we both rushed to the stove; the singing had ceased; the goose was little more than a cinder!"

These are homely stories, but they give a very human touch to the book.

The young painter, however, was gradually gaining recognition. The American minister at the court of France was then General Cass, and he used his influence to further the interests of his compatriot, who had already painted many Englishmen of note. The king had seen and admired several of Healy's portraits in the salon, and crowning triumph, at the solicitation of the minister, consented to give the young American a sitting. The days of sizzled goose were forever over!

The king was pleased with his portrait and commissioned him to go to America to make other pictures for him. From that time Mr. Healy's success was assured. His after career may be found in the pages of his book. As some one has said it would be easier to name the royal personages whom he did not paint than those whom he did. Among the notable people were Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Carmen Sylva, His Holiness Pope Pius IX., Guizot, Thiers, Bismarck, Gambetta, Longfellow, La-zt, Webster, Clay and Adams. He gives interesting accounts of these sittings, anecdotes pathetic and gay. Of his meeting with the genial Pius IX, he says: "I was introduced one morning into Pius IX's library, a pleasant room, simply enough furnished, full of books, and the table covered with papers. The Pope was dressed all in white cloth, with scarlet shoes, the hair was white, the face rather pale, with very bright eyes not incapable of sparkle, for His Holiness knew how to take a joke. He was a pretty good sitter, but somewhat restless and curious also as to what his painter was about. On one occasion he arose from his seat to look over my shoulder. When I am earnestly at work I wish my sitters to help me, and do their duty by remaining in the attitude I have chosen. I exclaimed, perhaps, a little abruptly: "I beg your Holiness to sit down." The Pope laughed and said: "I am accustomed to give orders, not to receive them. But you see, Mr. Healy, I also know how to obey," and submissively went back to his chair.

"I like," Mr. Healy, "to feel as though the hours spent in his presence, had cast a glow on my later years, as the glorious setting sun behind St. Peter's throws a glamour over Rome, its domes and gardens. I often think, also, of Pius IX's gentle reproach to one of my countrymen who, in his American pride, refused to bend before him: "My son, an old man's blessing never did harm to any one."

Perhaps the recollection one likes best of Mr. Healy is one that is not in his book—the recollection told by a friend of how going one wintery morning when the snow was on the ground, to attend the six o'clock mass at the Cathedral of Chicago—a city over dear to Mr. Healy's heart—he found standing in the cold waiting for the doors to open, a solitary figure. It was Mr. Healy, then in his 80th year. This is the memory one cherishes most, that solitary figure standing at the door.

It was a great thing to have painted noble portraits, a great thing to have been the intimate of the world's great men, but greater than all to have preserved through life that beautiful, simple, childlike faith that kept him waiting that winter morning at the portal of God's church alone beneath God's stars. May we not hope that as he entered into that sanctuary then he has entered into the Holy of Holies now? MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

The Rev. Dr. Kirby, emeritus of the Irish College, Rome, is dead.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL has nothing in common with the in pure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious, relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.