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DAY, JANUARY 4, 1915

== Fine Arts

The Fine Arts

Exhibitions now open:

Museum of Fine Arts—Chinese and Japanese Art.
Museum of Fine Arts—Old French Drawings.
Museum of Fine Arts—Miss Waite's Paintings.
Fogg Art Museum—Oriental Paintings.
Vose's Gallery—Mr. Woodbury's Paintings.
Doll & Richards's—Mr. Williams's Miniatures.

DETAILLE IN RUSSIA

His Account of His Novel Experience at the Military Manœuvres at Kras- noe-Selo

Edouard Detaille, the eminent French painter of martial subjects who died the other day, acquired his familiarity with armies by literally living among them, under the patronage of the highest military and civic dignitaries. In Russia, which he visited in the early eighties, before the Nihilist reign of terror had become fully established, he was a great favorite with the czar and czarina, who took him with them, quite informally, to witness the manœuvres at Krasnoe-Selo. His accounts of this experience, given afterward to a friend, have a special interest in view of the changes which have since come over the Russian court and army.

"I was much struck," said he, "by the familiar relations of the officers and their men. The emperor himself used to shout, 'Good morning, my children!' to the troops as he rode along the lines. Ten thousand throats would shout back in answer: 'Health to you, sire! Good day!'"

"Very amusing, too, were our impromptu lunches, eaten, maybe, outside the gates of some poverty-stricken farm. A table would be knocked up for their majesties. The empress would invite the French and German ambassadors to take the places of honor beside her. The rest would find room where they could—or stand, or squat on the grass. Before we fell to the peasants would come out bearing offerings of bread, salt and eggs for the emperor. When his majesty passed by a village the bells rang out, and the local pope presnted to him the holy pictures. Our dejeuners were enlivened by the music of military bands, and national songs, accompanied by accordeons, cymbals and tambourines."

Of one picture which he painted about this time he said: "It looks much like a Walpurgis night, with its red figures flitting hither and thither and its sombre shadows fantastically lighted by huge wood fires. It is only a souvenir of the way the Hussars of the Guard celebrate their fete. The man you see in mid-air is myself, the victim of an old custom of the country. While the bands play and the chorus sing each officer in turn drinks the health of his regiment. The soldiers lay hold of him at once by the ankles and toss him, and the drinking begins as soon as he comes down. The Grand Duke Nikolas, who commands the Hussars, asked me to drink a health, like the officers, and I had to obey, of course. In the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the position of Sancho Panza when he was tossed in the blanket, only my blanket was the breasts of the soldiers, and it has left its marks. I had Red Hussars on the brain for a good five minutes afterward."

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

An Early Flemish "Madonna with Angels" from the Ryerson Collec- tion

The early Italian, Dutch and Flemish paintings lent by Martin A. Ryerson to the Art Institute of Chicago have for some time formed the most important part of the second gallery of old masters. Mr. Ryerson's most recent loan is the early Flemish "Madonna with Angels" by Colyn de Coter, which is reproduced in the bulletin of the Institute for January. This quaint and beautiful work was reported on by Dr. Max J. Friedländer in the *Jahrbuch der Koeniglich Preussischen Kunstmmlungen*, 1908, in the course of a discussion of Bernard van Orley and other early Brussels masters. Dr. Friedländer attributes Mr. Ryerson's painting to Colyn de Coter, who worked in Brussels during the second half of the fifteenth century, on account of its significant points of similarity to a signed painting by that artist in a church at Vieure, near Moulins, France. There is but one other signed work by Colyn de Coter, a painting now in the Louvre; but several others have been attributed to him.

The Virgin in a red robe is placed against a curtain of olive green. The coloring of the entire picture is rich and harmonious. Dr. Friedländer calls attention to the interesting primitive features such as the rather expressionless conventional heads, high and narrow, with their parts, especially the eyes and nose, too small in proportion to the whole; the slight projection of the nose, and the very small nostrils; the folds of the garments showing many parallel lines. The artist seems afraid of empty spaces and gives a bird's

20. Few know that Martha Hilton, whose romantic marriage to Benning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire, 1741-1767, was made famous by Longfellow's poem, "Lady Wentworth," not only was married in but resided about half a century and died in the same mansion, still standing at Little Harbor, Portsmouth, N. H. The story of this house is thus told

in "Portsmouth, Historic and Picturesque, by C. S. Gurney," Portsmouth, N. H., 1902:
"GOVERNOR BENNING WENTWORTH MANSION

"Turning easterly around the Sagamore Cemetery into Little Harbor road, and about half a mile beyond, at its terminus, is the Governor Benning Wentworth mansion. Longfellow, in 'Lady Wentworth,' in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' pictures the house:

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode near and yet hidden from the great high-road, sequestered among trees, a noble pile, Baronial and Colonial in its style. Within, unwonted splendors met the eye. Panels and floors of oak, and tapestry; carved chimney-pieces, where, on brazen dogs, rev-eled and roared the Christmas fires of logs; doors opening into darkness unawares, mysterious passages and flights of stairs; and on the walls, in heavy gilded frames, the ancestral Wentworths with old Scrip-ture names.

"This house was built in 1750 by Benning Wentworth while he was governor, having been appointed at the time of the final separation of this State from Massachusetts, in 1741, and held his commission until 1767, at which time, after a rather turbulent administration, he was succeeded by his nephew, John Wentworth. In 1759, after he had lost all of his children, his wife died, and he was left alone, but was soon after married, quite romantically, to his housemaid, Martha Hilton, the heroine in Longfellow's poem of 'Lady Wentworth.' They had two sons, both dying in infancy, and after the governor's death, in 1770, the entire estate came into the possession of his widow, who soon after married Michael Wentworth, a retired colonel in the English army, who was not related to the governor. They had one daughter, Martha Wentworth, who in 1802 married John Wentworth, son of Thomas and grandson of Mark Hunking Wentworth. He was educated in England, and there wrote a treatise on law, for which he was appointed by England attorney general of Prince Edward's Island, afterward moving to Portsmouth (his native town) and establishing himself in the practice of his profession. He was sometimes called 'Sir John,' but he was not knighted. At the time of their marriage they went to reside at the old mansion with her mother, then a widow; Colonel Wentworth, her second husband, having died suddenly in New York in 1795. Martha, the mother, died in 1805 in this mansion. John and his wife continued to reside here until 1816, when they went to England, and sometime after, while on a visit to Paris, he died. His widow returned to London, where she lived with an adopted daughter until her death in 1851.

"President Washington, when in Portsmouth, in 1789, visited this old mansion, on his return from a fishing trip down the river, and was highly entertained with the hospitality characteristic of Colonel Wentworth and his lady, then residing here. The house contains forty-five rooms, although originally it had fifty-two.

"The historic edifice still retains the most of its Colonial features. As you approach the entrance to the hall of the Council Chamber, a large heavy door, with its massive hinges, is before you. Upon opening it you observe an old wooden lock of mammoth size. In the hallway is a short flight of stairs leading to the ancient parlor; at your right you enter the Council Chamber; immediately on your left will be seen the fireplace, surrounded by its handsome antique mantel, carved by hand, before which the governor stood, with Martha Hilton at his side, to be united in marriage to his housemaid by Rev. Arthur Browne, nearly one hundred and fifty [now in 1912, [52] years ago. Beyond, in the corner, is an old gunrack, containing twelve ancient muskets of the flintlock pattern, still in their places, with the bayonets yet affixed; in the opposite corner are twelve more, between which is the old family spinet, which responded to the fingers' touch and made merry the hearts of long ago.

"The Council Chamber is high and airy, and quite richly finished and imposing in its general appearance. It was in this room that the governor and his council met for their deliberations on important questions of state, for many years. The opposite entrance leads to the billiard room, but the quaint old table is not there; yet there are many interesting relics to be seen. In the parlor and other rooms are many curious antiquities and interesting portraits, including one by Copley of Dorothy Quincy, afterward Mme. Hancock. The cellars are mainly in their original shape, except that the stalls for the governor's large troop of thirty horses, which were placed there for use in times of danger, have been removed; but the walls remain the same, and nearly everything throughout the architecture and finish of this, the most historic and widely known of Portsmouth's multitude of Colonial houses, yet remains in its original state. In 1817 the property was purchased by Charles Cushing, but is now owned and occupied as a summer residence by J. Templeman Coolidge, Jr." ["Gurney's Portsmouth," 1902, pages 97-99.

J. F.