

"THE HORSE FAIR": ROSA BONHEUR'S MOST FAMOUS PAINTING, NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

OSA BONHEUR, the famous French animal painter, who died a week ago at the age of seventy-seven at her home in Fon-tainebleau, was the only woman who ever received the cross of the Legion d'Honneur for intellectual achievements. Rosa Bonheur always wore men's clothes. She was buried in them, and on her breast was the cross of the Legion d'Hon-neur.

In the grave near Fontainebleau is the cross that the beautiful Empress Eugenie herself presented to Rosa Bonheur in 1865. In that year a terrible epidemic of cholera was raging in Paris. Eugenie instate on accompanying her husband on his visits to the hospitals. In admiration of his wife's bravery Napoleon III presented her with the cross of the Legion d'Honneur. A few days later the cross for "intellectual achievement" was be-stowed upon Rosa Bonheur. The Empress Eugenle herself carried it to the artist. Mile. Bon-heur in her studio trousers received the Empress, who cordially kissed and embraced the artist.

heur in her studio trousers received the Empress, who cordially kissed and embraced the artist. When Eugenie left Rosa Bonheur discovered pinned on her shoul-der the famous and coveted decoration. Mlle. Bonheur thus became a "chevalier" of the empire, which honor the French republic con-firmed by making her an "officer" of the Legion d'Honpeur. Rosa Bonheur, who won laurels that have ever been beyond the grasp of her sex, was not born with the proverbial golden spoon. The great artist thus described her early life to an intimate friend, who-immediately wrote it down, catching the vivacity and humor which the recital:

"My father was a teacher of drawing in Bordeaux, and had his "My father was a teacher of drawing in Bordeaux, and had his hands full bringing up four children on his slender salary. My mother assisted as well as she could by giving music lessons. My mother died when I was about seven, and Bordeaux became intolerable to my father.

my father. "We came to Paris and father sent us to an honest childless widow-Mme. Catherine,' as we called her. Mon Dieu! how unen-durable it was for me to sit beside the old lady all day long and sew or knit or-pire encore-help in domestic work. "Whenever we escaped Mme. Catherine's watchful eyes we en-joyed ourselves-my sister Yuliette (now Mme. Peysolle) by painting sheep, my brother August drawing cows, Isadore moulding clay and I picturing everything as long as it could creep, crawl, jump or fly. We used to ramble about the Bois de Boulogne, which was a wilder-ness then compared to what it is now.

We deed to familie about the Bois de Boulogne, which was a wilder-ness then compared to what it is now. "One day father came home full of joy and told me he would be able to put me in a boarding school in exchange for drawing lessons. It was one of the best boarding schools in Paris, where there were young ladies who were taught the fashionable accomplishments. "My good father wished for a simpler kind of education, more in harmony with his means. But choice was not left to him and he eagerly selzed on this fortunate opportunity consoling himself that

narmony with his means. But choice was not tert to him and he eagerly selzed on this fortunate opportunity, consoling himself that I would become an accomplished young lady and that my intercourse with well-bred girls would modify my abrupt manners. "Poor father! How well do I remember myself in my thin print gown and disheveled hair. My total unconcern about dress horified the other pupils, who called me "little beggar." But I cruelly avenged myself. I made pen and ink caricatures of them and took care not to flatter.

"After a particularly funny caricature they would lock me up in the cellar, where I would joyfully pass the time sketching my cat in every concelvable attitude. When they discovered how much I pre-ferred the cellar to the schoolroom the cat was taken away, as well so the namer and pencil. as the paper and pencil.

"The next time they put me in the cellar I used the burnt ends of matches to carlcature the teachers. These I colored, cut out of paper like paper dolls, and stuck to the celling of the recitation-room with chewed bread paste. When the pupils filed in for their recitations they went off into spasms of laughter at these pictures. Finally the cause of the undue laughter was discovered and I was severely pun-ished ished.

"My last escapade was too much for their good humor. I organ-ized a girls' brigade and made a mock battle charge through the seminary garden, knocking off the blossoms in lieu of actual enemies" heads

"Bien! then I was sent home in disgrace. Mere Catherine ad-vised my father to apprentice me to a dressmaker. This he unwill-ingly did. After cutting up some beautiful material into horses? heads the dressmaker refused to have me. I could sketch, but I would not stitch."

would not stitch." About this time Papa Bonheur began to recognize that his daugh-ter had genius which could not be quenched and he began to instruct and direct her. The family lived on the sixth floor, just under the roof, and here Rosa tasted the first sweet of happingss, for the little girl was allowed to give her talents full play,

one day she made a study of her goat and the grant and a study of her goat and a study of her goat and the study of the st

On the roof she kept her pets—a pair of rabbits, an owl, a dog, a cat and a dearly beloved little goat. When she thought the goat needed an airing in the park she would take it on her shoulders and carry it down the six long flights of stairs and back again in the same way. After her would follow the dog and cat, making as queer a group as was ever seen on the queer Parisian streets. Rosa's family of animals never quarreled. She exercised a mes-meric influence over these animals. Under her gaze their dispositions harmonized, and her cat, her dog, her rabbits and the goat and the owl all lived together in perfect peace and happiness. About this time she went to study at the Louvre, where she made copies of the great masterpieces. The first money that she earned from painting was from the sale of these copies. One day she made a study of her goat with the grandeur of its natural surroundings. "It is wonderful!" was her father's comment. After that no more

to believe what was far from the truth. Rosa ran after the doctor, luckily caught him on the stairs, and left him surprised that the young man whom he had left tete-a-tete with his patient was a

Rosa was yet in her early teens, but dresses and parties held no attraction for her. She rose at daybreak, walking the weary miles to the pastures where the cattle grazed. At noon she ate a scanty lunch which she carried with her, and after a day's laborious painting there was a weary walk home, a simple supper and a few hours' rest. Finally she thought of visiting the stockyards and abattoirs. She went wild with delight at the opportunity afforded for study. Rosa straightway cropped her hair, donned boys' attire and be-came a fixture at these places. Stories without number are told in Paris of associations with the drovers and butchers. She jostled with the stockyard men, sat on boxes and fences all day sketching the animals, even setting her easel in the slaughter-house and painting the poor animals in their mute death agonles. Somewhere in her chateau it is said that Rosa Bonheur has hid-

Sensational Life of the Princess Chimay, An American Girl Who Married Abroad.

Rigo's Death by Plague in Cairo Was Reported Last Week, but the Princess Denied It Later.

was kept from the Princess and she was placed under marootics. The next news of the biggest fleet of ships on the Great part of a supervised in the stream of the biggest fleet of ships on the Great in the Quartier Latin.
 The life of the Princess has been a sixteenth century play in modern settings; a romp in the greenwod; the good old story of "the Gypsy Baron and the fayre lady of high degree," and right well has she played it. From the first she worshiped idols of her own setting up, only to klok them over with as little thought as she builded. Utterly devices an outcast, and Henry, who her school and its conventions, and, having fouted, ridiculed, she has laughingives fourts of the tonguese of the stat has kept awageing for write of her who have said that the for write of her who have said that the for write of her who have said that the supened one day and because of it she

Rigos bedin by Pidgue in Cairo Was Reported Last Week, but the Princess Denied It Later.
Werk at the princess Chimay, had been stricken with the bubonic plague at their beautiful villa in Cairo and had died almost immediately. The report stated the dread scelebration he was giving over the birth of twin sons by the Princess. His death was kept from the Princess. His death was kept from the Princess and she was placed under narootics. The next news of the affair by wire was that the Princess and she was denied the whole story. The life of the Princess has been a

COM OF ART, NEW YORK.
each year's salon. They became one of the regularly looked-for features. She sold a number of pictures at modest prices, and the money was used to lessen the pangs of poverty in the Bonheur home.
In 1853 appeared the patiting which established her fame, "The Horse Fair," now in the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York. She sold this originally for \$8000, which at that time was a fortune in France. Ernest Gambart was the purchaser. Upon receiving the money it seemed such a large amount to MIIe. Bonheur that she voluntarily offered to paint for him a quarter-size copy of it. She gave this to M. Gambart so that he could have an engraving made of it and recover some of the original cost of his picture. M. Gambart's of the original at a loss to William P. Wright of New York dry goods king, for several times that price. When Stewart's art collection was sold in 1887 Cornelius Vanderbilt bought "The Horse Fair" for the Metropolitan Art Museum, and he paid for it \$55,000. With the "Horse Fair" money Rosa Bonheur was able to buy the beautiful chateau of By, in Fountainebleau Forest, near Paris.
This chateau was built originally as a hunting lodge by Marie de Medici. MIIe. Bonheur remodeled it, making the upper story a large studio. It floors were covered with the skins of huge animals—buils, bears, lions—some of which their artist owner had hunted and shot and some were the preserved skins of pets. This studio as often as not contained a live tiger, a lion or a ferocious dog that struck.

visitors dumb with terror.

Rosa Bonheur herself felt absolutely no terror for animals. The small hand that handled a brush with such power moved in the mane of a lion without trembling. There was a wild lion, said to be un-tamable, which she kept at By in a cage for a long time.

The beast manifested great affection for Rosa Bonheur, who placed herself before him, palette in hand, and made a study of him in all his fierce magnificence. Now and then he would pass his great paw between the bars and dumbly ask her for a caress. But her retainers feared "Nero," and because she did not have time to train him herself she determined to send him to Parls to be tamed. "Nero" was sad, as though he divined the coming separa-tion. When the day of departure came and he started on his jour-ney he turned about with a look of grief-almost of reproach-in the eyes of that superb face where the Greeks found the lines for their Jupiter. Jupiter.

"Nero" was taken to the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. He was not so well treated there as at Rosa Bonheur's. A disease of the eyes made him blind. The artist who had used him for her superb study went to see him. She was moved to find him stretched out in his

which to see him. She was moved to hind him stretched out in his case, humiliated and-dying. He could not see Rosa Bonheur, but he heard her. The clear voice called "Nero" and the lion stood up, groped about in the dark-ness which surrounded him until his huge paw found the hand of his mistress, which he held until death loosened the grasp. Another beast, a lioness, died at the foot of the stairway of the By house in the arms of the painter, its head, in dying agony, rest-ing on her knees

ing on her knees.

Ing on her knees. The charm which protected Rosa Bonheur from beasts of the fun-gle seemed to lie in her eye. There was something courageous and mild in her regard which overpowered them. Those kindly gray eyes had nothing of the fear, nor yet the challenge of harred so usual to the human eye when looking at feroclous animals. Rosa Bonheum looked upon them as fellow creatures. It is said that she had but little love for family life and that she had never been attached to any one half as much as to her horses and cattle. She never married and no romance or love affair ever came to

cattle. She never married and no romance or love affair ever came to

the notice of the public. But her forest studio was always frequented by a crowd of artists and men of affairs among whom she moved in her careless tollet and nonchalant manner, chatting, smoking a cigarette and then returning to her work. She treated peer and pauper with like straight-forward simplicity. Although reventy-seven when she died she retained to the and

simplicity. Although seventy-seven when she died, she retained to the end her alertness and activity. The warm blood of the South ran in her veins and the Parisian spirit rested on her lips. Her face was pe-culiarly attractive, pensive, delicate and yet solid. Her last painting, entitled "Vache et Taureau d'Auvergne," was hung in the Paris Salon this year. Like all her other pictures it was the subject of much wonder. Other animal painters, say the critics, surpass her in color, com-position and even in correctness of dewing, but nowhere in the bi-

position and even in correctness of drawing, but nowhere in the his-tory of art is found such vigor and such knowledge of the animal, which is more surprising in a woman. All are agreed that "Vache et Taureau d'Auvergne," painted while the shadows were gathering, is a fitting conclusion to Rosa Bonheur's great life work.