

THE
QUARTERLY

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SPECIAL ARTISTS
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Cover: Frederic Remington, an oil painting by Charles S. Chapman. (*Courtesy of the Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdensburg, New York*)

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Sally James Farnham: The Remington Years

by George F. McFarland



Sarah Welles James (1869-1943) as a young woman. (Courtesy of David J. McDonald, Morristown, NY)

Sally James Farnham was thirty-two when she decided to try her hand at sculpture. She had been married for five years and was about to become a mother for the second time. A long illness confined her to a bed in the Roosevelt Hospital in New York. She had been living in the City since her marriage to George Paulding Farnham on New Year's Eve in 1896 in St. John's Episcopal Church just down Caroline Street from her family's home in Ogdensburg. Her husband Paul, as Frederic Remington called him, was not only a vice-president at Tiffany & Company on Fifth Avenue, but also one of the finest designers of jewelry and objets d'art in the United States, if not in the western world.

What problem put her in the hospital is not definitely known. She would eventually have three children during the eleven years that she and Paulding Farnham lived together. It might have been that in 1901 she was having trouble with her second pregnancy. That difficulty was no doubt complicated by the death of her beloved father at about the same time.

Edward C. James had returned from the Civil War a Colonel. He had, in fact, commanded the 106th Volunteer Infantry Regiment from St. Lawrence County at one point during the years of his service. Settling right down to continue the study of law in his father's offices in Ogdensburg, he became a lawyer himself in about a year, entered practice with Stillman Foote, married and had two daughters. The elder, Lucia, after attending Wells College, married Dr. Grant C. Madill, who became a most admired and influential figure in North Country medicine. The Colonel's wife died in 1879, when Sally, the younger daughter, was ten years old. It seems that thereafter Sally gradually became her father's closest companion. Like many girls young Sally had a special fondness for all animals. A redhead and a tomboy, Sally seems to have felt most comfortable out-of-doors doing things that her father and other men and boys enjoyed like riding and hunting. Sally was especially keen about horses. She did not follow her older sister to college; instead she apparently went with her father to New York City after she had finished school and after he had established a home and a thriving law practice there. Hence, for at least ten years of youth, between her finishing school in Ogdensburg in about 1887 and her marriage in late 1896, Sally James spent much of her time with her father, at home on the St. Lawrence River in the summer, in Manhattan much of the rest of the year, and with him on his extensive travels in North America and elsewhere in the world.

There might, indeed, been some plan in the Colonel's mind that his second daughter should have a less formal, but no less thorough education. Very early, Sally had demonstrated an unusually sharp eye and a steady and talented hand. One of her favorite indoor pastimes was paper-cutting, and she was good at it. On one occasion, probably not long after her mother's death, she and her father attended an art exhibit where one of the paintings in particular had annoyed the girl. When they got home, Sally returned to the subject,

telling her father that the horse in that one painting was all wrong. The Colonel might have asked, "How so?" for Sally determined to show him rather than attempt to explain. With paper and scissors she cut out each of the parts of a horse, head, body, front and back legs, and tail. That done, she pinned them together to illustrate how the artist's conception of the horse had been wrong. Then, she put the pieces together the right way. Her father was convinced and mightily impressed that his little girl knew horses that well and could make those scissors cut so accurately. (Alexander Woolcott, *The Delineator*, May, 1921, p. 16)

When she left the large stone home of her grandparents, Amaziah James and his wife, on Caroline Street, Sally James became the lady of her father's house. The Colonel's practice in New York City prospered so well that he and Sally got up to the River only in the summertime. Whether in the City or on his travels, Sally and her father spent much of their leisure time either in the homes of the prominent and successful people they knew or roaming far and wide. They rarely failed to visit the great galleries and museums and the historic houses, monuments, and public buildings wherever they went. Quick, mature, articulate, and discreet, though definitely of independent mind, Sally got along well in society and proved a first-rate companion for the Colonel. It was often noted, however, that Sally would now and then drift away by herself and would have to be looked for. Almost always she was found quietly stationed before a painting or a sculpture or some other beautiful object that had caught her fancy. (Woolcott, p. 16)

It is certain that she led much the same kind of life with Paulding Farnham after they were married. They had an apartment in the City and a home at Great Neck on Long Island. And Paul also traveled widely in America and abroad when he presented the Tiffany collections at international exhibitions. Sally James Farnham had, therefore, not just been exposed to much historic and modern art of all kinds before her long and tedious hospital confinement in 1901, but she had also had ample opportunity to look long and steadily at works of artists who got the horses and most other things as right as could be. During those long weeks at Roosevelt Hospital young Mrs. Farnham, an active and gregarious person, got desperately bored with so little to do other than



Horse and Rider, c. 1902, by S.J. Farnham. The cowboy rider is leaning far off to his left to pick up his hat from the ground. In the estate of Eva Remington. (Courtesy of the Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdensburg, NY)

read, eat and sleep, and be entertained by a dwindling number of visitors. It seems natural in light of her early tendencies and her connection with the making of art objects at Tiffany's that, Paulding, when searching for something to take to amuse her, turned to modeling clay. At first, both she and her friends thought it kind of silly. Then, she got more serious about it, and her friends couldn't help laughing at her efforts, but she was not put off. Clay was quite different from paper, but fingers that could deftly wield a pair of scissors might learn to manage a mass of clay. With a little encouragement from her husband, Sally persevered and the figures she formed became more recognizable. (Woollcott, p. 16)

The second pregnancy turned out well; her second child was a girl, whom they called Julia after Paulding's mother. The Colonel could not, of course, be brought back or replaced. But Sally Farnham came out of the crisis year of 1901 with a new direction for her life. She had made a model of a Spanish dancer that looked pretty good to her. She would get an outside expert's opinion on whether it was worth her while to continue her new interest. She would get in touch with Frederic Remington, whom she knew from her early years and her more recent summers on the St. Lawrence River.

Born in 1861, Remington had spent the first dozen years of his life in Canton, his birthplace. Then, his family moved to Ogdensburg where Seth Pierpont

Remington, his father, after selling *The St. Lawrence Plaindealer* bought an interest in *The Ogdensburg Journal and Republican* which was owned and operated by Henry Ripley James, Sally's uncle. The Remington boy and the James girl had more in common. Fred too had grown up loving horses. His father, like Sally's, had been a colonel in the Civil War. Both grew up with a love for the out-of-doors and a deep respect for American history. Fred did not do paper-cuttings. He drew. His drawing did not please his father and his uncles. It was unmanly. Although young Remington would have dearly loved to both please and emulate his father as soldier and journalist, he kept on drawing. Most often his boyish efforts were jokes or caricatures and they got him into trouble when his subjects became his teachers and friends in the Ogdensburg school. Often on the carpet for that sort of thing and other expressions of rambunctiousness, Fred got taken out of school at home and sent to private school in Vermont and then in Massachusetts. It was at the latter that Frederic Remington became really serious about drawing. (Atwood Manley & Margaret Manley Mangum, *Frederic Remington and the North Country*, E.F. Dutton, NY, 1988, pp. 42-44)

In spite of his disappointment, Pierre Remington sent his son Fred on to the School of Art at Yale University when the time came. About halfway through the second year, the elder Remington died. That ended Fred's formal art education. Both before and after securing his patrimony at the age of twenty-one, young Remington worked at other jobs, in offices and stores, on a newspaper, and on a sheep ranch of his own in Kansas. When nothing worked out well for him and with the encouragement of his young wife, Eva Caten, Frederic Remington finally turned seriously and full-time to art as a possible source of a living.

By the time Sally Farnham got in touch with him in New York City, Remington had established himself as one of the foremost, if not the most popular, of illustrators, painters, and sculptors in America. For five or six years he had been turning his attention more and more to sculpture. On the day in 1901 when Sally Farnham tried to find him, Remington was out in Brooklyn at the Roman Bronze Works casting one of his sculptures. It was a very rainy day. Despite having a taxi pick her up and deliver her to the foundry in Brooklyn, Sally and her model of the Spanish dancer got soaked, the latter so badly that Sally had to do some frantic remodeling to make her presentable. She told Remington what she wanted: his frank opinion of the

piece and of her chances as a sculptor. He took his time and looked it over carefully. At last came the judgment. "Well, I'll be damned! I can't see how you learned it. She's ugly as the devil," he said. "But full of ginger! Keep it up, Sally." (Woollcott, p. 16)

And so it was that Sally James Farnham of Ogdensburg, aged thirty-two, married and twice a mother, determined that she would become a sculptor. By the time Frederic Remington died eight years later, Sally would do monu-

ments that Remington both admired and envied. After his death, she would be asked to complete his last piece, "The Stampede."

However, that very wet visit to the Roman Bronze Works in 1901 was not the first time that Sally had sought out Remington in a professional way. Five years earlier, very likely from Ogdensburg, she asked Remington if he would sell her one of his pictures. It was probably intended as a wedding gift to her husband. The slight evidence of

Remington's formal note thanking "Miss James" for her check suggests that the two Ogdensburg acquaintances were not then so friendly as they would become.

By 1901 their relationship had changed markedly. By coincidence, Frederic Remington was also in the hospital in the City. The Manleys report that Fred had had a riding accident, his horse falling on his left leg and nearly crushing the foot. (Atwood Manley & Margaret Manley Mangum, *Frederic Remington and the North Country*, 1988, p. 164) The friendliest letter between Remington and Sally that has as yet come to light, an undated one in the possession of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, is a friendly, even good-old-buddy kind of communication, the context of which makes it clear that they are both stuck in hospital beds, she longer than he, both in pain and mightily annoyed at being confined. The letter, however, explains his accident in a different way.

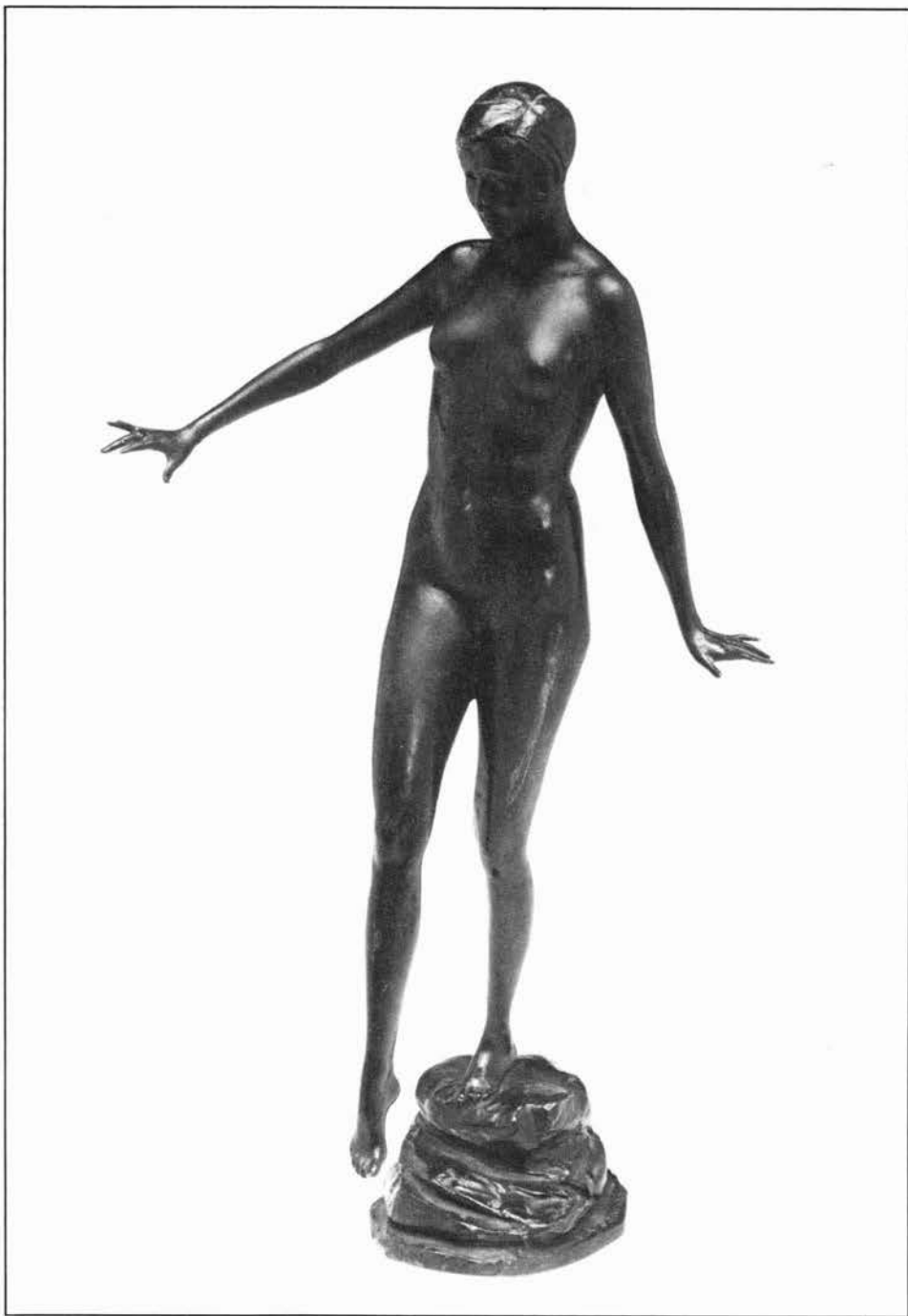
"My dear Sally,

They have got me where they want me . . ." He explains that one foot is injured, and in the other he has got the gout. The injury, he writes, occurred when "That 1300 lb'er" of a sculpture slipped and started to fall, and he stuck his foot out to stop it. A week in bed has been enough for him. "I am really sorry to hear that you are so out of [] but a tough old bird like you cant go wrong long." "I cant see what we have done to get this kind of deal sawed off on us." "You need not brag about how many pains you have had—you never had the gout." Then, in closing, "Cheer up Sally—it may not be true."

One wonders if Remington had not put Paulding Farnham up to giving Sally the modeling clay when he heard how bored she had been getting with her long stay in the hospital. Perhaps, Fred had visited her before the accident because he refers to "that 1300 lb'er" as if she knew about it. At any rate, his letter seemed intended to cheer up a fellow sufferer from his hometown.

Moreover, the evidence of that letter's familiarity suggests that the Remingtons, then living in New Rochelle, just north of the City on Long Island Sound, and the Farnhams, just across the Sound on the north shore of Long Island, had become pretty good friends. It is no surprise then that in 1902 Remington wrote to Paul Farnham thanking him for having his pictures displayed to such good advantage in Tiffany's windows on Fifth Avenue. (MSS letter, Whitney Gallery of Western Art) Such a market was of tremendous importance to Remington to assure collectors that his work was substantial and respected and deserving of higher prices.

It must be that Sally Farnham went



Untitled Maiden, c. 1920-1930, not the *Bacchic Maiden* for Colonel Emerson's fountain mentioned in the text, but a similar female figure. (Photo courtesy of Christie, Manson, & Woods, New York)



Soldiers and Sailors Civil War Monument, 1905, Ogdensburg, NY. (Photo courtesy of David J. McDonald, Morristown, NY)



President Theodore Roosevelt, bas-relief, c. 1906. Mrs. Farnham made the model for this piece during a single brief meeting of the president and his cabinet. (Courtesy of the Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdensburg, NY)

right to work, upon leaving Roosevelt Hospital, to learn her new craft, and it may be that she spent a good deal of time learning from Remington and perhaps H.M. Shrady and other well-established youngish sculptors in the New York City area. Certainly, when she ran into a problem, she consulted one or the other of them. There is no real documentation for any formal or informal study of the art of sculpture on her part. Nevertheless, it seems inevitable that in their social and her husband's professional circles Sally Farnham would have frequently met many artists of all kinds, chatted with them about her new vocation, and received offers of assistance. With her husband, Paulding Farnham, routinely working in precious metals designing jewelry and objets d'art at Tiffany's and Remington nearby or at the bronze foundry in Brooklyn or at Tiffany's, she had skilled tutors always available to her.

It is, therefore, surprising that almost all writers on Sally Farnham's career make the point that as a sculptor she was *untaught*. Perhaps, they mean that she had not formally studied with a master like Saint-Gaudens who might, after years of apprenticeship, have presented her in the traditional manner to the art world as his protege. Or perhaps the community of artists at the turn of the century were still too fond of the John Keats legend of the untutored *wunderkind* or the *belle sauvage* of French Romanticism. The truth was that young Mrs. Farnham studied and worked hard to make herself a sculptor, to teach those remarkable eyes and hands of the child paper-cutter to mold three-dimensional creatures out of clay and give them life.

Sally James Farnham's first major commission came quickly. Colonel Isaac Emerson, the inventor and manufacturer of Bromo-Seltzer, happened to see her model of a "Bacchic Maiden." He was so taken with it that he immediately asked her to make such a figure for him and a fountain to go with her that he might use near his home in Baltimore. ("Sally James Farnham," *Brookgreen Gardens*, p. 158) Since there was insufficient space on his grounds to accommodate the whole sculpture, he purchased additional land so that it might be properly displayed. Sally was paid the remarkable sum of \$5,000 for the Bacchic Maiden and her fountain.

Colonel Emerson's fountain must have been completed in about 1903-04. In 1905 Sally James Farnham entered a competition to do a Civil War monument for her hometown of Ogdensburg and won the commission. Although her father and grandfather were both dead, the James family still had many friends along the River, and one might easily

conclude that Sally's winning was a generous gesture on the part of old friends and neighbors. Possibly that is the way it worked, but it is just as likely that submission of designs in the competition was not only sealed but anonymous. In any case, in just a few years, in a worldwide competition juried by an international committee, Sally Farnham would again be the winner, and then the prize would be a grander commission to do a monument for the City of New York.

Almost to the very last moment before the dedication of the completed "Soldiers and Sailors Monument" in Ogdensburg there continued a dispute as to where it should be located. It was August 23rd, and folks had gathered from all over St. Lawrence County. It must have seemed like a very hot and extra-special Fourth of July, what with people milling about everywhere, dignitaries from far and near, music, amusements, and vendors, all competing for attention. The principal speaker of the day, the Vice-President of the United States, Charles W. Fairbanks, arrived at last, much to the relief of those in charge of the program. Sally Farnham was virtually overlooked. Her monument, however, could not be. Atop a forty-foot column on a granite base was a massive winged "Victory" in bronze and at the base a Civil War soldier in bronze guarding victory and freedom.

Months earlier, *The New York Times* of February 26, 1905 (Sec. IV, P. 7, col. 2), ran an article hailing the bronze to go atop the monument in Ogdensburg as Sally James Farnham's claim to national attention.

Of recent years women, particularly in America, have found means of expression in sculpture. The latest to come before the public is Sally James Farnham. Like Shradly [then a prominent male sculptor of animals and mounted figures in the Northeast], her work was spontaneous, a talent found unexpectedly, full grown and matured, and, like Shradly, her versatility knows no law, the size or nature of the subject offers no difficulty to her inspired fingers.

A Victory, seven feet high, that will adorn the summit of the Soldiers' Monument to be erected in Ogdensburg, seems executed with as much facility as a portrait statuette of eighteen inches, 'The Spanish Dancer.' Her two latest pieces, a steeplechase cup, the handles of which are leaping horses, and a cowboy snatching his sombrero from the ground as he leans from a running pony, are as instinct with motion. There



The Sergeant and the Bugle Boy Civil War Statue, 1907-1908, Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, NY. (Courtesy of the Friends of Mt. Hope Cemetery)

is life and fire in every line. There is the independence of conception and execution, a direct sincerity, a vital feeling that animates marbles and bronze with that rarest of gifts, 'individuality.'

Although the article overemphasizes the wonder of her new-found art, the author of that first public commentary on Sally Farnham as sculptor, had seen her work, unlike others who would write about it, and discerned accurately the identifying characteristics of her talent: versatility, daring, individuality, and "life and fire," the animation and spirit that Remington had called "ginger." Others saw in the wind-blown, clinging gown of the classic Victory figure and the wind-tossed flag behind her a flamboyance that might be said to characterize much of Sally's work. Accompanying the article in *The Times* is a lovely charcoal sketch of Sally Farnham, that captures her sharp sense of style, by Charles S. Chapman of Morristown on the St. Lawrence. Charlie, her cousin, was then twenty-six and making strides as an illustrator and painter. In 1908 he would start exhibiting his work at the National Academy of Design.

It might be said here that Sally James Farnham executed a monument very much like the Ogdensburg "Soldiers and Sailors" piece for Bloomfield, NJ, which was dedicated in 1912, again in honor of soldiers and sailors who had served their country in wartime. There

is a similar granite base on which there is a 25-foot fluted column, and atop that an eleven-foot "Winged Victory." The piece stands today right in the middle of downtown Bloomfield. (Information Librarian, Bloomfield Public Library)

Obviously under the artistic influence of her friend and mentor, Frederic Remington, Mrs. Farnham left for a holiday in western Canada very shortly after the "Soldiers and Sailors Monument" was dedicated in Ogdensburg. Nothing is known about the circumstances of the trip. Her first child, James, was then about seven, and the second, Julia, four. It is possible that Sally left the children with her sister, Lucia Madill, in Ogdensburg. Paulding, her husband, might have returned to New York City and his work at Tiffany's. The summer was a busy time for exhibitions in which he took a leading role, and it is, therefore, unlikely that he accompanied Sally out west. Of course, he might have, if only because propriety would have dictated that she not travel without a friend or member of her family.

The results of the trip seem to help clarify its purpose at least. Sally Farnham returned to New York City with studies for horse-and-cowboy sculptures that are difficult to differentiate from those of Remington himself. Maybe like the Annie Oakley of the musical, Sally had told Remington that anything he could do she could do too—although



*Pay Day - Going to Town, undated. Obviously, this sculpture by Sally Farnham is reminiscent of Remington's **Coming Through the Rye** done in 1902. (Courtesy of the Frank Phillips Foundation, Inc., Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville, OK)*



*Frederic Remington, **The Stampede**, 1909-10. Remington was still at work on this sculpture when he died. His widow asked Sally Farnham to do what needed to be done, and so it was "put together and completed" by her. (Courtesy of the Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdensburg, NY)*

perhaps not better. As a rider and lover of horses from childhood and a frequent rider in New York City and on Long Island, in addition to her having become something of a protegee of Frederic Remington, Sally Farnham went to western Canada that summer to see first-hand the horses and the men that Remington portrayed with such life and daring. Among the works conceived, if not modeled that summer, were her "Sun-Fisher," like Remington's "Bronco Buster," a rearing horse with rider off the saddle, and "Pay-Day," like Fred's "Coming Through the Rye," four cowboys riding abreast of one another and tossing their lariats rather than firing pistols into the air. It is conceivable, of course, that she was not only trying to emulate Remington's style and subject matter, while learning how to do horses better, but that she was simply copying Remington. However, if that had been the purpose of all that hard work, she need not have gone west to do it; she could have copied Fred's bronzes right in New York City. At the same time, in Sally James Farnham, New York City matron, the tomboy of the St. Lawrence River valley remained alive, and she still loved horses and she still wanted to get them right.

Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States from 1901 to 1909, coincidentally the years in which the relationship between Sally Farnham and Remington flourished. Roosevelt had missed the Civil War completely, having been born in 1858, but northern New York Civil War veterans with vigorous roots in the Republican Party, like Colonel Edward C. James, Sally's father, wholeheartedly supported Roosevelt's candidacy in 1900. It is, moreover, probable that Edward James, perhaps the leading trial lawyer in the City in the last decade of the nineteenth century, had supported Roosevelt earlier in his various roles as mayor of the City, police commissioner, and eventually governor of New York State. Also involved in New York State and City Republican politics at that time was the lawyer and statesman, Elihu Root, Secretary of War under McKinley and Secretary of State for Roosevelt later on.

Remington's friendship with Roosevelt went back to 1887 when Roosevelt recommended to his publisher that Remington be hired to do the illustrations for his forthcoming book, *Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail*. (A. & M. Splete, *Frederic Remington—Selected Letters*, p. 440) Sally Farnham had no doubt that Theodore Roosevelt was her favorite president and that Elihu Root was the greatest man she had ever known. The Remingtons and the Farnhams were actually very near neighbors of Theodore Roosevelt and his family



Bolívar, The Liberator, 1919-1921, in Central Park, New York. (Reprinted from J.S. Saltus and W.E. Tisne, *Statues of New York*, G.P. Putnam's Sons, NY 1923)

in Oyster Bay, a few miles to the east. The Remingtons visited the Roosevelts, and Sally Farnham was invited to do a sculpture of the President. Of course, Teddy was mighty busy and so couldn't really afford the time for proper sittings. Sally, therefore, was allowed to attend a forty-five minute cabinet meeting to make whatever sketches or studies she might need. (*Brookgreen Gardens*, p. 159) The result is the striking head of TR in the Remington Art Museum in Ogdensburg, which seems to capture with vivid accuracy the strength and intensity of the man as well as his likeness.

From Inglewauk in Chippewa Bay on the St. Lawrence River toward the end of June, 1906, Remington sent Theodore Roosevelt an odd and uncharacteristic piece of sculpture called "Paleolithic Man," "the original inhabitant of the original Oyster Bay," Remington called it. An ape-like figure is portrayed with club in one hand and an oyster shell in the other. (Splete, p. 359) In the Spring of 1908, Remington sent the President another gift, not a joke this time, but something he knew might be

close to Roosevelt's heart, a sketch of "The Cowboy," a sculpture commissioned for Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. Roosevelt thanked him for it in a letter dated June 29, 1908. "By George, that's a corking bronze, but do you know I do not think that any bronze you will ever make will appeal to me more than the one of the bronco-buster... I also prize the man on the stone edge ["Paleolithic Man"]... (Splete, pp. 439-40) Sally Farnham enjoyed the odd thing so much that she made one very much like it as a present for Remington: "Paleolithic Woman," a female figure seated in a cave and about to throw a rock at an intruder.

After Remington's death in 1909, Eva, his wife, made a gift to Sally of a copy of "Paleolithic Man." On her own initiative, but with Mrs. Remington's permission, Sally then made copies of Remington's caveman and her cave woman, sold them, and gave the proceeds from Remington's "Paleolithic Man" to Eva Remington. (MSS letter, Mrs. Farnham to John Howard, Dec. 4, 1918, in the Remington Art Museum)

In 1906 Elihu Root, as Secretary of

State, toured South America and persuaded the South American governments to participate in the Second Hague Peace Conference. His efforts furthered the work of his predecessor, Secretary James G. Blaine and strengthened ties between North and South America. The International Union of American Republics soon became the Pan-American Union, which in turn would lead to the building of a beautiful new headquarters for the organization in Washington, DC. Sally James Farnham received an invitation to compete for the commission to create bronze friezes for the Governing Board Room. She was pleased with the invitation, but knew that it would take a lot of study to do designs depicting the discovery, exploration, and settlement of the Americas. And there were other jobs to be finished first.

In October, 1907, Mrs. Farnham met with a committee of representatives of the Grand Army of the Republic and of two major cemeteries in Rochester, New York, Mt. Hope and Holy Sepulchre, concerning designs that she had submitted for monuments under consideration for both sites. At that point, she was one of two finalists, and again she was chosen to do the sculptures. Holy Sepulchre chose a stone Celtic cross surmounted by a bronze eagle with a wing span of eight feet. Mt. Hope elected to have two figures on a granite pedestal, a soldier standard bearer and a bugle boy. The tentative contract price was set at \$10,000. It was hoped that the work could be completed by the following June; there were, however, some reasons for delay on the part of the cemeteries and the committee and on Sally's part too. (*Democrat & Chronicle*, October 4 and 9, 1907)

Alexander Woollcott would make public some years later the problem that Sally Farnham ran into. It seems to have developed early on, perhaps even when designs for both pieces were being made final. The people in Rochester were getting anxious to hear from the sculptor. The sculptor explained that she had yet to complete a previous job commitment; it might take a few more weeks. After waiting what they thought she meant by that length of time, the monument committee got in touch again. Sally was pleased to wire back something to the effect: Job completed. Weighed in at just over ten pounds. Busy nursing him at the moment. Will get to your commission next week. That was John Farnham, the third and last of her children. (*The Delineator*, p. 16)

Dedication of the two Rochester monuments took place in October, 1908. Sally Farnham was not there, but a lot of other people were, and all were pleased with the "extremely handsome" sculp-

tures. Of the "Eagle and the Cross" in Holy Sepulchre it was said only that the sculpture was of "splendid proportions." Of the "Soldier and Bugle Boy" in Mt. Hope it was thought that "the group reflects the master hand." It was felt to be "the most unique in the country." (*Democrat & Chronicle*, September 26, 1908)

The "Soldier and the Bugle Boy" deserves all the praise it got and more. It is a beautifully executed and powerfully expressive work of art. The empty, bone-dead weariness of war is seen in the face and posture of the soldier and the incredibly renewable idealism and energy in the boy at his side. Remington had coached Sally on some of the uniform details. When he saw it as early as February, 1908, at the Roman Bronze Works, he told his wife Eva, "Sally F. there—she has a dandy 2 figure group soldier monument." (letter, Splete, p. 384) When the work was about finished, Remington wrote Sally a letter that she must have cherished. (Splete, p. 446)

[undated]

My dear Sally F I keep a scrapbook in which I paste photos of sculpture and it yawns for one of the Sergeant & Bugle Boy—if you have one but . . .

I suppose a photo of the bronze will be much better than the plaster.

However remember me when the distribution comes.

Yours

At about the same time, in 1908-09, Sally consulted Remington about another monument she was designing, for exactly where we do not know. Two undated letters refer to it. In correspondence at least, she relied on Remington for exact details of costume.

My dear Sally I think Col. Sargt. wore this [an accompanying sketch, no doubt] in Civil War. I think later the chevrons were placed the other side up, with the change of '69—He had his sling for the flag pole and wore a Sargt's sword. You had better ask someone else but be sure you find out which side up the chevrons went—they changed—

Yours,

My dear Sally *Missie* [Eva, his wife, one might assume] was talking about your *Sentinel* on monument. First—his gun must not be on the ground if you want the sentinel idea.

The only good Civil War art material is *Forbes Etchings* and *Winslow Homer's* illustrations in war numbers of *Harpers Weekly*. All else is misleading.

Why dont you put him in marching order—blanket roll—haversack

etc? Tuck his breeches in his socks, and dont make him slick. Give him long hair—curled forward over the ears. Dont have much in his haversack—pantaloons very full & wrinkled—fix his bayonet—Springfield muzzle loader, and above all never mind what old soldiers tell you because this had that and this issue without end but the things they describe were not general—uniform or typical *ofttimes*.

There were all kinds of things issued but which did not survive. The last of the war was fought with merely a poncho (rubber) and no blanket. Go to *Bravermans* on B'way for your stuff—and get a *Civil War haversack*—they were unlike the new ones in use now.

I enclose a rough sketch which may help you a little. If you dont have that soldier so he suits me I will slander your d _____ old monument.

Yours, (Splete, pp. 446-47)

It seems, therefore, that, on the basis of the correspondence, Remington's important assistance or tutelage was primarily in the area of dress and accoutrements. At the same time, it would have been unnatural, indeed, if Sally had not asked for or willingly accepted comments on other aspects of her models when she and Remington met, most often professionally at the Roman Bronze Works in Brooklyn.

1908 might have been a very good year for Sally Farnham, the sculptor. However, Mrs. Farnham, who had seemed to combine her busy roles as wife and mother, sculptor, and hostess with great skill and success for almost twelve years, was then confronted by the cold fact of the failure of her marriage. Paulding Farnham sought and got a divorce. Little is known of what went wrong between them.

Paulding Farnham's career at Tiffany and Company was, perhaps, at its peak when he and Sally James married in 1896, the year that he designed the famous Adams Gold Vase which has been in the Metropolitan Museum of Art for many years. In 1902, the year in which Sally was fully occupied with her two children, Julia just an infant, yet immersed in learning how to be a sculptor in a hurry, Charles Tiffany, founder and chairman at Tiffany and Company, died, and his son, Louis Comfort Tiffany, became vice president and, more importantly, art director. Farnham's career had, of course, prospered under the leadership of the elder Tiffany and his own uncle, Charles T. Cook, president of the company. Now, Louis Comfort Tiffany replaced Farnham as art director and so had the



Marshal Ferdinand Foch, c. 1919, reported to have been the General's favorite among all the busts done of him after World War I. (Courtesy of the Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdensburg, NY)

authority to alter or reject designs presented by his predecessor, and he did it in a number of significant instances. (Janet Zapata, "The Rediscovery of Paulding Farnham, Tiffany's Designer *Extraordinaire*." *The Magazine Antiques*, April, 1991, pp. 725-27) In 1907 Farnham's uncle, Charles Cook, who had first employed his nephew as an apprentice, also died, leaving Farnham without any substantial support in the corporation and little satisfaction in the work that he had been doing with great success for at least two decades. On June 2, 1908, George Paulding Farnham resigned his position at Tiffany and Company.

Such a catastrophe must have been especially shattering for one as proud as Paulding Farnham. The Pauldings,

his mother's family, had been prominent in American history. During the Revolutionary War, John Paulding and a fellow soldier on night patrol not far from West Point apprehended a suspicious gentleman who turned out to be Major Andre with newly acquired colonial secrets stuffed in his boots. In the early and middle nineteenth century James Kirke Paulding, a friend and associate of Washington Irving's in *The Salmagundi Papers* distinguished himself as one of America's most American authors and as Secretary of the Navy as well. An uncle was Hiram Paulding who served the Union long and well as an admiral during the Civil War. His aunt was the wife of Chauncey Depew, the leading figure in the history of the New York Cen-

tral Railroad for many years and a prominent Republican force in Albany and Washington. With such a heritage one could be unusually proud, proud enough to give each of his children Paulding as a middle name. It must have also been deeply painful to see and hear month by month of his wife's continuing success and wider acceptance in a craft that had been his and which he had done so much to teach her. Just how totally negated he might have felt is suggested by the fact that more than fifteen years later, when filling out a resume of his career for the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, DC, he made no mention whatsoever of his years with Tiffany and Company and the splendid work he did there. (Zapata, p. 727)

For almost twelve years the home of Paulding and Sally Farnham must have been among the most creative households in the United States. But the partnership was over. Soon, they were divorced, and Paulding lived out the rest of his life in California. Sally went on in New York City and Ogdensburg. She had three children to raise and an important commission to complete, to do friezes for the Pan-American Union then being built in the nation's capital. That assignment was the beginning of a new direction in her career.

Sally Farnham recalled with joy the fun she had had as a tomboy up along the St. Lawrence River acting out the heroic deeds of South American heroes.

... those bold Spanish explorers took a strong hold on my imagination. Mounted on a broomstick for a charger I was Cortez, clattering into the halls of Montezuma. Or again I was Bolivar, leading his ragged and toiling troops of cavalry over the almost impassable mountains in the quest of liberty—the cavalry usually consisting of two or three small boys, pressed into service, and my three or four dogs, who were rather more successful than I in scaling the peaks. (Sally James Farnham, "An American Sculptor," *The Pan-American Magazine*, September, 1920, p. 199)

Those memories added a special zest to the undertaking of the frieze designs which she knew would require "infinite research."

Every detail had to be correct, from the headdress of Manco Capac and the armor of Pizarro, Cortez, Columbus, and Balboa, to the weapons and wampum of the Huron and the Montagnais Indians, and the leathers and lacings of the followers of Champlain.

Weeks were spent in pouring over the fascinating old manu-

Continued on page 26

Remington Prints

An Interview with Richard Myers

Over forty years ago lifelong Canton resident, Richard Myers, began collecting Remington prints, first editions containing the North Country artist's illustrations, magazines and calendars with Remington pictures. Mr. Myers' interest was a natural for two reasons. His grandfather, Richard Finnemore, had gone to the California Gold Rush as a young man on steamships and mule train over the isthmus of Panama and had returned with mementos and tales of his western adventures to the family farm. And a local artist, Remington, depicted the west's final exploits and grandeur.

In 1975, having acquired Remington prints and books and made the acquaintance of many Remington authorities, Mr. Myers privately printed a bibliography of Frederic Remington prints that he "knew to be in existence." The bibliography has since been used by researchers, collectors and authors such as Harold and Peggy Samuels, Atwood Manley and Margaret Manley Mangum. In an interview, Mr. Myers expanded on the information in his bibliography, telling us what he has learned about the prints made of Remington's work, and their history and accessibility.

After a brief unsuccessful career as sheepman and saloon keeper, Remington moved to Brooklyn and began looking for work as an illustrator with publishing houses in 1885-86. It was then he sold his first sketches to *Harper's Weekly*. With commissions from *Harper's* and *Outing* magazines, he traveled west, took photographs and sketched (drew) or duplicated the photographs. Early prints were photographic reproductions; the original prints were made from quality printing plates and later re-published repeatedly. Chromolithographs, unlike these photographic reproductions of sketches and paintings, were copied on treated "stones" by craftsmen. By 1890, a halftone photo engraving process was used for books, magazines and published prints. The years 1888 to 1908 were considered Remington's prime.

In a short but prolific career, Remington's popular subject matter was sought by publishers, such as J. Dewing Co. of San Francisco and New York; Remington's four original California pictures were reprinted in their John Muir series of portfolios, *Picturesque California*. A fifth, "Old Time Types," a drawing, was meant for the set. Those printed were "Mule Train Crossing the Sierras," "Branding Cattle," "Miners Prospecting For Gold," and "A Navaho

Sheep Herder." There was a deluxe edition with prints on silk and a trade edition. The former silk set is now rare, and the drawing, possibly a steel engraving, has not been seen since publication.

Fifteen color lithographs were published in 1889 by Bradlee, Whidden Publishing Company and two were by Remington, "Antelope Hunting" and "Canada Goose Shooting." These were the first reprints of his work in color and on lithograph. Like much of his early output, these two lithographs are rarely seen any longer. Mr. Myers obtained his from Newman's Old Print Shop in New York City, which he remembers as a fine source. Remington did not continue working in this genre which makes these special, and the work is more that of the precise draftsman than the confident painter he would become. In 1892, Scribner published a set, *American Illustrators*, with one color print, "A Russian Cossack." This picture was a memento of Fred's trip to Russia with Yale classmate and sometime writer, Poultney Bigelow. The trip was made more memorable when the two were asked to leave the country. As with other sets, Scribner put out deluxe and trade versions. A deluxe set or original of this print would be a find these days.

Harper's Weekly issued three supplements to the magazine in 1890 with original prints, not lesser magazine reprints. Among these were three black-and-white prints by Remington, "Busted Brake on the Downgrade," "What's The Show For Christmas Dinner, Chief?" and "Dragging a Hide Over a Prairie Fire," all typical scenes for Remington. By the early 1890's, Remington's work was included in several other special sets. Two Remingtons were among sixty-four done by *Century Illustrated Monthly* in folios and two more by Davis and Sanford Prints in 1895. These were mounted on heavy board, which was unusual at the time.

R.H. Russell, a publisher of books, prints and later the famous "Buckskins", brought out a set of platinum prints in black and white with familiar titles, "The Charge of The Rough Riders," "A Dash For the Timber," "Scream of the Shrapnel," and others. The platinum process was complicated, one Mr. Myers said would take an article to describe, and was short lived because of its expense. This set sold for \$10, a princely sum in the 1890's.

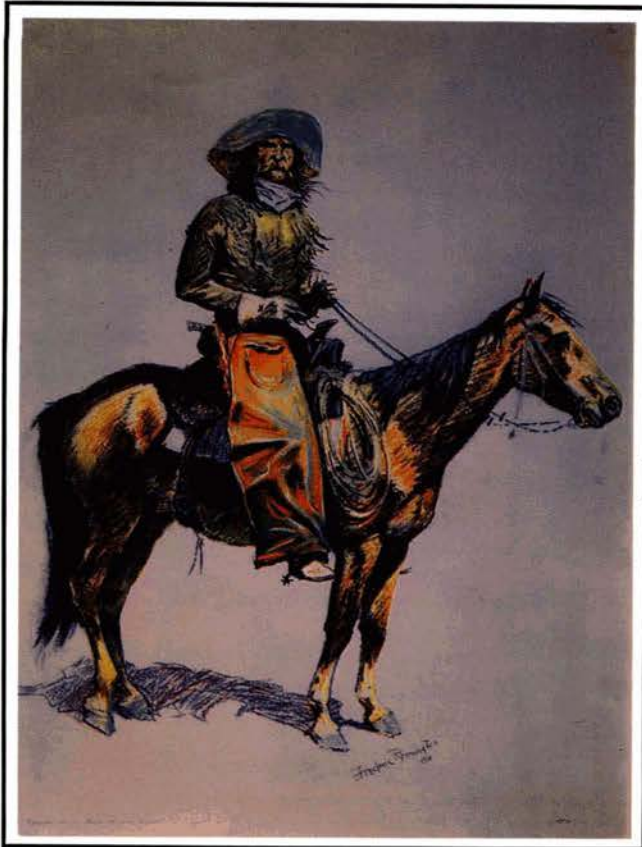
Remington did fifteen original black-and-white paintings to be used as illus-

trations for *Personal Recollections of General Nelson A. Miles*, which Werner later reprinted in large, black-and-white format. No one has a print of the fifteenth. There are two known sets of fourteen and one of thirteen. Mr. Myers speculates that because fourteen were horizontal and the fifteenth vertical, it was never reproduced because of its shape. All the pictures are classic Remington renderings of the Indian Wars.

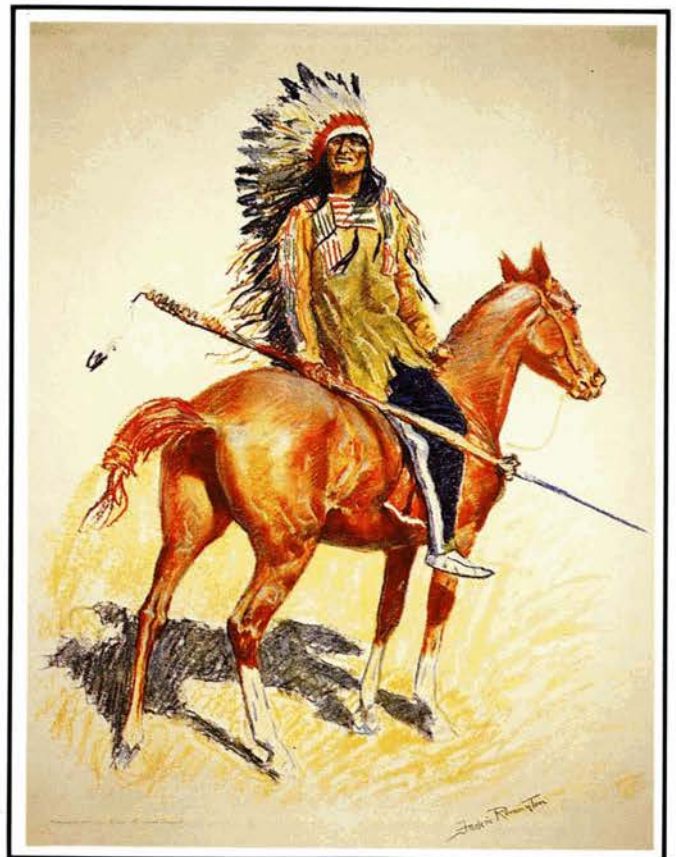
Remington's black-and-white illustrations for his 1900 book, *The Way Of An Indian*, were reproduced in color as a supplement to the newspaper, *The Chicago Examiner* in 1906. McConnell did them on poor paper, and Mr. Myers had his framed to preserve them. There were sixteen illustrations in the book, but he does not know of the existence of more than nine prints. The book was a challenge to Remington's friend and fellow author, Owen Wister. The book, first serialized in *Cosmopolitan*, never topped Wister's *The Virginian* in popularity, but the illustrations were praised by Theodore Roosevelt for their insight into Indian lore. Mr. Myers' prints from the book were recently used in Harold and Peggy Samuels' 1900 *Remington the Complete Prints*.

In 1888, Houghton Mifflin gave Remington the commission to illustrate an edition of *Hiawatha*. Twenty-two black-and-white paintings and hundreds of sketches were produced for the book. Remington later disliked the work he'd done as did some critics, but today an 1888 first edition of *Hiawatha* with Remington's illustrations is a valuable find.

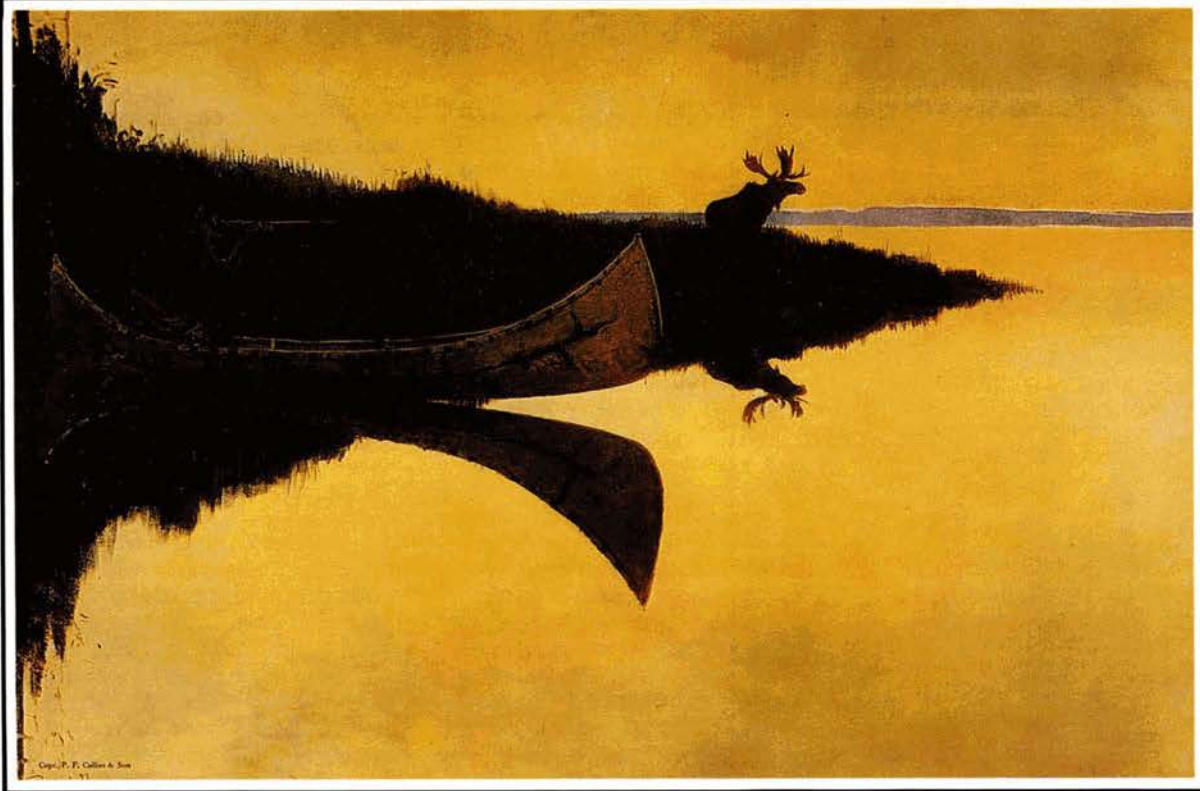
Harper's Weekly, which was then Remington's prime market for illustrations, fell on hard times, giving way to *Collier's Weekly*, Remington's largest printmaker. *Collier's* published seven folios in all. A complete folio in good condition would be a scarce item now, Mr. Myers said. In the late 1890's, Remington made a deal with *Collier's* to do a certain number of paintings every year. Initially, they were used in the magazine either as a centerfold or single page and in black and white. As the new color print process developed, *Collier's* went into prints in a big way, selling singles as well as folios. There were one hundred twenty one prints done; only a dedicated collector would own more than one hundred. *Collier's* reprinted many of Frederic Remington's best known such as "The Bell Mare," "The Emigrants," "Pony Tracks in The Buffalo Trail," "Argu-



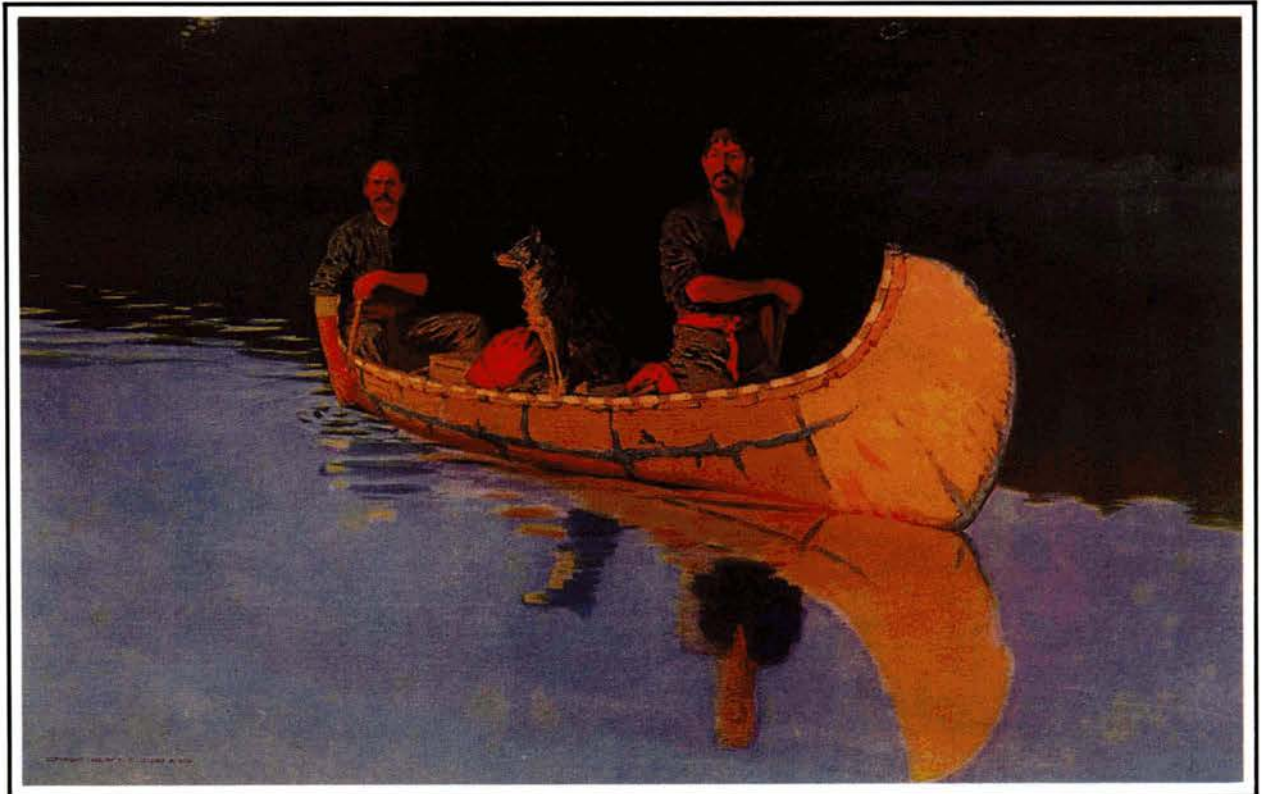
*"Arizona Cowboy", one of eight 1901 lithographs, titled **A Bunch of Buckskins**.*



*Another of the **Buckskins**, "A Sioux Chief" was also in a set of four titled **Indians**.*



"Coming To The Call", another print from the 1908 set, Remington's Four Best Paintings.



"Evening On a Canadian Lake", one of the most popular of the Collier's issues.



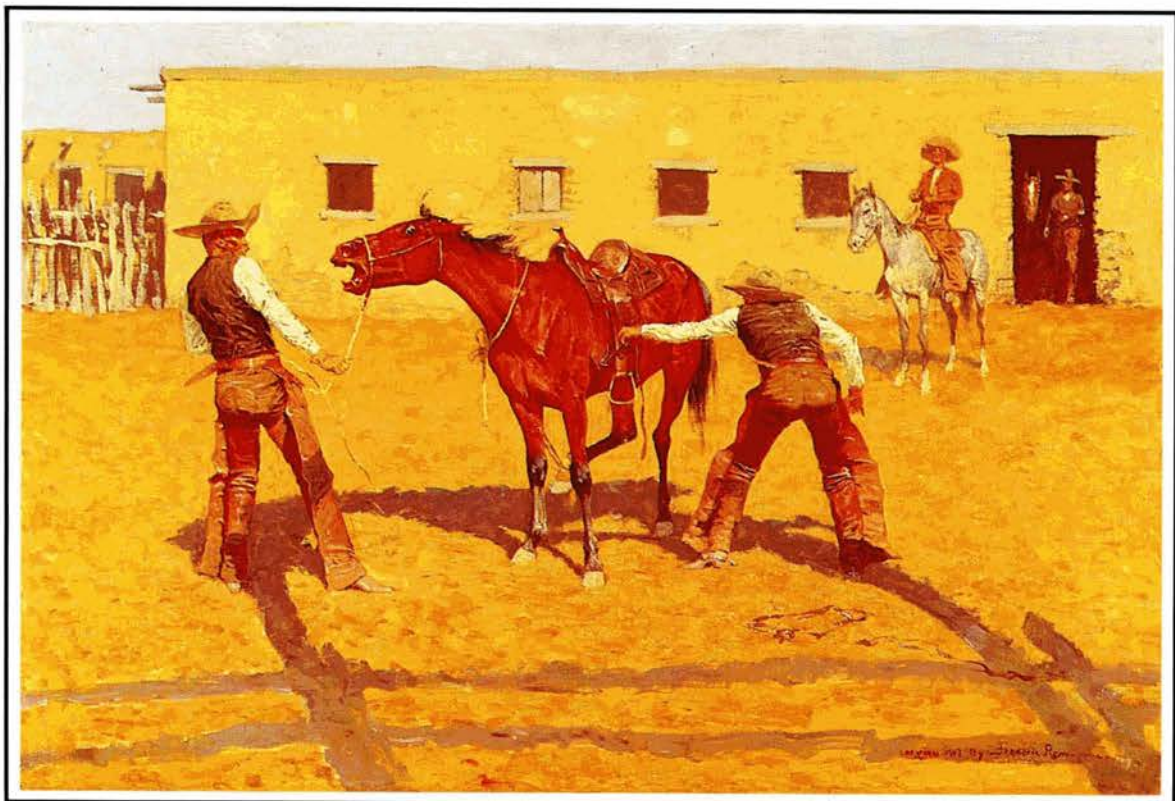
*"Goose Shooting" from 1889 set titled **Sport; or Shooting and Fishing**, one of first Remington prints in color.*



*"Drifting Before The Storm", a **Collier's** 1904 print, part of a folio of twelve.*



"Gathering of the Trappers" from Collier's folio of six colored prints on hardboard (1904-08).



"His First Lesson" from Collier's 1908 set of four titled, Remington's Four Best Paintings.

The above color prints are by courtesy of the Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdensburg, New York.

ment With the Town Marshal" and "Downing The Nigh Leader." In 1908, *Collier's* did a set of four titled, *Remington's Four Best Paintings*. Among them is one familiar to northern New Yorkers, "Evening On a Canadian Lake." Many of these pictures show the evolution of the young illustrator into mature painter with his special impressionistic touches. Eventually Dodge bought out *Collier's* print division and reproduced with photography. A Dodge print will have "Copyright Collier's" in a lower corner, reflecting its photographic copyright.

In 1901 R.H. Russell did *A Bunch Of Buckskins*, a set of eight single figures done by Remington in pastels; four "Indians" and four "Rough Riders". The lithographs, sold in large board folios with an introduction by Owen Wister, have been popular and inexpensively reprinted, but the scarcity of a complete set of eight original lithographs makes them the most valuable of the Remington prints. Mr. Myers said there are few complete sets of the 1901 lithographs in private collections today. When the original pastels were exhibited, critics agreed Remington was improving in his use of color, expression and composition. Prints of these well-known figures can be seen in the newly opened First National Bank of Norfolk's Canton branch, behind the tellers.

Remington did four paintings for Smith and Wesson Arms Company to be reprinted for advertising and distributed to dealers. The original of these four black and whites, titled "The Last Stand", "With the Wolfhounds" (later "Coursing Wolves With Greyhounds," "Hands Off," and "A Critical Moment," are still owned by Smith and Wesson. But the prints are so rare that for a long time Mr. Myers knew of only one set of four.

The four lithographs, *Western Types*, done by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1902 are equally rare and valuable. They came in a cardboard box, were 12" by 17", and were of the lone figures, "The Cowboy," "The Half Breed," "The Scout," and "The Cossack Post." *Scribner's Monthly* first used the pictures in the magazine, then used leftovers to put out smaller prints of the four figures. The Canton Free Library owns two and they are usually on the wall behind the main desk.

Single prints were done by various publishers. "The Last of His Race" was reprinted in oil by W. Scott Thurber in Chicago in 1902 on canvas to resemble an original painting. Books were taken apart and pages used as prints such as the volume, "Drawings." Mr. Myers knows of an original book of "Drawings," signed by Remington and R.H. Russell, a deluxe edition in its original box, but doesn't think another intact book is to be found anymore. Mr.

Myers noted pages from *Harper's Weekly* have been cut out, matted and sold as prints, but are no more than magazine pages and not true prints. Remington also did calendars for Winchester Arms Company in 1892, 1893 and 1894; and R.H. Russell used Remington work from "Drawings" to print three calendars.

Ironically, as Remington evolved from illustrator to artist, his long association with *Collier's* soured. The western action scenes in sunscapes that had made his pictures widely popular and the prints lucrative for his publishers gave way to his fascination with color, composition and night settings, and *Collier's* wanted none of it. They did print "A Night Attack On a Government Wagon," but the public craved Remington's view of a west in high-noon color with action and scope. He produced a series for *Collier's*, "The Great American Explorers," but it wasn't the return *Collier's* wanted, and they did the unimaginable—published only half of his 1907 submissions.

In a dour mood, Remington torched more than a hundred paintings in 1907. Among them were "Bringing Home The New Cook," "Drifting Before the Storm," "The Buffalo Hunter," "The Gathering Of The Troopers," and all but one from the series "The Great Explorers." Only the prints remain.

Collecting has introduced Mr. Myers to many western art fanciers. He has corresponded with collectors and would-be sellers in the U.S., Canada and Europe for the last two decades. He has had visits from New York art authority, Rudy Wunderlich; Curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum, Peter Hassrick; and former actor and now western painter, George Montgomery. His friendship with the late Atwood Manley was formed by their mutual appreciation

and knowledge of their fellow Cantonian, Frederic Remington. A recent resurgence of interest in Remington is developing both in the north country and the country at large, evidenced by the 1988 national touring exhibit of paintings and bronzes. Books on Remington's north country influences and Remington correspondence by former Canton residents, Peggy Manley Mangum, and Alan Splete were published in 1989. The Samuels' 1990 book, mentioned earlier, acknowledges Mr. Myers' contribution. A new video, produced by the Metropolitan Museum and narrated by Gregory Peck, is a stunning tribute to the north country artist's work.

The First National Bank of Norfolk's Canton, Potsdam and Norfolk branches have Remington prints and bronzes, reflecting the interest of president Tom Place and his recognition of a local artist. His wife shares his interest and has a more personal connection. Joan Ellsworth Place's great-grandfather, Joseph Barnes Ellsworth, was a chum of Remington's, and her family was given an original by Fred in a trade for a bearskin rug. And the letters are still coming to Mr. Myers' Canton residence with inquiries from California, Maine and the Maritimes about Remington and his work. The small village of Canton produced the artist whose work became the avocation of a fellow Canton native.



We ask your help

We would appreciate your help in the form of information concerning both Charlie Chapman and Sally Farnham, articles or notices about them in out-of-the-way publications, information and anecdotes about their lives and connections in the North Country, photographs of the artists or their works or activities, and information concerning the whereabouts of works by them.

If you have any information concerning the nature and the loca-

tion of sculptures by Sally Farnham or paintings or drawings by Charlie Chapman, please share that information with us. Almost 50 works of Sally's and many more of Charlie's went out of sight after their deaths. We have not heard of much of Sally's work remaining in the North Country, but we know that lots of Charlie's paintings and sketches are in local homes, especially along the St. Lawrence River. Drop us a line, please! Many thanks. Editors.

Charles S. Chapman, N.A. (1879-1962)

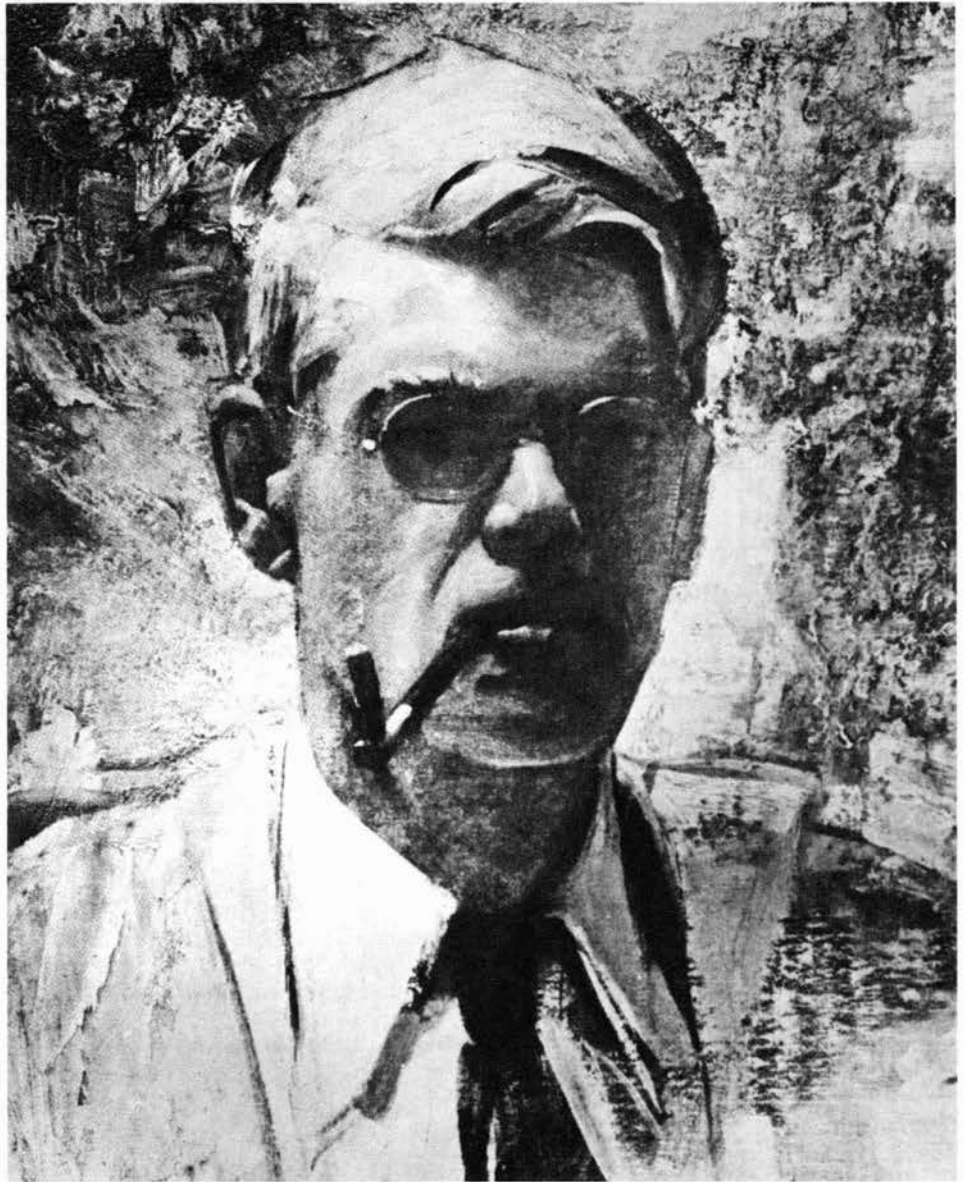
by Marvin L. Edwards

Charles Shepard Chapman, whose portrait of Frederic Remington appears on the cover of this issue of *The Quarterly*, had a long and successful career as a nationally known and honored artist.¹ During his long activity as a painter and teacher, which began in his early twenties and lasted until shortly before his death at age 83 in 1962, Chapman won many awards and found a ready market for his paintings and drawings. He was best known as a painter of nature, especially of the deep woods and forests.

Although he maintained a home-studio in Leonia, New Jersey, until his death, Chapman, a native of Morristown, New York, spent his childhood and youth in the North Country and retained his ties with the Morristown area throughout his life.² Chapman was a friend of Frederic Remington, who was a member of Chapman's aunt's Sunday-school class, and Remington had a strong and early influence of Chapman's career as an artist.³ Chapman was the cousin of Sally James Farnham of Ogdensburg, who was acclaimed for her work as a sculptor, particularly her soldiers' monuments and a large equestrian statue of Bolivar in Central Park. Charles Chapman did the drawings for her monuments.⁴

The Chapman family was influential in shaping the development of Morristown in the 19th century. Descendant from *Mayflower* stock, the family resided in New England. In 1820 Augustus Chapman moved from Connecticut to Morristown, where he engaged in many successful business and banking ventures and contributed greatly to the building of the community. August Chapman was the son of Captain Benjamin Chapman, a Revolutionary War veteran and husband of Sara Beecher, whose Aunt Harriet was the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Augustus was the great-grandfather of Charles Shepard Chapman, who was born in 1879.⁵

"Charlie," as he was called by family and friends, grew up in the stone Georgian mansion, "Chilton," on Barnard's (later Chapman's) Point. He sketched and drew from earliest childhood, and after his schooling at the Ogdensburg Free Academy, he graduated from the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and also attended the Chase School of Art. In fact, however, according to his widow, Ada B. Chapman, who wrote a brief memorial biographical volume in honor of her husband, Charlie had very little actual schooling in art; he learned by trial and error, making hundreds of



Self-Portrait, undated, but probably about 1920. (Reprinted from *Memoirs of Charles S. Chapman* by Ada B. Chapman [his widow], ed. Everett C. Fink, Dumont, NJ, 1964) *Whether it is the same or not, there is a Chapman Self-Portrait in the collection of the National Academy of Design, NY.*

sketches and trying various mediums.⁶

Charles began winning laurels at Pratt and later at Chase he won the First Scholarship prize and honorable mention in drawing. From Chase he went on to study at the Art Students' League and later to teach.⁷

According to Ada Chapman it was about this time that Charlie had close contact with Remington, particularly during a period of several weeks in Bermuda where both were vacationing. It was at Remington's urging that Chap-

man, who said he most enjoyed "the woods," spent a year in a Canadian logging camp. While he had no time then for sketching or note-taking, he absorbed the scene around him and later drew on his memory to create his drawings and paintings.⁸

Following his year as a lumberjack Charlie moved to Leonia, New Jersey, where he shared a studio with Howard McCormick, a fellow-artist. He also joined the Salmagundi Club, the oldest art club in New York, and participated

in the group's exhibitions in oils and watercolors. Over the years he won all the Club's available prizes: The Vezein, Trumbull, the Halgarten, and Shaw awards, the last-named for his painting, "The Prophet."⁹

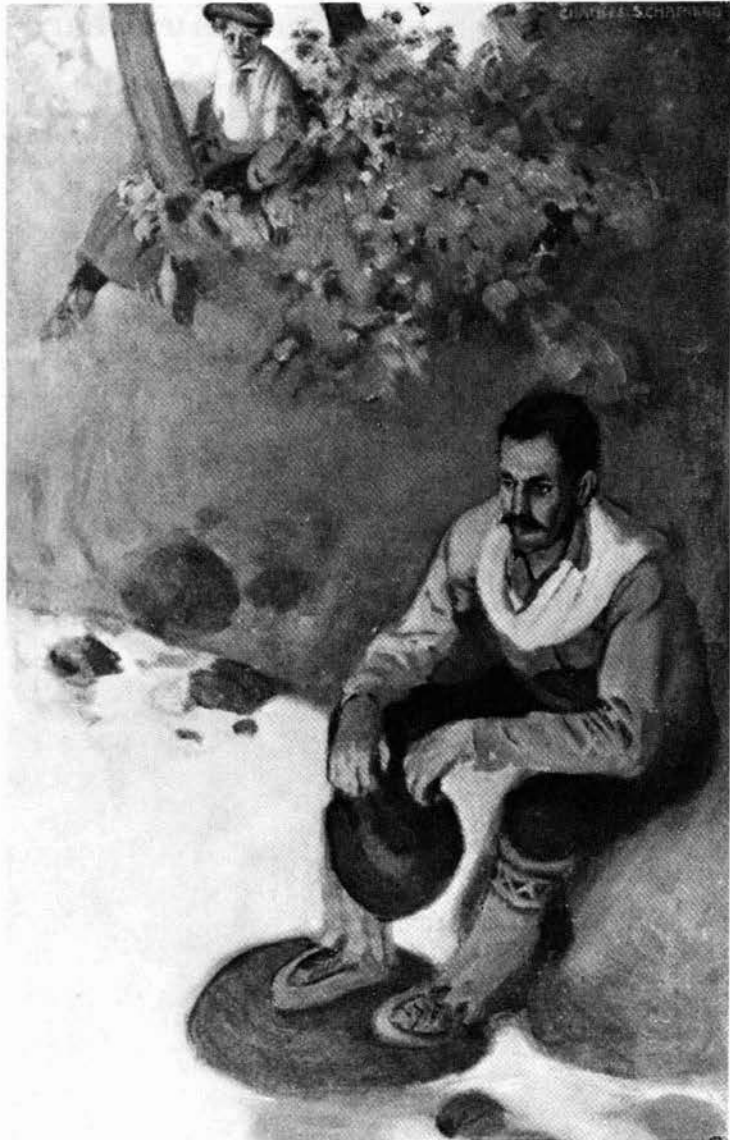
Through visits to his cousin, Sally Farnham, at her studio in New York City, Chapman met many prominent persons in the field of art. After his marriage to Ada Ahrens he moved into a new home in Leonia with a large well-planned studio. This remained his home throughout the remainder of his life, and here he did most of his painting. He did, however, find another spot for some of his paintings of nature when he built a camp at the foot of the Berkshires near Winsted, Connecticut. Along with his painting he also taught at the Art Students' League and at the National Academy in New York City.¹⁰

During the World War the American Red Cross commissioned Chapman to paint a panel in connection with the war loan drive. A painting from this same period, "The Two Letters," is in the National Gallery, Washington, DC.¹¹

As Chapman matured as an artist he won many awards for his paintings. While known particularly as a painter of the forests he did not confine himself to paintings of the deep woods, e.g., he painted a number of portraits which received recognition. For his painting "In the Deep Woods" (now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art) he won the Saltus Gold Medal. He had previously won this prize for his painting, "The Escape." He twice won both the Altman prize and the Carnegie prize and also won the President's prize at the National Arts Club. Along with these honors he won many prizes at the Salmagundi Club, the Chicago Art Institute, the Philadelphia Art Institute, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Minneapolis Art Museum, the Syracuse Museum, the Artists' Professional League, and the Montclair Museum.¹²

While teaching at the Montclair Museum Chapman befriended a young art student, an invalid, and her parents invited the Chapmans to visit them at their home in the Virgin Islands, recently acquired by the United States from Denmark. Here Chapman made many paintings of island life.¹³

Some time later the Museum of Natural History commissioned Chapman to paint a large background panel for the puma or mountain lion group. The preliminary work was done at the North Rim of the Grand Canyon over a period of six weeks, after which Chapman returned to New York to work at the Museum. The completed 30 x 30 foot panel is a permanent feature of the Museum of Natural History.¹⁴ The Chapmans made a return visit to the



An early illustration by Charles Chapman. (Reprinted from *Conqueror's House* by Stewart Edward White, McClure, Phillips & Co., NY, 1903)

West later to paint, and at the same time Charlie taught art at the University of Wyoming. Once again, after World War II, during which Chapman used his drawing skill to make intricate drawings of radio parts for the Aircraft Radio Corporation of Boonton, New Jersey, they returned to Jackson, Wyoming, where each day they painted the snow-covered jagged Tetons, returning to the East with many paintings which were all sold within a few months.¹⁵

Chapman served for two decades on the Council of the National Academy of Design. He was elected to membership in the National Academy of Art, the youngest artist to be so honored.¹⁶

NOTES

¹ The principal source for this article is Ada B. Chapman, *Memoirs of Charles S. Chapman, N.A.* (Dumont, N.J., 1964).

² Chapman, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

³ "Our Family Album," *The Ladies' Home Journal*, vol. 43, p. 40, June, 1926.

⁴ Chapman, *op. cit.*, p. 25.

⁵ Lorraine B. Bogardus, *River Reflections: A Short History of Morristown, New York* (Worcester, 1988), pp. 43-48.

⁶ Chapman, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ Chapman, *op. cit.*, pp. 8-9. See also, "Our Family Album," *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *op. cit.*

⁹ Chapman, *op. cit.*, p. 22; Bogardus, *op. cit.*, p. 50.

¹⁰ Chapman, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

¹¹ Chapman, *op. cit.*, p. 11.

¹² Chapman, *op. cit.*, p. 56; Bogardus, *op. cit.*, pp. 50-51.

¹³ Chapman, *op. cit.*, pp. 58-65.

¹⁴ Chapman, *op. cit.*, pp. 67-69.

¹⁵ Chapman, *op. cit.*, pp. 71-76.

¹⁶ Bogardus, *op. cit.*, p. 50.



Excerpts on Charlie's Art

from *Ada Chapman's Memoirs & elsewhere*

Few occasions for sketching during the Canadian winter

[In a letter home to his parents, November 1902, Charlie tells of his difficulty understanding his whimsical and "silent member always," Mr. McCormack. They spent a lot of time together out in the snow "measuring logs" for cutting.]

"The other day we came to a little cabin and no one at home, so we took possession and I seized the opportunity, when the horse was in and the cutter in shape, to sketch, undisturbed. Mr. McC. wandered about out and in, then suddenly disappeared, and I supposed he had gone to hunt up someone so I sketched away. About an hour later he came back and said, 'Well, I guess we'll measure some.' I hustled after him and found he'd been working all the time about a half a mile off on some logs he had discovered, and then finding I wasn't there, he came back after me, and never said another word." (*Ada Chapman's Memoirs of Charles S. Chapman, N.A.*, Dumont, NJ, 1964, p. 12)

[In January 1903, he wrote his parents during a brief stay with a French Canadian family at The Iroquois Farm.]

"... I had them all at odds the first night with stunts, and every now and then I will think of something new [to entertain his hosts] and bring it out. My sketch book is on the go every moment from one to the other. I made a very excellent sketch of M. Charbonneaux and last night made a good one of Aleid, the eldest boy, much to Mr. Ahar's delight. He has proposed my making the family portraits." (*Memoirs*, p. 18)

Charlie on his year in the Canadian woods

"It was a great experience, that year in Canada. I had a wealth of material, but I didn't know how to put it into pictures, and it was three years before I began to hit my stride. I had taken no notes and I worked wholly from memory. The creative artist must know his subject, but I personally have always gotten better results by drawing on my memory than by making sketches and elaborating on them in the studio. After all the atmosphere of the woods is more important than mere fidelity of the photographic sort." ("Our Family Album," *Ladies Home Journal*, vol. 43, June 1926, p. 40) [The article appeared about the time that Charles Chapman won the Saltus Prize for *In the Deep Woods*, which was then purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.]

At Chilton in Morristown: bartering portraits for a garden

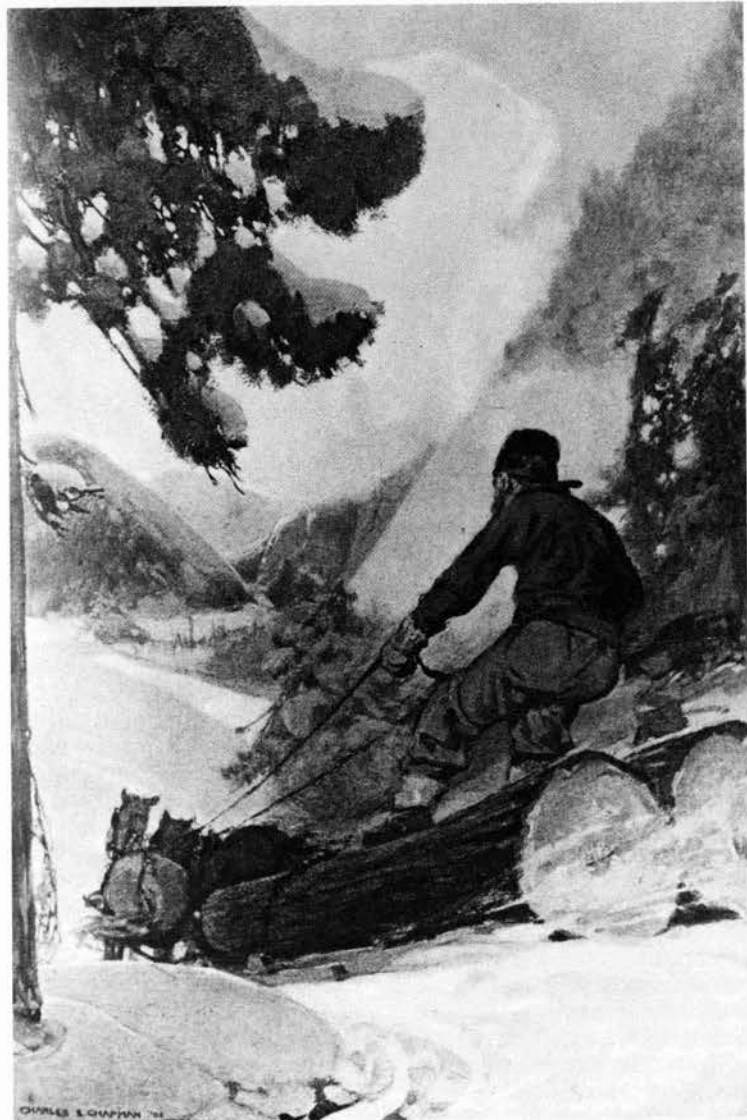
"Father Chapman contracted pneumonia and died within a week, and so we started spending our summers at Morristown, New York, as we knew we were needed by Mother Chapman. My first summer there I [Ada] had great joy in planting a garden. Mr. Edwin Clark of Ogdensburg, a good friend, had a landscape gardener visiting him at the time, with his family. He wanted his family's portraits painted and it was agreed that in exchange for landscaping our place, Charlie would paint their portraits. As a result we had one of the loveliest gardens in that part of the country." (*Memoirs*, p. 45)

The importance of casts in learning to paint

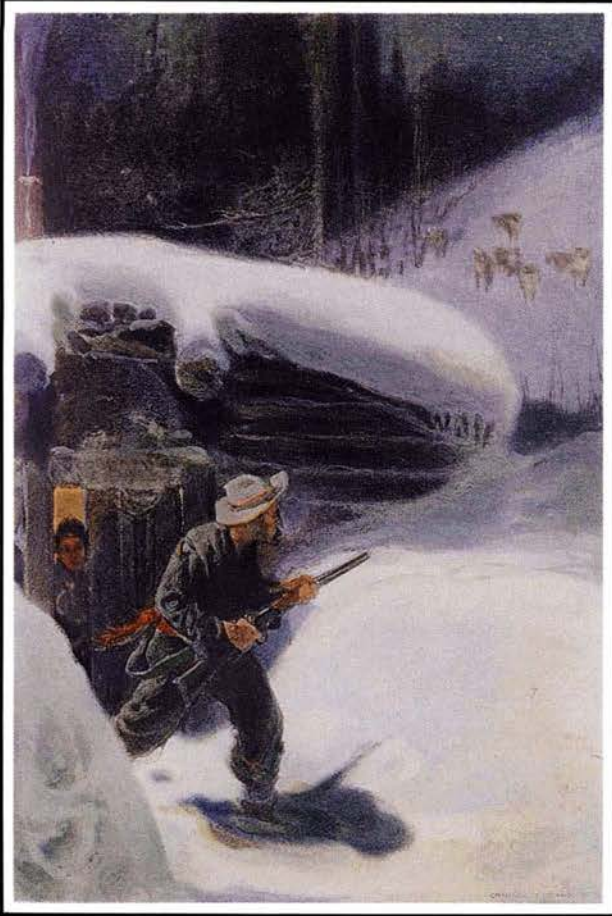
"He thoroughly believed in cast-drawing as the foundation of art for its light, half-tone and shadow, as well as for the drawing. Plaster casts lined one of the walls of our studio. Nearly every student wants to become a portrait painter, and what better way to learn than by casts?" (*Memoirs*, p. 30)

Charles Chapman's experiment in the use of accident in art

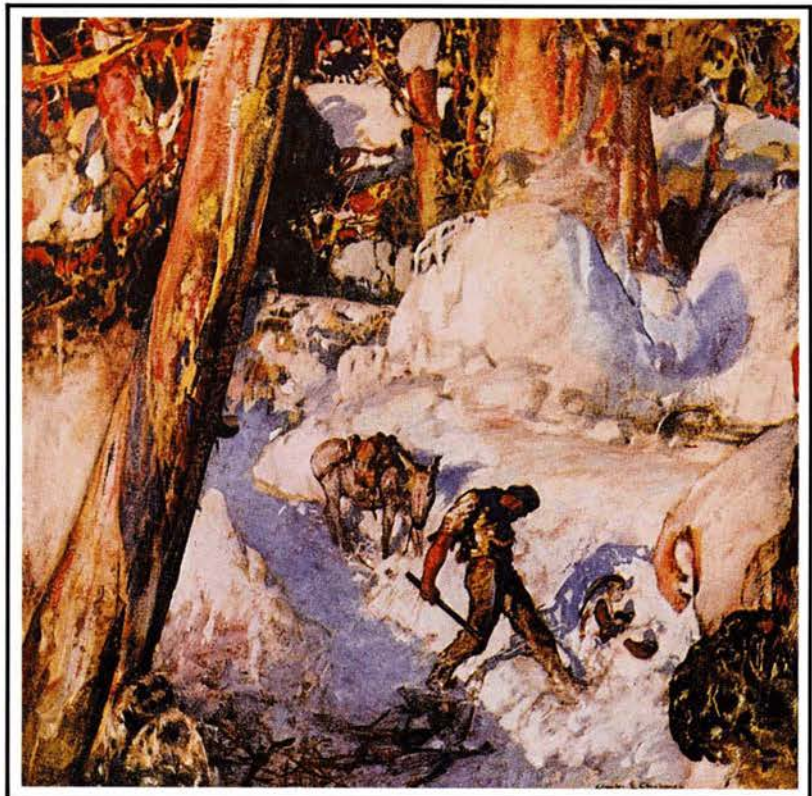
"After spending one evening at the Salmagundi Club, Charlie was later than usual coming home, but I generally retired to read before going to sleep. On that particular night I had



An illustration from a story by Chapman, "The Culler," based on the young artist's year of logging in the Canadian forests. The figure in the drawing is riding two logs downhill. (Reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1907)



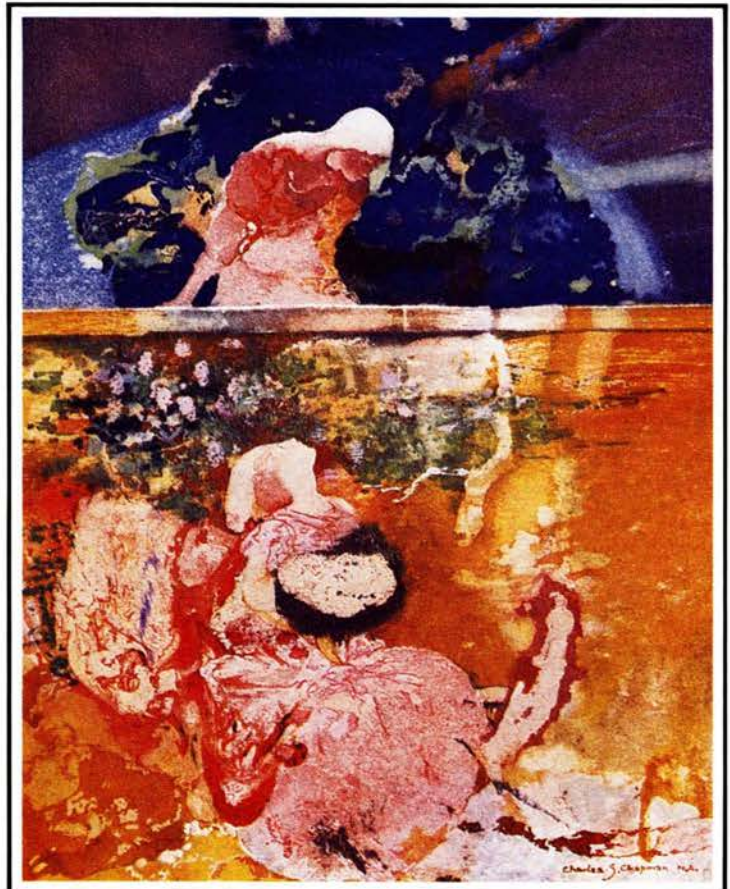
That Piercing Cry, illustration, by Charles S. Chapman, for his own story, "The Culler." (Reprinted from **Scribner's Magazine**, September, 1907)



Swaying Backward, oil painting, by Charles S. Chapman. (Frontispiece, reprinted from **Tappan's Burro and Other Stories** by Zane Grey, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1923)



Emihyah Comes, oil painting, by Charles S. Chapman. (Reprinted from *Tappan's Burro and Other Stories* by Zane Grey, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1923)



Untitled, water-oil, by Charles S. Chapman. (Reprinted from exhibition brochure, undated)



"Charles S. Chapman Painting the Background for the Mountain Lion Group," that is, the Grand Canyon, for the North American Mammal Hall of the American Museum of Natural History. (Neg. #318230, photo by Cole. Courtesy of the Department of Library Services, American Museum of Natural History)

fallen asleep so he woke me when he came in, saying he couldn't wait until morning to show me a sheet of marbled paper he had just bought for \$5.00. His voice was filled with suppressed excitement, as he hastened to explain that he believed there were great possibilities in developing marbled papers into beautiful pictures, as the designs suggested. 'Just see what happens as I turn the paper around and upside down, and what beautiful backgrounds.' He saw a graceful figure here, a landscape there, water in the distance and on and on until even I began to 'see things'. From that beginning he made unusual pictures by developing what he saw on the paper. He was artist enough to be

able to add an outline where needed or remove unwanted lines until a perfect picture developed.

The first thing he did the next morning was to make a zinc tank, 4 feet by 2 and 3 inches high to hold water. Then he used as many saucers as he needed for different colored paints, using turpentine as a medium and putting a bit of paint on each saucer. He then sprinkled the paint onto the tank of water swirling the water to whatever position he liked, laying a piece of paper on top to absorb the paint. After that he would pick up the paper, turn it to where a picture suggested itself, creating a water oil painting with pure imagination." (*Memoirs*, p. 43-44)

At Havensight on St. Thomas, VI

"[St. Thomas] was another world. The smiling, happy, colored people with their English-Danish accent, bare feet and shiny eyes, intrigued us. There were but twelve white people, all connected with the government, on the whole island.

The Taylors had us live with them at 'Havensight,' a large house halfway up one of the three little mountains. The view of the water was beyond compare; the water is highly colored as in Bermuda

Charlie painted fourteen large pictures depicting life in the Virgin Islands; of men riding the donkeys and the women walking with huge trays of fruit on their heads. (The pictures all sold when we reached home.)

Charlie delighted in these three colorful isles and called them tropical Paradise. He couldn't paint the spectacular scenes fast enough." (*Memoirs*, pp. 58-59)

Chapman paints the Grand Canyon

"It was some time later that Charlie was commissioned to do the Grand Canyon as background for the Puma or Mountain Lion group[at the the Museum of Natural History]. Charlie and another man were furnished with a guide and sleeping bags. The guide had a truck to carry all the paraphernalia as well as the passengers. He put up tents, cooked the meals, helped carry easels, panels, and paint boxes.

The task of painting the Grand Canyon at first overwhelmed Charlie by its immensity and grandeur. The colors changed hour by hour At noontime the whole Canyon was blue. His final solution was to place two easels at the rim of the Canyon, and then paint alternately morning and afternoon. After three weeks of this enchantment, happily for me, he ran out of panels and sent for me to take them out to him. (p. 67)

While Charlie painted one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," I had my sewing and sat near him as he worked. One day I heard a twig snap and looked up to see two huge mule deer peering curiously over a bush back of me

Toward dusk every evening we walked along the edge of the Rim and could see a mile down, the sunsets bringing out the gorgeous colors.

At the end of six glorious weeks Charlie felt that he had collected enough material to go back home and start to work on the background at the Museum. This 30 x 30 feet Puma Group was completed in approximately one month and is now a permanent part of the structure of the Museum of Natural

History. (*Memoirs*, p. 69)

Charles Chapman in Wyoming

"After the War, Connie and Mary Ethel [a former student and his wife] bought a big trailer and fitted it out comfortably, then built a duplicate trailer on a smaller scale for Connie to use as a studio and keep his art supplies. They lived in the trailers in Jackson, Wyoming, for several years. It was during this time that Charlie and I drove out West a second time just for the purpose of painting that beautiful country.

We rented a cottage in Jackson at the foot of one of the largest ski-lifts. Each morning Connie would call for Charlie and they would drive to the nearest Tetons to paint all day. These snow-covered jagged mountains were just the kind of pictures Charlie gloried in painting, and at the end of the summer we came home with a carload of treas-

ures. The paintings were all sold within a few months. The only Teton painting I have left today is the one I bought from Connie as we left Jackson." (*Memoirs*, p. 76)

Ada Chapman reflects on her husband's career

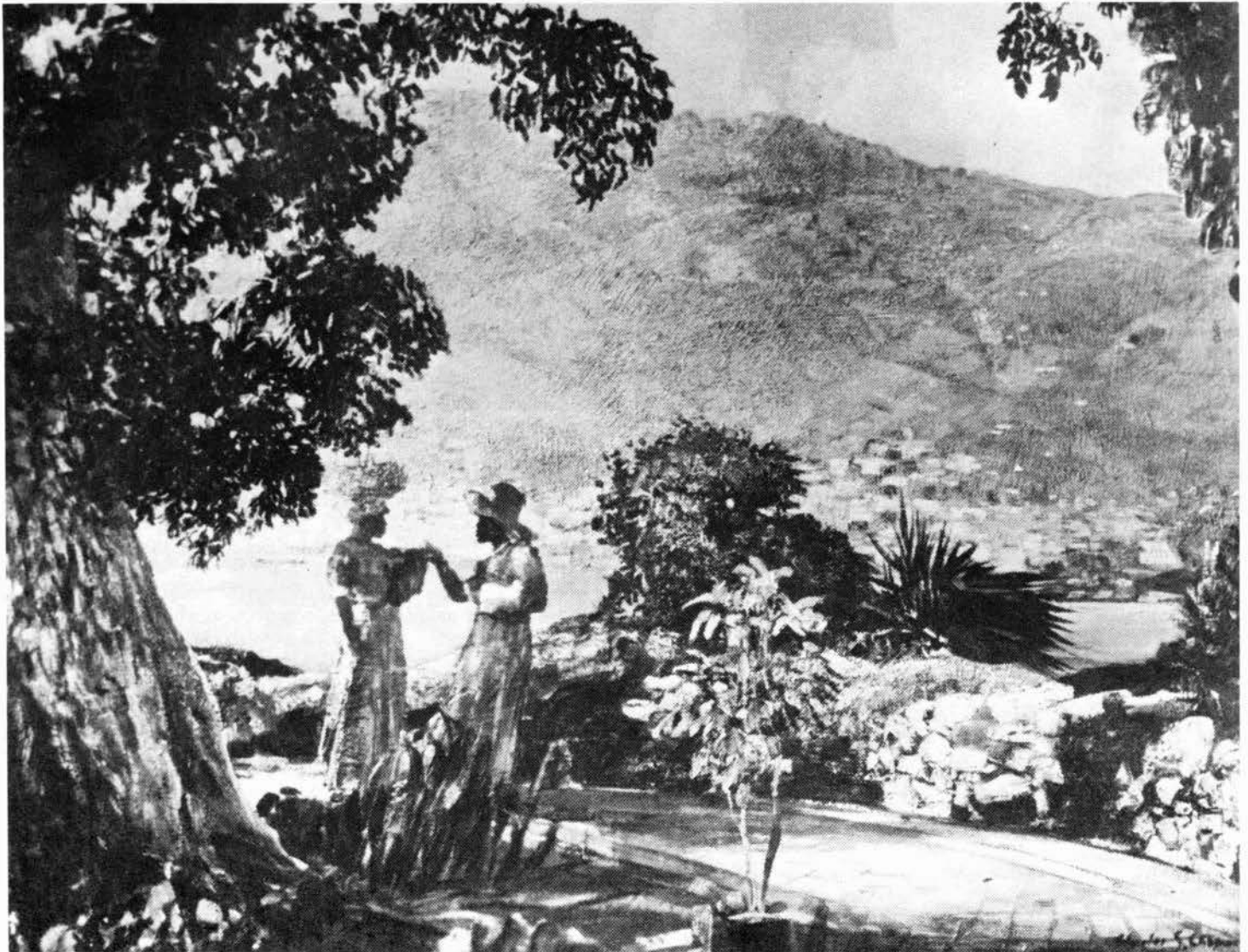
"Charlie's love for beauty and his steadfast aim to attain that beauty meant hard work and prodigious production. Perfection was his ambition. His many awards bring a glow of pride as I recall his receiving first one and then another for 'best drawing', 'most meritorious of the Show', 'finest landscape of the Deep Woods', etc. Not the least of his awards was the commendation of older established artists, as J. Francis Murphy who often bought his pictures, or asked to exchange a painting with him.

Charlie had a creative and imagi-

native mind and if he thought there was a better way to do something, it was a challenge to him to try and find the way, whether it was in art, the many sports he participated in and loved, or something quite ordinary with which he came in contact. He had a good mind and one which constantly had to be kept busy; if he wasn't working in his studio, he could be found making panels or frames, or building something in his shop; if he wasn't playing anagrams or another game, he would likely be deep in a book, as he was an avid reader. (*Memoirs*, p. 78)

Chapman discovers a dry-brush technique

"One day Mr. Frank Crowninshield, art editor of the 'Century', sent for me. He had a novel, 'T. Tembaron', that was to run all year. He asked me to illustrate it in 'delightful pen-and-ink drawings'. Now about that time a new invention



St. Thomas from Havensight, V.I., oil painting by C.S. Chapman, undated. (Reprinted from *Memoirs of Charles S. Chapman, N.A.*, by Ada B. Chapman, ed. Everett C. Fink, 1964)



"Sally James Farnham, Sculptor," sketch by Charles S. Chapman, 1905. (Reprinted from the *New York Times*, February 26, 1905, Section IV, p. 7, col. 2)

Lines to a National Academician at Work

To Charles S. Chapman, N. A.,

Whenever Mrs. Siddons sat
To Gainsborough, in feathered hat,
Did she, I wonder, feel a fool
Perched on a platform or a stool?
And did she *know* she looked a fright
Beside an artificial light—
Tho' hoping ART would minimize
The shadows underneath her eyes?
And was her mind confused with scraps
Of inconsistent thoughts? . . . Perhaps.
If she felt silly, stiff or tired,
And poles from grace personified,
Or conscious of a glassy stare
Sir Thomas didn't paint it there . . .
I hereby pray that you will be
As lenient and kind to me
So, later, when my face is seen
Against this Coromandel screen,
No one will wonder that I dare a
Mild comparison to Sarah.

Sally Madill Gray
(*Ada Chapman's Memoirs*, p. 86)

had made it possible to reproduce all the tones, from palest gray to deep black, directly from an artist's painting. I was fascinated, like all illustrators, by these 'half tones' and had never made a professional 'pen-and-ink' drawing. Nevertheless I took 'T. Tembaron' home.

What a mess I made of those drawings that had been ordered to be delightful! Over and over them I went. When I got the lines right in one part, they were sure to be wrong in another. I tried painting out the wrong parts with a brush and Chinese white. So far so good. But the ink would not run off my pen on these painted-over places. In desperation I reached for another brush, dipped it into the ink, wiped it partly dry, and *brushed* in that part of the drawing, as if I were painting. Presto, I lost all fear, and the drawings began to take shape as I wanted them to. I had such fun with them, knowing I could paint them out and in again whenever I wished, that my pleasure seemed to translate itself into pleasant and amusing drawings that fitted the story.

These were the first of the thousands of dry-brush drawings, I believe, used for illustrations in magazines and newspapers." (Charles S. Chapman, "Creative Roads to Art," *St. Nicholas Magazine*, vol. 59, March 1932, p. 255.)

Chapman recommends an experiment in learning to paint

"One of the most amusing and interesting roads to art is to start out without knowing where you are going.

If you are painting in oils, cover a canvas (or board or stiff cardboard) with a rough, blobby coating of Chinese white. Let this dry thoroughly. Then take two colors, a warm one and a cool one, such as burnt sienna and ultramarine, and mix some of each quite thin with varnish. Cover the whole white underpaint with these two colors. Put them on casually, quickly. With a palette knife, lightly scrape across the colors. One sweeping streak, or a couple of twisted ones, is usually enough to make the rough white show through in curious designs and patterns!

These accidental designs, as you look at them, will do just what clouds in the sky and flames in the fireplace always do; they will suggest lovely things you have seen and almost forgotten. You will see a little pool under shadowy trees, or a girl dancing in a patch of sunlight, or a figure from a book you have read or a song you have heard. Scrape here and there to make the painting more like your dream picture.

Probably your finished picture won't satisfy you, because you can't make the girl's arm or the swan on the pool look right. This is the time to learn how!" ("Creative Roads to Art," p. 296)

Sally James Farnham
Continued

scripts at the Hispanic Society. Days of wonder and delight at the Museum of Natural History, with the priceless fragments of Inca garments . . . [and] marvelous examples of Aztec and Mayan art . . . ("American Sculptor," p. 199)

Sally Farnham again won the commission. As the completion of the designs approached, there developed a number of controversies among the interested parties. Those were resolved in a three-way correspondence among the Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, Secretary of State Elihu Root, and Mrs. Sally Farnham. It was, perhaps, the most thrilling period of her life, especially since she considered Root "unquestionably the most able and brilliant statesman of our times." (p. 200) Although she treasured those letters, they seem not to have survived.

From start to finish the frieze project would take about two years. In the working out of the final designs for the Pan-American Union, Sally also consulted her friend, Frederic Remington. In another undated letter, probably from 1909, he again advised her on costume. (Splete, p. 447)

My dear Sally The Mohawks roached their hair and wore in war a quilted mail of bark. Of course in Champlain's time we know little about them—only be sure they did not wear the war bonnet of feathers of the Northern Plains. Every idiot artist lugs that in and it immediately yells "he knows nothing of Indians." Eastern indians used a long bow like the archers of England while the horse back indians used a short one.

Ancient prints are useless since they were done by men in Europe who followed the ancient Greek idea—here and there are short snatches of description by contemporary writers & explorers but they do not carry far.

You are at liberty to do pretty much what you want to so it says Eastern & not Sioux of course not a shred of White-trade goods.

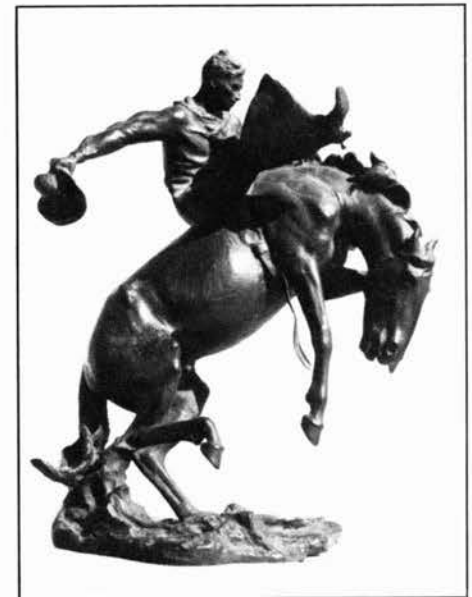
We are settled and like this place much—we both send love—
Yours

Frederic R

His scoffing, though realistic, remark about the authority of "ancient prints" might have been more of a hindrance than a help since Sally had been doing a great deal of looking and reading in the libraries and museums. In this instance, too, Remington is reluctant to claim for himself a sort of omniscience about such things, in this case, fifteenth



End of the Day, c. 1921. A memorial for Vernon Castle done by Mrs. Farnham at the request of her friend, Irene Castle, the widow and partner of the great dancer. At Brookgreen Gardens, Murrell's Inlet, South Carolina. (Photo courtesy of Norman Cole)



Sun Fisher, undated. Reminiscent of Remington's *Bronco Buster*. (Courtesy of Grant C. [Chris] Madill, Nokomis, Florida, a great-nephew of Sally James Farnham) This sculpture is also in the collection of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art in Cody, Wyoming.

or sixteenth-century native American dress. Since the discovery and settlement of North and South America took place in Eastern coastal areas, do not use the costumes of western American Indians, he told her. Beyond that, Sally's guess, in matters not really documented, would be as good as anyone else's. In effect, Remington told her that she was on her own.

It might be worth mentioning that in the close of this letter, as never before in any of his other letters to Sally Farnham, Remington took the liberty of signing himself with first name and only the initial of his last name, even though she had been consulting him on technical matters for eight years and they had met repeatedly in and around the City and on Inglenook, his island

in the St. Lawrence. It might also be worth saying something about the absence of Mrs. Farnham's letters to Remington. Clearly, she kept at least some of his letters to her. Others that she might have kept in her apartment at 1 West 67th Street in Manhattan might have been destroyed in a fire that took place there sometime in the Thirties. It is simply not known at this time what became of Sally's letters to Remington after he answered them.

The Pan-American Union Building opened in 1910. Sally Farnham loved the job of executing the friezes for it and came to love South America and its diverse peoples. As a result of the appreciative reception of the friezes for the Governing Board Room, Sally received a number of commissions to do

portraits of heroic figures in the history of South America: Hidalgo and Sucre for Brazil; a marble bust of Sucre for the Hall of Statesmen in the Pan-American Union; one of General Gomez; and, some years later (1916), an heroic equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar for Central Park. As she wrote in her article about all those works in 1920, "The frieze of the Discoverers had opened a new world . . ." for her, an El Dorado, in which she would work and prosper for the next decade. ("An American Sculptor," p. 200)

Frederic and Eva Remington moved from New Rochelle, NY, to Ridgefield, Connecticut, not far from Danbury, in May, 1909, where they had built a "dream house" called Lorul Place. "The Cowboy," his only life-size sculpture, had been completed, after many disagreements, to everyone's satisfaction, put in place in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, and appreciatively received by the public back in June of 1908. After a long trip to the West, Remington settled down the following Spring to the enjoyment of his new home, the arrangements for a major article covering his whole career up to that point for *Scribner's Magazine*, and the preparations for another showing of his work at Knoedler's Gallery in New York. He was forty-eight years old and no doubt at the peak of his powers. And then in late December, 1909, he developed appendicitis. An operation was tried, but Frederic Remington died on December 26th.

We have no evidence of how Sally James Farnham received the news. In less than ten years she had lost a very dear father, a husband who had fathered her three children and taught her a craft that had given her fame and immeasurable satisfaction, and now the man who combined the qualities of Colonel James and Paulding Farnham. She seems to have dealt with Frederic Remington's death as she had those earlier losses—with deep but quiet sadness, graceful though painful acceptance, and determination to go on. With discretion and good humor, Sally James Farnham, the tomboy from Ogdensburg, with flaming red hair and magic in her hands, had other victories to win.

She did one final thing for her friend and mentor. In response to Eva Remington's request after the funeral, Sally "put together and completed" his last sculpture, "The Stampede," which is in the Remington Museum in Ogdensburg. The exact language describing the task is Sally's in a letter, dated December 4, 1918, to John Howard of Ogdensburg, the attorney for Mrs. Remington's estate following her death in early November, 1918. (The letter is in the possession of the Remington Art



Lucia Madill Watering her Flowers, 1928, a sundial. Lucia Madill was Sally James Farnham's older sister and the wife of Dr. Grant C. Madill of Ogdensburg, NY. The sundial was for some years in the garden of the Madill-James home on Caroline Street, Ogdensburg. It is now in the garden of the sculptor's great, great-nephew, James Wizer Madill, Naples, Florida. (Courtesy of the Madill family)



The Madill Children, c. 1930. Chris, Mary Kate, and Emily Madill, grandchildren of Dr. and Mrs. Grant C. Madill. Chris Madill: "I remember coming home from school one afternoon and Mother took a picture of the three of us in the backyard with our cocker Muggie. Aunt Sally saw it, and used it as a basis for the statue. We each, on visits to Caroline Street, would 'sit' for Aunt Sally to work on it. It was given to my Mother and Dad." (Courtesy of the Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdensburg, NY)



Sally James Farnham with her statuette of Joan of Arc, praised for its "striking power and originality." Nevertheless, if it was an entry in the competition for the position between the Hudson and Riverside Drive in uptown Manhattan, Sally Farnham did not win that time; the commission for a Joan of Arc statue went to Anna Hyatt Hutchinson. (Reprinted from *Current Opinion*, January, 1923)

Museum.) The wording suggests that Sally Farnham did much more than just put some finishing touches to the piece. Apparently, Remington had modeled the figures of the several cattle and the horse and rider separately so that Sally had to put them together into the stampede, that is, make a whole out of the parts. The same letter tells us that she would have liked to do more for Frederic Remington.

Mrs. Remington's will required the destruction of all casts of Remington's works, which measure Sally agrees would have increased the value of existing finished bronzes, "but it seems a pity [she added] to take his work out of reach of the appreciative public, who loved Frederick so much." (Obviously, Sally was not so careful about spelling as about the details of her sculptures.) She went on to make an ambitious proposal.

I have always been hopeful that his Bronco Buster or some of his Indian groups could be put up in the large in Denver or San Francisco. This, I think, might be possible now, that the war is over. In such case, what could be done?

Something of the sort had been done in a small way in 1910, at least commercially. An enlarged "Bronco Buster" was to go on sale at Tiffany's in March,

1910. In that same month, Eva Remington was approached with the report that Texas would like to erect a monumental "Bronco Buster" as a memorial. In August of that year Eva actually went west to Cheyenne to be present when Theodore Roosevelt was scheduled to announce a national drive to fund the placement of a gigantic "Bronco Buster" in Washington, DC. As it turned out, Roosevelt's political managers were much more interested in the possibilities of a third term. Nothing was said in Cheyenne about Remington. And so all but the first of those ventures fizzled. (Atwood Manley & Margaret Manley Mangum, *Frederic Remington and the North Country*, 1988, pp. 218-21) But in 1918 Sally Farnham proposed to John Howard to do something on her own to keep Remington's reputation alive by making life-size, outdoor copies of sculptures by him.

I would be very glad to undertake to supervise the work and I have already talked with some people on the subject. [She mentioned her work on "The Stampede"] . . . and [I] probably knew his method of working better than anyone. I hate to think of his ever being anything but a vivid and living personality. (Letter, December 4, 1918, to John Howard)

Nothing came of Sally Farnham's offer to memorialize Frederic Remington.



Author's Note

This article was meant to be a general summary of Sally James Farnham's life and career to accompany pictures of some of her sculptures that have not been seen in the North Country. Obviously, it turned into something different once we learned that there would be articles in the same edition of *The Quarterly* on Remington and Charles Chapman.

Since the author is putting together a book on Sally Farnham, it is possible that other parts of that work will appear in these pages covering in detail other aspects of her life, her relations with her Ogdensburg family and that community, her work on the Simon Bolivar statue in Central Park, her friendship with members of the Algonquin Round Table in New York City, her own family, her portraits of presidents and well-known personalities, and her trips to California.

It will be obvious that some of the pictures of sculptures shown here belong more appropriately to other periods of her career.



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